

Muff

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You are all probably familiar with the age-old legends of Amazon's and Pygmies, of giant women warriors and tiny little creatures of the Amazon? Well forget everything that you *do* know... because you don't know Jack.

You see, Jack did learn of the true relationship between these two legends, quite by accident really.

Once upon a time ago, before all of this began, Jack Paradigm was a simple man working for the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota. At the time, the Mayo Clinic was initiating a project in the Amazon to study the plant and animal life in a section of land for the possibilities of new

medical technologies and pharmaceuticals... for the benefit of mankind. He was a field scientist for the clinic, specializing in several bio sciences, including botany, biogenetics, ecology, and what not, but before he'd switched his major toward medicine, he'd originally studied law, so at present, he was also a wonderful paralegal.

This, with his current assignment, made him the ideal field representative for the clinic.

“You are impinging on international law, Mr. Foreman. We can have you shut down unless you shut your equipment down and vacate this area immediately.”

Such was the current situation.

A section of land for the clinic’s study was currently also under contract for clear-cutting and demolition, prior to a highway – a little dirt path – being inserted through the area.

“Not happening!” Foreman harrumphed, folding his meaty arms, across his broad chest, and likewise, broad – and bulging – beer belly. As a final form of defiance, he puffed on his noxious, green smoke cigar, and blew it right in Jack’s face. “We’ve got a contract to put a highway through this area, and if I pull back and move it, we’ve just lost weeks of work.”

“I don’t bloody well care!” Jack brandished a clipboard, and one after the other showed him signed and sealed forms. “See this? This is a deed for this land from the Brazilian Government to be given to the United States Government to be distributed via land grants.” He flipped a page. “And this is said deed to the United States, turning said land grant over to my employers, the Mayo Clinic.” Again, he flipped a page. “This is a signed order from the Mayo Clinic, signing me over to the current magistrate governing these lands.” Another page. “This is a document from Interpol, signed by the local law enforcement here connected to it, revivifying that power.”

It’d taken him weeks to get all this, and by damn he didn’t want to use it, but now he had to.

“You, sir, are currently in violation of several international and local laws, and if you don’t pick up and leave the area *immediately*, the next time I come back here, it will be with a police force at my back to impound your equipment, place all your workers into relocation work houses, and you, my fat, chubby, friend,” Those last three words were punctuated by a strong finger jab into the foreman’s rounded belly. “Will be slapped in irons, and placed in one of the world’s *crappiest* jail cells.

“I’m sure you’re already familiar with them.

“This is your last chance, sir. If you leave now quietly, the clinic is prepared to reimburse you worth one hundred thousand dollars for your time. If not...”

He left the implied threat up into the air, letting him think about it. Unfortunately, he thought in the wrong direction.

“One hundred thousand dollars. *Only* one hundred thousand dollars?! I don’t know if you realize the type of work we do here, mister, but to reroute as much as we’ve already done, would cost *millions* of dollars, and we’d waste *weeks* of our time! No Deal! Now get out of here!”

Jack stared at the foreman, aware of many eyes currently on him, his lips tightening until they were a solid white line.

“I’ve tried to be nice, Mr. Foreman. And just remember, as you’re taking it in your fat flabby rear while rotting in a jail cell, just remember... I *did* warn you.”

Then promptly turning his back, Jack walked off toward his jeep.

The foreman – by name and profession – stared at him, puffing irritably on his cigar, waiting for the inevitable arrival of his aide.

“Mr. Paradigm has been a thorn in my side ever since he arrived here in Brazil, Mr. Nunzio.” He said to the slick, Brazilian aide who practically materialized at his side once Jack had left. “Do something to remove him from the picture.”

“At once sir.” Nunzio spoke, and lifting a hand, snapped his fingers, and several of the workers dropped what they were doing and moved off to follow Jack.

1

Amidst the forest surroundings, a pair of leafy green eyes – green the color of the underside of leaves – had been watching this whole exchange with concern. They watched the man known as Jack as he moved off to his strange beast with the rounded legs, but a quick look to the men he’d been having an argument with, those eyes also watched several men detach themselves from the group wounding the forest, with a dark intent within their movements.

A tiny heart thudded rapidly somewhere below those eyes, and quick as a flash, the tiny creature hurried off quick as a flash, hurrying through the underbrush, launching itself in a vast red blur off of a rock, taking several long skipping motions to hide behind yet another patch of brush.

The man with the good heart mounted his beast, and moved off atop it, before the other men mounted smaller beasts with only two round legs, and immediately followed after. The little creature put a long spear in its furry mouth, and leaping at a tree, scrambled around its thickness, and quick as a flash, hurried off after the group.

2

Jack took a great calming breath.

That did not go as well as I’d planned at all! He thought to himself, feeling the humid wind brushing at his hair as he maneuvered his jeep off onto the main road. Immediate action would have to be taken otherwise more of their protected land would be lost.

Might even think of speaking with the international medical board to see if I can get something more on these guys, he thought again, and firmly planted his clipboard at his thigh before removing its papers, folding them with one hand and stuffing them into his pants pocket. They were all copies, but there was no telling what the foreman of that rag tag group might do. If he was the sort of man Jack was already thinking him to be, then he wouldn’t put industrial sabotage beneath him.

But if he was willing to do that, what else is he willing to do? He asked himself.

He shook his head and pushed down on the gas pedal... a simple act that saved him his life. With that ever so brief bout of acceleration, he was no longer in place for the bullet that was being aimed for the back of his head. That bullet instead went through his windshield, shattering it instantly.

With a cry of surprise, he looked behind him, saw the three bikers following him, even as more bullets flew by him, pegging his spare tire at the back of the jeep and bursting it, before another bullet punctured his spare gas can which erupted in a brief ball of flame. By the time, he looked around again, he saw too late the turn in the road, and ploughed straight into a great tree.

Without his seat belt on, he was ejected from his vehicle, hurtled over his windshield and thankfully landed in a pile of brush, just remotely winded. Rolling over, he got up onto his feet, sucking air, and shaking his head to clear it, not believing his enormous luck to have survived a near head on collision like that.

But then he heard the motors of three dirt bikes approaching, and a quick look back while he continued to suck air into his lungs, showed him three of those Brazilian workers, all with guns. Scrambling to his feet, he ran off, stumbling over tree roots and rocks, until he slid over a great fallen tree and hid behind it, desperately trying to refill his lungs.

From just over the top of the tree, from behind a great mushroom growth, he watched his would-be killers step further into the wood ever gaining closer ground to him as their beady little eyes studied the ground about them for his body. Luckily, they also thought no one else could've survived a crash like that. With only a limited understanding of Spanish, he didn't quite understand everything they were saying, especially since they were talking so fast, and were speaking from a good distance away.

But finally, they did give up the search, after several long minutes of waiting, and getting on their bikes promptly left. Jack squatted where he was, breathing for a good long while, waiting to be sure that they didn't come back, before he let go a long exasperated breath, and fell backwards.

His great mass fell backward almost ponderously, landing on something firm and lumpy, but in the next instant, he heard a loud squeak, and with another bout of surprise, he felt something sharp poke into his rear, and leaping up, covering his butt, he jerked himself around to see a tiny creature rising up upon a pair of enormous feet.

For a moment, Jack forgot about his wounded pride, and just stared in awe at this little creature, all covered in fur except for a pair of tiny hands and big feet, carrying a stone tipped spear, and rubbing its bushy head while uttering off what could only be a long string of curses. He stared at it for a moment, noting the top knot at the top of its head, bound with a strip of leather, he knew that this creature was *some* sort of humanoid, but didn't know what kind.

But then it opened a pair of bright, green eyes, and growling, leapt up at him, surprisingly high, and gripping his shirtfront with one tiny hand, and throttle him backward against the fallen tree. The next thing he knew, he was staring up at a growling ball of fur, toting a miniature spear at him.

“Uhm... hello.” He grinned, sweating a little more in this heat, as he looked between the ball of fur on his chest and the spear it wielded.

At the moment, he didn't know whether to be scared at this situation, angry at all of this, or embarrassed that a three foot tall midget-thing had succeeded in subduing him.

The little creature squeaked out a series of more words at him, its mouth completely hidden, but its surprisingly large eyes looking full into his.

“Ti h'ctaw!” it uttered, before the little creature finally let go of his shirtfront, withdrew slightly, and turning, hopped onto his stomach, bringing out a groan from him before it bounced down onto the ground.

Jack lifted himself up, brushing his shirt off while the little creature ground its spear point into the ground looking up at him with those bright green eyes while taking to rubbing its head again.

Jack took this time to take a good long look at the creature, noting now the bright red spot on its forehead. As the little creature looked up at him, that little red spot seemed to burn and shine as if it were trying to pierce him with its own light, just so that he'd know that it was agitated.

Soft red fur covered everything, save its great eyes, hands and feet, and the more that he looked at it, the more his mind kept thinking, “Pygmy.”

He stepped forward to it, looking down at it as he scratched the back of his head nervously, not knowing what to make of this strange visitor.

“Hello.” He prompted again, and the little creature, stopping the massage of its bushy-haired head, looked up at him, indeed startled, but then taking hold of its spear, looked up at him for a moment before climbing up its length and squatting on the butt-end of the spear to become a little closer to face level to him.

“Hel...” it rubbed its throat, trying to feel the word. “Hel-lo?” it blinked, most inquisitively as it tilted its head pleasantly to one side, gripping the spear haft with both hands and its large feet.

Jack stretched his hand out, and hesitantly, the little pygmy likewise took his, and Jack shook the little hand a couple times in greeting. Then he pressed a hand to his chest and inclined his head in further greeting.

“Jack. My name is Jack.”

One could just see the gears working behind the little thing's eyes, and ever so slowly it pressed a tiny hand to its chest. "Muff." The high-pitched squeaking it uttered sounding remotely female.

Jack blinked, remembering immediately then the slang for what 'muff' meant in English.

"P-leased to meet you!" he grinned, blindly continuing to shake the creature's hand.

