

Nathan

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Warning: *This story contains acts of a sexual nature. Parental Discretion is advised.*

Rated: *R – Restricted*

Chapter One: Children of the Moon

My name is Nattie Wolfe – Short for Natasha Evonova Wolfe – And I'm a Lycan.

Lycan, is short for Lycanthrope, *Homo Sapiens Lupis-Lycanthrope* if you will if you truly wish to get technical.

I wasn't born one, but was rather made into one, when the maddened brother of my husband – Peter Wolfe, who by strange coincidence had the same last name as me, even before marriage, though he had an "E" at the end of his name – had attacked me and bitten my arm. Usually... a human who was attacked by a werewolf and killed is stuck in a state of Limbo. Not really alive, and not really dead, but floating in the spirit world as a wraith. Thankfully, I didn't get stuck in limbo for being attacked by a werewolf being that I survived the attack, but because I survived I likewise concocted and absorbed the Werewolf trait, and became a Lycan myself.

But not just any kind of wolf, I, like my husband and my dead brother-in-law, I'd become a bear-wolf.

Though the bear-wolf has long since become extinct, and its progeny the dire wolf as well, with only the timber and arctic wolves left of that great line, the bear-werewolf was still nonetheless very much alive.

In my hybrid battle form, one of four forms than an adult werewolf is able to attain, I was a twelve foot tall, super-muscled and hyper endowed fem covered in shiny white fur.

My husband Peter was the same, the hyper-endowment part included, though he was black in coloring.

But unlike Peter, I was also a shamaness, which is a very real magic that is still alive in this world. I'd since developed a stunning level of Shamanic power since becoming a werewolf... My abilities seemed to jump suddenly with every child that I bore. Nearly as strong physically as my husband, I likewise had a tremendous and awesome shamanic power now.

My relationship with my husband began simple enough, though Peter at first despised me for being the reason for taking his brother away from him, but our love and affection had long since blossomed and solidified to where nearly a year ago I gave birth to twins... A boy and a girl.

And now I was leaving our family home, walking carefully due to my newest burden, late at night and just before moonrise.

To a Lycan, the moon was everything.

It was the source of our power, our magic, the progenitor of certain rites and rituals, and likewise, it was the source of what controlled my body, it was what stated when I went into heat, and now... It was what was stating as to exactly when I'd give birth.

I'd always heated on a new moon, and nine months later, gave birth on a full moon, and as the moon began to rise, I felt a soft combination of sensations. There was the usual sexual high that began to rise inside my body whenever the full moon rose, but then there was the first of my contractions, contractions that arrived the moment that the first ray of moonlight touched my porcelain skin.

Because I was a werewolf, because I had my tremendous healing ability and other traits of a werewolf, giving birth was made remarkably easy. It was even soothing, comforting.

Stepping to a quiet private glade, I began to undress, unbuttoning and unzipping my jeans, kicking off my shoes and socks, and then hooking my thumbs into the straps of my thong panty bottom, pushed both them and my pants over my rounded bottom, down my legs, and then stepped out of them before lifting my hands to my shirt.

I caressed my swollen belly for a moment, feeling the next of my contractions tighten my flesh there before I removed my shirt and undershirt. I didn't need to wear a bra... my engorged and enlarged breasts held their own selves up. They were always full with milk, had been since I became a werewolf and some mystical force around me made them firm to the point where they seemed to defy gravity in spite of their tremendous weight. Now that I was even now having my third baby, my breasts had expanded several cup sizes, even in my human form, my hips had broadened several inches – perfect breeding hips – and thanks to sexual interaction with my husband's enlarged phallus, I likewise has a vaginal opening that mad me a woman perfectly capable of baring many young cubs.

I was the pride of my pack, a breeding female who can help repopulate a dying pack.

My skin was perfect and I was physically strong, with a cut body that displayed my every muscle, with full pecs, rounded buttocks, thick biceps and triceps for a woman, and if I didn't have this bulge in my belly, I'd have a precise eight pack with two sets of lateral obliques. I looked noble and beautiful... All benefits of being a supernatural being.

I stepped forward then further into the clearing, totally naked now with my swollen breasts resting atop my swollen belly as I walked to the center of this small hidden glen, one hand caressing one of my tits that was already leaking my warm milk and my crotch that was dilating beneath my other hand rather rapidly.

I stood there and waited, feeling more of the caressing strength of the moonlight sliding down my body, a smile on my lips as my nipples hardened ever so slowly, erecting with my anticipation and my pleasure, and preparing to accept the mouth of my new baby as my navel tightened lightly again in another contraction.

Today would be an extra special transformation...

I stood there, waiting for the moon to rise, and automatically, I lifted my gaze upward right when the face of the moon showed itself fully before me, revealing itself completely over the tree line, and I smiled happily, even as my irises swelled to fill the whole of my eyes and my pupils became far too rounded for a human's.

After seeing the moon, I looked down at my body, opening my hands even as my fingernails began to grow, and for that matter... So did I.

It was rapid the way I changed nowadays, now that my body was used to the change, more efficient, fur growing all over my already muscular body that rapidly billowing forward and backward with even more muscle, my body growing leaner as muscles rippled and bulged. My face, mouth and nose began to push forward, teeth lengthening while my ears slowly migrating to the top of my head as my breasts billowed and bulged forward, growing additional glands, swelling with more milk while my areola bulged outward and my nipples growing till they were rock hard and stood several inches off my breasts. But then there were the growths of additional mammaries, with secondaries and tertiary mammaries swelling and growing down the length of my body, on my belly, six sets in all.

I moaned as my neck muscles bulged and my chest muscles ballooned, jostling my breasts as I rose up on my tip toes, my fingernails curving into claws and those claws sharpening and curling outward.

And then my fur began to grow in with earnest, my long mane of hair billowing outward in all directions about my face and head, a beard forming along my jaw even before facial hair – all over facial hair – grew over my face and body.

My monstrous breasts didn't grow fur as they continued to balloon... Filling with even more of my milk as they jostled and undulated, squirting brief gouts of cream from my nipples as they engorged with the sound of expanding rubber.

I smiled as I looked down at my hand, gasping as it furred up, the palm muscles thickening into hide-like thickness and fur growing thick about my wrist and fingers as my hand lengthened into a paw. Fetlocks formed about the edges of my forearms and ankles as my shoulders, biceps and triceps, my forearms and everything attached to them swelled and amassed with impossibly thick muscle.

I flexed that arm and then the other, and then my chest muscles, my abdominals tightening over my swollen womb as I rose up on my thickening toes; my toes spreading wide as my feet lengthened, each toe lengthening save for my big toe, which drew upward into a dew claw.

Growling deep in my throat, my back arching, my shoulders broadening further, my back billowed outward as my once soft body became firm and hard on all dimensions. I grew ever taller as my hips and shoulders widened, my tailbone turning outward and lengthening into a brilliantly long tail that drooped all the way to the ground, my mane of hair cascading about her head, neck and shoulders as I finished transforming.

The transformation took only a matter of about fifteen to twenty seconds, though I'd learned to force instantaneous transformations that literally exploded all the clothing off my body when it was needed...

I was a picture of a beast mother as I once again massaged my belly with one hand, my other hand scooping low over my vaginal mound to gauge the rate at which my labor was progressing.

Ever so carefully, I lowered myself to my knees, forcing my breathing to be controlled against the instinct to hyperventilate as I spread my knees apart into a straddling position and just let my own body do all the work.

Every so often, I'd flex my abdominals on either an involuntary or sometimes voluntary action, helping the pushing action, soothing my belly with one hand, soothing my crotch with the other as I steadily dilated, till I squeezed my abdominals firmly enough so that my water broke, spilling gallons of amniotic fluids from within me to splatter onto the ground between my mountainous thighs.

I moaned as the rush escaped my body, and just then, I could feel my baby sliding from my womb and into the birth canal.

Immediately as I felt the solid lump of body passing between my hips, feeling the soothing feel of the motion, I immediately pitied human women for the pain they had to endure to bring a child into the world... This act for me was easy, and relaxing... It made me want even more children.

I moved with my contractions, rolling my body and my abdominals to squeeze the tiny creature that was inside my body outward, laboring for tens of minutes as I pressured my baby forward, centimeters at a time. I could feel the cub passing fully into my birth canal, and I leaned backward and pushed; rolling my abdominals from the top down to push the cub forward. I pushed again, and yet again, several more times till I felt my vaginal mound push outward and crown, and I gasped as my vaginal lips pushed forward and parted, my woman flesh turning outward as the slit opened wide, and I palmed the head of my child as I pushed again, and my cub moved further into my touch.

Another push... And another push and I looked down upon the face of my cub. I pushed harder, and my baby's shoulders cleared my vaginal lips, and using one of my massive, fur-lined and clawed hands, I pulled my baby from my body, and held my new daughter close to my voluminous chest, even as my body continued to expel the afterbirth.

I really didn't know what was happening inside my body as I automatically expelled the afterbirth, I was just simply so overwhelmed that I was holding my new daughter, weeping and kissing the child as it made low squeaks, the child looking like a furry human baby, so small that she fit in the palm of my hand.

I continued on instinct as I bent my head and licked my daughter free of any fluids, and then consumed the afterbirth before biting the end of the umbilical chord off my daughter's navel, not even really detecting the taste before I cradled my daughter to one of my large secondary breasts – her mouth was too small to take one of my primaries comfortably – and let her suckle for the first time in her life.

Rising slowly, with blood splattered about my loins, I began to walk slowly back home with my prize tucked within one arm, nestled warmly there against the fat of my tit and the firm fur-covered muscle of my arm, carrying all my cast off clothing in my free hand even as my new cub automatically found my teat and began to suckle.

Soon the quiet snick-snick-snick came firmly to my ears high hooded ears, and I smiled motherly at her as she began filling her belly.

I strode up to my home in which I shared my life with my husband and children for practically a year now... And already, I had three children. It was a dream come true!

Being a twelve foot tall, white-furred, super-endowed bear-werewolf, I was quite hard to miss as I stepped idly through the forest and right up to the front door, squatted low, and lifting my hand to the knob of the door, smiled as the door knob turned immediately and the door was yanked open to reveal Peter.

"Merciful Gaia... Natasha! Where've you been?! I've been so worried... I..." but then Peter, standing in his human form and fully dressed, well out of sight from the moonlight, immediately shut up as I moved my muscular arm forward, revealing the soft-furred little girl in my arm who was suckling fiercely from my tit, so fiercely that she wouldn't let go for at least another hour.

"...You were just about to say that you are happy to meet your new daughter." I said, even as Peter lifted his hands to caress his daughter's brow. "Now can I come in, or do you want your wife who's tired from giving birth and is a twelve foot tall, blood-splattered werewolf carrying your newborn daughter to stay outside in this nice autumn cold?"

That seemed to snap Peter into motion, and he pulled me inside by drawing on two of my fingers. Already all the shutters and shades had been closed to shut out the moonlight, and likewise to hide away anyone inside the home who may've suddenly transformed due to an accidental dose of moonlight.

Once A Lycan was touched by the light of a full moon, they had absolutely no choice but to transform.

Peter locked the door once I stepped inside and rose to my full height, the high-vaulting ceiling allowing even me to stand comfortably, and straight after locking the door, he began to fuss over me and our new daughter.

"Are you all right? Are you still bleeding? Is she breathing ok? Is she feeding? Do you need some blankets? Are you warm enough?"

To which I responded to all of his questions with "I'm fine." or "She's fine." as I stepped lightly toward the secret wall in the nearby hallway and slid it open before crawling down the stairwell on both hind legs and one hand, cradling our daughter still to my tit.

"Natasha!" Quixote greeted beside Doc as I appeared. "We were all worried that... Well... I think our services are unnecessary now."

"Come now, Nat..." Doc said as he walked over to me as I rolled my arm open for him to inspect my daughter. "It's paramount that you learn to control your instincts!"

I was smiling down at my cub, only half hearing the admonitions of my doctor and my mentor, rubbing my baby's tummy so that she'd feed more. She was suckling so hard that she could've hung from my tit if I let go. I stood there in the high-ceilinged cave while Doc inspected my daughter.

"What instinct is that?" I feigned ignorance.

"Nat... You know what instinct Doc is talking about." Quixote said quietly, the tortoise shell rattle on his staff shaking lightly with a rattle as he moved closer. "A female wolf's first instinct when she is about to give birth is to find a quiet secluded place... Which is exactly what you did."

"So? My baby deserves to be born in a natural setting."

"A cave is as natural a setting as a forest clearing Nat." Doc said, and stepped back, satisfied that my new cub was healthy, and he'd also tied the remnants of her umbilical chord and cut the excess off. "And here... The environment is warm and dry..."

"...And out away from the eyes of others." Peter said suddenly, removing his turtleneck sweater and shirt as he stepped barefoot into the room and then transformed into his great black hybrid form. He then entered and kissed me on the forehead, palming one of my arms and the head of our new baby before looking down at her face. "You are very vulnerable while giving birth, beloved. I'd prefer you not try to rationalize this instinct you have, and allow Doc to do his job."

"Fine... Next baby we have, I'll subject myself to everyone you want me to." I murred and affectionately stepped into my husband's grasp.

"You liar." he said, and accepted me nonetheless. "Please remember, Nat... I want you and our children to be safe, and a stray hunter walking over the mountain looking for game can walk in on you while you're having our baby. If you do go out again when our next baby is to be born..."

"Our next baby?" I mused, and he smiled.

"...Yes, as many as you want to have... But when you do... Please pick a place more secluded and private. Ask the females of the pack... I'm sure they have some secret places that even the elders don't know of yet."

"As you command my sweet lord." I said, half falling asleep as Peter picked me up in his arms.

"Good. For now... I want you and our cub to be pampered and bathed, and then you're off to sleep. I'll bring Nathan and Kira to you when you are clean and dry.

I sighed as Peter brought me into the reflecting pool room... A large chamber where a natural mineral spring rose up. Even as we arrived, a fem dropped a heated rock into the water so that it'd heat up more than the lukewarm heat it normally had, and Peter set me at the edge as several females, most of whom were in various stages of their own pregnancies, moved to help me enter the waters.

They bathed me, cleaned my crotch free of blood, and while I sat at the edge of the pool, they also rubbed lightly-scented oils – a wolf's nose was very sensitive – into my fur, and brushed my fur straight before I was helped to a straw bed covered with fur pelts and many blankets.

Peter returned to me then, with our son Nathan and our first daughter Kira, placing the twins against my navel where they could nurse from my many tertiary breasts, while our new daughter, wrapped up and bundled in a nice clean blanket made from extremely soft yarn, was able to nurse from one of my larger secondary breasts.

"We still have yet to think of a name for her beloved. This is the first day of a full moon. We can give her, her naming ceremony two days from now."

I smiled sleepily, and then laid down on my monstrous bicep, cradling our new daughter in one arm while petting and caressing the backs of the twins with my other hand.

"I have just the name." she smiled.

Two days later, our new daughter was named Mia Peterova Wolfe... After my dearly departed mother.

Despite my desire for additional cubs, my womb remained closed for years after Mia was born. I was nonetheless happy though. Three children, a doting husband, a good home, a comfortable lifestyle and the adoration of females in the werewolf packs – even the neighboring packs – across the whole countryside.

We often had several young maidens who either came to me or were sent to me to learn my ways, and most of all... Nurse from me in hopes that they too could absorb the Gift of the Matriarch that I possessed. The virility of the females all across the packs became incredible. Thankfully... I was brought up in a way that didn't let all of this go to my head.

But during the first year of the twins' lives, about the time that I first became pregnant with Mia, I remember one slinky female that came to me, sicker than – pardon the expression – a dog. She practically collapsed at our front door.

When she arrived, it was the first thing in the morning, and we were just about to enjoy breakfast when we heard the weakest of knocks on the door... which was immediately followed by the sound of fingernails on wood.

Unsure as to whether or not that was a knock or not, I exchanged a glance with my husband before Peter rose to go answer the door, only to find a half-dead fem collapsed at our door.

She looked malnourished and sick, her breasts drooped and you could see the bones of her ribs. She was naked, with only a ragged blanket to cover her body, and though she smelt of being a werewolf, she was far too weak to even assume her hybrid form.

Peter drew her in immediately, closing the door and carrying her to the nearest couch, and I rushed for some blankets.

For three days we cared for her, bringing Doc to our home to look at him, and even Quixote arrived unannounced to look at her.

When she awoke, she asked only for water, before she made weakened motions to leave, but we had nothing of it.

I took her into the bathroom, cleaned her up, bathed with her and washed her... Despite that she smelled like a werewolf, she also smelled like a person who'd been rolling around in garbage. Perhaps that's all she's eaten too... Being that there was a camp ground at the base of the mountain, and more than enough scrap food in the garbage bins to feed a person... If one could degrade themselves to sift through trash to find and pallet half-eaten and possibly moldy or insect ridden food.

After that, I fit her in some of my simple clothes – they fit her like she was the center pole of a tent – and laid her down to sleep in one of the guest rooms.

For days more she slept, regaining her strength, waking occasionally and asking only for water.

It was one day that we were making dinner that she roused again, smelling the food, she came downstairs, and saw the spread that was there, and her eyes became sorrowful, and her mouth was obviously watering.

"I must go. Thank you... So much for your kindness... But I..."

She didn't get the chance to say much else as Peter simply scooped her up in his arms, I pulled out a chair at the table, and Peter put her down in the chair before I pushed it forward.

"Eat." Peter said as she looked up at him in confusion. "Eat, for Gaia's sake, and don't stop till you've had your fill."

She looked up at us, and then at the spread before her, and then beamed up at us with tears in her eyes before she set herself to the food, spooning and ladling herself up a great heaping plate that was more than both Peter and I could eat together, and though she began using forks and knives, she eventually resorted to her fingers, and began to eat with a fervor I've only seen homeless people manage whenever I bought them a meal.

She ate so much that there was barely anything left... Peter and I finished that up.

It was later as I was nursing both Kira and Nathan that she came up to me, having wiped her mouth and washed her hands, sitting aside from me. She was watching the way I was nursing my cubs.

"I... Want to thank you both for doing all this. Sharing your clothes and your food... I'm really grateful, but I need to be going..."

"No." I said at last, breaking into her obviously prepared speech. "We cannot let you go back out there all alone. We don't even know where you came from, or why you were in such a situation. We want to help you, especially if you're in trouble."

"W-what makes you say that?" she smiled sheepishly.

I looked down at my cubs as they suckled sweetly from my fat breasts... Their eyes still hadn't opened yet, and they were both very furry still.

"While you were sleeping, we had both our doctor and a shaman look over you, just to make sure you weren't sick with anything. You are malnourished, dehydrated... And you're pregnant." I paused before looking up at her. "And you know that you're pregnant, don't you?"

"Yes." she said quietly. "I... I really don't want to talk..." she began again, her voice croaking a little.

"Don't. You're obviously in trouble. You wouldn't have left wherever you're from and done this to yourself if it wasn't to protect your baby. If you're not ready to speak of the why's or because's then that's fine with Peter and me. You're free to stay here as long as you want, and we're willing to help you have your baby."

"Th-thank you..." she breathed, "But why?"

"Because we're a dying race." A voice came from the hallway, and we both looked up to see Peter enter the living room. "And we know the benefit of helping someone in trouble." he came to sit beside me and palmed my belly. "And we know the importance of children. Rest assured... you're safe here."

"I hope to think that." she said, looking down, pushing away some of her black hair over one ear. "My name is Jenna... By the way."

Peter and I couldn't make ourselves to ask for a surname if she wasn't willing to give it.

"How far along are you?" I asked.

"About three months." she shrugged, hunching her shoulders and smiling at us.

"I'm just past a month myself." I said and looked down at my cubs as they stopped suckling, and I stood up. "Time for me to put these two to sleep now." I said, and hefted them up to my shoulders to burp them.

"May I please help?" Jenna asked. "I... Would love to have the experience."

I smiled at her. "Of course."

Jenna became a very fast friend of mine, very close friend. We would even bathe together. There were certain social graces that she possessed that I thought were very much becoming of a lady, such as the way she entered or exited a pool of water naked, covering her sex with a washcloth but not being ashamed of her breasts, which were even now growing healthy, ripe and full, and she was careful of not entering too fast so that the burden in her womb wouldn't suffer from shock.

When she entered the pool... She knelt, and was very precise in the way that she cleaned herself.

She'd learned to shift back to her hybrid form again, and she was a very beautiful black wolf with a white belly, very slender and virile, very beautiful... *Even more so than me*, I thought. I was a woman and even I was attracted to her... Despite that I was perhaps five times her weight. The weights of my primaries together were perhaps heavier than she was.

"You are very lovely, Jenna." I said as I leaned back against one edge of the pool... All my fat mammaries floating in the water, my primaries floating like buoys.

"Thank you." she blushed, hunching her shoulders "I must admit... I've never seen such a strong and well-endowed female as you, Natasha. And you bear the Mark of the Wild on your breast as well. You must be a powerful shamaness."

"I try." I smiled, and then lowering my hand beneath the water, began to smooth my rounding belly. All my abdominal muscles had smoothed over remarkably like they had when I was pregnant with the twins.

"What's it like for you?" Jenna asked suddenly... To have a life growing inside you.

"Relaxing... Soothing. Comforting that I carry another soul inside my body, nurturing it, knowing that it'll someday soon call me mother."

Jenna looked at me. "I wish... I knew that feeling."

"Don't you?" I asked, raising my head to her suddenly.

She shook her head.

"Come here." I said, and Jenna rose; her rounded belly, thickening rapidly now that she was being well fed now, stepped forward, wading through the deep water to stand before me.

I took her hand in one of mine, my hand twice as large as hers, and pulling her to me, I cradled her to my body, and laid her hand on my belly.

Almost immediately, pressed against my body, Jenna began to relax, her tense muscles soothing as she lay against my tit, and we both held my belly for a short while.

And then I shifted our shared touch to her belly, and she immediately began weeping.

"Oh my baby... My beautiful baby..." she whimpered, and closed about her stomach, and trying to hush and soothe her, I cradled her against my body like a large baby and whispered comforting things to her.

"It's ok... It's ok... You're both safe... It's ok."

And I held her like that as she wrapped her arms around her middle in order to protect it as much as caress it, resting her head on my chest.

It took awhile for her to calm, but when she finally did, resting within my grasp, she held her body comfortably, smoothing her belly, and turning to me, she gripped the tuft of my white fur between my monstrous primaries.

"I still... Feel a little anxiety." She whimpered. "Please... Do me one wish Natasha..."

"Anything." I replied soothingly and kissed her forehead.

"Promise me, if anything should happen to me... That you'll take care of my little one?"

I smiled and embraced her.

"I will... With all my heart..."

The Den beneath our house was a great sprawl, large enough for hundreds of werewolves to live comfortably with one another, but there was rarely any need for so many to gather all at one time. Not since the last Gathering centuries ago, or so Peter had told me. Many sections of the Den had even been sealed off due to the lack of their need.

After bathing, it was always a wonder to lie naked in one's hybrid form amidst all the soft furs arrayed everywhere, and with so many females needing to be protected and watched over with their burdens, there was a veritable harem of females down here at any given time. Many of them were growing near to the end of their pregnancies, others were just starting.

Jenna, as she was passing her sixth month of pregnancy, began to be comforted and soothed by many different fems other than myself, everyone helping everyone else in grooming and eating, talking about breasts and nursing and birthing.

Peter only came down into these sections of the tunnels to check up on me and to deliver our children to me so that I could nurse them. The talk of females and their habits and their needs usually made males uncomfortable...

It was on this day that Jenna came to sit beside me, palming my belly with both her hands. She was beginning to gain in muscle definition, and her tummy was absolutely ballooning now. She'd put on a lot of water weight lately.

"Nattie... What were you doing with that other female earlier?" she asked as she took a nearby brush and began grooming my tummy.

"Which one?" I asked as I laid back.

"Well..." she blushed, "You were nursing one of them... Or suckling, whichever it is."

I smiled.

"I'm sort of an anomaly, Jenna. I possess a very rare gift that I pass onto other females. Many are sent to me in hopes of earning the right to gain that gift from me. "

"A gift? Like a Gift of Luna?" Jenna asked wide-eyed. "Those are so rare!"

"They are." I smiled. "But as you can see, I have several of them."

I thought for a moment, and then sat up, my legs flopping open to support my swelling navel.

"Jenna... I think you have need of the gift that I can give you."

"Gift? You wish to give me a gift? A Gift of Luna? But how?"

Now it was my turn to blush. "That girl you saw nursing from me earlier? She was attempting to absorb the gift from me... She was unsuccessful." I paused and then reached forward to stop Jenna's hand, but also to finger her black lips. "I want to offer it to you... With all my heart I want you to have it Jenna. And all you need to do is drink from me."

Jenna knelt there wide-eyed, and then looked down to my tit.

"Are you serious?"

"I am." and I lay back again. "It may feel weird, but... I would like for you to try."

Jenna looked at me, and then looked at my bulging, multi-breasted chest and swollen abdomen, twelve individual mammarys that were all full and rounded, and engorged with milk to the point where my fur had thinned on each and every last one of them.

Licking her lips at the sight of one of my primary breasts, the largest pair of them all, either of the pair larger than my head and in some cases larger than some of the females here if they were to curl themselves up into a ball, and in spite of herself, I watched as Jenna reached forward and placed her fingertips upon the massively rounded tit on the left side of my chest, and flexing one of my teats, an extremely difficult learned muscle control, I made the teat erect, and then begin to leak milk from its end onto her fingers through an act of slowly flexing and un-flexing the pectoral the mammary was attached to.

She flattened her hand, the tough leathery pads of her palm rubbing against the velvety feel of my milk-laden tit, and she began to massage my breast, getting more milk to come out of its own accord, and lifting her other hand, she began to massage and cajole my breast.

She was salivating as she came to sit on my powerful thigh, her tummy against my tummy, and opening her mouth a little, she closed it around the fleshy nipple of my tit, and began to suck pleasantly.

I sighed and cradled her with both hands so that she could relax more, sliding my hand up and down her back, rubbing her belly occasionally, and as she settled against me, wagging her tail lazily, she began to suckle and drink every last drop of my milk.

Closing her eyes, she didn't mind as I caressed her bottom, massaged her tit, sliding my fingers between her mammarys and butt cheeks to caress and fondle her sex and the crevice of her chest, cupping one of her smallish tits with one of my large hands.

And just as I hoped, after only a few minutes of nursing, my friend began to absorb the gift that I had to give.

Jenna's body ever so slowly began to thicken as she nursed, her muscles and her body firming up, her ribs and hips broadening about her middle, her hips moving to better cradle the child in her belly, and her ribs flaring so as to better cage the child and her own organs, while her breasts rapidly began to fill.

She moaned as she pressed on my tit, trying to knead more milk out as her spine arched, her tail lengthened, and her biceps and thighs swelled steadily, her vaginal muscles thickening beneath my touch while her body tightened with growing muscle.

She rose, licking her lips, and then switched to my other primary tit, drawing on my milk as several very desirous and rather jealous females watched her grow within my arms, becoming a greater werewolf as each moment passed.

"Hmm..." she moaned, drinking every last drop that I had to offer as she began to drain my other tit.

Her arms moved to hug my tit as she rode my thigh, sliding her sex back and forth against the powerful muscles of my leg, her hands beginning to rub her own belly, as she cupped growing mounds that were erecting with nippleage; additional mammaries swelling and growing, and after a few moments, began to lactate heavily.

"Ngh... Ah!" she gasped as she came up for air, breathing heavily as my milk slid down her throat from her mouth and in between her breasts as she soothed her mammaries that were rapidly swelling, engorging, and billowing like growing mountains.

She cooed as she then flexed her muscles, and I watched, pleased as she put on over a hundred pounds right before my eyes, all in raw muscle... She put on an additional fifty in mammary and liquid weight as she began to lactate.

"Oh! My baby!" she groaned, palming her belly as it swelled too, her belly button immediately going from an innie to an outtie.

"Y-your baby?" I gasped, and palmed her tummy with both hands too. "W-what's wrong?" I asked, and she moaned and came a little on my leg.

"I-It's a she... And she's absorbing your gift too." Jenna moaned, and folded herself around her belly, her body still strengthening as she cooed and soothed with the pleasure she was feeling, her primaries, her secondaries, and her newly growing tertiaries, swelling and filling rapidly with milk till they overflowed.

"I have a little girl..." she moaned, and rubbed her breasts, and pushing her tit upward, inserted it into her mouth and nursed from herself while caressing and spreading her labia open with her other hand, spreading her woman flesh open as her claws lengthened and sharpened.

"And look at you. Look at those muscles! And those breasts!"

She flexed her arms, soothing her lactating breasts, but moaned pleasingly before she scooped her hands about her rounding belly.

"Ngh... Oh she's going to be a special one." she whispered, and nuzzling my tit, began to suckle again, absorbing my gift as fully as she could. "Thank you, my sweet friend." she managed between swallows, nuzzled my tit even more and continued suckling as I cradled her to me.

"You're welcome..." I soothed, and kissed her brow, and then settling back, held her carefully.

Over the final months of Jenna's pregnancy, as I moved into the middle of my second, Jenna learned as much as she could from me, watched me suckle Nathan and Kira, helped me to bathe as I helped her to bathe, and we gave each other massages.

Jenna also developed sweetened milk that I was able to suckle from now and again, and she transferred back to me an additional portion of the Gift of the Mother that she'd developed but I didn't have. It made me even stronger and even more endowed as a woman than ever.

She was my dearest friend ever... And I loved her.

But then one day, on a new moon with an approaching mountain storm – and mountain storms were always quite fierce – Jenna went into labor.

I was there as she began to scream as her insides were being torn apart.

Something was heinously wrong, for a werewolf to experience pain as she was giving birth meant that there was something remarkably wrong.

When Doc appeared, he set himself to her aide immediately, and soon began forcing everyone out of the room, even tried to force me out... For my safety and the safety of my unborn baby, but only due to my protests and Jenna's screaming and howling desire for me to be there was I allowed to remain.

Little by little, Doc was able to accomplish a C-section and rescue Jenna's daughter, and she was so happy... so wonderfully happy as she took her little girl, who barely made a peep, and folded her to her chest to nurse as Doc closed Jenna's wound open, which he had to sew shut.

Werewolves healed supernaturally fast, almost instantly. The extremely strong healed as if cutting their flesh was like cutting water. It simply flowed together as if nothing had happened. This healing factor preserved our lives and lightened our pains. Usually, even the pain of passing a child through our birth canals was made subtle and soothing, almost sensual... The fact that Jenna had to be sewed up, the fact that she was experiencing pain meant that something had happened to her healing factor.

"So sleepy..." she said quietly as she lay with her daughter with the purest of smiles I'd ever seen on a person permeating her face.

Her joy was absolute, and that joy was for the tiny child in her arms – so small in spite of the great womb she'd just come from – that nursed from Jenna's chest so forcibly that the little girl seemed half-starved at first. It was a reflex action of all werewolf cubs. They looked for the nearest tit and sucked till they were round balls of soft fluff... all so that they could survive even if born in the open cold.

"What will you call her?" I asked, wringing out a washcloth and placing its cool, damp moisture on Jenna's head.

"Hmm... I thought of that for a long time. I think... I'll call her Luna... After the goddess who allowed me to have her." she said, almost in a whisper.

"Luna... That's such a beautiful name." I said, helping to massage her breast for the cub that was nursing so fiercely from her mother. "But I want you to rest... Rest will, Jenna." I said, and kissed her forehead again, and with a final sigh she closed her eyes and collapsed.

Just then, there was a loud hammering on the front door. With a gasp, I hurried upstairs, changing into a human and pulling a robe from a closet on about my nude body, I arrived just as Peter opened the door.

A crash of lightning later revealed a man who reeked with the scent of the wild, of a werewolf, but the smell wasn't of a decent werewolf... It carried the scent of a werewolf who was accustomed to bloody killing, of hunting animals of the wild and humans who encroached on his territory alike and killed them both mercilessly for sport.

It made the hair on the back of my neck stand on end.

Despite being in his human form, Peter began to growl at the man, and noticeably increased in size and in muscle mass just looking at the man.

The man stepped in uninvited, and pulling his hood of his leather raincoat back, even I growled at him, my eyes wild with an unnatural fear in me.

"What are you doing here?!" Peter barked, tearing through his clothing as he instantaneously transformed into his towering black wolf form, his white teeth lengthening as he snarled. I'd never seen my husband's hackles rise, but he now had a deep fringe along his back as he growled at the newcomer.

"Are you actually going to fight me, Peter?" the newcomer said.

"Get out of my house!" Peter barked, brandishing the long ebony claws on one hand.

"Not without my property, Peter. Give me that, and I will leave peacefully... Deny me... And... Well... My entire clan is outside this house to burn your ancestral home right to the ground."

"What property?" Peter growled, and I trembled, feeling the change upon me, but I kept it in check. Too many transformations weren't good for the baby inside me. "You have no property in my house, Lupin."

Lupin grinned at Peter, and his eyes turned a burning red, and a strange aura rose up about him; it wafted off him like green tinted mist.

"You have my wife... Jenna, Peter."

"Your wife?!" Peter gasped, his eyes going wide with disbelief, and I gasped.

"So she's here? That is good... She's been lost for a long time, Peter... And as I understand it now, she has also grown pregnant from me. By this time, she would nearly have come to term." Lupin looked to me. "Or were those howls I heard coming from her giving birth to my child?"

The glow in his eyes and the mist from his body gave way.

"Bring me my wife and my child, Peter. Or you'll have a war between you and me. And other than you, there is nothing more than invalid women, the elderly and the young here. You yourself, even with your so called enhanced body, are no match for all of us. Not since your brother died."

Peter immediately started growling again.

"You have no choice, bring me my wife immediately or I'll..."

"I'm afraid that that is quite impossible, Lupin." a voice said, and I turned to see Doc, a grizzled old Grey wolf turned white with age, step into view, his hands and chest covered with blood. "Jenna... Is dead."

Lupin clenched his hands tightly, and that haze around his body returned and his eyes changed color again.

"You incompetent fool!" he barked, partially transforming right there, enough to show off several blood-stained teeth. "You dare let my lifemate perish underneath your knives and your scalpels. You will pay for this outrage, you will all pay..."

"That's enough, ill-mannered cub..." yet another voice said, and we all turned even as a newcomer entered through the still open door, revealing Quixote. Lupin noticeably shrunk back from my teacher, and a recently grown tail from Lupin visibly slid right between his legs.

"What is this? Are you picking up strays now Peter? You take in this old Ronin for your..."

Whack!

Lupin yelped as he was jostled straight to the ground by Quixote's staff, and as he came up, Quixote lobbed the front of the staff with its turtle shell rattle right into his forehead to knock him back down.

"You will keep a civil tongue in your mouth, my old student... Lest of course you'd like me to teach Peter exactly why you fear me so..."

Peter blinked... So did I, and as Quixote raised his staff, he set it to his side again with a light tap against the wooden floor.

"What is it that you want, whelp?" Quixote said with a growl.

"I want what belongs to me!"

Quixote looked at Lupin and then turned to Peter and me, and for the first time, I saw Peter appear most indecisive as to what to do as he stood there in his massive hybrid form, towering over everyone in the room by at least twice.

"Rise Lupin." Quixote said, returning his gaze back to the other wolf, and Lupin rose, keeping his distance from Quixote. "Know that if you ever slip up, Lupin... I'll be forced to destroy you utterly, to where you will never find your way back to Gaia's Womb.

"You will wait on the other side of the threshold of this home till I return."

And Quixote turned, walked right past Peter and me and retreated down the hidden stair well into the Den below.

When he returned, however, it was with Jenna's newborn baby daughter cradled in one hand.

"No... No you can't!" I cried, instantly crying. I will take her. Give her to me... We'll raise her as our own."

Quixote paused, staring at me, before turning to Lupin.

"Is that acceptable?" he asked without another moment of hesitation.

"No." Lupin said. "That is my daughter, she is mine. Give her to me."

Quixote stared sternly at him, and began walking toward him. I shifted forms so suddenly that my robe exploded about my body, and I took hold of my teacher's robes fiercely with one hand.

"You can't! I can't let you give something so precious to that monster."

Quixote turned toward me, but it wasn't he who spoke... It was Peter.

"We... Have no choice, beloved. It is our law... And he is her rightful sire and father. His right to raise his own daughter is beyond our desires. We... Cannot go against the law."

I stared at Quixote, and he looked up at me apologetically, and his stare commanded me that I let go of him.

My hand loosened, and he stepped forward as I began to sob, and I rushed forward to stop the hand off, but Peter stood in my way, wrapping me within his arms and holding me tightly as Quixote gave Luna to Lupin.

"Now off with you, cur." Quixote said, and Lupin smiled down at his daughter.

Without another word, Lupin turned with Luna, who immediately began to fuss, and then cry, as he walked off into the rain with her.

Out in the darkness, dozens of werewolves joined their leader, and soon disappeared into the night.

I never cried so badly than I did that night as I nursed my two cubs.

Laying on my chest, but my lower body turned so that my cubs could nurse, I rested my head upon my fat primaries with my arms folded around them, as I watched Doc slowly prepare Jenna's body, wrapping her up in a white silk sheet, sewing the sides together and then likewise wrapping her body in linen bands. It was like she was being mummified.

Every now and again I would give off a low howling dirge beneath my breath, wiping my eyes upon the fleshy masses of my tits even as Doc finished his preparations.

Quixote did some sort of last rights, and then her body was burned with incense.

"I loved her." I said quietly. "I never knew a friend who was so true."

I said that aloud, to where Peter, who'd sat down beside me and was petting my side remorsefully, tried to comfort me as best as he could. Words somehow failed him. I loved his wisdom... this was the first time I'd ever known him not to have an answer for something.

"Who was that wolf?" I asked, my sorrow turning to anger. "Who was that evil, hateful person?"

"Lupin. The master of another pack that resides on the next mountain over. A powerful shaman and an individual who's lived for centuries... With a massive clan of family and retainers that's like a small army.

"He and his family have sought our lands for millennia. There's a lot of bad blood between his pack and ours."

"So he did what he did just to be spiteful?!" I asked incredulously.

"Honor among wolves only extends so far as one's own pack... And even then for Lupin, that's a stretch.

"He took Luna because he saw that we wanted her... And he also saw that he'd have to endure the dishonor of his wife leaving him if he didn't take her. That would've been a blow to him that would topple him from his position as the Alpha."

"Are you supporting him?" I gasped, rising up and turning to look at him from over my shoulder.

"Not in the slightest." he said and stroked my shoulder to calm me. "He's an evil wolf, Nattie... Practically mad with moon madness. The sooner he's put down the better."

I bit my lip and lay down again as I felt one of my cubs struggling to suckle.

"Then just tell me one thing, Peter. Would..."

"Yes I would, Nattie. I would raise that little girl as our own daughter if I could, but the bond of blood is stronger than our desires. As often as I have to enforce both ours and man's law here... I ... I truly hated myself for having to support that murderous bastard tonight."

I began to cry again, and I watched as Jenna's body was consumed in the flames.

"Would... Would you have taken her as a concubine? Maybe as a beta female?" I asked.

"That's a question that would challenge my love and affection for you dearest. I don't think I could bed her if that's what you had in mind, not while I had you, but she'd be welcome here... As long as she wanted to stay, she'd be welcome here. I've... I've already made preparations to honor her."

"How so?" I asked, wiping my eyes with one furred hand.

"He's decided to add her name to your pack's lineage, Natasha." a voice said, and I lifted my head as Quixote entered, looking somber, definitely not his usual whimsical and mischievous self. "Her ashes will be added to the soil of this mountain, where countless Wolfe ancestors have found their final rest."

He paused.

"Natasha... I'm... I'm so sorry that I had to..."

"It's been done." I said quickly, "And it's what had to be done. We had no choice in the matter. I hugged my breasts tighter to me with one arm and massaged my belly with the other. "The only thing that I'm sorry about... Is that Luna is now within that band of murderers, thugs and cutthroats.

"I only pray that she won't be raised like the rest of them."

"Luna be praised," Peter, Doc and Quixote all said at once, as did about half a dozen pregnant females who were my attendants presently.

That little girl didn't know it, but apparently, the Moon Goddess favored maidens who were named after her in love... That and she listened to the hearts and prayers of those crying out in her name, for her namesake...

Out in the pouring rain, little Luna howled and bawled as she was carried in her father's arms, back to their den on the opposing mountain, and just then, for an instant, and despite that it was the night of a new moon, the clouds broke, and a shaft of silvery moonlight shone right on her.

Chapter Two: Fate of the Children

I stood naked in my wolven form... A sort of small hybrid form that was like a human but covered in fur. I'd just given birth to my third child Mia, who was even now cradled in my arms in her soft swaddling cloths and suckling fervently from one of the secondary breasts that I gained in this partial form. I was incredibly strong, had tapered ears and a tail, but I also had a body of soft fur to keep me and my baby warm, the added breasts to help suckle my babies, and the warm feeling of even more muscle on my body than what my human form possessed.

Walking on my toes as I waited patiently, I bent my head and kissed Mia on the forehead, smiling dotingly at her as I listened to her constant **snick-snick** of nursing. Rubbing my thighs together as I shifted my weight, huge quadriceps bunching and shifting upon my legs, I began to note that I was already feeling the wonderful desire of wanting sex from my big husband. An added benefit of a Lycan's healing factor was that I also healed almost instantly from the rigors of giving birth, and so my birth canal could now take that incredibly huge endowment Peter hid inside his pants. Many human females would have to wait months before the stretching of their vaginal muscles and their insides healed enough with scar tissue to make them able to have sex again.

Even as it was, as I was standing there, I felt a strong muscular body slide against my back. Even as a human, Peter was tall and very strong, with incredible muscular power that was very nearly equal in strength to my current form. He was practically an Olympian thanks to my effects on him, for being such a storehouse of Gifts of Luna, I had often granted him those gifts as he supped from my milk or supped from my nectar or absorbed these gifts from me during our lovemaking. As I stood there nursing our child, he wrapped his hands around me and covered my now empty womb, and his other hand covering and cupping my crotch, playing with the twin lips of my vaginal mound in order to tease me as I felt his groin swelling into the crack of my behind.

"Hmm..." I whispered, my nipples hardening, and as an added benefit I started lactating even harder for our daughter.

Mia swallowed and then cooed, and I smiled down at her, wiping her mouth clean with my thumb and then moved her onto my chest to burp her, and I felt Peter palm his new daughter's placid face with one of his great hands.

"What were you thinking about just now?" Peter asked.

"About Jenna... And Luna."

"Nothing about Kira and Nathan being poked and prodded by Doc as he checks them for defects?" he joked, and hugged me tighter. "Despite how much I detest that old stray... Quixote says that her spirit lingers here... With love. In a few centuries, her spirit may even be strong enough to materialize."

"You may yet be able to see her again."

I smiled briefly, but then my smile diminished. "I hope that I'll remember her then."

"You will. Wolves have exceptionally long memories."

That brought a smile onto my face again, and I turned to Peter to get a kiss on the lips as he continued to cup Mia's tiny head with his large hand.

Just then, however, the door to the room in which Nathan and Kira were being tested and inspected opened and Doc stepped out.

We both smiled at him in his doctor's garb, till we saw the look on his face. As one, Peter and I scowled at that look, both of us growing concerned.

"W-what's wrong?" I asked.

"I... Have some news." he forced a smile. "Kira is in perfect health." he said, but at the moment said nothing more.

"And what of Nathan?" Peter asked, releasing me and approaching Doc a step or two.

Doc sighed.

"Nathan... Isn't maturing like his sister. He's eating well enough, according to how often you feed him, eating as much as Kira does, but he's not growing as fast as she is. He's a few pounds lighter than she is at the moment. Science would call him a hyper-metabolic, but here in the Lycan world, that has a different meaning. Here we call him a runt."

"A runt?!" Peter gasped, and looked at me for a moment before looking back at Doc. Doc nodded. "No... No we'll not abandon him. I won't let my son go like that."

"Like what?" I asked, even more concerned.

"In some packs, Nattie, a runt is killed outright before it has a chance to mature." Doc explained. "With how stressed many packs are and for the need to have strong blood, a runt is killed before it can mature to pass on its genes."

I gasped, and stared at Peter.

"Never." Peter said. "And I'll have words with anyone who suggests that I put a child of mine to sleep, no matter what drawbacks he may have."

Doc swallowed. "Do you truly mean that Peter?" he asked, and Peter's head jerked back toward Doc.

"Of course. You know that... So why did you just ask me that?"

"Because Nathan has one other developmental problem, Peter." Doc said, removing his glasses and folding them up, slid one of the stems into his coat breast pocket. "I'm afraid that aside from being a runt... He's..." Doc bowed his head. "There's good reason for your concern that he hasn't opened his eyes yet like Kira has, and that is that he's... Blind."

"B-blind?!" I gasped. "B-but..."

"It is a congenital birth defect. I'm afraid that he'll never see visible light."

I gasped.

"N-nothing can be done?" Peter asked.

"Healing magics have no hope to repair something that Nathan was born with, Peter, for as far as his body is concerned, his eyes are working as they should, and magic can only fix damages to the body, not repair mistakes in birth. I'm afraid that your son will require special needs his whole life. You'll need to show him more physical affection, allow him to touch things, hold him, and speak to him often. Sound and touch will have to replace his eyes."

"Oh my baby." I said quietly.

"Can we see him now?" Peter asked.

"I'm done with them both." Doc said, and began gathering up his things that were resting on a table here next to the nursery, and then he paused and sighed. "The elders are needed to hear of this, Peter. The longer you wait before telling them, the cooler their tempers will be concerning your son."

Peter's face looked pained. "Thanks Doc." Peter said, and Doc bowed slightly and let himself out.

Peter and I went into the dimmed nursery, to where Kira immediately squealed and held out her arms as she lay on her back beside her brother, both completely human, forced to be human thanks to a pair of collars placed around their necks to keep them from changing till they were both older.

Peter reached in and picked Kira up while I reached in and palmed Nathan's bare chest and rounded belly. He did indeed look rather small, and as I placed my hand on his chest, he opened his eyes to slits and cooed, reaching with his tiny hands to hold onto my fingers.

Even in the dark, my wolfen sight allowed me to see the silvery gray slits of his eyes that were completely absent of any color.

He held onto my hand with both hands, while Kira clutched to Peter with only one hand while sucking on the fist of her free hand. It appeared as if Peter didn't want to let go of my fingers, as if he were holding on for security.

Scooping him up in one hand, I held him in one arm, and automatically, he turned his head and began to nurse, but only did so as he moved his mouth around my tit looking for the nipple.

But still, looking down at him, I began to smile.

"I don't care." I said. "He's our baby... I'm not going to let anyone just kill him for who and what he is. Runts and blind people get along very well in human society... He can learn to get along very well in ours."

"Lycan society isn't human society, beloved." Peter said, but stepped over to me, switching our daughters so that he could hold Mia and allow Kira to nurse now – she went right for my teat, and started suckling as her perfectly functional eyes moved between us to keep her mother and father in sight – before Peter embraced me and our cubs. "But I will not allow a bunch of old badgers take my son from me." and he leaned down and kissed Nathan's forehead. "No matter the cost."

Luna was asleep in her crib, a rickety thing that looked like it was as old as the turn of the last century before last. Definitely not a place for a child who bore the name of the Moon Goddess.

She slept sweetly enough though, sucking her thumb, with plenty of females – concubines of her father – to provide her with all the milk she needed. Sometimes, those females would fight with each other for the privilege to nurse her.

As she slept now, a spirit walked into the room.

The very first thing I did after dying, giving my life up for hers, was to follow my child in her plight to my old home, and watched as she was made princess over everyone in the clan amidst her howling and bawling.

I looked down into her crib, lowering a hand as if to touch her, but a spirit with no substance couldn't touch a being of living flesh and blood lest that spirit was far, far more potent than I was now. And freshly dead as I was, I had only enough power to hold myself in the limbo between life and death.

Dear, dear Natasha... You tried to protect my cub, protect my little princess, but Lupin unfortunately had the law on his side.

Justice was blind...

If I had a choice now, I'd let my dear friend suckle my child... Not this rag tag bunch of whores and bitches who constantly wedged me out of the way so that Lupin could give them favors.

Now they are fighting over you, my sweet little Luna.

I had a few minutes of quiet retrospect coddling and caressing my child, or at least trying to as my hand constantly passed through her, when there came voices, and I turned even as the door clamored open and Lupin entered with that brat of a son of his, a child through another female's loins, throwing a tantrum that he didn't want to be here as he was being dragged into the room. Several other wolves and bitches entered as well, and I glowered at them despite that they couldn't see onto the plane that I existed in.

And then came another entrant, and old, hunched over crone, who's breasts had drooped heavily to her waist with age, who's back arched deeply, and who's ears had long since drooped. She had a pot belly, and her face was obscured by her hood, even though a wicked muzzle still laden with many sharp white teeth extended from the darkness of her hood.

In one hand she carried a twisted and knotted staff, and the bones of beasts and of men hung about her body like trinkets.

"You!" I growled, and stepped in front of my baby.

The Crone, as she was known as now, her original name was lost in antiquity, was easily the eldest of all the wolves, possibly older than any wolf in the world.

She looked right at me, right in the eyes, and cackled, clicking her tongue before she shambled forward.

"You will not have her! I won't let you!" I cried out, my voice so loud that others in the real world began looking around for the source of a barely audible voice. Only the enhanced hearing of wolves and werewolves could've heard me at that moment.

The Crone cackled again, and as she neared she waved her hand through me, and I screamed with pain as my body dissipated like mists, and I was forced to re-corporate my form elsewhere, but when I looked again, The Crone was looking down at my dear Luna.

"Is this the child?" she asked, caressing Luna's face with one finger that held a wicked hooking black claw that was as long as the finger.

"Yes. But the bargain will be different with this one, old woman. Her process is to be accelerated. I want your *'life-long'* process to be finished by the time she comes of age."

"Difficult, very difficult, and such a task will require much attention. And a higher payment."

"You may have your price."

"Then double... Our previous arrangement that we had for your poor dead wife. Silly girl... didn't have sense enough to realize that unless the process is completed, she cannot live without me." The Crone smirked, and looked straight at me again.

"Half again our previous price, Crone. I already paid for my wife in whole, and yet you've only completed three quarter of her altercations. I consider that I'm giving you a quarter of the price with that arrangement."

"Done." The Crone said, and letting go of her staff, it stood straight up and down against the floor, and she reached in and took my cub from her crib.

"No!" I cried. "Please! Don't do this!" I got on my knees and begged. The Crone just smirked at me.

"Let us begin then." The Crone said, and several of the wolves brought in a table, and the crone removed a roll of leather, and opening up the roll, revealed a torrent of knives and pins and tools, and from a pouch she removed a mortar and pestle before placing my daughter face first onto the table.

I began screaming at her to stop, wailing even, and with a wave of her hand she muted my voice even as Luna was tied with cords by her tiny arms and legs to the legs of the table.

The Crone then mixed her herbs and her foul concoctions, mixing in silver tincture to the substance, with silver being a deadly poison to Lycans. I began to weep for my child even as the Crone began her work, and removing a scalpel like knife, she stirred the knife into the bowl of mixture, and then raising it to my baby's soft back, began the first incision of an ancient, torturous process that I myself endured for the past twenty years of my life.

Immediately, my baby began to howl in pain.

One year passed, and I sat watching my babies learn the ways of their bodies. Even Mia had taken to crawling by now, while Nathan was only just learning to stand on his own.

He was very careful, very precise, and had phenomenal hand control, he likewise had been the first to say mama and dada – apparently being less one sense allowed some things to develop faster, like his hearing, and others to develop slower, like his balance – though Kira was already running and giggling practically everywhere she needed to go.

I sat back, dressed in only a loose belly shirt, leaving my lower body naked and open on this warm summer day. I enjoyed being partially or totally nude... It was a freedom that I didn't enjoy as a human. I'd put on several pounds of muscle and mammary growth in only a year, and had tremendous P-Cup breasts that constantly lactated.

I was a mommy, I had children and a husband, the things I'd sought for most of my life, and now that I had them the only work that I had need to do was to maintain that life, and I did it very well.

I watched my cubs play about me, amidst dozens of other children – there were several other mothers here today – while Peter and the elders still argued about Nathan's plight.

This time it was Peter's turn to stand before the elders and refuse to obey their command. Last time, he and I both told them outright that we would challenge them for total leadership of the clans to save our son, which meant that we'd have to fight all nine of the elders.

For werewolves, being old didn't mean that you grew weak... Quite the opposite really. Elders all were either born or became greater werewolves, and they had both mystical and physical power. It was a telling thing that they were treating both Peter's and my threat to challenge them so seriously. It meant that they were concerned that against the two of us, they might not win.

Quixote has given his support, though only secretly. He was still viewed as a stray, and his support would actually hurt our cause, but Doc, and several females – strangely, there were a lot more female werewolves than male – even prominent females of other clans and packs joined our cause.

Today, the elders had asked to speak with Peter alone, which left me to do the mommy thing.

I sat there, watching as Nathan edged along the couch, his movements almost seeming practiced as he moved up to one female, felt her leg, smelled her hand as he got a stroke on the head from her, and he continued along.

He moved past another female like that, and finally came to me, and giggling he tried to crawl upward, and I pulled him up to me.

"He knows his mommy." one of the other fems said.

"That he does." I grinned, especially as Nathan tried to pull my shirt open. "And hungry too..." I mused, and pulled my shirt up from off one of my large breasts. Feeling my bare tit with his hands, he moved automatically and straight to my nipple, where he settled quietly, closed his usually half-opened eyes and began to nurse. "And he's always hungry." I mused, feeling my milk swell within my breasts and pass from me into Nathan's mouth.

"Mm!" came another voice, "Mm Mm!" It said again, and looking down, smiled at Kira as she hopped in front of me, wanting food too, and bending over, helped her up so that she could nurse with her brother.

I sighed, crossing my legs, and settled backward myself, already becoming filled with desires for another baby.

Just then, however, the chamber door that led to the Den opened up and several humans, mostly males, and all in various degrees of nakedness, from fully clothed to absolutely nothing, walked in and began collecting their mates and their cubs to leave.

Peter came straight to me, sat beside me, fondled my thigh and my knee with one hand, and cupped the back of his son's head before he bent to kiss me.

He waited as all the different Lycans left our home, he nodding to each of them with a stupid smile on his face, and when the door finally closed, he turned to me and uttered only two words.

"We won." he grinned.

I nearly squealed but then remembered the two cubs upon my tits, and quieted my excitement, but nonetheless I began to kiss and cajole with my husband.

After all three cubs were nursed, all three burped and laid down for naps, I was laid down then and mounted, with Peter's huge phallus piercing my thighs as we celebrated in a way only animals could really manage.

In celebration of being allowed to keep our son, we attempted – though unsuccessfully – to have another.

Years passed, and in my state of death I never had a chance to sleep or eat, I didn't need such things anymore, but I watched my little girl grow older and mature, and once a month, I watched as she was strapped face down on her table like a sacrifice and then cut with those knives... Just like I'd been cut.

I watched her circumcised, I saw her mutilated, saw her bare spine exposed and the sinews of the muscles of her back laid bare, and I wept each time it happened, tried to be there for my little girl till the Crone swept me away, and then I could only be there for my child after each cruel act.

