

Lea Monde

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Rated: *R for Restricted*

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Chapter 7: The Missing Link

I'd washed myself with cold water, a bucket over my head while standing in the bath naked, the water rushing over my head with its lengthened hair that'd grown by several inches since coming here before rinsing down a body with the two torpedo tits that I now possessed and all the curvaceous forms of my body. I believe the term was voluptuous. It was the desired body type of a woman till the age of super models and such. When that happened, the ideal weight turned into something around a hundred pounds, six feet in height and more skin and bones than meat and muscle.

Using a wet wash cloth and a basin of soapy water, cleaning beneath the swells of both breasts and washing myself of the smells of the crypt with the scents of lavender and rose, I made sure to get that damnable stink off me. But looking down at my breasts as I took to caressing their moist swells, cradling one in one hand and rubbing the soapy cloth over its distended mass, I marked upon their immense masses having swollen greatly since coming here, bulging from G-cups to P-cups with growth of their glands and those glands filling with milk.

I felt myself growing light-headed again as I gazed upon the masses of my womanly glory... it was the feeling I felt every time Madoushi was near me.

Areola puffed out, nipples erected, and soon the mammary spigots tensed from the fluid pressure welling behind the teats. It was like a mini-climax through both tits whenever I leaked milk now, and as I sat there on the edge of the tub, my legs spreading wide open to lie against the insides of the copper basin, loins moistening and labia swelling in readiness, I imagined for a moment of what it might be to feel his fingers upon me, and soon creamy white milk leaked from the ends of both teats and slid downward over my breasts, dripping onto the firm yet rounded belly I now had and then trickled down about the sides of the pad of my sex to mix with the juices escaping me there and then fall into the soapy water.

Breathing slowly, and noting that I'd not siphoned the milk from myself in days now, it was small wonder that my breasts had swollen so much. Tanya Asimov, the Queen of the Russian Tigers, had often told me of the vigors of producing so much milk. Lycan females generated milk the moment they came of age. Later, females that were sexually active tended to generate more milk than those who weren't even before having a cub... and after a cub, some produced so much that they could classify as cattle from how much they produced. Tanya would ache if she didn't siphon herself off at least once every other day. Her sister had to do it daily... and she was nursing several cubs lately.

Jeese her sister had big tits.

But I had two options of siphoning at the moment, one could either massage and squeeze out the milk... or... suck it out. So washing the tit I was already hefting, feeling its weight that as great as it was, like a miniature medicine ball, it with its twin heavy enough to give me back strain now that I was reduced in strength so much, I pushed the tit

upward and teased the teat briefly with lips and tongue, and then drew quickly from the fat tit while its mate continued to leak its sustenance onto my belly.

Oh for a guy, this was probably a sexual thing to watch. Well... being a woman, it was a sexual thing to feel too, but guys didn't need to know that. Regardless... Large, heavy breasts caused back strain and back spasms to regular muscled women. Their lives became problematic and filled with ache, and there was no way in hell they could sleep on their chests ever again. Such a thing could prove fatal as the compression on the bones and lungs would suffocate them if they did. Being big and muscley before I never really felt their weights before, and I could lie on my stomach because all the muscle in me compensated. Now that I didn't have the physical strength to support them now, they were kind of a bitch to carry, and there wasn't a decently made bra to be found anywhere sight!

All they had were these damnable corsets... that did nothing more than press the pair together and heft them as high as possible. When we get out of this, I'm never going to wear a corset again.

Crossing my legs and finishing one tit and beginning with the other, wiping the excess milk off my body with another washcloth, I was nearly done with the second, making a meal out of it when there was a knock at the door.

"Who is it?"

"Madoushi, my lady." Came Mad's voice and immediately I got excited... in more ways than one.

His very voice aroused me, and my body reacted accordingly as I moistened freshly again with an erecting and bulging sex that had become thick strong and bulbous since coming here.

"J-just a moment!" I called back and rose out of the bath, quickly toweling myself off and dressing in the robes I'd been given before going to go answer the door.

