

**Lea Monde**

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**Warning:** *This story contains elements of a sexual or violent nature that should not be shown to minors. Viewer discretion advised.*

**Rated:** *R for Restricted*

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#### **Chapter 4: The House on Raven Hill**

Deadwood had become a rustling, bustling town within a matter of hours of our arrival. The single lane of houses and shop fronts that had been boarded up at first had turned into a large village. The terrain slowly rose on one side and lowered on another. On the side that it lowered, a lake opened up, where fishing boats, junks and dinghies could be seen floating about, with fishermen on the edge of the water pulling loads of fish in. The town turned itself into a series of tiers with towers and walled fences that just appeared and grew out of the ground... but never before our eyes.

The village had sectioned itself off into quarters that appeared to be based upon what sort of life a person did than what culture they came from. Leatherworkers, blacksmiths, warriors, soldiers... even gentry of all sorts... but permeating the borders of Deadwood was a mist. A deep, heavy gray mist that wafted through the trees but never out of them.

No one neared the mists, no one entered the mists and no one left the mists.

I was expecting that at any moment I'd hear an air raid siren right before Pyramid Head popped out of nowhere and tried to cleave us in two.

Men and women, the old and the young... there were so many people here... thousands... easily thousands, and with each growing expanse I felt two things happening inside me:

One was the growing sense of unease.

The other was that I was growing more and more... incensed.

My panties felt soggy, and I could feel the moisture in them with every little movement that I did. I felt... stressed, mildly, and hot. My flesh had flushed everywhere from head to toe, and I was panting like I was in a sauna. Whenever I thought someone wasn't looking, especially fell and Remy, I had to reach down and caress my crotch or fondle a breast, but when people were looking I tried to stress one arm or the other... to caress the veins there with my superb vascularity and feel the blood pumping through them.

That pulling sensation in my bowels kept drawing me in one direction, but every time I tried following it I couldn't seem to lead the way to wherever it was. More alleys, more houses, shops and buildings kept rising up... while the clock tower over the general store struck the hour three times as we wandered about.

And then...

"Susan." Remy mentioned and I turned to him, seeing him looking up and he pointed. "Look."

And I looked, and rising above the town of deadwood on top of a hill rising right out of the mists and trees, the mists rolling off of it, was a manor house. The mists washed off it like water, parting immediately to make that manor a part of the town and yet apart from it. A fence of iron bars rose around the house, and likewise above the house the clouds were darkening with that approaching sense of rain.

At that moment it began to sprinkle on us, and ladies and gentlemen walking about lifted parasols and umbrellas to protect themselves from the rain. All of them did it simultaneously, all at once in one fluid motion... as if it were a practiced thing they were expecting. The sense of unease I felt did a screaming nose-dive right into the pit of my stomach. But then the dual pull of my bowels drove me right in that particular direction.

“We go there.” I said aloud and started walking toward it.

“Sue... are you kidding?! That’s the spooky house in a haunted village.” Fell said as she hurried after me. “Wait for it... I think it’s going to have a stroke of lightning any second.” And sure enough, there was a stroke of lightning that cracked over the house. “See?! See?! Right there!”

“That’s where we’re going.” I replied simply, and Fell even tried to stop me but whatever was drawing me literally pulled her along with. She even dragged her heels for a short distance to try and stop me. Normally that would be impossible for me to drag her like that. “Sue stop!” Fell managed at last and gave a sharp tug to get my attention and I rounded on her, feeling desperate to be at that manor house all of a sudden.

“What?!” I shouted at her, which took her aback and likewise surprised me. “I-I’m sorry. I’m not feeling myself Fell.” I said timidly.

“I wouldn’t say that judging on what you’ve been doing for the past three hours.” Remy said under his breath.

Fell shot him a dirty look. “I’ll say.” She told me. “Look at you. You’re hot and sweaty... you’re flustered.”

“Hot and bothered if you ask me.” Remy managed, standing with his arms crossed nearby.

“Nobody asked you!” Fell shot and then soothed my shoulder with one hand. “Sue... are you ok?” I nodded but didn’t answer and merely wrapped my arms about my tummy.

“I... just want to get this done.” I lied, and hurried forward again, forcing Fell and Remy to follow before they could give any additional input. Even I thought this was madness for what I was doing.

But up one of the avenues that was actually cobbled... the avenue giving way to muddy road, we were just leaving the town when the rain really began to downpour and we took brief solace underneath a willow tree growing beside the road.

“Shouldn’t’ve worn the white shirt.” Fell said and tugged on the fabric where it had plastered close to her boobs, the fabric having turned translucent. But then suddenly she blinked, and then turned her head and roared at Remy. “Turn your frikken head you perv!” she shouted at him and pulled her shirt out and off her breasts.

“Very well,” Remy said who’d been staring openly at her boobs with a contented smile. “But quite frankly... if I may... rarely do I get to see what I call perfect breasts, Fellania. I was merely hypnotized by the size and perfection of your chest. Female rats aren’t so... ample... as the two of you are. If I were an ass man with their tight, firm,

apple-shaped behinds then it wouldn't be so bad... but I'm a breast man... so when I see, apples and melons... and major league yabbos like yours, I am... shall we say... stricken."

"Yeah... stricken with lust. Much that I hate it, you walk behind me now. I'd rather you stare at my covered backside than my nearly naked front."

"Either is enjoyable... to say the truth. As my ladies prefer." He said and whistled again, this time through his teeth.

"Keep your head turned." Fell reminded him with a growl, and planting her staff in the ground, the thing snaking roots into the earth, she removed her shirt, her immense breasts rolling, bouncing and jiggling freely in the open air as goose bumps rose up on her flesh while she wrung her shirt out, snapped it free of water, and lifting a hand to it, changed its coloring with some magical gestures so that it was a light blue instead of white before she donned it again. "There." You can look now.

Remy turned. "Aww..." he pouted and then smirked. "Maybe later then."

"How about... oh what was the word..." and then Fell stomped over to the rat and leaned into his face. "...No! You sex-crazed rat bastard!"

Remy smiled more broadly. "I can see down your shirt again."

"Ack!" and she covered her chest and slapped him. Remy worked his jaw and clenched his cheeks and his jaw popped noisily.

"But then again if you keep putting your chest in my face like that... I'm going to look. Just remember that."

Fell grumbled and gripped her staff, and the thing unearthed itself as she strode out into the rain again.

The road was long and winding, climbing around the hill upward in a full circle till we were standing before the wrought iron gate around the house.

"That is one ugly gate." Remy mentioned at the demon head on the gate.

There were crows sitting on the spikes over the gate watching us with their beady black eyes. Up until now, they were the first animals I'd yet seen here. I assumed there were fish, because the fishermen in the village must've been pulling something from the lake, and I saw butchers with meat of some kind, I just didn't know what provided that meat. I'd not seen any cats or dogs, no wild life, no foxes... just these crows.

"For once you and I are in agreement. That is on ugly gate head." Fell mentioned, and right then and there the eyes of the demon head snapped open, and Fell and I actually squealed as all three of us recoiled.

The head turned and spat the knocker ring that'd been in his mouth out and it sailed away and struck Remy right smack dab in the forehead.

"Ugly?! Ugly?!" It said, it's voice sounding like someone shouting through a tin can. "Have you taken a good look at yourselves?! Look who's talking! When we're talking about ugly, you gotta look at your own damn selves."

"Holy shit! It talks!" I gaped.

“Of course I talk. What sort of door knocker would I be if I couldn’t talk?”

“A normal one?” Fell replied quickly.

“Shows what you know then.” The demon head said and looked to us, the metal it was attached to squealing with every face movement as its head tilted from side to side then. “All right... what business do you have here?” Remy scooped up the iron ring that had been in its mouth and stood palming it.

“What is this place?” I asked, and the demon head turned and eyed me, looking me from head to toe before smiling impishly.

“The place where the likes of you three should be anyways. Those stupid villagers probably told you to stay away from here, didn’t they?”

“Is this Drake’s House?” fell asked and now the Demon Head eyed her.

“In a sense. But yes... Drake does reside here. Now I’ve answered all your questions thus far. Who calls... or be on your way?”

“I’m Susan, that’s Fellania and that over there is Remy.” I answered.

“Ah-ha... and what year is it?” the head asked.

“Um... twenty-ten?” I ventured.

“You’re asking me? Well is it or isn’t it?” the head asked.

“I’m sorry?”

“Oh for fuck’s sake. Does everything have to be a question with you? Every sentence ended with some upward inflection?” it mocked. “Is the date twenty-ten? Two-thousand and ten?”

“Yes.” I managed after a moment.

“Perfect.” The Demon Head rolled its eyes with a metallic squeaking. “Then congradu-freaking-lations... you’ve arrived on the monumental six hundredth anniversary of our arrival here. Come inside bitches... the master will serve you.” And opening its mouth, its tongue, which was surprisingly long, snapped out like a frog tongue and wrapped around the ring in Remy’s hand, snapped it back and then shot it out again, hitting Remy in the head again before sucking the ring fully into its mouth again. And then just like that the whole gate fell right into the ground with a loud clang.