It was a horrible thing to do to a child, and if not for the fact that Lupin treated her better than he had done for me, gave her everything that she needed, even many of the things she wanted, she somehow withstood being spoiled.

Somehow, just like me, my little baby was resisting the evil of this place.

I was proud of her.

Now, on this day, six years after her birth, right after she'd healed from her most recent mutilation, the Crone cut her worse than she'd ever cut her before, working potions and herbs directly into her flesh, to where I could see the ever growing larger emblem on my daughter's back... glowing brightly a fiery, searing white.

I knew that what was being done to my baby girl was a complicated procedure that, in its original form ancient form, was designed to make the individual who could endure the trial into a creature of perfection and nigh-unlimited potential. Such an individual would become a standard that all would move toward, and would give this clan much honor.

That's what I was to become... Till I ran away... Ran away the day I discovered that I was pregnant.

Now my beautiful little girl was to become that standard in my place.

Oh forgive me my sweet little baby... Forgive me for leading you into this.

I caressed her back as best as I could once the mutilation was completed, dipping my hands into her body, which helped her to relax noticeably... Somehow she could feel me when I touched her soul.

I tried to finger the long bandages across her back as she whimpered, and I thought that I could almost feel something of the linen gauze that covered the semi-luminescent cuts all across her back and now her shoulders when the door to her room opened.

"Hello... Luna." a voice of a young male said as her half-brother, Kor, entered the room.

I growled at the boy, but he moved inside nonetheless, not being able to see or hear me at all.

He wasn't very bright due to intense inbreeding, but he had incredible muscle mass and an incredible endowment already. As a male, these were all that he needed according to Lupin. He sat down on the edge of Luna's bed and laid a hand right on the wounds on her back.

Luna hissed with pain.

"I was so sorry about what they did to you Luna." he said with a mischievous glint in his eye. "But father says it's necessary." his touch moved down to the small of her back.

"Father doesn't love me." Luna whimpered. "He wouldn't do this to me if he did." Her voice was soft and very lovely, and thanks to her teachers, and partially to her own cleverness, she'd received a high level of education that allowed her to speak fluently already, even at the age of six seasons.

"Of course he does... He loves all of us. I have markings like yours that have been cut onto my body too, but yours are a lot larger than mine. Father loves you more." there was Anger in Kor's voice, but it immediately softened as he looked down at his half-sister's body.

"I love you too, Luna... I can even... Show you how much I love you."

I choked, and barked at Kor as his hand cupped my daughter's bottom, his fingers sliding in between her butt cheeks, and unsheathing my claws, I began to wave them viciously against his body in order to eviscerate him, my form passing effortlessly through him.

"No! No! No!" I cried. "You keep away from her you nasty little bastard!" I screamed.

"No!" Luna managed weakly. "Stop it." she moaned, even as Kor pulled her legs open, his phallus unsheathing and erecting, and he was about to take my little baby, me crying fiercely when...

"Kor!" a voice bellowed, and Kor turned half a second before he felt the cupping hand of his father batter his head downward and he was sent into a crumpled heap against one corner with a single blow. "What... Were... You... DOING TO HER?!" He bellowed, his power forcing the chamber to shake around us, and I could feel the waves of his anger and felt his power manipulate this world of mine. I covered my ears and screamed against the terrible affects around me.

Kor looked up at his father wide-eyed, his tail between his legs as he cowered in fear, whimpering.

"What were you doing?!" Lupin repeated, snarling.

"I-I... I just wanted to... To love her like you love your many concubines."

Lupin's eyes burned as he then reached forward, took his son by the scruff of the neck and dragged him off, slamming the door behind him, and I breathed a sigh of relief.

Then I heard whimpering and sobbing, and saw my baby girl covering her face and crying, shaking against what had just been thrust upon her.

I rushed over to her and sat down beside her; caressing her head and back by sliding my fingers through her flesh.

I was crying for her too... And for me.

I very nearly witnessed my daughter raped, like I'd constantly been raped... Her own conception had been such an act by Lupin.

What made my tears harder, though, was the fact that I couldn't do a thing to stop it from happening.

I was born with the name Nathan, and I am the blind runt of a son of Peter and Natasha Wolfe.

Blind men and women don't necessarily wake up like other individuals who were blessed with sight. I had no conception of what color was or even what the color white was. I did, however, know precisely what black was. It was the only visual thing that I was aware of...

A blind person awoke with a slow growth of awareness of self and one's surroundings. We might open our eyes but it wasn't the wide-eyed sight of a person who had vision, but rather a lazy-eyed blank stare that didn't ever focus on a single thing.

The things that awoke a person weren't anything visual, like a flicker of something flowing before your eyes, it was rather a sound of some sort that buzzes in your ears, like the boards of the house settling, a fly buzzing in your ears, or a twig from a tree tapping on your bedroom window during a high wind. Instead of sunlight shining through your window, a blind person awoke to the sounds and sensations of morning... The rising sun sending rays of heat down onto your body, the sound of song birds, the sent of morning dew coming in through the open window and breakfast cooking downstairs, and the taste of that food lingering in your senses. Sometimes, there was also the sense of foot falls in the hall outside, reverberating through the house and waking you up.

Pushing myself up, my lithe, slender body working in precise movements, I sat in bed for a few moments, allowing my mind to focus and refocus on my surroundings, letting my unconsciousness recede back into my mind, my eyes blinking out of the sheer necessity to continue to lubricate eyes that need no such thing anyways.

I focused on my senses, my ears twitching, my nostrils flaring, and I used all my other senses to focus on the things around me. Then rising I began to walk, lifting a hand to the wall to guide my passage down the hall, walking

precisely with delicate and precise steps, and dodging my sisters as they rushed down the hall, smiling before I turned into the bathroom to wash myself.

Though nudity was a widely celebrated thing amongst us, I was... Embarrassed, about a trait that I inherited from my father, and that was an endowment that had become developed into something a full grown male would have longed for well before my fifth birthday.

Stepping into the shower, washing myself and then toweling my body off and brushing my teeth, I again dressed in a pair of shorts and headed down stairs to the exercise room. There, I immediately set myself to my morning work out, trying to push myself to lift those weights, but it was far, far harder for me to gain muscle mass than everyone else did. My sister's didn't even have to work out and they were both stronger than me.

After an hour of working out, I finally went down to breakfast, walking precisely down the hall and once again dodging my sisters as they tore through the hallways before I entered the main room of the house portion of the Den – the kitchen/living room/dining room – and sat down at the table.

"You smell very nice mother." I mentioned, turning my head to where my mother was cooking breakfast.

"Thank you, Nathan." she said, and then moved toward me to give me a helping of steak and eggs, with a stack of pancakes before kissing me on the cheek. "Happy birthday."

"What about Kira?" I asked about my twin sister.

"She'll get her congratulations as soon as she and Mia can pause long enough to sit down." she mused and stepped off to return to the stove where she was cooking, and I turned my head away from her, toward a spot where I was hopping would be occupied today. "Where's father?" I asked.

"I'm sorry he couldn't be here for breakfast, Nathan... But he promises that he'll be here before moon rise."

I turned back to my food, and took up the butter platter, reaching right for it.

I was afraid a lot when I was younger. I didn't know what was causing certain things, or where sounds were coming from, or what it was that was hurting me. But the older I got, the better my senses filled in the blanks that my sight had left out. When I was a child, all was black, all was darkness, but as I progressed from an adolescent into a teen, my senses began to focus all the more, and I began to be able to tell where things were around me. For now, everyone appeared as outlines in the darkness... Quixote explained them as shadows... Things that were discernable in the dark that I saw.

My colors became the myriad of smells in the world, combined with the tastes that certain smells produced. The butter smelled like transformed milk and its soft surface didn't reflect sound as much as the porcelain dish it sat upon. This was how I knew where to reach to retrieve it.

I dished myself up some butter on my pancakes, and then added syrup to my pancakes and steak, and then waited for the inevitable.

With two high-pitched squeals, both my sisters rushed into the room, both nude and both already developing into adult females so young in life, and both promptly sat down in their chairs across from me and scooted up to the table with a mild hop of motion. I had to wince against the squeals, their screams were quite high-pitched in my hearing, but were still music to my ears.

"Happy birthday Kira." Mother said, and dished them both up some food.

I sat quietly, my hands folded on the table before me, enjoying the company and waiting for mother to take over.

"Now girls, settle down. Time for prayer." Mother said as she sat down at her end of the table.

The mood suddenly became somber as my sisters calmed down so that mother could say prayer over the food, and once she was done, we dug into her well-prepared meal.

"Hey! How come Nathan gets more than me?" Kira said, pointing at me.

"He can eat more than you, Kira. But if you're so confident, then when you're done with that, then you can have seconds. I cooked more than was needed because I thought your father would be here today, but he had to leave early this morning on business."

"Mama... When's daddy coming back?" Mia asked as she rocked from side to side in the seat of her chair, poking at her food with her fork.

"This evening... Before moon rise. Don't worry! He wouldn't dare miss this most important moment in your brother and sister's lives. Now eat your food and stop playing with it."

I sat there, half poking at my food as well. I'd hoped that father could stay here all day.

Sighing, I set myself to eating my breakfast, and hoped that mother's promises would come true.

Ten years old... Happy birthday Luna.

I stood with my arms outstretched, tied to the bed frame, as my half brother throttled my pussy with his growing phallus.

I was crying... Especially with fresh cuts all over my back for my emblem.

Kor had learned that after I received one of my treatments from the Crone, there was a short time in which I was left alone to heal... Plenty of time for him to assault my pussy and my ass with his dick, and rape me.

He'd learned on how to silence my cries by gagging me, as I felt his long penis pushing open the folds of my labia, his extension pressing deep into my body over and over again.

I looked over my shoulder at him as he did it, gripping my butt cheeks, cumming into my body.

He was never gentle and always did it till he was pleased, which usually didn't take longer than a few minutes, as he kneaded my behind and my chest, and the slowly pulled out, occasionally reinserting himself into my anus and wronging me all over again.

I always felt cold inside afterwards, and thankfully, with the sound of creaking wood outside this room, he stabbed a look over his shoulder, immediately pulled out, and then leapt out the window with his incredibly long cock dangling between his legs.

I immediately sank to my knees as the door opened slowly, and a female, a small, nearly breastless female, an omega in the pack, entered and began washing my back off.

It only took hours for my body to heal now instead of days, and I was developing an incredible healing factor thanks to my trials, as well as an increasing immunity to silver, but that only meant that the Crone had to force even more pain on me to cause the marks that father wanted inflicted on me so badly.

What was worse was that I didn't even know why this was happening to me...

"He's been doing it to you again." this young woman whom I didn't even know the name to – I think that she was one of father's many bitches... A female he keeps around him for pleasure, and a female who stays with him despite his abuses on the off chance that she'd heat and bare his child – said to me. Even if she were to bare him a girl would make her favored and honored in the pack... A boy would give her much power. "I wish you'd speak up about it, Luna. How much of this can you take? You know that Lupin would destroy Kor for doing this to you."

"My father doesn't care anymore." I whispered as this fem began cleaning my wounds, laying silk cloths on my back that had been cooled in the icy cold waters of mountain run off. "He turns a blind eye to it now... There were times that Kor had been raping me, and I could smell father right outside the door, but he did nothing. He could hear, he knew who was in here with me... He didn't do anything against it."

"But maybe... If you tell him it's happening..." this female said, a full werewolf, complete with a muzzle and a tail, and small rounded bosom, she was slender, and a beautiful gray with icy blue eyes. In another pack, she would've been a prize for any male. In this one, she was a trophy... Like me.

"If I told him then he'd punish Kor harshly, might beat him to an inch of his life... But then Kor would just beat me in return.

"Best if I let that bastard half-brother of mine just have his way and get it over with."

This woman then undid the bindings on my wrists, and then held me upright as I leaned against her chest, listening to her heart beating as she cleaned the blood and semen off my body.

"You are far stronger of a person than I am, Luna. It's a shame that you've had to grow up so quickly. Females your age should be playing with dolls... Not entertaining other adults with your body."

This fem, after cleaning me, now began to groom me, and looking down at my bodice, I saw that I was developing hips, and I was also developing pert little breasts. No other girl my age that I associated with had either of those. All of them were a good four inches smaller than me as well.

Lifting a hand, I pressed a finger against my broadening nipple, pushed it in, felt the firmness of the breast beneath it. Developing so soon, forced development... There was only one reason why I was being forcibly changed like this.

I was to be made a trophy wife.

"Your father has sent new clothes for you, Luna, for your birthday party that he's throwing. He wants you to sit at his right side at dinner tonight." This fem said, and handed me a small package bound with string. I opened it, and revealed a thong, the sort that the adult females wore, and a jacket made to leave my chest open.

I looked at the jacket; saw the soft silk and supple leather of its design, the flower embroidered on its back... The back... Perfectly large enough to cover the wounds that were there. There was also a white silken blouse that had been embroidered to match the thong that was to cover my breasts and only my breasts, leaving my rounded navel open.

"You'll look lovely in those."

I folded my hands over the clothes and bowed my head as this fem – my retainer with no name, apparently – began to braid and do up my ebony mane with eagle feathers and blue ribbons in an elegant array to make me look pretty. I even got make up for my lips and eyes, and gloss for the end of my nose and my lips, and, as I also found out, my nipples.

Then there was a subtle perfume...

Ever since birth I've been pampered, I've been trained and I've been molded. Aside from The Crone coming once every few months now to cut into my body, reshaping my spirit it felt, re-breaking my bones and molding my flesh, and also the occasional raping by some male, including my half-brother, my life was quite easy... Yet sad.

I... Wished I had a mother. In place of the woman who actually birthed me, in which my father Lupin had called a whore whenever I asked of her, and everyone else called a bitch and a whore out of fear of him, I still felt deep down inside that my mother was a good person, and being that she gave her life for me, I also considered her a saint.

I saw her image once, in a photograph with her as a human, and I couldn't help but think that she was the most beautiful maiden I'd ever seen. Even I fell in love with her beauty... And I aspired to become like her. I tried to learn all that I could of her, but those who actually opened their mouth to tell me the truth were no longer allowed to see me afterward.

But one of the most formidable truths came most recently... And that was the fact that my father had contracted The Crone to do the same thing to my mother that she was doing to me.

Whatever the reason, it had accelerated the power of my maturation, and though I was only ten years old, I was already developing breasts, hips, and most of all... I'd already experienced my first heat.

A torrent of females surrounded me, helped me to understand what was happening to my body, taught me how to release the pain of such pleasure, taught me how to pleasure myself, and likewise pleased me to show me how.

It was then that I realized my true purpose:

I was being transformed into a breeder, a perpetual bitch, a prize among prizes.

Sighing as my aide, the woman I knew nothing of, continued to make me look pretty, putting perfume between my breasts, behind either ear, on either side of my crotch and down the center of my back, she explained why a woman was to decorate herself as thus.

"These were the places a male would find his head as he pleasures you, Luna. A good scent will make him harder longer as he pleases, nuzzles and loves you."

I was then fit with that thong bikini bottom, while I looked sadly at an image of myself in a great oval mirror surrounded by wicker.

My room was the den of a princess as well. It was filled with many fine things, filled with silks and soft linens, the choicest of pelts to sleep on upon my bed, pelts even my father gave up for my comfort, perfumes and make up and clothing designed to accent my sexuality.

I felt like a doll.

I didn't... I didn't necessarily hate my father for doing all this to me. There was the fragment of his affection inside all his harsh actions. The greatest thing that I faulted him for, however, was turning a blind eye where my half-brother Kor was involved. Whenever Kor had felt wood stirring in his loins he'd come to me. Sometimes he was successful, sometimes he wasn't. I learned not to resist any longer and I thought that father let him have his way so long as he didn't beat me any more.

The last time that my half brother had marred my flesh, father beat him so badly that he nearly died. Kor left me alone for nearly a whole year as he recuperated and remained in fear of reprisal.

But then I awoke one day with him on top of me, stroking his self into me again. I remember crying at that sight as I laid there and just took it.

Merciful Luna... I felt hollow inside.

I rose then from where I was, wearing my new clothes, my blouse and my jacket, my hair done up as if I didn't have bleeding and scaring flesh all across my back in a magical array.

Despite that my clothes were covering up the wounds, and the perfume was covering up the smell of blood – the perfume down my spine stinging subtly – I nonetheless stood with my breasts hanging out and on display within my tight little blouse, my panties so tight that it showed off the subtle folds of my labia and the already growing pubic fur down the center of my chest and up from my loins, accenting my beauty.

"You're as beautiful as your mother was, Luna." my aide said behind me, and I turned gracefully, elegantly, I a being trained to be an adult in little more than a girl's body as I leveled my eyes upon her.

There was my desire to ask the question "What do you know of my mother?" to ask her everything she knew, but if I began to ask questions, then she would be taken away from me like all the others. The only person who'd ever answer my questions was father, and then he wouldn't tell me the truth, or if he did, then the truth was skewed by his observations.

I finally lowered my head; the question unanswered, and allowed myself to be escorted to the banquet in my honor, where I got to sit on my father's right side.

Kor sat across from me, his damnable smug face eyeing my breasts constantly as I knelt there, holding myself in constant regal poise while everyone around me were using their hands and tearing into their food, throwing their left over bones over their shoulders where servants dove for the scraps and actually fought over it.

"Luna... I'd like you to meet Markor." my father said, and I looked at him briefly, and then turned to the huge hulking male on my right.

He was looking at me lecherously, and despite that I bowed my head solemnly, and held out my hand to be kissed, he nonetheless went past formalities and cupped my slender, coltish thigh with his huge hand, stroked my leg and finally settled his touch against my immature pussy, his pinkie finger sliding over the twin bumps of my labia.

I exhaled a soft, annoyed sigh, hoping that I wouldn't have to ride him by the time the night was done.

"Pleased to meet your acquaintance, my lord." I said, lowering my unaccepted hand to the table, trying not to squirm or flinch away from his constantly caressing pinkie.

"Likewise, my little sweet." he exhaled into my face. I rapidly turned a look of distaste into a pleasant smile at the smell of acrid alcohol on his breath.

Though I didn't have to ride this great male's cock, I still nonetheless had to sit on his lap, with his hardened groin pressing constantly against my sex as he kissed me and made love to my face, neck and breasts with his lips and tongue.

Later that night... I took a long bath to clean myself of the rigors of the night.

Happy birthday, Luna... Happy birthday, I thought inwardly, and then sinking fully into the bubble bath tried yet again to drown myself. Unsuccessfully.

Chapter Three: The Gathering of Light and Darkness

A 'Howl' was a gathering of packs and clans where there were always several proceedings of matters of law, tests of adulthood, and so on, but likewise, there was also an incredibly large party as well. There were almost always at least four such gatherings per year, happening on the equinoxes and also the solstices, but regardless as to the when that these Howls were conducted, they were always held upon ancient meeting grounds that were still located deep in the wild, currently in the center of a national park where over many decades we werewolves have not only made the lands surrounding them wildlife preserves, but through the influence of politicians and judges, some of them werewolves, others being friends of the Lycan, have made it so that it was illegal to fly over the preserves as well.

Because "Airplanes would interfere with the migratory patterns of the endangered species of birds there."

It was tripe, but the funny thing was that enough people always pushed for such reform, so our ancient lands were preserved.

I myself and all the younger werewolves had no part in the council, though mother and father, being the leaders of our pack, were required to attend.

It was father's duties that kept him away so much... I couldn't necessarily be angry at him for it for I knew that he was doing it for mother, my sisters and me, as well as for the benefit of the whole of our pack. I could sense him trying to be there for me, but there was little that father and I could really do.

There was little that a father and a son could do when the sun was blind. Likewise, I took more after mother than I did him, and what I did take after him... We really couldn't discuss openly.

Puberty had struck me all of a sudden a year or two ago and I was immediately struck with a vicious growth spurt – none of it in muscle like I'd hoped – but suddenly my penis grew so thick and long that I was embarrassed about it. I took to wearing at least a loin cloth at all times, even when all the other younger wolves about me were practically or totally nude.

This was my first time here, and I'd spent most of the day simply listening to a new place, feeling the vibrations in the air, and after sixteen years of life, I'd become proficient enough in my skill at listening to where I rarely needed my walking stick any more.

But also to display the fact that I was blind in the stead of a white cane, I wore a white bandanna about my eyes. My ears were my eyes, and with my head perfectly still, my ears twitched and turned, listening to everything around me, smelling the scents of summer while I got to rest in my half-wolf form – the closest form I could manage to being a full wolf at this young age, a form absent of a muzzle or a full-length tail even, but was covered head to toe fur – with my feet resting in the water of a pool here.

I could hear the shouts and the cat calls of the other young wolves about me from afar off, they barely marred my solitude, and I thought for a moment, that I was alone here... till I felt a space in the air nearby me suddenly fill with substance, and the sound of grasses crumpling beneath a pair of feet.

"Who's there?" I asked quietly, my nostrils flaring. "Your scent... Is unfamiliar."

"Can you see me?" a soft-spoken young female's voice asked and I heard her delicate footsteps move a little further forward.

I smiled and turned my ears toward her. "No... I'm afraid I cannot see you... Or... At least not the way you would perceive seeing."

"You're blind?" she asked, and I nodded.

"Since birth." I answered her, and my head followed her as she moved about me.

"But how do you know where I am?"

"I can still hear you and identify your place in the world, feel how the wind blows about your body. I can smell you and tell which direction the scent is coming from."

I sensed her sitting down besides me, quite gracefully as well, her body moving and making barely any sound at all. I smiled when she waved her hand before my face to see if I were lying about my eyesight, and when she was satisfied, she settled back facing me.

"Hmm... Sometimes I wish I could be invisible..." she said, and leaned in closer to me. "...As if I could make everyone blind to me so that I could disappear for a time."

"Even to a blind person, you're not invisible..." I smiled. "You still displace air; I can feel the rush of it moving about you. Sound still bounces off your body, giving me a general outline of you, really little more than an amorphous blob... But I can still sense that you're there."

"Really? What else do you see?" she asked, and shifted her weight, resting on her hip with her legs tucked in close.

"I can smell your scent. You're wearing a perfume with pheromones mixed in with it, affective against someone of the opposite sex. The scent comes from behind your ears, your back, between your breasts and thighs. But beneath all that are the subtle smells of flowers from conditioners and shampoos and the smell of bubble bath laden with oils to make your flesh smooth and your fur soft."

"You have long hair that is thin and wavy, which curls up into natural curls that jostle and bunch within the pull of the wind."

"You're graceful and precise being that you hardly make any noise when you walk; with every footstep and every gesture that you make done precisely to keep your balance as you walk on your toes."

"You're wearing a silken blouse and a linen and leather jacket that brushes against your fur." I paused and smiled toward her.

"And then there is a gentleness about you that cannot be faked: A longing to touch things but you fear that to do so would be considered inappropriate." I lifted a hand to run my fingers through something else about her, an aura, and she shivered at the effect of me touching it.

"You cast a feeling of withdrawn, demure pleasantness, but deep down you have a passionate core that wishes to get out."

This fem paused, and I felt that she was staring at me. Lots of people stared at me whenever I revealed so much about them. Quixote had been teaching me to do those things, and it was unnerving for others to experience.

"H-how is it that a blind person can see more about me than someone who has vision ever has?" she asked.

"Sometimes I feel blessed not to have sight. I'm told that eyes are constantly lying to you as they interpret different perspectives."

I lowered my hand to rest beside me, and for some reason, when all the others had tried to get away from my presence as quickly as they could after I asensed them, this young woman moved even closer to me... So close that her body was nearly pressing against mine. It was a distracting thought... Having a female other than my sisters or mother this close to me. I tried not to let it govern me.

"What else can you see?"

"Not much else... Or at least... Not without actually touching you." I replied, turning my head away from her for a moment, and then turning my head back toward her and smiling, I *'looked'* at the shadowy image of her in my mind that my senses gave to me.

I saw her shape, saw behind her and underneath her; it was an ability that very few people developed... A world of differentiating shadows based on sound and smell, and for some reason, unlike most others in this world that I saw, she struck a particular harmonious chord with the way I perceived things. Her presence congealed with everything that I saw, and what's more... In her... I saw something new.

My colors now, after years of development, were usually scents and smells, co-mingled with feelings, but when I looked at her just then, I saw a brilliant color, like the color that only freshly spilt blood ever displayed within my vision, but this color was intense, and bright, and was centered in the center of her. It throbbed with the beating of her heart, and every time it throbbed, I saw it pulsate slightly through her body.

Focusing on that, I thought, and desired to know more, and lifting my head, my nostrils flaring, I finally spoke again.

"May I ask you your name?" I said quietly.

There was a brief pause, and I thought that she wasn't going to answer me, but then she finally did.

"Luna." She said simply, and I saw her lips, plain as if I'd been touching them, suddenly flare into a smile on the image of her face in my mind, and I saw her image shiver again, and yet another color appeared, a soft color that appeared to me with the echoes off water, like the water of the small pond that was stretched out before me.

My heart quickened in excitement at two new sights all in one day.

"What's your name?" she asked then in return, her voice like a siren's song pounding in my ears, drawing me to her.

"Nathan." I answered, and felt my long phallus begin to bulge slightly, the wiry thing straining against my self control.

"Nathan... It's a strong, handsome name. I've never met anyone who had that name before."

"My mother was a human. She named me after the manner of human names so that I can fit in with them more if I have to."

Again her smile flashed into my sight before the image faded again, the image bright in the color that was beating in her heart, the color that Quixote called *'red,'* the color of the heart, the color of love, compassion and passion... but also of violence.

The black, amorphous form that was her body settled even further forward and she looked down for a moment just before I felt her fingers cover my hand that was resting in the grasses beside me.

"You said that for you to be able to tell more about a person that you'd have to touch that person." she mentioned and I trembled slightly at the synergy-like connection I felt just through her finger tips. My loins continued to expand and lengthen, and I pinched my legs together and sat on my swelling groin to keep it from embarrassing me. "How exactly do you need to touch a person? Can you do it with me touching you now?"

My head lowered to where she was touching me and my senses showed me the shadow of my own arm leading downward to my hand, and I saw where her hand touched mine. I could feel the energies flowing ever so subtly

between us, and for the third time in a single day all with a single person, I saw yet another color, a shimmering color like what the moonlight appeared to me as, but only on a full moon. It appeared in exacting fingerprints only where she touched me that faded soon after she moved her fingers away. The feeling that came with it... Intoxicating...

"N-no... I would have to touch you, with my hands, feel out contours and allow my fingers to help translate what it is my hearing and other senses tell me about you. It's like wiping away dirt covering details, allowing me to sense greater details in the depth of a person.

"The more familiar I am with a person, the longer that my mind remembers their features.

"With my mother, sisters and father, and with myself even, I can actually see what their faces look like, whenever they come close enough."

Luna knelt before me, straightening her back as she then took my hand and guided it to her face, placing my palm directly against her cheek, and I gasped as more of that feeling of synergy assailed me as I felt the contours of her face, felt her high cheek bones and the corner of her mouth all at once.

"Tell me what you see, Nathan." she asked, rubbing the back of my hand to coax me further. "I would really like to know how you perceive me."

Her voice was alluring, intoxicating, and dumbly I knelt before her, and lifting my other hand to her face, began to feel the contours of her features.

Like smearing away caked-on grease from off of a pan, I pushed away the darkness that hid this fem, revealing more of her shimmering bluish coloring that I sensed from her, feeling more of that passionate red, and experiencing more of that moon-color wherever I touched her. There was a rhythm of her body that I found... intriguing... in as much as it drew me to uncover more, and I dared to touch her further into area that one should not touch a person one was not intimately familiar with.

It was perhaps the most intense moment of my life, and time seemed to slow as I took a particular measure in searching the confines of her body out. Nothing had ever felt as real to me as her as my fingers slid about her face, feeling her eye sockets, her lips, the cracks in her lips, her brows the bushier fur that were her eyebrows and her short muzzle and her nose. I was amazed and excited as I slowly uncovered her features, the shallows of her ears, the locations of her nostrils, and the location of where her jaw met her neck and merged with her strong yet supply smooth jowls.

But then as her features were uncovered, my mind instinctively remembering how the sounds work over her features, I began to grow concerned.

"So sad..." I remarked and touched her lips, feeling the subtle yet pleasant frown on her lips. "And so young. I'd... I'd thought by your figure that you were a lot older."

Her image smiled at me then and her eyes crinkled a little at their edges before she shyly bit her lower lip. It was a demure that I found... pleasing... to sense.

"Kind of you to notice... For a second there, I thought my curse could go without the notice of a blind person."

"No... It was just unexpected." I smiled and drew closer to her, to the point where she and I were sharing the same breath. "Maidens possessing such a figure at your age are uncommon... I simply didn't expect it. My sisters possess figures similar to yours."

"Similar?" she mused. "I'm certain no female my age has a figure like mine." she mused, and looked down and away.

I focused upon her image as she did this, a face upon a blob of shadows, and reaching out to touch her fur and her hair, I instantly saw her long mane of hair shifting and shimmering about her in the wind, glimmering with the same glinting and shimmering blue light as the edges of her body. Her actions, however, were unmistakable.

"You're ashamed of your body." I stated instead of saying it in a questioning manner, and she immediately hugged herself, and I saw a large section of her chest – what was undoubtedly her superiorly feminine bust – hefted higher atop her bodice as it was hefted over her slender arms.

"Is it that obvious?"

I settled forward and took her hand. "Not entirely, but my teacher trains me to notice such actions."

"Your teacher?" she asked, obviously interested in changing the subject to something other than her body or her beauty... Very unlike every female I knew who loved to go on endlessly about how they looked if one would let them.

"Quixote, the Coyote."

"Him?!" she was positively excited now. "He's your teacher? Everyone I know speaks about him as if he's a demon dog. Is that true?"

I snickered.

"No... Quixote is a kind but very strange wolf. Has a penchant for and sometimes subtly painful practical jokes, but he's a holy shaman of great power. He taught my mother, and though he tried to teach my sisters, they apparently lack the attention span that my mother and my self possess, or so he says."

"Does that make you a shaman?" she asked.

I took a deep breath, tried smiling, and then exhaled. "No... I can only manage a few tricks... Nothing really impressive. Lighting candles, making water spray about, gusts of wind to blow dust around, nothing spectacular..."

"It's still something." she leaned closer to me, and suddenly I realized that I was still touching her with one hand, and I fingered her lips with my thumb.

Her features became very somber then.

"I've seen smiles like that before." she said quietly, almost wearily, defensively. "What are you thinking about?"

"It's strange... But I don't believe I'm thinking." I whispered, and her eyes immediately pinched at the corners as if I'd said something very wrong.

"Then what're you feeling?" she asked with a minute quaver in her voice, she was suddenly afraid, and looking at the way I was touching her, the way I was instinctively acting, and the way my maleness was acting between my legs, I suddenly realized what was happening, realized why she was afraid, and I immediately let go of her face and scooted back a foot or so.

"I'm sorry... I didn't mean any disrespect." I said quietly. "But... I'm merely fascinated and in awe... I am literally sensing things in you I've never sensed before."

Her image in my mind blinked in astonishment, and then still with wariness, she leaned closer and looked me in the face.

"Like... What?"

I pressed my lips together, hoping I didn't just suddenly blow it with a new friend, and thought fast to articulate words I've always had difficulty in saying.

"I... Hear other young males joking and speaking about their favorite features of a female. They speak of lovely faces, of breasts with their areola and nipples, and they speak of wide hips and slender waists with a degree of girth and or muscle on their bodies.

"I can't see any of those things like they do, and at the moment, the only features of your body that I can sense with any detail are vague outlines separated by the darkness of the world. I know that you weigh about a hundred and twenty pounds, which you do have a curvy body and are about three inches shorter than me, but I lack the ability of seeing details.

"What I can see, however, are things that very few individuals with sight can see.

"I see your heart beating, I see your body tensing right now in surprise," I smiled as she gasped as I stated that. "I can see your heart rate increasing with your breathing, and you just held your breath right now, and I can see your motions."

She lifted a hand toward me, and I moved closer to her, and took her hand in mine.

"I can feel you trembling, but then there are things that I see that others can't without a lifetime of training their other senses. Perhaps they are only the things that a blind person can see."

Luna was in a breathless hush now as she listened to me, and lifting my other hand, I waved it about her body in the air, caressing her aura.

"You are a veritable rainbow of imagery and sensations, more so that anyone I've ever met. You are surrounded by a cloud of scents and shimmering sounds, like the world is caressing your very being, cradling you."

I turned my head so that my hearing focused precisely on her face.

"And there are things I see in you, beautiful things, things that captivate me, draw me to you and make me want to bask within your presence, things that I literally have never experienced before.

"I don't even know what to call them or how to describe them accurately. Every word that I can think of isn't strong enough or grand enough to describe them. And all of it together... Is so... beautiful.

"I..." But I didn't get to say anything else, for she suddenly kissed me.

Beneath my bandana, my eyes widened in surprise, but then they closed slowly as I felt her lips pressing against mine, felt her drawing on them with the perfect amount of suction and pressure, it was a kiss that was practiced and it left me dizzy as I was pressed backward while feeling the press of her bosom against my naked chest. When she drew back, both of us breathing long and slowly, I was amazed at the cocktail of sensations running through me.

I felt very warm my whole body over, and my senses trembled and blurred my sight of the world.

"What was that for?" I asked, astonished that this had just happened to me.

"For being the first person to look at me as something other than a trophy." she smiled, and lifting her chin kissed me again, and yet again before she withdrew, her thick mammaries resting high atop my chest, I suddenly became aware of a profound redness glowing in her chest that was around her heart from my senses, and also of another

profound redness that was within my loins. And on top of that, I began to smell the sweet smell of feminine seminal juices coming from between her legs.

That was the most stunning thing to me... the fact that I was making her aroused!

It was then that she sat back on my lap at long last, her naked sex resting over my groin, with nary a thin piece of printed leather keeping our two sexes from touching. I couldn't help keep my phallus from stiffening beneath her weight.

I was struck dumb by this experience, of having a female other than my sisters on my lap, and a lovely female that was straddling my lap instead of sitting on it side-saddle. She murred low in her throat, a sound that did strange things inside my chest and inside my groin, making my phallus grow longer as it stiffened even harder. My musk was beginning to exude from my body, and she lowered herself to kiss the hollow of my chest, licking it softly before she rose again and fingered my lips.

I found myself automatically kissing her fingers and the long angled claws at their ends.

"Nathan, I want you to see all of me. I want to know how you see me, in your way. Fully."

I swallowed. "But t-to do that..." I swallowed again. "I'd have to touch more of you."

I saw her image smile in my mind's eye, the myriad of senses translating this shimmering ghost of an image with a multitude of scents and sensations as she lifted her hands, and removed her opened blouse and jacket from off her body and tossed them aside. She then reached down and took one of my hands, and kissing my fingers, she promptly placed my hand upon one of her breasts, holding it there with both her hands.

I gasped... for this was the first time that I have touched a mammary by palming it. The soft, fatty and malleable tit, rounded perfectly as it sagged atop her chest, and likewise firm from the virgin glands beneath the fat and flesh, filled me with absolute wonder and made my brain stop working. I literally stopped breathing, literally felt my heart pause several beats. I forgot my name I forgot all of my identity as my mind focused all its power into the act of feeling her breast.

I felt her nipple harden, and my mouth parted in wonder as I truly gauged the size of her breast with my finger tips. She had the breasts of an adult, her tit being a large rounded thing that held itself to her chest perfectly. To test to see if my mind wasn't playing tricks on me, I then lifted my other hand and cupped her other breast, and she arched her back to press her breasts into my palms, her pert, beautiful lips broadening to smile at the contact.

A short time ago, this fem had been afraid that I was seeking her only for lovemaking, and myself being a virgin, I honestly sought nothing of the sort from her. Now she was enjoying my touch upon the very objects of her sexuality, the most prominent symbols of femininity were beneath my massaging and caressing fingers, and she was enjoying the feeling.

I was confused; I was in wonder... for how could I inspire such a thing in such a creature as her?

Her nipples hardened slowly, either of them pressing hard and firm into my palms as her areola swelled and puffed outward; her breasts growing hot with the rush of blood pumping through her chest and from the warmth of the sun brushing against them.

She sighed as I began to caress the thinned fur of her engorged breasts, sliding my hands about her chest, finding the folds and crevices, found the curving lines of her body and taking my absolute time doing so.

My groin grew stiffer and I pressed my legs even further together to keep my maleness under control even as my hands rose up to her clavicle, wiping the darkness away from her bust and connecting the shimmering light to her neck. I then slid my hands sideways, feeling her shoulders, feeling the creases of her chest muscles and so on before

my touch rose back up to her neck, and she lifted her chin as I saw a perfect bust of her face and chest framed by the shadow silhouette of her body.

Such beauty... Such perfect beauty that I've never sensed.

Within the house that sat upon the Den there was the bust of a female in whom I'd placed my fingers upon and felt the contours of, a test to heighten this ability of mine to see without the use of eyes. It'd become the only thing in the house that I saw with perfect clarity, the only thing in my life that I've ever seen with perfect clarity for that matter... Till now.

Luna's body slowly came out from the darkness, glistening with the light of water, shimmering with the light of the moon and glowing with images and colors that I had no names for which wafted about her bodice as she moved. My probing and caressing fingers moved as if unclothing her, revealing her naked form to me, and amidst this experience I heard her sigh nasally, saw her nipples hardening and her areola puff out before she moaned deep in her throat. I took a quick breath of elated air, smelling her pheromones explode from her body, enticing me further, covering her with a feminine musk that drew my nose closer to her soft fur and flesh to smell her closer, but not yet daring to brush my nose or lips against her sensual form.

She extended her arms and her fingers so that I could feel them, she pressing against me so that I could trace the contours of her back and then her ribs, and with her lying against me, my nostrils flared as they filled with her scent and my sense of smell became saturated with her. It made me stupid, it made me desirous, and without thinking dipped my head downward and licked her neck, my tongue tasting her bodice, and I was surprised when she slid her arms from where they were palming my chest to wrap about my neck. Her bust slid upward atop my chest, and I heard her breathing in my ear as she arched her back and lifted her little adolescent tail. I heard her moan as I slid my hands down her back, felt her fluffy short tail, and then I stopped, my hands opening wide and lifting from her.

"What's wrong?" she asked, and settled back on my lap again, folding her hands behind my neck.

"I... I um... I've come to your lower body." I grinned sheepishly. "I-I d-dare not touch you... I mean... I shouldn't..." But before I could speak any more, she was taking one of my hands that had settled upon her curvaceous hips, and spreading her legs wider, slipped my hand between her legs, allowing me to feel her womanhood.

It was the first time that I'd felt something so alien to me. My fingers alighted upon the two heart-shaped and muscular vaginal lips that were between her thighs, feeling her erect clitoris, the sticky yet silken moisture that decorated her sex, the swollen state of the muscles due to her arousal, the tuft of pubic fur that decorated it, and the taut inner thigh muscles that were drawn from it. She clasped my hand there, and instinctively my fingers rubbed her crotch as I slowly lifted my head toward her.

"Y-you're not a virgin?" I asked, feeling the folds of her labia clench suddenly, feeling that they were both strong and distended. Used to pleasing a male.

She caressed my long and slender bicep with one hand, using only the tips of her fingers while she palmed my narrow chest with her other. Her expression saddened suddenly.

"No... No I'm not." she said.

I didn't have the heart to ask her why she was disappointed at the fact, but then she was smiling again and caressing my body as I continued to feel out her body, using both hands to feel out her lower body now, the individual lips of her labia, her clitoris – that made her moan, and the sound made me shaft harden suddenly – and the rounded masses of her butt cheeks.

I ended with either of her coltish legs, her calves and clawed feet, and with a sigh, she settled against my body and kissed me on the lips again, and when she withdrew, I felt her finger one of my eyes through the bandanna that covered my eyes.

"May I see your eyes?" she asked quietly, and when she settled against me, I felt her breasts settle up beneath my chin and around my throat. The soft, fatty tissue of her mammaries that was laden with her fur was comforting as she hugged my head to her bosom. "I know you can't see me that way, but I would really like to look into your eyes."

"It's ok." I found myself saying automatically then, as if our actions and our speech had been rehearsed long ago, and Luna lifted her hands to my bandana and peeled it away from my eyes. I was told that I have a very heavy-lidded look with my eyes, that and their coloring – whichever color they were – were unnerving to other people, and my blank stare made me look stupid. So I was directed by teacher Quixote to wear the bandana to eliminate that effect.

But when Luna looked upon my far-away stare, I felt her fingers slide about the sockets of my eyes, whereas the only motion that my eyes did was to blink to keep the useless orbs inside my skull lubricated.

"What beautiful eyes you have." she said, and fingered the edges about my eyes.

"What color are they?" I asked, and she rocked back away from me slightly.

"Color? We'll, I'd say a light gray surrounded by white."

I smiled, and dipped my head forward to kiss her neck. "White... The absence of darkness. It's good to know that my eyes contain them, even though I'm not able to see light of any sort."

I sensed Luna smiling at me; saw the image of her lips spreading open as she sat before me, shimmering with a myriad of color in my darkness.

"Or can I?" I asked her, and touched the place where her heart suddenly quickened between her breasts, and I felt the warmth of her swollen mammaries pressing about my fingers heat up. "My light and my color are sounds, smells and auras. Luna, you're like the warmth I see from the moon shining down on the world, and I see more of my colors and my light existing within you than I've ever seen before. Why can I sense these things? Why can I see these things with you and no one else?"

"I don't know..." she mused, "But I'm willing to find out why."

She palmed my face and fingered my lips, before kissing me on the mouth, withdrew, and kissed me there several times more. Each time she held the kiss for several long and exciting seconds, and each kiss stole more and more of my heart away. She dragged her breasts downward along my body, kissing my flat belly, licking my nipples and the sinuous crease down the center of my belly, sucking on the thick tufts of fur down the center of my chest and abdomen. And then something peculiar happened as she settled between my legs, the warmth of her soft and rounded breasts settling in my lap as she pushed my knees away, and she scrunched herself down there, kissing the base of my navel, just before I felt her hand slide up the inside of my thigh, cupping my groin.

I jumped as she touched my groin, and it too jumped and she jerked herself upward, her breasts bouncing and a wave of sound erupting about her in every direction.

"What's wrong?" she asked, palming my chest to calm me.

"I-It's just... I've never been touched there... Before..." I said sheepishly.

Luna's smile flashed against her face as she bent forward, pressing her bosom against my chest again and kissing me.

"You've never been with a female before, have you?" she asked, and I shook my head.

She kissed me again, and one of her hands on my chest once again slid down to my lower abdomen.

"You got to feel and touch me... I want a turn now." she mused, but paused just beneath my belly button, waiting for my ok. "Trust me... I won't do anything you won't like."

I lowered my head, seeing my own body flush with subtly rippling red colors from my blood pumping through my body in waves, with her body on top of me, I saw her shimmering colors of rippling water and shimmering moon colors with a similar yet slower throbbing of red inside of her, and licking my lips, I finally nodded.

And then Luna lowered herself, reached down between my legs, and cupped my groin again within her slender clawed fingers, her thumb sliding over the base of my phallus from one side to the other, and it suddenly leapt and stiffened, forcing my groin to bulge as its wooden length tried to unfold within the tight confines of my loincloth. At that moment, as I felt the soft velvety pads of her hand and fingers, the slender delicate touch of a female, I immediately lost all self control of my body and I began to erect without abandon.

Luna murred at the sight of me growing hard for her, but then she gasped as it grew and thickened more, lifting the flap of leather I wore for a loin cloth higher and higher, and then lowering herself, she untied the sash from around my waist that held my loincloth up and gasped as my erection began to climb for her.

"Merciful Gaia." she gasped as my cock and balls displayed themselves, the heavy laden nads spilling out, while my penis continued to arch upward along my taut navel and flare widely from the base of my pelvis.

She slid her fingers about my swelling shaft as it climbed higher, and I gritted my teeth and closed my eyes tightly as she encircled my shaft with one of her hands, and its growth suddenly jumped as my heart rate quickened. Its head flared, the muscles strengthened into ribs, the network of veins all up and down its length firmed up, and the underbelly of the shaft, the tube which carried my seminal juices, swelled thickly as the thing grew hot.

Within my mind's eye, with the flood and flow of blood pumping in my body, I saw my phallus burn red as it filled to the brim, hardening and jutting almost painfully upward. I gasped as I erected fully, harder than I'd ever been before. Its head reached just past my belly button and stayed there, throbbing in time with the beating of my heart.

"Merciful Gaia! Y-you're so huge!" she said in awe at the length I was sporting as I leaned back, breathing heavily as her fingers slid upward and downward slowly, feeling its length. "Such strength! I've never seen such power within a penis before." she gasped, and used her other hand to caress my length, and to reward her of her caressing I felt my shaft suddenly harden and swell larger.

"Ngh." I snarled and closed my eyes tightly against the pressure within my prick, and I gasped as she leaned against it, laying her sizeable chest upon my lap, and I sensed her maneuver herself to lie between my legs, using her breasts for pillows which framed the base of my cock and balls, just before her small mouth kissed my shaft.

I was panting, not thinking that anything could be making these sensations more intense, but I thought that just before she extended her tongue and licked its underside.

"L-Luna... What are you doing?" I gasped, my claws gripping the earth, but she didn't seem to hear me as she pulled my cock toward her, kissing and licking it with her lengthened tongue in her hybrid form.

I watched her image in my head with my multitude of senses, feeling the throbbing in my cock and balls grow faster and heavier, and then I gasped as she opened her mouth, her fangs sliding about the head of my shaft and her remarkably small mouth slid about its end. I tensed again as she began to suck on my erection.

Her tongue and her jaws moved to draw more of my length inside her mouth and she immediately then began to draw on my shaft, her throat working as she drew upon me, and the sheer pleasure of this act made my body shake till my arms that were holding me up trembled and then gave way. I collapsed to the flat of my back with a gasp

escaping my throat, and my collapsed allowed Luna to move even further down onto my cock, and I felt my length sliding into her throat as she arched her body over herself with her fattened mammaries compressing between her chest and her thighs.

"Luna... What are you doing?" I groaned, both her hands folding about the base of my shaft briefly before she let go with one hand and fondled my nads.

She descended and then drew back, sucking on my phallus as she pushed her breasts about its length.

"Ah... Luna... I'm gonna... Ah!" I groaned as I felt a trembling in my erection that welled up from my nads and slid into the length of the shaft, but she merely caressed the trembling, helped urge it along with her fingers and getting the power of it to intensify as she ignored my meager warning, obviously not knowing that her actions were leading... Going toward... Ngh!

I came into her mouth, my cock spasming repeatedly, and to my amazement, she continued to swallow every mouthful.

"Oh Goddess..." I groaned as she drew off me, keeping her breasts about my shaft as she licked off the excess of my seed from the tip of my penis before she slowly sliding forward, licking more off her teeth and lips as she rubbed and ground her breasts against my body in large circles.

"Still hard." she sighed, and kissed my throat, liking a tuft of my fur there and sucking on that too for a brief moment or two.

I was still hard, and still spurting a little as I cupped the backs of her legs, my shaft sliding along her rounded belly as she crawled forward onto me, pressing her breasts firmly against my chest before she lifted herself to allow my shaft to erect again, and as its length slid in between her soft butt cheeks, sliding inside her, I couldn't help but keep back the spray of my seed that erupted from me and decorated her bottom and sprayed about us onto the grass.

She nuzzled my neck, paying the explosion from my prick no mind as she descended again upon my body, my shaft sliding in between the warmth of the cheeks of her rear before she rose again along my body, rubbing her bodice against my body, licking and kissing my form as my prick quivered in its desire to cum again, but all it was able to do was squeeze a few droplets from out of its tip.

Luna then settled backward upon my, and I felt my erection drawn downward as it curved beneath her bottom again, and angled almost painfully downward between my legs as she slid down my body, she settled upon her knees and rose as she took hold of my cock and held it there, pawing at it with one hand, holding it with the other. Focusing my senses upon her, I wondered what she was doing when I felt the heat of my cock touch against the heat of her pussy as she rolled her hips forward, and I gasped just as her vaginal juices leaked from within her swollen pussy and slid down the length of my shaft.

She smiled at me then and descended, my eyes widening as far as they could in surprise at the sensation I experienced then.

Her Labia, firm and hardened from her arousal, and her clitoris standing on end and extending from inside her body, cleaved about the head of my erect penis as she pushed forward, allowing the blunted end of my shaft to slide in between the folds of her femininity before the lips of her cunt caught upon the divot of the scar of my circumcision.

Ever so slowly she descended as she laid forward onto me, my maleness ascending into her body, her insides tightening and relaxing almost rhythmically as more of her juices exited her sweet honey pot, pre-coating my phallus as she arched her back outward so as to ease the passage of my shaft into her body.

She gasped and moaned as she descended upon me, her claws clenching into my fur and holding onto my flesh.

"So big... So thick!" she moaned, and slid further, the lips of her vaginal mounds spreading open wide to take me, flaring open, stretching the fur into an almost velvety smooth pair of vaginal lips that occasionally clenched about my cock.

Without thinking I reached out and took hold of my shaft, feeling it back building for another release as my nads clenched, and with my thumb and index finger I rubbed and caressed her labia, pressed her clitoris against my penis and Luna gasped and then moaned suddenly as an explosion happened inside her bowels that happened all about my shaft, and her labia clenched tightly, so tightly that it stopped her downward movement as it tensed and relaxed several times. A flood of her juices soon slid from her body, sliding down my shaft to decorate it, and she had to force herself to relax before she could descend again.

And then her pussy was sheathed to the hilt on my cock, and with a triumphant moan, she lay against me, and started to love me.

This Nathan, this beautiful white wolf, slender and beautiful, gifted beyond any male I'd ever taken, took me into my embrace and actually loved me. That wonderful emotion that I've craved so much, the sense of love that'd always been absent in my life, he freely gave to me. The sensations flooded into me as if he overflowed from it and I was the chalice that was to catch his excess, and I feasted from it as if I'd been starving.

His cock penetrated my bowels deeply, so deep that I felt his end pressing against the inner most recesses of my body, filling me so perfectly as if his maleness was made specifically to fit with my insides.

His key to my lock and my sheathe to his sword.

We kissed, we loved, we... experimented...

For someone like me who was so familiar with what the difference between sex and love was... I knew... I knew with a certainty, that I was falling in love for this young wolf.

He soothed my body in ways that only a lover could, where all of the previous males who've taken me or that I've been with, they always groped and grabbed my body... Nathan soothed me, using the tips of his fingers to caress and touch. His massaging fingers drew out more and more of the tantric power in my body as I took to rotating my pelvis upon his shaft, his mass inside my body churning my insides like a butter churn, my juices escaping from inside me with every turn of his massive rod inside my body.

I was filled so perfectly, held his hand to my breast, leaned forward and kissed his fingers as he grabbed a hand full of my bottom, my tail lifted high as my heart slowed, and I gasped and sighed in my pleasure... *My* pleasure... Not some random wolf that my father used me to please so that he could get better deals from them for the favor.

I lowered my gaze as my mane cascaded about my face and before my eyes as he slid his fingers into my hair, holding my cheek and rubbing my lips. His gray eyes didn't look directly at me, but I knew he was looking at everything there was of me; my breasts, my face, by back and backside, my pussy, my arms and legs... He was looking at the whole of me, and it made me tingle with the attention.

I looked down at him, and suddenly, a deep, ancient desire entered my bowels, an instinct, and a pang that struck me just behind the folds of my womanhood... And I saw, in a flash of inspiration, his child drawing suck from my breast.

I closed my eyes and moaned, tilting my chin upward, and he immediately rose to kiss and lick my throat, and within my bowels, and with the fingers of one hand massaging my navel and the lump of mass in my stomach his erection caused, I began to cajole his groin to stimulate a climax from him so that he'd eject his seed into my body,

to fertilize me, to give me his child, and I prayed to Luna, She in whom I received my namesake, that She would grant me with the fertility to have his child.

But then when I opened my eyes lazily, I saw a massive clump of color speeding up toward me, and I screamed just as another wolf grabbed me from under the arms, hauled me painfully off Nathan, his two foot long phallus being forcibly and painfully pulled from my pussy as he gasped in surprise and pain from my vaginal muscles trying to instinctively clutch onto his groin to hold me onto him.

I could imagine that hurt him as much as it did me.

I was tossed aside, and I tumbled in the grass before weakly trying to get up, and even as I did, I felt the back of a mighty hand slap me across the face, and I yelped as I collapsed to the ground again.

"You stupid bitch. What were you doing?!" a familiar voice growled menacingly at me, and through bleary eyes, I forced myself to focus, and then gasped as I saw Kor standing over me.

"I was looking all over for you, and here you are... Being unfaithful!" he slapped me again, and again I yelped, and instinctively began crying.

Kor then turned his attention toward Nathan, who was cradling a deflating phallus, and he whipped his head back toward me.

"You're mine... MINE!" and he thumped his chest. "And I'm going to show you that... By destroying anyone who tries to take you from me."

And Kor thundered on all fours toward Nathan. I screamed for Nathan to look out, but Kor was already on him, his flaring muscles of his adult hybrid form, a thing that was far more wolf and was far, far stronger than the simple hybrid form that Nathan or I possessed, was upon Nathan, his hands around Nathan's throat, squeezing the life out of him with his bare hands and claws.

Nathan choked, and without thinking, my ears pinning themselves against the back of my head, I scrambled to my hands and feet, scampered across the distance between us, leapt on Kor, and began biting and scratching, locking my teeth on the scruff of his neck, trying to pull him off Nathan before he killed him.

Kor growled at me as my teeth sank into his flesh, and releasing a hand from Nathan's neck, his other hand more than enough to be able to still encircle his throat, he shrugged his arm, ripping his flesh from my teeth by the sheer act of flexing his incredible musculature, which was growing stronger and thicker day by day as he passed through puberty, he got a hand about me and thrust me to the ground with enough force that it made my teeth rattle with the impact of my body striking the ground.

"Ah!" I cried out, and when I opened my eyes, I heard the most beautiful thing I'd ever heard...

Nathan calling out my name.

"Luna!" he cried, and I looked at him, my pupils dilating in fear, and I felt him looking at me despite his blindness, his senses blaring as they focused only on me while our adversary squeezed his hand around Nathan's neck to continue choking him again.

Then he grit his teeth, turned toward Kor, and growling deep in his throat, he thrust his arms upward together into Kor's solar plexus.

What I didn't expect from what I thought would've been a futile effort to retaliate from our attacker, shocked me with surprise as bands of silvery light flooded down grooves in his rosy arms straight to his hands, and I screamed in fear as a flash of green light suddenly erupted into a blinding white light and a wave of cascading thunder echoed

right around us. A blazing lance of lightning cascaded from Nathan's outstretched hands, caught Kor in the chest and thrust him upward and away from us both and sending him crashing into the small lake.

Nathan looked furious, his eyes shining silver now as he *levitated* to his feet with curling wind blowing about his body, and he stepped toward the pond as Kor emerged from the surface of the water within the shallows, dripping wet and looking thin and slender from his fur lying flat.