Those great green eyes continued to blink up at him before he remembered himself and retracted his hand.

"Well... it looks as if I'm stuck here. I can't follow the road, because who knows when those guys will be back." Jack sat down; looking at his feet while the pygmy remained poised atop her spear.

He was pretty sure that she was a she. Despite the potbelly, the slope and form of the body, especially between the legs, where he could *just* see a triangular patch of extremely thin leather there, confirmed the possibility that it was really a girl.

"Well Muff... what next?" he asked. "You don't happen to know the way back to civilization do you?"

Muff squeaked happily, and hopping off her spear, still holding onto its end, she yanked it out of the ground, and waddled up to Jack to take his hand. Then using her spear as a walking stick, started to lead him away from the crash.

Presently, it began to rain.

3

In his job for the Mayo Clinic, Jack had had numerous experiences with the Amazonian rains. Twice every day, at ten a.m. and at two p.m. local time, the rain forest of the Amazon basin lives up to its name as a rainforest by doing just that. Raining. But those rains aren't just a light sprinkle, nor a simple downpour, but rather a heavy, heavy deluge. As if all the rains in the world were suddenly opened up and dropped on this vast forest.

At present, Jack was now totally drenched, head to foot, his shirt was now transparent, had his shoes were making an annoying squelching feeling with every step he took.

Muff was padding along, her hair or fur, or whatever that was, matted down now like a wet dog, showing off a more definite feminine body right now, but was closer to that of a four or five year old girl than an adult woman. There were buds against her chest, but that's all they remained... as buds. Jack smiled almost fatherly down at her while she led him over winding game trails through the forest. She was taking him somewhere, and being that they were more or less heading in the same direction all this time, he figured that they were heading back to town.

But then abruptly, Muff veered off to the right, and pausing before a great cluster of bushes, raised a hand and made a gesture, and in answer, as if like magic, the bushes parted open, almost crawling on their roots to reveal an ornate opening carved directly into hillock of bedrock.

He marveled at the display, at the artwork, showing of two sensuous women, full and rounded, with impeccably full and rounded breasts jutting from atop their chests; lifted high from arched backs, supporting the column with full and rounded muscles straining within their chiseled flesh. Etched lines and a great jade shone at the top of the arch, with elaborate scroll and vine work wrapping around everything.

With a squeak and a series of twitters in her odd sort of speech, Muff led him further inside.

Directly behind him, the bushes closed again, just before the great portal spiraled shut as silently as rustling leaves. Then, with all light eliminated, a crystal formation at the center of the room slowly began to illuminate, working off of some strange chemical reaction in a liquid trapped inside the crystals.

“Dry!” Muff chimed in, planting her spear in the ground. “Warm!” she spoke again, and getting on all fours, immediately began to shake to rid herself of all the moisture, leaving her an enormous poof ball before she sat back and smiled up at him. Well... he thought she was smiling, because her eyes as they closed seemed to be smiling at him.

With a sigh, realizing that night was upon them, he took off his shirt, kicked off his shoes, and discarded both onto the ground, before reaching into the side of his pants where the papers were and peeled them apart to let them air out.

Thankfully, the toner was holding onto them.

Then finally, he stripped out of his pants and remained in his shorts, but while he began wringing out the water from his pants, he paused, feeling a pair of eyes on him, and turning found Muff staring at him.

There was something in her eyes that he saw, as to that she was perusing him, but in a way that suggested something more than just looking at him with interest. There was also hunger, and more, to those leafy green eyes.

He sat down slowly, watching her fur slowly settle down as it aired out, her soft red fur glistening slightly with body oils.

He smiled back at her after a moment, and her eyes smiled again.

It was a shame that one couldn't see her facial features... all of it being covered up by fur. He thought, but didn't consider much more than that as he rested backward on some soft moss.

But as time drew on, Muff ever so slowly drew closer and closer to him, until at last, she crawled up onto his lap and flopped back down onto his abdomen. Giving off a small smile, he lifted a

hand to her chest and belly, and began stroking her front, immediately hearing a high purr coming from somewhere inside her throat, and feeling her heart patter rapidly beneath his hand.

But as he slowly passed off toward restfulness, his mind growing heavy with fatigue, he passed his hands into her fur, and oddly, felt a pair of hardened teats against her chest, and a soft, firm skin surrounding it.

For a moment, he marveled at it before she curled up into a ball... looking like a hedgehog like that while she held onto his hand. Then at last, the two of them passed off into sleep.

4

Jack awoke some time later, it felt like all night, he jerking awake at the sound of movement nearby, and opening his eyes, found himself viewing Muff reapplying her loin cloth, and for the first time, Jack viewed on her a little bit more of her soft flesh other than the palms of her hands, fingers and feet.

She looked like she'd just taken a bath... or at least gone for a run in the rain.

"Hello." He said in greeting, and Muff turned suddenly, grabbing her spear, but then stopped and smiled as she realized it was him, and squeaked off a quick "Hello" herself.

Then reaching over behind the glowing crystal, she lifted up a leaf with a big, thick fish that had been freshly cooked.

"Food!" she squeaked with those smiling eyes of hers, proffering it up to him.

The fish was big and crisp and smelt quite good, and he and Muff had a good meal of it, and a time spitting out fish bones all the morning. Not exactly his kind of breakfast, but filling nonetheless, and with a subtle belch, Muff giggled, opened her mouth wide to the point where he could see a mouth, and belched her own thanks for a meal well made.

"You're welcome." He laughed, watching her as she picked up the remnants of their meal, and waddled over to the entrance of that little chamber. The doors opened up for her, and she stood amidst the entrance, tossing the bones and whatnot close to a nearby anthill.

Amazonian ants were notoriously known for being the Amazon's caretakers. Just like Egyptian Scarabs, they could tear a body apart given time.

Jack continued to dress, pulling on his shirt and trousers before quickly slipping on his shoes, and stepped out beside Muff while he folded the papers into his pants pocket again. Behind him, the chamber door immediately closed again with the sound of rustling leaves.

"Follow me." She said, turning to face him and pointing her spear.

Jack turned briefly to look at the Amazonian fire ants as they swarmed all over the bones and left over skins and meat and gave a shudder, glad that he wasn't underneath that pile of ants.

Their journey progressed down into the forest, and they stopped at a small pond of water so clean and clear that he could see straight to the bottom, and lacked even a single mote of the blue-green algae that normally lay upon such stagnant waters. They drank from this, and amazingly, Jack stared at a type of red backed fish he'd never seen before; much like a kind of gold fish, because they were occasionally rising to the surface to breathe the air above the water like other goldfish were able to do.

For the first time since arriving in Brazil, Jack paused, looking around him and admiring nature in its aboriginal form. This was a forest that perhaps hadn't changed since the Jurassic period. Everything seemed pristine and beautiful, of brilliant clean colors, pure and untainted by the hands of man. Up until now, the only part of Brazil he'd seen was the cities along the coast, and the poor farmers scattered across the land and the forest cuts that they and the construction workers have been making. All at once, he realized indeed as to how tragic the damage to this forest has been.

He rose and turned then, to see Muff poised atop a boulder, squatting with her spear across her incredibly small lap, and for once, that tiny little patch of leather visible... like looking at a woman's panties from underneath a short skirt.

Jack shook his head to clear his mind of the imagery, not wanting to compare Muff to that sort of thing. She was just too cute.

The moment he thought that though, Muff smiled up at him – or at least the look in her eyes did – and the little red dot at her forehead seemed to shine almost crystalline in the light. Jack began to wonder if that little spot had some other purpose other than decoration.

“We go now,” she said quietly, blinking up at him for a bare moment before she rose and used her spear like a pole vault and vaulted off the boulder and began leading the way once again.

She led him along a trail that rose up around the basin of the pond, steadily rising until they came upon a very narrow stretch of path, to the point where even Muff was tip toeing to try to maneuver her way around things.

All was going well enough, until Muff stepped upon a section of the path loosened from the rains, and like a hair ball hocked up by a cat, she was ejected right down the basin, only just catching herself on a loose vine with only a single hand.

“Muff!” Jack yelled, and without thinking, leapt off the trail, slid down the slope to its ledge, and stopped himself right at a tree growing out of the hill, just short of what must've been a hundred and twenty foot drop into the shallow water.

He continued to move on instinct, maneuvering himself till he'd braced himself against the tree, and stretched out a hand for the tiny red ball of fur. Muff looked up at him, and her bright green

eyes grew even brighter, shining as they looked up in almost catatonic wonder up at him, she making a soft sound under her throat that revived her awe in him.

“C’mon muff! I can’t hold this all day!” Jack grunted, and as lithe as a gazelle, muff merely pulled herself up with one arm, and thrust her spear into his hand and laced her tiny fingers with his.

Jack blinked, finally realizing that she could’ve righted herself on her own but dumbly pulled her up, and toting her in one arm, carried her back up onto the trail before planting her on the ground.

“You saved me.” She breathed, holding her spear almost girlishly in both hands before her, looking up into his face while he looked down at a creature that was perhaps a third his size.

“It was nothing.” He grinned, scratching at the back of his head, and then jumped a little as she surged forward and hugged his legs.

“I’ll never forget this. Thank you!”

Jack laughed to cover his nervousness, but paused, looking down at her again as she began to purr while hugging his legs.

Is it me, he thought, or is she getting smarter? She’s conjugating her verbs and using conjunctions now...

As if in answer to that, Muff gave a rather low chuckle in the back of her throat.

The odd embrace lasted for a short time longer, before Jack actually reached down and picked her up in her arms.

“Whoa! You’re heavier than you look. Must be a solid chunk of muscle underneath all that fur.”

Muff made a little noise similar to a cat’s meow in the affirmative even as Jack moved off.

Muff rode in his arms, and on his shoulders for a time, before she suddenly hopped up and leapt atop his head; balancing herself there, almost precariously.

“There!” she pointed with the stone head of her spear. “There’s the road!”