Remy was rubbing his head as we stepped across the threshold into the courtyard, right before the gate shot back up and locked into place with a violent clashing of metal.

“Six hundred years?” Fell said as we stood there in the rain that had softened since the original cloud burst.

“That’s what the little prick said.” Remy groaned and palmed his forehead with the heel of a hand. “A bit longer of a period than I thought, but since all I see is fifteenth century to nineteenth century décor, it feels a little nice no one’s

entered this place since eighteen-something-something. Lucky us... we get to break the disorder.” He groaned and then looked up. “And that... is disturbing.”

Fell and I turned in the direction he was looking and we saw a tree that was lain bare of all its leaves, old, gnarled and dead. A good solid blow would cause the thing to explode, but resting on all its old, dried branches were dozens of crows and ravens... and every single one of them were staring right at us.

But from behind the plethora of black feathers... there strode a figure... untouched by the falling rain. He wore a black cloak, had six black wings made of black raven feathers, and he carried a scythe across his shoulders with a blade that was almost as big as he was.

“Are either of you seeing what I’m seeing?” Fell asked, dumbstruck and perhaps a little terrified.

“Yeah... I am.” I said wearily before striding forward and curtsying before Lord Death. “Why am I not surprised to see you here?” I greeted as I rose, right as the cherry of his thick cigar glowed a brilliant red before he exhaled a long blast of smoke through what I supposed were his nostrils.

“Strange... because I’m certainly surprised to see you here.” He replied in that echoing voice of his, and lifting a pocket watch from his side he looked at it.

“What time is it?” I asked, remembering his explanation of the thirteenth hour from when we met in Wormwood.

“Eleven fifty-two” he responded quietly. “But this isn’t that watch.” He said and shut it.

“What watch is that then?” I asked quietly.

“Yours.” And he exhaled sharply. “And it’s stopped.”

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That caught me short, and I felt every piece of me stop functioning for a full eight seconds.

“W-what?!”

“I said it’s stopped.” He replied tersely and I shrank from him a little. “But that doesn’t mean you’re dead. You are in a place between tick and tock, Susan.” He took a deep breath and exhaled it in a breath of acrid sulfur-like smoke from whatever it was he was smoking. “You’re in a world in between realms, a pocket or a bubble of artificially created space.”

“Is this purgatory?” I asked.

Death chuckled, a subtle rattling. “No such thing as purgatory. That’s a made up word. No... you’re in a place that’s like the grease trap in the U-bend of the drain for a sink. All the ground up refuse being banished or torn from your world but doesn’t quite make it to the other end winds up here. It’s because you’re not dead is how you end up here... the pleasures of having a body while being sent... or *dragged* to hell.”

“HELL?!” I panicked.

Death sucked on his cigar and then removed it from his mouth, blowing another long blast before tapping off his excess ashes on a thing that never burned down it seemed.

“Where did you come through?” he asked.

“L-Lea Monde.”

“Hmph... festering cesspool that it is. I’m supposing the demons attempt to open up hell is still spitting out the occasional backfiring explosion that sucks whatever is in its area of effect down here. Better than belching out countless demons I guess. Lucky you, you just happened along when it sucked you down.

“Down, down, down in a burning ring of fire...” he said and chuckled with that rattling of bones.

“Not funny.” I complained.

“Suffice it to say, Susan... You and your friends are trapped here, most likely. And...” he looked toward the house and then back toward me. “There are certain things better left forgotten and left between the cracks. But then again, I guess that *eventually* you’d have to come here.”

“Why’s that?”

“I’m certain you’ll find out, and while you’re here... perhaps you can do something for me as well.” He replied and replaced his cigar back in his mouth, and turning on the spot he faded away into mist before I could ask him what he meant by me doing something for him.

As always, he left behind a single feather that fluttered down to the ground and burst into ash the moment it struck the ground that was washed away shortly thereafter.

“S-Sue... w-who was that?” Fell asked as she hurried to me right after he’d left.

“Death.” I replied. “Congratulations... you have the dubious honor of seeing death coming now.”

“W-what? What do you mean?” Fell blinked.

“You see them... they see you.” Remy replied. “Strange... Death is shorter than I thought him to be.”

“You’re joking at a time like this?!” Fell gasped.

“At a time like this is the best time to joke, Fellania. And don’t you think I didn’t hear what great big and spooky said to you, Susan. You must lead a charmed life, methinks. This is what we call a worst case scenario.”

“No... I wouldn’t say that.” I sighed. “I’m thinking that whatever you think right now Remy... it can still get worse.”

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The driveway before the manor house was covered with gravel bordered with groomed grass. The crows continually watched us as we walked around a gurgling fountain in the center of the circular drive and strode up to the entryway, a pair of massive double doors that had two smaller doors built into it.

“Now those are big knockers!” Fell mentioned at the great rings on the doors for knockers.

“Yes, they are quite impressive, Fellania.” Remy smirked, looking at her chest, and rolling her eyes, Fell swatted Remy upside the head before reaching forward, grabbing one of the knockers and pulling back on it twice to give off two long resounding knocks that echoed through the house beyond... almost ominously too.

“Just watch... it’s either a tall white faced creepy guy like Lurch, or a hunch backed bug-eyed guy like I-gore, that answers the door.” Remy

We stood in the pouring rain for a period before the sounds of opening latches greeted us, and I felt a sort of anticipation before my insides suddenly leapt forward... one of those sensations in my bowels suddenly dragged toward one of its sources. A gasp slid through me as the door opened and I palmed that spot on my navel, right before I saw that Madoushi person from earlier.

“You loose.” Fell shot at him with a snicker.

Remy looked sidelong between him and me for a moment and then continued.

“Greetings sir, we’re wayward travelers on a pilgrimage... we were hoping that you or your master may be able to help us.”

Mad looked between us all and then paused. For a moment his hand twitched to close the door, his eyes pleading till a voice called from within the house beyond. “Please,” it said in a deep resonance that was almost like Barry White. “Bid them to enter, Madoushi. Who are we to deny... guests?”

Mad’s eyes closed tightly as he bit his lower lip. “Certainly... Master Drake.” He said and opened the door fully, bowing out of the way and gesturing for us to enter, and filing into the house we entered a comfortable entry way. There was a curving stairway on one side leading to an open floor, a roaring fire central to the chamber that was most welcoming, whereas a multitude of trophy heads and banners hung from everywhere. A coat of arms hung over the fire emblazoned on a shield with two swords behind it, and the coat of arms and the banners and tapestries... even a grand rug on the floor were trimmed in red with a black background, with an almost tribal tattoo-like rendition of a roaring dragon in flight on all the emblems. The wood was done in a warm rosewood, polished to a high shine, and there were several doors off this floor and off the landing above.

It was our host that drew our attentions then, a tall, and powerfully built man with white hair stood high above us in regalia and finery that one would consider on royalty. A duke, a lord, a baron...

“And who are these our guests?” he asked descending the stairs with a certain air and draw that drew me to him. Fellania seemed similarly affected. That other sensation in my bowels, like a compass point pulled straight toward him, and suddenly I found myself of two minds... one for Madoushi, and one for this strange man.

His hair was shoulder-length and swept back with a thin beard trimming his jaw leading to a goatee. His jacket front was open revealing a poufy fringe or filigree to the shirt beneath it, with an elaborate tie like thing hanging loosely so that the top of his thick chest could be seen. His clothing was precisely tailored trim and clipping to him, and hanging over one shoulder was a sort of half cloak that only covered the top of one arm and was held by a taut crimson chord.

“They came seeking shelter and aid, Master Drake.” Mad said with another curt bow at the waist before he moved to close and bar the door.

“Truly? It’s so rare that we get guests here, let alone three at once. But if you’re...” he paused, “*travelers*, then I would invite you to stay for tonight’s festivities. I would ask for payment only in that I might have such... lovely creatures privy to my hospitalities.” He smiled as palmed both Fell’s and my cheeks with either hand, and we both simultaneously partly swooned and giggled like school girls. “But first, such clothing is unbecoming of creatures of such remarkable prowess and beauty, and after traveling for so long it would behoove me to provide for your every need.

“We have some time before the festivities begin, so please, I will give you each rooms to bathe and rest from your exertions, and I’ll have a change of clothes brought up to you each. But if you’ll excuse me, I have further preparations to make. Mad, please see to their needs.”

“Yes... Master Drake.” Mad said and bowed smartly at the waist.

“Please follow my man... he will see to any requests you may have. Now if you’ll excuse me, there are issues that require my attentions.” And he bowed smartly and stepped away through one of the side doors here, and with dual sighs Fell and I watched his every movement till he left.