"Why you little..." Kor began, but didn't finish his words as Nathan stretched out his hand, and down the length of his arm, bands of silver appeared again and then exploded in his palm, lancing another bolt of lightning that caught Kor in the chest. Even the water he was in exploded and dead fish floated to the surface from the strike, and a gallon or so of water flash evaporated into vapor from the strike.

"You will not... TOUCH HER!" Nathan bellowed, flashing his white teeth, showing that there was dog somewhere in his lineage, and he flashed another bolt that this time struck Kor in the back before erupting through his front from the charge passing through his body.

Though I didn't want to see Nathan become a killer, I half cheered him on in hopes that he'd kill that bastard half-brother of mine, but then I gasped as he stepped off the embankment and actually walked on the water.

Who is this person? I thought, covering my mouth, but then there was a howl, a piercing, familiar howl, and all around me, I saw rocks lifting up off the ground as wisps of my hair and fur rose from off my body, and then I saw a column of lightning strike Nathan from the side, blasting him to the ground, and then I turned toward the source of the blast, and felt my ears flatten and my eyes dilate wide as I saw my father Lupin walking calmly from the edge of the forest with other wolves both old and young in their various forms watching in stunned amazement at what was happening.

Lupin walked right past his son, and right past me, focused upon Nathan, and I pattered forward and grasped his hand.

"Please father... Don't kill him." I said to him, and Lupin stopped and turned to look at me with those red eyes of his, eyes I couldn't bare to look at, so I lowered my head immediately. "Please don't kill him father, I want him."

Lupin focused upon me solidly for nearly a minute, and then in one movement, he drew his hand away from mine and backhanded me with it.

"I'll deal with you later." he growled. "For now... I'm going to take profound privilege in taking that boy with my bare hands, and..."

"...And do what?" a voice said, in such a low baritone growl that it made me want to wet myself with fear. Luckily, I didn't.

The being who uttered it was a towering black wolf laden with more muscle than any other five Lycan I've ever seen, and that included father! He stood head, chest and shoulders taller than Lupin.

"What business... Do you have with my son, Lupin?" this new wolf said, and stepped forward till he was inches away from Lupin, approaching close enough to actually make father take a step back away from him.

"Your son... Was about to kill my son, Peter!" Lupin growled, and rose up from the ground to look at this Peter individual eye to eye. "Family honor dictates..."

"You are as old fashioned as you are evil, Lupin." Peter growled, and grabbed Lupin by the chest fur and pushed him back to the ground with little effort.

"Should you lay a single claw or finger, or use your demonic powers on him, or command any harm to come upon Nathan, I swear that all that they will find of you, you insolent demonic mother fucker, is a smear of blood spread all across this glade... And the will of the Elders be damned... It would be worth it to see you ended once and for all."

It was the first time that I saw my father swallow in fear.

"What's the meaning of this?!" a new voice said, and one of the old wolves, those who's fur had turned gray with age, entered the clearing

Half a dozen towering wolves, all who've managed to become greater werewolves either by birth or through their age, approached this gathering behind the speaker.

"Is this a confrontation between packs?" the lead elder said and ground his gnarled staff in the ground.

Peter stared at my father, the larger Lycan setting his fearsome broad jaw tensely as he waited for Lupin to answer.

"No... Elders. There is no confrontation here." Lupin finally answered.

He and Peter eyed each other fiercely for a moment or two before Lupin turned to me.

"Come Luna... Our business here is over." and turning on his heel, he walked straight to Kor, took him by the scruff of the neck, and hauled him behind him.

Gathering up my blouse and jacket, I paused, seeing Nathan being helped up by another incredibly huge Lycan, a white female who was perhaps pound per pound just as heavy as Peter was, but with breasts that were so large and so firm that either of her primaries appeared to be heavier than the whole of me!

I immediately wanted breasts like that.

Nathan however turned his head toward me and jerked to move in my direction, but the large female who was cradling his frail and slender body held him back.

Bowing my head... I walked after my father and left the area of the Howl behind me.

Modern werewolves often indulged themselves in various modern technologies when their pack was wealthy enough to afford such things.

Our family home, for example, had several sixty-inch wide-screen TV's and home entertainment systems, along with dishwashers and washing machines and so on. Likewise, we owned several cars and an SUV for those long trips.

To and from the Howl, the SUV was useful for traveling a long distance in comfort and style, and had many things to distract us built into our air-conditioned surroundings.

But despite that, it was a very long and a very quiet trip for our family as we drove home.

Kira and Mia were curled up on the back seat that had been laid down so that it could function as a bed, wrapped up in numerous blankets while they slept in the nude with each other.

I myself was only wearing a simple shirt and a pair of shorts and sandals. Mother and father had dressed a little more heavily.

With a sigh, mother disengaged the seat lock of her chair and turned it in order to face me while father continued to drive.

"You're disappointed in me, aren't you?" I said immediately as I sat there on the passenger couch just before the converted bed where my sisters slept.

"No." Mother said immediately, and smiled at me, just before she undid her seatbelt and moved to sit beside me.

Mother was a very strong and muscular woman in her human form, sporting solid packs of muscle and very large breasts. As such, she used them as comfort pillows for her children when we were distraught, and I automatically leaned into her as she folded me to her heart.

"I cannot be happier of your choice for a mate, Nathan. Luna's mother... Was a very dear friend of mine... I loved her very, very much, and if I had my way, then Luna would've been living with us instead of that monster Lupin.

"And I know you've taken her to mate." Mother smiled and I surged backward, facing her with all my senses blaring in surprise.

"Oh don't look so surprised, Nathan, we can smell her scent and love juices all over you. It doesn't take a genius to know what she and you were doing by that pond."

I looked abashed, but then looked at my father who was still driving in silence.

"You aren't angry then?"

"No, Nathan." father suddenly answered me, and I looked back up at him in surprise. "No... I'm in fact very proud of you. Lupin was a very, very old rival, and there's much bad blood between his clan and ours. In our clan you are considered as a prince... Heir to the seat of the Alpha... And in her clan, Luna is the princess of her clan. A bonding between the two of you would close the gap between our clans."

"So you are proud of me because of politics." I said into the silence.

Father remained quiet for a moment or two, and then looked over his shoulder briefly at me.

"Not entirely, Nathan. Some of the children saw you all fighting, told us of what was happening and when we all arrived with the rest of the adults and the elders, we saw you fighting with Kor. We know that you were protecting Luna, and your... Accomplishments... With shamanism is a thing that I cannot duplicate, Nathan.

"You are a good wolf, and you protect your female, which makes me proud."

He smiled and turned back to driving. "Though there will be a change in your training and learning, Nathan."

"A change?" I asked.

"Until today," Mother supplied. "Your magical skills were minor before that little stint with Kor. From now on, you've been mandated by the elders to refine your skills so as to avoid a repeat of today's *'mistake.'*"

"Mistake?" I asked.

"You nearly killed Kor." father supplied. "And though I don't normally abide by killing, Lupin and most of his ilk wouldn't be a loss to Gaia."

"Peter!" mother admonished, but smirked, and I knew that she was agreeing secretly with him.

"Regardless, Nathan... Pursue Luna... With our love," Father spoke. "Just beware of Kor and Lupin. It'd be best if your affection for Luna were made secret from everyone... Including your sisters."

"Why my sisters?" I asked.

"Well my little love," mother said, mussing up my hair. "They aren't the best of people to keep a secret."

MY father, Lupin, had hit me a few times when we got home to the Lair, but then he sat down in his great chair of carved wood, antlers and precious metals and remained there motionless for hours.

Kor was thankfully far too injured to be able to even think about abusing me... He said he'd lost feeling through most of his body, and was quite limp because of the electric shock.

I myself was for the first time left completely alone to myself. With father in the mood he was in, no one, not even his thralls – the bitches who pandered to his every sexual need in hopes of being taken as his next mate – dared not go to him.

I watched him for a time, dressed in only my fine white silk blouse and naked below the waist – proud that I was at long last able to take a male who loved me instead of lusted after me - before I retreated to my room to where I laid in all my fine furs and rested there for a moment or two. After a time, however, I took my long body pillow and placed it beneath the fur pelts of my bed and hugged myself to it.

Closing my eyes, I caressed the thick fur pelt... And imagined that I was lying with my Nathan. Almost instantly, I passed off to sleep, and dreamed happy dreams... For once.

Chapter Four: Growing Pains

I began counting the days to the time of the next Howl... And I was besieged with a fervor that I could safely say that I'd never felt before. Every waking moment that I had was spent in training every aspect of myself that I was aware of, and others – mother, father, my sisters even, and most especially Quixote – made me aware of new aspects of myself to better on a daily basis.

Quixote appeared at our house early the day after I'd met Luna; his human form was that of a Navaho medicine man, and he wore trimmed leathers over jeans and a hand-made cotton shirt. He stuck out within our household, for our family was decidedly Sioux in appearance in our human forms. I never knew why Quixote was treated with such scorn... My mother loved him and trusted him with her life, and though my father often gave off an air of tolerance of the old mystic, that air dissipated all of a sudden as I began to learn how to control my magic through his direction, and he was always so kind to my sisters and me.

The day that he arrived to begin teaching me, he'd fitted my collar with dog tags.

My collar, which was the same collar that all Lycan young were required to wear to keep us from unnecessarily transforming when we weren't at a Howl or to avoid a mistaken transformation when amidst humans, or should humans arrive; which happened now and again being that my father acted as the forest ranger for this mountain, and was likewise a world authority on wolves, so certain human dignitaries came to our house often.

This new tags, however, were like training wheels for my magic... It only allowed me to attain a certain level of magical power... Again, to keep accidents from happening. Quixote controlled that level of power that I was allowed to draw upon. As a rule, if I were in the presence of humans, my magic wouldn't work, and likewise, it kept me from burning myself out or accidentally killing myself from drawing too much. The tags were a requirement of the elders. They couldn't allow me – someone who they called a prodigy of shamanism – yet again '*accidentally*' display the power I did when I nearly killed Kor.

Strange... I'd meant to kill him... I wanted to kill him for what he'd done to Luna. I'd wanted to fry him until he was nothing more than a lump of charred flesh... If I hadn't been stopped, I would have reduced him to ash.

"Control, control... You must learn more control!" Quixote said and rapped me on the skull with his staff.

That always made my whole world screw up whenever he did that. Everything that I saw jumbled whenever my head was injured in whatever way he was doing it. It made me afraid, and hurt, but I nonetheless grit my teeth and concentrated all the harder in an effort not to receive a repeat of the lesson.

Day in and day out, five or six times a week, Quixote was there teaching me, and when he wasn't there then I was weight training, trying to bulk up, trying to will my hyper-metabolic body into the tremendous muscular power that the rest of my family possessed.

Curse this Gaia-forsaken body of mine.

Even as I was at the point of pushing just over a hundred pounds on the weight bench, my own twin sister was doing well over three hundred, and even my little sister was reaching past two hundred. I've seen father and mother both do over five hundred pounds.

It made me want to scream in my impotency...

"But you have far more many muscles displayed that we do." Mia said, feeling my tight abs. I was indeed putting on muscle tone, and had as much muscle tone as father did, but I wanted mass too.

Mother helped me regulate my diet and I quickly gained some mass in a little under three months, but it was nowhere near enough!

I wanted to be able to lift five hundred pounds too... So when Kor tried to hurt my goddess... I could break him...

But the Howl ever so slowly approached, and as I sat at the end of the weight bench one day, looking at the red and green highlights of my body inside my mind's eye, at the wonderful muscle tone but absolutely no distinguishable mass, I slowly began to think badly of myself... And I considered... Was I worthy of her?

I stood quietly in front of my mirror in my room, the second largest room in the Lair, made up of all sorts of feminine needs and wants, anything to make me comfortable... The sad thing is... Is that they were things that were forced upon me.

The acts of my training grew more and more sexual in the months after the last howl. They involved beauty enhancement techniques, birthing techniques, a diet to help my body grow more sensual that was chock full of milk with mixed herbs in them.

On my birthday, I was gifted with many adult things, clothing, and perfumes and more... And another visit from The Crone.

When I saw her, my face fell in disappointment, and disrobing and turning my back to her, I planted my hands against the wall but I didn't let anyone bind me.

This time... I didn't scream, and I didn't let myself fall to my knees. And the Crone did her worst this time, increasing the size of the cuts all across my back, cutting into virgin flesh now as she went higher and lower on my spine, and even started new circles on my shoulders.

I waited till she'd gone before I collapsed onto my bed and passed out from blood loss and pain, and days later after she'd visited, I woke up, actually feeling my body changing now, my breasts swelling and my nipples hardening and growing longer, my waist compacting, my thighs burgeoning with womanly thickness, my hips widening, and what was more, the lips of my vaginal mound had swollen and become so supremely defined. Rising from off my bed, only to find that someone had bound my wounds and tucked me into bed did I find myself with definite F-cups for breasts, with my secondaries already growing in and all my tertiaries hard and swelling with mammary growth.

I only remember crying that first day as I saw the whoredom that had been wrought upon my body.

Now here I was, a few days before the Howl, and I was dressed in sexy lingerie of white lace and white silk.

The waist was cut high over either of my hips, so high that it actually arched upward along my ribcage beneath my arms, and the neck was so low that it actually displayed my navel and the new diamond navel ring piercing it that looked as if it were a full carrot in size and surrounded by an ornate setting. The back of my new garment was nothing but a webbing of thin spaghetti strings that flossed my butt and accented the feminine muscles of my back.

The front was designed to show off as much of my bodice as it could without revealing the finer details of nippleage, breast or cunt, but was tight enough that it hinted and suggested at those parts of me.

And this was my sweet sixteen birthday present from father.

My flesh had healed upon my back; it was healing faster and faster now... To hide what father was doing to me.

There was little doubt in my mind as to what I was being steered to become: A trophy wife, capable of breeding many children, and rearing them while being seen and not heard.

I slid my hands over my body, over my breasts and over my abdominals – feeling the many tertiary nipples that were hardening beneath my sensual touch caress the silk against them – and then down to my thighs, cupping the swollen folds of my vaginal mound with my finger tips. My sensitivity had been enhanced, and my breasts felt so tight with swelling mammary and my nipples almost always ached. I'd gained over an inch in height since I last seen Nathan, and I likewise had put on a lot of my adult weight in the form of suppleness.

As I stared at the stranger in my mirror, seeing it caress its body through my actions, there was a knock at my door, but I ignored it at first, tracing the fine embroidery of my *'birthday present.'*

I sighed as the door knocked again, only louder.

"Who is it?" I asked wearily.

"It's Kor... Open the door." my half-brother said from beyond the heavy oaken door.

"Not tonight Kor... I have a headache." I said, loud enough to where I hoped someone would hear and rescue me.

But then the door banged open as Kor pushed its lock right off the hinges and I hugged myself, scrunching my primaries and secondaries together over my arms as I turned my head away from the mirror and watched my half-brother slowly approach me from out of the corner of my eye, his hand opening to cup my bottom as he drew near, and I felt his first touch land right upon my ass, his second gripping my shoulder tightly.

"I don't care if you do have a headache... *Sister*, it's your sweet sixteenth, and I'm here to give you my present!"

"Father will be most sore at you if you were to get my new present dirty before I can show it off, Kor."

I turned around to face him, ignoring his already erecting phallus. I saw him clench his jaw and look at me in a frustrated and a very angry way.

"Then take it off!" he groaned as he became fully erect, his claws flashing as he looked as if he meant to beat me

This new outfit, though feminine in all its glory, and though I despised it, at least was like a thin sheet of armor protecting me from another raping from my brother.

"Make me." I said defiantly.

Kor's eyes looked fearful for a moment, but then his jaw set, and he back-handed me.

I'd learned to take his abuse a long time ago, and I clenched my face and jaw and turned my head so that he only landed a glancing blow, but then I turned my head back to him and continued to look defiantly at him.

But then grabbed my shoulders, and forcibly kissed me, just before he forced me to lie on my bed, just before he grabbed a finger full of the crotch of my lingerie, pushed it out of the way of my crotch as I pinched my thighs together. He forced them open even as he pushed into my body, and I felt the full length of his manhood shove itself deep inside my body.

I began to weep as he raped me again, violating me, steeling my breasts and my pussy away from the male that I wanted to give them to, and for the first time, for the first time that I could remember, in one massive defiant moment, I sucked in a breath and I screamed.

Kor tried to quiet me, shush me, and then pulling himself out of me, painfully ridding my body of his massive cock, he tried to escape out the still opened door, but then father was there, seeing the situation in a moment, and Kor

immediately shrunk down, pinning his ears back as his tail shifted right between his legs that shook and quaked in fear.

Right before my very eyes, I saw father's eyes turn red... Just before he set himself forward and began to beat Kor within an inch of his life.

There was a spreading pool of blood that was trickling through the floor boards by the time father had finished, with Kor having a broken jaw, a swollen eye, and a large number of broken bones, with several of them jutting through his flesh.

He fixed me with an unreadable gaze before lifting a hand and snapping his fingers, and several of the servants of the house rushed in and forcibly dragged Kor from my room and another practically flung himself to my floor to wipe up the spilt blood.

"Vassal." Lupin said suddenly, and a young male rushed in and bowed fiercely beside the one on the floor cleaning up the stain.

"Yes Master Lupin." he replied, remaining bowed.

"You and your fellow servants will clean this room spotless by moonrise, or you will share Kor's fate." Lupin said and then turned, and then my father walked toward me, walked right through the pool of blood, leaving footprints on my floor before he came to stand before me with all his blood splattered finery.

"How long has this been going on?" he asked.

I didn't look at him... Didn't answer him.

"I said..."

"Why should I have to answer you, Father? You already know..." I said quietly, guarding my violated femininity with one hand as I tried to place the crotch of my new clothing over it.

Father stared at me, set his jaw and I saw his fists clench, and for a moment I thought that he was about to strike me. But then he turned on his heel and left in a huff. All that night, I heard Kor's punishment as father lashed him with a cat of nine tails, shouted at my half-brother and beat him. The Den was remarkably quiet, save for those sounds, all night.

They echoed in my ears long before our guests arrived.

For once... Father didn't place me beside some drunken wolf who was trying to bed me before night fall.

After the party, I went to go see Kor... Who father had stapled to the wall with silver stakes and had bound up with razor wire to make him bleed.

I walked up to Kor, looking up at him, his mouth held by a metal gag he couldn't bite through, and several of his teeth were missing entirely. I stared up at him, not quite satisfied at his condition before my eyes lowered to his unslung prick, which was completely undamaged.

Father hoped that he'd sire many sons.

Taking hold of his bindings, I lurched forward and kneed him fiercely in his groin... I heard a crunch.

Now I was satisfied...

I turned on my heel and left the dungeon room he was in as he whimpered in pain.

The next Howl was finally upon us. Four months since I'd last seen Luna, the creature of light who possessed more color than any other being I'd ever known. Even those in whom I was so familiar with, my twin sister even, in whom I'd had a brief... 'Exploration' session with when we were much younger, and no I don't mean that we bedded each other... I mean we played doctor before we knew what a manhood and a womanhood were supposed to do.

My mother, father, younger sister and Quixote were bright in my senses, but none of them shone with as much brilliance as Luna did.

I'd put on a lot of weight in four months, and though I was no where near as impressive as others my age – even my own twin was far heavier and stronger than me – I nonetheless was taller than most, and displayed a brilliant array of individual muscle groups that no one else did, and I'd become incredibly flexible. The problem was, though, that none of those muscles were all too thick to begin with.

As we all stood in a circle at the beginning of the Howl, I stood with my family, my head bowed so that my ears were at the highest part of my head. I was looking for her while the elders droned on and spoke the traditions of the Lycan.

This went on till at long last the beginning of the Howl was punctuated by over a hundred Lycan voices howling out at the moon.

I was the only one who didn't howl, for with so much sound being uttered, every last single wolf and wolfess became clear to me, every feature, every detail of their features and bodies greeted me, even despite that my ears were pinned back to deaden the shrill sound in my sensitive hearing, allowing me to see all about them, head to toe, front and back.

For one long tumultuous howl, for nearly a minute did it pass till the voices subsided, and the detail of my world ever so slowly subsided with the sound, but there, amidst the opposite side of the circle of wolves, there was a bright presence that walked in amidst the towering edifice of her father and his retainers, that one individual remaining bright to my vision of sound and other senses while all others faded to dull images, and I smiled happily as I saw Luna standing there like a pillar of moonlight shaped into the body of a female.

Her eyes focused immediately upon me, catching me directly out of the milling crowd.

She came to stand at the very edge of the circle, the elders shouting excitedly now, but despite that, she whispered in a low voice a meeting place, and despite the sounds of the shouting, I nonetheless bowed my head once, acknowledging that I'd heard.

And then I smiled, knowing that I'd be with her soon.

I hurried to where I said I'd meet him, a place far on the edge of the lands that the Howl controlled, far away from where those our age would be trying to introduce each other to the arts of breeding or where the younger wolves played.

I rushed into the place and paused, breathing heavily, excitedly, my breasts heaving, constraining against my white bodysuit that was able to stretch in order to accommodate my form between my human and hybrid forms.

I looked about me, and laughed with excitement as I turned and turned, looking all about me for my white prince.

"Where are you?" I said aloud, as if I were talking to anyone face to face, knowing that if he were nearby he'd be able to hear me still.

"Here..." came a voice, and I turned sharply to see Nathan standing there, and I squealed, made ready to jump him and land him with kisses, but then he lifted a hand and tilted one ear to me. "Wait." he said, and held himself a far off. "Luna... Please... Answer me one question."

I blinked in surprise. "A-anything." I quavered, and beamed at him.

"Four months ago... At the spring Howl, did you know... did you know that I was a prince of my clan when you came to me?"

I took a step forward, but he didn't move.

"I-I don't understand. Why would that make any difference?"

He bowed his head. "Please."

I stared at him, and then smiled. "I came to you, because you were all alone... and that I thought that you looked cute." I said in all honesty.

He smiled at long last, and took a step closer to me.

"Wait." I said then, my turn for a question. "Why did you just ask me that?"

Nathan kept his head down, and only his ears pinning against the back of his head betrayed anything was amiss.

His white bandanna hid his eyes as usual and he sighed.

"I... Had a concern... That your father set you up to seduce me." he said, and I gasped, but then immediately set my jaw, a definite hurt look on my face that whatever it was that Nathan did see in me, he saw my expression change immediately, and his ears unpinned and he surged to within arms reach of me.

"I-I'm sorry. I'm sorry." he said immediately. "I was wrong to ask."

"No..." I said and hugged myself with my slender arms folding beneath my bosom. "No you were right to ask." I sighed and hugged myself tighter, my boobs all compressing themselves close together. "It is the purpose in which my father is molding me into... As a trophy wife, a breeder, a sexual toy that he borrows out to gain the favor of other clan lords. I... Could assume, that if I hadn't come onto you as I did... He'd eventually send me to your bed to seduce you."

I turned my back toward him. I knew that I was trembling.

"Look at my body, Nathan. My breasts are many sizes larger than a female my age should possess... And I'm already growing secondaries and tertiaries at least two seasons prior to all the other females would develop.

"Such a thing is unnatural.

"I have hips perfect for child bearing and a womanhood that no longer possesses my virginity. I lost it long before ever meeting you, because it was taken from me... Not given away.

"I'm a despicable creation, Nathan... And I..."

I trembled more fiercely, tears rising up in my eyes as I thought of all those times that Kor and all those other males raped me, or I was whored out to them. Thought of all the times I was slapped or beaten, all the times that I was cut by The Crone.

"...I know I can't stop you looking at me... You can see me even when your eyes are closed and your back is turned. But despite what I am, despite what I'm being made into, I did honestly, and for truth desired you for you and in return you gave me the one thing that I so wanted in the whole wide world... Even if it was for a short while."

I bowed my head. "You made me feel normal..."

It grew very quiet just then, and for a moment, I believed that Nathan had left me. But then I felt the gentlest of touches alight upon my shoulder, the gentle fingers of a blind man who learned to see by touching then sliding fully about my shoulder and then gripping tightly just before his body pressed against my back and his other hand gripped my other shoulder.

"Forgive me. I had to ask." he whispered into my ear, just before he nuzzled my cheek. "You're trembling." he said then, and I finally felt what I wanted so much, and that was his kiss of affection on my neck.

I turned and looked at the blind fold covering his eyes, my fingers closing about his long biceps. Suddenly it became difficult for me to breathe in my simple white blouse and jacket.

Then I slid into his arms and he automatically embraced me, folding me to his chest as I pressed my ear against his body, listening to his heart beating. Very quickly, I stopped trembling and relaxed within his arms.

"You were right to ask about my father, Nathan... He's ruined everything for me in the past... Why shouldn't he have ruined my relations with you? Even by sheer reputation?"

"I couldn't stop thinking about you..." he said then as he cupped my face and held it within his fingers, and I felt him caressing my features like he had when we'd first met. There was a gentle smile on his face, and I knew that he wasn't looking at just my crotch or my breasts... Or maybe my bottom, true he was probably looking at all three of them all at once, but he was also looking at my face, my neck and my belly, my thighs and arms, but with his fingers upon my face... I was certain that all of his attentions were focused there.

There was no lecherous look or feel from him... instead there was a feeling that I was very, very unfamiliar with, but was able to recognize as something that I've always wanted:

True affection.

"I thought a lot about you too..." I said stupidly, like a dotting little fem in the presence of her lover.

The feeling was partially that of a school girl crush on the cute boy, but also partially unrequited love. The combination created a passion inside my chest that warmed me, made my heart quicken, made my breathing quicken. My body reacted to the stimulation, my labia swelling and forming a definite camel toe within the crotch of my camel toe, my areola puffing out and my nipples hardening till they ached while the fluids within my body and my loins began to build up and flow.

The collar of my blouse was undone, and I felt his touch alight upon my collar bone, his fingers caressing me, the palm of his hand sliding between the soft fur of my chest and bosom there as his finger touched the wolfen pubic hair that was growing between my breasts.

I gasped against the touch, closing my eyes as my body automatically arched into him, pressing my many breasts against his body.

Did he know that I dreamed of lying against his body in the night? Did he know that I fantasized about him pleasuring me as I masturbated during my bi-annual heat? Did he know that the thought of him kept me from screaming during the four times that the Crone came to visit me since I last saw him?

I sighed, my eyes opening lazily, but then he bent to kiss me lightly, and I further rolled against him to press my crotch against his groin, only to feel his maleness growing into the wedge of space between my legs. He pulled back and smiled at me, licked my lips, and then kissed me, and automatically I lifted my hands to undo the many buttons of my bodysuit even as his hand automatically slid in beneath the opening fabric to cup my breast and caress it.

My breasts had been growing, they'd been swelling steadily centimeters a day and had become so sensitive to any touch, and with my arousal their sensitivity had increased several fold. Thanks to his touch, I felt my nipples all harden until they ached painfully. But within his hands he soothed and massaged my mammaries as I swooned in his arms, his erection sliding between my legs with a thin layer of soft, supple leather covering it, and gasping softly as we lowered to his knees and me on his lap, he lowered his head to my bodice as he cradled me and fastened his lips upon the aching nipple of the breast that he fondled.

I gasped and moaned, my body bucking sensually, rolling my flesh and fur against his as I felt his lips upon my teat while he rolled and cajoled my tit with his hand, getting the pressure inside of it to move toward the nipple as he laid me in the earth and unwrapped me from my bodysuit. As he sucked upon my teat, a fluid pressed into the ends of all my many nipples, all twelve of them, and when he rose above me, massaging my chest, I saw a warm fluid swell from the end of the nipple that he'd focused upon, and I watched in amazement as I began to lactate, milk leaking from all my nipples now.

I began panting, moaning with want now as I arched my back into his cradling hands, feeling his lips nuzzling my breasts as I pushed the rest of my bodysuit off my bodice to reveal my naked sex, he getting each of my teats to cream before he nuzzled my belly, helping me to undress myself till at long last he found my pussy with his lips and pulled my bodysuit off my legs and feet.

He kissed my femininity, sucking upon my vaginal lips as I gasped and moaned, feeling his tongue probing inside me for a short while before he began licking my womanhood, arousing me as I let my legs flop open for him. Gasping, groaning, letting out weak howls of pleasure, I looked at him between my breasts as he reached up to caress my mammaries again, squeezing more milk from them to release their quivering tension, releasing the aching sensation in all my teats.

"Ngh... AH!" I moaned, and then rolled upward, hugging his head between my legs and arms, kissing his brow and hugging his back as I licked his neck. "Ngh!" I moaned again, my many breasts resting about his head before I pulled him upward to me, pushing his bandana up off his head, pushing his shirt off his chest, devouring his mouth with mine in passion as I rubbed my breasts against his dual-layered chest.

I bent my head, licking several of his nipples with my tongue, and then reaching within his loincloth, I found his groin and pulled it out from within the supple leather that it was contained within, feeling his penis extend for me within my hands. Kneeling before him, stroking him with one hand and cupping his sack with the other, I opened my mouth and fastened it upon the end of his prick, and I began to suck on his tip.

Nathan breathed heavily as he hugged my head now, and I sucked on that thickening mass of meat as he extended to his fullest, his girth pushing my lips open, forcing my cheeks to puff out, and when I tasted the twinge of his bitter seed, I swallowed it deeply and pulled my lips tantalizingly back his length and off his prick, leaving my breasts resting upon his lap as I slowly lifted myself, warming his shaft between my tits as I looked up at him, and then kissed his many detailed abs.

"Ngh." I gasped yet again, and began to climb up onto him, holding his prick in one of my hands as I angled it for my already sopping wet pussy from my nectar and his saliva.

His huge, powerful phallus slid inside me easier than the last time as I crawled up onto his lap and slid down to the hilt upon his prick, feeling its growing girth now spread the lips of my labia open to their fullest, pressing them against my inner thighs despite how far spread open my legs were, while his length swelled deep, deep inside my body, so deep that I felt as if its tip had penetrated my heart, and tilting my head back, I gasped and gurgled with pleasure.

He embraced me, filling me with love and affection, nuzzling my breasts as I leaked milk all over his shoulders, face and chest; he kissing the swollen, fatty orbs of my chest before his lips opened and suckled from the meager morsels of virgin cream leaking from my tits.

He was taking my unspoiled virginity from me, the part that I'd secreted away inside me and protected for the one male that I could find worthy of taking it. He was nursing from me for the first time, and likewise, as I thought about it, especially being that my womanhood had been taken from me in the past; he was the first that I gave it to... Willingly.

He did take my virginity...

Before I knew it, I was pushing his body to the ground, rolling my pussy upon his erect shaft, squeezing him with my vaginal muscles, drawing on his erection with my sex, kissing him as my breasts, as swollen and engorged as they are, hung from my chest and body and rested lightly upon his chest.

I drew back, opening my eyes as I looked into the whitish-gray of his own eyes, his eyes only looking at me lazily, though as he lifted a hand to touch my face, the whole of my face and not just my cheeks, touching my brows, lips and cheek, fingering the strands of my hair, I knew that he was looking at the whole of my face. Though his eyes looked dead and distant, his face turned into a look of doting devotion.

"I... Believe that I am falling for you, beautiful Luna."

I smiled, and bent my head to kiss his lips again.

"I know that I love you." I whispered, and slid slowly back upon his erect phallus and began to rock on him to give pleasure to my sweet lord.

I felt his penis clench, tighten and tense, just before it spasmed inside my body, and I felt him offload his nads into my body as I rose, feeling his hands slide down my neck, between my breasts and along my belly.

He arched his back, thrusting up into me, offloading so many times more than any other male before him could even hope to manage, Nathan climaxing so many times that I began to overflow.

Then I looked sadly down at my belly, palming my stomach as I smiled to him, before I continued to slide up and down on his erection as it began to stiffen yet again. He had so much virility, so much that I could think of no other male that had ever possessed as much as he did that had ever been with me before.

But then I felt his hand over mine, and his face became somber, and somehow... Somehow I knew that he was thinking the same thing I was thinking about.

Someday... Somehow... That I would be baring his baby.

But that moment would have to wait... For now... I was just content to have my body played with by him, as we made love for hours.

As Luna's mother, even in death, I was very, very proud of my daughter... Seeing her making love to her young male; and as luck would have it, he was the son of my dear friend Natasha.

I stood there, half-remembering my life, in times that I was actually romanced and cajoled like that, but then I turned away and let them have their privacy... Even if they didn't know that I was there, it was still rude to watch. My spirit had been growing stronger as of late... And I was able to speak with my daughter... though only in dreams and in whispers that she only picked up on a sub-conscious level, but she was now protected, and safe, and in the arms of a man who'd give his life for her.

But in these sixteen years, I'd learned a thing or two about the spiritual realm that no mortal, not even those who called themselves mystics and shamans could ever know unless they themselves had died.

And that was how to manipulate the physical realm by your presence alone.

Luna lay on her stomach, her breasts acting as pillows as I knelt behind her. The thickness of her breasts, an adult's breasts, breasts that should've been meant for the chest of a female that had not only birthed cubs but also acted as the nurse maid for many more cubs other than her own cushioned her body in four places. Her primaries were large E-cups, and her secondaries were sizeable C-cups on the verge of being single D's. They formed rounded masses beneath her arms and beneath her lower chest and ribs while the soft pads of eight more breasts lined her abdominals.

Admittedly they were pleasing to sense with my hearing and to caress with my touch... but it nonetheless saddened me that she had to endure maturity before she even had the chance to properly experience childhood.

Folding her arms, she laid her head upon the long, slender muscles while her fur kept her warm in these cool breezes.

I was situated behind her, legs spread to push beneath her thighs with my abdominals flush up against her bottom, my still erect prick penetrating her pussy deep into her body. The connection was deep and palpable, joining her and me as I gently rocked into her body while learning the individual contours of her lightly-muscled back, wide birthing hips and her perfectly rounded and supple bottom.

This was of course the natural position for werewolves to take while making love, it was strangely instinctive but was also the proper way to take a female so that she could become pregnant. We knew that she couldn't conceive lest she was in heat, but nonetheless, we practiced it... For sometime in the future it would be necessary.

I passed my hands caressingly along her supple back muscles, pressing my fingers through the long and silken back fur that merged with her head fur into a long mane that tussled about her head. The softness and quality of her mane was a wonderful thing for me to slide my fingers through as I found the contours of her spine as well as all the individual bumps of her back. But as I massaged her, feeling out the individual shapes of her bodice and lower back, sliding my fingers against her, I suddenly began to become aware of something else:

The feel of extremely thin, puckered scar tissue.

A Lycan's healing ability was incredible. We could regenerate lost limbs within a day if need be, and likewise if we were beheaded, we could still survive if our heads were held onto our bodies long enough for the wound to heal. Some of us were so supernatural in that healing ability – like many of the elders – that even if we were blown to bits and pieces that the body would reassemble itself.

For any Lycan to be wounded in such a way that it created scarring... Meant that it was a severely aggravated wound.

I began to trace the scar on her back with my finger tips as she hugged her breasts and sighed, clenching her vaginal muscles lazily to help cajole me toward climax inside her body yet again. But as I traced the lines of the scar, I found it joining other scars, and still more... As a matter of fact, now that I was focusing on them, I was even revealing that network of scarring that spread over the whole of her back, right down to the crevice at the peak of her butt cheeks and her stubby adolescent tail, across her shoulders, up into her neck, and when my memory replayed the image overlaid on her back, I gasped.

"Hnnn?" she sighed nasally and turned her head to look at me. "Nathan... What is it?"

"Your back," I swallowed. "I feel it covered with scars..." I said, caressing that back, but the image of her face within my mind's eye suddenly opened her eyes wide.

"S-scarred?" she asked nervously as she continued to lie there, and I felt her vaginal muscles clench about my erection.

"You have a magic circle etched in your back, Luna. There is power in it, which means that someone has empowered it to remain active. It's linked... It's linked right to your soul." I couldn't help but keep the quaver out of my voice, and as I touched the scars again, I infused it with a little of my power, and it suddenly sprung to a brilliant red to my sight, the angry power of elemental forces. But as my energies suffused the circle, I found that this circle had been building up inside her, and it was there as if someone had opened her up, had etched circles that had long since receded into her body as she grew up, all the circles growing larger and more complex the older she became, till the largest of them all stood before me.

It was built like a wirework of interconnecting lines that eventually encircled her heart.

Luna pushed upward, and lifting one leg, she turned half to face me for a moment. Then swinging that leg over my lap, she rose and sat in my lap, driving my phallus deeper into her body. Taking my hands, she placed them onto her back so that I might hold her, and as she began to rise and fall pleasingly upon my erection, she hugged my head to her swollen chest.

"Since I was a baby... Since I was fresh from the womb some have told me, an old woman called *'The Crone'* would come to our Den, and she would cut me all across my back with a silver knife laden with a strange potion.

"They said I howled terribly the first time she did it to me, but the more she did it to me, the more I became accustomed to it, and the more I could resist the pain... And now... I don't scream any more."

I gasped and rose off her chest as her mammaries pressed against the top of my chest and throat.

"Cut you? Luna... The oldest of these etchings are nearly two decades old!" I exclaimed in shock.

"About sixteen years?" she said sadly, but smiled subtly and continued to ride my shaft. It was remarkable that she was keeping me aroused through this whole discussion. But then she sighed, and her chests heaved. "Nathan... That is my life... Whatever these markings are, they are changing me in the inside... And I feel that those changes are accelerating the way that I mature."

I kissed the hollow of her throat and laid my head against her bosom again, and she readily hugged my head to her as I listened to her heart beating as I continued fingering the lines on her back. Now that I wasn't exerting magical power into those lines, the deep, burning red slowly faded away from her, though I could still see the shimmering contours that were barely discernable beneath her silken fur.

"I... Am not like other girls, Nathan." she continued, hugging my head tighter to her chest before she kissed my brow. "I lost my virginity at the age of six, or rather; my virginity was taken from me."

"Y-you were raped?" I gasped, pulling back, and even my eyes widened in surprise. "W-Who... Who would do such a thing?"

She touched my lips with a pair of her fingers to calm me, and I did before she continued sliding up and down upon my erection again.

"Kor." she said. "He rapes me often, but then he's not the only one. I am set up as a whore and a pleasure toy, Nathan. When other girls are still playing with dolls but learning to wear make up and are thinking about boys, I'm entertaining full-grown males who's only thought is to get me either on my back or on my hands and knees and have their way with me." She bowed her head. "I'm a princess that is forced to be a despicable whore, Nathan... I'll understand... I'll understand if you don't want to see me anymore."

My face grew slack, but despite all these revelations, she was still riding me gently. But then I focused upon her, and tilting forward, cradling her, I laid her on the soft leaves on the ground. She laid placatingly on her back, arching her body as I long-armed myself over her, my senses focusing upon her as I lifted a clawed hand and caressed her face and fondled her lips before I slid myself more deeply into her body, pumped vigorously several times and climaxed into her body before I leaned in to kiss her. The feel of her body against mine, the press of her breasts, made me cum again into her, and for a third time I kissed her, long and passionately.

"I will never love another person in my life, Luna. You are... You're my beloved...."

Luna gasped, and then closing her eyes, I saw the image of her face change slightly as she began to cry, and she embraced me solidly.

"B-beloved..." she whimpered, and said nothing else.

She cried for a long time as we uncoupled, and I cradled her against me for as long as she wanted to rest there, and for the whole time, she clutched to me tightly.

I felt in love...

Nathan was the only person in the world that I felt love with... And as we walked through the woods, quite alone with no sound about us, with me holding his hand, I could feel my heart leaping inside my chest, and I felt... Connected... With him.

When I had made love with him, it felt like making love... Not just sex. Having known sex for so long, the informality and insensitiveness of sex, I knew when there was something different in it... I knew when it was love and not just sex. When he kissed me I felt passion and affection back instead of someone just taking it from me. When he held me... I felt protected and safe.

Today... Was a perfect day.

Till Nathan stopped all of a sudden, his unnaturally large ears perking, then before I knew it, Nathan was swooping me up in his arms and leaping up the trees before he rested between the Y of two thick branches with his legs spread wide.

"Nathan, what..." I began, but he placed me on his thigh to sit and shushed me with a pair of strong fingers pressed against my lips.

Soon I found why he was doing this.

Father in his full hybrid form, a powerful looking creature of shadow, lurched through the underbrush and stopped right where Nathan and I had been a moment ago.

"Don't move..." Nathan whispered into my ear, so quiet that if it hadn't been right into my ear I wouldn't have heard it, and I immediately froze. I don't even think that my heart or my breathing continued at that moment.

"Luna!" Lupin cried out. "You are with that boy again aren't you? Get out here!" he howled, his claws flashing.

Nathan hugged my side, palming my belly, keeping me still as we looked down at Lupin through the trees.

"Come out!!" Lupin howled again and punched a tree, shattering its base and causing it to fall.

He huffed and puffed loudly as he stood there, green ethereal power rising up from his body while his eyes shone a shade of red that was always frightening. I began to tremble in fear, but Nathan cradled me more closely to himself in order to calm me. I was frightened, scared out of my wits, but he protected me... even against the baleful sight of my father.

"Remember, Luna... If that boy gets you pregnant then you're useless to me... Don't think I'll hesitate to destroy you. I will not let you do to me what your mother did."

I gasped, and Lupin's head turned immediately toward the sound, and he shifted instantly in a spasm of action as his body seemed to teleport into a fighting stance, his claws flashing yet again.

"Come out!! I know you're here now... Your scent ends here! Along with that bastard son of Peter's!"

I saw Nathan raise a hand and gesture, and suddenly a bird was stirred from its nest above us, and he saw the bird fly from inside the tree, and he immediately relaxed.

"Luna... So help me... If I were to ever find you with that boy... I'll gut him right in front of your eyes." he growled beneath his breath, but even though I didn't have Nathan's hearing, I nonetheless heard the threat before Lupin began to walk away.

I was still trembling, and I embraced Nathan tightly when he was out of sight.

"He didn't see us... He didn't see us..." I whimpered, and rubbed my eyes against his chest to wipe away the tears.

"I shielded us with my magic." He pressed his lips together. "He doesn't frighten me. He won't find me as easily defeated as he did last time." Nathan said with blind determination. "But I'm afraid for you. We need to get all my scent off your body, beloved... Else wise he may punish you. Best if he thinks me a stalker who followed you instead of your lover for now."

He hopped forward, but he landed on the tree branch. "Come... I'll get you to a place where you can clean yourself. Wash yourself till you cannot smell me on you any more."

And then cradling me, he began to leap across the tree branches between the trees away from Lupin.

I held onto him as tightly as I could as long as I could... Afraid that I'd lose him. I smelled his scent deeply, filling my nostrils with his smell... Especially since I was very soon to lose what little of it that might've been on me. He kept moving till he deposited me at the edge of a pool fed by the river where several of the young females my age were playing and swimming naked in their various forms. There he let me go as he began to roll in the dirt to rub the scent of me off his self, and then he faced me as I was several yards away from him.

I knew the illusion he was making... Making his self look like the young man who was following after the most beautiful female. He'd openly shift father's ire from me to him... To keep me safe. He was also degrading himself... A prince like him wasn't supposed to do such things.

I went to join the younger females and bathe at the same time as swim, while he himself went to go retrace the tracks and lead father off on a wild goose chase.

"Luna... I thought you didn't like us." one of the younger females said.

"No... I... Just like being alone every now and again." I smiled, trying to hide my sexual prowess in comparison to them.

Having fully developed hips, thighs and breasts for one as young as me made me very self-conscious around other females.

I heard them talking about me, the rumors and the jib-jabbing that females did, and smiling, swimming forward, I began to tell them the truth to the tales they spoke, or at least as much truth as I dared. I got a few friends that day too... But still... I heard father screaming and howling off in the distance as Nathan kept leading him all over the forest.

Beloved... Be careful, I thought.

Whatever it was he did, father did little more than grab my arm and scold me that I didn't come when he called, and I played it off that I couldn't hear him because I was swimming, but nonetheless, at the end of the Howl, I escaped without a beating.

But whatever beating I could've gotten paled against the power of the heartache inside my chest. I was in love... And there was a chance that I might not be able to keep it...

Chapter Five: Secret Places

I laid back against a weight bench inside the house portion of our den, straining against a hundred pounds of weight as I tried to bench press all that weight in my human form.

I'd been studying healthy body-building techniques on the internet, having to use a special brail pad in order to read its information, debating whether or not to start with anabolic steroids, but father saw my researching and advised me not to pump my body full of poisons for false strength. Father had never lied to me before, so I continued with a high protein diet and continued to work my body in what ways that I could.

As I bench pressed that weight though, I suddenly saw a mass move in front of my eyes, and I blinked the sweat away to see my twin sister standing above me as she placed her hands beneath the bar as if to catch it.

Her image was a shining thing inside my senses as my ears twitched to focus on her, and though her chest was just beginning to bud with growing feminine growths and her hips were beginning to widen, she had several pounds more muscle on her body than I did, and she still had a healthy layer of fat all around it.

"You know... You really shouldn't be doing this without a spotter... Especially when you're pushing yourself so hard. You should likewise be wearing a training belt."

I sighed and finished my reps before setting the bar and sitting up, taking a towel from the end of the weight bench and rubbing my face off, my eyes looking distant but my ears twitched as I focused on my twin again.

"Weight belts are for humans, sister... To keep their muscles from tearing too much should they strain themselves, and terribly torn muscles from overstrain on a human take far longer to repair than they do on a Lycan. I can actually grow more muscle faster than I could if I did wear one."

"Hmm..." Kira said and then slid around the weights and then came to sit next to me. She was wearing only her work-out clothes – a thong and a loose undershirt that stretched across her pert breasts – but she sat beside me quietly before pressing against my arm, feeling its strength, or lack there of. "I noticed you suddenly put on a few pounds, brother, and very rapidly too. I think I might stop wearing one of those belts too then."

I smirked.

That meant that she would suddenly explode with muscle. She and our little sister Mia seemed to gain muscle weight easily... Without even trying.

Kira had the full thighs and powerful arms of a werewolf. She'd be quite strong... Perhaps more than most males could handle.

"Tell me though, brother... Why do you push yourself so? Why such a need to always be studying, and when you're not studying, why are you always lifting weights?"

"It's... Complicated." I said quietly.

"Nathan... We've bathed together; we've lain naked together without fear of taking advantage of each other... We shared the same room till Mia and I came of age... We never hid anything. What's so important that you can't tell even your twin?"

"A woman." I admitted, and Kira nodded, as if she already knew what was eating at me... She just wanted me to say it. She had mother's wisdom in that way, and she took to squeezing my rosy muscles with her hands to test their strength.

"I wish I could rid myself of practically all body fat, or at least shove it all into my chest." she mused. "But you need to eat more fatty things, Nathan... At least on occasion eat a sweet or two. Your body burns fat to make muscle, and you have very little of it." she felt my abdominals then. "But congratulations on getting a solid eight pack. I haven't even done that yet. And on top of that you got dual lats. You need to teach me your body-sculpting techniques. I want to be beautiful... Not just strong." she said and then did a double arm flex, and I heard her shirt groan against the strain of her torso muscles causing the garment to stretch about her bodice.

I chuckled briefly, but then looked down at my hands, looked at the greenish-blue coloring that surrounded their echoes... My growing aura.

Kira slapped me on the shoulder then, and I gave a start and lifted my head immediately toward her.

"Help me put some more weight on and spot me. You've been on the machines and bench all morning... It's my turn to get strong while Mia is still napping..."

The Lodge was quiet for once as I lay on my bed, reading some documents. Father had been introducing me to the legal and financial half of his daily duties, and he wanted me to understand them.

But my mind wasn't on the numbers at the moment... My mind was on the awareness of a certain visitor in the house.

My breasts had been expanding, my waist narrowing and my hips broadening as I put on the form and weight of a fully adult female in this seventeenth year of my birth. I was sexually alluring, with a long mane of hair, but only because father ordered for me to grow my mane out.

My lessons now included how to groom my fur to a lustrous sheen, but the unnatural changes to my body that seemed to be not only accelerating my maturity but also evolving them, now had me lactating. I had to milk myself once every few days now thanks to the interference my body growth had received. I so wished that I was like most other girls, where my only thoughts were on makeup, boys and playing with dolls, but here I was thinking about laws and finance and how to please fully grown and adult men.

A man's t-shirt was wrapped about my bodice, hemming in my large breasts, with a thong v-shaped bottom covering the nakedness of my sex but showed off my bottom perfectly. I had no other choice in clothes, really... it was either wear these things or go naked. Either of which was preferable for me to display myself as father wanted me to.

But then I heard footsteps outside my door as I dipped a claw into an inkwell and scrawled a few figures just before I heard a knock on my door.

"Come in you old hag." I said with all iciness in my throat. Something spiritual, perhaps a guardian angel, always celebrated my disdain for the creature that entered my room at that time, something matriarchal, and I capped my ink well and wiped the ink of my claw, not looking at my visitor.

"Such disdain for your elders." The crone growled menacingly under her breath as her gnarled staff touched against the ground with a solid tap of wood against wood.

"You're too old to be considered an elder." I said under my breath as I stood, pulling my shirt off over my head to hide her view from my eyes, before I pulled on the side tie strings of my bottoms to stand naked before her. "You know it and I know it... You should be dead, but whatever unnatural power you have is sustaining you."

"You have the wisdom of your mother." The Crone said as she laid her staff beside the door before closing it and locking it. "And the same sharp tongue."

She came over to me as I stood there, staring at her with my piercing eyes, wishing her all the ill will I could muster as she looked me over from head to toe, moved about to my backside to cup my bottom, and then to my front where she dipped her fingers straight into my pussy – I closed my eyes tightly as she did that – and then withdrawing her fingers she smelt them.

"So old," she mentioned looking at me. "...and still no first heat. Though I still smell the masculine power of your young man inside your bowels." The crone said, and then licked my juices off her knobby fur-bare fingers. "Such power for one so young as he... Perhaps I should tell Lupin that this young male is fucking you right under his nose."

"Do you bleed dust, hag?" I asked immediately. "I would be interested in finding out."

"Veiled threats too? Just perfect." the crone said and her cold hands took up my perfect breasts and squeezed and groped them before she grabbed my face with surprising strength, and I smelt her foul breath, saw her evil red eyes as she turned my head from side to side, squeezing my cheeks tightly so that my gums rolled over my teeth.

I looked at her like I wanted to kill her.

"You're coming along nicely now." she mentioned, and from within her robes she removed a satchel and moved over to my vanity, and from the satchel she removed a roll of silvery tools, along with a mortar and pistil and began mixing her herbs. Clenching my teeth, I stepped over to the nearest wall and leaned against it with both hands, closing my eyes as I heard her sharpening her implements, heard her grinding the potion, my breasts distending heavily from my chest before she turned around.

"Oh good! Good... Already ready for your treatment I see."

"Just get over with it hag and get out of my room."

"I don't think so, dear. Your father wants you to heat! Which means I have additional work to attempt to trigger it, which means you and I will be here all night." she chuckled, and raised the first knife to my back, and made the first incision. My muscles tensed and I closed my eyes, setting my jaw, but I wouldn't scream, I wouldn't howl... No matter how heavy the yoke of this pain was. Not even when this horrid bitch told me to turn around, the first time ever, and she cut into my navel, cut into my breasts, and enacted some sort of circumcision on me with her knives before my body healed slowly itself.

And through it all, I felt the burning of the silver of her implements against my flesh, the metal that was the bane to nearly all Lycan, and likewise, she rubbed her potion into every last sensitive cut of my skin. I remained standing once she was done, standing in a puddle of my own blood as I waited for her to leave. When she had, I collapsed to the floor and simply breathed, but I would not show weakness to that bitch.

It was time like these that I felt the most soothed as my body healed itself, and I felt that spiritual being, perhaps my guardian spirit, comforting me, caressing me to the point where I practically felt that spirit's hands on me.

Sleep was a blessing.

The next day... My loins split as I entered my first heat, a powerful one that made me want a man, made me want to procreate, but I hid it by wedging a wet towel between my legs, and crawling beneath the floorboards, I laid there, squirting my juices into that towel while I cried out with a wooden toggle in my mouth for my need for sex... Hard raunchy sex, and I tried to see myself in Nathan's arms, his hard and long and powerful penis sliding inside me, but that image in my mind was difficult to maintain. Especially when I heard the pitter patter of Kor's feet as he tried to find me, tried to find where I was hiding and fuck me... But my hiding place was perfect and hidden inside a hole that I'd dug at night quietly, like an escape tunnel, secreted beneath the lodge.

In it was my secret place, where I could avoid the rapes, avoid the bad things of my world; a sanctuary in a den of evil.

I cursed my father, cursed Kor, and cursed The Crone for making my first heat, a thing that should've been magical, should've been the first time I felt a male between my legs and loved for the first time, should've been sweet and perfect as I experienced sex for the first time, a nightmare. Instead I shivered and kept myself from sobbing with need, all while my body continued to heal, and likewise mutate from the changes being wrought upon my body.

The Howl couldn't come quickly enough, and though I packed on at least fifty pounds of weight in the months it took since I last saw my Luna, I was nonetheless at long last starting to feel strong. Most of that body weight was me putting on the mass of an adult male... In which I was still gaining weight, but Kira and Mia both put on practically a hundred pounds a piece in mammary and muscle growth and a soft layer of fat.

Both of them outweighed me, and could bench press at least twice the weight I could. Mia definitely blossomed, and held a pair of breasts that were truly magnificent and perfect.

Wearing only my jacket and a loincloth, I followed mother and father while Mia and Kira went to show off the growths of their bodies to the other wolves their age. As the prince of our pack it was my duty to learn the ways of the pack and the methods in which it was governed, but despite all that boring tripe, I went really for only one reason.

Luna would also be there, for being the princess – her father didn't entrust Kor with such important things – she would someday lead her pack.

I heard rumors that her father was trying to get her pregnant from the other lords, and I hoped beyond hope that when I saw her it wouldn't be to see her with a rounded belly.

But when I finally did see her... Saw her in my mind's eye amidst all the shadows, a glowing creature of light who wore a shirt and nothing else, I was immediately overjoyed, and immediately concerned at how much she'd changed in the last few months. I almost didn't recognize her. She was short for an adult female, but she showed off more sexual power than any three females around her.

She looked to me, and pausing a moment to look up at her father Lupin, she mouthed a few words that I was perhaps the only one able to hear.

'Meet me where we first met.' she mouthed and then moved to hug her father's large arm. She had to keep up appearances, but I nonetheless inclined her head to show her that I understood.

The agony of having to listen to all these arguments and announcements, Father and Lupin argued the hardest, sent a pang into my gullet that I prayed to the Moon Goddess to end quickly, but that only seemed to make it drag on longer.

I began to fidget a little bit.

And then they were howling, and I lifted my head automatically to howl as well, adding my brief voice to the sound announcing that the celebrations had begun before I turned and walked away in the opposite direction Luna was going.

I circled away, far around on all fours till I came to the lake that was fed by the simple stream passing through it where we first met by the tree at its side. It was autumn now and the leaves were changing color and many had already fallen from the trees, and the forest was filled with the scent of decaying vegetable matter. Pausing at the stand of trees at the edge of the lake, finding Luna already standing before the lake with her hands folded before her, her tail, which had grown in recently, wagged slowly at her backside from side to side. Her face, though turned away from me, I could still see reflected from the sounds bouncing off the small lake.