Now I’m sure she’s getting smarter, Jack smiled, squinting one eye before Muff leapt off. Few languages in the world used pronouns... English was one of the few that did. Which – by her using “is, as, if, but and especially ‘the’” – that meant that she understands one of the last subjects in the English language any speaker of another language ever learns.

And all of this understanding came to her within a twenty-four hour period. How odd.

Muff pattered closer to the road, which Jack hurried after her to see, and for the second time that day, Jack didn't think and instead rushed out right into the midst of the road, and right into three bikers.

There are certain circumstances in a human being's life, where they are affronted with a life or death matter. It begins, as this one did, with Jack staring his would-be killers, right in their faces. But then realization hit them all, and all of a sudden, Jack was then faced by three guns. And just when this happens, you pull a face, and you look damn stupid when you're doing it too. You don't even get to see your life flash before your eyes, because you're too damn scared to think about everything that led up to this moment.

But then all you do is pull the face, because you don't die. For in Jack Paradigm's instance, he was saved!

By a three-foot tall ball of fluff... carrying a spear.

A sudden scream echoed through the woods, sounding like a female cat screaming in rage while on PMS, and from out of nowhere, Muff flew through the air, landed on the first of the three men, and started beating him about the face with the butt-end of her spear.

This time, it was the killer's turn to pull the stupid face, and Jack's turn to look relieved and in awe of all this, and watched as, in short order, the other two went down and were beaten senseless by Muff and her spear.

She stood there then, standing on the chest of one of them, her spear point in his face while she growled angrily at him.

"AH! Punta!" the Brazilian screamed, which earned him a couple of scrapes against first one cheek and then the other as Muff's teeth suddenly became visible underneath the scruff of fur over her face as her growling increased.

She had a surprising number of sharp canine teeth.

Jack idly stared down at this sight for a moment, and then bending down to pick up one of the guns stepped over of the fallen member of the gunmen that Muff was standing upon, squatted down next to him, planted the barrel of the gun against his temple and pulled back the hammer.

"I'd watch what you say around her, friend. She's apparently a very fast learner, that, or she understands a lot of different languages, but regardless, I don't think that *anyone* would like to be called a 'Bitch.' And I don't know much about Spanish, but I do know that being called a 'Punta' is like being called a 'Bitch,' but only with a whole lot of other swear-words involved in it.

"I, however, do not like being shot at, and so far in the past twenty-four hours, I've been shot at, by you, numerous times, ran into a tree, been soaking wet, missed three meals, and have been in these same freaking clothes for the past forty-eight hours.

“I am not happy.

“Now... you have three seconds to tell me who is trying to have me killed, if not, the last thing that goes through your mind will be a forty five caliber bullet.”

5

Jack stared straight ahead while he motored along on his newly acquired bike. The other two were conveniently detonated with a well-placed bullet, while the three Brazilians were dropped off in the bush with only their boxer shorts on. All to ensure that they would not be able to beat him back to the camp/worksite.

They've gone too far this time, he thought, gunning the gas on the motorbike, with Muff, now dressed in one of the men's clothes – only scrunched up with twine to fit her – with a big cap covering her head, held tightly onto him as they motored forward.

He'd valiantly told her to remain behind, but she defiantly continued to persist in coming, all the while having that same look of awe for him, of wonder and devotion. For Jack, it kinda felt good to see those bright green eyes looking up at him like that. Besides, she wouldn't remove her spear from the spokes of the bike wheel till he'd said yes.

And now, with the collar of her oversized shirt covering up about her furry face, and a dirty ball cap covering her high-tapering ears, she was quite safe from view of anyone they might've passed on the road, unless they took a good, long look at her and a double take.

Again, Jack slicked his hair back as he saw the smoke of fires up ahead, and heard a squeak and a twitter from Muff as she looked at the rising plumes in horror.

“Damn them!” he grunted, and gunned the bike faster, tearing down the road, and shortly, skidded to a halt right in the center of camp.

“Foreman!!” he hollered, planting the kickstand down before getting off the bike, Muff balancing on the seat of the bike as he stepped away from it. “Foreman!! Where are you, Damn you?!”

The foreman waddled out of his work trailer, and stared in stunned disbelief at the sight of Jack.

“What's the matter? You seem positively surprised that I'm here.” Jack said, folding his arms across his chest. “I am extremely not happy today, foreman. Bear in mind that you are indeed in a good deal of trouble right now.”

Foreman looked to Jack, and then to Muff, and then back to Jack. “What's the matter? You bring a kid thinking I won't do anything?”

“No... she's here at her own behest.”

Foreman harrumphed, and squared himself up before Jack. “Now... how, am I in trouble? I’ve yet to see any police around me... just my normal happy workers.” He gestured around him, and all the gathered workers began to chuckle and laugh.

Jack reached into his pocket and pulled out a mini recorder, which started with a bunch of swearing in Spanish, before a very broken form of English began to make a confession that the speaker of that voice had been ordered to the attempted murder of Jack.

“Amazing how well digital recorders can stand up to the rain and shock in this damn forest.” Jack grinned, pocketing the device. “I’m giving you one last chance to clear out of here. The clinic’s offer of refunding some of your losses is hereby rescinded, for the vast inconvenience you’ve cost me. Above all, I do not like to be shot at.”

“You may believe yourself to be in the perfect bargaining position, Mr. Paradigm,” he raised his fingers and gave them a snap, and all of a sudden, there was the sound of dozens of guns, rifles and shotguns all being cocked and loaded. “But, as you can see, I have no more time for you.”

Jack nodded, and then reaching into his waistband, pulled out two forty-five caliber pistols and leveled the barrels of either to each of Foreman’s eyes. “Funny... I was thinking the same thing about you.

“I am not a very violent man, Mr. Foreman, but nonetheless, as the old saying goes, a man is defined by his enemies. You are a violent man, Mr. Foreman, and I’ve made every consideration to come to a formal deal with you. But you seem like a man of action... what do you think of my lever actions?” Jack pulled back the hammers on the pistols. “Oh yes, and I think there is an appropriate saying here...

“Sup!”

Jack nodded, looking quite deranged in the eyes right now, while Foreman stared directly into either barrel of the guns, practically seeing the bullet behind both.

“Your move right now,” Jack reminded him. “And I may wish to remind you, that the actions on these pistols are very well kept, and it takes only a couple pounds of pressure each to activate the triggering mechanisms, and should I so much as even twitch, you die.”

“Ok, Mr. Paradigm, you win.” He said, and made a gesture with his hands to have his men lower their weapons.

“On the ground!” Jack called out, and there were the answering sounds of guns dropping. “Now back away from them.” Again, they complied with the sounds of shuffling feet.”

“Good.” Jack smiled, lowering his weapons. You aren’t as stupid as you look.”

But just then, there was a rustling, and something fell out of the trees and grappled with him. One of the guns went off, making an impact crater in the sandy ground as both guns were wrestled from his hands, and Jack was thrown away and into the bike.

Jack felt himself being picked up and propped up, and saw immediately Muff's scruffy face from within the shadows of her clothing as she tried to force him upward, her features obscured within the shadows of her oversized clothing held up and around her with twine.

But then there was the sound of dozens of guns being picked up and a sudden movement announced several people arriving close by, and as soon as his vision cleared, Jack suddenly found himself at the brunt of a good number of firearms.

"Allow me to introduce my assistant, Mr. Nunzio." Foreman introduced the man standing beside him. "He handles all the security on this work site." Nunzio pressed his fist into one hand and cracked his knuckles, and then reversed his grasp to crack the knuckles of the other hand. "Now... hand me those papers and the recorder, and I'll make your passing quick." Foreman stepped forward then, holding out his hand.

Jack immediately reached into a pocket, but instead of papers, he immediately pulled out the third pistol and buried it straight into Foreman's groin.

"Sup!?" Jack said again, and slowly stood up, still keeping the barrel imbedded in foreman's groin. "You all know the drill. Drop the guns, and back the frag away!"

Again, there was a clatter of weapons and a shuffling of feet. Jack in turn pulled back the hammer. "You, Mr. Foreman, have 'inconvenienced' me for the last time."

The gun lowered and Jack pulled the trigger twice, putting a forty-five-caliber bullet in either of foreman's feet. Foreman dropped to the ground. Jack in turn, took a couple of steps, picked up his other two guns, stuffed them into his belt, and then picked up one of the discarded shot guns while Foreman rolled and moaned on the ground.

"I see that my attempts at conversation have failed here," Jack said, backing up now, motioning for Muff to get behind him, but instead, she hurtled forward with spear in hand to protect *him!* "I shall make my leave of you now. When I return, it will be at the head of a small army, Mr. Foreman and a warrant for your arrest for multiple accounts of attempted murder, assault, and several infringements of local, federal and international law.

"Good day!" Then bending down, he tucked Muff underneath an arm, turned and booked for it!

Muff stared stunned at this strange turn of events for her as Jack hurtled through the trees, while behind him, he heard a raging scream of rage, and a few seconds later, there was a horde of gun shots rifling through the trees, bullets whizzing by his face, and then another odd sound of loud cracks, and looking to Muff, watched wide-eyed as she actually deflected bullets from hitting them with her spear point.

They hurtled further and further into the trees, the bullet shots growing less and less until they came to a deep gorge cut by a teeny tiny stream. For the barest moment, Jack panicked, looking for which way to go, being that it was much too far for him to jump.

“Jack! Go down!” Jack looked down at Muff, and without a second thought, jumped down into the gorge. “Go Right!” she called then, and turning abruptly, he raced up the length of the stream’s bed, splashing water with each pounding step. “Stop!” she cried then, and looking frantic, Jack looked around them both, until Muff struggled from out of his grasp, leapt up to the side of the river bed, and passed right through a patch of moss, vine and leaves.

Not knowing what to do, Jack leapt right through the patch and tumbled right into Muff, who then scrambled atop him, and clamped a hand down, over his mouth while covering hers with a stubby little finger.

Just then, a good dozen feet hurried passed their hiding spot.

Muff listened long and hard, and then released her grasp on Jack’s mouth. “Come. It’s safer deeper into the cave.”