There he was, in his usual attire, a seventeenth century man-servant, and here I was – again – in what was considered a lady's underclothes of the same era. I had to check to see if I was gapped open in the front again as I held the robes shut with one hand.

"Master Madoushi... it's a pleasure t-to see you." I stammered like a nervous school-girl meeting her crush. My heart spasmed forward like a race horse leaving the gate, I felt flustered and absent-minded, and between my legs there was a powerful warmth that was energizing, rising and churning, thrusting steadily up the muscles from deep inside my body to clench into a column of powerful womanflesh that felt like it was ending right at the base of my throat. On the other end though... the various petals and stamen were flaring open like it was opening to the glory of the sun. "W-won't you come in?"

"If I may?" He said smiling, staring at my face, into my eyes... Lord, not even Lee looked so intently into my eyes. And though his eyes were silvery grey, they had that intense light that drew you to him just like Daniel Craig's did.

"Please." I said and stepped away and he entered before I closed the door behind him. "Thank you for earlier. For showing us out of that frightening place." I smiled. Fell had succeeded in hiding the bag in her room, which she brought over to me later after Mad had continued with his duties and I'd managed to hide them in a chest at the foot of the bed in these rooms.

But at the moment I had nary a care about those bones. Right now my entire body was drawn taut in attention toward Madoushi.

My loins throbbed in tune with my heart, and my thighs compressed around it in an attempt to keep myself from leaking as I stood there, and again I began to perspire, and I tried to hide the fact that more milk was escaping my breasts and moistening the front of the robes I was wearing. Though the silk would get wet through immediately, the heavier cotton over that would take a little too wet through.

But why was I feeling like this? My back arched slowly, thrusting my breasts forward, my breathing quickened, my heart raced and hammered in my chest, and I felt the sensation of the veins over both inner thighs about my sex and in my neck, and most especially over my biceps and temples throbbing energetically to where all I could hear nearly was the beating of my own heart and my breathing.

I felt the hint of my former strength returning in the face of this luxurious man before me, his rosy body, and broad chest... the size of his package. Oh... *God* what would that feel like inside me? I was becoming what Lee had referred to as '*hot and bothered*'. Until now, I never really knew what Lee meant by the term.

"I'd like to get you something, but I have nothing to offer." I managed and gave a quick nervous laugh.

"That's a reason why I'm here. The Master's private stock of... wines... is absolutely off limits, and for good reason, but there's another stock of conventional wines that I have access to. I... chose one that I find favor in and was wondering if you might share a glass or two with me."

I stood there for a moment and palmed my tummy, trying to quiet the churning I felt there and the fluttering of butterflies, my heart softening greatly as I stood facing him, and a stupid smile crossed my face. "I'd love to." I said quietly, and like many relationships in history... it began with a simple glass of wine.

Remy the supah sneak-ay rat vaulted across the gap, searching for the Master of the castle, exploring the as of yet unexplored, looking for wherever the one known as Drake slept. Crawling along as a rat, avoiding the kitchen this time and that big... fat... fatty fat-fat who chopped off my tail, I endeavored to find the enigmatic Drake to siphon blood from him for my friend Susan.

With the vial gripped in my tail wrapped about it, me keeping it from dragging on the ground, I followed my nose for the one smell that I knew I could associate with Drake:

Blood.

Blood was easily trackable. Blood with its acrid, iron-smelling stench allowed a shark to find you from miles away from only a few drops in the water. Blood allowed Bloodhounds – hence the name – to find you across acres and acres of swampland, and blood... allowed a rat like me to find the fresh meat.

So then when I finally exited an air vent, finding myself in a circular stone chamber right smack dab in the center of the castle, with no real visible access points that I could see, I leapt out and transformed, landing on my feet and one hand and snatching the falling vial out of the air only to find myself in a dimmed room. Facing me was Drake, laying in, of all places, a coffin.

Creepy Victorian guy in a castle? Blah-blah!

I leaned into his face, smelling him, finding that he was indeed the source of blood... but I was also checking him for signs of sleep. Eyes twitching back and forth in REM sleep, breathing slow and controlled by subconsciousness... yeah... he was out like a light.