She looked so sad.

I used all my senses briefly to see if anyone was about before I slid quietly from my hiding place, strode purposefully across the grounds and came to her, embracing her from behind, I cupped her sex with one hand, slid my other hand beneath her shirt to cup one of her tits and then kissed her neck.

"Great Maker I missed you beloved." I said, smelling her scent, feeling her body, tasting her with my lips and becoming immediately engrossed with her with all my senses.

I felt her warmth, heard her heart, and I didn't stop my groin from erecting and distending against her butt and tail as she immediately reached back to hold my head and lifted her other arm to hold onto my thickened arm that was crossing her body to cup her breast. She turned enough so that we could kiss passionately before she thrust her back against the tree, pulling me to her so that we could kiss each other more perfectly.

But then I saw the marring on her face... Realized that she was crying, and I paused and withdrew enough to see it for sure. She was crying, and to see that brought a pang into my heart as hard and as steely as if I'd just been stabbed with a knife. But then she surged forward and pressed against my body, arching her back and rolling her hips so that her bottom rose upward, and then lifting her tail as well, she kissed my bare chest.

"You are my only solace now." she whispered, whimpered actually. "You... My sweet lord, are the only good thing in my life. Please hold me. Love me; make me yours for time and all eternity."

"Luna... Wha-what happened?" I asked as she hugged me tightly, and I could feel her trembling.

"They forced me to heat." she said, and more tears escaped her eyes. "For nearly three days I felt it burning in me. The terrible need... I so needed you."

"I'm sorry I couldn't be there." I whispered and kissed her head, holding her tightly before I spoke again. "Luna... I have a secret place, here Luna. I discovered it when I was little, but I'm the only one who knows where it is. I can take you there..."

She looked up at me, touched the white bandana over my eyes before she caressed my face.

"I trust you." she said, and the way she said it made it sound as if I were the only one she trusted.

I took her hand, and started us both off into a leap right into the lake. She was confused once she surfaced and began swimming, but taking her hand, I turned to her. "Deep breath," I said, and she filled her lungs, and we slid beneath the autumn chilled waters, leaving nary a trace of our passing other than a series of ripples.

I moved us downward; the thick heavy world of water magnified my hearing so that I saw the whole of the lake, every bump of its bottom, every nook and cranny, all the way to a place where there was a break in the bowl of the small lake. I saw schools of fish swimming about and past us as we descended, and I pulled her along as she swam with me, right into the mouth of an underwater cave, and then quickly upward.

We emerged in a low-ceilinged tunnel where the ground was warm all around us, as was the water near the surface, and I slid outward, crouching low before I helped her out, her shirt clinging to her large breasts which were the size of watermelons now. She and I shook in order to rid ourselves of the water, and I felt my groin preparing as a flood of blood slid into it. Moving on all fours in a half crouch, I brought her to a special nest I'd prepared. Touching a stone that I'd enchanted, it glowed a brilliant white and gave off heat like a fire. To my senses, it hummed and vibrated, the sound intensifying everything in the chamber. I saw the luminescence of the light it gave magically as well, but for Luna, it lit everything enough so that she could see.

When she came close to me, I turned, seeing her look of amazement on her finely hewed features that had faded a little in detail due to our time apart, but I immediately reached out and palmed her face, retracing the contours to relearn her features. I squatted with my legs wide in the low ceiling, she balanced on her fingers and toes, and she sighed deep in her nose as I touched her. And then she was moving up to me, kneeling before me as she pulled my wet jacket off, and then lowering her hand immediately to my loincloth, she undid the ties, even as my groin began erecting upward.

She removed her shirt quickly, her breasts flopping out one after the other and bouncing heavily atop their large secondaries, and with a subtle push from her once her wet shirt was off, I rocked backward and laid back, just before she pressed her breasts into my open lap, took my still lengthening phallus in one hand and began to suck on its end to get my ready for her.

She licked me till I was hard, as hard as I could be for her, but all she needed to do for that was to speak my name and say that she wanted me and all the mass that I seemed to have inherited from my father in my nether region would expand on queue. She just didn't like to wait.

The press of her breasts and the sucking and licking of her lips and tongue enhanced my stiffness, she getting me so firm that I ached from the flush of blood in my phallus, her fingers closing tightly around the base of my penis to not only keep blood from leaving my penis, but also to keep all my seed inside my sack. She sucked until there was a mighty piercing horn jutting from my pelvis, and I caressing her face, learning more of her matured features before she rose and crawled forward along my body, dragging her breasts and their erect nipples along my ropy body just before she settled against me, kissing me solidly. Then smiling, she lifted her tail, maneuvered one leg, gave a wiggle, and she slid ponderously onto my erection till it pierced her to the hilt.

It was what I'd waited for months to do as I nuzzled with her, grasping her rear fiercely and holding it as she pushed back and forth against my mass piercing her, and she moaned as she and I made love for goodness knew for how long. It seemed to stretch on forever even.

My body tensed as her body reacted to me, and we loved each other... Loved each other for hours.

I had felt his powerful body against my back as his massive phallus arched beneath my rump to pierce my loins and penetrate me deeply. His lovemaking had improved, and the thickness of his body and the thickness of his maleness had increased substantially since I last had him inside me. As I laid there, my great breasts squashed beneath my body like pillows, the pair lactating my cream into the soft fur pelt he'd brought here for us to lie on, my hands and teeth clenching into that and the many other pelts and blankets that were beneath me, I lifted my bottom upward, lifted my tail, and prayed... Prayed that he would trigger my heat.

This was what I thought my first heat would've been like, tried to mentally and willfully urge that heat onward, and I moaned sweetly for him all the while he was doing sexing me, kissing my neck and my upper back. In the background was the subtle drip-drip of water falling from the stone ceiling, and I orgasmed powerfully, washing his prick off with my juices amidst our love-making. Almost immediately once the uttermost pleasure of our conjoined climax subsided, I turned and soon found myself laying upon my back before my blind prince, spreading my legs wide while I felt my body being soothed by one of his hands as he took to petting my belly and caressed my breasts.

I was leaking milk as if I'd just given birth to love itself; my back arching every now and again as my loins quivered and clenched about his maleness while he lowered himself and kissed my breast, licked some of my milk off with his long tongue, and then took to sucking and kneading my breasts one at a time.

For an uncountable time we continued loving, continued sexing each other, and I felt my loins split repeatedly by him drawing my orgasmic power from my lithe form... more than any male ever dared to do. With him I felt satisfaction, other than the usual pumping, a quick climax from the male before they left me in bed and completely

unsatisfied myself. What was worse was that I had to fake my moans and groans of pleasure with those fool wolves...

...With Nathan, there was no faking.

He sought my satisfaction, not his own, and he got me to moan, and sigh, and quiver and shiver as he embraced me tightly, made me feel like I was loved and protected while he slid his length in and out of me, nuzzling my neck and shoulder, trapping my breasts between us as I rubbed my long slender leg against his side and wagged my tail. I grit my teeth, I rolled my body, squeezing his phallus with my loins, trying to get him to climax inside me, arching my body in order to get him to cum, and I gasped, feeling his body tense, felt him clenching...

All males did that, just before they came, and I felt my prince's body tense as he arched, pushing into my bodice, penetrating me till he was pressed to the hilt, his large sack resting over the cheeks of my bottom. Despite the tensing, he cradled me, he carried me within his arms as I felt his penis quiver inside me, felt it squirm and then tense as the first moment of the climax arrived and he came inside me.

He pushed his face into my breasts as I felt a dull explosion inside my body, an offloading of a cup or more of his seed, the mass splattering my insides as his spasming maleness offloaded several times into me.

I began to feel the tensing and relaxing of his maleness enticing me, and without warning my loins were split again with my sexual power, and I offloaded several repeating spasms of around his own climax, my loins clenching his mass inside me, squeezing out every last drop from him.

Several times we repeated this ritual of rise and climax, rise and climax... till at long last, with relieved laughter that it was over and done and it was done with each other, we collapsed into the furs and blankets, Nathan sliding from me to lay against my side, his limp and juice covered phallus hanging over one of my legs as we waited for him to be ready to pierce me again, and in preparation, I lifted one of my legs and let it flop open, even as he kissed my nipple and sucked on it for a moment to draw more of my milk from my tit.

It was then that I turned to look up at his face.

Though his bandanna was gone from his eyes, and his eyes looked at me with that lazy-eyed uselessness his eyes had, his lips and the rest of his face was melded into one of quiet repose and concern.

"Dearest... What's wrong?" I asked, and palmed his face.

He in turn cupped my hand and turned his face to kiss my palm.

"This time... When I made love to you, I felt more scars on your body." He said quietly, cupping my breast softly, massaging it with his large clawed hands.

I knew that his thumb was caressing one of the white puckered scars on my breast that hadn't quite healed fully. His concern was for me, and I immediately rolled into him and he embraced me.

"They are making me into a cultured whore." I said quietly, though I didn't sound like I was crying, nor did I tremble, I did nonetheless shed some tears. "I'm trained on how to have sex, I'm trained on how to satisfy wants and desires, I'm made more sensitive to whatever they wish to do to me, but I'm also educated and taught the ways of business and finance, of diction and more when there are so many others in the lodge who don't even know how to spell.

"You are my only escape Nathan." I said and looked up at him at last, and he automatically wiped the tears from my eyes.

"I vow that I will take you from your hell." Nathan said then, and kissed me on the forehead.

"You already have, beloved," I mused and hugged him tight. "You already have."

My dearest heart and I remained beneath the earth, codling and loving each other, feeding each other food from a waterproof satchel that I'd brought down here before, and the two of us emerged from our private place only for the times when planned celebrations were to be made. Our love-making had never been so complete, nor our kisses so passionate.

And the lake water did much to cover the scents of each other off our bodies whenever we moved to or from that secluded place.

On the last day of the Howl, however, when we emerged after sleeping with each other through the night, we found that the lake was beginning to freeze over along the edges, and there was frost on the ground. Snow would enclose our secret place shortly after we left, and ice would seal the lake.

Shaking my body to clear the water from my ear, our bodies laden with cold water as we both shivered, I pulled her to me, my naked penis erecting within the bowl formed of her pelvis and thighs, and I considered briefly in loving her one last time, but it was important to keep the scents off our bodies.

"I want you for my lifemate and wife." I told her, and caressed her shoulders and arms. "I'll defy anyone to have you, even your father."

She embraced me harder than ever, her naked breasts cleaving around my body.

"I accept... But my father would never allow it, and as a female in our lair and he as my father, he literally owns me. Only challenging the elders or the fact that I carry your child in my womb can overrule his hold on me."

"It's a stupid law. I'll change it one day, and I mean that. If you so desire it of me, I'll march with you before the elders and demand that they allow me take you as a wife right now, Luna."

"I won't see you hurt." She said and nuzzled with me. "I cannot bare it. The elder's power is awesome."

"One cannot argue against a prince and a princess of rivaling packs wishing to marry." I replied. "They might allow it just to seal the breach."

"I will marry you... But not like this, not if it means you must stand against the law to have me, the possibility that you might get hurt..." I paused and sighed. "I cannot see you hurt. It would destroy me, my prince."

I opened my mouth to object again but she pressed her fingers against my mouth to silence me.

"We'll find another way." she said. "We'll both think of a way."

I tugged gently upon her still wet hair, feeling its silken moistness, and let clumps of her mane fall off my fingers as I drew my hand back to me.

"I'll come for you." I said quietly, and stared at her image from every angle, seeing her shining, luminescent body that was like living moonlight wrapped within shimmering blue standing before me, memorizing it.

"I know." she whispered, and began to step away, wringing her shirt out before donning it even as I was hearing her father's angry calls for her.

Looking down at my naked body, and at my long erection that was practically staring me in the face as it arched upward against my sternum, I held my impressive maleness for a moment with one of my large hands, wishing that we could've had one more romp before parting, and then looked up after her retreating body.

"What are you looking at, stupid penis... You got me into this mess." I whispered, and turned to walk in a different direction from my love.

Chapter Six: The Kidnapper

As days passed by me after the last Howl, I began to feel a madness growing inside me that made me push myself more than ever before, but with only minimal benefits from it. I often worked myself into exhaustion to become strong enough, powerful enough to claim my dearest heart, but to no avail.

The level of frustration that was accumulating inside me during that time was maddening.

Snow was falling now, it had blanketed the Earth once the ground had frozen; the rivers, lakes and streams were all but practically frozen now, and I often stood sensing my sisters having a snowball fight while I remained indoors, both of them naked but in their hybrid forms, pelting each other with snowballs.

I'd removed myself from their presence. There were... stirrings inside me that I didn't want to recognize in their presence. The sense added to my tension, and because of that tension, because of my body almost constantly flexed, my ropy body become even ropier than it was a month ago. Recently, I'd stopped pushing myself amidst the distraction of an almost fevered mind, and though I walked and presented myself calmly, there was a cold spot in my chest that wouldn't go away no matter what I did, and I was always tense and on edge.

I ground my teeth a lot...

That day, I was in a sweater and a pair of jeans and drinking cocoa that had long ago lost its heat.

"The Young Master has yet to come and see me," a voice said, and Quixote approached.

He was also in his human form but looking like a Navajo Indian shaman than a normal human being. He wore jeans and sandals like he was usually wont to do, but he also wore a linen white shirt that he may've made himself some time long ago, a large tanned and leather poncho that draped over his whole form past the waist. His medicine pouch hung at his side.

"I've been busy." I said curtly and drank more of my drink while watching my sisters, not even flinching as a large snowball hit the window and reverberated against it before sliding down the window. They were trying to get me to come out and play.

"You've been very tense and distracted, and your focus is shot, Nathan. Your mind is on something, and a bright boy like you, if you were focusing on something so intently, you must be practically mad with it by now."

I lifted an arm and wiped away tears before they had a chance to fall, but nonetheless held myself in the same tense stance as before.

"What do you know?"

Quixote slid in closer to me, to keep our conversation private.

"That you crave the daughter of Lupin, the enemy of your father, that... And you're in a rut... The male's version of a heat. You want nothing more than to bed her right now, ne?"

I turned my head to face him, despite that my eyes didn't work, he was well aware I was now staring at him with all my attention. I didn't answer him as I stood there like that for several very long moments, and then turning abruptly, draining my cup I headed for the door.

"Where are you going?" mother asked as she stood in her own hybrid form, using the tips of her claws to apply ornaments to the Christmas tree on the upper branches.

I paused at the door. "For a walk." I said quietly. "Don't wait up for me." and I stepped outside, caught a snowball from my sisters that was being thrown at me and dropped it, before I walked right into the forest.

My sisters hurried to stand together where I'd been just a short while ago, looking at each other confusedly but I ignored them as I strode away, my three-hundred and sixty degree perception allowing me to see their whole body movements from head to toe and from front to back.

Once I was out of sight, I began to change... the change coming completely outside of my own control. I was angry; I was pent up and desirous. I felt the fiery temperature of my body being pumped with special enzymes and hormones as testosterone flooded my body, natural chemical triggers to make hair follicles grow and cells to divide rapidly, and what's more, I began to feel my penis erecting.

Pausing amidst my walk, I stood there, my hands moving to frame my groin as my muscles bulged and my body grew, that bulge in my pants growing heavier and larger, extending along my navel just before the tines of my zipper tore open, and the button and belt of my trousers snapped off. I felt my erection pressing against a set of boxers that I wore as the seat of those things pulled themselves flush into the cheeks of my behind, my claws lengthening, my forearms broadening and growing longer as I automatically rose up onto my toes even as they spread long enough and wide enough to tear open my shoes. My dick lengthened and telescoped from my pelvis, tearing my boxers apart and bursting the crotch open as my pants tore about my legs, my sweater stretching briefly before that too gave way.

I groaned as I felt a powerful level of sexuality suffusing my loins, my nads drooping and filling, and I puffed my chest out and arched my back as a stream of cum filled my dick and escaped its end in a dribble. Lifting a hand to my brow, I removed my bandana, opening my eyes wide as my bones cracked and realigned, my muscles bulged and flared, showing off at least a little bulk in my ropy body, even as my newly grown tail turned outward from my spine and grew long and sinuous.

My penis was throbbing as it swelled, hardening wide and long, the muscles ribbing outward while the veins up and down its length stood on end and throbbed almost painfully, just before I ejected a long stream of cum, my nads filling so thickly with seed that I had to grab my dick to keep myself from cumming again.

In the sort of delusion that happens to a man when they became that aroused, you begin to think stupidly as all the blood in your body rushes toward your penis to erect it, one also realizes that a good deal of that blood is pulled straight out of your brain.

'I needed pussy,' was the only thought that entered my mind. It was an animalistic need that had written itself within my mind since before I was born, the animalistic wolf desire to breed, and the human male's impeccable sexual drive commingling together to produce this sexual power that was even now erecting my loins into an arching mass of girth that throbbed and beat in time with my heart. But an ache in my chest reminded that animal need inside me of something different. *'I need my dearest heart... I need Luna!'* It cried as I finished changing, the last of my clothing falling off me as I gently released my grip on my prick, only to allow it to spray several long erupting gouts of cum about me.

I groaned and grit my sharpened teeth. In my foggy-mindedness, I came to an obvious conclusion, and howling long and low, I settled on my hands and feet and loped down the mountain.

I Quixote had followed Nathan, and squatting, my staff lain across my lap, I dipped my fingers into some steaming substance and lifted some of it to his nose to smell, feeling the sticky mucus between my fingers as my senses reeled with the scent. The level of pheromones contained within, despite that it was male, made me mildly aroused.

Which meant it was pretty powerful.

I heard a crunching and a tussling behind me in the brush, but didn't even bother to look around when Nathan's father, Peter Wolfe, came crashing into view, literally pushing fully grown trees out of the way.

"Quixote!" he barked. "That was my son howling just now... Where is he? What happened?"

"The Call of the Wild, my Lord." I answered and rose. "Your son has become an adult male. A very virile adult male; and I'm certain that he gets it all from you."

"W-where is he?" Peter demanded, even as Natasha and their girls rushed in on all fours behind the mighty Lord of the Pack, in which I was vastly dwarfed by the powerful mother and father, and dwarfed by even their daughters.

"Can't you tell?" I asked, and indicated the large paw-tracks left by Nathan, and Peter followed the direction.

"No." he gasped as he saw where they were leading:

To the Lodge of Lupin's pack.

"W-we gotta stop him, we need to..." Nat began to say as she hugged her girls to her.

"It's too late." I said then. "Your son has proven himself to be very swift. He's half way down the mountain by now, and by the time we catch up with him, he'll be in Lupin's territory. He could choose to see this as an attack from your pack, and if he does, he can legally retaliate, and his pack is by far much more numerous than yours.

"Despite the incredible strength that your family possesses, I'm afraid that you'd be overwhelmed by sheer numbers."

Peter was pained, and his eyes pinched at the corners before he hammered his fist against a tree, and all the snow that was in it fell to the ground in heavy clumps about us.

"Is there nothing we can do?" Kira whimpered.

I looked at Peter; saw his mind racing behind his eyes as he frantically looked for some way out of this. I answered for him, to save him the heart-ache of having to say it himself.

"No." I said and Mia suddenly sobbed.

"There is one thing we can do." Natasha said at last as she stood tall. "We can pray to the Goddess for his safety.

These mountains were a federal park reserve.

Long ago, we Lycan had insured vast tracks of land all throughout the world as reserves through our influence in the governments in order to protect the land's natural forces. This park was a cluster of tall mountains within the Sierra-Nevadas, where nestled between them was a large lake formed of mountain run off, which likewise fed a stream that snaked its way through the mountains toward the sea.

I bounded down the mountain that was guarded by my family since before the Europeans came to these shores, and landing on the ground after vaulting down the steep hills, I skidded to a halt, turning one full turn in my attempt to stop myself with my claws as I landed upon a hidden patch of ice, just before I rose to a stand, panting heavily, and looked down the length of my ropy body.

My erection was hot and long, having flared wide as it stretched the skin harder than it'd ever had, and it beat and pulsed in tune with my racing heart. I could almost feel it growing larger and longer with my evolving sexuality, and its very throbbing heat warmed me in this wintry abyss that had become of these lands.

I gripped my prick with one hand, gritting my teeth as it pumped and thumped, and I looked to the mountain across the lake to where Lupin's lodge and his pack laid. Where Luna was...

Looking down at my penis again, I knew that if it were radiating as much pheromone power as I had been earlier, then I would surely be caught in this attempt when someone caught whiff of me.

I slid my hand down the length of my vibrating and pulsating cock, feeling it tense as my nads filled with their juices. I cradled the mass and slid my fingers up and then down again, teasing my self while imagining that it was Luna who was stroking me, imagining her muzzle sliding about its length as she swallowed my prick. I began to tense harder, my butt cheeks clenching as I leaned forward, arching my body to project that massive prick I somehow inherited forward, the head flaring and its whole length red with stored blood to the point where it was riddled with swollen and throbbing blood vessels.

Snow began to fall as I fell to my knees with the weakness in my legs from all the blood searching into my penis, and I stroked myself more vigorously, feeling my length tremble, tense, and then spasm, just before I erupted a long rope of my seed that took several very long and intense seconds to evacuate from my body, just before I fell forward and hammered the ground with one fist to crack the layer of ice beneath me. My prick spasmed several more times beneath me, evacuating more of my seed onto the ground as my penis grew limp.

I took a wad of snow and pushed it between my legs to chill the heat in my blood, to make my prick grow flaccid faster and limp again before it began to retract, but the heat in my loins was so intense that the snow melted rapidly about my phallus before it had a chance to slide up inside me.

I knelt there panting as the snowfall fell harder and harder as the moments passed by, and slowly getting to my feet, exhaling the last of my exertion, I stepped forward, ignoring the tents in the camp grounds and their human occupants near the lake, and tipping forward onto all fours, I began to run across the lake.

The slope leading upward from the lake to the Lodge was gentler than it was descending from the Den, and I climbed the long slope upward into the mountain, pausing here and there, looking for other members of Lupin's pack.

My senses blared in every direction as I looked for sign of other Lycan, and to eliminate any trace of me on the ground I leapt up into the trees and began navigating the world along the branches.

There were many things I wasn't, but being sure of foot was something I excelled at, and I ran and leapt easily across the branches like a wraith, seeing the world around me in every direction in perfect detail thanks to my incredible sense of hearing. For the first time, being a runt and blind had its benefits to me, for being a runt allowed the boughs of the trees to be able to hold my weight, and likewise thanks to my hearing, my sense of balance was many times greater than that of the average werewolf. Add in the counterbalance of a tail and I was as light as a fairy in the trees.

I leapt from tree to tree, leaving only clumps of falling snow from the branches I disturbed, but the further away I got, the more the snow storm increased in strength.

It was as if there was a power that had prepared me for this moment, for now with the cover of snow, a wolf with the same color fur as the snow – *'white'* I am told the coloring is – blended in perfectly as assuredly as a person would be if they were standing still inside a room with a white noise generator.

All these traits ensured that my passage was quick and undetected.

All up the slope, with the falling snow pelting and covering me here and there, I rushed along the tree branches, accomplishing prime acrobatic maneuvers and even limited flight thanks to my learned magic, till at long last I arrived at my destination:

The Lodge of Lupin.

The front was a cabin, but that was just the tip of an iceberg. Though that cabin functioned as the entrance, the rest of the Lodge led all through a winding warren of abandoned silver mine that Lupin had taken and reinforced for his home. Left over silver was how Lupin became so rich... And for that matter, so feared by other Lycan, being that he had silversmiths who forged weapons for him out of the ore.

I carefully climbed head first down the trunk of the tree I was in before settling on the ground, paying most particular attention to my surroundings now as my hearing picked up creaks and groans, but likewise, it picked up weak points within the old cabin. There were boards that were placed around the edge of the cabin to keep wind out I saw, and checking my surroundings for any sentries, I rushed over to these boards and digging my claws in, I pulled one of the boards open enough for me and crawled right in underneath the cabin, already smelling for my Luna.

Crawling on my belly on all fours beneath the floorboards, I did so quietly to escape attention, hearing footsteps – both booted and clawed – happening mere inches above my head.

"Hey, do you smell that?" someone said above me and sniffed. "Smells like... Like..."

There was something crashing from across the room that hit the person directly above me who was in their hybrid form. It sounded like a thrown book.

Funny, I didn't think anyone would be literate enough to read in here...

"I can't smell like a wolf in this form, stupid. Of course I can't smell it. Just tell me what you smell."

"Other than rotten fish?" another mumbled and the two chuckled.

"It smells like... Like... Some boy in a rut." the wolf above me said, and suddenly I blanched and looked down my body, and saw the tip of my penis sliding out from within its sheathe.

"Well then go screw that little boy's ass then, stupid!"

I grit my teeth, not believing I made such a stupid mistake, and taking handfuls of loose warm dirt here, I began rubbing it on my body, on my groin, trying to stifle the smell on my body.

The wolf above me was walking around as I did this, sniffing while I frantically yet quietly tried to mask my sent, even turning over and rubbing my back in the black dirt till my white fur turned gray.

"The *sniff* the smell is going away."

"Disappointed?" the jokester above me said and the two other than the wolf sniggered.

I gave off a silent breath of air in relief, and continued forward, sniffing at the cracks in the boards above me, looking for her scent.

For over an hour it felt, I moved about, coming underneath the dining hall of Lupin even, where he was entertaining several people amidst raucous song and dance, where wine or throw up was being drenched from above through the

cracks from fallen goblets and spewing moths. The smell beneath this place was most foul... And I heard Lupin laughing as he entertained two females simultaneously.

I sniffed the air, just before a spray of wine fell on my head, and I shook the excess wine and held my nose from the vinegary smell of the liquid till it cleared.

Luna wasn't among the people above me.

I had to dig my way through burms around support pillars and archways that held the mountain up as I moved about beneath the Lodge, following my nose to lingering scents of my beloved, till I smelt something that was rank with her pheromones, but I couldn't hear her image.

Crawling forward quickly, I came upon a broad section of flooring above me that smelled sweet with feminine things and perfumes, and instead of the scent coming from above me, it came from below me.

Confused, I followed it, and around the edge of a burm of dirt, I found a hole that was right up against the stone of the mountain, and crawling inside, I found a towel, and smelling it, my head immediately swam with her scent, loaded with sexual juices that were still potent even that they were dry. My eyes turned in their sockets, trying to roll back into my brain as my heart leapt and my body immediately reacted, becoming flooded with pheromones just before my penis began to erect solidly like it had outside the Den earlier, the full force of my rut taking me again.

I gasped for air against the scents, but my three foot long erection extended outward and swelled to its fullest, and I felt my nads loading an eruption of cum into my prick, and not being able to think of what else to do, I took the towel and wrapped it about my erection, just before I came with several cups of my seed into that towel.

I murred low in my throat as I ejected repeatedly, praying for it to let up and fearing that each gout that I offloaded would lead to someone discovering me. After an agonizingly long climax, my prick finished its baleful duty, and holding my breath, I closed the towel about the goop I just left and rubbed more dirt on my groin as it slid back inside me again.

Gritting my teeth against my sordid luck, I climbed out of the hole.

That hole had been matted with sleeping furs and blankets, like a wolf's den. There were some bones here and there that were being gnawed on, and what's more... Her scent was on everything.

This was her secret place... This meant that her real place of living was close by.

I crawled along, scraping the ground occasionally for a little sound to reverberate against the air as I listened to the sound of nails hammered into the walls and floorboards reacting to my movements, each piece of metal echoing back a minute vibration to show me where the metal was in relation to the wood. Then I found a section where there were several nails missing, but there were holes for them to go into. Pushing up gently on this section of boards, I crawled up into a recess, like a closet, where I found many layers of clothing hanging from hangers, and feeling them and smelling them, I smelt the soaps of cleaned clothes, but the lingering scent of my beloved on them.

These clothes were made of fine linens, supple leathers and fine silks, but most of them, by design, were to make her look pleasing to the eye.

They were garb one would think a streetwalker would wear.

Luna was right... Her father was turning her into a whore, I thought, gritting my teeth in anger while I closed the hidden trap door and placing a bag on top of it. The last thing I wanted to do was to ruin Luna's only solace here.

Placing my ear against her closet door, I listened, and heard the barest traces of a body, the trembling of a heart beating, the movement of the body while it breathed, little more than a blotchy outline, but then crouching close to the floor, I slowly turned the latch to the closet, slid out and closed the door silently behind me.

Knowing what caused sound allowed me to learn how to move without causing any, and as I entered the room, coming to a stand, I paused, and looked upon my beloved where she slept naked on a fine bed.

The room was filled with feminine things, feminine scents, feminine clothes, and I swallowed, willing my body not to react to it as I stepped closer to her, and slowly sitting down on the bed beside her, I caressed her back, the curvature of her spine leading into her bottom and her tail, and smiled at the thought of what it would be like to lie down with her.

I cupped her firm bottom, loving the pert, rounded feel of that ass, but then I paused, feeling fading scars there too. They were marking more of her body now... And they must be so painful. I also smelt blood, and turning my head, I saw a large blotch of her life's blood on the floor that had been cleaned up, but still left an acidic smell in the air from the iron in her blood. I swallowed as I sensed that and turned to look at her just before she rolled onto her back in her sleep, her thighs flopping open as her breasts – having increased in size by several inches since I last saw her – were pert and full, and peaked high from off her chest.

"Hnn... Nathan..." she sighed and palmed her crotch, and I smelt her sexual juices, and I smiled as I caressed her cheek, knowing that she was dreaming of me.

But then I started as I heard a creak outside, just before the door swung open, and I heard the scream of female wolf – an attendant of Luna's – as she entered the room.

Out of time! I thought, and even as Luna was awaking, I quickly took her top blanket and folded her forcibly in it, and as she struggled I tied her within its confines before throwing her over one shoulder even as the servant left.

"My lord! My Lord! There is an intruder in the house kidnapping your daughter."

I grit my teeth and banged my fist against the metal piping of Luna's bed frame, the tang of metal sending a reverberating sound out into the room around me in every direction, highlighting the room in perfect detail.

The sound echoed down the hall as more cries were taken up throughout the Lodge, and there, in the distance down the hall, I heard the crystalline peal of a window.

Holding Luna as she made weak cries of alarm, I dashed out of her room and came to a halt in the middle of the hall, and stopped dead in my tracks, for there before me, pausing in his steps, was Lupin.

The sight I must've appeared. My white fur covered in black soot and dirt turning me into a wraith like shadow in appearance to them, smoky in coloring, and my eyes, useless normally, still nonetheless reflected light like a wolf's eyes, only mine reflected the color of silver, or so my twin had told me before when I scared her in the darkness one night.

"Luna!" Lupin growled, and he snapped into motion, even as I turned and ran, digging my toe claws into the floor as I hurtled before him.

I was faster, but thanks to Luna's weight added to my own, I was weighed down to where he was rapidly gaining distance.

The window loomed closer, but then another body was skidding in front of me, tearing rents out of the wood, and this time I recognized Luna's brother, Kor.

I leapt, landing on his chest and digging my toe claws in, the combined weight of both me and Luna thrust him backward due to the weight. I stepped on his face as I ran up his body and leapt off just as Lupin crashed into him and both fell to the floor behind me, and I sailed, free as a bird through the air, crashing through the window with Luna bound over my shoulders, just before I felt something hot and burning glaze against my leg.

Yelping in pain, I felt the searing cutting feeling of an arcane bolt glaze across my fur and flesh, even as more arcane bullets screamed overhead.

Landing, sinking to one knee with the pain of mimicked silver burning at my leg, I took but a moment to rub snow on it before I hefted Luna and bolted, leaping into the nearest tree and vaulting several times, even as Lupin leapt cursing out the window with his hands alight with green spell-fire, his son Kor crawling through the window after him, and the door to the Lodge slamming open as several fully grown wolves rushed out and started searching for me.

I hissed as I felt blood running down my leg, and taking a finger I cast a spell as I passed my finger over the slice in my thigh, healing the wound before I leapt between trees several more times so that they couldn't follow the scent of my blood in the air.

Luna was squirming violently, and I untied the blanket binding her, and once she was free, she took a deep breath to scream, but then I reached with one hand to close her short muzzle shut.

"Luna... Luna it's me." I hissed into her ear and she stopped, eyes wide as she recognized my voice, smelled my scent, and then she moved into my embrace and hugged me immediately before I hushed her, holding myself in the tree and her on the lap of one of my outstretched legs even as someone stepped beneath our tree looking for tracks and scents.

"Spread out! Look everywhere! She must be here somewhere."

"There are no tracks, there is no scent!" Kor said as I heard them pacing around in the snow beneath us. "This creature is a wraith... A wraith I tell you father. I cannot even smell Luna. She's good as gone. We should give up now, we should..."

There was a dull thud and yelp and I turned my head to hear more clearly that Lupin had just thumped his own son so hard that it sent his bastard son straight to the ground. Lupin then reached down, grabbed his son by the scruff of the neck and lifted him off the ground. Kor, despite his size, automatically went into a fetal position like a cub being carried by the scruff, and he whimpered.

"Listen to me very carefully, Kor. Either we find Luna... Or you'll find out what a wraith really looks like..."

And Lupin cast his son before him as if Kor were trash.

Luna whimpered quietly against my chest in fear at what was happening, needing me for protection, and I held her as best as I could while listening to the images of wolves moving about us. They spread out in every direction, moving further and further away till I heard them all disappearing off in the distance as they tried to find tracks.

Once I was certain that I couldn't hear them any more, I uncoiled from my resting place, and cradled Luna in my arms.

"We're leaving." I said in a nigh-silent whisper directly into her ear. "Hold onto me tightly."

She nodded and I balled her up, her large breasts falling into her lap as I cradled her in the blanket, and I began to run along the trees again.

I had her... Now I had to get free of this place.

There was always one of Lupin's goons around, there was always a wolf prowling, and I felt that Luna was afraid for her life right now as I protected and guarded her. Thanks to my magic, I could perhaps take one of them, maybe two, but Lupin himself was a person I didn't think would be wise to combat, especially since he roused his whole pack.

For now, my magic had to hide Luna and me, and I had to keep my ears wide open.

I tried to kiss Luna on the forehead, hold her and comfort her. She was cold and the blanket was doing little to stem off the fierceness of the storm, that, and she shivered out of fear for our lives.

Listening about me, I heard the wolves moving about, seeing distant shadows and images moving about the trees below us thanks to my wide sense of hearing. My ears twitched, and only when I was sure that no one was about did I move as much as I dared, moving us from safe spot to safe spot, and then hiding in the trees.

The other Lycan were still looking for tracks, and thankfully, the further away we got from the lodge, the less hunters there was to worry about, so I was able to move us further faster, and only the scouts did I have to worry about...

...Till I made a mistake.

It was a dying tree, one who's branches had become gnarled and twisted from the cold, and the moment I landed on one of its branches, the branch literally exploded with a deafening crack-snap and an explosion of wood, and Luna couldn't help but give off a little yelp of surprise before we both landed in a clump in the snow at the base of the tree.

I looked up at it, cursing it, cursing my luck, and then turning my head, I saw in my mind's eye several of the Lycan hurrying over to us, and thinking fast, I ripped two bushes out of the ground nearby and gathered Luna and her blanket up before leaping as far as I could, landing next to another bush. My magic was enough to instantly make a bowl-shaped hole in the ground large enough for both of us just before I pulled Luna to me, wrapped her up in a bundle in the blanket, and descended with her into the hole before planting the other two bushes about us, just as several Lycan entered into the area while a howl echoed across the mountain around us.

"What happened?!" Someone cried with a snarl as they joined the others.

I bent in close to Luna as she shivered, and I whispered into her ear so softly only she could hear it.

"Try not to make a sound, try not to move. Be brave my beloved." I said, and she steeled herself, nodding as I slowly wrapped my white-furred arms that were still covered in soot and dirt about her body while snow fell in a torrent above us onto our hiding place.

Lupin rushed in then.

"What?! What have you found?"

"An explosion of some sort, my lord." a large female reported. "We thought it was the kidnapper and your daughter. There appears to be a large amount of snow that has fallen here, and there are..."

But Lupin lifted a hand in a quieting gesture to silence her, and she immediately grew quiet out of fear.

He surveyed the landscape, testing the air with his nose amidst the storm while he looked at all the fallen snow and debris.

He bent, passing his hand over the snow, checking for any latent heat.

"She was here." he said, and I had to hold Luna tighter as she gave an involuntary start. "I almost didn't think so, but her scent is here, very faint." he spied the wood and then slowly lifted his gaze, trying to find where it'd been shaved from, even as Lupin's craven son, Kor, strode into the gathering, looking cowardly before his father.

"Fan out from here." he said. "Lalinda... You are in charge." he said, and pointed at the female. "Find me my daughter and I'll attempt to breed with you."

"Sire!" she thumped her chest and began barking orders.

"But father... I should be in charge." Kor said, growling at the older female who'd come to a position above him suddenly.

"And what would you do if I did leave you in charge, Kor?" Lupin growled, and I felt Lupin's power flare dangerously all of a sudden.

"Well... I guess I would... Um..." Kor thought, and for his pause he was backhanded to collapse just mere inches from us. I tried raising a breath of wind to keep our scent from his nostrils, but thankfully, Lupin's blow also broke open some vessels in Kor's nose and he sniffed blood.

"Worthless child." Lupin growled. "You were always a disappointment, even from the day that you were born. You're stupid, weak, and no talent whatsoever for the arcane... Just raw brute force and no finesse.

"I cannot believe that you came from me."

"Father..." Kor blanched.

"You don't yet have the right to call me that, Kor... You cur. Now get back to the Lodge before I forget you have my blood in your veins. And keep out of the way of those who actually are useful!"

Kor scrambled to his feet and ran off with his tail between his legs, and I relaxed my hold on Luna as Lupin looked straight at us for a time.

He burned red in my sight, a dark color... He burned with it through and through. It was the color of blood and seething anger.

Lupin then turned. "I entrust that I can leave this to you then?" he said, and the female Lalinda thumped her chest again with her fist. "I'll not rest till she is found, my lord."

"Good bitch." Lupin said through his teeth. "I'm retiring. Do not return without my daughter."

And Lupin promptly turned to stride up the mountain.

We remained there in that secret place for a time, till I was satisfied that I couldn't hear anybody, and even when I was certain, I nonetheless waited several minutes longer before we emerged.

The cover of snow fall had lessened some by the time I helped Luna out of the hole, and she immediately collapsed against me and sobbed quietly, wiping her tears on my soot covered pelt.

I held her there as long as I dared before retreating with her, carrying her in my arms this time as I let her pass off to a restless sleep for the moment. I began to walk from our hiding place while the falling snow covered up our footprints within minutes.

I must've dozed off while Nathan had been carrying me, for I awoke in the shelter of a break in a rock outcropping. There was the faint glow of light outside, but so too was the swirling fusillade of an ongoing blizzard. Inside there was the comforting crackle of a warm fire in the center of this leeward facing crack in the rocks to keep me warm.

I sat up, instinctively holding my blanket from my bedroom about my body, which I seemed to have been tucked within, so I wasn't too worried, but I nonetheless called out his name.

"Nathan?" I ventured quietly, knowing that we were still being hunted, and I feared someone would hear me, but I nonetheless called a little louder. "Nathan?!" I called out, but no answer. I pulled my blanket a little closer to myself, and bit my lower lip.

He couldn't have gone far, I thought. He wouldn't rescue me and then abandon me, I told myself, and tucked my knees in against me, my ungainly large breasts compressing between my knees and chest.

I felt like a mutant bitch...

Tears slid from my eyes as I got to thinking, thinking about my father, thinking about Nathan if my father ever found out it was him that had just stole me away... And I cried softly as I wrapped the blanket about my body. I was a wolfess unsuited for the rigors of winter. Father made sure I never learned any wilderness survival. I was sure it was so that I would never think about running away.

I was so helpless.

I'd learned that when my mother discovered that she was pregnant with me, she left his Lodge and ran. Whatever happened to her at that point is unknown to me. No one seemed willing or even able to state what had become of her after she left, and the only thing that I know is that she died giving me life. Whether or not my father killed her or she died of complications is information I still don't know, but knowing my father, I believed he drove her to her death by his sheer actions alone.

Huddling by the fire, I held myself inside my blanket till I heard a scuffing sound, and I started, my ears rising as I looked toward the break in the rock wall leading outside. The light was briefly obscured by a body, and then ever so slowly Nathan came walking in.

He looked tired, though his useless eyes always drooped like that, but it was his other mannerisms that led me to believe that, like the way he trudged into this hollow in the rock that led me to believe he'd used much of his strength last night. He was dripping wet and shivering, with ice crystals on his fur and snow plastered to his body. He was no longer covered in soot and dirt, which meant that he'd gone and jumped into the lake after breaking a hole in the ice.

I remained quiet as he walked in slowly, and then sat down practically opposite me across the fire, and tucking his knees up close to him, he wrapped his hands around his knees and rested his head on his ropy arms while the fire began to dry him.

I stared at him for a moment, his matted white fur slowly flaring outward as it dried, and looking down at myself, looking down at my dry body and the only blanket wrapping around me, I realized that he was giving me the only blanket so that I could stay warm while he braved the cold without complaint.

My jaw set immediately after that, and without another thought, I rose, and he lifted his head as I did, his lazy eyes not looking at me, but his ears nonetheless moved toward me.

"Luna." he whispered.

But I smiled at him, opening the blanket as I lowered myself to a squat before him, and forcing his arms and legs open, I slid against his body and wrapped the blanket around both of us.

"Don't," he said. "I'm still wet... You'll get cold too."

"And me sitting in the corner being all warm and toasty while you are over here catching your death?" I asked, and pressed in closer to him. "Never."

He sighed, and dipping his head to me, he folded his arms about my body while I feathered his fur open with my claws, using them like combs so that it could dry faster, using my body heat and the warmth of the blanket to keep us both warm.

A long time passed as the blustery wind just kept howling outside, whirling and screaming. Other than the sound of his heart beating against my ear and cheek, there were no other sounds to me. Not even the crackle of the fire.

There weren't any humans playing in the snow from the nearby camp sites. There were no baleful howls from the Lodge's Huntsman on the track of finding me; there were no stealthy crunches in the snow outside from my father having stumbled upon us.

The storm made the whole of the world disappear around us, and all that there was left – minus every concern, minus everyone and every thing – was him, and me... In our little cave with our fire.

I turned my head then and kissed his chest as his fur finally finished being damp, and even cool thanks to the heat of the fire and my own body, and now that I was combing his dry fur, smelling his returning scent, I settled back at last and feathered my fingers through his long chest fur.

"Your winter pelt came in thick." I managed to say after what felt like hours of relative silence.

"One of the few traits of a bear-wolf that I do have." Nathan said quietly, and I half-smiled as I realized that with the way his head was tilted, while I feathered his chest with my hands, he was staring at me.

The thought of that made my nipples erect mildly.

But then I heard a mild rumbling, and after a moment or two, I realized that it was his stomach.

"When was the last time you ate?" I asked.

"It's unimportant."

"Nonsense. You live on the mountain across from ours. Going down your mountain sneaking up ours, sneaking about the Lodge to get me and then escaping with me, would not only take great time, but also a lot of energy. You've missed a meal, and now that it's morning you've missed two."

He sighed. "I tried hunting, but the game has more sense to get out of this storm than we do."

I thought for a moment, and then rose up on my knees, planting my sex against his hard abs; I took both hands to one of my heavily laden breasts and began massaging it.

"What are you doing?" he asked, but I didn't answer at first, massaging my tits, sliding my hands toward the nipple, and then caressing and pinching the areola till at long last, I squeezed out a pearly bead of my milk.

"It's not much, dearest heart... But... It'll give you some additional strength. Drink your fill."

I arched my back so that my teat was right before his face, and I got the sense that he was staring at me with that strange ultrasound sight of his, and without another word of complaint, he dipped his head forward and opening his short muzzle of a mouth, licked the bead of milk that was sliding from my nipple and sliding down my nearly fur-bare breast. Then closing his lips about my teat, he slowly began to suck.

I smiled warmly, my tail beginning to wag pleasingly at my backside, a moment before he clasped a hand-full of one of my butt cheeks in his large paw, while his other hand lifted to help massage and cajole my breast so that he could drink my milk.

I'd had a chance to taste it myself then before. With mammaries that were as large as mine were, I'd been able to turn one and drink from it whole-heartedly as I fingered myself amidst one of my heats, amazed at the serendipitous pleasure I got from sucking from my own tit. I found on that day that my breasts created thick milk that was creamy and sweet and didn't even have a foul aftertaste like some males complained about when they sucked from a female's tits.

Thanks to the thickness of the milk, I knew that it'd feed him well, and I smiled to myself as I cradled his head, and feathered my claws through his long mane and fur, humming a soft song under my breath as I held his head to my tit.

Before long he drained one of my tits and then moved hungrily onto the next, and I heard the growling of his stomach go away as he was sated.

And then as he fed, and as he drew warmer, I began to feel his lips and tongue teasing my teat as he massaged my breast not to get more milk out, but rather to pleasure me.

Biting my lower lip, I giggled as his hands soothed me, and when he finally moved his head from my teat after getting his fill, he moved immediately to kiss the top of my tit, nuzzling it, and pulling me closer so that my breasts pressed against his throat, he kissed my throat, and gave it a soothing lick.

"Ngh... Beloved." I sighed inwardly, feeling my sex swelling and moistening, my clitoris erecting as he drew me toward him, and as his passions aroused, I smelt his scent growing stronger... So strong it was practically intoxicating, the pheromones within his sweat which drew me toward him as his mate were now arousing me.

He's in a rut! I thought in surprise as he slid his hand deeper between the cheeks of my rear to caress my pussy.

And I heard him growl deep inside his throat as he found a spot between my breasts then and sucked on a tuft of my fur there.

I gasped then, throwing my head back as he cradled me, cajoling my tits and squeezing the excess milk out as I swooned within his arms, and when he lowered himself to lick my breasts, this time it was teasingly, moistening my areola, flicking my nipples with his tongue.

It was then that I felt his monstrous erection rise upward, sliding along the insides of one of my thighs before projecting out beneath my bottom, its thickness sliding into the crease of my butt and projecting forward.

I breathed deeper, my chest heaving as I opened my eyes and looked at him as he sucked the last few drops out of my breasts, and leaning forward, pressing him against the rock slope of the wall so that he'd lean back, I rose up onto my knees again, bent low to kiss him as I allowed his prick to floss my butt cheeks, and I cupped his face in my hands as I drew out all the passions his rut was causing inside him.

Instinctively, he puffed his chest out, compressing my breasts between us before I rose.

"Great Maker... Beloved I need you." he told me then. "I'm in pain without you, and the world must end for me if I cannot have you."

He looked up at me with those useless eyes, but his expression and all his attention were on me.

I smiled at him and he fingered my lips.

"I have your medicine, my lord." I said simply, and arching my back and lifting my tail, I maneuvered myself as I twisted and turned, and with the fingertips of one hand, I maneuvered my love's cock toward my sopping wet pussy, and with a flick and a roll of the hips, his tip pressed against the gateway of my body, and as I rolled my hips again, he slid inside me enough to bury the head.

He gasped as I grit my teeth in immediate pleasure. His cock was so hot! It was so laden with blood and pulsating that it made me offload a trickle of my juices, moistening his shaft as I slowly sat down on his lap.

"B-beloved. Y-you've grown!" I gasped and slid onto him, the girth of that mass pressing against my vaginal lips, spreading them wide like the wings of a butterfly, and reaching behind me, pulling my butt cheeks open, I descended centimeter by centimeter, and each length of distance I traveled downward onto him filled me with pleasure.

"Ah!" I grimaced, and whimpered with the pain that this pleasure was causing me, and I came hard when he was only half-way inside me... But adversely, I felt him spasm and offload a small spout of his seed inside me.

Yes! Give me your seed beloved. Fill my insides with it! I thought, and descended lower.

The further down I went, the thicker he became, till a definite slurping sound greeted my ears as I tried to force myself down onto his lap to rest, but his mass was filling my insides to their brim, and looking down between my breasts, I could see a definite lump in my abdominals that I began to caress and massage while rolling my stomach muscles to roll him inside me.

"Goo..." he exhaled and leaned back, holding onto my hips, even as I slid the last little ways onto him.

I gasped as I reached between my legs, my fingers fanning around where we were coupled, rubbing my cunt and his cock while my clitoris vibrated with my heartbeat and my juices created a sopping wet moisture between my legs as I began to rock and roll my hips, rolling my abdominal muscles before Nathan took a cheek of my butt in either hand and not only pulled me forward, but spread those cheeks apart so that I could slide deeper onto him.

I gurgled with pleasure, moaning deep and low in my throat as he bent his head and nuzzled my lips, neck and breasts, thrusting upward into me while I continued to rock and pivot.

Then something... Peculiar happened, and I felt him lick my throat before he opened his mouth and nipped me there. His tongue lapped up my blood as my cheeks grew flush and I moaned, and suddenly he was holding me fully within his arms, moving quickly as he humped my pussy, thrusting repeatedly as he lapped up my blood.

I gasped as he drank more of my blood before he came up and smacked his lips, his teeth pink and his silver-white eyes wide as he humped me harder.

I felt my womanhood tensing as it stretched about his growing mass, Nathan giving off a stuttering howl from his throat that was clogged with my life's blood, and as I witnessed this, my mind stupid from pleasure as the wound on my neck slowly healed itself shut; I realized exactly what was happening.

He's claiming me as his mate!

I knew it would mean defying my father, I knew it would mean that I would be useless as a breeder, and I didn't want anything more, so opening my mouth wide, I bit him on the neck... And drank.

Nathan made several low howls over my shoulder as he cradled me tightly to him, and I felt his cock spasm inside me, releasing a load of his seed into my body to not only help lubricate my insides, but also to offload loads and loads of enzymes that I hoped – as a Rut should do – would send me right into a heat.

I finally released my love bite, licking my teeth as I felt his strength inside me, his self-confidence of functioning in a world in which he couldn't see, but rather hear within. I didn't know what he received from me, but I felt him slowly lower me to the ground while the wound on his neck sealed itself almost instantly. I opened myself further to him, trying to maneuver his shaft deeper into my body, get him to cum as often as he could, to fill me with his seed.

For hours, just on that first coupling, he offloaded into me almost constantly, so much so that I began to overflow!

I moaned low in my throat which ended in a soft howl.

This was love, not sex, and I wanted more and more of it from him.

So through most of the day... He and I made love.

I felt stupid from all the love-making we made. I could feel Luna's spirit flowing through me as my prick quivered, juicing up again as the not quite dried juices on my dick were moistened once again by my sweat and a trickle of my seed that was sliding out its end. It'd only been a few minutes since she and I had last made love, and she'd become practically as wild as I was in her desires for more lovemaking. Even now she was sliding her fingers tantalizingly back and forth along my prick, trying to get me to erect again, and thanks to her gentle coaxing, I could feel all the blood in my body pumping down into my dick, swelling it harder than ever, making it flare, and it became a rod of living fire between my legs as it pulsed with so much of my blood.

It was then that I heard a soft whine, and turning my head and focusing my hearing, I immediately began to salivate as I witnessed Luna where she was lying on her blanket by the fire, lift her tail and then her backside up into the air as she rested on her folded arms and her breasts, revealing to me a sopping wet pussy that was also readying itself all over again for me.

Her juices were leaking from within her and dripping from off her clitoris, the droplets falling heavily onto the blanket.

I swallowed and moved out of my own volition, and taking her hips, I hefted them up higher, my balls and prick projecting off my body as I stuck my face into her pussy and lapped up all her spare juices. She yelped in surprise to what I'd done, but then she was moaning deep inside her throat and shivering, her moan ending in a low howl just before I settled her down on her knees again, and rising onto my own knees I then slid my penis between her butt cheeks, painting them with the excess fluids on my dick before I pushed myself right inside her.

She and I lowered to the ground slowly and I embraced her tightly within my arms, grasping hold of one of her tits firmly with one hand, her body with the other, and with her tucked into a ball before me, I began to hump her solidly again. She'd loosened after hours of love play, intercourse and foreplay, and now my erection slid between her twin labia as if they were both made of moistened silk being wrong about my prick with many hands. I licked her neck my tongue, nuzzling her throat and licking her cheek happily.

She whimpered as she lay there, shuddering as another orgasm hit her, and her vaginal muscles pulled on my prick, drawing it further inside her and tensing about it. The pleasing, erotic sensation happening about my prick made my groan as I slid to the hilt inside her, feeling the pressure building up within my erection, a load of my seed pushing up the underside of my prick, a physical sensation as my penis engorged suddenly, and then spasmed. I began to cum then... Offloading pints of it into her body, holding onto her tightly, and loving her as my nads emptied rapidly, and with them emptying like that, so too the need for sex also waned speedily.

"I love you." I whispered into her ear as I worked off the last of that climax by sliding in and out of her, a sloppy mess between our coupled sexes.

Luna turned quickly while still impaled upon my prick, and palming my face she licked my cheek, her vaginal lips squeezing the last of my seed out of me and into her.

The stupidity immediately returned, and my mind succumbed to passion. Though I wasn't unconscious, I simply didn't have mind to register her response, even if she did give a response. It didn't matter... I knew she loved me... And what's more, I knew that she was my mate... Regardless as to what anyone else said or did... She was mine.

I laid there, wide awake while I felt Nathan's warmth about me, his strong arms holding me, and his mildly erect penis still inside my body.

I laid there for what felt like hours...

The storm was abating, and night had fallen. Without the cover of the storm, it'd only be a matter of time before the hunters from the lodge found us. The stink of our lovemaking here in this cave was dizzying.

I lay there still, however, not rousing my beloved as I palmed my belly amidst him holding me, keeping me warm and safe while he slept off the almost drunken stupor my sexual skills put him in. I was using the silence to focus, concentrating on my own body... Looking for any sort of change other than the normal goings on that went on inside of me.

A woman's body had a long cycle, which took days or weeks, and sometimes even months or years to complete its cycle, comprising of many cycles within cycles. It was a cycle based upon our capability to create a child. Males had a cycle too, but it was either too short to calculate or so vastly long – beginning with when they become sexually active and ending when that activity is no longer possible, usually at their death – for it to bother them. So as Nathan slept, I looked for that thing inside me that would interrupt the cycles of my body, which was gearing up for a heat, the releasing of that heat, and the start up of that heat again. There was only one thing that could interrupt that process other than menopause or death for a female:

Conception.

Conception happens during lovemaking, and finalizes itself within hours of that copulation. Hours had passed, and I couldn't feel any change in my body, I couldn't feel any sudden light inside me, couldn't find any spiritual change of me carrying another life inside me... Nothing.

When I realized that, I immediately began to cry.

If I had conceived, at this moment, at this time, then I would have a child in my womb, which would've made Nathan's claim on me more binding than my father's. Without a child, then father would still have claim on me, and would also have a reason to start a war with Nathan's pack. Because I was so utterly incapable of bearing a child, then I wouldn't be safe with Nathan or his family, and I couldn't see him or his family hurt because of me.