Then like a spell our demeanors broke as Madoushi approached. “If you’ll all follow me, please...” and he bowed and gestured for us to follow him.

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I felt a little bad about dripping water on the carpet, but it couldn’t be helped.

We were led up the stairs to a balcony above where Drake had entered, before we were led through a large oak door that had been iron bound and into a grand hall that led deeper into the house. Strange... it seemed abnormally long, longer than I thought the house was, but it must’ve been a trick of architecture. Or was it? With how the village seemed to grow and unfold, I wondered whether or not this house was doing similar tricks.

Despite that Remy was behind both Fell and me, his eyes were looking about the architecture instead of Fell’s and my own behinds for once. Other than the manufacture of the hall, he was also looking upon the tapestries that bore the same black dragon emblem on a crimson field surrounded by gold filigree. Likewise, there were several pictures in the chamber of notable people. One was of Drake, another of a very beautiful woman, the next a man in a white coat or lab coat even, and then two more women.

And then suddenly...

“Pardon me, my dear friend.” Remy said. “But what did you say was your master’s title and surname?” Remy spoke up suddenly.

“I didn’t say.” Mad replied shortly.

“Care to enlighten us perhaps?”

“You may call him Master Drake. You need not consider him to be anything else.”



“Pity. It seems perhaps as if he might be someone important... royalty perhaps.”

“Master Drake has never spoken of his live before coming to Deadwood, Mister LeBeau. I’ve learned... not to pry.”

“I bet.” Remy smirked slyly.

“Remy you leave Madoushi alone.” I snapped suddenly, surprising myself more than anyone else. “Ah... I mean... he’s only doing his job... you need to... to... oh...” and I paused and leaned against the wall, one hand against it as I gasped for air.

“Susan!” Fell gasped, but then she became faint too. Oh...” she moaned and swayed, holding her forehead with a pair of fingers.

“That’s quite alarming.” Remy mentioned and then turned to Madoushi who was waiting nearby.

“It will pass. It’s the air here.” Remy mentioned, and picking something from his pocket and waved it under my nose. Smelling salts. It woke me up immediately. And then Mad took my hand, and automatically my hand opened and his palm slid into mine. “All well?” he asked me and I looked up into those silver eyes.

“Yes... but I feel faint again. Strange... I’ve never felt this way before. Let alone... twice so soon.”

“Remember... it’s the *air*.” Remy mentioned and I scowled quickly at him before returning my gaze toward Mad. Again... there was a lurching sensation in my bowels toward him, and I found myself quickly pressing against his body. Pressing *deeply* against his body. Groin in my crotch, my breasts against his chest, the moment pressed together like that was brief before we both stepped away from each other, but the touch of arousal I felt in me... and from him... was no less poignant.

“Come with me. You may rest from the atmosphere in your rooms.”

Down the hall he went before turning left, entering another hall and turning left into another hall, I was surprised again at the length that this place seemed to be exhibiting. I was apparently not the only one who noticed this.

“What remarkable architecture.” Remy mentioned. “This place seems so much larger on the inside than it did on the outside. What remarkable *atmosphere* this place projects.”

Madoushi merely nodded and stopped at the first door. “This room will be yours mister LeBeau.” He said and opened the door, staring right at Remy.

Never before had I ever seen anyone so expertly dismiss a person... especially someone like Remy. Politeness dictated that Remy enter the room and just leave the conversation. And don’t you think that Remy didn’t notice that either...

“Very well... I thank you for your hospitality.” Remy mentioned and then slid into the room before Madoushi closed the door behind him and then led us further down the hall.

But it seemed as if Remy and me weren’t the only ones that were ill-at-ease at this place.

“Mister Madoushi, if I may...” Fell prompted.

“By all means milady.” Mad replied over his shoulder.

“We noticed some strange happenings after our arrival here. I mean here in Deadwood. The town seemed to... grow... the longer we were in it.”

Mad slowed and paused for a moment before continuing. “I don’t have an appropriate explanation for what you’ve noticed, milady.”

“But you have an explanation.” Fell urged.

“I do. But...” he paused and turned to both of us then. “It’s something that is better experienced then explained. You’ll learn soon enough what is happening.” He looked to both of us in turn. “Some sooner than others.”

“How cryptic.” Fell replied, folding her arms beneath her voluminous breasts.

“I apologize... but again, it’s not something that can be appropriately explained in a few words or sentences. It took me more than a century to understand it. And that’s from living through it.”

“Living through... what.” I asked now.

He pulled his pocket watch from his waist coat and looked at it briefly before clicking it shut. “Not tonight. Perhaps soon... but your thoughts and feelings about your situation are not false. I... just lack the words to explain it.”

“Perhaps you can try later?” I asked sweetly and he smiled softly at me.

“Perhaps.” And he opened a second door. “Lady Fellania, this room shall be yours.”

Fell paused and then exhaled a short breath of a sigh and then left us before I was led to the third and final room on this landing, the door being opened for me. I entered past him, and then he spoke suddenly, a low whisper. “Stay in your room tonight.” He said in a hushed tone.

I turned to him then, wondering what he meant by that, but his eyes, with his lips tightened into a thin white line urged me not to say or ask anything more.

I nodded and entered the room before I was shut in.

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*I am Remy.*

*I was never one to really leave well enough alone, so pressing against the door, ear pressed to it, I listened for the vibrations in the wood, looking for the footfalls of our guide to disappear as he passed my door to leave the area down the hall in which we’d come.*

*Something wasn’t right in this place, and I aimed to find out what that something was. I could see and read the misinformation and downright lies in absolutely everyone we’ve yet met here... they all knew something was up but weren’t telling us.*

*So, the moment in which the door no longer carried the sounds of his footsteps, I opened the door, slipped out with the door closing behind me, and with a twisting motion I transformed from human to rat in just over a second.*

*I was never too proud of my rat form, it was too cute really, and rather easily seen in the dark, but that was neither here nor there now. Regardless, sliding into a groove I found at the edge of the wall, I quickly padded my way down the hall to explore our surroundings.*

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The room was a one-room affair that was cordoned off with curtains and screens. A bed near towering windows with its own balcony, a bath, one of those old-school basin sorts with the clawed feet rested behind a slightly ajar screen so I knew it was there. There were also several wardrobes that I looked through that were filled with a woman's clothes. They were dresses and gowns and robes... very feminine, very slimming, and given the fact that my underpants were wet partially from the sexually arousing sensations I'd been feeling and wet from having been soaked through from rain water, I desired to slide into some nice dry and warm clothes.

But then my mind started filling, my loins throbbing suddenly as I gasped, and with a sudden rising in body heat as a blush rushed across both cheeks and nose and flushed the tops of both my breasts, suddenly the arousal I felt rose and I climaxed in a rush. The room began to spin as I exhaled a sigh of breath, and with a darkening of the world around me I fainted dead away.

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*I am Fellania Bloodclaw.*

*It's not my fault that I'm the biggest and strongest of people around me, a head taller at the very least in my human form than any man, and I weighed a good twenty pounds heavier than most muscle-men were, and that wasn't including my breast weight.*

*Those in and of itself was an additional twenty-five pounds with the weight of the flesh of those milk tanks, as well as the glands and the milk they carried.*

*I was a powerful woman in my own right, a bear, the cross-breeding of a brown bear and a polar bear, I was incredibly strong, but aside from that, I'd also always had a knack for being magically keen, with a talent for natural sorcery – the magic of the earth and land – from the time I was very little. Well... younger... not little. I was a bear after all.*

*When I was born, I weighed over twelve pounds. Some might pity my mother for giving birth to me, but my mother wasn't a small fem either. Sadly... I was the only child born from my mother, and even more sad was that bears typically gave birth to fraternal twins – comes from a female bear firing from both tubes - but I was the only one in her womb at the time. So I was a little spoiled because of that, but regardless, well loved, well taught and well cared for.*

*My mother tried to spoil me, my father tried to normalize me, so all in all, I came out like a normal person in the end.*

*With my tribe and clan being one of the largest in the Bear Lycan world, my sir name pulled additional weight for it. Our family line was ancient, and could be traced back further than recorded history. Strangely, it had the largest population of female to male ratio as well.*

*Taking off my shirt and looking down at my chest, at the naked swells of womanly greatness I'd been blessed with, I rubbed one of them and sighed, trying not to think of these fat things as a waste. Oh don't get me wrong... I was very proud of them, but... well...*

*Sitting down and taking to removing the pants I wore, I remarked again at what these great mounds of womanly grace were meant for, and my arms slowly moved into a cradling motion, as if I were giving suck to a cub of my own. Like any other female Lycan, even despite that I hadn't birthed my own cub, I still nonetheless still lactated. Not as heavily as a fem who was actually nursing a cub, but I still did have milk in these fat Betties.*