“Cave?” Jack asked, and rolling over to follow where Muff was going, watched as she stepped lithely down a small tunnel.

Blinking after her, Jack crawled forward, looking at a tunnel that allowed Muff to walk down it standing up, but required him to crawl down it on his hands and knees.

For a hundred yards, Jack crawled through the earth, his nostrils growing heavy with the smell of wet soil, feeling the tunnel ever so slightly passing downward. Then the tunnel suddenly opened up into a vast chamber, glowing with light, and standing up, finding Muff sitting atop a rock waiting for him, he looked around at a vast orchard of glowing fruit... all of it hanging from the ceiling.

“This is our orchard, Jack.” Muff greeted as Jack continued to stare around him. “One of many, but because of the humans these groves are slowly dying. This one,” she pointed upward. “Is directly below that group of men above us trying to burn the forest. Should the trees die... then they die.”

Jack reached up and plucked one of the fruit from over his head, holding it in his hand, watching it radiate and glow. The biologist and botanist in him suddenly awakened, and reaching into his pocket, he quickly cleaned off his glasses, planted them on his face, and pulling out a knife, cut the fruit in half.

“Tuber shell with fruit filling, seeds within a star cluster formation similar to an apple.” He said discerningly. “Flesh is smooth whereas luminescence...” He turned it over a couple times. “Is unknown. No natural phosphorus glows white like this. What are these?” he asked, brandishing the two halves of a fruit the shape of an overly large pill.

“We call them the Minerva Fruit, she said with a subtle smile.” Taking a half of it, breaking it in two, and then standing up, fed it to him. All at once, Jack felt so much alive, so awake, and so aware, that everything that had been to him seemed utterly fake. As if the fruit had just awakened him to the real world.

...An affect similar to drinking a liter of Jolt in one sitting.

“These fruit are precious to us. They are life. If they die... we die.”

Jack turned to look to Muff, feeling the full power of the fruit course through him. He felt as exhilarated as if he'd just run a decathlon and won, but likewise actually gained strength and energy from the run.

“*We?*” he asked, and then knelt down before her, understanding the levity of all this. “There are more of you?” she nodded, and then he looked down at the fruit. “And these things sustain your life.” Again she nodded, and in spite of himself, he took both of her furry little hands. “I’m sorry.” He said, speaking for all of mankind.

Muff’s bright and beautiful eyes smiled, and actually sparkled with a light all their own. The bright red spot against her forehead seemed to sparkle now.

“I want to help you to stop them. Before any permanent damage is done.” Jack sat backward and began pulling out his guns.

“No. No killing. Blood will kill the plants as well. This is holy ground, Jack. They must be subdued.”

Jack deflated and collapsed backward, smiling whimsically at her. “I want to help you.” He said in exasperation. “But, what can a simple man like me, and a little creature like you do against twenty or thirty men... with guns... and one professional assassin?”

Muff grinned bright wide, and for the second time, Jack saw her teeth, but being this close to her, he saw how sharp they really were... with slightly oversized canines.

“I have a secret to show you, Jack.” She said in that high squeaky voice of hers. “But not here... There’s not enough room. Follow me.”

6

Muff led Jack through the caverns a short ways, coming to where some vines were hanging down, and setting herself to the vines, climbed upward. Following her, Jack soon emerged through the top of a stump of some great, ancient dead tree, and pulling himself out into open air again, tumbled to the ground with a slight giggle from Muff.

“Well, there’s me hurting my pride again today. Now what is this secret you wanted to show me?”

Jack sat back as Muff took several steps backward away from him.

“Watch.” She said simply, and burying her spear into the ground, looked down onto her petite little body.

Jack watched with a wry little smile as she seemed to concentrate on something, focusing, Jack patiently humoring her. But then she began to tremble, ever so slightly, the red dot against her forehead beginning to shine noticeably now, and her eyes grew lazy and far away as if she were concentrating really hard on something.

Jack leaned back and watched her with a discerning look, a half smile across his face as it looked to him as if she were trying to flex her tiny muscles. But then he heard a rather loud, wet crunch, like bones being dislocated, a sound that made him sit up at once and take notice of the doings of this tiny creature.

Then, in a tiny cry of elation, Muff began to transform.

Muff gave another shudder, and an almost comical grinding sound arose to Jack’s ears as her diminutive, squat body began to lengthen. Her back arched as she grew from the size of a midget to the body and form of a little girl, her arms lengthening as did her legs, her body growing longer. She gasped, flexing her tiny arms, feeling an elation that was all her own as within moments, she grew nearly a foot right before his eyes.

“AH!” she gasped happily, rubbing her chest through the makeshift clothing she wore, her tiny feminine body quickly filling the clothes originally made for an adult male.

She transformed from a little girl into an adolescent, more of her features appearing as her facial fur thinned, her eyes seeming brighter and more beautiful by the moment. The twine that had been used to bind her clothes to her rapidly snapped one after the next, bursting open and allowing the clothing to fall back down to her wrists and ankles.

Her tiny, pudgy hands opened, and Jack watched her fingers lengthen, growing long and slender, her stubby fingernails growing long and sharp, hooking into sharp, needle-pointed claws that all curled in toward her palms. He watched her once over-sized feet stay the same as her body grew, appearing more and more like normal sized, dainty feet on a perfect woman, before those too hooked outward into claws at the toenails.

Five feet she must’ve measured now, practically doubling her height within less than a single minute. Her trembling growth slowed and stopped briefly, halting as she bent over herself and clenched her hands, squeezing her eyes tight, and then with another wet crunch, louder this time, she shuddered again and again began to grow.

Jack saw her bones pushing outward inside the bag of her body, compressing against her clothing, making an odd gyrating sense as her body plates thickened and reshaped.

Her growth doubled then, her back swelling outward, filling in the simple cloth of the old logger's garb who'd worn it before her, before she again pulled backward, arching her spine again in the other direction and opening her mouth to suck in a deep breath of air. Teeth like a cat's glimmered and shone in the light as her body filled in her clothing, her thighs thickening along with her arms, and even despite that she appeared to have the body of a pre-teen now, that body was already large enough to completely fill in a working man's clothes. Even her muscles were growing large and thick, her ribcage barreling and her legs swelling outward at the calves and especially at the thighs. A neck appeared, and as her fur continued to thin, a mouth and a cat's nose did also, while her ears lengthened high atop her head.

She mewed and purred, rubbing her chest as it thickened not with mammaries, but rather with muscle, bulging outward till with a light *snap* the final piece of twine around her middle broke open.

Then with another pause, a shudder and an even louder wet snap, seeming now more like a crunching sound and coming this time as a dull thud somewhere inside her body, she again began to grow, this time, finally growing into a woman.

Jack watched as her height surpassed his own, the shirt she was now wearing untucking from her trousers, and the cuffs of the pants and the shirt slowly creeping up her arms and legs. Now subtle crunches and grindings came to his ears, that of her bones and tendons creaking, and in short order, her coltish, straight-bodied form immediately mutated into a beautiful, and perfectly fine hourglass shape as her hips rapidly swelled outward to fill the sides of her pants, her chest barreled outward and her middle compressed.

Again she mewed, taking a step toward Jack as she rolled her hips forward, her growing form tightening more and more into those trousers, her shirt rising higher atop her body as her slightly pot-bellied stomach pushed outward from underneath her shirt. There, the fur of her belly thinned until a soft, pinkish flesh revealed itself, complete with an outie belly button, the twin halves of the bottom half of the shirt folding to either side of it as she pushed it forward with her arching back; her long fingers rubbing it, caressing it. And then the pot-belly of adolescence flattened rapidly, and as her body grew longer, less and less of her fur showed up about her middle, save for a downy treasure trail that dipped downward along the subtle crease along the center of her body, dipping past the dipping waistline of her pants and into the deepening V of her crotch.

There was a sudden snapping sound then of something breaking, and Jack's gaze rapidly lifted to Muffs' face as she lifted her hands to remove a hat whose brim had just popped open; she dropping it off to shake free a short mane of fiery red hair, her top knot remaining where it was. But as she removed the hat, the fur upon her face thinned to peach fuzz, and then finally disappeared, leaving only lamb chops before her ears that slowly dipped downward to touch her chest.

Then she smiled warmly at him, her full and reddened lips moistening with sweat as she dropped her hat and lightly caressed the cloth against her chest. She sighed then, and right before his eyes, her rib cage barreled outward underneath her hands. Her ribs just pushed outward, snapping the

buttons along her front one right after the other, to reveal a strong, powerful chest that hung over her rounded belly, with a pair of buds beneath the thick tufts of fur.

Another snap greeted his ears, and Jack viewed the waistband of the trousers pop open, the zipper tearing apart to reveal the soft leather patch of the triangular loin cloth that covered her femininity. Beneath that thin leather, Jack could see the developing folds of her womanhood as they bulged outward between the halves of her opened fly, the triangular patch lowering further and further down her pelvis until it barely covered her womanhood.

Her fingers lowered to this patch, pressing the folds of her womanhood together beneath the leather, and Jack saw this tiny patch begin to glisten with moisture. He swallowed hard at this, feeling a great discomfort between his legs, as his fingers dug into the earth, before all of a sudden he felt his mouth grow very dry.

Over her broadening hips, a pair of leather thongs with a pair of ties in them slowly expanded, and ever so slowly, those ties grew smaller and smaller, until the ties popped, allowing the thongs to press firmly into the tops of her pelvic bone; only a knot on either holding it fast to her bodice.

It was like a slightly fur-covered child changing into super model while growing right out of her clothes! He thought, and had to adjust himself from this changing sight.

Already she must've measured six and a half feet; an immeasurable height for a woman, with a strong, heavy body, and with a wry smile decorating his face Jack thought for sure that this would've been enough to challenge the workers and the foreman.

But Muff wasn't done changing yet.