With a low sob of anguish, I lifted Nathan's limp arm off me, and then rose, listening to the slurp of his penis sliding from my pussy, just before a thick and heady spillage of our shared juices slid from within me. Rising to my feet then, I paused, looking down at him, my vision of him blurring with my tears before I wiped them away, and whimpering, I turned, and stepped out into the blustery cold winds outside the cave.

There were still clouds here and there, but the half moon was shining down on me as if Luna Herself were mocking me with Her half-closed eye.

Wiping the tears from my face again while the cold nipped at my nigh furless breasts, which were thankfully filling again with my warm milk and were likewise laden at least with some fat to keep them warm, I stepped over to some of the thick snow, and taking up a clump of it in my hands I washed my pussy and my inner thighs with the stinging, biting cold to freeze the moisture, just before I brushed all the flakes off.

Stepping into the snow, and getting my bearings, I moved to a fir tree, broke off a branch laden with pine needles and moving backwards, brushed away my tracks in the snow as I slowly moved up the mountain.

I awoke with a start, my eyes opening lazily, but my ears flicked as they got used to the acoustics in this chamber again. The fire had almost died out, and there were only the occasional snaps and hisses from the remaining logs. My alarm came to me a few moments later as I realized that my beloved was missing.

"Luna?" I called out quietly, and sniffed the air, following her scent and found it to be moving toward the entrance. "Luna?!" I called out loud enough for it to echo in here, and I lobbed myself out of the cave and sent my senses spinning in search of her.

It was then that I settled my attentions on the snow. Though the snow drifts had become even, and more falling snow had covered some of them, there were nonetheless footprints of compressed snow underneath that layer that reflected sound differently than the rest. I leapt after those footprints, following them for several dozen yards before I realized that they were leading back up the mountain!

With a gasp, my brain gaining a kink in it that the logic of all this just didn't make sense... *We were almost home free! Why are you going back?!*

I lobbed myself at the nearest tree and ran up it, twisting and somersaulting amidst the boughs in the branches before I then tool to running forward along the tree branches, following those footprints there on the ground.

She'd been covering the prints up, hiding her tracks, and she was walking backwards being that the deeper compressions in the snow were at her toes instead of her heels.

I rushed further along and then stopped as I heard a dulcet tone break the silence of the night. It was a single, low wolf's howl, a she-wolf's how, and it was the dirge used to call for help.

I immediately thought that she was in trouble, and moved forward along the trees at breakneck speeds, and then forgetting secrecy, I dropped to the ground and ran along the ground through the snow, trudging up the mountain slope even as she howled again, closer now, and I redoubled my movement.

And then I heard answering howls, coming from around me, and the sounds of other large creatures running, and I rushed up the nearest tree and hid myself even as several bodies rushed by beneath me, other werewolves, the hunters from the Lodge.

She... She wasn't calling me... She was calling them? B-but why?

I followed along till I came to a clearing ahead of those on the ground, and found Luna where she had collapsed in a snow drift, shivering as she folded her arms about her sensitive breasts.

She must've stopped covering up her tracks because there was a line of holes made by footprints leading up to her.

She looked up even as the first of the Lodge Hunters arrived.

"Princess, are you all right?" the large female called Lalinda asked. "What happened? Where've you been?"

"A rival pack kidnapped me." she said not looking at the hunter.

It was the truth, and that would protect her from anyone's prying for they would hear her speaking the truth. Luckily, my pack wasn't the only one that was rivals with the Lodge.

"Bring a blanket!" Lalinda called, and a wolf vaulted off. "Child, are you safe? Are you unhurt?" Lalinda asked, a truly strong, tall and shapely female, she picked Luna up and balled her close to her voluminous bosom.

I swallowed, seeing my magical day of saving my beloved dissolve all at once. There was no way I could rescue Luna from so many.

"I'm unhurt." Luna said as she hugged herself in the larger female's arms.

I crawled along the branches, and as if she knew exactly where I was, I saw Luna's face turn to look straight at me, stare right at me as she laid her head on Lalinda's shoulder, and I felt something catch in my throat that I tried to swallow.

One of the wolves came back with a set of blankets, and Lalinda wrapped Luna up within them to keep her warm, and I shadowed them all as she was carried straight up to the Lodge, and holding myself quietly in the trees, secluded away in shadows and snow, I watched them bring Luna inside, even as Kor exited.

"Where's Lupin?" Lalinda asked.

"He's inside." Kor said testily, looking at his sister.

"Then step aside. I must bring her to her father."

"You are not my father's bitch yet, female. Remember your place in this pack, and I won't have your pelt eviscerated from off your body. Now give me my sister."

I saw Luna reflexively press against Lalinda in order to get away from her half-brother, and my eyes narrowed.

Why would she fear her own brother so?

"Now listen here you little cur... I..." *yelp*

The sound of Lalinda's yelp made my ears perk up, seeing Kor strike an older, larger female like that was incredible. The blow sent both Lalinda and Luna sprawling to the ground, to where Kor bent low, took Luna by the arm, and hauled her up off the ground to where he held her in his tight fist while Lalinda slowly got up, feeling her once perfect face and gasping.

"See if my father will want to look at that and breed with you, bitch. Remember that next time you cross me, and also remember that I am next in line to be lord of this pack... Not Luna... And my father is not a wolf capable of living forever despite his power.

"Now off with you! Off with all of you." he said and waved his hand before him and the other wolves ran off before him with their tails between their legs.

For as bad as Lupin was... Kor would be much worse if he ever came to power, I considered.

But then I saw something with my keen hearing, that as soon as all the other wolves were out of sight, that Kor took Luna inside, still holding onto her arm, but now palming her bottom with one hand.

Luna didn't bother fighting his grasp.

Lowering my head and sensing around and below me, I sensed around for any sign of anyone who might see me and then leaping away from the tree I crossed the grounds in three long bounds, practically attacked the wooden plank along the edge of the Lodge in order to get beneath it, and then began crawling along the logs outside the Lodge, pressing my ear against the wood, listening through the hollow wood for my Luna.

I heard her, and followed her as Kor escorted her through the Lodge, to her own very room. Crawling beneath the floorboards, I found my way into the spaces beneath the lodge and right into Luna's room, where as soon as the door was closed and locked behind them both, Luna threw his grasp off.

"Hands off me Cur!" she bellowed, and was rewarded with a slap across the face.

"Do not *ever* call me that." he pointed into her face as soon as she righted herself. Every measure of her stance stated defiance. "Now... You and me... Are going to have a little fun." he smiled at her, and I felt my mouth drop as he placed his hands right on her breasts, squeezing them, groping her.

I had to stop myself from rising up right through the floor to strangle him to death.

I heard Luna's jaw grind as she slid from beneath his grasp and moved over to her bed, leaning against the grill of the foot board.

"Get it over with and get out of my room, Kor. I'm tired." She growled.

Kor licked his lips and stepped forward, massaging her firm behind, and then cupped her sex a moment before he fingered her.

I couldn't breath as he then wrenched her tail upward, his erection pushing out from its sheathe between his legs, growing thick and wide, and before he was even fully erect he pushed against her anus instead of her pussy – that he fingered with several fingers – and he slid deep inside her body. He slid into her too fast and too easily, which meant this has happened often enough to make her anus loose enough to allow such an action, and also, it happened often enough where she didn't fight it anymore.

I felt tears in my eyes as Kor began to stroke himself into her, riding her rear repeatedly, thrusting over and over into her bowels. Not being able to take it anymore, I hurried from where I hid beneath her closet over to the door, and hammered so hard on the floor board beneath her door that it rattled the whole door.

Kor started, and using my magic, I imitated the only person in whom Kor would give a damn about.

"Luna! Luna! Open this door this instant!" I bellowed in Lupin's voice.

Kor's tail went immediately right between his legs, and he pulled out of Luna and rushed toward a drapery hiding a window that I didn't see before, else wise my earlier escape could've been far easier.

Opening the window, he vaulted outside as Luna rose to her feet, Kor closing the window behind him before he ran with his tail tucked between his legs off into the forest.

Luna hurried to the door to open it, and was obviously confused when there was no one there, and she stepped out into the hall and looked both ways before retreating back into her room, closing the door behind her and locking the door.

She then moved over to the window to lock it on her side, and likewise to close the drapes before the portal.

She then stood quietly in the center of the room, breathing deep calming breaths, before she hugged herself, her breasts sliding over her slender arms, just before she collapsed to the floor and began to cry quietly.

I moved over to her, brushing my fingers against the undersides of the floorboards that she rested upon, and then I whispered her name.

"Luna."

"Merciful Gaia, Blessed Luna," she sobbed in Prayer to the Earth Mother and our Patron Goddess the Moon Goddess. "Why after such a sacrifice must I imagine his voice too?" she gasped, and covered her eyes, her shoulders sagging. Every sob of hers was like a stab in my heart, and I ventured a little louder.

"Luna." I said more firmly, and she blinked. "Luna, It's me." I whispered.

"I'm not dreaming." she gasped, and began pawing at the floorboards. "You're really here, aren't you? You saved me. That was you imitating father."

"Yes." I responded, and she threw herself to the floor closer to me, her body lying on the rug at the foot of her bed.

"It *is* you!" she sobbed, and she palmed the wooden plank between us. I placed my hand beneath hers, and managed to squeeze a finger of mine between the boards to caress her hand. She wrapped a finger of hers around mine. "You shouldn't be here; it's too dangerous for you." She breathed

"I needed to know. Why Luna? Why'd you do this?"

"You were in a rut, I could smell it on you, and I tried so hard to conceive our child tonight, but my body wouldn't react. Whatever they've done to me, it just wouldn't react. I lay for hours within your arms and still no cub has been conceived within my womb. I could've gone with you, but it would've meant harm and menace for your entire family if I didn't have a child inside me, and father would take me back just prior to using this as a reason to start war between our packs.

"I couldn't let you do that. I won't be the reason for you dying, Nathan. I won't be the reason for a single hair to be harmed on your parents' or your sisters' heads, or those of your pack's retainers."

"So you came... Came back to this hell?" I gasped. "Kor rapes you! How often does he do that?!"

"I've lost count." She tried to laugh. "He's done it since I was a little girl." Luna added calmly then, as if that were the way of things, and I felt my heart and my breathing stop for many long seconds.

"Luna... You must come with me. You must!"

"N-no... No beloved. I won't. I can't! I cannot bear being without you, but I can't bear losing you either. Be safe, go home... W-we'll try to find some other way. There must be some other way, we just..." but then she stopped, hearing what escaped even my hearing at first, the sound of padded and clawed feet on wood, just before there was a loud hammer at the door.

I recognized Lupin's shadowy form in the hallway outside Luna's door, and instinctively I froze.

"Luna..." Lupin said in low undertones. "Luna are you there?" he repeated and waited for a few seconds.

"You must go." she whispered and letting go of my finger, stuffed it back between the floorboards forcefully just before Lupin gestured at the lock on her door and it opened with the twinge of his arcane magic, just before he entered her room unbidden.

Luna rose and cleared a flock of her hair away from her eyes.

"Father." she said with a gasp.

"What are you doing on the floor?" he asked.

"I was so exhausted by my experience, father, that I must've collapsed on my way to my bed. Your voice woke me." I heard her say, and I shrank back from Lupin as he sighed and walked over to Luna, hauling her up by one arm, and steadying her, led her to her bed and sat her down.

But then Lupin paused, and tested the air, and realizing that I'd cleaned the soot and dirt from off me earlier, I reached down and took a hand full of dirt and began to massage it quietly into my fur.

"Whose scent is that?" Lupin asked, and Luna shrugged her shoulders up about her neck and she shied away from him, her head lifting to look up at her father as if she were afraid he'd beat her.

"Kor was in my room a moment ago." she said, which immediately translated whatever scent of mine was in the air into Kor's in Lupin's mind, and he immediately rumbled beneath his breath.

He went to stand before Luna's vanity, picking up one of her perfumes before palming it, taking it away from her. Apparently Lalinda would still meet with his desires that night, and he would take a bottle of perfume from his own daughter's room to give to her...

I clenched my jaw.

"Kor will not bother you for awhile, Luna." Lupin said without looking at his own daughter.

Luna remained silent, her head down.

"Get some sleep, Luna... The Crone comes tomorrow." Lupin said, and Luna immediately held herself and shivered.

The Crone. So she was who was doing these things to my Luna.

"Goodnight, daughter." Lupin said and turned to leave, closing the door behind him before I heard a click of the lock. I waited until I heard Lupin walk down the hall and leave before I scrambled to Luna's closet. She opened it up and helped me remove the bag I'd placed on top of it earlier and some of the floor planks, and with her sitting on the edge of the hole and me standing in it; she and I embraced each other briefly.

"Now go." She whispered once we kissed. Go speedily... Don't look back until you get home... I will pray and dream of you tonight.

"Luna, please... Come with me!" I pleaded, holding both her hands.

"I told you, I will not be the cause of your harm or demise. Go... Before I scream." she was trembling, and I snatched her up, holding onto her tightly, before I dipped beneath her legs and she closed the hole behind me and shut the closet door.

I made my way out from under the Lodge, and paused on the tree line to see a crack open up in her drapes, but even through that crack, I could see her plainly, and looking at her, I felt the ache in my heart become so painful that I clutched at my chest in hopes to squeeze it out of my heart.

Turning, my eyes watering with tears, I did as she asked. I went home... And didn't look back.

The life of humans was never this complicated. Practically twenty years ago, when I was a new woman seeking the love of a decent honest man, I never thought that my life would come out like this.

Now little Nattie Wolf - that's me – is now strong, tall, possessing an incredible chest, and one of the most powerful werewolves alive. I had the ability to bench press a bull dozer in my battle form and I had the power to cleave a mountain top off with a single blow, and yet with all that power, I never felt so weak in my life.

As a human, I never had to worry about things like this; I never had to worry about war between my family and another family, where the possibility of bloodshed was possible. I didn't have to worry about my cubs, and I didn't have to worry about politics and what not. I never was any good at politics, that's why I let Peter deal with it all the time. But as a Lycan, a member of the undying breed, I felt like the queen of the household during a feudal age, where I had to fear about who I would upset, and what it would lead to.

Why couldn't I have a life where I could just sit back and care for my babies, and not... And not have to worry about whether or not one of them would come home alive.

Oh Jenna, I thought, almost in prayer to my good departed friend. My son and your baby are lovers... But will it start a war?

I considered this for a time, bowing my head, fidgeting, while Peter paced back and forth before the fire in the fireplace, wearing a hole in the carpet.

Mia and Kira were huddled together close to me, and we all worried quietly. Peter hadn't slept all night.

So when there were sounds of footsteps outside, and those feet clicked on the wooden porch outside from long curving toenails striking the wood, we all perked up. Then when the door handle turned and the door swung open, we all held our breath till Nathan stepped in, his white eyes reflecting silver from the fire light as he turned his head so that he could regard us all.

Mia and Kira both looked for a companion, someone to welcome with open arms, a possible new sister, but Nathan promptly turned and closing the door, locked it behind him.

Tall and rosy from all his working out, he was covered head to toe in soot and dirt, and his fur stuck out at odd angles. On top of that, he was naked.

From down the hall, Quixote appeared in his long deerskin poncho and carrying his oaken staff with the turtle rattle on it and regarded Nathan, pressing his lips together when he too saw that Nathan was alone.

Peter vaulted over the couch and was before our son in a moment, and I rose wringing my hands together as Nathan looked at us all with that lazy-eyed gaze of his.

"Are you all right? Are you safe?" Peter asked.

"In a manner of speaking." Nathan responded as if it would be the last thing he'd ever say, and then swallowed hard... Swallowed whatever emotion he was leaving unsaid at the moment.

Peter then took our son to him and embraced him fiercely.

"I thought I lost you..." Peter said quietly, his voice cracking while he shed tears, real tears, the first I'd ever seen him shed since I'd known him.

Nathan didn't return the embrace; he merely stood there, exhausted and spent.

I saw that he seemed too withdrawn to shed any tears, that, or he had no more to shed.

Peter stepped back and placed his hands on Nathan's shoulders.

"I... Need to go wash." Nathan said quietly, and stepped around his father to head toward the secret wall leading down into the Den.

We all watched in quiet observance as he slid the door open and stepped down the stairs, looking almost ready to fall over, his expression in a daze.

The door closed behind him with a quiet click and I in turn rushed to Peter.

"He looks as if the devil had just walked over his grave." I said.

Peter said nothing as he cradled my arms and held me.

The house grew silent again.

There were times in which I wish that I could see like others, there were other times that I was glad that I couldn't.

I didn't want to see the tears in my eyes as they created twin streaks that cut through the grime under either of my eyes while I sat in the hot waters of the bathing pool in the Den. I simply slid into it, and came to a rest here on my arms, my hands picking at the rock surrounding the pool while my thick fur waved about me.

Here, in this home, I had a loving family, retainers who were at my beck and call should I ever use them, and I was treated like a prince. I'd be completely spoiled if I'd let them. I had all the comforts a person could need, and yet... I couldn't feel comfortable here now that I knew what Luna had to deal with.

She had an abusive father, a raping half-brother and a torturing old wolfess who came often enough so that there were constantly healing wounds on Luna's body. She was in a ramshackle home that was an abandoned silver mine and she lived like the daughter of some warlord, where the only purpose in which she was being groomed for was the choicest prize her father could give an ally.

Some little fuck toy and nothing more.

After what I'd witnessed these past two days... I just... I just couldn't find myself able to feel comfortable in all this comfort. It did make me feel all the more thankful for it, but it also made me feel completely worthless.

I wasn't strong enough to save her...

I rested there for a while longer, and opening my hand, I remembered the feel of Luna's body there, remembered her slender body, the lesser strength of her bodice, yet remembered the supple and beautiful form she possessed. It was the feel of true feminine power beneath my fingers, the sort that only the perfect woman possessed. I remembered the feel of her swollen breasts and remembered the feel of what I knew to be her growing secondaries and tertiaries – all twelve of them – and knew that a female shouldn't have such breasts lest they'd already had conceived and born many children to have need of that many breasts.

Even mother only had six developed... Luna had the full twelve.

I sighed, wishing my beloved to be sharing this bath with me, and for a time I was lost in the thought of her beside me, naked and beautiful, while she and I underwent our first lovemaking as bonded mates, instead of just lovmates. I remained in that repose for what felt a very long time, till I felt a ripple in the waters of the pool and my ears perked up immediately as I suddenly became aware of my two sisters entering the pool. Both could be considered

perfect beauties, both could be considered as chief prizes amongst all the males of all the packs, a trophy mate, though the two of them were blessed with the presence of mind not to select a mate who would treat them as such.

Both were stronger than me, and thanks to the gifts that they'd inherited from mother, both were buxom and well endowed.

Kira was first in the pool, holding a wash cloth before her sex till she entered the pool down to her waist, and then she cast it off. I didn't turn to face them... I really wasn't in the mood for any sort of feminine companionship, even if it were from my twin and my little sister.

Luna didn't have such companionship.

But it wasn't long before I felt the ripples in the water draw heavier close to my middle, just before I felt hands on my back, with washcloths and soap, washing out the grime in my fur.

"You look like you have something to say." Kira said.

"Yes... Don't you two have something better to do?"

"No... Not really." Mia said behind me.

I sighed and leaned forward even further, not arguing with them. I didn't even have the strength to do that.

Mia began to hum a little song, and after a few moments of listening to it, I realized it with the same song Luna had hummed to me while I was drawing milk from her breasts. Both had worked up a thick frothy lather on my back that was heavy with scented oils on natural fats.

"I remember when we did this often." Kira said. "We'd play and splash each other, dunked each other under the water, and made mohawks out of our manes with the soap.

"The older we've become, the more secrets there have become, Nathan. Suddenly it became improper for you and me to sleep in the same room. I think it's the night I had my first heat.

"You learned what it was to be a man, and I learned all the things that it meant to be a woman... But I miss those cold nights when you and I used to keep each other warm, or our shared baths, or telling each other everything, even our secrets.

"There wasn't a single thing we wouldn't tell each other.

"And then you grew up."

There was an unsettling silence as my sisters continued to wash me, rinsing me down with water now before taking combs to my fur to work out the gnarls and the burrs from running around in the forest naked for two days.

"I don't think I'm nearly as mature as you are, Nathan." Kira said quietly as she took to combing my mane. "You've had to deal with so many things already that I wouldn't want to wish on an enemy, but all I have are rumors. Please tell us what happened."

I was quiet, actually enjoying the grooming, but then I bowed my head and laid my head more fully on my folded arms. Without really realizing that I was doing it, I began to speak.

"I think... The greatest of our divergence began when I first met Luna... The daughter of our enemy." I said quietly, and while they washed me, I told the whole story up to this point, all the way up to my failure to claim Luna as my mate during this heinous rut of mine.

"Wait a minute... You're not a virgin?!" Mia exclaimed, and Kira smacked her upside the head to keep her quiet. "Ow. Come on, Kira... I mean how come he gets to have sex and we don't... Ow!"

"Quiet you. Now's not the time to discuss that."

"Meanie." Mia pouted, and I smiled whimsically.

Then there was the sound of a rush of water washing off a body, and Kira was settling down beside me, and lifting my head with both her hands, I looked up at her with my always half-opened eyes, seeing her soft blue-white form glowing form in my mind's eye, even as she bent low and kissed my forehead.

Mia and Kira then urged me to stand, and together they washed the rest of me off, Mia on the back, Kira on the front, not saying a single thing more till they were done washing me off one last time and combing my fur down. Then before I knew it, Mia was pushing against my back and Kira was pulling me toward her, and I was sandwiched between both my sisters as they both embraced me, Kira folding my head to her already buxom chest.

"Now that we know... We're going to help you and Luna." Kira said, and I perked my ears upward.

"How?" I asked, stunned.

"Never underestimate the great maternity of females." Kira said and kissed my forehead. "Gossip and feminine cooperation has the power to either make, or break a thing."

"That's right!" Mia half-squealed. "Just remember brother... Behind every great man is a woman rolling her eyes."

Chapter Seven: Coming of Age

Kira and Mia were true to their word. They began to put together a great network of friends and friends of friends in order to move a simple letter from me to Luna.

I spent hours putting my heart and soul on a piece of paper that was no bigger than my palm, telling her how I felt. It was a quite trick for me to write. I used metallic inks – easier for me to see that way – and I wrote on what they called '*off-white*' paper – easier to see versus the table. Quixote made me learn how to write and how to read other people's handwriting. I knew brail all right, but the problem was, was that most others – like Luna – didn't. Though blind, my sense of hearing was nonetheless intense enough where I could see the difference of blank paper and paper with metallic ink, or to a lesser extent, graphite on it. When I was finally done with the letter, I passed it to Kira and immediately became mortified as she immediately crumbled it up and stuffed it into the space between her breasts.

"W-what are you doing?!" I gasped and then rose to attack her chest and get that piece of paper back, but stopped with my hands directly before her chest as I realized what getting the paper back involved.

"Lupin." Kira said simply, which gave me pause as she then pressed the warmth of her breasts around the crumple up piece of paper to make it tight and snug. "It would be best if Lupin were to perceive the note as nothing more than rubbish than to think of it as an actual note, Brother." she smiled alluringly at me then. "Else wise he may get wind that you're passing notes to his daughter and stop it, or worse yet hurt Luna for entertaining you as a secret admirer."

I settled down and lowered my hands to my sides. She spoke the truth.

Kira and Mia went into town that day, and the letter I had written would then begin to pass hands. Friends, friends of friends, and friends of friends of friends... Till it eventually got into the hands of a young wolfess who acted as Luna's handmaid.

There the letter would be placed in Luna's garbage pail beside her bed, to where only she had access to it, and the handmaiden would tell Luna it was there.

For weeks I agonized that something went wrong, or Lupin found out and beat Luna... Till Mia and Kira arrived one day, and Mia reached in between her already sizeable breasts – larger than Kira's – and pulled out a simple crumpled up ball of pink. She placed it in my hands, and I looked up at her long enough to see her wink before I opened the paper, and magically straightened it so that the crinkles went away. The crinkles interfered with my hearing. Passing my fingers over the elegant scrawl of Luna's penmanship, my sensitive sense of touch picking up on the differences in the paper between the dried ink and the paper and helping me translate the sensations of what I was hearing, I began to feel my heart melting inside me.

"She wears expensive perfume." Mia said, dipping her nose to smell between her breasts. "The letter was practically soaked in it. I like the scent though... Do you think father might buy me a bottle for my birthday?" Mia asked Kira while I read and re-read the letter, getting a stupid expression on my face.

"We have to find out what it is first. I want some of that too. I wonder where she buys it."

"Rose hips and lavender... A special concoction that the women of her Lodge make, mixed with the pheromones of the wearer and taken from them when they are in heat." I said absentmindedly.

My sisters both blinked as I placed the letter reverently onto the table in front of me, smiling as I covered it with one hand.

"Her father makes her wear it." I smiled.

"Heh... Despite it's Lupin's idea... It smells nice, and it attracts a male pretty well." Mia said and she leaned on the table, her unbound large bosom sagging into her shirt as she smirked impishly at me.

"So... Is there going to be a reply?" she asked.

"Of course!" I said and drew out a pen and a piece of paper the same size as my last note, and then I paused.

"There's less than a month left before the next Howl. Will this get to her in time?"

"We'll make it so!" Kira said and then hung against my back, her own chest pressing against my shoulder blades as she hung over my shoulder to watch me write.

I heard Kira and Mia both ooh and ahh at what I was writing, and felt them hug me as my poet side made itself known.

Again... I put my heart into the note, and told her to meet me at our secret place.

"Your secret place? Where's that?" Kira asked as I finished the letter and rose, she uncoiling from me even as I crumpled the note up in one hand for her.

It was late outside.

"If I told you... It wouldn't be a secret." I smirked, and then daring to heft one of her boobs with one hand, pressed the paper right in between her breasts and smirked.

She looked shocked at me that I'd touch her like that, and then she smirked, and then moved to hug me. I heard the crinkle of the paper from between her mammaries.

"It's about time you abandoned all those human pretenses. Touch me more!"

I smirked, knowing that Kira was more wolf than human, but I hugged her head to my chest and kissed her on the forehead. Some Lycan said that to be more human was to be more civilized. Others said to be more wolf meant to be more noble and stay true to one's self. To each his own really...

"I did it out of necessity. Is there time for you and Kira to go back to town and deliver the message?"

"There might. I just gotta ask mom if I can borrow the car."

The two most important nights in the Lycan year was the night of the spring and then the night of the fall equinox.

It signified the coming of age ceremonies for the females and the males respectfully.

As per Lycan law, a female was rendered an adult on the night of the spring Equinox, which rendered the power of life in which females carried inside their wombs.

Adversely, males were rendered adults on the night of the fall equinox, six months later.

In both cases, a Lycan cub was made into an adult on their respective night on their eighteenth season.

For both Mia and Kira... Being that both were born in the same year, they would both be made into adults this night. But so too would Luna.

I'd forgotten all about that too... Or at least in Luna's case.

Even with Mia and Kira discussing all the things that they would do once they were adults – some of them simple, like going shopping with mother in town for new clothes, to lewd and lascivious as to who could lay with the most males on their first night as adults – failed to register in my mind that this same thing would be happening to Luna too.

But nonetheless, on the night of the Howl, even as mother brought my sisters, either of them dressed in white gowns that truly flattered their fine bodies; I saw also that Luna was joining the crowd, guided forward by Lalinda.

Luna chanced to look sidelong at me, and I clenched my jaw, knowing that my time with her would be delayed, and most likely shortened as well. It all depended upon how long that this would all take.

For young Lycan, since birth, they are collared with a thick band of leather that is placed around their throats as a protection for the species. The band of leather, usually studded with silver, is designed to stem off a Lycan's powers until they are considered mature enough to be able to use their vast powers with maturity. As such, the collar held off the ravages of time, and kept a Lycan from maturing at their normal rate, though in some cases, maturation happened regardless of the collar... It all depended upon how potent the person was sexually.

As I led my two girls forward, guiding one underneath either of my arms, I smiled proudly as a mother could, not thinking that there could possibly be a more prideful night in my whole life.

Until I chanced to look out of the side of one eye and saw Luna approaching the line of young wolfesses.

The perfect night, of being with my girls as I led them to become adults, suddenly broke around me as I looked upon the daughter of my dear friend. I so wished that situations could've been different, wished that I could've helped raise her... Wished that in my friend's stead that I could hold Luna to my breast and let her suck as a cub... Or even better yet, have Jenna herself here to bring her daughter into womanhood... Away from that awful Lupin.

Instead, since Luna's own mother was no longer with us, it was a female by the name of Lalinda... A huntress in Lupin's Lodge. She was strong and tough, but there was goodness behind her visage that I could sense, even despite the claw marks that marred one half of her face.

This Lalinda coddled with Luna whenever they had to stand in line and wait for other girls to be released from their collars before their mother or matron led them away from the others.

Luna... Was already so much of an adult... Wearing such beautiful finery, with her robes being made of embroidered white silk that looked to have taken a whole year to make by many hands, while other girls around her were in sackcloth that had been bleached white and was frayed at the edges. I was glad that Peter and I were able to do so well for our girls, to dress them in traditional silk gowns at the least.

And then I looked back at Luna.

Her breasts were ripe and full, her hips were broad and rounded, and she already walked on her toes like an adult. She also had the barest inkling of her growing muzzle... No other girl had such assets yet. It bespoke of Luna's sheer sexual power that that much had leaked through even the collar's ability to repress would make her a goddess of sexuality once the collar was removed and she was empowered. I could only imagine what she'd become once her collar was removed and she was made and adult.

Then it was my girls' moment as the Alpha Female stood before us and she removed the studded collars my girls had worn practically since birth, their collars thrown into the great bonfire one after the other; first Kira's and then Mia's

per their age. We then all curtsied, and I led my girls away to the edge of the clearing, away from all the males, and continued to watch Luna while my girls held onto me, their excitement exhilarating.

Luna held herself like an actual princess. She curtsied perfectly with Lalinda as they both approached the Alpha Female, just before the simple leather band was removed from her neck and burned. Her fine silk gown brushed against her body in a way that even I felt jealous of her fine supple body. Everything about that girl just seemed so perfect.

And then I turned my head and looked to where Peter stood with our son. Nathan stood with his father's hand on his shoulder, Nathan's ears twitching and even though his head was bowed and his body was always turned toward Luna with his ears twitching to listen for her.

I pressed my lips, and grew angry at Lupin, but he hadn't even stayed here to see his daughter off.

What a sick bastard.

And then the Alpha Female began to speak, and I had to pay attention to her for formality... And once she was finished, all we females howled long and shrilly in our feminine voices, just before I led my girls away.

We walked passed a wall of huntresses that protected the grounds in which the second half of this ceremony was to be taken within... Where no male was allowed to tread.

Occasionally a young male or a recently made adult male would come to the ring, seeking to see what happened to a young girl when they were made adult with their mothers and matrons, but the huntresses always caught them, gave them a severe paddling with their spears and sent them on their way laughing at them running away with their tails between their legs.

I was told what was necessary, and now that I think about it... I wouldn't want to see a male see this anyways.

I smirked as I found myself a quiet spot, and lowering to all fours, my long tail dragging on the ground behind me as my well-rounded bottom shifted powerfully back and forth with each step, I walked up to a tall willow tree that had grown amidst several large boulders, and turning, I laid my back against the boulders at its base with a great flopping slump. Lifting my great muscular arms, spreading them backward over the boulders as I faced my two daughters as they approached me nervously while following me into the curtain of the leaves formed by the willow, I smiled knowingly at them and beckoned them both toward me.

Both girls looked around confusedly, Kira rubbing her neck and throat as if she were checking for the once prevalent collar, and I smiled as I lifted my arms and gathered my girls too me.

In my full hybrid form, I was easily as tall as they were sitting as they were standing.

"Eighteen seasons... It's been a long time." I smiled, and automatically both girls hugged me.

"But I don't understand, mother." Mia said quietly, and I smiled at her already impressive chest. "Why are we still girls? I thought that we were supposed to grow up tonight."

"You are. If we were to leave both of you as you are, both of you would take weeks to blossom into the beautiful adults that I know you both to be inside, but you would grow and mature without the benefit of the gifts of adulthood that our kind possess. Your bodies will simply grow, but not mature." I smiled at their expressions as they both looked disappointed, and I quickly continued to allay their feelings. "What I will give you tonight, will not only make you both grow to your full adult height, but will bless you both with the gifts that I hold inside me... As many as your bodies are able to absorb."

"Absorb... But mother... How are we to absorb gifts that are inside you?" Kira asked.

"Simple." I smiled. "As you know, the mucus membranes in a Lycan spread our gifts and our powers. On the full moon even, we are able to turn a human into a Lycan that they are so potent. You can absorb these gifts orally, but you'd need to swallow gallons of spit to do that."

Both girls winced in revulsion, and I chuckled at them both as I smoothed their gowns over their small bodies in comparison to the monster that I was.

"You could do it sexually, which is out of the question, let alone whole-heartedly wrong... But then... We females have different membranes that the males don't ever develop."

And I looked down at my chests as they wobbled heavily, all of them thick and bulging, hairless and swollen with their juices, with the veins and arteries feeding the glands beneath my flesh and the muscles of my nipples bulging in an effort to warm and keep fresh the thick fluids within.

Both girls looked at my chest, and their eyes broadened wide in disbelief.

"You want us to suckle from you mama?" Mia asked, and I smiled pleasingly back to them.

"Yes. Drink... Feast and consume all that you can until you can no longer stand it. I have plenty of milk for a small army of young hungry girls ready to be made into adults." I said and smoothed my hands over the velvety flesh of my primaries, and pinching my teats, I got them to leak two beads of milk over my fingers.

Almost against their will, they both began to salivate simultaneously, and Kira's tummy gurgled, telling her that she was hungry.

Both girls then almost mindlessly crawled up onto me, both resting together on my belly as they found a pair of my lower tits, and opening their mouths wide they fastened their mouths about my teats and began to suckle deeply.

I lactated constantly... Ever since I became a Lycan even, before I ever even became a mother. Every day I massaged my breasts to evacuate them of their excess fluids... Provided Peter didn't make a meal of them during the morning. I'd prepared for tonight, I'd used my magics to stimulate my breasts to lactate more and had also forgone milking myself for days so that my tits were firm, thick and laden with fresh creamy milk... Enough for both of them. Though my mammaries all ached a bit and even my tertiary breasts were pert and firm, it would all be worth it to watch my girls grow strong, beautiful and powerful within my arms.

I murred as they both suckled deeply, drawing great mouthfuls of my sweet nectar, swallowing each rapidly while I pet their backs and they massaged my tits rhythmically with their comparatively small hands. It was so relaxing and such a beautiful experience for me and their little mouths on my great aching nipples caused great relief in pressure of the stretching flesh of my chests.

My girls... My beautiful little girls... Were now feeding from their mother like a pair of cubs, and I remembered sweetly when I held both them and their brother in my arms to nurse, or they'd rush up to me for feeding time and they were all in their wolf forms. Those days were over, and I truly, truly wished for another cub, so much so that my navel felt hollow without a cub inside me, and my loins ached for another child to birth and wean and care for.

I sighed as the pair settled onto my heavily muscled body, my nutrients sliding into their bodies quickly now, and with it came all the blessed gifts of femininity passed from mother to daughter over the ages... Ever since the Goddess Luna took the first humans and combined them with wolves to create the Lycan.

As the minutes passed, I began to see my daughter's take upon themselves the scintillating power of my gifts... Even the gifts that I held and no other did, gifts that I'd absorbed from others. The Gift of the Matriarch for one... And the gifts of supernatural strength, endurance and vitality for others.

I smiled as their ears grew, their faces pushed outward as their muzzles grew in, their ears migrating fully to the tops of their heads and thickening as they lengthened and curved into more hooded things instead of the simple pointed ears they had till now. Both girls made soothing sounds of pleasure as they nursed, and beneath my hands as I cradled them I began to feel their bodies twitching, felt their bodies slowly swelling in turn with the power that they were unlocking within themselves thanks to my milk, powers that they had since birth awakening, which were then combining with the power I was giving them. It was Mia who came up for air first, holding onto my tit as it squirted her voluminous chest with my milk, turning her gown transparent against her chest as her nipples all began to harden and swell.

Even within those few seconds, her breasts inflated beneath her gown, and I saw the pert nipples erecting mightily off her chest as they grew apart from each other with her swelling mammaries, either tit growing larger and larger till they poked out from underneath the simple poncho-like gown she wore, her teats standing on end, framing her gown as her womanhood and sexuality were awakening right before my eyes!

"Mama..." She moaned as milk leaked out of the corners of her mouth and slid down her chin and neck to then pass in between her breasts. "Mamma... I burn!" she wept with the beauty of what was happening inside her.

With her gown becoming translucent, I smiled as her glorious breasts bounced and continued swell as they heaved with her every breath, and beneath her primaries I saw her secondaries and tertiaries swelling outward, their nipples burning like red disks behind her gown. Six individual disks hardening and erecting, all the while her body began to crease with growing muscle.

"Keep drinking Mia." I said and palmed her downward, and she immediately nuzzled my tit with her mouth and nose, and I feathered my fingers into her mane as it began to billow and grow all about her head with a speed that only Lycan transformation growth could achieve. "Don't stop girls... Keep drinking!" I said, feeling the milk that they didn't swallow slide down the edges of my tits to drip down along my sides and pool between my breasts.

Mia lifted her bottom upward, hefting her tail as that tail grew long and fluffy, and reaching backward along her bodice I fingered two of my fingers between her butt cheeks and caressed her sex, dragging my fingers briefly along her anus... Sexing her so that she became aware of that power in her... The unmitigated power of feminine sexuality. Mia moaned and immediately grabbed between her legs as I caressed her bottom, and she shivered as she began to explore her sex with her fingers, finding it fully aware, fully empowered.

Kira came up for air second, swallowing heavily as she long-armed herself against my body, shivering as her body bubbled and swelled, pushing into the silken fabric as her breasts drooped and hung into the front of her gown.

"Ngh!" She moaned, and settling backward on her knees, straddling one of my massive thighs, I watched in mild amusement as she stuffed both hands between her thighs, knotting her fingers against her swelling pussy as it filled with her sexual power like Mia's had, her breathing quickening before she threw her head back and gasped.

I blinked as her mammaries pushed forward, lifting her gown up off her chest, the primary pair swelling and thickening, growing and bulging, but not entirely because of her mammary growth. Kira was also swelling with muscle; her dorsal muscles flaring wider and wider, her pectorals bulging and broadening, causing her tits to bounce as the coalescing muscles flared ever thicker as her body lengthened steadily with her chest splitting in two and sliding above the second set, the second set ballooning with new nipples and new mammaries as her secondaries quickly bubbled into place.

I reached forward and caressed her breasts for her, touching her tits as her nipples hardened like small stones, her strength filling her as her throat bulged forward and her neck flared wide toward her shoulders, the rapid growth immediately tearing the front of her gown downward ever so slowly from the collar.

"Mama!" she whimpered, feeling the build up of her first real orgasm as her arms filled the arm holes of her gown, her body pressing against the silk while I heard the snaps and pops of her skeletal structure realigning into a more adult frame. "Mama it hurts..." she wept, "It hurts so good! Ngh!"

"It's your fire." I said soothingly, and rolled forward a little, cradling Mia by the rump as I bent and kissed her forehead before scooping her forward onto my breasts again. "The milk will soothe and ease the fire, Kira... Keep drinking."

Kira attacked my tit then, her lengthening muscle sucking my nipple into her mouth as my breast softened from its lack of milk now, and I felt a solid gout of my milk lance into her mouth and down her throat as she gripped my tit with an enlarging hand; her claws lengthening steadily as she gripped my tit firmly to suck more of my milk from it. Her claws flared and lengthened off her fingers, her hands broadening and growing thicker and stronger with the muscles bubbling along their backs with ever increasing strength, and like I'd done with Mia, I slid a hand down over her rump and she automatically lifted her already long and beautiful tail as I slid my fingers against her anus and then against her twin flaring Labia that were distending down beneath the rounding cheeks of her bottom; either of which had grown hot from her empowering sexuality.

My girls felt warm in my hands and against my body as I began to caress them in places, making them aware of their sexual powers as their bodies grew longer, wider and their muscles stronger. I felt the firm press of their swelling breasts and the moisture dripping from their mammaries and their pussies as they grew. Mia even began sliding her sex against my leg and shuddered as she came in a torrent of juices that marked what perhaps her first orgasm was.

"Mommy!" she cried as she came off my tit, flexing even as Kira growled and rose beside her, hunching her spine while her back flared wider, splitting her gown partly down the center as her spine turned outward, her wolfess's head pushing forward against her body as her neck muscles strengthened with greater and harder muscles.

Kira was growing much faster than Mia was, and I was amazed at the steely muscle striations that were crisscrossing her body, carving their way out of the thickening piles of muscle mass that was growing beneath her thickening fur. The drawstrings that had been tied at her sides all began to pop and tear open as she flared wider still, her gown that was split at the hip lifting up off her body to hang off her firm and luscious tits, her nipples lengthening inches off either tit, and I palmed her navel, feeling it sinking beneath her bulging chest and rounding ribs, felt the muscles hardening, felt more nipples growing along her body, and I smiled, taking pleasure that both my girls had absorbed the gift of the matriarch from me, and both were capable of producing Mother's Milk... A super nutrient cream that could heal the sick, strengthen the weak and empower the unfortunate.

Perfect for rearing and birthing many, many grandchildren apiece.

I bit my lower lip, my mane waving about my head as I turned toward Mia... Seeing her hugging herself as her body lengthened but didn't strengthen as much as Kira's did... But she was developing those sexual icons of femininity... Her pussy lancing another orgasmic jet of her juices onto my thigh, and her breasts, all twelve of them now, were swelling, and swelling, and swelling.

She was a breeder... Just like her mommy.

"It burns!" both girls said as one, and I pulled them to me immediately.

"Drink! I have plenty more." I murred, and they both attacked my secondaries now that my tertiaries were empty, and they nursed and sucked and drank repeatedly, their bodies writhing in transformation, writhing in sexual tension.

Both their bodies had lengthened to outgrow their gowns, and now even Mia was beginning to tear and pop through the seams on her gown, her breasts and flaring back that was growing to counterbalance them, ripping the front of her gown to shreds.

I palmed their bottoms now, feeling their bodies slide off me till they were able to reach my breasts from the ground, and I enjoyed the sounds of popping bones, ripping cloth and tearing flesh that associated a werewolf change, their

bodies re-mending and breaking in rapid succession into greater and greater forms. Their little nasal moans were growing chestier and throatier as they matured over a decade within minutes.

Kira came up for air again, howling out into the air, and as she howled, she went through a growth spurt that most girls would hit between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, and her body rippled and exploded, popping outward and ballooning like a multitude of airbags deploying as she matured several years all at once. Her fine silk gown shredded about her body, the flimsy thing ripping and tearing in dozens of directions and then absolutely shattered about her body as she reached the point of sixteen years within a matter of seconds!

A year a minute! I mused, and reaching out palmed her chest, caressed her mammaries and her nipples, and she moaned, shuddered and rose as she lifted her hands to grope, knead and massage her breasts after the passing of my hand, and when she sat again, I felt the sopping wet moisture between her legs as her own first orgasm suddenly split her loins in two. She flexed her muscles then, claiming the power of her battle form, her arms billowing as she gained in the mass associated with adulthood, her hips flaring, her mane billowing outward about her head while between her legs as she leaked more of her juices onto my thighs, I saw her developing the super musculature of her vaginal mound; a super erect and bulging clitoris that was being pinched between twin labia that pressed against her inner thighs... even despite how wide her thighs were spread open.

And then she dug into her quivering and throbbing sex with a pair of clawed fingers while caressing one of her still ballooning tits briefly with her other hand, hefting the ballooning tit as she kissed and then sensuously licked the top of the swelling mass. Then turning her head, seeing me there, my final and largest tit on her side starting to leak milk in anticipation, she assaulted it, straddling my thigh with her legs split to either side of it, her lower body transforming as she rose automatically up on her toes, her feet lengthening for digitigrade walking while her calves and thighs engorged themselves on the power feeding into her while her bottom rounded and firmed with muscular striations out of the base of her back.

"That's it... Feast! Feast my beautiful girls... Become women in your own rights!" I murred in my girl's enthusiasm even as Mia rose once having drained my second tit on her side.

She was gasping, her arms lengthening and her legs rounding outward, her suppleness was extreme and accented about her form, her bulging breasts tearing her gown open down the front, splitting it neatly in half from neck to crotch, revealing already maturing primaries and secondaries and eight swelling tertiaries, all of which were leaking milk from her body. She smeared the milk into her beautiful fur as it grew long and glossy, fetlocks about her forelegs and forearms and a great mane that fell about her shoulders in great bushels and cascaded down her back to pass her rounding bottom.

Her thickening back and broadening shoulders tore open the rest of her gown, popping seams slowly as she put on pound after sweet pound of feminine muscle, and panting, licking her muzzle with her elongated tongue, she looked down at my last tit, and licking her own lengthening tit, she attacked my breast like Kira had, engorged herself on my sweetest and thickest milk.

Mia drank and drank and drank, and only now did she pile on the muscle that her sister already had a vast head start on, sucking the pure essence of womanhood from my fattened tit, while hers and Kira's breasts split around mine.

I looked down onto my chest as I continued to hug and hold them, watching their bodies growing longer and stronger, caressing their backs and bare bottoms as they fell to my sides yet again, still sucking, still drinking. Upon my chest with my breasts deflating, my veins feeding my mammaries thinning as they no longer needed all my blood to nourish the stores of milk I possessed or keep my nipples erect, I saw both sister's holding onto each other's hands between my primaries, either nursing sweetly like babes.

For fifteen minutes they drank, emptying my tits of every last drop of their sweet nectar... The first time I could ever recall that I'd ever been totally empty of all my milk since I became a Lycan, and myself transformed from a flat-chested weak little girl into a virile, sexually and physically powerful female... and that was before I assumed my

hybrid forms. I was so empty of my milk now that even my primaries sagged a little. Normally they were so full and firm they sat atop my chest as if gravity held no sway on them.

Both girls, now women, sucked hard after draining those mammaries and then sought the other tits on my body again, looking for more milk. Again, Mia was the first to rise, tall like me, and though she was more slender than I was, she still had a superb musculature that groaned and tensed whenever she moved. Her flesh was supple, covered with silken fur that shimmered in the light, her nipples hard atop their swollen areola that puffed outward thickly and firmly, either of which were likewise placed as caps on the ends of her enormous breasts.

She moaned and clenched her eyes tightly shut, a gasp of her breath exhaling from her mouth and misting in the still cool spring air.

She needed more milk, her body still swelling imperceptibly, but as she caressed herself, caressed and cupped her superb breasts, milk leaked from her own breasts, and she gasped as it pooled into her cupped hands, either of those hands having grown massive and clawed now. And then she did something that I sometimes shamelessly did to myself, and that was to push and roll the fattened mound of flesh of one of her primaries, pulling the teat to her mouth, and opening her mouth, extended the three inch long nipple into her mouth and sucked.

Kira came up gasping when she found no more milk from me either and her body groaned as her muscles fought each other to place themselves upon her mighty frame. She was a billowing mushroom cloud of strength contained within an ample feminine body... Sexy where it was needed, sensual where it was desired and absolutely powerful everywhere else. She saw what her sister was doing, and whining, she crawled over my legs and I tucked my legs up to me as she moved, and pawing at her sister's navel, she slid up her bodice, dragging her own lactating breasts along Mia's bodice and then tried to suckle from Mia, but Mia growled around her teat and hugged her free tit to her with one hand, not wanting to share.

Kira wouldn't have any of that, and so she began to try to pry Mia's arm open, and letting her tit flop from her mouth, Mia growled and snapped at her sister and the two began to rustle as I rose to sit pleasingly on the boulders while my daughters roughhoused with one another like two animalistic goddesses of strength and beauty. Their full and ready mammaries were spraying their milk all over everything – myself included – but I merely warded away the spray with one hand and laughed as they turned and wrestled, till finally Kira twisted and tripped Mia to the ground and they both landed with a thud. The impact of both their monstrous bodies reverberated around everything, shaking the leaves in the willow tree and making the boulders I was sitting on tremble.

Kira barked a bark of laughter in her triumph and then lowered her head, nuzzling her sister's tits briefly and then finding one of her fattened and lactating teats began to suck.

Mia was indeed angry and indignant... or at least at first.

After awhile as Kira pawed at her sister's bosom, Mia slowly gave in, and even managed to pull one of her sister's tits up over her own and suckled from that as well. Kira then lowered herself and laid against her little sister, groping and pawing at the newly engorged breast and draining it dry as they arranged themselves one over the other to share their milk, but when Kira had been placated, Mia moved and threw her sister upward and over onto her side, and scrambled on top of her quickly, planting a knee in her sister's middle to keep her down, and she tried to show her superiority by being the one on top now, and the rough housing began anew.

I chuckled again, combing my mane with my claws as the girls continued to fight, gain a measure of superiority over the other and then feed off each other for a while now... Not needing their mother, but then became surprised as Kira accidentally scrapped Mia with her claws, and Mia yelped in pain. I rose immediately to go to them, but Kira, with both she and her sister in a feral mind and barely aware of who they were amidst the stupidity brought on by so much pleasure as they've experienced, immediately lowered beside Mia, and taking her hand sorrowfully began to lick the wound with her long tongue.

I paused and smiled again, seeing Mia's flesh mend itself nearly instantly, and now that much of the needs and desires were taken care of, the two girls now began to clean each other by licking each other free of bruises and the grime of drying milk... Which after a short while became rather... Erotic.

Their minds were barely above that of animals currently, and thanks to this experience their intelligence would return to them soon enough, but it was odd seeing my two daughters kiss and lick each other as they did, licking each other's faces and necks, each other's breasts, backs and bottoms, even each other's abs and all the erect nipples there, and finally each other's sex's. That got a bit enthusiastic as they wrestled a little bit upon the dew covered grass till they both came to a mutual position, which was one on top of the other in a sixty-nine maneuver to clean each other's sexes.

Smiling, I went to break that up before they learned to enjoy it, and then joined in cleaning my daughters with my tongue.

They rested beneath me, enjoying the nuzzling and the wet-tongue kisses I gave them now, and rising to my feet I looked down at them and smiled at the two beautiful wolfesses that they've become.

Strong, powerful and beautiful, with full rounded mammaries and a myriad of gifts. Their breasts weren't yet as large as mine – though Mia was dangerously close to that, it nonetheless took a mother to possess breasts of my size – but Goddess willing... They'd soon possess those assets too.

They passed off to sleep in their sensory overload of having transformed, matured and been open to so many new experiences – most of which were sexual – all in a short period of time; Mia lying sprawled out on her back with her legs flopped open and Kira resting with her head on her arms and her harms on her sister's highly muscled stomach, her sizeable mammaries peaking out beneath either arm while pressing against the ground beneath her.

I palmed Kira's bottom and Mia's belly as I smiled at them, feeling the new taut muscle in Kira's behind, the firm abdominals and the soft mammaries of Mia's belly.

I was as proud as a mother could be.

Best let them nap... Their father would introduce them as adults soon enough.

Mother had come to collect father a while ago, as had several females come to collect the male who'd introduce the new young females to the packs as adults, and I knew that the newly made adult females were about to be shown off to everyone. I could sense them moving in the forest nearby, and occasionally I'd see echoes of Lycan I'd not yet seen before.

Such was the radical transformation a Lycan went through when they left adolescence and became an adult, a change that was even more prevalent for a female.

Both male and female were given the strongest and most precious of all our gifts. It's what gave us nigh perfect bodies, along with our incredible strength and fine sexualities. Longer forearms and digitigrade legs as we took to walking on our toes, the heads of wolves and all the added fur of more than a decade of puberty. But there the similarities ended. For a male, we simply grow larger, stronger, our bodies fill out, but the transformation of a female from a maiden to an adult was wrought with changes that would show them to be alien in comparison to the form they wielded just a few hours ago. Their bodies would broaden at the hip and narrow at the waist, their forms covered in lean muscle and firm supple curves, but likewise, their bodies would arch more, all so that they could balance the objects that all females held upon their chests. Every female developed supremely large primaries and secondaries, and depending upon the female, they could have two, four, or as many eight tertiaries lining their bodies.

Mother only had a single pair of tertiaries.

But aside from the body changes that now interfered with the echoes of sound that radiated about a body, everything about them also changed, each of which interfered with my senses and made these girls into whole new people. Their scents changed as they became sexually unlocked and immediately active, their bodies being surrounded by a new cloud of pheromones while their bodies radiated new auras that muted the subtle ones that a maiden had.

Due to all those changes, it was almost an assurance that I wouldn't recognize Luna. I swallowed in anticipation, knowing that, and I panicked, immediately becoming worried that I wouldn't be able to pick her out of the group! But then I gasped and rose as a howl announced the approach of the new females, and I stood from where I sat on a log, scanning the entrance area to the clearing for my beloved... And then stared as the new wolfesses arrived.

All I saw were shadows... Echoes of sound sliding over sinuously formed bodies laden with added fur. My own sisters could be in there and I wouldn't recognize them.

A short while ago, these females were considered girls, now they were fully adult females, and as I looked at them, seeing each one that came out looking larger and more supple than the next, I swallowed, trying to recognize features, trying to understand whole new bodies... It was like all the girls were taken away and a bunch of strange new wolfesses were brought into the forest and introduced to the packs.

I wasn't perhaps all that far off really.

The custom was for the girls to be presented by their mothers, and then accepted by the fathers, and I felt my back straighten as I recognized mother, who guided in to either side of her two towering visages of feminine glory. With mother being there, that could only mean that those two fems could only be my sisters. I felt a chuckle inside my throat as I discerned the utter size of them, seeing their stacked and towering muscles, and sizeable breasts that honored those that were passed on by their mother. But when two individuals in whom I was so familiar with such as they, so familiar that I saw their colors in my mind's eye even without my aura sight on, recognized their scents, knew every echo of sound off their bodies, were now so unfamiliar that they were hazy blotches of dark coloring and shadows, I panicked even more and began stretching my senses for my beloved.

I was panicking more and more heavily, almost to the point of tears as I stood beside my father even as my sisters came up to us... Either of them tall and powerful, laden with muscle and mammary goodness with all those supple curves. And by the feelings I received from the air they displaced, the sounds they projected whenever they moved and the vibration in the ground from each step that they took, either were twice my height at the least, towering at twelve feet tall apiece, and were at least twenty times my weight.

I swallowed as Kira picked me up and hugged me. I fit nicely between her new breasts as she embraced me tightly with both her powerful arms. I gasped and heard a crick as she cracked my spine for me, but then I chuckled as she nuzzled me, even as Mia slid into my back to hold me sandwiched between my two sisters.

But nevertheless, I still looked for Luna.

My head jerked around, looking for Lalinda and found her, but she'd apparently already delivered Luna. I looked around for Lupin... Maybe even Kor, but neither was to be found. Luna must've been amidst the gaggle of females who were milling about in the center of the clearing for the grounds. I tried to discern her voice amidst the gaggle of conversation that was about, but all these feminine voices had deepened slightly as well, voices that were better keeping with a decade of change wrought on a voice box that was guarding a newly made voluminous chest.

I swallowed heavily and was passed to Mia now, who hugged me tightly too before sitting me down.