I took that moment to make faces at him with my hands and tongue.

And then I turned and blinked, seeing three more coffins that had been outside of my field of view. Two of them were empty, but one of them held a woman within its padded confines, a beautiful, lovely, sexual woman... wearing clothes so thin that they were probably water soluble.

Experience told me that no natural woman was so perfect. Perfect width of chest, waist and hips in a perfect hourglass. Bulbous breasts that seemed to defy gravity, shining white hair, and as I slid my fingers about her breast and felt out perky it was, and how hard her nip was, I nodded to myself, feeling for sure that she was just like Drake... something supernatural.

The smell on blood on her too left maybe a half dozen supernatural creatures that I was aware of... and I was just hoping beyond hope that the one I thought it was, wasn't what they really were, but the blood smell, the coffins... kinda narrowed what it was they were. Sighing and turning, keeping an eye on little miss boobies there, I silently uncorked the vial, and began to work.

I remember downing a couple six-packs of beer before coming to Lea Monde and not even feeling the effects of it. This wine was crisp and potent, and it made me feel warm and blush across the cheeks and nose, and most especially into the chest and breasts.

I was becoming dull-witted with his presence and drink, and as I leaned toward him, I didn't even notice the folds of the gown and robe I wore falling off my shoulders to hang off breasts and arms.

"You're not letting me win are you?" I said and moved a piece of an ornate chess set that hadn't been here before Mad arrived.

"Perish the thought." he smirked and leaned forward to inspect the plane of the board again as I lifted my glass and drained it, the silk and cloth robes I wore spreading dangerously open to reveal more bosom as I swallowed the last of the grape-tasting wine. I was definitely nipped up as I placed the glass on the table and leaned forward, my chest rolling onto the table, naked legs crossed beneath the table with the folds of my robe opened to show off belly and my lower body. Only the span of the table kept him from seeing me naked below the waist again as I leaned forward and watched him thinking. Even as I waited for him, I was caressing the base of my belly and the peak of pelvis that was there, feeling that growing sexual power that drew me to him growing and surging like lapping waves of an ocean leading up to a tidal wave, the force of it trying to leap from me and smother him with it. Periodically my hand would curve and spread against my lap whenever my sex did tricks between my legs, the thing sitting naked and wet against the chair I sat in.

I felt dreamy, tipsy... and very, very warm, incensed even. Never had a man made me feel like this before.

"You mean to let me believe that a three hundred year old can't outwit me at every turn?" I murred as I leaned my chin on one hand that was braced with its elbow on the rounded table while Mad poured me more wine. He was blushing deeply too.

“Not much call for it. I’m a servant in this house and the master doesn’t call me to serve in any gaming sense. He has his wives to do that. Though the good doctor has taught me a thing or two.”

“Doctor?” I queried. Someone new in the castle to learn about. “Fell mentioned a doctor.”

“Victor... A genius. Drake has him working on a project I have absolutely no hope of understanding.” And then he moved a piece. “Check.”

“Ah there... I knew you weren’t letting me win.” I laughed and folding both hands before my bosom onto the table I leaned forward and inspected the board.

Looking up from beneath the bangs of my hair, I smiled at him as he was looking down at the board with me... *seemingly*. But the angle of his eyes was looking at my cleavage, and I remembered something that Ivan the Cat had told me when explaining why he and my cat Mew had hooked up... and Mew got knocked up.

‘My dear lady-cat. Since attraction in all species is sexually based, by the fact that I am attracted to you means that you arouse me, for me to say otherwise would be a bold face lie.’

Knowing that, by the sheer sake that he was looking at my knockers meant that he was attracted to me, and to entice him more, I leaned forward to compress those enlarged breasts against my folded wrists and arms, the outer robe groaning against the pressure of the swollen mammarys while my nipples hardened. Madoushi licked his lips.

But then I moved a piece, took his rook that was threatening my king, and then looked up at him right in the eye. “Check” I smiled.