Lifting an arm as her shirt unfolded to bare her chest, her fingers splaying open, she displayed an already full and thick forearm that was rapidly thinning with its fur as it was all gathered into a tuft along the rear edge of her forearm as her flesh stretched. Even by the subtlety of lifting her arm to a square, a bicep began to bulge to lift it, pressing firmly against her sleeve, while at the same time, her shoulder grew and swelled, growing rounder with the movement, and stretching the cloth of the shirt about her arm.

She looked at Jack once, smiled, and then flexed, subtly turning her hand toward her head and clenching the whole of her arm, and in a stunning series of growth, Jack watched as her arm broke seams and shredded the shirt in a series of rents and tears. The sleeve broke away from her arm slowly as her bicep swelled full and rounded out into the air. She then kept that arm raised, and then flexed her other arm before her, the shoulder seam bursting open immediately to admit the swelling flesh of her shoulder, before that sleeve also shredded until it was nothing but threads.

Her arms both lowered then, as she turned, and flexing again, Jack watched her shirt draw tight across her back as she flexed both it and her rear, and though nothing really happened to her

pants, a tail rose up and stood on end from between the cheeks of her rear, while her back swelled full and rounded right before his eyes.

Two massive planes divided from her back, the fur thinning to nothing as her spine turned outward, the nodules of her vertebrae protruding greatly. Those twin planes then divided once in half along a truncated-M, the upper half of that rising high and mighty, before that too broke along a truncated-W, which likewise rose even higher... like the steps of the vast Himalayas.

Muff discarded the shredded remains of her shirt as her ribs continued to barrel outward, her fire-red fur growing more and more sparse to reveal a beautiful, brown-speckled flesh that was soft, white and beautiful. Her arms lifted to splay above her head, and Jack watched as secondary and tertiary muscles bubbled to life across her back, and other than a narrow strip of fur down her spine, all was bright and beautiful flesh.

Jack's groin was incredibly uncomfortable right now. He could feel his heart beat down there, and though he knew he'd swallowed it, he thought it was in the pit of his stomach instead of his bowels.

So beautiful! He thought as she turned again, showing off her mighty arm as it continued to grow ever larger. He stared as she flexed again, and right before his eyes, her bicep transformed from a broad mound, separating in half so that the two parts could swell separately from one another. Her shoulder thickened and bulged into an immense and powerful mass of striations, her forearm flaring wide as it grew as thick as her upper arm was round.

But then she turned again, extending a leg that was already beginning the fray the inseams of her pants, and as she turned it, the seams along the insides of her leg popped open in several locations, while great tears began to burst open everywhere else. Her thighs pressed together as she stood up straight then, she grinning ear to ear while she breathed with the sound of a bellows. As those tears continued to thicken, Jack looked up at her chest, even as the fur there began to thin as well. Other than a patch against her chest and her shoulders, she was totally nude other than those tearing trousers and the patch of thin leather guarding her womanhood. But while he stared at her, the front of her chest slowly began to bulge.

The twin buds began to swell, thickening moment by moment, growing larger by the second, and then at last, a patch of soft reddened flesh erupted from her fur, and then two rounded orbs pushed themselves from her chest like the head of a babe during birth.

They filled outward, soft and jiggly at first, starting somewhere around C's, but rapidly climbed the alphabet, and were surpassing E's and F's... past N's and P's, forcing the fur upward near the crease between them into a thick little tuft at the peak between the burgeoning orbs. They rapidly began to press against one another, firming up, rising higher atop her chest, the skin growing taut over the bulging mammarys, either peaked with a great reddened cap that was firm, erect, and towering. Those nipples likewise erected, growing hard and throbbing.

Muff's pelvis then rotated, turning as her leg muscles tore easily through her pants, shredding them rapidly into thinning strips that all fell in tatters to the ground about her feet. With her

thighs still pressed against one another, they continued to bulge and swell, her quads creasing into their individual sets, her gluts separating into their own three, her calves flaring outward and around her forelegs, as they both grew longer to increase her height all the more.

Those leg muscles then began to crease every which way, tightening her flesh all over her thighs, and leaving her with fur only along the back edges of her forelegs, and down the sides of her thighs, while the patch of soft leather at the base of her pelvis swelled outward with the fullness of the powerful muscle that must've laid beneath it.

She sighed, allowing her mouth to open to show off her gleaming white teeth, her arms and legs growing more massive by the second.

Her neck bulged wide then, rapidly swelling her neck muscles to go straight to her fur-laden shoulders; her jaw muscles tightening and her features melding into the feline beauty as her chest hefted even higher atop her ribs.

“Oh, the *power!*” she groaned, feeling her stomach now as her ribs feathered with detail over the muscle of her flanks and the bones of her ribs.

And then, with her fingers caressing her stomach, Jack watched as it suddenly sunk beneath her ribs, and rapidly tightened, creasing firmer and firm along her hour-glass shape, immediately being flanked by twin lats, which broke into two lats on a side as her stomach rapidly creased into eight, and then twelve individual folds of thickening muscle, so powerful apiece that they pressed firmly against one another.

And then finally she just grew, a sound similar to a balloon being rubbed the wrong way as her form simply bubbled with strength, her practically naked body teeming with feminine might and power, to the point where even in the fading light, she seemed to glow.

And at the top of her head, the little patch of red pushed outward and crystallized into a brilliant red gem. Muff then reached down, picked up her now tiny spear in compression, and holding it off to her side, muttered some words that sounded like an incantation, raising her free hand as if to direct the words, and then even her spear changed.

Tendrils appeared from about her hand, weaving into the spear, until in a rapid stage of growth, the spear lanced first outward behind her back and then forward toward the spearhead, while the stone spear point grew long, sharp and dangerous.

Muff then released a gasp of air as if she were holding it, gasping in utter elation, with the tiny little patch of her loin cloth shone with moisture. Apparently, it was more sensual for her to transform than it was for Jack, who had a bit of a spot on the front of his pants now.

And then, staring up at her, not able to breathe, his heart unable to beat, he suddenly understood, as to why, though the legends existed, no one had ever seen of a Pygmy, or, now that he looked at Muff in her transformed form... Amazons.

7

She must've been ten... maybe eleven feet tall now. Her breasts together would've outweighed Jack. He instinctively tried to rise up in front of her as she approached him using diminutive little baby steps, each step done upon the tips of her toes, and then found out that he'd already done so. A humorous affect trying to stand up when you've already done so.

She was that big!

"That's..." Jack swallowed and started over. "That's some secret!" he gasped, and she smiled, lifted a clawed hand and cupped his face, her claws sliding through his hair.

"A secret thousands of years old." She mused. "According to the humans that have lived here that long."

The Incas and Aztecs, Jack thought. Her people are that old?!

"Will you still help me?" she asked quietly, and then stepping ever closer, pulled him to her stomach, sighing heavily so that the peaks of her breasts fell over his head.

Jack felt the indomitable strength behind her pleasantly soft skin... skin so soft that she felt as if she were fresh from the womb. In spite of himself, he lowered a hand to her powerful rear, and felt it clench tightly beneath his fingers. Beneath his ear, Jack heard her purring. Then stepping abruptly away from her, blind determination arose against his face.

"Dang, let's go get em'!"

Muff likewise picked up her tiny spear, and holding it at her side, the thing suddenly extended forward and backward, the haft bulging to fill her hand and the spear head flaring and lengthening into a point over a foot long.

A wry quirk of the mouth was all the muff gave in agreement.

8

"Damn you people!" Foreman yelled and threw a tray of office supplies at the nearest doctor who was bandaging up his feet, accidentally hit his own foot and then launched into a swearing fit.

Nunzio stood there, head down, hands behind his back as the doctors quickly hurried out of the work trailer. Moments later, there was the sound of a jeep starting and the squeal of dirt as the doctors took off at top speed. They'd never be back again.

"Imbeciles! Idiots! I am surrounded by incompetence!"

Despite Nunzio's standing in the organization, he knew better than to interrupt his boss during a rant, and also knew full well to keep the hell away from him while he was. The other members of the crew currently in the trailer likewise scattered, exited the trailer and tried to get well out of sight.

Nunzio, knowing his boss's habits, reached behind him with one hand, picked up the bottle of rum, and held it out till Foreman simply reached out a hand, nabbed it from his hand and drank heavily from it.

Paradigm couldn't be found. It was already dark, and in the dark, in the Amazon, following the road, he could be miles away before anyone was able to find him. Nonetheless, what crew of his loggers that was supposed to be resting now was now trying to find him.

In the silence, Foreman emptied his bottle, and then threw it across the room where it bounced off the flimsy wall and then shattered upon the ground.

Now placated, Nunzio took this time to speak.

"If I may sir. He is sure to head straight for the local constabulary. It'd be less of an effort to post a man there to rid us of him, then to have men spread out trying to find one man, in the dark, in the world's densest forest, with all of the men that are looking for him tired from already working a twelve hour shift."

Foreman lay in his bed for a time, staring at his bandaged feet. The sense of anger and hatred was intense in his mind that Nunzio could even feel some of it.

"Bring them back." He said. "Post *three* men at the police. I want you here incase something happens tonight. But the men are going right back to work. I'm tired of this dicking around with international law. Burn the forest. Burn it all!"

He threw his last bottle at the door, which shattered with finality.

But right after the bottle smashed, there was a creaking sound within the trailer, and the two men looked at each other, and then back at the splatter of glass. There was another creaking sound, and this time, they noticed that the trailer itself was tilting, and in a blind panic, both of them, Foreman hurrying out even with a hole in either foot, as the trailer ponderously flipped over onto its side.

A thunderous crash happened inside the trailer, before in a blur of motion, something huge, and immense leapt atop it, its sheer weight crushing it downward, its fist and feet flattening it with pounding strike after pounding strike as it walked once to and then fro along the trailer.

The creature then flipped off the ruined trailer, and standing up, wrenched what could've been the trunk of a slender tree out of the ground, and suddenly, a spear tip of solid stone was being pointed at them. The immense shadow growled.

There was no moonlight, and the glow of the fires far away showed only the highlights of this creature. Whatever it was, it was huge, and massive.

And then there was a click behind Mr. Foreman, and he turned toward the sound to see a man standing there, holding something in his hand. Then the thing in his hand began to speak, using his own voice.