"I'm sorry... I gotta go everyone." I said.

"But... Where are you..." Mother began, but I was already leaving.

I didn't see her... I didn't recognize her... The only sure way that I could find her again is to be in the place where I promised her I'd be...

Our Secret Place.

I sat on the gathered furs – I'd brought more with me this time – inside a naturally shaped bowl in the center of the cavern. I'd used my magic to create lights and to shape the chamber a little more, creating a massive bed that was now decorated with white pillows to rest my love's head against.

This place would make a perfect honeymoon suite, I thought and swallowed again.

I waited... And the waiting seemed to have drawn on forever. I placed my chin on my arms which were wrapped about my legs, and I began to give up hope that she'd come when the sound of a splash outside echoed up through the hole filled with water at the edge of the chamber. My ears perked up and I lifted my head, flicking my ears as I saw the sounds reverberating into the chamber, giving me the picture of a body swimming downward straight for the cave near the bottom of the small lake that protected the entrance to this place.

That body swam into the cave and then began to rise, and I sat there and waited attentively, focusing upon the pool of water in the chamber, seeing its lucid blues amidst all the dark colors in the chamber.

And then I saw the pool rise from the tip of a head, and then a body broke loose as it whipped its head back, and a great mane fanned upward and then backward in a rising arch as it cleared water from the long fur, and for a moment... For the barest of moments, the echoes radiating from all the scattering drops of water splattering all around made visible a body, a feminine body, that for a flash of an instant made my heartbeat pause in the perfection of her form.

She was bathed for a moment in a peppered blue hue that showed me the adult body of the creature that entered my chamber, and immediately I felt my penis distend from out of the pocket of flesh it was within. But then the images calmed and the individual who pulled herself up into the room was indeed feminine, indeed adult, having grown taller and stronger, more supple than ever, and I watched the water sheeting off her body before she positioned herself on all fours and shook her body to rid it of all the moisture just before she began to walk on all fours toward me.

"L-Luna?" I questioned.

"Yes." she said, and I felt a shiver run down my spine at the sound of that voice.

It was alluring, deeper-chested and sensual, and it had an affect on my senses that made my body react instantly to it, and I felt my penis rapidly erecting, bulging outward within the confines of the satchel of my loincloth.

And then she was before me, and immediately she pressed against my body and I felt six pairs of her most prominent breasts press firmly against my chest as she laid against me, each tit firm and swollen, heavy with milk, even as she kissed me with her short muzzle that had become of her mouth and nose, licking my lips and pressing me to the ground with her superior weight.

It was like a fully grown woman pandering to a teenager.

"I missed you." she said then once our first embrace was done, and I laid there, me being the one who was positioned upon the pillows now, my thickening groin pressed against her crotch.

Instinctively I arched my back, rubbing my sack and the leather covering it against her pussy, wanting to enter her now more than ever. It was her voice, it was definitely her voice, but after over a decade of missed maturation had finally had its affect on that voice. She was no longer a girl... She was a supremely virile adult!

"Oh beloved... I... I can't see you clearly." I said as I lay there, and her body, condensed in shadows and molted with fading lights of barely recognizable scents, sat back in surprise.

"W-what do you mean? You've always been able to see me." she said.

"Your transformation has changed you. Your scents, your body formation, and the way you move... You don't sound, smell or even radiate the same energy as you did no more than an hour ago.

I saw the barest traces of her face, saw some features pinch in concern, and before I knew it she was leaning forward.

"That will not do." she said, and took both my hands and pressed them to her face. "Do as you did the first time we met. Unmask me... Learn of my body." she said. "Take as much time as you need, and damn my father if he yells to disturb this."

I gasped as I felt the strength of her jaw, felt the raised cheekbones and the deepened eyes sockets, felt the taut sinews as my fingers moved over her features, feeling her nose, her lips and chin, the curvature of every bone and muscle that was masked by billions of fur strands. I worked as quickly as I could, my fingers smearing away the darkness enshrouding her till I saw more of her features, saw more of her face. I meticulously uncovered every contour of her face; finding her lips and her nostrils, found how the folds of her upraised ears were and how the strands of her mane flowed about her face, and once I'd uncovered her head I slid my hands down about her neck and held her there, held her with both hands. And then I sensed her smile at me, just before her breath caught and her own hands lifted and fingered the tears that suddenly appeared from beneath my bandana.

"Dearest... What's wrong?" she whispered

"Y-you're beautiful." I said.

Luna's brilliant smile returned immediately, and I felt her cheeks warm with a blush that warmed my fingers and allowed me to sense the flow of blood in her body again, and I observed the pulsating glow of red delve into her flesh, down her throat, and into her chest just before the flow of all that warm, hot blood pulsated through her from head to foot.

"Don't stop there then." she said and arched her back, and my senses immediately showed me two large mounds atop her chest, just barely outlined by the quickening flow of blood in her shadowy form as her heart quickened. "I want you to touch me everywhere you can... Feel everything. I'll once again be your light in darkness." she whispered, and bent to kiss me again, and my hands moved about her throat, down over her collar bones and onto her chest, where I followed the flattened and muscular pads of her chest straight into the most perfect breasts I'd ever known.

She rested there as I felt myself erect harder and harder, my erection curving upward along her navel while I continued to feel those perfect breasts; remaining there with the full and firm packed mammary and the softening layer of fat within them, I felt the thickness and the extended lengths of her erect nipples within the centers of my palms as she pressed her breasts further into my palms by leaning into me, the disks of her areola having swelled outward and puffed forward to carry those teats further outward than they had been before. And then I brought my hands back to the fingertips and began to probe the edges of all her tits while she took to untying the leather loincloth from about my waist, drawing my penis out with one hand as she reached into the unfolding leather to massage my nads with one of her delicate hands, even as she steadily and soothingly stroked my maleness with her fingertips.

I grit my teeth, for despite the distraction, despite the need to sex her... I wanted to see her more.

I rose then once I'd cleared away much of her upper body, and I placed my mouth and nose against her, smelling her scent, tasting her with my tongue, knowing her contours as I embraced her. With her sitting on my lap, her breasts slid up over my shoulders, while ten other tits pressed against my body. As I realized that my love had developed twelve breasts, I breathed in slow and deep as her fingers continued to cajole me as she held its steadily growing mass against her moistening pussy and her hard abdominals.

I passed my hands along her back now, caressing her back and every contour of her spine. I felt the rise and fall of each mound of muscle, every curve of bone and every knob of her spine before feathering her hair with my fingers; cupping the back of her head and holding it there within my hands, daring to kiss this goddess in my arms before my touches continued once again downward.

Down, ever downward, I smelled and tasted her as I probed her bodice with my short muzzle of my mouth and nose, licking the sweat gathering off her nipples, tasting a bead of her cream, drawing in the Molotov mixture of the scents that were on her body, detecting the changes in her sweat, fur and flesh since I last held her like this.

Then it was her turn to lie on the blankets and pillows while I caressed and massaged her now, smelling her scents rise in strength as she arched her back, breathed faster, her heart beating quicker while she gasped for air within my embrace. But nonetheless, the darkness was abating inch by precious inch as my fingers moved about her, and I went all the way down either of her arms and legs, straight to her claw tips. I felt her long luxurious tail, felt the tufts of grown adult pubic fur on her chest, pelvis, forearms and forelegs... Just before I paused, and then lowered my touch upon her womanhood.

Luna moaned as I felt the slick upon the twin lips of her labia, felt her super erect clitoris and the distended folds of her vaginal muscles as it all throbbed in tune with her heart beating, and focusing upon her face, I saw the radiating flow of her blood in her body quicken yet again as her heart pounded forcefully inside her...

Everything and everyone was hollow to me... All were naked, for sound passed through everyone and everything to a degree. It also passed out of them, allowing me to see the flow of air in their lungs like the passage of air in a pair of bellows. It allowed me to see the churning flow of their life fluids, and the groan and tightening of muscles. As I long armed myself, rubbing her sex that had strengthened and distended some from her becoming an adult, I focused now upon her body, seeing her nipples hardening till they must've hurt her, her areola puffing outward amidst her ever quickening heartbeat, and the sound radiating from her body showed me the red of her blood as it pumped, and it pumped harder as I lowered myself between her legs then as her elation suddenly rose to excitement. I planted my hands upon her knees and pushed her legs apart, till I finally lowered myself onto her pussy and kissed it.

I smelt her scent strongest there... Which was the scent of all her pheromones in a concentrated mass, and before I could burst with a batch of seed, I gripped my long, broad and powerful shaft as it throbbed several times, trying to blow its wad all over my beautiful lovemate before it was time...

I grit my teeth as my prick settled again, leaking a little of its seed before I continued, getting her to roll over as I then massaged her back, touching her firm rounded bottom, caressing her bodice where I may, my fingers touching the swells of her breasts that escaped from beneath her bodice, the whole of her back and spine, and of course her firm, rounded bottom that was shaped around a broad hip. And then she chuckled as I touched her bottom again, just before she hunched herself, drawing her legs up close to her body and lifting her bottom up into the air, her tail lifting upward to reveal her sopping wet pussy to me.

I licked my lips as I looked down at my erect mass between my legs, and the fully laden nads attached to its base. And then I rose, taking an ass cheek of hers in either hand and spreading it open before I rose, sliding my cock along the crevice of her pussy, pre-lubricating it with her juices before I let the head slide upward between her butt cheeks, and I flossed her powerful bottom with my prick, sliding its mass against her puckered anus a few times.

"Ngh... Quit teasing and put it in! Ah!" she moaned and shivered, and drawing myself downward one last time, I maneuvered the tip of my shaft against the butterfly wings of her pussy, and pushed inward.

Luna gasped and moaned immediately as I began the arduous task of sliding into her, deeper... And deeper...

"Ah!" she cried again. "Ah-owoo..." she moaned. "Awoooooo!!!" she howled low, and reaching back, took either of my butt cheeks with her long arms, gripped me tightly, and pulled me in right to the hilt.

"Ngh!" I groaned. "NGH!!" I moaned deeper, and growled as her pussy clamped down tightly upon my dick, her body orgasming immediately as she erupted a subtle explosion of her juices all over my loins, sac and lap, and I slid against her as she lowered herself again to the furs, and I embraced her from behind as we began to make love; I gripping her breasts from behind as I nibbled upon her neck.

"Ah! Ah!" I gasped, feeling my prick spasming inside her as I rolled myself into her body, and she placed a hand between her thighs to caress our conjoined sexes, teasing herself and me with her slender fingers.

"My sweet lord... My sweet, sweet lord." she gasped as she turned, finding my nibbling lips amidst chewing on the edge of her ear, and pulled me to her, kissing me.

I cupped one of her great mammaries, her primaries so full that they actually pressed against each other as well as her large biceps, and as I throttled her sex, she slid upward off me and turned us both as she twisted on my dick, lifting one leg over my body till she was above me, just before she slowly settled upon my cock with a shake of her hips.

"Oh... Ow... Ow-wow.... Owwwooooo..." she managed in low howls at the end of her muzzle with every push I did into her.

She orgasmed again as I felt my erection stiffening, ready to explode inside her as I felt all my seed back-building.

It was then that I felt something wet drip against my body and lifting my head, I sensed the scent of milk, saw beads of it gathering upon her nipples, and maneuvering myself, I cupped one of her tits and began to suck on it.

Her milk was so sweet... So thick and amidst my desire to suckle more, I rose upward into her arms as she immediately hugged me to her bosom, and I drank from her sweet nectar, tasting so much of her purity, tasted what was undoubtedly a gift of Mother's Milk in her.

And then I reached downward, gripping her bottom with both hands, parting her cheeks open and sliding deeper into her... Just before I felt my shaft spasm, and begin to offload an orgasmic mass of seed into her body till she soon overflowed.

She gurgled as I continued to drink, and this time it was my turn to lean her back against the pillows as I took control, throttling her sex and stirring it with my penis, offloading cups of my seed into her body, praying as always that at long last she'd conceive.

We continued in these motions for several hours.

I lay back... Fully content amidst the presence of my lord as he touched and caressed my body, worshiping me as if I were his goddess. I knew he was a little self-conscious about being a runt... And now I was here being far taller and stronger than he was, so I gave him every opportunity to hold dominance over me.

And why not? He already held my heart.

But then... I got to thinking as I lay there, while we waited for him to get his strength up again to try conceiving again. I felt like such a failure in that regard... Not ever being able to conceive his child... Especially when it was most needed.

I so wish I was a breeder... Then I could've had his cub in my womb since the very first time we met.

"You're so beautiful." he said to me then, and I looked at him, seeing his silvery eyes behind his half-opened, lazy-eyed gaze. The milky white and the dead pupils gave his eye coloring a silvery look like that.

He reached out and palmed my heart, and I took hold of his hand between my breasts but I looked away.

"I'm a monster." I said quietly, and I felt his touch alight on the end of my snout and turn my head toward him.

"How can you say that?" He whispered to me incredulously.

I rose and opened my arms as I knelt before him.

"Look at me." I said. "Look at this sexual body. I'm more fitting for a whore than for a... A handsome young lord." I held myself about my ribs, hefting my enormous primaries over my arms and squishing my secondaries beneath my large biceps. "I don't feel natural... I feel like a made up thing... Like a doll."

Nathan knelt there for a moment as he turned his ears fully toward me.

I was suddenly thinking different thoughts today, things I never thought of before today. Perhaps it was something that had developed in me since I was given my adulthood, but the maturity of my thoughts had warped my thinking.

I folded myself before Nathan, trying to withdraw myself...

That was till he began tugging at my arms. I could've kept my arms tight about me, not let him in. I was strong enough to keep him out, but his mere touch made me weak, his very presence claimed me, and he soon pried open my arms and my legs, and then slid onto my lap before he took my wolfen face in both his clawed hands and held me fast.

"What is it that you think I see when I sense you? What is it that you think a blind wolf sees?"

I pursed my lips at the end of my muzzle, but I honestly didn't have an answer. I had no idea the sort of thing that he saw, how he maneuvered without the use of a guiding rod or staff. His senses were so acute, that he cautioned me to avoid things that were in my way or were underfoot.

"All things are hollow to me, Luna. I see sound, but I also see scents and auras, as well as the way that the air distributes about a body.

"I see that you have wide birthing hips that would make you desirable as a breeder, I see that you have multiple perfectly shaped beasts, and that you are... You are the most beautiful creature that I've ever sensed... And I can say that with much honor to you Luna... Given my mother and sisters around me as prime examples of the feminine creature.

"But when I look at you, I see the color of moon light shimmering inside you, something that I know that no other Lycan possesses that I've sensed so far. I see your heart beating softly inside your chest depicting a calm, steady fem, and I feel your presence, your aura... And I am drawn to it as assuredly as a weight is drawn downward by the pull of the world.

"I see the things that no one else allows themselves to see, I see a beauty inside you that this... This shell..." he caressed my shoulders and arms, and then cupped my breasts for a moment before returning his hands to my face. "Is a crude shell containing the true, perfect being inside you.

"You... *Are* beautiful, Luna. Whatever corrupt, disgusting thing you may believe of yourself, I for one can say for certain that you are beautiful inside and out. There are very, very few individuals in the world who are blessed like that.

"Whether this is natural or artificial, this shell about your being, I care not. I love you... The bright... Beautiful... glowing you."

He moved forward ever so slightly and kissed me, and when he pulled back, I stared at him, and then gave off a shuddering gasp as tears broke from my eyes, and before I knew what I was doing, I had rolled forward and thrust him to the ground, pressing against his body and trying to devour his face with my kisses. I was sobbing as I pulled my mane over one shoulder, its long tussles hanging off my head like a curtain around us that blocked off some of the light in this chamber. I pressed my breasts against his body, arched my back so that I could press my sex against his groin, felt it stiffening as I stared down at him.

"My lord... My sweet prince..." I sniffed and touched the ridges around his blank, staring and sightless eyes. "I am unworthy of you." I said, and cupping his face with my great hands, holding his head I kissed him gently, and as I held him there, I felt him begin to stiffen, and that stiffening projected right up into my pussy and began to slid into the depths of my body.

"Funny..." he said as he caressed my face with one hand, he *'looking'* at me with his ears instead of his eyes as he fingered my face with the softest of touches. "I was about to say the same thing..."

I lay against her, my semi-erect penis still inside her body as I lay with my ear against her heart, her swollen and immaculate breasts rising like mountains to either side of me. I held onto her sides, dreading loosing her again, but vastly enjoying these moments, and lamenting them when they passed.

She caressed my head, hugging me to her voluminous bosom, sliding her long claws through my long mane.

She'd grown, nine feet grown, and was at least twice my weight. I was a child in the arms of an adult, virile female, and I had just made love to her many times. I felt incensed with that knowledge as I closed my eyes and listened to her heart beating, cupping one of her secondary breasts and caressing the areola and nipple of that tit with my finger tips.

Luna clenched her vaginal muscles involuntarily, and I felt a little more of my seed slide from me and into her.

"I had... Begun to worry when you didn't show up right away." I said. "I wondered on what had happened to you? What made you so late?"

Luna chuckled, and her breasts jiggled with the motion.

"There is a place that I think you know about, where newly made and recently made adults go to meet. I saw your sisters there... They had a male in their arms within moments of arriving." I chuckled. "I on the other hand, was practically dragged there by my father... To where he thrust me into the arms of another young prince who'd been made an adult the previous fall.

"He wanted to lay me, and I was a prize for him if he managed to get me pregnant."

I rose from her, and my ears twitched as I focused on her, but I saw her face change into one full of mirth as she reached up and cradled my face with her hands.

"No... He didn't enter me." she said, and then pulled me to her chest again. "Though a prince, his blood may've been as blue as the sky, but blood flows and needs to flow like water, else wise it scums over and dries up with blue-colored algae." she smiled at the thought. "I got him to play a game of hide and go seek. I can go claim to my father that he never found me. Since my hiding place was with you... No one but you could find me. It will be the truth, and even father's magics won't betray me."

There was a pause then as we both began to realize what had to be done next, and as sorry as I was... Hours had passed, and it was nearly dawn.

As a Lycan, I was inherently aware of the moon's position at all times. It had set a long time ago.

I rose from my beloved, and with a slurp, I slid out of her as she rose up to greet me, moving automatically onto my lap and bending over herself, she kissed me, and hugged me.

"J-just a bit longer?" she whimpered.

I embraced her, and then I kissed her before holding her away from me.

"Beloved... I wish that we could remain here for all time... But time marches on regardless of our desires, and if you are missed, then your father will come searching for you... I fear for your safety should he grow angry."

"Mine or yours." She smirked teasingly, but looked down. "I'm sorry... I know you don't fear my father..."

"Though I am cautious of him." I responded truthfully. "It's... It's best if you go first, Luna. I will follow, but you need time to dry off, and I need time to get back to my family so as not to arouse suspicions."

Luna nodded, and then lifting her hands, cupped the whole of my face and kissed me.

"I know... I won't see you again till the next howl, and since that is when you will become an adult, I shall long for that day."

"Send me letters. I won't forgive you if you don't."

And then she turned toward the pool and paused, and I said the words she paused for.

"I love you." I said.

"I love you too." she smiled, and then dove forward into the pool.

I sat back and listened to her body moving through the water, watching her move gracefully, seeing how the water flowed about her as she dove down, out the cave entrance and then rose quickly to the surface and tread water toward the shore. The last I saw of her was somewhere above me as she exited the water. After that, all I knew of her was her foot falls on the earth as she ran off in one direction.

I sighed and lifted a finger and all my magical lights rapidly winked out. For me it could be no different than when they were on. Other than how my mind translated certain things, making them into my colors, I was always in darkness.

I waited for many long minutes, suddenly feeling so very, very much alone, till I crawled forward, dove into the water and exited as well.

Water was one of those things that conducted sound well. Better than other things, with maybe wood and metal being the only things better that I knew of.

When immersed in water, sound carried for a good distance in every direction, and from sound waves bouncing off walls and off rock and even off the surface of the water, I was able to hear everything for a good distance in every direction. It carried to allow me to see just above the water, but regardless, I chose to rise beneath the overhanging grasses of the earth surrounding the pool, waiting till my ears emptied of water as I searched the world around me.

The woods never betrayed me. I could always see things moving amidst it if it were hiding, so knowing that I was safe, I swam out and climbed out of the cold water that had not warmed quite yet from the spring thaw.

On the edge of the pool, I shook myself of all the excess water and then returned to the car lot where all the vehicles that the packs arrived in were towed. As I approached, however, I began to hear an argument. My ears twitched as I recognized the voices from a distance, for with my hearing even a whispered conversation could be heard at considerable range, and these speakers weren't making any attempt to mask their voices either.

I heard my father... And Lupin.

"Where is my daughter?!" Lupin barked angrily.

Also being keen of hearing, I also had an innate knowledge of stealth... Especially when I knew what made excessive sounds or not; and also learned how to move about with minimal noise. Too loud of a sound and it hurt me physically.

I hid behind some trees, not at all making myself visible to anyone else; my ears twitching while I listened.

"Why would I know where your daughter is Lupin?" father responded sardonically.

"Because your son has enamored her!"

I saw my father smirk. Mother was there to... Her massive arms folded beneath her primary set of breasts, hefting them up high... Which usually that she was abnormally angry. Mother rarely got that angry. It didn't help that as I followed her gaze, I sensed her looking straight at Lupin's jugular.

Lupin's bastard of a son was there too, as were two hunters from Lupin's lodge, both of whom had the body language that they really didn't want to be there. Though the hunters both carried spears and were armored in leathers, wood and bone, they knew full well what would happen if father went berserk – though they had no idea what would happen if mother did as well... They had no idea she was far worse than father was when she was this pissed – and spears would do little against either of their thick hides. Father alone could easily take Lupin, Kor, and both hunters single-handedly. Mother being there though... With her powers, Lupin truly was outmatched.

But I also saw what Lupin was doing: He was goading mother and father into a fight... Which meant that he would be justified to come back with his full force later if one did happen.

"My son went exploring a long time ago." father said calmly... Only barely keeping his own temper under control. "Even if it was with your daughter, what makes you think I know where he's gone to? You know young wolves... They like to wander by themselves..."

"Lest they claim a mate, Peter!" Lupin snarled. "Your son... Has corrupted my daughter with his human ways... The bastard son of a bitch who doesn't know it's her place to remain pregnant and in the kitchen and another bastard who should've died when his brother did!"

Father uncoiled and took a step forward menacingly, snarling before he stopped himself. And then he flung a hand out and stopped mother from driving her fist through Lupin's skull as she screamed with rage and snarled at him.

One look of those overlapping teeth that a bear wolf was capable of should've marked a person well to avoid mother's wrath.

I sensed also her magics flaring... Rising so powerfully that they ionized the air around her, rising off her body like steam.

"Control your bitch, Peter..." Lupin smirked. "It's not right for a female to exert herself beyond a male."

"Lupin... Only the pretexts of the law bind me at this moment. Without them, I would've strangled you with my bare hands a long time ago and enjoyed seeing the life crushed out of you. Your death... Is one that I will enjoy..."

Kor looked at his father nervously, and took a step back with his tail between his legs, and Lupin turned immediately to back-hand him so hard that it threw his son to the ground.

"Weakling... Stand your ground!" he snarled, but when he turned back, he himself flinched backward as he found father's burning eyes directly before his face.

"You were just leaving." Father said menacingly... In just that sort of implied undertone mixed with a growl that has made weaker men and Lycan piss themselves.

Lupin swallowed and backed up a step.

"Mark well, Peter... If I ever catch your son with my daughter... It'll be war between us. If he corrupts my daughter by getting her pregnant, then she'll be worthless to me. I shall rip the child from her womb, strangle it with its own birth chord, and leave both mother and child on your doorstep just before I cross over it to slaughter you, your family, and everyone and everything you hold dear.

"Mark my words, Peter... Reign in your bastard son... Or it will be war!"

And Lupin turned on his heel, grabbing his son by the scruff of the neck and hauling him upward before half-dragging him onward. My ears drooped as I heard this, and I waited till Lupin had gone with his hunters and son before I slid from my hiding place.

"Father..." I managed. "Mother... I..."

Father turned abruptly and uncoiled, his features softening, but mother's expression changed immediately.

"Oh my baby." she said and bent down to embrace me, fishing my body between her nice warm breasts and holding me to her. "Are you ok? Are you unhurt?" she asked, combing my mane with her claws.

"I'm fine... But father... War? I..."

"No..." Father said immediately. "No apologies, no requests for forgiveness. This argument between Lupin and me has been going on for longer than you've been alive. He is just using this as another excuse."

"B-but... War?" I gasped.

"No." Mother said this time. "You just keep after your princess, Nathan." she smiled and stepped backward and rose. "You let us handle Lupin..."

I swallowed, and seeing my hesitation, mother and father looked at one another, and then mother stepped forward and pulled my head into her navel to hug me.

"Nathan... Is she worth dying for?"

"Yes. Worth going to hell for." I said in reply.

"Then she's worth risking a war for. Enough of this... Don't dwell on it. You just keep on loving her." My mother smiled softly. "Besides... Other than wishing to see you happy... We have reasons of our own to make sure that Luna is happy as well. Have faith! It'll all work out in the end."

She released me and stepped back, looking at me from between her mountainous breasts that had given much suck to both cubs and adults...

"Now go change sweetie..." she said and then tickled the corner of my mouth with one hand, getting me to smile.

I stepped away from my mother and walked over to where our van was, and changing into my human form – a very minor and simple prospect for me being that I was still a child and so small in comparison with the rest of my family – and sat back and observed with all my senses the relationship between my mother and father.

I was nearly eighteen... And for all that time, mother and father had stuck with one another, loved one another, been with each other and showed affection even after all this time. I observed that as I watched mother turn into father's embrace, her bodice cleaving to his massive form while he cradled her. He was not afraid to cup her bottom in front of his children, or to fondle her breasts or sex before us either. Lycan were very open with their bodies and their sexuality... And we often times learned about the intricacies of sex and lovemaking before we were twelve.

I sighed, wishing I could do that with Luna right now, and wished that I could look away, but when my '*vision*' was three-sixty by three-sixty at all times, I didn't have the luxury of being able to look away from anything. All I could do was make my attention in a particular area fuzzy or distorted, and as I did that to lessen my thoughts, I began to see other wolves entering the makeshift car lot, and among them came my two newly adult sisters.

I smirked as I focused my attentions on them, seeing Mia entering with a virile male wolf on either of her arms with her in the middle, and Kira entering shortly behind her, making out with a rather slender and small male wolf that she was actually carrying in her arms as she walked.

I snickered in humor at that.

Mia was getting groped by either of her two suitors, one fondling her between her legs, the other her breasts, and either had a full grip of one of her butt cheeks.

Kira's mate for the night was just happy to be enshrouded within the bosom of such a large fem.

The pheromones and the scents of sex were all over them... So powerful that it was practically a stench.

"Sorry boys," Mia began and gave both her suitors a peck on the cheek. "Time for me to go."

"When will we see you again?" one of them asked immediately, kissing her cheek, and then seeing Father's gaze on him, immediately uncoiled from her. The other dared to remain sprawled on her.

"Next howl." she said sweetly and began walking forward, swinging her hips with every step like a swinging bell while her tail swished from side to side in opposition as if it were the clapper. "Till then, wait for me!" she teased and then began smoothing her fur downward, a stupid smile on her face.

Kira lasted another full minute before her and the male she was with broke, and she pleasantly put him on his feet.

"Hmm... You sweet, powerful, perfect virile little thing you." she murred and hugged him, her breasts cleaving to the sides of his body as she kissed him on the cheek and then licked his muzzle. "See you next howl?"

"My lady... I shall count the days." the male bowed, and kissed her breast quickly before rising and excusing himself, and at long last, both my sisters were nearby and changing into their human forms.

Their bodies were adult, in every shape and form. They possessed many gifts passed down from mother and father, with Kira's human body having become stacked and powerful with an etched eight pack and four lats, feathered ribs, bulging pecs and sinuous calves with supple biceps, forearms and thighs. But she also had the large breasts of a mature woman, the poise of a dancer and an athlete, and the swollen sex of a woman who'd just spent all night exploring new ways to make love.

Despite how strong she was, she was still beautiful, still sexy. A fine prize for any male to nab.

Mia on the other hand, was a creature of love. Her breasts were larger, her waist narrower and her hips wider, and though she had muscle, it wasn't as pronounced as Kira's were.

Mia took to massaging one of her breasts and murring in her throat.

"Alright you two... I hope you got enough tonight, because you aren't going out to the meeting place again." Mother announced as she approached them, she and father also turning into their human forms.

Mother was slightly taller and much stronger than Kira was, and was more heavily stacked than Mia. Such were the changes that happened to a female who had become a mother, taller and stronger than a mere adult.

Father... Was what some humans would call an Olympic Dream... And a porn star fantasy...

At least I inherited one trait of his, I smirked and climbed into the van while my sisters dressed in nothing more than panties and a shirt – their old pants suddenly didn't fit at all any more – whereas mother and father dressed in shirts, pants and more.

I didn't bother dressing myself. I just sat in the van with my loincloth and took to staring out the window.

War... I considered, and chewed on my cheek for a bit.

"So what did you think of our suitors?" Mia announced suddenly, starting to tie and move her shirt about to display her breasts in a more fine way.

"Kira's mate is welcome." I said. "He's a gentleman and I want my sisters to be courted by gentlemen. They'll treat you right.

"Mia, if that one on your right ever touches you again, I'll give him an innate fear of lightning."

"Oh you're no fun." Mia said and tried folding her arms over her chest, and finally had to resort to folding them beneath her chest... And then she saw how doing so hefted her breasts up and she giggled at it. I rolled my head at the display and took to facing the window again. "But he was quite the lover!" she giggled.

"Sex alone doesn't make the relationship girls." Mother queued in as she took her place in the van.

Father quietly took his seat too, and closing the door, he started the van and we took off.

I was remarkably silent as we drove home. All I kept thinking about was of the consequences if I dared to take Luna as a lifemate... I suddenly understood now why she ran back to her father that night after I rescued her. She knew far better than I did those consequences... And at the time... Even she was unready to make such a sacrifice. I didn't think I could make that sort of a sacrifice either... But then also... I couldn't ever stop loving her.

I sighed, as love sick as two love birds, and tried to think of a way that my desires, my needs for her, could be realized.

I gripped the metal base board of my bed while gritting my teeth. Tears escaped my eyes and I felt feeling and even loss of control of various portions of my body.

But I would not scream!

I have already dealt with more pain than I could ever surmise was possible for a being to take, even a Lycan. A raping half brother, an abusive father, growing up without a mother... Having to live without the one true beloved being in my life... And looking over my shoulder, I saw the other pain in my life.

The Crone had come again, on the very day of my birth... Eighteen years exactly to the hour she began working, cutting me, flaying my flesh open only to paint and or carve her magic incantations and symbols into my body. She sliced open my perfect breasts, probed my spine, tore open my back, slicing me open from neck to crotch and from shoulders to tail, cutting me open, and then folding the folds of skin back into place after making her etchings onto my bare muscle.

As I healed, though, my body changed.

"You are a very strong female, Luna." The Crone cackled. "Grown wolves have howled and bellowed out their death cries beneath my knives and skills, and yet you don't utter so much as a whimper any longer.

"I... I have endured... Far too much in my life for your knives to hurt me any more." I choked, tears still streaming from my eyes. I didn't feel the pain, I chose not to feel the pain, but my body however did, and it gave me promises of a thousand aches and pains that would assail me for weeks to come. "Nothing you can do to me would make me scream. I no longer fear death." I challenged her, and she lifted her lips into a half snarl, half chuckle with her wrinkled snout.

"Don't be so naive, girl. Pain and death are the least of the things that I can do to you."

She began to smear a salve against my back, and I grit my teeth harder and shuddered as I felt its burring sensation find its way through my pores and into my wounds... A feeling like molten lead being poured over my body... But I did not scream, and what's more... I remained standing.

The crone finished her work and then moved off to my vanity where her implements of torture were, cleaning and replacing her knives into a leather roll with pockets before she folded and rolled it up, and then deposited it into a satchel she wore.

"Ha... Is that it?" I gasped, mocking her further.

"Yes... We are done. Happy birthday, Luna... The eighteen year process is complete."

I heard the words, but it took a moment or two to register, and opening my eyes, I turned abruptly to her, keeping my balance as my body healed by holding onto the metal base board of my bed as I faced her with such force that my breasts wobbled painfully.

"W-what... What did you say?"

"This is the last day you will see me for our little... *'exchanges,'* child." the Crone said as she lifted her hand and her staff rose and moved into her grasp from where it rested against a wall. "Tell your father that I expect his payment in full by year's end."

"P-payment?" I asked as she hobbled toward the door.

"He will know what you speak of." The Crone said and then opened the door with a gesture, and then paused at the threshold. I saw a nasty smile on her face as she looked at my wolfen body, actually seemed to be taking pleasure in looking upon me.

"Pity... I shall miss our little meetings Luna. It's a shame that your father has no idea what he really has. Chance is... He won't... Till after he looses it. Such was with your mother."

"M-my mother? What do you know of my mother?!"

I was so desperate to learn of my mother that I would hear of her even from The Crone.

"That is a tale for another time, Luna..." and The Crone turned and threw a gesture over her shoulder as she hobbled away, and the door to my bedroom closed shut.

I immediately collapsed to my knees, and fell onto my side amidst the red blood of my body all over the floor, my body slowly healing itself, and as it did, I felt it changing on the inside. Bones cracking and sliding apart, muscles flaring and others diminishing, breasts enlarging and swelling... Filling with milk. My loins squirmed with increased sexuality...

I closed my eyes and began to cry... And then I began to sob, covering my face with one hand before I covered my sensitive crotch with one hand and pulled my legs up close to my body. It was over... No more knives, no more needles... It was over.

Happy Birthday, A voice said in my mind, and I felt... I felt for a moment that I was resting on someone's lap, and their fingers combing my mane back while my body continued to change subtly. The touches were like what I thought a mother's touches would be like, and all around me the world faded to darkness save for me lying upon that apparition's thighs.

Supernatural strength was triggered inside me then, and I felt power steadily flowing into me... Granting me with beauty and greater physical prowess.

But above all... I was so, so relieved, that one of the pains that had assailed me my whole life... Was now over.

Chapter Eight: The Twain No Longer

Months passed...

Luna and I continued to write to one another in secret, wrote to each other in code, with the messages traveling through one my sisters, through a network of females and human women to finally come into Luna's hands. We were only able to send three letters back and forth in these months, being that it took so long for these messages to exchange hands, but when her letters arrived, I was the happiest being on the planet.

But also amidst the wait, the six month long wait between howls, I began to feel something familiar creep into me, till one day I awoke with a steely erection that was projecting upward from my pelvis, and had long since erupted all its seed over my thighs and crotch and had likewise created a great spot in my sheets.

I laid there lazy-eyed as always as I felt my libido growing between my legs... I didn't think my reaction could possibly get any bigger, but it did.

What it meant, though... Was that I was entering a second rut.

My mornings were spent in long cold showers, in which I evacuated my pent up seed daily... Till it backed up to quickly, and I had to add nightly evacuations to that as well. I became even more rigorous in my training, weights, magic lessons and more, and I was so tense that my muscles stood on end at all times.

"Concentrate!" Quixote directed to me with a rap on the head from his staff, and suddenly all the stones I was levitating fell to the ground. I gave up and started gasping.

"Easier said than done, old man." I growled, and rising, cupped my bulging groin that had curved outward greatly from my penis being fully erect. It hurt me that it was so hard at the moment.

Quixote walked up to me and smelled in deeply before stepping backward in revulsion.

"Whoof... That's potent. It's so potent its even affecting me!" Quixote said and stepped back. "Perhaps its time to introduce you to some herbalism and alchemy, Nathan..."

Quixote then proceeded to lead me out into the forest surrounding the house... Showed me what herbs to pick, had me pick a bushel of each for the remainder of our lesson today – it was good exercise too – and then we ground it down in a mortar and pistil and then created a tea from it, which I drank.

I never felt so mellow in my life afterwards, and what was better, is that my constantly erect penis grew limp...

"Hmm..." I said and inhaled the fumes of the tea.

"Do that daily." Quixote said quietly. "But remember, this is a band aid on a broken leg. Best if you deal with the problem than put it off till later."

And so I did as he instructed, and I enjoyed a cup of it every morning.

But just like he said, the tea's affects lessened with time, and soon Quixote was having me work out my frustrations by chopping wood, lifting weights... Trying to sweat it out of me, but nonetheless, I was becoming more and more aggressive, and also more and more moody.

One day, five months after the howl, when I was getting particularly needy of sexual interaction, my showers happening three times a day now, and I woke up with wicked morning wood and my penis felt raw from having to jerk off all the time, I had drank several cups of the tea, and had taken to working my aggravations out in the weight

rooms, I felt so taut that I was ready to snap. I'd gone without Luna's touch for all these months, and her message was also late. As I sat there on the bench, after having worked all my muscles twice over, my penis actually flaccid at the moment, I began to think, however, about my entire relationship with Luna, and what it meant to be in love with the daughter of an enemy.

It meant that there was the possibility of war.

It was then that I began to hear something, reverberating up through the ground. Sound traveled through everything, and I found that the things it traveled through the best was water, wood, metal... And stone.

The Den that was our home sat on top of the ancient home of our family since time began. It was a great warren and network of caves that had been beaten out by the elements, or scraped out by its inhabitants. There were parts that were sealed off even... Which was possible that these warrens were truly enormous to behold. But also within the Den was where the private meetings met between an individual and the Council was held... The Council Chambers being located here. And those chambers were acoustically perfect... So perfect, that even when they were conversing in normal tones, in certain parts of the house, I could hear them as clear as anything. The weight room, with all the metal here, was one such place that I could hear the goings on perfectly, but only when I was the only one in it and wasn't making any sound myself.

Through the reverberations in the rock, I heard my father arguing with several members of the Council. Not the entire council, just those in whom this mattered.

"You are risking war, Peter!" an elder said. "You are openly admitting to it."

"I admit to nothing. I didn't start anything. He comes to my doorstep and makes demands in the middle of the night when my family is sleeping. He's the one who threatens harm upon me and my family. He is the one who is starting the war, not me... And he's using all of you to get what he wants! I will not subject myself to this inquiry if you insist on blaming me for his actions!"

Father was practically roaring now.

"He states that your son..."

"He states whatever is in his desire to incite his desires and to get what he wants. I cannot believe that you all call yourselves wise, and yet you cannot see this!"

"But your son and his daughter..." another elder began saying.

"You still refuse to listen. He accuses my son of bespoiling his daughter. And what of it? One would think that it would be wisdom for the son and the daughter of two different packs to marry and seal the breach between us... Or do you believe that would only broaden it?"

There was silence, and father, I could see base traces of his form through the rock, waved his hand before him.

"I've heard enough talk. If Lupin wants war so much then let him come have his war, but I promise you, no one of my house, and no one of my pack will start these hostilities... If war begins, it is because of him."

There was another pause of silence.

"We have... Deliberated for quite some time now." One of the elders said.

"We shall take a break, get a breather and get our tempers under control... Then perhaps we can continue with our discussion on how you are inciting war, Peter... And make you see your actions for what they are."

And then they were dispersing, and I sat there, looking down at my hands, focusing on them really, and I saw the glowing edges of my form, and the greenish glow inside them.

I listened to father stomping up the stairs, muttering angrily to himself as he turned into a human, his size and mass changing just before he opened the sliding wall that led down into the Den, and he walked out into the hall. It was at that moment though that he walked by the weight room, the sliding door closing shut behind him with a barely audible click, and he paused, seeing me sitting quietly on the weight bench.

"Nathan?" Father said and slid over to the doorway before turning on the lights... I never turned them on, for what use did a blind person have with lights? "Nathan, are you crying?"

I lifted a hand to my face, and indeed I was... I didn't even realize it.

"What's wrong?" Father asked and strode into the chamber, sitting down beside me while I took to focusing on my hands.

"Father... Are you ashamed of me?" I asked and lifted my head toward him at last.

I saw the look on his face change immediately to one of concern, and his lips parted to say something before one of his aides rushed by.

"Sir, we are needed in the Council chambers." the aide said, I really hadn't learned his name yet.

"Let them wait." father said immediately, still looking at me.

"But sir..."

"I *said*... Let them wait. This is family business. Family comes first."

"Y~yes sir." the aide said and bowed before hurrying off. I didn't pay attention to where he went.

Then father focused more on me now that we wouldn't be interrupted for a bit.

"Nathan... Why would I ever be disappointed in you?"

"I'm a runt born to a family of bear-wolves, I'm blind and my actions with the daughter of your enemy are about to blow up into a war."

Father stared at me... He knew I was listening to his argument just now.

"I... Will admit, that when Doc first told me that you were blind and that you were a runt that I was... Disappointed. But not at you. I was disappointed in myself. I thought... I thought that my past actions had cursed me... And blessed me... With the prospect of having you as a son.

"Your uncle died by my own hands so that I could save your mother. I had an incredible test of faith where I actually cursed the Goddess Luna for visiting such things upon me. With the death of your uncle... I was, for a very brief time, the very last of my pack.

"That was until your mother, changing from a human, began to display the physical properties of a bear-wolf... And she possessed more than that. No more perfect of a female can I think exists in my eyes... And I spurned her at first.

"I was angry... When I had to kill my brother, I was angry that she was his replacement... A decadent human.

"And so I cursed the Goddess.

"I repented quickly, found myself falling for your mother, and in time she gave birth to you and your sister, and when I held you both in my arms, that I had a son, I never remembered feeling more pride than I did in that moment.

"I had a son! And with you and your sister, I saw my pack growing once again where it was nearly dead. When Mia was born nine months later, I was even happier.

"When I learned of your condition, I blamed myself, but I was never disappointed in you.

"The council wanted to have you put to sleep..." Father said then, and I jerked my head back to him in surprise. "...Because of your conditions. They said you'd be a hindrance. When they pronounced that to me, I fought it vehemently, and your mother stood at my side as often as was possible, and spoke in my absence to ensure that you had a chance to live.

"You were my son... I wasn't about to let a bunch of old wolves who've had their turn at life deny the life of someone who'd not even begun their life yet." Father palmed my head and pulled me to his chest before kissing me on the crown of my head. "We saved you, Goddess bless us... And I've never been regretful of that fight. I even challenged the whole Council... Dared them to fight me to force me to kill you. I swore that I'd fight them with my last breath.

"They're cowards... Every last one of them. Forgot what it means to be wolves." Father smirked and sat there with his thick, powerful arm around me.

"No... I am not disappointed in you, Nathan... You have experiences that I can never have, and being blind isn't as bad as you think. Should you have your sight, you'd learn that your eyes are constantly lying to you, and the fact that you're a runt means nothing to me. On your own, you've become a talented mystic... Quixote even says you've been his best student... And your mother is included in that line of students."

"But war..." I said, but father shook his head.

"War, if it is necessary, will not be because of you... Or Luna. It will be because of Lupin. Lupin has wanted my blood long before you've ever been born... It is a series of arguments that goes back to when we were children." Father smirked. "I've always beaten him in combat... And he has a cowardice that makes him stick his tail between his legs and run when it gets too difficult for him."

Father then focused on me as I slowly looked away back to my hands, and I flexed them, wishing that I was sliding my fingertips against my beloved's body.

"Luna..." Father said. "...Is a tragic story, Nathan.

"Her mother, Jenna... Escaped Lupin, and came to us, and we took her in. Never had I met a more pure soul than her mother... But despite the healing powers of a Lycan, something Lupin had done to her made those powers weakened, and due to complications in birth... Jenna gave up her life so that Luna could live.

"Lupin came to my very door with his entire Lodge to claim Luna the very night she was born. She hadn't even had the proper suck of a female's breast yet, and he tore her from us/

"You see... He was looking for a reason for war then too...

"I see in Luna much of what her mother possessed... And thank the Goddess... Nothing of her father. If she is as kind-hearted as her mother was, then I give you free reign to do whatever you feel is necessary to bring Luna into our family. We will back your decision." He pulled me in close again and kissed me on my head again. "I have faith in you.

"If I have... If I've ever led you to feel as if you had to earn that, if you felt as if you never had it... Then forgive me, Nathan. I cannot be more proud concerning you than I am right now."

Father settled back and smiled at me, just as the Aide came rushing back.

"Sir... They're waiting."

"Let them wait. They should know that the world doesn't revolve around them. Tell them that." Father said looking over his shoulder. "Say that word for word. I will be down when I'm done ensuring the welfare of my family."

The aide swallowed, and hesitantly bowed and rushed away.

"Don't be so glum, Nathan. Look forward to your adulthood ceremony in a month. If you need me... I'll be with your mother... Trying to give you an extra sibling." he grinned, and then rose to his feet, scruffing up my short mane before leaving, heading toward the main kitchen where mother liked to putter...

I saw him there in the kitchen a few short moments later as he groped mother and slid his hand down into the front of her shorts, and I saw both their heart rates quicken as their insides throbbed with their hearts and arteries. I sat there and smiled amidst this exchange, and then looked down at my hands again.

I thought about Luna.

I'd remained where father had left me for a few minutes till I heard a movement, and I focused upon a presence before I turned to face it.

"You didn't even know that I was there till now... Did you?" a familiar voice said, and I realized that it was Kira, blessed with all the loveliness in her voice as an adult fem should have. She sounded all grown up

I didn't answer her.

"You can't see me as clearly anymore now that I've changed, can you.

"The sounds you make are unfamiliar... It's hard to recognize you." I said at last.

Sister was wearing the usual garb that she wore nowadays, which was nothing more than a G-string and a simple belly shirt and no bra. She went barefoot unless she was outside, and then it was a pair of comfortable sneakers or sandals.

She sat down beside me, and then crossed her legs, folding her hands together on the ends of her knees.

She'd become shadows again, which was the image I saw with strangers in my mind's eye, with the occasional familiar blotch of color coming from her scent and aura.

"It isn't fair." she said and turned to me. "It isn't fair that I go onto becoming and adult and you have to stay a child till six months later. It isn't fair that I get all the strength, and you remain... Well... A runt.

"I wish mother and father hadn't separated us when I bled for the first time... At least let us sleep in the same room..."

I smirked and I moved to hug her, and my fingers wiped away some of the darkness on her body as I touched her actively for the first time since before she became an adult.

"I have no regrets... At least not now." I replied.

She smiled. "I heard the conversation you had with papa." she said quietly. "I know it's difficult for father and son to have a relationship. There's so little you both have in common."

"After today... I still have no regrets." I said and managed a smile back to her.

Kira remained there, moving a hand to cup my knee, her other on my abdominals as we sat there... And I felt... Comfortable. I missed this embrace too... She was my twin after all.

"Nathan... I... Don't want us to be apart anymore. I want you to see me... Not only me, but Mia as well. What do you need to do to see us again?"

"I need to touch you, Kira... You know that... But the way I need to touch you... It's... It's something that I shouldn't do with someone I'm not intimate with."

Kira sat back and looked at me, and before I could do anything else, she lifted her hands to draw her shirt upward, allowing her breasts to fall from within the garment out into the open one after the other before she took both my hands and placed them on her breasts before letting go.

"Touch them... feel them, caress them if you have to. Touch me wherever you need to, do it as long as you have to... But I will not have my twin unable to recognize me when I walk into the room.

"I want you to be proud of me..."

"I am proud of you." I said immediately. "You're my twin sister after all. I'll defend you with my life."

There was a silent pause, and she smiled as she looked down. "You haven't let go." she said with a quiet muse in her voice.

I smirked back at her, and then sighed. "Kira... You're a girl, and I'm a boy... Mother and father separated us because..."

"...Because they were afraid of us exploring more than we should." Kira said quietly and then standing, took both my hands inside hers. I was pleased to see that more of her bodice was uncovered... True it was two great handprints on either of her breasts, but I saw the throbbing of her blood vessels in her form as if I've peeled an aluminum foil from around some candy.

"They were afraid that as I bled and experienced my first heat, that you and I might make love in an attempt to relieve the tensions. It isn't unheard of for siblings to marry amongst Lycan... The separation was a decision mother did in fear of our instincts." she smiled and moved forward to hug me. "I don't want you as a lover or a mate, brother... But I do want you as my twin again. We've been apart for far too long..."

In spite of myself, the press of her body – not just her bosom – was comforting, even if her breasts were pressing into a part of my face. "What do you suggest we do?" I managed at last, though a bit muffled from her chest.

"Well, first off..." another voice said, and I saw a new shadow entering the room, and saw that it was Mia after some time of doing a *'mental squint'* as Quixote called it, at her. "We need to abandon certain pretenses. Second of all," she said and saddled up against my side and palming my chest. "You need to learn more about girls if you're going to marry Luna... And what better way than to learn it from your two sisters."

"That said," Kira smirked. "Mia and I have something we wish to do with you... And we think that it's high past time that we did.

My sisters possessed the second largest room in the house after the master bedroom that mother and father shared.

I had the next one smaller than theirs, though personally... I thought I had more private space than they did.

The room of a female smelled differently than a room of a female that was shared by a male – like mother and father's room – and it smelled remarkably different than a room that was occupied by only a male, like mine. I remembered smelling similar scents when I had been in Luna's room at the Lodge, but I didn't have time to dwell on it then.

Here, I smelt perfumes and makeups and powders... The scents of various types of cloth and clothing materials, and also feminine hygiene products. It had a flowering scent to this place that was mixed with the scent of their pheromones from the sweat in their sheets, as well as the scents of the body oils and shampoos and deodorants that they used.

They ushered me inside, both girls dressed almost alike, with Mia also in a thong, but she wore a halter top to confine her larger breasts more...

I stood there, dressed only in my shorts, and with my current mindset, the scent of females, amidst the scent of a lingering heat from one of them still hanging in the air, made my loins stiffen a little, but the remembrance of that it was coming from my sisters kept my erection in check and also kept it from forming.

Kira closed the door and then sat down on the edge of one of the well-made beds.

Their rooms were immaculate, and I could smell cleaning products and a carpet scenting product.

"Come over here." Kira said while Mia stood in front of the door, and I stepped over to my twin as she unbuttoned the front of her shirt and then pulled it off up over her head.

I heard the sounds of heavy mammaries bouncing, and Kira momentarily massaged their naked masses, and I still saw my palm prints upon her breasts. Then she hooked her thumbs into the straps of her g-string, and then slid them off her meaty legs before dropping it to the floor. At long last she undid her hair and let it hang unbound before she patted next to her again for me to sit. I did.

"Take as long as you need, brother." she said then, and I paused, knowing the implications of touching your own sister's flesh was like, but also wanted to see her more plainly.

There was no other way...

So I lifted my hands to her face and began a long and very arduous process that was required for me to become intimately familiar with a person. It involved me invading their personal space very thoroughly... So there were very few people that I've done this to. Most was done with my hands, but others were done with my other senses... Like taste and smell... For certain smells also had tastes that went along with them. I traced the contours of my twin's face, finding the holes of her nostrils, the slender hook of her nose, the ridges of her cheeks and brows, and closing her eyes, I gently felt the contours of her eyeballs. This was a matter of trust between her and me, mostly for me. She knew that she could trust me... Wanted me to trust her. This was the only possible way to close such a gap.

I touched her ears, her brows, her jaw and lips; I felt her hair, tested its length as I spread the strands within my hands, and then I felt the contours of her muscular neck and throat, felt the wide bones of her clavicle, felt her thick shoulders and the contours of the bridges of her neck. I went down either of her arms and felt out her hands, found that she'd started to wear her fingernails longer, and I tasted the polish she used for her nails now.

I kissed her bicep and neck, her forehead, and at that point I paused, and focused upon the next target.

She smirked, and I saw her now uncovered face move as she did, saw each muscle pinch in her face as she understood my hesitation, and taking my hands like before, she slid both my palms over her breasts. She held my hands there... Long enough for her bosom to warm my hands, long enough for me to feel her heartbeat in her nipples before she let go, and smirking, I began to caress her breasts.

I hefted each breast, felt its weight, felt its matriarchal perfection that she'd inherited from mother as I felt its smooth contours, felt the subtle pores and hairs on her skin, felt the breadth of either areola, the thickness of either nipple. I searched for the crevices of her chest, and then felt her ribs, wiping the darkness away. Down her abdominals my fingers went, finding her sunken belly button, and then over her naked hips, remarking on how wide her hips had become now that she was fully mature. I felt her many abdominals, sliding my fingers downward, and I paused for the second time as I lifted my head to her.

She smiled for the second time, and parted her legs.

I hesitated still though, and did only a single pass over her sex, quickly learning its contours before bringing my hand back and wafting the scent in my face so that I learned her pheromones, and immediately, an explosion of her body happened as she immediately became more clear, and I gasped as I saw how stunningly beautiful my sister had become.

She then sat there patiently as I felt each leg, just before she turned on her bed to lay face down on it, and I felt her bottom, worked my hands amidst the bumps and contours of her body, right back up to her head, kissing her and smelling her here and there up the way to get all of her scent, all her taste, just before she rolled onto her side and faced me.

"How do I look to you?" she asked with genuine curiosity.

"Like an angel." I said smiling as I sat at the edge of her bed.

"Good... Then it's my turn." Mia said, and I turned my head immediately to her, the hairs on the nape of my neck rising as I saw the shadows of her body begin to undress.

Mia sat down between us now, and I saw Kira hold my younger sister as I again began the entire process anew.

It was awkward to touch my own sisters like this, but... I wanted to see them. I wanted to know them more... I just wish Mia didn't have to sigh every now and again at the pleasure of what I was doing to her.

Afterward, I embraced Kira... Holding onto her more tightly than I ever remembered doing before, and she held me back, just as tightly. This sort of embrace was far too long in coming. She was right; I had distanced myself from her and Mia for far too long. But then I started to leave, and Mia pressed into my back and I was sandwiched between them both.

"W-what's going on?" I asked, my fears returning.

Both of them were stronger than me... And if they willed to, could most literally have their way with me, but as it was my fears were unfounded.

"We have more for you, Brother... Or had you forgotten..." she said and stepping back, she began to change, her muscles billowing outward, her body becoming covered with fur as she slowly crouched, her breasts ballooning. "...That we are Lycan?"

Mia was transforming too, and I suddenly was picked up by her as if I were a stuffed animal, she carrying me between her massive breasts within her titanic arms, nuzzling my cheek and giving me an affectionate lick as Kira laid back on her bed that barely held her mass now.

Again, I began to touch, prod and feel, taste and smell both my sisters, learning their new hybrid forms as well. There were parts that I thankfully didn't have to touch again, but the process was longer with so much more body to touch.

I caressed and touched all their muscles, and for the second time, I got up to leave, when Kira took me up and held me against her with one arm.

"Not just yet." she snickered, and I was again sandwiched between both sisters.

"And keep your trousers on." Mia admonished as my erection was growing. "We have one more bonding experience for you dear brother."

"Bonding experience?" I repeated.

"Mother told us that Lycan powers are passed on through the blood and through the mucus membranes. It's... It's not right that you don't have our strength, Nathan. I hated it all our life and I even prayed to the Goddess that it would change."

"Kira... If you prayed and I am still a runt, then perhaps something else is in place. Mayhap the goddess wishes me to remain as such." I said while Mia slid me onto my twin's highly-muscled abs, and I braced myself upon her breasts, now familiar enough to touch her as such without fear of it turning into something more than just a touch.