*My age in the human world would mark me as nearly middle-aged, but bears only aged at about a half to a quarter the speed that a human would, but regardless, I felt as if I was long past due to having a mate and a child to care for. All the other girls in my clan that were born my age had already taken mates, each having already had one or even two pregnancies by now. As it was though... I was still unwed, and still un-mothered without a cub of my own... or better yet, twins of my own.*

*On the outside, I might seem stalwart and strong, unbreakable, sometimes maybe even a tough bitch, but on the inside I still had girlish dreams, girlish tendencies. I liked pink, I dreamed of a prince charming, dreamed of having a dozen cubs...*

*Damn it.*

*Slipping from my pink panties with the cute huggy bear with its heart on the crotch that Remy had somehow taken straight off my body without breaking the waist bands, I walked naked to the bath, found that it had dials for hot and cold running water, very modern for the time period this was supposedly for, and turned them to start the water. Testing the water, turning the dials to get the spewing water just right before plugging the drain to fill the tub, I slipped into the great basin to allow its hot waters to fill about me.*

*Those waters lapped at my muscular, washboard belly as it climbed upward along my form while I laid back and closed my eyes, rubbing thighs together as the water picked up my breasts and made them float, the pair buoyant despite their apparent weight and the water weight of the milk that was in them.*

*Today had opened my eyes, and I had to acknowledge that I was going through the cycle again. Human females menstruated once every twenty-eight days. Bear Lycan females like me, did so once a year. Though most bears do so in the late fall right before winter, a throwback of our bear bond-species who'd become impregnated and sleep through their pregnancy and even birthing process during hibernation, we bear Lycan females followed suit and typically entered into our heats at the same time.*

*But over the past several years mine were coming earlier and earlier... perhaps it was because I'd gone through so many years without actually mating and becoming pregnant yet.*

*This heat had been creeping up on me, I'd been feeling it, and it'd been making me stupid-headed and irate despite my usual brilliance. I was slipping slowly into this heat, and the slower into it, the slower out of it. Great Maker... I hated being a woman sometimes.*

*I mean... Remy LeBeau... how the hell did I miss the X-man reference. I wasn't clueless. I knew who Gambit was. I disliked French, yeah, but I'd focused on them and planted my hatred on them like they were the most worthless creatures on the planet since Pen had revealed that we were in France. And Remy... well that was a first impression that just got blown, but he just kept pushing and pushing to look at my boobs or my naughty bits or...*

*Normally I'd never throttle a person like I kept doing to him... but... Grr...*

*The wash basin creaked as my arms clenched along its sides, muscles flaring thickly as I gripped them in irritation before letting them go.*

*Damn heat. Just Go away and let me get on with my life. I don't need you right now, because Sue needs me.*

*But regardless I sunk into the waters, trying to drown out the sensations in my body, ears and mouth below the surface of the water while I breathed through just my nose, while inside me the roiling monster of my hidden sexuality began to awaken. Not being able to help it, I folded both hands over my sex, sighing as I rested, feeling soft-headed and faint at the moment, sleepy and tired.*

*But... there was one part of this heat that I did find... rather pleasureable.*

*For the past several years, whenever I was in heat, and dreaming or in that moment between sleep and awake, I would dream of a man. He wasn't a bear, but rather a bobcat, a tough plug of ropy muscle dressed as a samurai, complete with Katana and Wakizashi.*

*This time, as I was in that point between sleep and awake, this unknown samurai, a comparatively small man to me, but nonetheless strong... skilled and powerful, undressed and slipped into the bath with me. My knees spread slowly as I dreamed this, till I churned with the first penetration of his manhood lovingly penetrating me.*

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When I awoke it was to find myself in a bath. The bath in my room I supposed. I felt so euphoric at the moment, my body hot from the water as I laid backward, my head against a folded towel resting at the edge of the basin like a pillow with both my breasts floating in the water even despite their weight.

At first I didn't move and just laid there naked, not remembering how I got there, I merely stared up at a brilliantly artful ceiling that appeared far higher than I remembered it being when I'd first entered. That ceiling had been twenty feet tall and unpainted, but now it was perhaps forty feet high and had a scene painted in it that was worthy of contemplation.

So I contemplated it, finger tips resting in the water from both arms resting on the edge of the basin, their thick biceps soft and relaxed, thighs pressing together about the pulsating sexual power engorging within me. I breathed deeply, my teats aching with how erect they felt, but despite that, the euphoria in my mind was keeping me from feeling the fullness of that arousal. It was difficult to think... like... like... *something* was keeping me from thinking too hard.

So I focused on the image in the ceiling, and as I stared at it, it seemed to move ever so slightly. That may've been the euphoria sinking into my brain, but I felt like that time I'd been put on laughing gas that time the dentist had to drill a cavity.

So hard to think.

There were cerebrums up there, but they were somehow different, strange. They didn't carry bows but rather spears and tridents, their beautiful bodies somehow vile – chiseled and tan-skinned instead of soft and light-skinned – as they chased a human male. In another of the triangular ceiling panels between the arching braces that held the room

up, I found the naked man kneeling before a woman of such flowing beauty that it made me aroused further looking up at such beauty. Despite that she was female, I wanted her... sexually. It was a hard feeling to express, but I could only say that she was so beautiful that she attracted even me... another woman. Another panel found this man with white hair being preyed upon by her, she dominant in their coupling that was revealed in all its pornographic detail... and... she was biting him while the cherubim laughed... mocked.

And then later the man stood with the woman behind her, strings from her finger tips leading to his arms and legs, head and body, like he was a marionette. The man looked dejected.

But all these images all seemed to move. The cherubim's wings flapped, the man and woman gyrated in their loving embrace, the woman with the strings twitched her fingers and the man moved slightly as she did.

It was then that I rose slowly, deliberately, coming to a stand as water sloughed off me, between breasts and between butt cheeks, breasts no longer floating but pulling downward with gravity with their enhanced maturity and the milk they held, the pair wobbling and rolling against my ribs heavily as I rubbed a hand across them, trying to soothe the ache in their teats. It was then that I lifted a hand, turning it, looking at it, realizing that something was wrong with it.

I felt... engorged, aroused like I'd never felt before, my loins were being pulled in two different directions it felt, and palming my smooth, flat belly, I drip-dried for a moment before stepping out of the water. There was a white silk robe I found here, and taking a moment to wipe the slick off my body and wring my hair out, I donned the white gown, folding its two sides over my swollen breasts and holding the two halves of the gown shut with a hand there. My breasts felt fattened... aching with the milk they were producing, their teats standing on end while my loins throbbed a staccato rhythm in tune with the heavy beating of my heart.

It was then that I heard the door to my room open, and stepping out behind the screens that'd surrounded the bath and wardrobe, I found myself in a room that had changed drastically. The bed was larger, a four-poster now with draping silk draperies, while the furniture was more elaborate and there were decorated carpets on the ground that appeared of an Asian nature.

And finally there was my visitor, who entered, stooped at a table that wasn't there before, rose and froze as he looked at me enshrouded in that white silk robe on my moist body, my long hair wrapped about a long and slender neck to rest over one fat breast while the folds of the gown revealed much of that cleavage to him. He had the presence to blush before turning.

"My apologies... I didn't think that you were done with your bath."

"You're blushing." I prompted with a smile.

"It's... just that... your robe doesn't cover everything. I had not expected such a sight... not since..."

He didn't finish, but I nonetheless looked down at myself. My sizeable breasts, moist with water, could be seen through the white silk robe that had turned transparent with the moisture... and on top of that, in the perpetual euphoria that I'd felt I'd walked out with the lower half of the robe wide open. He could see the entirety of my naked bodice below the waist, from long milky white thighs and curving calves to the broad wedge of pelvis and vulva. Resettling the robe so that it wrapped about me fully now, I donned a second outer robe about me to cover that nakedness.

He wouldn't look at me so long as I was exposed... and I wanted him to look on me, take pleasure in me.

“You’re so kind for looking away. Forgive me... I’ve been a bit... distracted lately. I didn’t notice. You’re right... the air is making me rather faint, and I can’t think normally.” I smirked and looked over at him as I secured the toggles of the heavier outer robe across my bodice. “And you’re such a gentleman. Many would probably take advantage of me, took every moment to stare and ogle.” And then I paused, reflecting on what he’d said before I turned to him with a ruffling of the robes briefly opening the gap to reveal my loins again before it all settled about me. He still had his back to me. “Not since what?”

“Pardon?” he managed and turned his head to put me in his peripheral.

“You were saying something. You hadn’t expected to see something like this... not since... what?”

“There are many women in the town. They shun me. The villagers are quick to tell newcomers about me since I work for the master. I never expected any woman to... show me any such thing to me ever again. Even on accident.”

“Well... you can look now if you’d like.” I said and sat at the table where he’d placed all the food.

He turned and immediately he smiled down at me. There was a look in his eye that I’d never seen before in a man as they looked at me. Not even with Lee. There was definite pleasure in his eyes when he looked upon me... but then there was something else there as well.