“Bring them back. Post three men at the police. I want you here incase something happens tonight. But the men are going right back to work. I’m tired of this dicking around with international law. Burn the forest. Burn it all!”

“Paradigm.” Foreman hissed; spitting out the name as the image placed the digital recorder back into his pocket.

“Strike three, Mr. Foreman. You... are out. I’ve taken far too much from you, and now I’m going to do the very worst thing I can think of doing to you. I am going to place you into a teeny tiny cell, and have you locked away for your natural born days.”

Muff stepped forward and poked Foreman in the back with her spear tip, the sudden shock of which, placed in exactly the right place against the spine, forced Foreman’s knees to collapse.

“Ah yes. I’d like you to meet my companion... the Lady Muff. Don’t let her name fool you; if she is heavy enough and strong enough to bend a trailer into a flattened pancake, she’s strong enough to tie you around a tree.”

“Paradigm!” Foreman spat the word out like a curse this time. “I am gonna freaking rip your heart out with my bare hands!”

“I find it hard to see how that can happen, Mr. Foreman, being that I’ve got the upper hand.”

Foreman pushed himself up a little onto his hands and knees to look up at Paradigm, and Jack felt his brow crease as he saw Foreman’s expression.

“You... may *think* you have the upper hand...” he grinned, a crazy, insane, sardonic grin, to which Jack knew that he was planning something.

And then there was the sound of an engine starting, and then the grinding of gears, and they all turned to the flood of lights, to which Muff’s titanic form was ever so briefly displayed. Then there was a grinding of mighty gears, and the shovel of the steam shovel swung around and slapped Muff full in the side, picking her up and sending her careening through the night sky. Jack watched in blind anguish as Muff crashed back first into a tree that was dozens of yards away. But then his anguish turned into an image of surprise as all the air was suddenly knocked out of him.

“Nunzio... kill the bitch, and torch the trees.” Foreman said remarkably calmly as he ground his fist into Jack’s gut. “And give the operator of that shovel a raise.”

“Yes sir.” Nunzio said, lowering his hands and stalking toward Muff as she shook her head to clear it.

He gestured to the shovel operator to attack Muff again, while he himself strode over to one of the still running Caterpillars, and reaching into the controls, levered the drive stick into a forward motion, and the Cat slowly began to lumber forward. It pushed into one of the camp fires, and began proceeding toward the trees. Then lowering his hands to his sides, a pair of long knives fell from his sleeves into his fingers.

“Mr. Nunzio is quite good at what he does, Paradigm,” Foreman said pulling the gun from Jack’s stunned fingers. “But... so am I.”

Jack’s body spasmed again as a rising uppercut landed beneath his chin, and he was lifted up from the ground, sprawled backward and landed onto the peak of his back.

Muff in turn rose to her feet, grinding her spear into the ground for balance as she shook her head, groaning. Never before had she taken a blow so strong, so powerful... so *hard!* And then she looked up, and she saw that mass of metal extending toward her again, it’s many digging edges poised to pierce her. She braced herself, letting her spear lie upright in the ground as she caught the shovel, and pushed on it, holding it right where it was.

“Guh!” she cried, feeling her breasts mash against it’s dirty, rusted and hardened steel, while the sounds of machinery started to squeal and grind against her strength.

But with her straining with all her might, steadily being pushed back, Nunzio was able to idly walk up to her, looking at her raging abdominals, which were even now begin cut by the shovel’s sharpened teeth.

He tilted his head to one side as he stared at the Amazon, and without even another moment’s hesitation, he plunged one of his throwing knives to the hilt in her side.

She grunted, and slid several more feet before able to catch herself, to which Nunzio rose up onto his tiptoes to get closer to her face.

“Hurts?” he asked into one of drooping hooded ears. “For one as big and as strong as you, it amazes me how easily your flesh is punctured.” He lifted his other knife and gently slit open one of her wrists. “I was rescued from the prisons after I’d been put in there for torturing a man who’d been having an affair with my wife. She died quickly enough by a knife in her heart, but him... I kept him alive for five whole days. Not a record of course, but nonetheless... one can only *imagine* what it’d feel like to remain alive for five whole days as another man slowly cut you to pieces.”

Nunzio’s blade then slowly cut a gash across Muff’s breast, while in the middle of the clearing; Jack was slowly being pummeled by the Foreman.

“No.” Muff managed, feeling more of her blood sliding down her bodice, dripping into the ground. “Please stop. You’re killing the forest!” she cried, and Nunzio guffawed.

“What do I care for this world?” he said, and patted the butt end of the knife imbedded against Muff’s side, deepening the wound with each pat. “I hate these plants! I hate this forest! I want to destroy it! Destroy it all!”

“Then... why.... Haven’t you just... Killed yourself?” Muff asked, straining against the shovel.

“Because I’ve yet to gain my revenge!” he screamed, and plunged his other knife deep into Muff’s upper back, and with that, her immense strength failed and she collapsed to the ground after getting a nasty gash underneath her chin from the shovel. She was at least now able to remove the knife in her side and drop it to the ground. The one in her upper back would have to remain there for a little while.

She’d been in many a fight before, but none that had shed any real blood, especially her own. This sort of pain was taking some getting used to.

But then she lifted her head and saw Jack struggling to his feet to face Foreman, only for her to see Foreman lifting one of those gun things, aim it at Jack and then fire. Her eyes went wide as she gasped in horror, Jack’s body jerking around from the gun shot with a spray of blood till he sprawled onto the ground.

“**NO!**” she screamed, and despite her wound in her side, and the knife still in her upper back, she rose to a squat, wrenched her three meter spear out of the ground, and without thinking, hurled it at Foreman.

Foreman, only at the barest of seconds, turned to see the spear the size of a ballista shot careening for him, the same moment before the spear’s chiseled stone tip buried itself through his gullet, picked him up off the ground with it and carried him dozens of yards till he slammed against a tree with the spear pinning him to it.

Then Muff realized what she had done, and sobbed.

Not only had she just killed another sentient being, but now his diseased blood was seeping from his body into the ground. The grove beneath their feet was sure to die.

“Oh no...” she cried, Nunzio taking a halting step forward to see his boss, his savior, now dead.

“**BITCH!**” he cried, and turned with two more knives now in his hands, and he lunged for her.

But in a fit of rage, Muff’s great long arm snapped outward and struck Nunzio square in the chest, to which numerous cracks, breaks and fractures greeted her sharp pointed ears before she grabbed his shirt with her clawed hands, lifted him up over her head, and then slammed him into the ground.

A gasp escaped his throat, and kicking him over, Muff stared down at him.

He'd landed on both his knives, and even now, he was slowly dying from lack of air from his cracked ribs and punctured lungs, coupled with all the air so recently being forced from him. Her lips trembled, and reaching over her massive shoulder she pulled out the other knife from her back and dropped it on the man, even as he exhaled his last breath.

Too much blood, Muff thought sadly. Biting upon her lower lip, and then remembered Jack, and she started for him, but then heard a crunching noise, and turning, watched with even more horror as the caterpillar pushing the fire forward finally reached the tree line. She gasped and stared at the rising inferno as it suddenly rushed straight up a tree in a mighty conflagration.

“N-NO! **NO!**” she screamed, as if the licking of the flames would stop upon her command. All at once, she was torn in three different locations, wondering upon what to do; torn between Jack and saving her forest. But then, rooted to the spot, a third moment of peril was brought to her attention. That of grinding gears again, and turning, she saw the steam shovel baring down upon her again; falling from above to swat her down.

Her sharp teeth bore down in determination, and she growled down a cry.

“NO!” she said, and bracing herself, caught the might of the shovel with both hands, grunted against it briefly, and then slowly, began to exert herself. Muscles bulged and strained, and she slowly began to overpower a piece of industrial machinery, pushing it forward, bending the steel girders holding the shovel, overpowering its industrial strength pistons.

She screamed outward, pushing everything that she was into the effort, pushing steadily forward, forcing it to move backward, hearing its engine starting to squeal. She grunted and groaned, pressing her body into the movement, her breasts flattening again against the hard steel, until she pushed the shovel flat against the great machine. Then holding it there, she gave a mighty jerk of motion, and cables snapped while the pistons broke loose from their moorings. Her muscles strained again and she tore the shovel from its arm, and taking hold of the remainders of that arm, she twisted it on its side, and then punched at the front of the whole machine.

The steam shovel lifted and rocked backward before its lights dimmed and went out, gasoline spewing forth onto the ground while the worker leapt from its control booth and made a run for it. Muff then leveraged herself under it, pushing the great machine upward till she was underneath it, lifted the whole array triumphantly above her head with a Tarzan yell, and then threw it lightly so that it fell onto its top.

Just then, the gas tank from the caterpillar exploded, and Muff was hit by a rain of debris and hot metal, which burned her soft flesh before falling off. But she didn't mind all that. She quickly surged forward however, and fell at Jack's side, nuzzling him upward and pulling him to her breast. Her clawed fingers maneuvered a flock of his hair out of the way as she inspected his wound, a mighty hole that entered through the front of his shoulder and burst right through the back.

Then hugging him to her, her heart welled up with sadness, as she felt for his heart beat, finding it there even as she sniffled and a barest of a tear drop slid down over her cheek. Around her, the fire was spreading like a brush fire while workers were scattering, but high above, the sound of thunder came to her ears even as they drooped at the sides of her head.

More tears began to fall, till at last, one cascaded from off her cheek toward the earth.

With such a link to the rainforest that all the amazons had, Muff's tear struck the ground with the sound of thunder, and then another tear stuck the ground with a gentle patter, and then another, and a dozen more, and then a torrential downpour as the heavens themselves joined in with her.

For whenever an Amazon shed tears, the heavens, cried with her.

And so, the torrential downpour came to that spot of land in the world... but the fire was halted only after an intense battle. And after it all, the forest that supported the grove beneath them, was destroyed. And so afterwards, the grove too... would die.