“That’s a good move.” He smirked, and I lifted my glass in cheers and sipped at it, and still he watched the heaving masses of my breasts, moist with perspiration and flushed with a blush. And then he said it.

“So what breed are you?” he asked and I choked on the wine, coughing and setting the cup down I gaped at him.

“B-breed? What do you mean?”

“Supernatural creatures don’t move like human beings. They breathe, walk and do everything more powerfully, more determinedly than any other human in existence. When you and your friends first arrived, you outweighed me by at least twice in muscular mass. This castle affects the supernatural... So many supernatural things have happened here that the entire world around it is all a part of this castle. Everyone who enters it becomes a part of this castle. If you were just a human being you would’ve succumbed already to it. But most of all... I can smell the difference on you.”

I stared at him, holding the glass of wine in one hand that strangely was making me tipsy, and looking at it, I lifted a finger and wiped its edge and smelled the moisture on my finger.

“You drugged me.” I gasped. “You must’ve had your suspicions of what I already am... what did you put into this?”

“It’s a special brew. Combining the juice of certain berries with cream and the oils of Nepeta Plant.” He swirled his glass, smirking at me. “It effects me a little, enough to tickle my nose, but it must be one of the few things that’s making you feel euphoric, and maybe a little drunk.”

“The Nepeta plant? Why do I know that word?”

“The Chinamen refer to it as Cat Mint.” Mad replied.

And I gasped. “Cat Nip!” and Mad nodded.

“The oils of Cat Mint aren’t too tasty to a human. The cream and oils would spoil the wine to them, but to a cat’s pallet, the effects of the cream and oil only enhance the berry. If you shoved the wine aside earlier then I’d know you were human... but since you’re enjoying it, liking it, wanting more... you can only be a Lycanthrope... a cat lycanthrope to be specific. But what breed of cat are you?”

I sighed and exhaled, and then transformed for the first time since coming here. There was none of that phenomenal strength or the feeling of growth. I just grew claws, my feet lengthened, became covered in fur as both ears rose into hoods and my face pushed forward into a cat face and my tail grew out of my backside. I may’ve extended at neck and waist a bit, but the biggest change was the addition of enough mammary bulges to give me a good dozen breasts of decreasing size.

“I... am unfamiliar with that breed.” Mad blinked.

“I’m a Calico... Felinus Domesticus Calico. Or Tortoise Shell cat. Yes, but being that the cat is out of the bag, or so to speak, how is it that you suspect that I’m a werecat? How do you even know the world Lycan since you’ve never seen a movie, and why does this wine effect you, even a little?”

He tilted his head, shrugged and then loosened the frilled tie he was wearing, unbuttoned a button and then changed.

I felt my jaw open at the change, and my eyes widened in surprise at the... truly *unique*... strangeness of whatever breed he was. The fur yellowed, shoulders broadened and his snout lengthened more than a cat’s should, almost like a wolf’s but not quite, but looking at it dead on he almost looked like a puma of some sort. Definitely feline but the length of the snout was like some wolves I’ve seen. His silvery eyes made him look even more exotic, and I saw the tell tale appearance of stripes here and there.

“W-what are you?” I gaped. “I mean... are you a wolf... or a cat?”

He smirked and drank his wine before refilling it. “Yes.” He answered sweetly, and upon the look of frustration from me he smirked and then explained. “My breed is very old. There was a time, long, long ago as our tales tell, when the cats still were saber-toothed and the wolves were still considered dire in nature, cats and wolves were close enough in breed that they could still mate with each other. Not when I left the world mind you, but back then, fifty thousand years ago, maybe more as it was told by the elders, a tiger with teeth like long knives,” and he drew his fingers downward from his upper lip and I nodded. “And a dire wolf mated. That child became the first of our breed.

“Contentions were strong even then between wolf and cat, so the parents had to leave to fulfill their love. They found a place apart from the rest of the world where there were no other Lycan at all. There they flourished for a time. But even as I left the world, their numbers were growing small. It was hard to meet girls...” he smirked.