“Care to join me?” I asked him. “There’s a lot more here than I can eat.”

He looked around and then quickly checked his pocket watch. “I suppose I have some time.” And he flipped back his coat tails and sat across from me.

“Such a gentleman you are.” I remarked and he smirked as he took a biscuit for himself and began poking his fork into it, pressing the tines into the bread before breaking it. I’ve only seen people do that on TV before now.

“One wouldn’t think that when I first arrived. It’s a part of why the womenfolk shun me so. I can’t even buy a woman, and I’ll never force one.”

“Why ever would they shun you?” I blinked, taking some slices of what looked and smelled like roast beef. I was indeed hungry. “You’re handsome, a gentleman, kind and thoughtful...”

“I was what some call a shaman... in other words what most people in the village below would call a savage. The master himself took me in and trained me, but it was a long and arduous attempt to refine me from one sort of person into another. By the time I was *presentable* I’d nonetheless been classified as a demon sorcerer... Madoushi if you will.” He paused as he buttered the biscuits together. “Hypocrites. They’re quick to ask for my help on occasion for favors from the master and are even quicker to go back to shunning and even beating me afterward. If not for my endless and giving nature, I might’ve just written them off completely. I nearly did.”

“What kind of shaman were you?” I blinked. The word Shaman was used very sparsely in the world.

“You might not understand.” Mad smirked. “No one yet has come to understand it. Not even the master understands it.”

I smirked. "Try me. I come from a world that has had a few more centuries to develop. We are a world-wide community now."

He blinked at me, and even did a double-take after I said '*world-wide community*' but then slowly he came around again to answer. "Very well. Then I was a Shaman of the Dream Time."

"Th-the Dream Time?" I blinked in utter surprise.

"See. I knew you wouldn't..."

"No-no-no." I said quickly. "I've heard of it."

"You have?" he asked wide-eyed. Genuinely surprised now.

"Your people come from a land we call Australia. Only... you must be totally unique here. Everyone comes from America or Europe or Asia. Australia is a continent that's a bit off the beaten path. There's that and... well... your skin tone isn't exactly what I'd call that of an Aborigine."

"Aborigine." He repeated, his brows beetling. "I'd forgotten that word till now. That's what the white men called my people. The same white men who... my mother..."

My face fell in concern and I reached out to take his hand. "You poor dear." And I gave his hand a squeeze. Again, that leap of sensation leapt into me from the touch, and settled in my breasts and loins. Milk leaked in thick beads from my nipples and I almost sighed in elation before crossing my legs to keep my pulsating and throbbing sex from trickling moisture.

But regardless, as I sat there I think I was able to piece together what'd happened to Madoushi... or how he came to be at least.

A few hundred years ago, Australia was under English Rule. A penal colony as it were. A soldier or maybe one of the criminals must've taken his mother, as such things happen. He was the result. The white men wouldn't take the bastard child of a native... they never have. Not even in America have they done that. So he became a burden of the tribe that spawned him. But... the Aborigines of Australia have always been more understanding than most. Or... at least that's how the movies made them seem.

"It's centuries past. If you know of me and my kind and my homeland, tell me of your... *Aus-tral-ia*." He managed, rolling the word over his lips.

I smiled and kept holding onto his hand with both of mine, my food momentarily forgotten.

"Gladly." I smiled kindly, and began to speak.

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*The house was empty, like a ghost house of haunted memories... just like Deadwood had been in the beginning.*

*As a rat, I could hide and move where others couldn't see me. There were no cats here, no dogs to track and hunt me, but I did find that there was a strange tunnel system of pipes here and there, as well as the occasional mouse hole. It got me into places where no other person could go without breaking a wall or two down.*



*There were old electrical wires, and pipes here, for electricity and indoor plumbing, which meant that there was a generator somewhere. Wash basins and bath tubs had twist knobs for hot and cold water. The period of the house may be a half a millennium old, but the technology in it was little more than two centuries old. Indoor plumbing, electrical lighting, hot and cold running water... and so on.*

*But this place was changing just like Deadwood did. Doors appeared out of nowhere, short hallways grew longer and longer as time progressed, halls grew taller... and then there were the hidden copper tubing along the floors, most of which lead... down.*

*Dragged to hell... hmm?*

*And then I came out on top of several cupboards in a kitchen laden with hooks and knives hanging from the ceiling, and even as I looked down, a big, fat butcher chef sauntered in, wearing a stained leather apron and having a face that was just made for radio. Meaty hands, meaty arms and pudgy, short, squat legs and a thick black beard, the 'Cook' I guess he was sauntered in, flipped a carcass of some sort onto the table and began sectioning it, hanging it's bits up onto the hanging meat hooks.*

*Why is it, that kitchens in freaky places always held a plethora of sharp metal instruments hanging out in the open... just ready to impale and poke eyes out.*

*Sitting up there, whiskers twitching as I smelt the room. Unfortunately I could also taste the room, which included big fat and smelly down there, and despite that I was a rat... I still had tastes. When one considers that one percent of my entire genetic code is devoted to smelling things, one could understand just how sensitive my sense of smell is.*

*I swear that guy's sweat could be used as turpentine, and when he farted, it was like a mustard gas bomb. I actually had to hold my nose and wave the smell off.*

*And then the cook was doing something peculiar. Most butchers would spill the offal – the remnants of butchering like the blood and all the entrails, a substance similar to chum – into a drain. This guy, however, squeezed the guts free of blood, and took to filtering the blood of the crap that came off the entrails and actually saved the blood. Strange...*

*I was contemplating this as I saw the cook move suddenly, and I twitched, saw him draw a knife before I spun on the spot and slid into the copper tube up here right as several knives stuck in the wall and cupboard where I'd been.*

*"Durn nasty rats!" the cook barked at me as I peaked back to see if he was following, thinking to myself 'yeah... look who's talking round boy.'*

*But deeper into the house did I go then, like a hamster in his tubes, exiting at long last in a large copper basin, with an apparatus that was above me that led up. The machinery here was silent, and sitting back, contemplating it, I began to denote its function.*

*It was crude, it dealt mostly with natural pressure and gravity... but there was also a pump.*

*Now what on earth would be filtered through all these pipes, deposited here, and then pushed back upward? Up where?*

*Shifting to my hybrid form and leaping up onto the apparatus above, I sniffed and tasted the machine, looking for chemicals and more distinction, but the apparatus only led up to a ceiling point and stopped. How curious. What the hell was the purpose of this thing?*

*Silently falling back into the basin so quietly the metal didn't even ring from my landing, I then vaulted out of the basin, searching for more reasoning behind all these smooth metal conduits, but after a short while of searching, I came upon two things that told me now was time to go back to my room. The first of which was the thought that I should get back to my room before someone checked in on me ... the other was meeting another rat.*

*But not any kind of rat... no. This was a Devil Rat, a demon of the rat world. A creature with the strength of a feral wolf, the ferocity of a rabid wolverine, and the demonic power of a minor demon. Simple enough to kill if you have silver on you and are quick enough to use it. Sadly for them they only have the physical resistance of a rat.*

*Skewering the thing and lifting it, turning it over on the end of a silver knife and eyeing it, brows beetling with thought, immediately I was given a clear and present example of the danger we were in at the moment.*

*Devil Rats only congregate in the worst of places.*

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I told him of what I knew of Australia, in a vague sense of the term. I'd never been there myself, but nonetheless I knew of it. I told him that it was a large continent in comparison to others, settled all alone in an area of the world that was totally separate from all others. *'The Land Down Under'* I told him that it was known as now, because it was on the lower half of the world not connected to anything. Only Antarctica, the land of ice, was further south.

I told him that it was a great nation that though it used to be ruled by the English Empire, it was now a nation of its own free will now. Aborigine, sometimes called the Bushmen, and white man both were its people.

I told him of Crocodile Dundee and Steve Irwin, and that in all the world his homeland held the ten most deadliest spiders and snakes. Australians were a hardy, good-natured people.

I told him he should be proud to come from that land.

And then he told me how he came to be here.

"The Dream Time is what is real in the world. It's what's true about everything, and this... this world that all live in is fake, a shell, a husk for the true light of the world. I'd been doing a Walkabout, journeying far, far away from home, when I came upon a scar in the Earth. I got too close and it... pulled me in. Pulled me in here."

"What was this world like in the Dream Time?" I asked and he dropped his fork with a clatter. He was staring at his plate and shivering as he lowered an unsteady hand to pick up the fork again. "Are you ok?"

"Y-yes. Th-the memory was... terrible. If I could... f-face... such a terrible place again, maybe I could escape... b-but..." he swallowed and licked his lips. "But... let's talk about something else."

I wondered... what would've he'd seen that would've kept him willingly trapped here?

"It's all right. There must be a way out though."

“Everyone who comes has tried, even the master, though I’d believe the master is closer to knowing a way out than anyone else would be though.”