9

Jack slowly awoke from his shock induced unconsciousness to the feeling of rain pattering against his face. He stared up into the sky, staring at the subtle haze of the air above him as rain water continued to pelt his face and body. For a time, he didn't even register anything other than the rain. He didn't know who he was, didn't know what he'd been doing for all this time, didn't know even where he was. Given time, those previous questions all slowly came back to him, save one.

Where am I?

Jack groaned and tried to rise up, to which he felt a strong, extremely gentle hand land atop his chest and push him back to the ground.

"Shh, don't move. The herbs are almost done." A feminine voice came to his ears, and tilting his head upward to look at it, he found himself looking up at the naked bosom of Muff's enormous breasts, the mighty pair hovering above his head while she looked downward between them at him.

It was then that he felt that he was resting elevated, and then realized the she was holding him on her lap. He could feel her hands sliding through his wet hair.

"Where am I?" he asked aloud then, growing further and further toward wakefulness as he rested atop her powerful thighs.

"Safe." She said sweetly, and began to purr. From behind the mighty expanse of those breasts, her purring sounded loud and quite comforting in the sound of the warm falling rain.

"What happened?"

“You were wounded.” She spoke softly. “I’m healing you. Amazon magic.” She finished with a smile and fingered his shoulder with a pair of clawed fingers

Jack felt his shoulder, which he was just now realizing was feeling numb, and felt a strange paste there that, through some strange chemical reaction, was cold and glowing softly. But also strangely, he could feel his wounds closing his bones re-kitting. Looking back up at the vast expanse of bosom above his head, he saw more paste upon her bodice, including a massive patch against her side.

“You’ve been hurt!” he started, trying to rise, but the sheer weight of her hand upon his chest drove him back down.

“I will be all right.” She soothed, and began fingering the crevice in his chest with the tips of her clawed fingers. “Just need... to rest for a little while.”

Jack noticed the blood stain against her side, and chewed his lips for a while.

It was a good hour before he tried to rise again, and Muff didn’t try to stop him. The pulp against his shoulder, whatever it was, was now completely dried out, but a wound from what he’d known had been a forty-five-caliber bullet was completely gone.

No scar, he thought fingering the wound. There was even a bloodstained hole in his now opened shirt, but no scar! He turned to Muff, who was watching him with a pair of very bright, very beautiful leafy green eyes. She smiled at him, and remaining relaxed where she was, she allowed Jack to approach her to push away the moss on her own wounds underneath her breast, in her side, on her back and abdominals...

“Damn.” He whispered, seeing how much hurt she’d endured to protect him and her forest.

He touched her muscled shoulder, and then lifted his head, just as the morning mist cleared. Then, he realized that a portion of that mist was also the haze from a fire, and he saw, with great hurt, as to what had happened.

He stepped around Muff, walking forward in stunned belief, seeing the work equipment that had been physically mangled. Jack walked into the clearing while Muff stayed where she was, watching him from over her shoulder. Great trees that had been thousands of years old were now nothing more than standing towers of char. The clearing was much greater that it was before, with everything covered in black char and gray ash. Jack knelt down, and fingered the powdery feel of the ash lining the ground. And then he rose again, and turning saw Foreman... or whatever was left of him after the fire, impaled by a now burnt spear haft into a tree.

And then there came the sound of a heavy-laden footstep, and lowering his gaze, he kicked lightly at the earth.

“I failed you Muff. Your grove is going to die, because I wasn’t strong enough.”

“We tried.” She responded, and Jack felt a heavy hand alight atop the peak of his back as he stood up, and then, he felt her walk into his back, his head being caught by the crevice between her twin breasts as she pulled him to her layered ribcage and swollen abdominals. “But we haven’t failed yet. There is still a way to save it...”

10

Jack had never felt so concerned for a patch of forest, for any living thing greater than mankind or himself. Perhaps, it was because he was finally realizing exactly how closely related the fauna and flora in the Amazon Jungle was. With the Amazons and these fruit, if the fruit did not exist, then neither would the Amazons. He did not know how many of these transforming women there were, but he wanted nothing more than to save these fruit, and perhaps save what he could only think as an endangered species.

And so he followed Muff with trepidation, watching her hulking form, now absent of her tremendous spear, as she walked with him back into the forest, stopping at the wooden stump of an entrance to the underground grove. And then it was here that Muff stopped.

“My people are almost entirely made up of women.” She said. “A male born among us is a rare thing.” She kept her back trained to him, and Jack leaned backward against a fallen log as he watched her, noting that her shoulders suddenly looked a great deal more tense.

“We need men for several reasons, Jack. When I came to this grove, I came for three reasons. To protect it, perhaps replenish it, and, if at all possible, to find a mate.”

It was then that she turned to him, and Jack, at the speech of her words, suddenly felt his mind grow numb. He blinked up at her, seeing a hungry look inside her eyes, and in an effort to change the subject, he grabbed for anything.

“H-how do you r-replenish a grove?” he asked, tilting his head to one side to look at her, trying not to look at her voluminous breasts, which, he noted out of the corner of his eyes, was slowly showing her elation.

Her nipples swelled, her teats thickening and rising outward, tensing hard as her hands flattened against her thighs and she gave off a subtle sigh.

Muff’s clawed hands lifted to her breasts, her fingers pressing into her now healed, soft flesh, and heaving a sigh, Jack watched as they filled and detached from her chest and drooped more, wobbling now, no longer as tight. But as her nipples rose and hardened, forming nibs, Jack began to hear the subtle sloshing inside of them, and knew that somehow, she was beginning to lactate.

“There’s a technique,” she mused, reaching forward to cup his face as she pulled it delicately to press into her bosom. “...That we Amazons use, but it requires a man to enact it.” Jack could hear and feel her heartbeat underneath her bosom, felt a light tapping against his face as the veins

in her breasts all began to thicken. “We create a seed, but to do that, I need to take in a man’s seed into my body.” She bent downward, kissing his forehead as she lowered onto her knees, and on her way down, pushed his shirt off his shoulders and began kissing his chest, his sternum, and right down his abdominals; clawing gently against his arms.

“But, to get your seed, we need to mate.”

It was then that she nuzzled his groin, with her cheek, mouth and nose, licking the front of his pants with a long tongue, before she slowly began to unbutton his fly. Jack stared down at her as she stripped him of his clothing, pulling his shirt from off his arms, and expertly undoing belt, buttons and fly of his pants. And then when she finally revealed his manhood, as erect as it ever could be, she gently caressed it with one big hand, pressing in places about his pelvis, and to his amazement, it actually grew longer, thicker and harder; the cap bulging happily to invite her touch.

And then at last, she opened her mouth, and festooned her lips about the extension going all the way down to the hilt.

Jack’s fingers and jaw all clenched, feeling her cat’s tongue, laden with a hundred prickly points, all moistening and massaging his groin as she slowly drew backward until his circumcised head popped out of her mouth, and she nuzzled its end with the tip of her cat’s nose. And then she bent forward, licked the tip again, and then spit out a dab of saliva that ever so slowly slid down his length.

Again she stood up, pushing her breasts together with both hands as they continued to fill, and a minute squirt of creamy milk ejected from either teat outward onto his chest and began the steady crawl down his midsection. Jack watched her rise as she arched her back, the gentle sway and jiggle of those enormously positioned tits captivating him. And then Muff turned his back to him, her tail lifting a little more erect than before, before she slid her thumbs into the bands of her thong, and tantalizingly pushed the straps off the cheeks of her rear.

As she bent over, her breasts, either of which must’ve weighed hundreds of pounds now, laden with cream as they were, dangled from her chest as she rubbed her rear, displaying a ripening cunt that was slowly opening like the buds of a flower, revealing the soft pink flesh inside her, complete with a firm and erecting stamen of her clit.

Turning around then, she loomed over Jack, standing ten feet high at the crown of her head, powerful, muscularly dominating, feminine perfection, and lovingly poised. Her muscled arm reached down to take up his hand, and she pushed his fingers against the soft downy fur against her pelvis and cunt, rocking her hips slightly as she helped him rub his fingers into her femininity while he felt her clit harden to the intensity of a stone.

Jack’s own erection hardened all the more.

And then she rocked again, and his ring and middle fingers slipped into the buds of her flower, and immediately he felt her vaginal folds close about his fingers in a micro orgasm that brought a low groan from her. Jack likewise gave off a low groan as his erection hardened till it ached now.

Muff lowered herself to squat before him; hugging him into her embrace with both arms as she kissed him again. But this time, she pressed her lips against his, an embrace full of affection, and her lips, full of some strange substance that worked just like an aphrodisiac.

Then taking his waist in her hands, she rolled backward onto her back, spreading her heavily muscled thighs, groaning in readiness as she pulled his hands to her breasts, helped him caress her bodice, briefly, and encouraged him to kneel between the mountainous piles of muscle of her thighs.

Jack, for the barest of moments, considered his position, wondering what in the past few days had led him to this point, and for the moment following that, he wondered if he should. But then he smelled a scent coming from her body as she began to perspire, heard her purring and giving off a low moan, and as that scent from her body reached his nostrils, a scent of her pheromones stabbed him right in the brain. It was as potent as if it was a magic spell, and men being men, he was powerless at the intensity of such a thing. And likewise, with yet another groan and a pair of mighty hands reaching between her legs, Muff caressed his groin with both hands, and taking his sword in one hand, sheathed himself into her.

As an Amazon, Muff had only learned to become a receptacle for a male, of how to please them. But as a human, and an American at that, whose society sold everything with, and was centered upon, sex, he'd learned quite a few tricks that this massive Amazon knew nothing about.

And so, how powerful one's ego would soar as he began to 'stir' her, began to press key locations of her bodice, using his knowledge of biology and anatomy on a totally instinctual level. He used his knowledge of karma sutra, and pleased her as best as his every fantasy had ever trained him for.

And to top it all off, the moisture within her flower, her scent, even the taste of her milk as he suckled from her breasts, caressing them all the while, kept him incensed for a very, very long time... working just as well as any form of Viagra could.