I merely stared wide-eyed and nodded, feeling the sensation in my loins engorging to the point where I had to grip my belly to calm it. My breathing was quickening, and at first I thought it was the wine... but I remembered that I’d been feeling this even before he’d come around.

“So my lady... what is it that’s on your mind now upon this startling revelation?”

“I... I think... I think your stripes are cute.” I said stupidly. My mind felt doubly numb from the wine and the sensations roiling about in my loins.

He smirked and rose, untucking his billowing white shirt as he stood, and turning, showing me a long narrow tail that was thick and powerful, but additionally lifting the back of his shirt and coat with its split tails made expertly for his tail, I saw that the thin stripes about his neck became massively thick down his lower back, which was knotted with taut ropy muscle, his tail and spine actually pushed out of his back and... and...

I paused and rose and slid about the table immediately to finger something.

“Y-you’re hurt.” And I followed what was undoubtedly a scar. “You’ve been whipped! Repeatedly!” I gasped and pushed his shirt and coat tail upward, feeling more and more scars hidden beneath the stripes. “Oh you poor dear. Who did this?!”

“I stole chickens once because I needed food after coming here. A farmer caught me, tied me to two fence posts and used a bull whip on me.”

“A farmer?! Tell me who it is! Tell me who it is right now and I’ll...”

“Drake punished him.” He said and I let go and he turned and I straightened, the folds of my clothing falling shut about me. “And then Drake took me in. I’ve been his servant ever since.”

He was taller than me on his hind feet, and looking down at me I saw him smile at my face... which was framed by my multiple busts. His hands twitched in his want to touch me. I tried willing him to do so, afraid to make the first contact myself.

“You must’ve been so young.” I commented instead.

“In mind I was. I’ve not aged for three centuries since coming here.” And he sat before me “Though my body hasn’t aged a day I think, my mind has grown far, far more than my body ever could. Drake educated me, taught me the ways of civility, how to count and read and write.... And...” and I sat on his lap, side-saddle mind you, tugging the robes to keep them shut over my thighs as I held onto his shoulder and palmed his chest.

“You must’ve been frightfully scared.” I found myself mentioning.

It was like I was running on automatic, the inspiration necessary to speak to him, leading me to an inevitable ending working on my mind. With such closeness, my breasts, which did grow considerably with my change and felt like they were rapidly expanding with milk like they did whenever I changed were pressing voluminously against his chest. He leaned back in the high-backed chair and smiled at me warmly. And then I grinned as I felt his own reaction happening beneath my bottom and the backs of my thighs. And then my eyes widened subtly along with my smile at the size of his growing trouser snake.

The thought that only his shorts and pants separated us there was even more enticing, and my loins moistened while one of my clawed hands clenched a little in his shirt. He was ropy... taut and firm.

“I’m nowhere near as brave as you are.” He said quietly as my nipples hardened and started to throb in tune with a heart beating behind them that was pounding harder and faster moment by moment. “You seem at ease here... the changes of this weird... strange... place... just *flow* over you.”

I resisted it... tried to. I would not let my body control me. I was supposed to become the Grandmaster of the White Louts. I was supposed to control my body, I was supposed to... to... but my every attempt to control myself didn't stop the inevitable. It'd been the same sensation that prompted me to sit in his lap, prompted me to touch his naked fur-covered skin at his collar with my finger tips, and like two magnets of incredible force I lowered my head, long trails of moist hair slipping from the top of my head to cascade downward about my neck and shoulders... till at long last I felt myself pressing my lips against his.

It was short, only a peck, and I paused, sharing a panting breath with him, my breasts heaving suddenly, but then in the next moment I was rising a little, shifting myself as my tail rose right upward, curving and lifting away from my bottom into a long question mark behind me while my legs opened and the robes parted below before I straddled my naked pelvis against his lap, and felt my engorged crotch press against his erect groin. I began to rub my pussy against that pole hidden in his pants, and this time I embraced his neck with my hands, pressed my breasts fully against him before I kissed him again, only to feel him hold my face with both hands this time and hold the kiss longer, withdrew long enough to take a breath and then kiss again, but this time we tried to lick each other's tongues and he got the rough bristles of my tongue on his as we kissed.