I wanted to tell him that he had a way out... but I wouldn’t press fear on him. Now wasn’t the time to be that kind of supportive. But maybe, if I could be brave with him, or even for him, maybe he could lead us out of this place.

Then I told him how we got here... not everything... just that there was a secret place under Paris that held an ancient pyramid that acted as a doorway to this place.

“A doorway?” he asked and I nodded, and I glanced at the fact we were still holding hands and I smiled. “Perhaps... The graveyard is how you entered?” again I nodded.

“There was sort of a stairway that led back upward in between the archway and disappeared into the void. Maybe... that’s the way out?”

“It’s feasible. Since the very beginning the only clue to the way out is that it existed in the forest. But the forest is endless. People have undergone expeditions for months in every direction, but the forest never ends. The only change is that just out of the sight of the castle, the trees suddenly die and become leaf-bare. Even the pines. The air goes dead, there are no creatures... and the only things living out there are your nightmares.

“Occasionally... some of the expeditioners are returned to us... dead. Their faces locked into expressions of sheer and utter horror, their bodies white and drained of all their bodily fluids. They’re the ones buried in the graveyard.”

I remarked on that. “A graveyard of names... no dates or sayings.” I stated and Mad nodded, but then a clock began to chime and Mad cursed himself and drew out his pocket watch.

“Damn it. I’m late.” He said and stood, pocketing the watch again but I held onto his fingers for a moment to get his attention before I soothed the back of his hand with my other hand.

“I did enjoy speaking with you.” I said aloud, surprising myself, and now that there was more of a separation between us I felt my bowels leap toward him again. My teats erected hard before I let his hand go and he bowed smartly.

“It was an honor... but I will be punished if I do not hurry to my duties. I bid you good night, Lady Susan.” And he dismissed himself... only to pause at the door. “My lady... do me a favor and lock this door behind me.”

“Lock the door? But why?” I asked and rose, one thigh sliding out of the robes I wore and his eyes flickered to the long and superbly shaped woman’s thigh I possessed. If the robe were maybe three inches in the other way, he could look right onto my sex again. I contemplated showing it to him, but thought better of it. He wouldn’t look, his code of honor would stop him from doing so.

“Because I fear for you.” He said quietly and left.

Going to the door after him, I promptly turned the key in the door, took the key and laid it beside the door on a little table that was there for that explicit purpose.

*Fear for me?* I thought, and then opened the robes as I slid toward the bed before sliding naked into the silken sheets. I no longer had to fear the effects of a menstruation cycle, so sleeping naked had become vastly preferable to

underwear and pajamas. I was a cat... I liked soft things and I liked being warm, a throwback to the ancestors of the *Felinus Domesticus* breed I hailed from, being that they were once Egyptian wild cats that lived in a desert.

Hugging one of the great feather pillows against my body and pressing against it, my breasts and thighs cleaving to either side of the pillow as I laid my head against its fattened part, I found myself doing something rather rash and unexpected.

I imagined the pillow was Madoushi... and I was laying naked against his body so that I could have a little nap prior to dinner.

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The dark was always a frightening place.

That night, in that great cavernous room, I felt myself being wrapped within that darkness. It was a restless night, it was frightening, and I tossed and turned many times, feeling my insides churning in alien ways. An incredible weight was pushing down on me, and with it came the sinister laughing of some woman... and eyes... those terrible red eyes, expressing that laughter in a bloody red haze amidst the wide curvature and long lashes of a woman's eyes staring at me.

I awoke with a start, sweating profusely on more than one occasion that night. By the time that dawn arose I was exhausted. I felt like I'd been wrung and hung out to dry as I laid there drooling, curled up in a tight ball. I knew I couldn't menstruate anymore... not like a human did anyways, but I felt all the experiences of full-body cramps that morning, and I felt the weakness of ages that I'd not felt since I learned that I was a latent Lycan. It was the weakness of being... only a human.

I'd assured myself that it was just the strange bed in this strange place, but as I rose from my bedding, the draping layers of blankets sliding off me, I chanced to look down at my hand and gasped.

Last night I'd thought something was happening to me, having seen things strange with the way my hands and arms looked, but now I definitely saw a change. It was the reason I felt so weak and mundane... so *human*.

The fingers were slender and thin, delicate. Gone was the strength of my upbringing as a Lycan, the physical power of my ancestors. The wrist was bony again like before I turned into a Lycan, the forearm spindly and the upper arm was thinned with no separation for bicep or tricep at all! Not even when I flexed it!! Looking to my other arm showed that that it too had thinned like its mate, and taking to patting at myself I found that my neck had narrowed into a slender pole to support my head, and the muscle definition of thighs, forelegs and belly had disappeared!

My vein over my bicep was gone too. All I could see of it was a bluing of the flesh where it'd been.

Swinging my legs out onto the edge of the bed, I found that all the phenomenal muscularity that I'd possessed and spent countless weeks of weight training had vanished! All that remained was a set of broad shoulder-width hips, and two breasts that were obvious G-cups or larger.

"W-what happened...?" I began but stopped, clasp my throat and squeaking. My voice had actually risen in pitch... become more girlish even. Like my voice... *used*... to be. "...To me?" I moaned, finishing what I was saying.

But then from the next room over I heard Fell scream, and rising, grabbing the robes I'd discarded from last night and swinging them about me, I assailed the door, trying to yank it open, and then remembering the key, grabbed it, inserted it into the lock and turned it in one fluid motion, and then while holding the robes shut, I ran down the hall to Fell's room and yanked open the door.

Fell stood in a white body sheathe, a gown that fell over the neck and shoulders to cover the front and back but left the sides largely open. Only several tied chords at her sides held it shut. But one look at her showed that I wasn't the only one to have experienced adverse effects.

"I shrunk!" she moaned with tears in her eyes as she looked at me then, and then blinking the tears away she looked at me and then pointed gasping. "A-and... and so did you!"

Remy arrived just then, appearing quickly at my side with a long stiletto-like dagger in his hand that looked more like a letter opener, and looking to Fell and then me, he sighed and then with a flourish he closed the knife like a butterfly knife and with a slight-of-hand maneuver it disappeared... which was quite an accomplishment since he had no shirt on at the moment.

"So... It's just the *air* huh?" he said to me with his jaw set.

"Not fair! How come you didn't weaken?!" Fell exclaimed.

"Cause if you haven't noticed, *petite*... I'm not winning any Mister Universe competitions over here, and you ladies needed three or four of even *those* guys to make up how strong you two were. I'm less than ropy... I'm wiry. If I grew any weaker than this then I'd be... bones."

"How can you joke at a time like this?" Fell gasped and collapsed to her rump onto her bed. "And don't call me *petite*!"

"Who's joking?" Remy replied. "I'm well aware that rats aren't the strongest of all the Lycan species. We're downright puny actually... smallest of all the species. But you ladies... what happened?"

"I woke up this way." I replied. "I assume so did Fell."

"And you both were feeling weak last night." Remy stated and after a moment I nodded... and then so did Fell. "Then it's time for me to get *supah sneak-ay*." He grinned, tapping the fingertips of both hands together while he grinned that slight overbite and buck-toothed grin of his. "Something isn't right in Oz, Toto, and I shall uncover it!" He shot an index finger up into the air. "Never you fear ladies," he began and slid his opened hand before himself to indicate us both. "For I shall..."

"Just get on with it." Fell and I said together and Remy pouted.

"My one chance to impress ladies and look super-heroic... and you won't let me." He sniffed mockingly. "I feel hurt." And he faked a cracked voice before looking at us for sympathy which he got only stone-faced replies from us. "Fine. Be that way." And he shifted forms.

This was perhaps the one thing from him that truly surprised Fell and me. We'd not yet seen him in his hybrid form as he extended a long-fingered and clawed hand and brushed at his furred arm briefly with the back of his other hand. Then he noticed us staring.

“What...?” he asked unsteadily.

“Y-you’re... Kawaii!” I squealed and he stared at me with his ears flattened.

We’d expected Remy to be hunched over and grey, with a sharp twitching nose and a black tail and bristly fur with red burning eyes, but no. As a matter of fact, he was bright white, with a pink nose and a pink tail and even pink eyes! Sure his back curved more and his chest barreled more, but he was just so cute. Without thinking I swept him up and held him tight while nibbling on his ear.

“What a cute little rattie you are!” I squealed again and Remy just hung in my arms.

“This is me not complaining...” Remy’s voice was muffled and I realized that he’d gone face first into my still voluminous cleavage, so I let him go quickly and gave a nervous laugh.

“I am... surprised.” Fell managed. “Here I thought you were going to look like some... dirty thing, but you actually look...” Fell looked at me and we both grinned.

“Cute.” We said at once.

“Cute?!” Remy scoffed and looked at himself before hoisting his fat rat tail. “Are you telling me this whip-like tool of destruction is... *cute*?”