He didn't get tired, didn't get sleepy, with his one and only thought coming to please her. And using his Americanized skills of sensual pleasure, he brought groans and moans from Muff, to the point where she started to return the favors.

For the barest moment, Jack considered that she was totally inexperienced and unknowledgeable in this act. That she was learning it for the first time. But if she and her people had few or no men...

But then his thoughts were interrupted by the fact that the Creator indeed did give men a groin and a brain, but only enough blood to run one at a time, and at this moment, his groin was gearing up for something big!

Rain water began to fall on them both again as he plunged deep into her, tightening his eyes shut as a dull thud started to take hold of his manhood, and right at that moment, Muff^o orgasmed, clenching tightly around his prick, just before.... climax.

Several powerful jets, over and over again, erupted from him into her body, Muff's body lurching upward, jutting her breasts high into the air with each tantric pulsating eruption.

Jack shuddered, loosing count as to how many times he pumped into her; ten... eleven... twelve... *never* had he been able to do that before. For the first dozen or so, they were each as powerful as before, and then they began to slowly lessen, and with the last drop in him gone, he collapsed to his knees, and only then began to deflate from inside her.

He was suddenly exhausted, barely able to move, growing limp with each passing second, but then he was embraced into her warm and loving embrace, held within those powerful arms as she pulled him between her massive breasts and began to purr.

For a time, ensnared so thoroughly inside that powerful mass of womanhood, so warm between those immense breasts, Jack simply lowered his arms about her broad sides and lay, exhaustedly, against her.

Whatever it was that needed to be done, had been done. It wasn't until later, however, that Jack actually learned what they had done...

11

Jack awoke some time later, lying naked within a bed of branches, leaves and mosses. He was well protected underneath the leaves of a tree, with the warm mists set about him as a blanket. Rising suddenly, he noted that the firm press of Muff's powerful body was no longer with him, and rolling to his feet, he skittered forward like a startled fox, and hurried off in a particular direction he thought she'd gone. And then he came to the ruined clearing seeing her kneeling at the center of charred earth, with a great hole opened between her legs.

Her eyes were closed as her fingers gently caressed her breasts and her body, fingering her womanhood while her hips gyrated and gesticulated. From where he stood, he saw her clawed fingers caressing the downy fur of her crotch, watched as it began to swell outward, spreading open to disgorge a clit that was firm and strong; the thing pulsating and beating within the open air.

Those muscles bulged and swelled, clenched as she groaned her pleasure, and arching her back deeply, holding her breasts upward into the air, she clenched her teeth and rolled her body. And then suddenly Jack noticed her cunt crowning before it parted open, and something rounded and bulbous pushed forward into a subtle dome surrounded by the lips of her crotch. A second push saw the thing further outward, and Jack's eye began to twitch, as he thought up images of a baby, but a third push, saw the thing safely from inside her. It was large, and hard, and looked very much like a seed!

A muscle in Jack's cheek twitched before she began orgasming over and over, and a wash of constant bursts of seminal fluids erupted over the seed, drenching it thoroughly. And then pulling backward a little, she collapsed forward onto her hands and knees, the press of her bosom pressing hard into the earth while she breathed hard and steady.

Then she buried the seed, and ever so weakly pushed herself upward.

She looked different, Jack noted, as he saw the tiny little horns atop her head now, and noticed that her bodice was a little lighter, though there were more molts and spots against her feminine form but brighter skin. And then as he saw her staring down at that little mound of earth, he saw her begin to cry, and immediately, it began to rain.... Hard.

Muff backed away from the seed, nearing the edge of the clearing, and wishing to be with her, Jack hurried around its edge to be with her. But when he arrived, he noticed also that she'd grown larger, stronger, with the objects of her femininity all the more enhanced!

She was staring out over the char-filled field while the rain continued to downpour. He lifted a hand and pressed it affectionately to her rump, feeling the downy fur of her upraised tail before she turned immediately to him with a shock.

"What was that?" he asked her, and in response, Muff knelt down where she was.

"Amazons have a remarkable power, Jack." She said, bracing her hands upon her highly muscled lap. "We take the seed of a man, and our bodies transform it with our powers of life into a seed and expel it into the ground. Once it takes root, then it would replenish the land around it, and above all, replenish the Grove beneath this Earth."

She picked up a bit of the sandy grit that hadn't coagulated into mud yet.

"But there is a price. That power takes precedence over our own reproductive abilities. It is immensely difficult for us to have children of our own. We may live for an exceptionally long time, but births among us are exceedingly rare. And even then, we give birth almost entirely to girls.

"As it is.... There are no males among my tribe. The last of them died nearly a century ago... Valiantly defending one of the groves."

Jack stared at her, and laid a hand upon her shoulder, and then suddenly realized, *nearly a century ago?* His mind snapped into thought. *And Muff still looks like a young woman. Even if that male had been her father, that'd make her over a hundred years old!*

But then Muff turned and embraced Jack; and with she kneeling on the ground and him standing, that placed his midsection affectionately between her breasts, and their heads right before one another. In spite of the situation, he began to feel the blood in his body flowing into his midsection to erect himself. He steadily felt his extension press between the warm and moist

expanse of her soft flesh between her breasts, hiding there sweetly as it began to throb, and Jack began to have imaginings of pleasing Muff all over again.

“We need you Jack.... I need you.” She said, and laid her head into his shoulder, her high tapering ears folding downward to the sides of her head sadly. “I’ve never known the touch of a man. Even from my own father, and you, you make me feel so... so alive.” She reached between her breasts, and caressed his groin. “You’ve already mated with me, Jack... my village would see us as mates.”

Jack’s mind was swimming, partially with trying to force his mind to think amidst the erotic feelings pulsating in his extension, all the while trying to understand what was going on. *She’s proposing to me?! He thought.*

“Think it over, beloved. I couldn’t hope for a better protector.”

Somehow, he was already feeling his mind being made for him. But then Muff gasped: “Look!” she breathed, and picking him up in her arms, stood mighty and erect as she looked out over the clearing. “It’s happening... we’ve done it!”

Her tears feel heavier, and in response, so did the rains from the cloud break above. A flash of lightning erupted across the sky to display a tiny little sprout of green erupting from the center of the ground. She squeezed him briefly, pushing all the air out of him as she gave a happy little bounce. Then he stared at the little sprout as it rapidly began to grow, creeping out of the ground, looking this way and that it seemed. And then with a tremble, it shot straight up into the air. The sprout became a sapling, the sapling small tree, and the small tree a towering edifice that erupted branches full of bright leaves while its trunk grew fat and wide, with its root system spreading to the very edges of the clearing and into the forest.

Then like magic, smaller roots and plants began to grow taking over the wreckage of machines Muff had destroyed, rusting them immediately and taking their iron and alloys back into the earth around it, giving the plant life around it a definite red hue from the iron.

“We did it! We did it!” she grinned and bounced, which gave Jack the wonderful feeling of feeling those massive, one hundred and twenty pound weights against her chest wobble and bounce about his body. It was a dream coming true. “This means you’ll *have* to join us! Not just *any* man can help me make a seed to produce that!”

She grinned and laughed, hugging him tight, and when her arms relaxed again, there was a rather hungry look inside her eyes. Jack blinked then as she collapsed to her knees and laid him immediately on the soft new plant growth. She then, without another word, surged onto him, her immense, cream filled breasts pressing to his sides beneath her arms, acting as a soft pillow between them and she grabbed his hair with one hand and immediately began to make love to him in thanks.

At last, Jack groaned, and climaxed inside her before taking his own turn at her. Later, they lay softly together amidst the soft trickle of warm rain.

12

The following months saw some surprising changes.

Jack was brought the next day to meet with Muff's sisters, a place so deep and so secret inside the forest that they had to pass through another gate of stone, and then under a waterfall to get to its hidden entrance. There, he was met with the Amazon culture.

Women... everywhere! With the youngest of them having the bodies of seven foot super models, and the older ones all had muscular, beautifully immense bodies like Muff did.

Their village was built within and beneath a mighty stand of trees, which, from the air, would've been invisible. And at the center of those trees, was the peak of a pyramid reminiscent of ancient Egypt, instead of the step pyramids of South America, depicted with the All-Seeing-Eye at it's peak.

Inside, he was brought, amidst the passing glances and caresses of a hundred different women, till he was brought before their mother.

The oldest of them all, this creature was nearly twenty feet tall, sitting within a massive stone throne with her legs parted open to reveal a cunt that was full and tight. Six breasts – the lowest twin pair the smallest – rested atop her chest, ribs and upper abdominals, with a horn work that decorated her head like a crown like ram horns and antlers together.

“She's beautiful.” Jack said openly, to which Muff giggled.

With The Mother's acquiesce; Jack was indoctrinated into the tribe. He was washed, anointed, and sexed by a dozen young girls, who would've gone further with him if not for Muff's presence. And then, before those young girls, Jack and she mated again... Their version of marriage.

And then Jack was brought before the mother herself, with only Muff in attendance.

He was then sent into a trance, and became only vaguely aware of passing between the full gates of her thighs to enter into the mother's bodice. Three days later, Jack was born anew, as a small fur ball, but given time and training, he began to learn how to transform just like Muff could. Though at first, all he was able to manage was that of a body similar to a Mr. Universe.

It took him many years to learn how to grow as big and as strong as any of the other girls here.

The Amazons had gold, a horde of it, and going briefly back into the world of men, with a bandana to hide his pointed ears and glasses to hide his eyes, Jack bought each and every last bit of land that a grove stood upon, and set guards around it, going so far as buying the land from the Mayo Clinic.

Great houses built like fortresses were built around it, with the land of the Groves round about protected by walls of stone, with locals to watch over the house.

There were twenty one such locations within a one hundred mile radius.

Jack then lived out his life, all five hundred and thirty five years of it, as a mighty protector of the Amazons... their greatest yet.

Muff herself, likewise eventually replaced their Great Mother at her death, and gave birth to many children... even to a few males.

And to finish a story, and trying to appear stereotypical... they lived happily ever after.

End