"Or... You just need the right stimulus." she smirked.

"Stimulus?" I asked, and Kira settled backward, and with the thickness of her back and her muscle hump, she was actually resting at a sort of incline.

"Nurse from me." she stated, and my head jerked involuntarily.

"W-what?"

"Nurse from her... And me." Mia said and palmed my back. Our hope is that we'll have a big strong brother before the night is through... We want you to try to absorb all the gifts we have."

"Natural strength, beauty, supernatural strength, toughness... Anything and everything." Kira whimpered, and I focused my senses and looked upon her face, hearing her flexing and un-flexing her chest muscles rhythmically to massage her tits while she lay there, trying to get herself to lactate.

But as I looked down at her nipples, hearing a sound like dry reeds being twisted as her nipples erected, I watched her milk slide out of her breasts, all of her breasts, sliding over each mammary to collect in the crevice down the middle of her bodice.

And then I heard a ripping sound, and looking down my own body, I saw my groin billowing, saw it tearing through my shorts as I accidentally changed into my hybrid form... My neck sliding right into my collar and the thing choking me with how thick my muscles had become from me having been so tense lately, and there my change stopped, but my phallus had already burst open the front of my shorts, had already powerfully extended, and both my sisters gasped at the size of my... Gift.

"Wow... The girls were right... You are huge!" Mia giggled. "Too bad you're my brother." she giggled and then bent forward to kiss my cheek.

"S-sorry... I... I'm..."

"We know... You're in a rut." Kira mused as she looked at my penis and I tried to hide it... Not easy with something that was the length of a baseball bat. "Now come here." Kira teased and taking my head drew me downward, right into the fullness of her bosom, and as I gasped, I opened my mouth only to find the end of her tit thrust into it, and I protested for a moment till the silken taste of her milk slid into my throat.

Kira snuggled in behind me and cuddled with me and Kira, and I felt my head grow dreamy and sleepy, my penis deflating slowly in steps as the blood rushed out of it, and soon I was engorging myself on my sisters' milk.

They both possessed thick and sweet milk, both were nourishing, both carried many gifts. I could feel the essence of those gifts flow into me, felt their power radiating inside my form, felt my body heat up as those powers flowed into me, but a moment before they would infuse themselves with my form they evaporated, and I felt them dive into a deep, dark spot inside my bowels directly behind my loins where it would continue to be unrealized.

It was disappointing, and I rested with – not laid with... That is something... Very different and something I felt was still very wrong – and nursed from both my sisters till I was sated.

But it felt good... Being in their loving, sisterly embrace. I missed feeling this, and I felt my affection for my sisters grow. They've always tried to look out for me, tried to help me along. I guess in my stubbornness I just never accepted it. Afterward, once the sun had gone down, we played outside in the waxing light of the moon. We played hide and seek, which constantly infuriated my sisters being that they couldn't ever find me, and I always got back to base before they did.

After a hearty dinner, which I ate the most of, my metabolism greater than both my sisters apparently, we had a family bath for the first time since we were kids.

It felt good... I no longer felt alone... Merely... Desirous of my mate.

At night... Luna became chief within my thoughts. I dreamed of her, and was happy.

Chapter Nine: The Goddess and the Ghost Dancer

I awoke on the day of my adulthood ceremony in a frightful state. I'd been tossing and turning all night, which had made me tired to the point of exhaustion, and to top it off, I was very, very horny. My penis must've increased in size, especially since I couldn't wrap the whole of my hand around its girth anymore.

Swallowing, noting that my body was covered in my own spunk, and even as I awoke I held the end of my erection with one hand even and felt an approaching climax. I stemmed it off till I got into the shower, and evacuated several cups of semen over my hand and into the shower drain, feeling my prick as hard as a steel rod as it quivered like a tuning fork with my racing heart. Gasping and praying for relief, I turned the water on full cold blast, which seemed to infuriate my penis and excite it more, and in spite of my efforts to calm it, it erected all the harder.

Pints of my seed having escaped me much later, and feeling rather dehydrated with my erection becoming limp at least but not fully going away, I bound my loins up in my leather loincloth and cinched my belt on firmly to keep my dick from escaping. Despite that, however, it arched heavily within my loincloth and fought with my nads that had likewise swollen into plump bulbous things thanks to all the seed that they held. Pulling on my chaps and then a loose shirt, I went downstairs aching, trying to resist the desire to go screw the nearest female... Which included my sisters and mother.

I shook thoughts of them off, not ever willing to debase myself in that way as I entered the kitchen and started the painfully long process of brewing my special tea.

While it brewed, I grew thicker, and thicker, and thicker. My whole body was tense, my muscles and veins standing out as I tried to hold all my sexuality in, which proved that a man's libido was the strongest muscle in his body... Not the heart.

It was then that I heard footsteps, and with a minute snarl, I turned and gasped as I saw Mia followed by Kira descending the stairs, either of them in their usual attire, which was nothing but their G-strings and shirts. My penis bowed outward all the more at the sight of them, my groin grew to its fullest thickness as it erected harder, so hard that it ached, and I turned around abruptly and faced the stewpot in which my tea was brewing, trying to will it to brew faster.

"G-good morning brother... How are you..." Mia began but I snapped hard.

"Stay away!" I growled deep in my breath, and I felt my mouth and nose pushing forward as my teeth all lengthened. I was breathing deeply, my fists grinding so hard that they groaned powerfully beneath my grip. "S-stay away... Both of you." I said more calmly, trying to force myself to relax.

"But brother... What's wrong?" Mia asked, and did the worst thing I could think her to do:

She hugged me from behind.

Her massive breasts pressed against my shoulder blades, her crotch and thighs rolled against my bottom, and her hands palmed my chest and abs.

I turned immediately around and grabbed her shoulders tightly, salivating as I imagined myself pounding her pussy, getting her to scream and...

"No!" I said and pushed her back fiercely, my claws flashing from my fingers.

"Ow!" she protested. "Nathan... You're hurting me."

"Mia... Look at him!" Kira said and helped our sister to rise.

"Nathan... You're rut... Are you..."

"Get Quixote..." I groaned, feeling an untapped power rising in my navel, forcing my erection to grow more powerful as it lifted the front of my loincloth over the curving bulge, my phallus maturing rapidly right before their eyes.

I rubbed a hand through my mane, feeling my very mane growing longer as a strange sort of rage was feeding into all my muscles. Something... Bestial... Was awakening inside me. Kira blanched and rushed away, Mia walking backward till the table was between she and me.

"Nathan... Did you just try to... To..."

"Yes..." I moaned and tears burst from my eyes, and I gasped as Mia immediately covered her crotch and breasts.

Kira came back with Quixote, and Quixote strode right up to me. I tried to bite him but he slapped my face, drew me outside by grabbing one of my ears fiercely and dragged me along by it, forcing me to focus on the pain in my ear instead of the one in my pants, and once outside, he promptly pitched me face first into the cold mountain stream that ran by our house.

The shock to my system was incredible, and it chilled the beast in me so that it ran yelping for cover. I broke the surface of the water and shook my mane, gasping. Quixote kneeled beside me and felt my head and then my heart, and then pushed me back into the water so that it ran about my neck.

"Stay in there for now Nathan." he said and then rose.

"Mia... Watch that tea... Don't let it burn, and the moment it's done stewing, pour it all into a large mug and then bring it here.

"Kira... I have a satchel in my chambers in the Den. It's a rolled up thing of leather and tools. Bring it to me."

Both my sisters went immediately to action, and I shivered as the cold kept my body heat down... What was good, however was that my dick shrank up and my testicles started fighting each other to see which one could climb up my butt first from the cold.

"Nathan... Why didn't you tell me it was getting this bad?"

"What would I do if I did?" I asked, holding myself.

"Unwrap your arms... You must keep your body heat down." I did as I was told, and shivered so badly that my teeth began to chatter.

Glacial run off was very, very cold. *'Artesian'* was the proper word for such water.

After what felt like an eternity, both Mia and Kira returned, Kira with the tools, and Mia with the tea, which was handed to me, and I began guzzling it, tea leaves and all. Quixote took the tools from Kira, and both my sisters, despite being physically stronger than me, backed away from me.

"Do not fear this, girls. If you are to get a mate, you will have to on occasion deal with it."

"W-what's happening to our brother?" Kira gasped.

"This is what happens when a Rut goes unsatisfied. His body is telling him its time to father a child. And unless he sexes himself thoroughly with a female... He'll go mad with his desires. It's every bit as bad as if you were to experience a prolonged heat."

"How horrid. He was about to... About to..."

"Rape you... Yes." Quixote said and I rose out of the water immediately, but he pushed me right back down. "But its no less of a difference when you snuck into his bedroom and nearly did the same to him when he was asleep, Mia." Quixote asked, and Kira looked at Mia, and Mia blinked stupidly.

"I-I don't remember that." Mia said.

"You needed a male to satisfy you, Mia. Plain as that. He was the nearest most capable one. If I hadn't been watching out for you... You would've *'done your brother rotten.'*" Mia's face deepened in loss, and she fell back onto her bottom and sat there, stunned. "Females have this same need and desire in them as males do. Males... Are just more violent at it. When you feel the need arise, then you must satisfy it... And simple masturbation doesn't fix it all the time." Quixote removed a strange metal device that looked like a rolled up piece of metal that came to a point with a dish on one end. "When it gets this bad, you have no greater desire in you than to have sex. So Mia... You must thank your brother for having so much control over himself to reject you at the last moment. Adversely, Nathan, you must forgive your sister for an act that she doesn't even remember."

I looked at Mia, tears filling my eyes again and she scrambled over to me, and actually sat there in my lap amidst the rushing waters and hugged my head to her bosom while the cold waters ran past us.

"I had no idea." she whimpered.

I didn't embrace her... I was afraid of what I might do.

"Forgiveness." I said instead... Both giving it and asking for it, and she kissed my forehead.

"But... What did you do when it does get this bad?" Kira asked then as she came to stand over us.

"The same thing I did for you Kira." Quixote said, and Kira blinked stupidly like Mia had. "Mia... Please get out of the water." she did so reluctantly. It didn't help that her full mature breasts were showing through her shirt.

Quixote took a vial from his satchel, and then before I knew what was happening, he stabbed me right in the neck with that metal tool, and I gasped as my blood escaped my body from the wound. He then pulled the stopper of the bottle out with his teeth, and began pouring its contents into the bowl at the end of the tool. It was purple, it was a sludge and it was acrid to the smell, but as it entered me, sped along by one of the largest veins in my body, I felt its medicine acting upon my system, cooling my head, weakening my loins, and making me able to think straight. My breathing and heart rate calmed, and after awhile... I could think clearly again. Quixote removed his tool and stoppered the bottle again before washing it off in the stream. The wound in my neck healed almost instantly once the tool was out, a prehistoric syringe apparently.

"That and the tea should last you for about twelve hours, Nathan." Quixote said, wrapping the bundle of tools and implements up and rising with them. "Get yourself a full meal before we leave. A full stomach will help this beast inside you be sated for a while longer... But I seriously suggest you find your love and sex her thoroughly... Before this beast escapes."

I nodded and slid out of the water, but immediately collapsed to my knees. Both Kira and Mia rushed to my sides, but Quixote stopped them.

"Just for today, girls... Let him help himself. It's dangerous for you both to be around Nathan right now, and..."

"Oh poo!" Mia said, and slid right in against my side as Kira slid into my other side. Their breasts felt oh so firm and warm and.... I shook my head, spraying water against them. "We're stronger than he is... We can handle this little horn dog ourselves."

"Suit yourself." Quixote smirked.

I gasped as my sisters helped me inside, and wrapped me up in a blanket to dry off. I felt stupid with the potion inside me... But whatever it was, it was helping.

That morning, I ate more food than ever... Practically twice what my father ate himself.

The car ride felt longer than it usually was. My excitement was growing, and I didn't just mean my anticipation for a thing. Amidst the two hour car ride I was beginning to feel claustrophobic, I wanted to run, and what's more... Centimeter by centimeter, my erection slowly began to return minute by minute.

When the car stopped, I had my forehead against the window, listening to all the sounds that were coming through the glass, and when we stopped, I burst out the door and rushed around on all fours, having changed forms somewhere between the van and landing outside. I was panting, getting in loads and loads of scents and smells and...

"He's definitely energetic." Mia stated as she and Kira began to undress. They were naked anyways to my senses... Just covered with the wisps of what clothing appeared like to me, but I couldn't help but focus on watching them both undress.

"Like a dog wanting to get out of the car." Kira laughed, and then untied her bikini bottom, only so that she could at long last shape-change and turn into her monstrous form.

I swallowed as Mia soon transformed as well, and I felt my erection grow a full inch within the satchel of my loincloth as I looked at the many breasts of my sisters before trying to focus on something else. *Luna... Think of Luna.* I told myself, but only felt my erection growing larger, and gritting my teeth I rose to my feet and began walking off to go find her.

"Nathan..." I heard father say, and I flinched before turning back to him. He'd already turned into his massive battle form.

"Yes, Father?" I asked... Eager to go find Luna and put my dick in her... Which was really how I didn't want to think of her... But I was sick and she was the medicine at the moment.

"Have you forgotten why you're here today?" he asked, and I blinked behind my bandanna, and suddenly I remembered.

"No..." I said quietly and walked back to the family as Mia and Kira went of to find mates for the time being.

That, was unfair...

Father palmed my head and shoulder and led me away. We had to go prepare.

There was apparently a process between mothers and daughters, and likewise fathers and sons prior to their adulthood ceremony. It was a sort of baptism, in which your parent or guardian did a time-honored process with you.

Father poked the palm of his left hand, got the blood to pool, and then dipping his claw in it, anointed my inner thigh, my chest, my brow and the small of my back beside my tail that had recently become full length, just before he rubbed his hands together and rubbed both my shoulders with it. I felt warm from the strange power that was being performed upon me... A baptism by fire, as it was... And I felt a priming inside my navel as to receive a power that would soon be given unto me:

My adulthood.

As sunset came and moonrise drew nigh, father then dressed me in a sort of poncho of blue silk. He smiled at me once I pulled it on, looking proud of this moment, and as a wolf call came from the Howl Grounds, he palmed my back and led me forward to the place where the Grand Council met in its entirety before the gathered packs. I, along with dozens of other young males and their fathers or guardians, stood by while the Alpha Male made his oration of our rites and responsibilities as male adults, an hour long speech that boiled down to serve and protect your family and your fellow Lycan.

I only paid attention to the oration with half an ear, for my attention was fully upon the gorgeous wolfess that was standing near the front of the gathering, my beloved Luna.

I felt... Something strange inside her... A sort of new power, but I saw that her expression was sad... Withdrawn, but also glad as she watched me. She was also very subdued... And I wondered why.

And then the young wolves were being led forward to the Alpha Male, who removed our collars at long last, allowing fresh air to get at the fur and flesh beneath them before the collar was thrown into the fire and burned to allow our powers to flow freely unto us.

Once done, father and I bowed to the Alpha Male out of respect, and he led me off into the forest, right past a wall of hulking hunters and Dog Soldiers... Male to the last of them, all who were to keep young females from seeing what happened in the forest between a father and a son. It was that happening between father and son that I began to fear at that moment, however... For if this meant the passing of gifts of adulthood from father to son, I realized that a male had less options than a female did of doing this act.

Luna mentioned that she'd suckled from the breast of her guardian Lalinda... And the option for males to do the same thing... I looked at my father by lifting my head and swiveling my ears toward him, and I hoped beyond hope that I wouldn't have to do what I feared doing. For the only way of passing gifts from one Lycan to another was through blood and the mucus membranes. Males didn't have breasts, so the only mucus membranes left were in the mouth, nasal passages and... The groin.

So when my father brought me out into the middle of the forest and bade me to kneel on an ornate blanket once he'd done so too, I began to fear for the worst. And what you're thinking right now is what I was thinking, and if it was what I had to do, I'd most rather prefer to remain a child my whole life.

Imagine my surprise, however, that father took his claws and created a deep wound in the palm of either of his hands and cupped them together.

I could see the radiating pulse of blood in a person's body. I could see the dull thudding of their heart and the flow of blood in their body, and I saw in stunned amazement as father's blood seeped from his body through his palms, and began to pool there.

I could smell the acrid smell of blood, the heavy wrought iron smell that was within it as well. The intensity of it made me dizzy. But then Father lifted his hands and bowed his head ceremoniously, and I felt a subtle magic that came from the doing of the act instead of from within the person... A power of a ritual that empowered itself and didn't need magic from the person performing the act. It was perhaps the only magic father had ever performed in his life, but I noted that there was a change with the liquid that he had cupped in his palm, and the resonance of

sound changed against that fluid. My mind saw blood as what I knew to be the color red, but as this magic happened, the viscosity thinned, and the density lessened, and the liquid in his palms soon took on the appearance to me as liquid moonlight.

I could feel heat, and knew when I passed by a fire, or a hot surface... But likewise, I could translate heat sources as an image in my mind. Sunlight was very different from moonlight... For sunlight didn't have a color. Moonlight, however... Was silvery in appearance... It was the only other thing other than the metal silver that appeared like that in my mind's eyes.

To me... It appeared as if father was cupping the moonlight in his hands.

"Drink. Drink till you cannot drink any more, Nathan. I have plenty to spare."

I lifted my head and swiveled my ears to focus on my father... Seeing the sacrifice that it was to offer up adulthood amongst males. His own life's essence instead of some fluid that a gland could produce. Cupping his great hands that appeared to be able to do and hold anything, I dipped my short muzzle into the liquid and began to drink and lap up the liquid. It tasted like sweet spring water... Natural water from the Mother Earth, untainted by pollution or artificial contaminants or purifiers. Few things had this taste... And it was refreshing no matter where you were.

I began to drink, drink deeply and swallowing mouthful after mouthful. I felt the fluids burn with a cold liquid fire as they slid down my throat, entered my belly and diffused like evaporating mist into the air at dawn through the rest of my body. I felt the new power slide into my bones, muscles and sinews, filling me completely, and I felt... I felt something change inside me. I felt myself growing stronger inside, felt a energy settle in my navel that slowly slid down my body to rest right behind my loins, and as it settled inside me, I felt something strange happening to my manhood... Evolving it into an adult's penis instead of a child's.

My muscles realigned and my bones grew, and it felt as if there was a power inside me that was growing and growing, rising to fill me up and then inflate me from the inside because my body nary had the space to hold it. The pool in my father's hands was lessening as I drank faster than it could be filled, and I found myself licking his hands to drink more, so hungry was I for the power that those fluids offered. Father flexed his hands and more of the sweet water entered his cupped hands, and I drank.

I felt... A warmth rise up inside me, a burning fire that felt like it was burning away all the things that had kept me down, and I grew dizzy with it as my muscles tensed. I felt as if I were growing, growing massive, powerful and huge and I came up for breath, panting, before I dipped my head and tried to drink more before coming up again, panting more. I felt as if I were massive, bigger than any wolf, bigger than even my father, the Venerable Peter Wolfe, and I panted, holding onto his hands and drinking more.

I dipped my head and tried to lap up more, but try as I might, my body wouldn't let me drink any more. I gasped and licked my mouth and nose off, swallowing that at least before I lifted my head to my father again, breathing deeply, feeling a burning excitement inside me, a powerful energy inside my loins that made it quiver it felt.

Seeing that I could drink no more, father opened his hands and the water fell from them as streamers of blood, and the wounds in his palms sealed immediately. It was then that I sat back and looked down at my body, imagining myself to be this hulking monster of a bear wolf at long last...

Only to have one of the biggest let downs of my life.

I was still me... Sure... I'd changed to have an adult's musculature... My dick had certainly grown... I may well be more well-endowed than father was. I had the added strength of manhood, but not the strength of my pack. The disappointment must've been evident on my face as father bent down and helped me to my feet before helping me out of my blue robe. Kira and Mia bragged at how their bodies had absolutely shredded their white bodycloths on their adulthood ceremonies, and remembering that, I felt ashamed too that my garb could be saved for another son of our pack.

"Well... You have grown an inch or two, and you've grown into your nose." I felt my muzzle, and found that my face had indeed grown into an adult wolf's head, but not much else had happened. "You... You seem to have put on a few pounds as well." he smiled reassuringly.

He probably was hoping the same thing that I was... That I'd grow into a towering edifice of a wolf.

"It's all right." I sighed.

"It's not over yet though." Father smiled, and palming my back led me forward again.

"There's more?" I asked in surprise.

"There are two halves of an adulthood ceremony." Father said. "Your sisters... Had to have their second halves after they were... Well... Deflowered. Their second half was your first half."

I thought for a moment. "So their first half is my second half?"

Father nodded. "Since you've already long since been deflowered..." he smirked, showing pride in me, "We can skip the part where we introduce you to the meeting grounds." he stopped and palmed me forward, and I paused and turned back to focus on him from over my shoulder. "Keep walking forward... She waits for you in the next clearing."

I walked forward, feeling the moonlight on me, and looking up toward the moon, saw the halo of light above me, with the abysmal darkness in its center. The same happened if I ever looked at the sun, and strangely, though others say that the light of the sun is more intense, for me... It was the light of the moon that was more intense. When the rest of the world was cool and dark and the moon was the only source of light... It tended to stand out more for me. I remarked on the full moon before looking down at my body once I was out of sight of my father, and I looked at my hands... And all the changes that had been wrought upon me.

My claws had grown in, my penis had grown out, my nads had thickened... I was ready to sire cubs now with these changes... And the thick muscular mass that was between my legs seemed to be the greatest physical power that I seemed to be allotted in life. My form was almost effeminate in nature, coltish even. I was a little thicker true, longer of body and of neck and I was instinctively walking on my toes instead of flat on my feet now, and my forearms were a little longer... But I was still under seven feet tall... Amidst a horde of wolves who were at the minimum nine feet in height.

I would be the child-mate of Luna...

I sighed and consigned myself to my fate and continued walking forward, feeling that strange growing power inside me... And thought, perhaps... That it was my magic that was so radically growing.

I continued forward, finding my mother amidst the images of all the other females who were waiting for their sons... Though I appeared to be the first one there. I strode up to her, finding her under a willow resting against some rocks waiting for me. Pushing some of the hanging willow branches aside, the scent of autumn thick in my nostrils, I looked upon the female that bore and birthed me and my sisters and smiled at her.

"Hello Nathan." she mused as I walked forward.

Mother was as massive as father was... Though it was possible that her mass was greater, but only because her breasts were so laden.

I walked up to her and she wrapped an arm around me and held me before kissing my brow.

"Now... I know you are a little old for this, but it's a part of the ceremony. I want you to suckle from me. Suckle until you no longer can. Your belly must be full right now, but drink as much as you can."

My understanding of the ceremony suddenly struck me, why the adulthood ceremonies were done when they were, and why the order was done as it was. The magic around me flowed, and I could feel it all. A female was initiated on the night of the spring equinox... Where life was at its strongest point out of the year, having just awoken from its winter slumber and was in the process of reclaiming the land. It empowered young daughters with that energy as they became adults on this day... Filling their bodies with the power, preparing them to bear cubs, filling their wombs and setting their minds for the act of nurturing. They suckled from their mother to absorb their feminine traits first, and then drank from their father to gain those latent masculine traits that they should have a few of, and should be strengthened now that they were an adult.

For that process to be reversed for a female, would make a butch female who had more male traits than feminine.

For males, the process was at the fall equinox for it was the epitome of death... Which was required for males, being that we may need to kill to protect and provide. In my process of the ritual, the father bled first and the mother nursed second to empower the male side and strengthen the feminine side. I looked upon my mother then, understanding this, and stepping forward, opened my mouth and found one of her primary teats and began to suckle. She cradled me as I absorbed the gifts that she had to offer me from her milk, the sweetness of her milk sweeter than the sweet water I tasted from father.

As a shamaness, now that I was an adult, I began to absorb great power from my mother, drinking heavily and forcing myself to swallow when my body refused to do so.

I drained one tit and moved to the other, draining that as well as I felt... Changes... Happening inside me. More changes. This time I heard the groaning of bones and the grinding of sinews as I truly did grow, truly did billow, but it wasn't the magnificent growth that my sisters encountered.

After a time, when I truly couldn't even force myself to swallow any more, I settled backward, bracing myself upon my mother's breasts as she rubbed my back, milk draining from the corners of my mouth as I observed myself, finding that I'd grown at least a foot, but I was still small. I'd put on maybe fifty pounds worth of muscle over all, but I was a lithe, wispy wolf that looked more like a flat-chested female than a billowing male.

Mother also saw the disappointment on my face as father had, and she bent forward and kissed my brow again before rising to her feet. She towered over me... Head, shoulders, chest and ribs over me, at least four feet in difference, and several times in body weight, and her breasts still so large that they cast shadows upon me as she looked upon me from between her breasts.

I felt so pathetic. How could I ever serve and protect my Luna now? My only remaining hope of being strong enough to challenge Lupin for her was gone now.

"Let's... Let's get you to the Howl Grounds and introduce you." she said and walked me forward to where my father stood. Mother and father embraced one another, and father, guiding me with one hand, like an adult would guide his child, led me forward to the clearing, till we stopped, and all at once we heard something that made my blood run cold.

"While the young males are amidst their process... I announce that I, Lupin, will give my Daughter Luna away in marriage to her chief suitor, Rin. May there be a bond between his pack and my pack for all eternity." My jaw dropped and I rushed forward to stand between two trees, and as I arrived, Luna lifted her head and looked at me, tears running out of her eyes to moisten her fur. Lupin smirked at me and continued. "I ask for the marriage rites to be performed... Immediately."

Luna said nothing... She could do nothing... If she said anything, it meant that she was challenging her father's law, and she was too weak to do so.

I was too weak to do so.

"So be it." one of the elder's stated. "Gather the witnesses and bring forth the raiment. We shall begin the rite at midnight."

My breathing quickened, and just like that, I saw the most special thing in my life being given away to... To... I looked to the wolf who would accept her, a powerful male who stepped behind Luna and groped her massive tit, licking her neck and cheek, and she hunched in revulsion to him.

Tears seeping from my eyes, I shrugged off the touch of my father, and turning, I ran...

"No... NO!" I bellowed to the moon. "You cruel, heartless bitch! How could you do this? How could you take her from me? She bares your name, she is my goddess... How could you take her from me?!" I bellowed at the moon, shaking my fist at its brilliance.

The goddess was mocking me, she was cruel and she was heartless...

I pried my bandanna away from my eyes as I paced, being bathed in the moon's light, not being able to escape that halo above me, a halo that I had worshiped all my life. My eyes looked stupidly about me, unable to see as I walked back and forth, hitting trees, scraping the ground, feeling... Feeling something rising up in my bowels, growing inside me, an... An anger... An ancient anger that was welling up inside me to explode.

"How could you do this to me?" I whimpered, rubbing my clawed hand through my mane. "I worshiped you, I prayed every day to you... I prayed to her! How could you take her from me?!"

My faith was gone, my self of being was gone, my dearest love... Gone...

I felt as if happiness was dead, and the weight of the sorrow thrust itself so heavily on me that my legs shook, and I fell back against several boulders as I looked up into the heavens, one last time.

"Please..." I choked, the tears streaming from my eyes. "...I love her. I need you now more than ever." I prayed. "For all the years of weakness and uncertainty... I've never felt more sure about what I wanted than I do now... Don't... Don't leave me." I sobbed, and cried my heart out.

Nathan... Was a true and honorable male. He loved my daughter... He truly, truly loved my daughter, and like him, I was powerless to help either of them. As a spirit, I was powerless.

"Blessed mother, hear your servant, Jenna." I said as I looked upon and felt the incredible emotion of Nathan, even where I stood in the Spirit Realm, trapped in the ether. "Whatever you are going to do... Please... Do it now."

And I bowed my head solemnly, and stood there, praying hard with my fists clasped together in prayer... Till I felt something brush up against me, and having barely felt a thing since my death, I started, and turned, feeling how perfect the touch was.

I saw a spirit... A bear spirit, and close by was a wolf spirit, and sitting on a branch... A... Well... It looked like some sort of green bird.

Totems. I thought looking at them all.

"The goddess... Has not forgotten." The bear said. The wolf and the bird were staring at Nathan. "The goddess has prepared for this moment, but you must understand, that the goddess does not sit on her throne any longer."

"W-what... What do you mean?"

"The huntress has desired to feel love." The wolf added, still looking at Nathan. "Her vessel she has prepared within you... And she calls for her guardian, her champion... And her love."

"Then... Then what are we waiting for... Why is he not coming? Why aren't you doing anything?"

"We wait." The bird said, and unfurled its great wing span and gripped its talons against the branch.

"For what?" I gasped.

"For him to open his heart." the bird responded.

I looked to Nathan, and looking to my hand, I bit my lip and surged forward and plunged my hand into his body. For an age, for nearly two decades I'd found myself unable to affect a person in any way... other than my Luna. For her sake, I plunged my hand into her love's chest, and inside his corporeal being, I found the spiritual representation of all that he was, found his heart, and gnashing my teeth, I took hold of his heart in my fist as he spasmed with the action. Inside his heart I found the gateway inside him, and yanked it open, and from within Nathan's body, a gaping vortex opened of billowing white light..

"There!" I said, pointing at the opening, not having time to be proud of myself that I'd done anything. "It's open! Now... *do something!*" I practically shrieked the last word.

And I stood back as the bird took wing, lifted upward with a single flap of his wings, tipped forward and plunged himself right into Nathan's body, and Nathan's form reacted and spasmed as the bird entered him, and he clutched at his chest, gasping.

"Much obliged." The wolf said, and leapt inside too.

The bear brushed against me once more, looking back at me.

"The goddess will never forget you, Mother of Luna." the bear said, and then climbed inside, and once inside, the gate of Nathan's heart closed.

I prayed.

"Mother Gaia, Sister Luna... Guide their hearts together."

Something... Was wrong!

I gripped my chest, feeling things happening to me from the inside. It felt... For a moment as if something had reached inside me, stopped my heart and ripped it open, and now... Whatever was inside my heart was being filled now, and that which it couldn't contain was flooding outward to the rest of my body. It flowed down my life lines, across my blood vessels and my nerves, lighting them on fire.

"Ah!" I groaned and fell back against the rock I was upon, gripping my pounding head, my claws cutting grooves into the rock. The fire blazing in my chest was pressing hard into me, and as it forced its way into me, lighting every hair on my body with its energy it suddenly sunk down into my bowels, burning, burning heavily, searing my soul as it slid now into my hips, and then pushed forward into my loins.

There it tapped the animalistic rages inside me, unlocking them against my will like popping fuses, activating the true instincts and powers of a werewolf, and at the foremost of all these powers, and the most powerful of all those rages... Was my Rut.

I gasped as all the fire surged into my loins, and I gripped my penis as I sat back, feeling it swelling, feeling it erecting, telescoping forward and thickening without abandon. I growled and gurgled, froth escaping through my teeth and foaming with the air as the pain in my loins – a mixture of pleasure and clenching aches – throbbed as it pushed ever forward. With how tight the waist strap was on me, my penis couldn't erect upward, so it erected forward.

It bulged and swelled, my nads pressing against the insides of my thighs as the pair of them filled and thickening with testicular fortitude and creamy ejaculate laced with my seed even as the muscle of my cock flared wide and pushed forward. The leather stretched about my groin as I alternated between rubbing and gripping it, snarling in the pain of a growing pleasure that was assailing me, the leather groaning as my dick filled with my life fluids.

A space opened upward in my loin cloth, my penis pressing so hard against the leather that the leather flossed my pee hole and butt cheeks, the straps stretching dangerously, and I gripped my dick with my hand as it grew ever larger, heavier and thicker. Every beat of my heart filled it with more of my blood, every throbbing pulsating rhythmic blast of my heart filling every catcher pocket, every vein and artery within my dick, and as my senses dulled, the world around me fading away as I lost my concentration on it, I chanced to focus all my attention on this change, and saw the searing red rod within my mind's eye that was becoming of my manhood.

It seemed to me that no force in the world could halt its growth as it continued to erect, curving long as the hem of my loincloth dipped downward around its bowing mass, my nads filling out into the spaces between my thighs, the cluster of my maleness pumping full of seed to fill the tube along the lower edges of my phallus to brimming capacity. The base of my cock began to flare, pushing the muscles apart as the head bulged wider, the pee hold receding from the strength of the muscles growing about it, and groaning and gripping a swelling nad with either of my hands, I gurgled with the frothing spit upon my mouth a subtle trickle of seed slid from my penis and slid down the inside of the loincloth to moisten my nads and thighs and trickle out of the edges of the cloth.

I hunched my shoulders and huffed, falling forward and gripping the ground, my whole body from the tips of the hairs of my mane down to the edges of each of my toenails growing tense and hardening as every muscle in my body tensed. My veins stood on end while my claws grew, and snarling, I rent a long raking grasp in the earth with my claws, and winced as my cock swelled wider, broadening and becoming more bulbous, and it grew longer, heavier, straining my simple loincloth until the sound of several dull thuds entered my hearing from my loincloth bursting open at parts.

With the straps unwilling to give, and my phallus growing more and more powerful, it finally tore through the leather itself, its growing girth spilling onto the ground like a massive snake that shook one way and then the next, and then straightened, leaking its creamy and sticky white cum on the ground even as it began to rise. The sounds of more tears greeted me as it grew and began to arch, the thing shining red like a magical sword within my eyes, all my blood in my body rushing to fill it, forcing it to arch and rise before me as I gasped from all the rushing blood leaving my head and my lungs to fuel my growing libido.

A tower of thickening muscle ribs riddles with hard and heavy veins and arteries from top to bottom filled my vision now, my loincloth tearing all the more to allow my nads to burst free and jostle briefly, the pair pressing between my legs. The muscles of the head were so tight that the throbbing sensation of climax didn't actually bring the relief of an orgasm. Instead it intensified it, and the base of my cock was loaded with more seed, my penile muscles swelling harder and larger, forming rib after sinuous rib all up and down its mass from the blood going up but not coming back down.

I cried out, but managed only a low moan and a cough from this overwhelming maleness that was overcoming my body, its height rising steadily till its head bobbed right before my face. I moaned and gripped myself as more of

my blood rushed into the empowering thing, its mass flaring wider to occupy the whole of my pelvis, my nads resting on my thighs, its head flaring wide and curving upward, its fleshy mass darkening to red and purpling slightly within my vision from all the blood inside it. It took both my hands to hold it as it threatened to tip me downward and I gripped it fiercely, feeling seed continuing to loading into the tube on its underside, increasing the pressure continuously and forcing the mass to broaden beneath my phallus, that tube swelling broader than the muscles that held it while either of my nads dropped fully and bulged like fruit with all the seed they were producing. Either nad was thick with throbbing veins that pulsed and radiated about the fleshy gonad at the base of my cock, and gripping those with one hand, I tried to squeeze the juices out into my prick, but managed only a minute trickle out of the tightened pee hole at the end.

The pleasure and the pain mixing within my phallus was intense, maddeningly intense, as its girth kept getting wider and its length kept getting longer. Tears streamed from my eyes as I gripped my dick with one hand and tried to keep myself erect with the other, and I shuddered, feeling rather afraid at the moment as to what was happening to me, feeling also my heart thudding away like a sledge hammer trying to break at my ribs.

"Merciful Luna!" I cried out, and as my cock throbbed it forced my heart and breathing to pause.

I tried to breathe in, I began to grow dizzy as air failed me, but then all at once, even as I was growing dizzy and faint, and suddenly my cock pulsed and groaned, just before it compressed in on itself, forcing my heart to beat and my lungs to open, and taking in a filling gasp, I felt my shaft spasm as it lanced backward, and I shot an explosion of white creamy cum that blasted from its end to eject meters away. It hardened and rose further to eject another burst immediately after that, and I cried outward with the incredible relief and pleasure it caused, but then I came another blast. Another soon followed, and another, and I tried to scream, tried to howl, but the excruciating sensation of so much pleasure made my mind stupid. I forgot how to even breathe right as I was ejaculating this mass of seed.

"Ah!" I groaned through gritted teeth, tossing my head, feeling all my senses blazing in my head.

I turned and faced the rock I'd been sitting upon before, my massive cock striking it and ejecting a burst of spooge all over its surface, and I began rocking my hips, tightening my eyes and trying to focus.

Things... Were unlocking inside me; strange, and powerful things... Wonderful things, and frightening things.

"Merciful Gaia... Merciful Luna... Ah!" I groaned, and my heart began to thud inside my chest, feeling as if I were being punched repeatedly from the inside now by great fists.

"F-forgive... forgive me... Ah!" I cried outward, my mouth opening, opening wide as I took to clawing at that rock, and I gasped in a breath of air.

But as I breathed in, my mouth opened wider than before, wider than it should, all my teeth growing longer and sharper, each tooth overlapping the ones opposite them, my jaw flaring, my cheeks widening, my head growing as my body flared wide with a series of exploding crunches. And then my eyes widened as I felt the power flooding from a place inside my bowels, a dark hole located right behind my loins, and I saw... *Saw* the radiant silvery power of moonlight flooding into me, washing over every muscle, bone and sinew, filling me like water fills a vessel, and when it came to the brim, it began to push against my flesh and seeped into my form as if the parts of my body were dry sponges ready to receive the moisture.

And with a click, and a pause in the world all around me that seemed to stretch into eternity, I began to change.

My arms and legs lengthened immediately, my neck and waist elongating shortly thereafter while my tail fell and lengthened, growing longer as my limbs erected longer than ever. Mm flesh grew flush with my blood, and for a short while I felt my form growing ever more sensitive, and I experienced the wonderful arousal of every square centimeter of my flesh growing in its pleasuring arousal as my change progressed.

More tears flooded from my eyes as I began to laughing deep in my throat, my voice deepening in pitch even as my larynx pushed outward, deepening my voice box, and every muscle in my body, no matter how small, grew stronger and stronger.

The power, the immaculate power I so desired all my life was flooding into me. It was gifts that were unlocking! I was finally becoming what I wanted most! My laughter gained a sobbing sound to it as I lifted my hands, my phallus projecting from my loins as it continued to tear open my loincloth, and I wept in thankfulness to the great sister goddesses of the Earth and the Moon as I continued to change.

My hands lifted, every finger section bulging wider and thicker as tendons stood on end, my claws growing longer and sinuously sharp, the white things glittering in my minds eye as they caught sounds and resonated them like crystal. My forearms and thighs bulged, my upper body flared, and all through the inches did I grow as gift after gift unlocked and attached themselves to my form, empowering me in new and wondrous ways. My ribs flared outward, pushing my chest forward in lurching explosions of growth, barreling it outward about my body, my dual layered chest filling with strength even as my back flared and my spine bulged and turned outward.

My prick bobbed before me, the thing becoming the divining rod of all this magical and ferocious might that was empowering me, and lifting a hand to grip its ever growing and flaring mass, I grit my teeth and snickered and laughed as it lurched forward, lengthening as it broadened more, the head flaring even further while its underside bulged outward, filling with seed as my phallus prepared for climax again.

The strengths of ancient times sliding into my body, empowering me. Every breath I huffed and puffed, filling my lungs with fire while a furnace of raw energy filled them, and I breathed the magic of the world into my body, my head swimming with the empowering greatness of ancient shamans of mighty power.

Bracing my growing weight against the rock before me, I huffed and puffed and gripped the head of my phallus before I focused upon my bracing hand, my sight seeing my claws lengthening, becoming like hooking daggers as my paws grew larger, my forearms flaring like the hood of a cobra, my biceps bulging along with my triceps, and every little muscle carving itself out of my fur laden flesh. Fetlocks decorated my forearms as the muscles bulged and grew, each muscle thickening while my veins stood out like a webbing, and I growled as I flexed my hand against the rock, sheering great grooves into the rock while I watched my arm growing. My blood vessels thickened unnaturally about my arm as I gripped my hand about the stone, cutting into it as easily as if it were brittle and dry dough. I felt the flow of power sliding into my arm, pulsating and forcing my arm to grow ever further, the growth affecting my other hand and arm equally, and letting go of my dick, letting it eject another stream of cum while I leaned backward, allowing myself to be counterbalanced by its weight, I looked at my other hand, watching it grow, watching it grow strong!

I growled again and snarled, laughing and spitting froth between my teeth as if I were a mad dog, and forcing myself to a stand, my penis swelling longer and thicker, my body growing larger, I rose to my ever growing full height and slumped, leaning against the stone while my heart beat made my prick and nads and nipples beat and pulsate..

"Luna!" I growled, my voice deepening into a decided growling baritone as my shoulders broke apart and widened, separated into a dozen muscle striations and flared even wider; my spine deepening as my back pushed outward, forming a great muscle hump between my shoulders and feeling the energy, feeling the unlocking powers inside me, I fed the power, added my own to it, and let it grow!

I needed strength, I needed that power... For my Luna!

I raised my hands toward the halo of the moon, snarling in my utter most pleasure at it, barking loudly as my chest thrust forward with a crunch, my bones thickening and bulging further outward with a series of cracking explosions that sounded like frozen trees shattering in the dead of a cold, cold night. My chest muscles doubled and redoubled in thickness, bundles of muscle chords radiating about my arms like starbursts appearing while my nipples erected and stood on end along their lower edges of those powerful pectorals even as my cock erected upward now.

I roared, I bellowed my calls and flexed my body, forcing it to grow faster, forced more of the energy and power into my hardening bones and steeling musculature, clenching my ass tight as it hardened, my thighs bulging and rippling outward with more muscle while my body grew taller and larger, wider and thicker...

I needed more power... More!

I tapped that power, I pulled it in, reached into the world around me and sucked it in... Any that I could receive no matter how bright or how dark that power was. My biceps billowed and bulged forward, flaring wider as they bisected into their two separate halves, and then each half rippling into chorded bundles that stood out and thinned my fur thanks to their thickness. My triceps billowed backward from my arms every bit as thick as my biceps, forming a great muscled horseshoe that supported my hardening elbows while my forearms broadened, my wrists widened and my hands enlarged.

"Ah!" I gasped and exhaled more frothing spit, my ears growing longer and my body arching backward as my spine and body swelled and thickened even further backward.

My feet broadened and lengthened, the claws on the ends of them hooking downward and penetrating the earth for more support, each of my toes broadening and thickening while my calves flared and my knees thickened to support my weight. My thighs cut themselves and creased themselves, the individual muscles thickening all about my form as my body grew harder and heavier, so heavy that I began to create deep footprints in the soft earth from my immense weight.

My penis arched suddenly and hardened then, and with a gasp I ejected another stream of my seed before I staggered backward, holding my head as it seemed to explode slowly, the bones thickening and my head broadening as it rose atop a lengthening neck. Those neck muscles combined with my flaring back, and they broadened ever wider till they were spanning straight from my wolfen head directly to my flaring and bulbous shoulders.

My middle began to harden and ripple, each abdominal muscle laying one over the other, some of them overlapping each other as my body flared wider, my bones thickening and bulging inside my body, and I heard a great many clicks, breaks and crunches as the network of my skeleton hardened and formed fused junction points to help support all this growing muscle. The mutation of my skeleton forced my even further outward, banding the top of my ribs with four immense pectorals that overlapped each other, my shoulders cleaving and thickening to the sides of my body as they engulfed the tops of my arms.

I groaned as my cock began to throb, turning redder than ever as it beat powerfully between my legs, and I gasped, trying to suck air in amidst my lungs being squeezed tightly by my empowering body, huffing and puffing for every breath of air. I snarled as I fell to my knees, trying to hold it all in, but I kept growing, filling outward as my fur thinned in some places, thickened in others, and I felt all those many traits that were lost to me at birth begin to fill inside me all over again, and I cried out for mercy from this pain and pleasure... but at the same time, cried out for more.

All to save my Luna.

I watched my child's lover changing, saw the shell of his physical form billow, but also saw the raging maelstrom-like a black storm lit with green lightning inside his body that was trying to outgrow his form.

"Merciful Gaia... What a monster!" I gasped where I stood in the spirit realm, backing up as ethereal energies radiated toward him along the ground... As if he were a vortex of spiritual energy, and if I wasn't careful, he'd suck me in too...

"Grow, son of my soul sister. Grow... And save my baby." I said, and the spirits empowered this wolf as the spirits untapped all his incredible innate powers.

It burned... It burned like silver.

Only once had I ever felt silver cut me... It had been when I was touching father's sword when I was younger, and I cut my hand on the edge. It was a slice no larger than a paper cut, but it burned my hand something fierce. This was as if it was all over... My whole form, everything about me was being rewritten... Eighteen years of life.

My body groaned as it broadened to titan proportions, my body hardening as it tensed from all my hardening tendons becoming like piano wires, all my muscles becoming like steel cables, my forearms swelling and flaring straight to my wrists, which ended in huge massive paws with daggers for claws.

Between my legs, I felt my penis throbbing hard, pulsating as blood continued to load into it, my face pushing forward, my neck thickening as my neck flared and my back rippled outward. The lean muscle mass of my body seemed to be exploding outward... As if all that weight lifting I'd done all my life was finally being unlocked and used, finally being realized. Biceps billowed forward, triceps swelled backward, thighs flared and thickened, cleaving huge muscle masses out of my body everywhere one could see.

"Ah!" I growled, gnashing my teeth where my canines had grown into saber-like teeth, each one overlapping completely the row of teeth opposite them within my great mouth, my mane of hair falling off the side of my head as I gripped at the ground and felt my back billow all the more.

That pulsating throbbing, billowing mass inside my loins swelled outward even more and I knelt down, gripping it and slowly caressing it, snarling with my pleasure as I gripped it with both hands and began to pump it, caress it. My arms swelled thicker with each caressing slide, my chest swelling forward and wider as my head grew ever larger.

I grit my teeth hard and felt my cock tense as it unloaded a mass of more of my seed, dripping out of the end of my dick as the burning incredible energy of my sexuality rose inside my chest now, and the hard, lean muscle continued to grow and bulge all over my body.

But then something else happened, and my back began to billow outward so much that I felt this energy, this power suffusing my form, tearing open my flesh. My whole upper body spread apart while my back billowed open, revealing the light that was in me as the slices slid up and down my spine, breaking the many muscles of my back apart like a volcano growing from the earth. Energy and power flared from those cracks and breaks and swirled outward, forming large radiating spikes of my life energy, great green things that grew longer and longer, narrowing and curling, weaving something beautiful against my back as it acted as muscles and sinews.

More slices broke open against my arms, and a solid, powerful energy slid from me, encircling my head like a cowl and making my white mane shine with my green energy, energy that likewise slid over my nose almost to the tip, flaring against my back, filling me with power.

I snarled, looking down to my great hands, both of which were swelling and broadening larger than ever, each finger growing thick to support a huge claw that was more akin to a bear than it was to a wolf. I licked my teeth of my frothing spittle and spit it from my mouth, but not before I felt the broadening jaws of my head as my maw widened, and the sharp overlapping teeth and the huge saber like canine teeth of my jaw grew even larger, thicker and longer than ever.

I collapsed forward, balancing on my toes and one hand as my penis thickened and grew heavier yet, a huge, heady thing that pulsated and throbbed excitedly between my legs, evacuating a mass of cum from my body every few seconds, with gallons of it splaying all about me to form rivulets of my seed each orgasmic climax that it accomplished.

I snarled and felt my shoulders hunch, my neck flaring wider with my broadening shoulders, even as those shoulders hardened and thickened, segmenting into even finer muscles. Beneath those muscles, my biceps and triceps grew into the sizes of vehicle tires, my forearms flaring so that they were as wide as my upper arms, and ending with hands that were as wide as my forearms. My chest lurched out even further to support those arms, the six overlapping pectorals broadening and muscling up harder and denser than ever, my back muscles rising like a hump between my shoulder blades as my upper body thickened, and my lower torso simply hardened. Dozens of abdominals and laterals lined my belly, feathering with my ribs and leading into a pair of wide, flaring wing-like dorsal muscles that then led into my back and all the riddled musculature lining it..

My narrow hips supported two thick and powerful thighs, each with a calf as thick as my thigh, and huge lengthened feet with great, massive toes, each toe with a claw like those that wee on my hands.

My tail lengthened, my back turning even further outward as my mane grew down my spine and thickened as it did, even while portions of my fur – on my biceps, on my abdominals and inner thighs – thinned till it was nearly naked flesh, while the fur on my forearms and forelegs grew thick and heavy, forming thick flowing fetlocks.

I then fell forward, bending over myself, crying out in a mixture of utter pain and utter pleasure as my head felt like it was exploding in slow motion, and I snarled as I came again, my back and body swelling steadily like a rising mountain peak right there before I scraped at the ground with my claws.

Gifts that I had inherited but never realized were making themselves known to me at long last. Gifts that I absorbed but was never able to activate, came forth and applied themselves to me, and the milk and blood of Luna, Mother, Father, Kira and Mia and others seeped into me slowly, empowering me in a cascade that billowed from my body and began to snap and hiss with green electricity even as my body swelled harder.

My flesh ripped apart it felt as the last of those gifts attached themselves to me, my muscles swelling to fill in the opening gaps, my form rippling as my muscles grew harder, and harder, and my body larger and broader.

I snarled as I fell forward onto my hands and knees now, my massive shaft beating up and down, the thing so long that it tapped against my sternum with each throbbing beat of my heart.

Licking my lips, feeling my back blossoming open all the more, I settled into this erotic, orgasmic growth, accepting all the wonderful power I'd been denied all my life, till at last the flow from inside me began to lessen. I was a hulking, massive bear wolf, and snarling, ejaculating as I did with a long gout that erupted all over the ground, I stroked myself, ridding my swollen nads of a lot of the stored seed and getting my cock to go flaccid... And for a moment I knelt there, holding my manhood in one massively clawed hand as the growing spikes of energy on my back receded into the glowing cracks of my body between the muscles while I felt the ebb and flow of my shamanic power radiating through me.

Then lifting my head, my senses flaring immediately, cutting away the darkness so well that I could see for miles in every direction, I saw the state of my beloved, saw her shining form... Even as she was being brought to stand before the elders next to male she was to marry.

Without thinking, I lunged to both my hands and feet, and ran as fast as I could to her.

Why couldn't I cry?

I wanted to cry so badly... So why couldn't I?

This was the worst day of my life... The day I would loose my beloved and be forced to cleave myself and bare the young to a strange male... Where my only function was as a glorified servant who had the privilege of breeding with a young lord. A trumped up whore... Not a mate.

Goddess above, Goddess below... I thought inwardly. Save me!

"We gather at this time in the sight of the goddess, witnessed by the packs, to unite Luna, daughter of Lupin, to Rin, son of Aaron." The lore master said, and I automatically lowered myself to my knees with my future mate, who gripped my hand as if I was about to run away.

I looked sidelong at this young lord, and he looked lecherously back at me, obviously not able to wait for the 'honeymoon' in which I'd be unceremoniously raped before he went to go find another mistress to lie. I don't know how I knew his intentions for certain, but I knew... I could see it in his eyes.

Goddess... Please! I cried inside my head.

The Lore Master, the elder of ceremonies, went into a tirade of what it meant to be bonded lifemates, both for me and for my new husband. But I didn't even listen to that. I was so upset... upset that my beloved didn't come to claim me at this last moment... That he'd leave me to this fate.

"Rin... Do you take this maiden, Luna, as your bonded lifemate?" the lore master was saying then, and I tensed.

"I do." Rin said, and pulled on my hand a little, and I looked at him, keeping my head bowed.

"And do you Luna; take this wolf Rin, to..."

"Stop." a voice said then, and there was a muttering gasp through all the gathered Lycan here and everyone looked around for the voice... But I recognized it. It was deeper, it possessed some menace, but I recognized it, and I turned my head straight toward it. "Enough of this fracas. Luna cannot marry this Wolf... For she is already spoken for." the voice continued, and all heads turned to a pair of silvery glowing eyes shining from the woods behind the backs of a multitude of wolves and wolfesses.

"Enough... SILENCE!" the lore master cried and lifted his robed arms to call for it. "You... Who are you?" he directed at the voice.

"I am Nathan, Son of Peter Wolfe. I am here to stake claim on my mate, Luna."

The muttering rose immediately, and individuals moved away from the presence, talking heatedly amongst each other, and the gossip expounded everywhere.

"You!" Lupin surged forward with a snarl. "How dare you bespoil this sacred ceremony with your..."

"ENOUGH!" Nathan suddenly bellowed, and all sound save for his voice stopped all sound, and Lupin noticeably cringed. The woods shivered around where Nathan was as he moved forward to the edge of the shadows, and I saw the glimmer of his teeth. "Defiler... Betrayer... Hypocrite... You who turn your own wife and daughter into whores for your own gain... You are one to talk about bespoiling sacred ceremonies."

"Look Nathan," Rin said and stood over me. "Lupin has given Luna to me... Lest of course," he chuckled and rubbed his forehead. "A runt like you'd like to challenge me for her."

There was silence... And then there was a low rumbling, and a growl, and strangely, a crack of thunder split overhead, and looking up, one could see the gathering force of unnatural clouds, dark and black and billowing rapidly into place. They obscured the stars and split the heavens with lightning again. Powerful... Utterly powerful magics flowed through the clearing to the point where even I could feel them as Nathan edged forward and rose from his squatting position, and I felt my jaw drop as he did.

A monstrous creature, eighteen feet in height, with huge powerful arms and rippling muscle, and the largest maleness I've ever seen hanging from his pelvis over a pair of grapefruit sized nads. I instinctively pursed my lips and felt my eyes widen as I stared at that maleness.

"I accept your challenge Rin." this creature said with Nathan's voice, his eyes wide and shining silver, the grooves of his body between the steeled packs of his musculature likewise shining silver... Save for his forearms, forelegs, and a stripe down the back of his head and back that were all emerald green in color and wafted with ethereal magics.

Rin gaped at Nathan along with everyone else as Nathan stepped forward, leaving huge footprints in the ground with each step as he flexed claws that were like curving daggers.

"Do you still wish to keep your claim upon my mate, Prince Rin?" Nathan said as he came to stand over Rin, lifting one lip to show how long his teeth had become.

Rin Looked at Nathan, then at me, and licking his lips he then turned to Lupin.

"Lord Lupin... Though your generosity of offering up your daughter to me is most gracious, I'm afraid that I must decline in the face of her true suitor."

Nathan smirked as Rin hurried to the edge of all the wolves with his tail tucked between his legs.

"You..." Lupin began as Nathan came to stand between my father and me. "...you ruined everything... You..."

"No!" someone screamed, and the crowd was forced open as Kor lurched outward. "She's mine! Only I will take her!" There was more talk about how wrong such a statement was, but Kor definitely meant it. "You... I will kill you! I will sheathe my claws with your blood." and Kor dashed forward toward Nathan, and my love stayed his ground. He even moved to shield me from the rushing onslaught that was my half brother.

But even as Kor lifted his claws to attack, Nathan lazily lifted his hand and backhanded Kor with those massive paws of his, paws that were so large that they were literally as wide as his forearms. Kor was thrust backward and landed heavily on the ground, bouncing once as he did before he remained silent and unmoving. He'd been knocked unconscious even before his body came to a halt at Nathan's feet.