Again Fell and I looked at each other. “Yes.” We said at once and we both giggled... rather uncharacteristically for both of us.

Remy rolled his pink eyes and his tail fell to the ground from his hand with a heavy thud before he rubbed his temples with one hand. “Great. Granddad was a bristle back, had one freaking eye... they called him ‘*The Oni*’ in Japan. Dad was a mutant looking thing so slick and slippery with his own body oils that he could squeeze through a hairline crack in a wall this thick.” And he held up his fingers and showed a space about a quarter inch wide. “Me? I get mom’s... fluffy white fur, and pink flesh.” He sighed and deflated a little before reaching for the doorway. “Don’t mind me... just your average albino jumbo sewer rat slinking off here and...” he stopped as his tail tugged, and he looked back at me as I held his tail with both hands and rubbed it against my cheek. It was so soft and smooth and...

Remy yanked his tail back and lifted a finger and pointed it at me while it was still close to his body. Then gritting through his teeth with his ears still flattened: “I am not cute and fluffy!” he exclaimed, and slipped out the door with a slam.

“Oh I just wanna nibble on his ears.” I sighed and the door opened sharply with Remy standing there, giving me a stern look and pointing at me before slamming the door again. “And his tail.” And the door opened again and he pointed at me like the Evil Monkey in the Closet from Family Guy.

“Oh just go already.” Fell waved and he left forcibly again.

This time we dropped the subject and I turned to Fell laughing, but then saw her hug herself soon thereafter. She was rubbing her missing biceps.

Sliding over to her and sitting beside her I put my arm around her now narrowed shoulders.

“I’ve... never been so weak in my life. I can feel the weight of this world on me, pulling me down, trying to drive me into the floor. I feel... mortal.” And she hugged herself tighter before I tucked my legs up and embraced her now.

“Don’t give up hope. Your tits are still thick and big than most women.”

“And I can feel their weights!” she cried out loud. “This is so wrong! A bear is supposed to be strong! Powerful! I’m the daughter of a polar bear and a grizzly! A weighed over twelve pounds at birth! I had developed biceps then, or so my parents told me... I kept breaking my toys as a little girl because they weren’t strong enough... I’m not supposed to be so weak!”

“I feel the reduction, Fell. I feel the change and it’s been abrupt. I remember being like this... well... not with such big tits like these, or hips as wide as these, but I can see how this must hinder you.”

“Hinder me?! Sue! I’d rather be raped than feel this... this... weakness!”

“Don’t say that!” I said sternly. “Speaking such things invites it upon you.” I soothed her arms. “It will take some getting used to...” She tensed hard, so I rose. “Why don’t you lie down for a bit... get used to the sensation, and please try. We’re women after all, and our outer strength is nothing in comparison to our inner strength.”

Fell blinked back tears as she looked up at me. “Where did that come from?” she asked and I paused, blinked and palmed the front of my forehead.

“I... I think... Pen said it. But not to me. It’s a memory, maybe my first mother’s.” I paused, trying to recall the ancestral memory. “She was small too... about to give up... and he told her that. It gave her the drive she needed to be among the strongest of all beings at the time.” I paused again and then looked down at her. “I’m going to explore this place, Fell. Do you want to come with?”

Fell looked up at me and sighed. It seemed to be the sigh of an incredible self-revelation. “You’re by far a much stronger woman inside than I am, Sue.”

“Don’t say that.” I said and stepped forward and embraced her and she held onto me. “More than once I’ve needed you to comfort me, and I have no idea how I could’ve gotten through it without you being there. And it wasn’t the strength of your arm that got me through it either. But the weight I have to bare isn’t as great as the one you are now. Don’t count yourself out yet. I’ll give you this day, oh sister of my heart, but if you’re not out of bed by tomorrow, I’ll come in here and drag you out naked if need be, and I’m certain Remy would love to see that.”

Fell chuckled, nodded and managed a bit of a smile before I kissed her forehead and left her for now.

“I’ll keep checking up on you, Fell. Remember... you’re stronger than you look.”

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*I am Fellania, Fellania Bloodclaw, daughter of a family of bears who’ve been listed amongst the strongest of all the clans in all the world of all the Lycans.*

*Often times, people will present themselves as ‘New and Improved’. Well, I was the opposite of that now.*

*But regardless, there was something... new. In my weakness, I was no longer physically strong, I was no longer the bulwark, the keystone, the strongest thing around. And in its place I felt... soft... small... demure. It was the first time that I'd ever recalled feeling... truly feminine.*

*As a power house, as a great woman of strength, I was an icon of womanly might. I made men cower from my strength! Possibly that was why they avoided me all the time. Even other male bears were put off by how strong I was.*

*So for a time I spent sitting before the bay windows of my room, windows that weren't there yesterday, neither was the sitting room furniture and the screens... and the windows didn't open then. Now I did. I still looked stronger than Sue did. I was still taller and thicker than she was, but now that all that muscle was gone, I found myself able to see the woman that was beneath it all.*

*It was an awareness that began as I was looking out the window as the day drug on, and the way the light struck the window turned it into a partial mirror, showing me my reflection. Suddenly my attention shifted from the trees to look at my reflection in the window as I sat in a gown that was translucent about me, and standing, looking at that reflection, I looked upon a woman that... in all honesty... was pleasing to the eye.*

*Going to the mirror of the bathing area, I looked at myself, posing and turning, and with the long shoulder-length and slightly curly hair, I remarked that I looked... beautiful. Voluptuous even.*

*I wasn't sure why I did it, but I disrobed, getting naked, striking weight-lifter poses in this new body, weakened as it was. As the average woman went, I was still taller, still stronger, but with a softening of the flesh instead of the hard chiseled musculature, I actually looked... beautiful.*

*In the past I'd only thought that I looked attractive... now... I felt that I looked like a flawless beauty.*

*And in that moment, with my body being grabbed by the throes of a heat, and my sense of sensuality exuberantly amplified already as it was, I did something I hardly ever did even as a little girl.*

*I played dress up. And with the wardrobe that was already here, and the makeup that seemed to make itself available right then and there... I tried all sorts of looks. And I have to tell you... I felt... sexual!*

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Later that day...

All things in this world were unfolding, except Fell and me that is. We seemed to be compressing.

When I went to go check on her to see how she was doing, she was playing. She definitely wasn't acting her usual self. She told me that she'd stylized her hair using hairpins and hair stays, tried on a dozen different outfits and applied and reapplied make up over and over again.

There were clothes everywhere, and when I entered she was actually holding another dress up to her to judge how it looked.

"I feel beautiful." She sighed, and I felt glad for her.



I never noticed if she ever used makeup before. Usually she only kept a tube of lip balm in her pocket. When you were that big, people typically didn't take the time to tell you that you were unattractive to them. I definitely thought she was attractive before, but now she looked rather striking.

Maybe she needed this chance.

"Tell me Sue, should I keep them together or separated?" she asked me palming her breasts and pressing them together before pulling them apart.

Guys hit each other and called each other assholes while talking about which women they'd like to bang to male bond. Gals like us play dress up and apply makeup and eat ice cream while talking about movies and boys to female bond. No ice cream, but it wasn't critical.

But when I'd left her she seemed far better adjusted... a good thing too. Loosing strength to a woman like Fellania must've been quite a blow.

Regardless, last night Mad had called this place a castle. Then I thought he'd misspoken, but later on I'd realized the truth of the matter. Just like in the village, if I wasn't directly looking at a thing or I left a place and came back to it later then it'd be changed... transformed. Hallways grew taller and longer, pictures appeared and then the pictures seemed to change and turn to look at me at times, or change what they were wearing and so on. Doors that weren't there before were there now, and despite that Mad had brought us onto the second floor, there were now stairs leading upward now. I followed them, learning immediately why this place was no longer a manor, and was instead now called a castle.

After having played dress up and makeup with Fell, I was now wearing a light blue gown with a form fitting corset and belt with a darker blue jacket, all of which enhanced and displayed not only the fact that I had cleavage but likewise seemed to enhance them. The corset acted almost just like a bra in the way it limited the amount of the gown that actually held my chest, lifting and pressing together seemingly to make one good boob out of the pair. Despite having lost so much of my strength I still lactated. My poor boobs were swelling steadily the longer I remained here till the synching strings on the gown were pressing into the fat of my tits and the bodice of the dress I was wearing was steadily parting. I had to untie and retie the strings twice, and my bust was growing decidedly larger than Fell's was. She was still obviously stronger than me, even with both of us reduced, but I had a bigger chest.