I pulled his hands from my face, pushing them into my breasts and holding them there as we kissed again and again while I felt the beating of his heart not only against my bosoms, but also against my loins. It was then that I knew that I wanted him, and when it came time to take a breath between kisses I began to rise and his hands slid down my body, caressing me as he held onto my lips with his. I gave him pleasure in this.

Well bucko... you haven't seen anything yet.

And lifting both hands, my fingers deftly undid the toggles and laces of the robes I was wearing before parting them, slipping them off both long and slender arms to give him a grand look of my bodice in all its glory as I started to purr.

Mad leaned forward and rubbed my belly, his fingers glancing against all the erect nipples that were only just showing through the fur in their erect state, and I cooed and felt myself become wet with arousal that I couldn't contain. Warmth... a powerful warmth made me blush through even all my soft fur, and stepping forward into his hands and straddling his lap again, tail wagging lightly behind me, I began undressing him.

Clothing back then was so complicated from his era, but I was sure I could figure it out, but I only got to loosening it before I pretty much started pulling it up off him. He let me before I bent and fingered his chests with my finger tips, kissing neck and collar bone as he lifted his chin and I dragged my teats against his body, finally getting to his belt as I purred louder than I'd ever managed to before, opening my mouth so that it could escape me unhindered.

He rose amidst my kissing of his body, cradling me to him and carrying me wrapped about him till he sat me on the bed of the room, to which we kissed on the lips again and I quickly opened his pants and short pants beneath it and finally got my hands on that prick.

It's heat was hot, it was moist already with sweat as my hands caressed and massaged it, stroking it as it trembled and leapt within my fingers, the thing becoming riddled with hot... throbbing veins as one we slid onto the bed, moving automatically as only instinct could dictate. There was no suggesting of how to be, I merely laid, his thighs spreading beneath my legs that were hooked over his, and reaching between us he guided that hard and heavy phallus that was strangely circumcised ... something that must've happened after he came here since most tribesmen around the world didn't do such a thing, and then he pushed that thickened thing inside me.

The expected elation exploded inside my head and I arched deeply, him pushing into me as I arched, accepting it while I gripped the sheets and blankets and yowled low in my throat, gasping with my eyes rolling back in their sockets. I couldn't breathe, I couldn't get my heart to beat, I felt like I was having a heart attack as he pushed his pelvis against mine, piercing me with that powerful maleness that felt like it kept growing longer and thicker, overcoming my sex and spreading the labial muscles apart while penetrating me hard and deep.

He worshiped my body, bending to kiss its teats as if I were an altar, and as I lactated he drank the milk from my tits, cradling my bottom and humped my pussy with his junk while caressing my body alternatively.

Lee was a dear, but there was something about Lee and I making love... it'd always seemed more for him than it was for me. Until now... I'd always thought that that was what sex was... after all, a male had no hope to compete with a female sexually. But Madoushi's fingers and kisses placated to me... soothed and enticed me, brought forth pleasure in me instead of in him. His lovemaking was all for me... he seemingly satisfied with just the contact of my wet vaginal muscles clenching about his projecting phallus.

I knew Lycan males were reputed to be grand lovers... their phallic strength took longer to release, but I'd wondered why he's lasted so long if he'd not had a woman in at least a century... till finally that climax happened. Gripping my wrists over my head I felt him spasm... repeatedly, his block and tackle working to release all that heavy water into my bowels and I moaned at the series of dull explosions that vibrated my navel with each explosion. Each explosion seemed to make the base of his shaft expand grandly, like a knot were being pulled upward the entire length only to explode out its end and erupt into my body, filling it with that glorious and copious amount of seed. My milk trickled from my breasts, pooling into the hollow of my chest that he lapped or kissed away.

His tongue was surprisingly long...