Nevertheless, this impressive visage and these fine clothes provided to me by Master Drake – I was surprised that the clothing fit so perfectly – fluttered about me as I looked out from a garden several stories above the place where our rooms were. There was a garden here, with some bulbous pod that looked like it was an upside down Chinese lantern in the center of the garden. There were many pretty plants as well, but the pod and its vines were laced with red veins, and knowing enough about botany to understand that red veins on a plant meant it was poisonous like Poison Oak or Poison Ivy, I steered well clear of it. Looking down, even the circular hill had grown greatly with the village sprawled around below it. I saw the clock tower, the town hall... and from this vantage point I could see the unending span of a mist-covered forest.

The air had the smell and chill of mountain air, despite that the only mountain here was the one the manor-turned-castle sat upon.

With the overcast skies, it was like we were caught in a pocket of some ethereal reality. A bar of soap between two planes of linoleum. It was an eerie sight... but unlike before, at least the wind blew here now.

I'd been standing there for a time before the sounds of pipe organ music came to my sharp hearing. I was still a Lycan, that was for sure, for I still had the powers of a Lycan like enhanced smell and hearing, so following the sounds, I crossed the tiled flooring of the garden, passed a set of iron-wrought doors along a short open corridor from the door that led me up here to the door that led to the base of a new tower. This and two more towers seemed to have been constructed since I had my back turned and was enjoying the scenery.

A short while ago, the garden here was the highest point of the castle till those two towers rose up out of the castle.

Pushing the heavy door of the tower open, I found myself at the landing of a set of stairs that went both up and down... the music coming from above me.

Following the stairs upward, I came to another landing with a door that was slightly ajar, and pushing it open, half expecting to find a surprisingly well-dressed man with a white mask covering his unsightly face. Instead I found a surprisingly well dress man, but instead discovered Master Drake at work on a complex pipe organ that few pipe organs in the world would rival. The whole room was filled with pipes and a generator, the organ he was at had five realms of black and white keys and there was a plethora of knobs, dials and buttons all around him. With perfect poise and back straight, Drake played what was unmistakably "A Night on Bald Mountain".

I didn't remember much from high school, but one year the music teacher decided to use Disney's Fantasia to teach music. I have no idea who wrote that particular piece, but I was pretty sure that it was less than two hundred years old. Strange for a man who's been here for nearly six hundred years.

There was a small auditorium here of padded seats that I sat down at, resting for a moment and resettling the skirts about my now slender body as I listened to him play one piece after the next. Sadly, I didn't recognize any of the other composers. Following the last chords of a third song, my eyes closed to listening to the music while the warmth of the room filled me, and the smells of lilac and lavender swam in my head, suddenly Master Drake turned his head to speak over his shoulder.

"Did you like it?" he asked and my eyes snapped open.

I looked around me to make sure I was still the only one here before answering. "Oh yes I did. The music of my age is... very different. Not a whole lot of thought goes into it anymore. I like listening to classical music to relax.

"So it's called '*classical*' now?" he asked and then turned before rising.

Black pants and shoes, crimson coat with tails, puffy shirt and cuffs, he had this powerful sort of visage that drew me to him. I felt myself drawing faint as he neared, the arousal in me rising quickly, studiously, and I wanted him. But it was the set of muscles between my legs that wanted him, wanted him badly, wanted to lie before him and be penetrated deep and hard and repeatedly... not the muscle in my chest that wanted him. I should've realized that, I should've told the difference, but the sensation that was steeling itself between my milky thighs was ignoring my head and the warnings of my heart as my breasts heaved then, the nipples hardening as he came to stand before me, caressing my face.

"You are such a lovely creature." He managed and sat next to me, still holding my face. I exhaled a sigh, the lids of my eyes growing heavy as his fingers caressed me. Never in my life had I felt myself go from normal sensations to fully aroused, and when he pushed the folds of the fabric of the dress I wore off my shoulders, rubbing those shoulders I sighed and bore my throat to him. "Your lips are red... like roses, your skin like the alabaster of Egypt." His fingers slid about my neck. Not once in my mind did I consider that he might try to choke me just then, not even when the tips of his thumbs slid over the taut muscles of my throat and caressed them, making me gurgle with

anticipation. I palmed my belly with one hand, rubbing it up and down before trying to push that hand downward into my loins but finding it held back by the skirts I wore.

“Y-you honor me.” I sighed and moaned, tugged at the strings holding the bosom of the dress closed with my other hand as I perspired, feeling the fabric give way as my tits disgorged outward now that they were free. They were still covered, but now their cleavage spread open just for his hand to touch. “I... I never was compared to such things before.”

“Here, allow me to help you with that.” And his fingers pulled on the fabric, spreading the strings more fully till the barest edge of my areola were revealed and the weight and bulge of my breasts pushed the folds wide open, the strings spreading to their individual metal grommets before his hand slid across the chest part of my bosom, the edge of his hand the only thing glancing against those heaving and now moist breasts of mine. I began to perspire heavily now so that the clothes I wore stuck to me. “What is that perfume you’re wearing?”

“P-perfume? But I’m not wearing any?” I replied.

“So this is your own scent? It’s like a patch of strawberries.” His thin white lips and the goatee around his mouth spread as he smiled, and he dipped, smelling my throat and bosom. His hand now slid across the bodice of the gown, actively feeling both breasts and caressing their nipples, and I moaned, both my hands sliding along my bodice as he kissed my throat. “You’re such a prize.” He told me, and I believed him utterly as he cradled me and I laid backward in his arms, his kisses landing upon my collarbone and then my throat. “A fine... fine woman... fit for any court... any kingdom.” And he kissed and then nibbled my flesh as I swooned, and as his strong manly man-hand began to massage my breast openly now, tweaking the teat and puffed out areola, I felt his tongue slide against the bridge of my neck, felt his teeth press against the flesh, and then...

There was a knock and Drake lifted his hand with a growl.

“Madoushi! What is the meaning of this?!” he snarled.

“Master... I’ve come to warn you.” Mad replied, head bowed with a silver platter and a goblet in one hand.

“Warn me?” Drake said immediately. “You’re too early for that event, Madoushi. Explain yourself.”

“The castle is protecting her and her friends.” He replied, still placating, still quiet. “Food for instance. Her door has a lock, as do her friends’ doors. I was amazed when I spied that fact last night. I suspect... also, if I may Master Drake, that she and her friends may be like me.”

“Like you?” Drake repeated, suddenly startled as I looked up at him through heavily lidded eyes, laying there in one arm as he looked upon me. “My apologies, Lady Susan.” Drake continued. “I have... moved too far too quickly. I beg for your forgiveness.”

“F-forgiveness?” I moaned as he laid me down sprawled across the padded benches.

“Yes, forgiveness.” And he rose from me and strode to Mad, took the goblet and drank heavily from it. I saw the crimson of what must’ve been red wine on his lips before he wiped and licked it away. “I have miss-stepped in regards to your honor.” And then he planted the goblet on the platter and gripping Mad by the elbow turned him away as I watched them, still faint of breath. My loins were moistening, my breasts leaking their milk, and I was panting as if each breath were my last.

Shortly, Drake turned and left, the door closing, and as soon as it did, Mad surged to me, taking a bottle from his pocket and opening it he waved it under my nose and I came immediately awake to the acrid smell of potent garlic and something else stinging my nostrils so badly I gagged from it.

“Careful... take deep breaths... calm yourself.” He mentioned as I rose immediately from my funk and regained my mind as if waking from a deep sleep after being thrown into cold, cold water.

On the one hand I wanted to yell at him for interrupting, but on the other hand, instinctively I felt as if he saved me from something vile.

“W-why...” I breathed.

“To save both of you.” He replied immediately, and I reached for the goblet that Drake had drank from but he yanked it from me. “None of that now.”

“I’m a grown girl... I can handle a little wine.”

“Wine this is, but the cask it came from would be... unpalatable for you. You must trust me in this. This is unfit for you to drink. Here... drink this instead.” And he removed a hip flask and opened it, upending a drink into my mouth that was so foul that I gagged from it. “Drink all of it.” He told me and pinched my nose even, forcing me to drink it all down as he caught the excess spillage with a handkerchief. “You’ll thank me later.” And when it was all done I hit him several times with both hands in his chest.

Yesterday, a single blow from me would’ve floored him, but right now my spindly arms gave him nothing more than baby taps.

“What on Earth is that disgusting...”

“Garlic, honey and lemon tea, based down a little for potency.”

“G-garlic?” I blinked and swallowed more of the foul taste down that was still in my mouth.

“I cannot stay any longer. My duties must be completed on time. I will come by later. For now just breathe... your mind will return to you soon enough.”

And taking the platter and the goblet he left promptly, leaving me breathless as I laid back against the benches and panted. But with Mad so close, the feeling Drake caused in me waned and the feeling Mad caused in me rose sharply and then waned even more slowly than the one for Drake did. But where I felt incensed with Drake, Mad’s sensation seemed to be like someone had put a ball deep inside my loins and was now slowly drawing it out of me through the opening of my sex while the whole of me became hot and aroused from my heart outward.

“Ah me... what the hell is happening to me?” I asked aloud, and just focused on breathing.