But the unending amount of climax from him didn't stop as quickly as Lee's would... and Lee climaxed for many grand seconds. When more than a minute passed I was moaning in the pain of the pleasure even as I was overflowing... and he was still cumming! Soon the pleasure overwhelmed all semblance of self in my mind. I forgot my name, forgot why I was here, forgot who and what I was and just became a detached mind feeling pleasure as a woman while this glorious lover's pleasure filled me.

I am Fellania.

It was impolite for me to pry, but I couldn't help but smile at it. With ear pressed against the wall of my room, I could hear Susan making love. Her voice sounding had roused me as I was taking a bath, so I'd quickly risen and went to go listen for a moment, smirking at the fact that even here she was finding a love to pleasure herself.

Stepping back and walking away, palming my belly I sighed, feeling that there was someone for me out there, somewhere, but with my body aching as it was I hoped that I'd find him soon.

Going to the lamps and turning them down, disrobing from my robes and leaving them on a chair, I sat on the edge of the grand bed that was here and leaned forward, sitting naked with my breasts pressing between both arms. Still able to hear Sue and what I assumed to be Madoushi going at it, I slid underneath the covers and promptly pulled them up over my head to drown out the sound.

There, beneath the layers of warm covers like a winter den, I folded myself into a rounded ball and dreamed... of my own lone samurai.

He embraced me from behind, massaging my great breast with one hand, holding my crotch with the other, massaging my sexual muscles as he continued to stroke himself into me. He cradled me, partly palming my belly with the heel of his hand while the thickness of his meat actually distended my belly with each thrust that was as slow and as rhythmic as an oil derrick pumping for oil.

This was one of those moments when my mind waded in and out of pleasure and any memory of who I was. I'd long since stopped counting the number of orgasmic lurches that clenched my belly. I felt on fire... hot... burning hot as perspiration matted my fur as I felt myself turned onto my belly with the pillow to support my head and chest so that I didn't suffocate from my tits being beneath me. Laying face-first then, thighs spread wide as I merely laid there, conquered utterly by Madoushi while he lifted my hips and continued in the lancing strokes of his shaft coupled with my honey pot before he took to massaging and caressing and kissing my back. His strokes became longer and quicker, and he stirred me like one might stir a butter churn. Spreading the cheeks of my ass apart to penetrate into my loins deeper, I soon began to forget myself again.

I was ecstatic to finally show my new friend that I'd succeeded in my mission, so as a rat, with the vial gripped in my tail, I slid underneath her door... or at least I started to. I was about half way under the door when I heard and smelt the unmistakable hints of sex. You know... the Stank smell, the sounds of a creaking bed and both a male and a female giving off sounds of pleasure.

I've scurried in on some weird things from time to time, but never have I scurried in on people actually doing the dirty. It was always after or just before colitis. So, despite how painful it was, I about faced and then found the coppery grout near the door that was a part of the network of liquid transit systems around here and instead headed to my room.

Despite how desperate it was for her to have this item, it could wait... yeah... definitely wait. By the looks of how that boy was riding her, they wouldn't be done till dawn.

Cats loved warmth, cats loved to be supported. A cat would burn its whiskers off and singe its own fur getting close to a fire in order to become warm. Madoushi made me warm... warmer than ever, supported me in his arms that felt like they were strong arms around my slender bodice, while occasionally pushing into me in our shared exhaustion while I laid there numb in mind and in body while my insides pulled rhythmically on him... trying to siphon something from him that it needed desperately, it felt.

This time I didn't try to fight it and just let it happen.

My tail laid over his impressive package that still pierced me hard and erect even despite that we were both in between a state of sleep and awake, the tip of that tail waving lazily as my fingers laced into his over my belly. His other hand held onto my arm that was held close to me.

We'd just forged a sort of connection that in my mind I doubted could exist any deeper anywhere else in the world. I'd never felt so close to a person in my life... and slowly I opened my eyes and thought of Lee.

I was going to break his heart again... Provided I ever got out of this place.

Mad pushed into me again in his near sleep and my purr grew by several decibels, and opening my mouth I both smelt and tasted the stank in the air that was keeping me aroused like this. Milk leaked from me as if I'd just given birth to love itself.