"Any more challengers?" Nathan growled and decidedly looked toward father, and I watched with remarkable satisfaction as father shrunk before Nathan, his tail between his legs. "Good... Then the Challenge is concluded... I take my mate."

And Nathan turned to me and squatted downward. I followed his massive cock as it dangled and even rested on the ground as he squatted, wondering immediately on how on Earth we could mate like this... But then he was cradling me, picking me up within his arms with surprising gentleness, and he looked at me for a moment or two, smiling at me, just before he dipped his long muzzle and found my pussy and began to lick it hungrily with a long wolfen tongue. I reacted... I moaned and gasped... And then cried out as I orgasmed amidst that tongue probing inside my body, never minding the crowd about me. Once he had that from me, lapping up the juices that escaped me, he carried me off even as the storm above us split with falling rain.

I carried my prize as she sighed with nearly every breath, her breasts leaking her milk, her form arching every now and again in sensuous ecstasy with the magic that I'd instilled inside her. My every step carried us away as I held her like a little girl, bringing her far away from the Howl, far away from her father, far away from everyone, and brought her to a hidden glade amidst softly falling autumn rain that was still warm with the air before I squatted and laid her down amidst the moist grasses. My penis began to erect then as I dipped my head and kissed her on her lips, kissed her passionately, my erection sliding powerfully up along her body, inserting itself between the many

mounds of breasts and mammary that decorated her bodice, and she lifted her hands to hold its powerfully throbbing mass as my rut began to arise in full swing again.

Pheromones escaped my pores like rising vapor that it was so powerful, and Luna gasped as she hugged my erection to her, but looking up at me, the echoes and sounds of the rain pattering against her body showed her to me in that instant to have become a hundred times more lovely with my enhanced senses. But as she looked at me, she voiced her concerns to me.

"What took you so long?" she mused, and arched her back, rubbing her soft-furred but firm body against the underside of my cock.

"Forgive me," I said in my lowered voice, which rumbled inside my deeply thrusting chest. "I had some growing up to do."

I lowered myself to my knees, my cock and balls residing along her bodice, and she gasped, looking down at their throbbing mass as they continued to thicken and swell along her body.

"B-beloved... I... Fear that I cannot take you." she said, swallowing in fear of my mass.

I reached down and cradled her face, palming the whole side of her head with my massive hand, and she turned her face into my grasp and kissed my great thumb. Mt hand was so large that it covered the whole of one side of her head.

"You will be able to, but you aren't strong enough yet." I said and closed my eyes tightly as I tensed, feeling a load of my seed slide into the underside of my dick where it resided and continued to back build. I gasped... Needing her, holding off my desires for sex and groaned as my erection filled to its new and mighty pinnacle and began to throb massagingly along her body. "Beloved... I have something for you to do... A task. I need your healing arts, your abilities as a woman, and by using them, you will become stronger."

"What do you need me to do?" she gasped, breathing quickly, practically hyperventilating as I bent my head to kiss her forehead, and then her lips.

"Y-you must suckle from me. Drink... As much as you can."

She looked at me, I could feel her gaze, sense her features as she focused on me, till she looked down at the great, thick and flaring head of my cock before her face, and the deep pee-hole that was clenching tightly to hold back the torrent that was loading inside me. Gifts of the Lycan passed through the mucus membranes... Which made our gifts sexually transferable. But in order for the strongest of my gifts to make it into her body, she had to digest them... Incorporate the gifts I possessed into her blood, and the quickest way of doing that was to draw them from my seminal fluids. Luna didn't even think about it. Holding onto my cock with both her long and slender fingers, she licked and lapped at the head of my shaft with her long tongue, and then kissed the hole at the very end while I stemmed off the flow into my prick from my body with one hand clenching my erection near my nads.

Ever so subtly, she began to suck.

My Nathan had become so powerful, so strong... I nearly feared doing what I was now doing, but I did it anyways...

He was in pain from his sexuality being so powerful inside him, and whatever his tongue had done to my sex when he first carried me, it had instilled a desire, a need for him, and I wanted his mass inside my body.

And so I did as he asked...

I'd sucked on his dick many times before, but never had I inherited anything from him from doing so... So I was very, very surprised, that consuming even a few ounces of his seed suddenly energized me, a wash of his enzymes and hormones, the nutrients of his seed and all the power that flowed in his ejaculate flowed into me even from the first swallow.

I closed my eyes as I felt that liquid heat slide down my throat and into my gullet, and there it evaporated and immediately slid into my blood. I made a sound of pleasure as my pussy suddenly grew hot and steamy amidst the rain, my labia swelling thickly to press against my inner thighs while my clit erected and quivered like the stamen of a flower within the bowl of my loins, and opening my mouth wider I began to stroke him with my lips, cheeks and tongue, sucking solidly on his tip and swallowing mouthful after mouthful of his sweet and sour ejaculate that slid into my mouth.

The ropy, sticky fluids filled my mouth till my cheeks bulged, slipping passed my lips here and there to dribble down my chin, but I drank as much as I could, sucked in as much as I was able, and every mouthful of the stuff filled me, energized me, burned inside me as it flowed through my veins. I felt my arteries and veins swelling, throbbing in my neck, head and breasts, pulsating in my arms and legs, radiating through my back, and I felt the pulse beating in my pussy and in all my nipples, making my cunt sopping wet as my juices leaked from me and my teats moist with my leaking milk. And I swallowed more, and then I began to change.

It was like a second adulthood ceremony, as his ropy seminal juices flowed into me with each mouthful, I felt the energy within it slide silkily down my throat and into my gullet, where it immediately evaporated and slid into the rest of my body. My body then reacted as my sexuality was empowered, and between my legs, I felt an unquenchable fire light as my vaginal lips puffed outward, each of the feminine love muscles swelling outward, pressing against my inner thighs, prompting me to flop my legs open and caress my moistening pussy with one hand before dipping several fingers into my ripening honey pot.

I moaned around the massive cock in my mouth, kneading it with one hand and swallowing more of the tantalizing juices. My breasts began to bulge and swell steadily then, filling so large that they pressed against my biceps, grew mountainous atop my chest, covering my sternum and ribs while my secondaries rapidly bulged to half the size of my primaries, and my tertiaries were all firm lumps resting on each of my abdominals. All of them were filling with growing glandular might, the glands themselves rapidly swelling with milk. My areola swelled wider and puffed outward into crowns, and atop each crown was a firmly erect teat that towered outward and formed nibs at their ends.

My sexual juices began to stir and then flow as milk leaked from my breasts even as my pussy became sopping wet thanks to my kneading fingers there, while my clit grew thicker, harder and longer, dragging the muscles from my insides upward with it while my breasts enveloped my bodice and warmed my love's powerful maleness between them.

My beating heart inflated my sexuality, and with each pump my tits swelled larger, my pussy became stronger, and I arched my body gasping for air as my love ejected a quick burst against my throat, mouth and chin before I began suckling from him again.

As my breasts swelled so large that they became hairless, so firm with milk that they ejected my cream upon my lover's chest ever few heart beats, the power I was absorbing then found new places to push itself into, and ever so slowly, my bones and my muscles and sinews began to grow stronger. My beloved lowered himself against me, bracing his incredible weight above me while he kissed my forehead, and then the bridge of my nose, and dipping his head he found one of my engorging teats and licked it clean of the milk, opening his mouth wide to accept a minute burst of my creamy and thickening milk, before his lips gently closed about my teat and began to suck.

His other hand began to knead my other breast as he rest himself solidly, every so often clenching his prick to eject more of his cum into me, and the head of his erection swelled and flared whenever he did, forcing my jaw almost painfully open, but also forced me to guzzle several cups of that creamy juice of his. And all the while beneath his massive body, I began to grow longer and taller, my body firming up steadily as my muscles now began to thicken

along with my bones and juices, and when I couldn't stand it anymore, I pushed against my love's navel with one hand, getting him to rise before I slid from him, swallowing hard as he stemmed off the flow of his seed with one hand about the base of his prick.

I kept my eyes upon him as I rose, arching my back and thrusting my swelling chest forward while my body throbbed and engorged steadily, my form lengthen and broadening and swelling with piling muscle as I spread my legs wide to reveal my throbbing pussy. I moaned and bit my lower lip as my pussy clenched hard as I tried to hold back the flow, but as I rose all the more, the warm rain cooling my body and washing off the gathering sweat and our love juices from our bodies, I laid against him, felt that long, hard beating cock beneath my pussy, and groaning, I ejected a jet of my nectar from my pussy that splattered his hand and nads, just before I kissed him.

Murring deep in my throat as I slid down his body, licking and kissing his throat and then his chest, dragging all my breasts sensuously down his form, I once again felt his erection slide between my mammaries, just before I hugged it to my body and began to suck from him again, opening my mouth wide and swallowing more of his jizm as the falling rain washed our bodies off.

I drank, and drank, loosing all passage of time as my head filled with the sensuality of my growing body. My spine arched outward, cracking one vertebrae after the next from each spine thickening and turning outward, forcing my back apart as it cleaved in thirds and then roiled and boiled with my thickening muscles that were all swelling so as to help support the massive and enormous mammaries adorning my dual-layered chest. My arms and legs grew broader, each individual muscle mass cutting itself out of my once sinuous legs and bubbling outward and hardening into more and more powerful muscles. My whole body hardened, retaining a solid layer of fat over my body that softened my sexual body as it advanced into finer and finer degrees of feminine muscle that not only made me larger and more physically powerful, but likewise enhanced my sensuality, my curvaceous form, and my erotic demeanor with every passing second.

I supped upon my love's cock as he thrust minutely into my mouth, cradling my head while my eyes rolled back in my skull to stare him in the face. I immediately became sorry that he couldn't see my eyes like other wolves did. I wanted to hold his gaze...

But then my breasts heaved and I moaned as I swallowed another load of his seed, and I felt the swollen sacks of woman-flesh engorging with thickening mammary glands, forcing my sagging tits to round outward and swell as they were compressed with my flaring pectorals pushing in behind them. My milk flushed those milk ducts thick with sloshing milk that added pounds of heavy water weight to my breasts minute by minute, and with the growth, the filling of that growth with milk and the compression of my chording chest muscles My mammaries were forced to stretch further and further outward.

My whole body was focusing itself to support my growing mammaries, reinforcing itself and steeling bones here and thickening muscles there all so that I could wield those growing and massive edifices that lined my bodice and leaked their creamy and silken milk. My bodice and my back flared so as to allow them to grow larger, my chest muscles thickened in order to support them, my spine curved outward greatly in order to counterbalance them, and my body thickened and hardened with more and more muscular power just so that I could move freely with them, even should they be fully laden with my milk. My shoulders swelled and cleaved into their many secondary muscles, those supporting enormous biceps and flaring triceps, and bulging forearms so as to heft and move my weighty and monumental mammaries, my hands enlarging so as to cup them, my fingers strengthening so as to please them.

I swallowed another mouthful of his seed, and I swallowed, my jugular bobbing outward momentarily while my back bloomed outward, forming a small muscle hump between my shoulders while all my ribs thickened and bloomed outward, opening like the petals of a beautiful flower inside me even as my navel and middle compressed and tightened. I swallowed again and as his powers suffused my feminine form, my body taking in all the incredible muscular might of the bear-wolves, I suddenly felt the eighteen year spell that had been wrought upon my body transform by that strength I was absorbing, the power of the great magic wrought upon me and etching layer upon

layer of my feminine body, forced all that power to carve my body, into greater and greater sexual forms, all so as to make me more sensually arousing while at the same time increasing its might many fold.

But then a secondary purpose of my body suddenly took affect as the transformations slid down my form, curving and broadening my once slender back more, forcing my breasts to grow ever greater in size, and as the energy and power slid down my navel and into my loins, I felt a fire settle directly behind the walls of my vaginal mound, and I felt my sexual power suddenly climb exponentially. And my body transformed to support that growing power as my hips broadened massively, rounding my pelvic bones to create a great bowl apt for child-birthing. As my hips widened it increased the gap between my thighs, and reaching down between my thickening legs, I fingered my pussy as I ejected a jet of hot sticky nectar all over my inner thighs and the ground. I felt my vaginal lips growing longer, my slit lengthening while my clit bulged; the little thing throbbing as blood was slammed into it, forcing it to engorge larger and erect outside of my body, dragging my vaginal muscles outward along with it. Those lips broadened to continually press against my thighs as my bottom rounded further outward, each butt cheek thickening as my pussy compressed right into the wedge at the basses of those large firming butt cheeks.

Even as my lower body developed, Nathan gripped my shoulders and began landing kissed upon my face and nose, and I felt his hands sliding down my bodice, massaging my breasts, and then my bottom, gripping my butt cheeks in his large hands and holding me there while I swallowed yet more of his seed, some of it escaping my mouth and sliding down in between my breasts. My pelvis pushed forward as my abdominals rapidly began to crease repeatedly, increasing the number of abdominals lining my belly, rapidly adding half again their number, and then increasing half again on top of that, doubling my empowering and muscled belly with all that incredible strength.

I moaned and caressed the mighty phallus in my mouth, licking it with my tongue while my thighs billowed and my calves bulged, and as I tightened my thighs together, lifting my tail, I caressed my insides with my coaxing hand, and I came again in yet another torrent even as my chest pushed forward and separated my enormous breasts from each other. Down my legs the power cut itself, thickening every tendon, broadening my feet and enlarging my toes before it slid back up my body, lengthening my tail as it wagged happily at my backside, before it slid upward and carved finer and finer muscles from my back.

With a series of crunches, every bone in my body began to enlarge, and my diminutive self engorged into a monster the sort that only humans told of us Lycan.

My bottom swelled and flared, either of my thighs thickened and rounded, the muscles growing long and sinuous, my calves flaring, my feet widening... and as I came up for air, my love came against me, spurting his juices all over my neck and breasts, and opening my mouth to lap them up, squeezing the scar of his circumcision to hold him off as I took a moment to lick my body free of his spooge, I felt a vitalizing energy swell within me, just before I looked up at my love and smiled.

And then I lifted an arm and flexed it... Amazed as my arm swelled three times, and then five times... then Eight times over with bulging muscle! I murred and then looked down at my body as it continued to strengthen and grow, and then lowering myself, I opened my mouth and slid my teeth and jaws fully around the head of his cock, and then lifted my eyes to look into his face again as my massive breasts filled his lap.

He was breathing heavily, caressing my jowls with his hands while I breathed heavily through my nostrils, my body sticky with his cum all over me. His silvery glowing eyes were only half open as he tried to hump my mouth with minute motions, and arching my neck, I did a trick that he was obviously not prepared for, something I'd never done with him, and I slid forward onto his shaft, feeling his twitching manhood slide into my throat and eject a burst of his seed right into my belly.

I'd long since learned to suppress my gag reflex in order to do this trick, and swallowing repeatedly, I got him to cum almost immediately again before I drew myself off him again, stroking his mighty shaft as more of the energy in that viscous seed suffused my body.

Squeezing the flow off again, I rose yet again, clawing at his body with my sharp claws sliding against his flesh but not cutting at it. I gasped for air... Feeling dizzy, feeling stupid as I swallowed my most recent mouthful, licking my teeth and my lips while my body grew hot from the change.

I'd swollen to at least thrice my previous weight... And I was still growing! But what was more was that I was now large enough to take him...

Rising to my feet and releasing his throbbing cock, I stood before him though, arching my body and looking down at him between my many breasts as my pussy throbbed against his sternum, leaking my juices constantly down his neck and chest while he palmed my lower back and bottom about my tail, he gripping one butt cheek of mine firmly even as he repeatedly kissed my bulging abdominal muscles and pubic fur. I felt a shot of his cum lance against my bottom, but I didn't care... I merely climbed up to sit on his chest as he laid there against the rocks, and with one hand, I spread open the folds of my pussy while my body continued to grow larger, stronger and meatier... All apparently to support my immense sexuality.

Nathan dipped his head forward as I'd hoped, gripping my bottom with both hands now in order to support me, spreading the cheeks open as I rested one thigh on his chest and rose up on tip toe with my other foot against his massive thigh, and I felt his tongue lap at the vaginal juices that were leaking from me. He kissed my womanhood and then lapped at it again even as I came onto his chest in another torrent that burst from me, just before I felt his tongue slide up inside my body and lick my insides. The hormones and enzymes in his saliva were absorbed immediately by the fleshy insides of my womanhood, arousing me even more as I grew steadily inch by inch both upward and outward, my body continuing to flare and thicken, but now I knew that I needed him in me... Needed his power inside me as I swallowed some of his seed that hadn't fully gone down yet, just before I slid away from his probing lips and tongue and slid down his body.

I felt that throbbing mass of his maleness press against my bottom and I immediately arched my hips, rolling my waist till my pert pussy found the head of his cock, just before I sat on it.

Biting my lower lip, I felt his mass steadily press against the burning heat of my pussy that was steaming in the cooling air of the rain, the vaginal lips that gated my insides slowly spreading open, stretching almost painfully about his manhood before I lowered myself another inch, rocking and rolling my hips while my breasts jostled as my hips suddenly bucked, and tenuously I felt the lips of my cunt slam shut about the scar of his circumcision once the head had passed the gates of my womanhood, just before flaring once again into the muscular mass of his masculine power.

It pushed up inside me as I descended, and standing flat on my feet before him, with him sitting down, I felt the knobby mass just inside my bowels, and I caressed the lips my pussy and the top of his shaft with one hand just before I pressed against him and kissed him before holding onto his thickly flaring neck... or lack thereof.

Lovemaking with my beloved had never been so arduous as I felt my body continue to change and swell, Nathan cradling my still smaller body as he gripped my bottom and spread the cheeks open to allow me to slide onto him more easily as I grew. But as I did grow... As I transformed, absorbing all this strength, changing his gifts so that they were able to reside in my feminine form, I felt a lust rise within my body, and my vision blurred, gaining a red tint to it that super-defined everything that I saw. My jaws broadened, my cheeks firming up and my teeth lengthening, and just as a lightning bolt cascaded across the sky, I screamed in ecstasy, releasing all my love for him as my teeth and jaws suddenly strengthened, each tooth lengthen with spurts of growth, my neck growing longer as it flared wider, my throat deepening, and the next thing I knew I'd fastened my jaws upon the bridge of my love's neck and shoulder, piercing his flesh with all my teeth, just as a torrent of his hot, passionate blood seeped into my mouth.

I lapped it up with my tongue, clenching my jaw repeatedly to squeeze out more blood, my lips turning crimson as I drank, my body reacting as I began to hump him.

I gripped his arms with my claws, my muscles bulging all about me, cutting swaths beneath my flesh as individual muscle striations thickened in waves about me, even as my body began to crack and groan with my skeleton swelling and realigning, mutating in order to hold all my rapidly increasing body mass. I slid up and down on his powerful maleness, jerking my hips in order to bump and strike that erection within my body, and coming up for air after feasting upon a good gallon of my love's blood, roaring in an animalistic rage as I breathed out, I swallowed the last of his blood that was in my mouth, and then I croaked suddenly as his jaws fastened about my neck, holding my fast there, breaking the skin as his wound healed itself almost immediately, and he drank from me.

This was the blood bond... an instinctual Lycan ritual that was done exclusively between soulmates. It held precedence over all other bonds and rituals. In that moment as we shared each other's life blood like that... I became bonded to him eternally, and he to me. He was mine... Now and forever, and there was nothing that father could do or say about it. I laughed once his jaws opened and he licked my wounds clean as they healed themselves even more quickly than his did, and dipping my head I licked the wound that I'd caused, even as my body slid right onto his lap... Driving his mighty sword to the hilt.

My whole body clenched around his form then, my form hardening as it bulged larger and wider, my back arching further with a muscle hump, my arms bulging with womanly might, his blood continuing to change me as I felt dizzy again, but only so much as he laid me on my back amidst the falling rain, my innards bulging from his mass inside my body as he now took to humping my pussy and churning my insides with that massive rod. I gurgled as his shaft pressed somewhere just beneath my throat it felt like. I was pretty sure that my heart and lungs had been forced out of the way of that battering ram-like phallus of his.

But then I felt a trembling between my legs, and a tensing as my love knelt between my spread open thighs, and he began to rock more fiercely into my pussy, his hands reaching beneath me to pick my lower body up, and gripping my butt cheeks in either hand, he pulled the strong muscles apart and began hammering at my insides with the head of his shaft, and I gasped, and then groaned, my body laying placatingly before this frost white and emerald green god... Just before he came inside me.

It was like a dull explosion inside my chest as he offloaded what felt like several gallons of his seed inside me, and I moaned as the pressure inside my body suddenly increased before our combined fluids leaked from my insides, spilling over my butt cheeks and tail, moistening my puckered anus and making my lower body slick and sticky from our combined juices.

He came again and again into me, offloading both nads of his ejaculate, continuing over and over again as he filled my insides with seed, filled me with his strength and power which filled my bowels to overflowing. Some of that strength was absorbed through my loins now and allowed me to grow stronger, larger, healthier, and more beautiful yet... My mane of hair billowing about my head as my chest swelled outward to even larger heights, making my breasts tight against my chest.

I moaned again and came as well, my insides clenching about him as my body rippled with growing muscle and hardening bones both front and back... But despite all of his seed that I was absorbing, I felt... I felt some of it gather about a point inside my navel. I gasped... Feeling my life and his life co-mingling inside my body... Growing closer and closer together, until at long last... It united. Like a switch being flipped, I felt a part of me and a part of him cut off from ourselves, and inside my body it begin to merge and grow... Changing as it was ignited by the spark of life.

At the end of his climax, Nathan rose, his ears swiveling randomly atop his head as he breathed heavily with the exertion of the climax, his breath coming out as hot steam thanks to some power inside him that filled his chest with the heat of a furnace. His senses were all on me, I knew, and I reached up and palmed his face with my now much larger and stronger hands, my fingers decorated with long curving white claws.

"My sweet lord." I gasped, and tensed as he slid deeper inside me, his phallus having limped slightly, but it was still thick enough and firm enough to rub against my insides, and he still had some ejaculate that was squeezed from him and into me. "We've done it!"

"This is war!" Lupin shouted, pointing a finger at Peter. "I will not stand these injustices! My daughter has been taken away without my permission by your bastard of a child. This is war, and there is no other way to satisfy this except for blood."

I stood quietly, watching the proceedings, holding my staff with its turtle shell rattle in the confines of the forest just outside the goings on of what was unfolding behind me. Eighteen years of watching... And it was finally unfolding at its climax before my very eyes.

"Damn you, Lupin! Damn you to hell!" Peter bellowed back at the forefront of his whole family. It was difficult to say as to whether or not he was protecting all of them, or just trying to be the first in the fray. "If you want to fight me, then fight me you insolent coward! You gutless rapist and abuser of your own child."

"Silence!" an elder called out. "Both of you calm down! This can be solved peacefully... I'm sure if we..."

"No... It cannot." a voice said amidst the sounds of falling rain, and the gathered Lycan stirred as Nathan stepped from the shadows... And by the look of his sheathed manhood and greatly diminished satchel at the base of it that had compressed tightly between his legs... He'd worked off his Rut.

"You! Get your hands off my daughter! Get your... Your..." his voice trailed off as Luna entered the subtle light of the moon peaking through the waning storm clouds. Bright and beautiful, she'd become erotically muscular, with every shape of her body arousing to see... With two great primaries attached to her chest that were larger than even Natasha's! And that was saying something. "What have you done to my child?!"

"Like you care about her." Nathan said, and lifting a muscular arm, Luna slid automatically into his side. "But regardless... I claim her as my lifemate... We've shared the Blood bond."

"No!" Lupin gasped, and I could just see all his many plans slip away in his eyesight with that one statement. "Regardless! I am her father! She is mine to protect and guard, and I say who she marries or bonds with... Your claim is nothing..."

"...Compared to my child... Currently growing in her womb." Nathan said calmly.

With that statement... Lupin's final claim as Luna's blood relative faded away like a puff of smoke. I smirked at the utter failing of my former insolent student.

"Though these statements stop war..." Nathan said with a deep rumble in his voice. "They do not stop the need for blood to be spilled... Namely, Lupin... Yours."

"What?!" Lupin barked. "What Lunacy is this?"

"Abuse of your child Luna. Abuse of your former wife Jenna. Ignoring the constant raping of your daughter from a laundry list of individuals including your own son Kor. Engaging in the forbidden act of consoling with a fallen werewolf, namely The Crone, in the act of artificially altering their bodies for your own gain, with not only your daughter... But also with your wife."

The silence was absolute, and my smirk became a broad smile as I stepped forward into the rain from under the cover of a tree to watch the proceedings better.

"How dare you sully my name? How dare you?"

Nathan looked to Luna, and without looking back at him, she nodded, and cradling her enlarged form against him, Nathan excited with his magic powers what I knew to lie upon Luna's body, and her body suddenly illuminated from

the inside, showing the cuts and marks of hundreds of aggravated wounds that formed an unmistakable soul burn made in the form of an ancient spell.

"What you are looking at is a forbidden art that was conducted upon Luna, and was likewise conducted upon her mother before her. It is forbidden because in order to use it, a body must be flayed alive in order to make the tattoo marks on Luna's very bones and sinews. A mark this advanced," and Nathan stepped away, still touching Luna with one hand, to show that the marks splayed over the whole of her upper bodice both front and back. "Would've taken years to do... Nearly two decades in fact.

"And since the arts have been made forbidden and their teaching scrolls have all been burned, this leaves that only one who do the art... And of all the Lycan alive, there is only one person – one female – who can do the art."

"The Crone!" An Elder spat.

"Those... Marks could've been done by The Crone when I wasn't looking? I'm a busy wolf, bastard child... What proof do you have of my guilt... Other than some glowing lines?"

"You need proof?" I said and strode, and there was talk as I entered the ring of the council, where I was never before allowed to approach as a Ronin. "Then here is your proof!"

And I reached out, and summoned. The spirit I needed to find was very close by... She was watching the proceedings herself even, as I was sure she would be, and she was yanked magically from where she stood and placed before my palm. I smiled at her as I lent her my power, and she materialized where all could see her.

And suddenly, Lupin shrank back at the sight of Jenna... Luna's mother, as she stood before all to see... Her body glowing with a similar but less impressive mark that Luna had."

"Jenna." Lupin gasped, cursing his guilt with his own words.

Jenna looked to her hands, and then to her daughter who was staring at her wide eyed, just before Jenna stepped forward and stood before Lupin, who immediately shrank from her. Then lifting her hand, she palmed his chin and jaw, lifted his head to look at her in the eyes, and before anyone else could do else wise, Jenna reared her hand back and slapped him with all the power that I allowed her... It was enough force to knock him to the ground.

"Lupin took me as a young maiden... Innocent and alive, and he killed me." Jenna said as she stood over him with her fists balled. "Once I became his wife, in his pack, I had no rights other than those in which he gave me... And in my naivety I had no idea what that meant when I agreed to marry him.

"His demeanor for me changed in privacy, and instead of being loved... I was raped. And then one day, The Crone came to our Lodge. I was lashed to a pair of poles and The Crone cut me with her knives of silver and of iron, rubbing her foul potions into my flesh." there was a shocked murmuring from the crowd. "And when The Crone was mutilating me, forcing my body to change so that I became the beautiful centerpiece of his empire, he was raping me on a near nightly basis.

"There was no love in his touch... Only abuse.

"When I learned that I was pregnant... I ran." she paused and turned to Peter and Natalie... Nat was crying heavily as she stood there looking at her dear friend. "The Wolfe Pack took me in, nurtured me back to health, showed me love again... And helped me to bring my child to life. But due to the changes that the Crone had wrought upon my body, and being that those changes were incomplete, I was too ravaged to be able to survive giving birth... And so lost my life in the process of giving life to my daughter."

Jenna then turned back to Lupin and leveled a claw at him.

"This Wolf is a defiler of Gaia. Not one but two maidens have been mutilated by his will, and he openly invites the Fallen One, The Crone, into his household, when it is forbidden to speak with her."

"L-Lies!" Lupin gasped.

"If it were lies, then Jenna would now be evaporating into the nether." I said as I stepped forward to stand slightly behind Jenna's ghost. "A Ghost is held here by a thread of will." I said and gestured to the beautiful wolffess. "For a Ghost to lie stirs the attention of the forces of the afterlife, and they will tug on that thread. If the Ghost lies, then they deny truth, and truth is what keeps them here... If truth stopped empowering them, then they would no longer be a part of this realm... Never again able to be a part of it. "The sheer fact that this ghost hasn't evaporated, Lupin..." and I squatted before Lupin and smirked. "...Is proof enough that her words are true. You've just been proven to be a defiler *and* a liar."

"What of it!" Lupin shot.

"It means," Peter said suddenly. "That as a liar and a defiler... Your punishment can only be one thing: Death."

For once those blasted '*elders*' didn't argue the point. They all looked quite angry.

"My claim on my mate is unchallenged then." Nathan spoke out suddenly as he stepped away from Luna. I raised an eyebrow at my new student, and once Nathan no longer fanned the flames of those arcane lines on his love's body, that they didn't extinguish... But rather they suddenly flared brighter than ever, a silvery blue... But Nathan continued onward as if he didn't notice. He was blind after all... But he would nonetheless be able to sense the ether flowing through his love. "I take Luna for my mate for life, uncontested. Recognize my claim."

Nathan addressed the elders with that last bit. I smiled that he stated it instead of asked it. It was a while before any of those fool elders managed to find their minds to speak.

"So long as there are no challengers, Prince Nathan... Then Luna is yours, uncontested and..."

"NO!" a voice bellowed, and several of the wolves were thrown out of the way, and all heads snapped to who leapt into the circle.

"I am Kor, Son of Lupin. I challenge you to have Luna for my mate!" he bellowed and leapt forward on all fours, froth seeping from his mouth in his anger as he charged Nathan.

Nathan turned to meet with the attack, his arms opening to defend with those wicked claws of his, but then a shimmer of moonlight happened, and even I blinked as a body placed itself before Nathan, and I rose immediately as Luna presented herself before Kor, a moment before she snapped with her claws and arms, and planted her fists firmly around Kor's neck. She was weeping with anger it seemed as she screamed at him, squeezing her fingers about his neck as he gasped and gurgled. He scraped his claws against her arms, but she healed as if his claws were cutting water instead of flesh. She sobbed with rage as there was the sound of audible crunching as she broke his larynx with her superior strength, the crunches of his vertebrae being crushed soon followed, and then his windpipe popped. Twin gouts of blood spilled over her thumbs and forearms as she punctured his tracheal arteries, and as Kor fell limp, she continued to squeeze the life out of him, shaking him, wringing his neck before she threw him to the ground.

Nathan came up behind her and held her shoulders.

"Murder!" A cry went up from someone in the crowd. "Murder! Murder!" the voices carried onward and I saw that even Lupin was carrying the cry. The Lycan began to move forward, with the Wolfe Pack trying to stem the crowd, but it was a gesture from Nathan that summoned a lightning bolt that blasted the center of clearing and the thunder blasting everyone back that stopped their advance cold.

Nathan's power... Incredible enough to control the weather was enough to hold them at bay, and I could feel it growing still inside his form, billowing in him like roiling storm clouds.

"My mate acted as my champion for a challenge." Nathan said loudly to override any further thoughts of attack against his self or upon Luna. "She defended me in a challenge, so the death of another Lycan is forgiven because it was during a challenge!" Nathan shouted the last bit, and several individuals slunk back a pace or two. "Kor was indeed her blood brother... Born of Lupin but of a different mother. But Kor was also a rapist who raped his own sister repeatedly through the course of her life." Nathan stopped Luna from assailing Kor's body with one arm, and instead turned her to press against his body so that she might sob.

"Kor has been terminated for his crimes. I challenge anyone who says otherwise."

No one spoke for a time, and then one of the elders, the same as before, spoke.

"The Council recognizes your claim to take Luna as your Lifemate, prince Nathan." he said, swallowing heavily. "Uncontested."

"And what of Lupin?!" Jenna called suddenly, and Lupin cringed, and looking around him, rose immediately, but a solid wall of Lycan rose around him.

Like a caged beast, he wheeled on everyone, snarling, summoning his terrible powers.

"He is guilty of his crimes." another elder... The judge... Said before anyone else said. "The proof of those crimes is evident. The punishment can only be death."

Lupin looked around him, whining as he swallowed, and then bellowed one immediate word.

"Challenge!" he cried.

There was a murmur, and many were looking at each other, wondering about the precedence of challenging the word of the judge.

"I challenge for my life." He said more boldly, drawing himself up onto his toes.

"You challenge the council?" the Judge asked incredulously.

"No..." he said, and then pointed a claw at Nathan. "I challenge him.

"He's brought lies upon my name, and seeks to take my life and that of my family. He's already corrupted my daughter into murdering my own son.

"Should I win... Then the accusations against me will be dropped! And my daughter... Will pay for her crime."

"I accept." Nathan said without even a second of thought

There was a series of gasps to this acceptance and I saw Luna shaking her head fiercely, trying to stop him amidst all the talk of the crowd, she trying to dissuade him from such a fight. He merely quieted her with a hand upon her lips and a soft smile before kissing her forehead. "But!" Nathan said loud enough to override the talk and gossip. "Should I win... Then I will pronounce my own punishment upon you, Lupin."

"Accepted!" Lupin shouted. "Now stand ready, whelp! I shall show you what true power means.

This was a fight that I had yearned for... Wished for. The Goddess willing, I'd also been blessed with the strength and power to meet it.

Mother and father were considered the strongest of all werewolves. I'd long since wished to be as strong as they, and years and years of weight training that had been unrealized had been released within a few mere moments, and I've transformed into a powerhouse of impeccable might... Though taller than mother or father, I had no idea how my strength would stand up against theirs. My training in Shamanism had always shown me to have a remarkable talent at it, but now that all these gifts and powers had mixed inside me... Something... Holy... Had become of it all, instilling within me with a spiritual power that was strong enough to control the natural world around me... Bend it to my will.

But looking at Lupin, as he summoned his own powers, his muscles flaring and thickening as he grew a great deal, his fur turning jet black, black as shadows, flames burning in his nostrils, eyes and mouth, the heat billowing off him, I stood there amidst the pouring rain, sensing the world around me in every direction...

And for but a moment... I saw that my beloved Luna was safe, protected by mother and my sisters within their loving arms, with my father standing before them like a bulwark.

I smiled as I saw Lupin face me, snarling with his rage, looking like a dark and evil thing in my mind's eye. A world of light surrounded me... And he marred it like a demon.

Inside me roiled my power... It writhed and squirmed, wanting to snuff out this creature for defiling nature, and lifting my hands, I took a defensive stance, and held ready against his storm.

Lupin roared at me, flames spewing from his mouth as if he were a dragon, and then he whipped his hands at me one after the other in great long arches. What others saw were brief gashes in the earth as his power was projected toward me. What I saw were two great spinning circles that burned with the color of blood and fire, and lifting my hand one after the other, I countered his power with one circling movement of my arm and then the counter the next with a like motion, shattering his spells in an explosion of air before me, but also creating a dazzling display of bursting red light before me in my mind's eye.

I stepped forward through the disrupted light and met with Lupin who'd charged after his first attack, and extending my arm, slammed my palm against his chest and launched him backward, sending him tumbling against the ground before I righted myself.

That was too easy... But I mustn't underestimate him, just because he fell like that.

And sure enough, Lupin lifted himself, made a show to shake his head, and like throwing dirt in the eyes of an assailant, he cast his magic at me, a column of fire that I lifted my hands and blocked, disrupting the fire as it struck an invisible shield before me just before I thrust the shield forward and forced his power back at him.

Lupin tumbled out of the way and righted himself to his feet, and screaming, summoning more of his power, he was wreathed within a halo of ethereal fire that burned about his form so strongly that it was visible in both the spiritual and in the real worlds.

Drawing his hands back, twisting them to manipulate the power, moving his fingers to snag trailers of it, he screamed at me and sent the power at me, a burning column of fire tumbling through the ether to burn me.

My arms lashed outward, and a flow of power blew through me, a breath of wind that transformed immediately into a column of green lightning that erupted against Lupin's column, and we fought each other briefly, the two lances of elemental force pushing back and forth, but I stepped forward, pushing with my will harder than ever, thrusting Lupin backward onto the ground, just before I intensified the force of my power to cascade through his fire and erupt against his body.

I held the charge for several long seconds, the electricity snapping and burning his flesh before I let up, standing upright before him as I exhaled, a breath of steam escaping my mouth with the power flowing through me.

Green ether billowed out of the lines of moonlight etched in my flesh, the silvery light that roiled with my power that my flesh barely contained. My fists and forearms were encased with clawed gauntlets of living green lightning, my feet and forelegs with ethereal boots, and a facemask, hood and cloak of the same energy draped over my face, head and back as my power rose. Lupin rolled forward, setting himself against the ground as he snarled with rage, and striking the ground, creating a strike so strong that it made the earth tremble in fear, he suddenly became wreathed from head to toe in his ethereal power, becoming covered in twisting red and green flames before he charged like a possessed demon.

His claw reared backward, the sharp hooking things on his arm and body moving to rend against me, and I stood my ground.

Closer... Closer... I thought, clenching my jaw as I stared at him with my silvery eyes... Though blind, I saw better with my mind than anyone could ever hope to see with their eyes. Then at the last moment I extended my power to its fullest and screamed back at him, a bellowing roar that sounded like the screeching of some great bird, and Lupin's advance stopped.

The sight that greeted all others... Was quite visible.

Lupin... A hell hound, lit in green and red fire, his body a black shadow in the center of it all, was caught in the claws of not the young wolf that I was, but in the claws of a massive storm crow.

My power billowed from me, green and white and rippling with electricity. Though my hand was extended, my claws clasped about an invisible spot, it was the bird's talons that had clenched about Lupin's throat and held him off the ground.

Flaring wings, gossamer in size, spread wide about my body, flaring for hundreds of feet as I stood there, feeling the power of my totems fueling me, strengthening me as I squeezed at Lupin's throat and body with that power, crushing the air out of him and snuffing his power.

The great green bird flared from me, its head resting with my head, hooking over my eyes, its beak pressing forward over my muzzle, its rippling feathers of lightning and green ether fluttering about me like a great cloak. One of its mighty talons was grounded through my legs, and as I stood there, its wings flowed forward and backward, passing through all the werewolves gathered as I began to slowly crush the life out of Lupin, hating him for all the evil that he'd done...

I watched his power flow from him as I squeezed with my power, clenching my snarling jaw as he diminished in size back to his normal form.

I wanted to kill him... I wanted to end him... But in the end...

The talons opened and Lupin collapsed to the ground as the bird's talons slid down my body to walk where I walked, its great wings flapping as I walked forward, and its head lowering as I lowered mine to regard the foul wolf.

"Death is too simple of a punishment for you." I said quietly, my voice echoing as the bird around my body spoke with me. "You've cause far too much hurt and pain simply to be consigned to the ether for your crimes.

"My punishment upon you then, Lupin... Is that you live with your punishment... Feel it every morning as you wake... As the very world around you curses you for your actions." I lifted my hand and made a point with all my finger tips pressing together, and one of the bird's great claws lifted about my arm and hand before I dipped my hand downward, and my aura's claw dipped into Lupin and pulled out his contact for the Ether, and then crushed it.

Lupin howled as his power left him, and his form diminished even more in size as he writhed with the loss. When he calmed, I spoke again, the bird flaring even larger about my body as the lightning flashed and the wind howled above everyone's heads to a tumultuous gale.

"And should I ever see you again, Demon... I will personally rip out your lying tongue." I said with all malice.

Lupin, with his tail tucked between his legs, ran off, and my power lessened till I the bird diminished into gauntlets, boots and a great cloak as the wings folded at my back. Luna rushed up to me and I embraced her firmly, cradling her to me, feeling her lucid energy swelling inside her bosom.

At that moment, the moon opened up from within the clouds and bathed Luna in its silvery light, seemingly to completely ignore me in order to make her shine, and suddenly my love was enveloped within the light. Her mark, the circles of power that had been etched upon her bones and marrow lit within her body as her fur became as white as snow from head to toe.

We stood before the assembled packs... The Goddess Luna, and her mate the Ghost Dancer.

Chapter Ten: Loose Ends

"Mother?" I said aloud amidst all the dispersing wolves and wolfesses as they gossiped over what had happened tonight, truly an occasion that would be much talked about for years to come.

My mother was amidst the most beautiful of females that I knew of, or at least beautiful in the way I interpreted beauty. Father said the same, which meant that my mother was a creature who was beautiful both inside and out. Only my beloved was more of a beauty than my mother was in my mind's eye... And only my sisters came close to Mother's beauty.

Mother, Natasha Evonova Wolfe, turned to face me, and she smiled immediately. Both her primaries glistened with the Marks of the Wild that she bore, two of them, the first obtained shortly after she became a werewolf, the second shortly after Kira and I were born. Like great paw prints that were invisible in her human form, but glowed and shone softly in any of her other forms, the pair of them marked her as a great Shamaness,

"Nathan!" she mused and approached me. There was so much pride in her face as she placed her hands on my shoulders, actually having to reach up to do so. "Look at you! So handsome... So tall." she said and I smiled as she licked her thumb and wiped a smudge off my cheek.

"Mother... I would like you to do something for me... You and Kira and Mia."

"Certainly, anything you like." She was happy. Lupin was vanquished, I was finally the wolf that everyone wanted me to be, and Luna was no a permanent uncontested member of the family.

I stepped back and to one side and gestured, and my Luna, shining from within with her incredible silvery glow, stepped to my side and I then guided her against mother.

"Luna... This is my mother Natasha, though she prefers Nat or Natalie. I want you to go with her and my sisters. Be with them for the remainder of this night."

"But... Where are you going?" Luna asked, taking to rubbing her heavily muscled navel, soothing the life forces that were snapping into existence even now inside her womb.

"I have something to take care of." I said, bending my head and kissing her forehead. "Don't worry... There are no safer or gentler hands than those of whom I'm placing you within." I smiled at her, caressing her face. "After all that you've experienced in your life... I think you need this experience more than anyone."

I was... Surprised, when my love placed me within the protection of his mother and sisters. I'd always admired the women of the Wolfe Pack, always wanting to be a member of their numbers, especially as Nathan's wife, and now that I was a part of his family, I felt... very nervous. I feared that they wouldn't accept me. But soon after entrusting me to their care, his twin and his younger sister immediately came up against my side, hugging my now muscular arms with their own steady and strong arms as we followed after the Den Mother of this Pack, Nathan's mother, Natasha.

Kira and Mia began asking me questions, chatting away just like I always wanted to do... Just like a girl.

"You need to tell me what that scent is!" Mia was saying, smelling my neck. "It smells so pretty!"

"It's just some bath oils." I blushed. "Lavender and rose. I was told by the other females of the Lodge that the scent plays upon male's minds... Makes me seem more attractive to them."

Mia snuffed my fur a little more, and Kira laughed and whapped her nose.

"Don't mind Mia, sister, she speaks her mind a lot."

"Sister?" I asked.

"But of course... You're the lifemate of our brother... That makes you our sister!" Mia beamed, and both of the tall and physically powerful females hugged my arms to their own sizeable breasts.

I smiled, feeling my heart leap... I was nearly set to tears with the familiarity that Nathan's sisters were giving me.

We all walked and talked, with Miss Wolfe being silent as she led the way, till we came to a nice quiet glen that glistened with dew from the rain that was now merely sprinkling onto the world. Here, under a dry patch beneath a tree, we stopped, our fur glistening. Natasha knelt and then sat back, and as surprising as it was, she opened her arms for me.

Hesitantly, and with Kira and Mia's urgings, I went to her, and was embraced by her. Instantly I recognized this embrace... it was an embrace I'd missed all my life, had wanted all my life, and when I received it, the embrace of a mother and her daughter, I instantly settled into it and shivered, feeling Natasha's supremely massive arms settling about my body.

"Oh little dear," Natasha said as my new sisters sat about her and me. "Your mother would be so proud of you."

I felt her long bear-like claws comb my long mane, even as Mia began to style it and Kira began to decorate it with flowers. I sat upon her lap, wanting this so much, but unsure as to what to do. I decided to break the silence.

"H-how... How did you know my mother? Nathan mentioned just recently that she escaped my father and came to you."

"That's right. Three months pregnant with you in her womb." Natasha said, and forming a chair out of one upraised knee and one folded leg beneath me – she was so much larger than I was, like Nathan's father was, like Nathan himself was – she braced me before her, white furred and nude, and the only fem with breasts as large as me – or almost as large I saw, not believing I was blessed with a chest that was larger than even the great Natasha Wolfe – with so much muscle on her that she was perhaps twice my weight with it. "Jenna... Was such a perfect soul. She became my friend almost immediately.

"I think she needed someone to trust... Having gone so long without such a person. I'd just become pregnant with Mia and was still suckling Kira and Nathan, so we became fast friends due to our shared conditions, and friendship became love, and then something stronger than love. Jenna drew people to her with her sheer presence, and we talked and we pandered each other, and she grew strong and healthy amidst us as she grew heavy with you.

"She was so excited about giving birth to you, to having a daughter to hold to her breast and care for and suckle. She'd talk endlessly about taking you out to buy dresses and styling your hair..." she trailed off then and palmed her youngest daughter's head, a wolf that was more vixen than wolf. "With this one growing inside me... We thought it was fate that the two of you be in the womb at the same time. The two of you could've been close friends growing up. You're both so beautiful." Mia blushed through her fur. "I was so excited too... I never... Had many good friends when I was growing up, and when I became a werewolf... I just sort of... Lost contact with my old ones.

"I loved your mother... With all my heart, Luna. If circumstances had been better, you would've been brought up in our family as a sister to these girls."

I thought about that, wondering what would've happened if I were to have grown up in the Den... With sisters and Nathan as a brother. I thought about my torturous existence in the Lodge, and thought that if I'd been a child of the

Den instead of the Lodge, true, my life would be happier up until now... But would I have fallen for Nathan all the same?

I leaned forward and hugged Natalie's breast, its mass sliding over both my primaries.

"Despite all that... I'm glad that my life is as it is." I said at last. "I don't think I could be this happy, lest I'd known so much pain before now, also, if I were raised within the Den, I don't know as to whether or not I'd be baring your son's child right now." I sighed as Natasha, Kira and Mia stopped their grooming of me in shock at what I'd said.

"I'm... I'm very much glad that I'm a part of this family now..."

Natalie was the first to smile as she again began combing my mane with her claws.

"Then perhaps its time we brought you into the family properly... Welcomed you into the circle of love and friendship that we have... With a ritual of trust."

"Trust?" I repeated, rising from hugging the mother's breast.

"Yes." Natasha said, and lifting her free hand as she palmed my back, she squeezed and caressed her tit, and I watched as her areola puffed out, her nipple erecting till it created a conic tower at the end of her breast that darkened several shades of red. She was used to suckling mouths as she squeezed milk surprisingly quickly from her tit. "Drink." Natasha said then, but didn't push nor urge me to it.

I took one look at her, then looked at Mia and Kira, both of whom gestured for me to go ahead while smiling at me, and without another moment of hesitation, I turned, opened my mouth and closed my lips about her teat.

Soon I was degrading mentally to a child-like state, to the mentality of a cub as my hands lifted and began to press rhythmically against that fat, mountainous mammary to suckle all that sweet milk, my body bunching up to a nigh fetal-position that Natasha freely cradled me within. Her milk was delicious... as if it were cream laced with sweet honey, and though my belly was already filled with Nathan's blood and seed that was slowly digesting, I nonetheless drank heavily.

I felt Kira move against my back, hugging me with her warm muscular body, her own endowed breasts pressing against my back as she rubbed my belly, and Mia too settled in against my front, resting against her mother and embracing me so that I lay snugly and securely amidst them all. I couldn't help but cry then as I drank that perfect milk, absorbing her motherly powers. With a child in my womb, I was now a mother, even if I didn't give birth yet. All those many gifts of a mother that Natasha possessed passed into me as easily as if they were made for me. My own breasts engorged healthily, the fur thinning even more from my tits as my milk glands swelled heavily, my own areola thickening and my nipples erecting till my bosom was even larger than ever.

Between my thighs – both of which were rounding outward and firming up even more – my pussy was swelling harder and thicker, pressing forward and distending as my clit pushed further outward. The gate of my womanhood, already stretched wide by Nathan's incredible erectile might, grew subtly larger as my hips broadened more. My body softened and my strength increased subtly all over my body.

"Many a female has come to me to absorb this gift that I give you, Luna." Natalie said. "It's the Gift of the Matriarch... Or the Gift of Mother's milk. Very few females can absorb it... Your mother absorbed it, and as it seems, you're doing quite well in acquiring this precious gift too."

Milk began to leak from my tits, but they paid it no mind.

"Drink your fill, little one... You're in safe hands now."

I sat on a large log... One of the few things that I found that could hold my weight now. Bending forward, my eyes half opened and useless as always, I sat and contemplated this turn in my life.

I was strong, stronger than any wolf... Even father... And I was growing stronger yet. I was powerful... More powerful perhaps than any wolf... Including mother. I heard whispers of "Ghost Dancer" in reference to me when wolves thought they were out of earshot of me, not knowing that *'earshot'* for me was over a mile away. Immediately, I began to wonder about the totemic power that I'd somehow developed, for the Ghost Dancer was the holiest of Holy Totems of our people, greater than even the Phoenix, and for one to embody a totem was like receiving a gift direct from the goddess.

I focused my senses upon my paws, seeing my hands open large and wide, my long claws sliding like knives from my finger tips as I viewed my rippling muscles bulging with every little twitch.

Was I a monster or a holy relic now? I asked myself.

"Nathan?" a voice said, and I sat bolt upright and turned in surprise, seeing the colorful blue and green image of my father. "Heh... You must be immersed in thought if you didn't hear me approach." I rose before my father as he came before me, he, like mother actually having to look up into my face. "So this is what you've been hiding inside you all this time." he mentioned and felt my arm with both hands.

"I'm apparently a late bloomer." I said in jest, and father chuckled.

"Apparently." he said, and moved to sit upon the log I was just on. "Nathan... I'm very proud of you." he said then. "I've always been proud of you. The setting is no longer how I wished it could be, surrounded by the packs, standing before the elders, but I wished to announce something today."

"About what?" I asked, my long wet mane that glowed a subtle green with my power cascading over one side of my head, obscuring one of my useless eyes as I turned my head and ears toward him.

"About making you the heir of the pack." Father said simply, and I blanched... Which was a surprising thing to do of a wolf of my coloring. "You are wise and strong of will... Which were traits that were more becoming of a pack leader than raw strength." he sighed. "Nathan... I never told you about your namesake, did I?"

"No..." I admitted.

"Another of my failings with you." he smirked, but continued. "I had a brother, Nathan. Before you were born, he and I were all that was left out our entire Pack. But your uncle went mad with the Moon Madness." I remained silent as my father continued, swallowing at this story. "When your mother came along, she was still a wispy little human girl. Your uncle escaped the day that your mother had gone for a jog on a camping trip and found her in the mountain. He promptly attacked her, meaning to kill her for intruding on our lands. It was his bite that made her a Lycan.

"If I hadn't stopped... If I hadn't killed my brother, he would've torn your mother apart, and you wouldn't be here to be holding this conversation. Your uncle died so that your mother could live. Because of that, I was so... Angry at the world, at life, at the Goddess... All for depraving me of my dear brother... My... Twin brother.

"His name... Was Nathan."

I swallowed again.

"You are doing everything he never got to do, Nathan. A beautiful mate, the intelligence and wisdom that always eluded him... And above that, the strongest Lycan there is now it seems." He grinned with pride. "He was the eldest

of the two of us... The pack was by right his, but due to his madness, it fell upon me. I want you to have leadership once I die or retire... Not right away mind you... But... When you've prepared a little more for it."

"Prepared?" I repeated.

"You must learn the ways of men, Nathan. You must be able to live in their world in order for you to help our pack survive. You already have your GED, Nathan, but I will have you take the SAT and the ACT and get into college, in a subject that you think that you will excel at. At first chance also, you will need to marry in their law to Luna, give your children a last name in their eyes to save them ridicule. The packs can only survive if we can live amongst the flocks that we protect without frightening them away or appearing as an outsider."

"You'll be sending me away." I said quietly, thinking of Luna and our child or children in her womb.

"As... As soon as is able." he replied.

I paused and slowly nodded before sighing...

"I... Will do as you ask... Father."

I awoke amidst a bundle of bodies, and rising from where I laid, I found myself warm and relaxed as the first light of the morning sun shone down on us.

Stretching, I arose from amidst the tangle of arms, legs, bodies, and incredible bulbous masses of many large and milk-laden breasts and greeted the sun, Father Sol, before I looked down between my massive breasts and all my secondaries and tertiaries and their erect nipples, to palm my muscular belly.

Inside me... Life was stirring, and I smiled at the life force that was inside me. Instinctively cradling my navel, I stood there, feeling a new life dawning around me as the sun rose, my great mane of hair that now dipped to my ankles in this form whipping about my face and body to enhance my perfect form.

But there was one thing that I was aware of, one thing that brought tears to my eyes in that morning light...

I was free...

I waited there all night and all morning, thinking upon my father's words, thinking about this night, thinking about all that'd happened to me.

I sat there and waited, waited till Mother brought my love back to me.

I rose immediately as Luna strode purposefully up to me and embraced me immediately. She'd changed during the night, and unlike before, when I needed my hands to correct changes that happened to a person, my senses saw the changes immediately once she was near enough. She was stronger, more feminine than ever, and she held a bust that was exceedingly heavy. It was perhaps three to four tenths her body weight. The press of those mammaries against my chest as she leaned against it, her many firm mammaries swollen with milk as they also cleaved to the sides of my body, filled me with heart-felt emotion. I embraced her solidly, and heard both my sisters swoon as they watched us together.

I nuzzled with her, embraced her, held her and warmed her, and all she needed to do to make me happy was remain there in my arms. She murred then and we continued to stand there till father appeared, embracing mother from behind and licking her cheek as he openly groped her tit and then palmed her great distended vaginal mound.

"Are you all ready to go home?" he said in greeting to us as Mother held onto the arm that was fondling her breast with one of her thick forearms and large hands.

"Home?" Luna said immediately as she slid backward from me to face my family.

"Our home." I replied, and she turned to me, her lovely face shining with her light in my mind's eye, turning into a mixture of disbelief and excitement. "It's fitting for the female to move into the den of her husband after all."

She beamed, her cheeks bunching up beneath her eyes as her eyes grew wet with tears that just began to fall, and she embraced me fiercely once again. Palming her back, I began leading her back to the car lot while my family followed behind me, Kira and Mia still sighing at witnessing our romance... It was almost embarrassing. Mother and Father followed, hand in hand before them with father palming one of mother's large and muscled butt cheeks and she palming his broad back, Mother leaning lovingly against father's huge arm.

It was a wonderful procession, with the young prince and his princess in the front, and his family following... It was almost like a fairy tale. I half expected fairies to fly out and announce our passing with trumpets.

But as we neared the car lot, I began to notice something peculiar. As we moved, certain werewolves stepped out of our way, some females and males curtsying or bowing.

"Praise be to you both." an old grizzled wolf said as we passed, touching Luna's arm.

Luna looked about us as we walked, and when we got to the edge of the forest where the dirt car lot was, we stopped suddenly as all the wolves who were preparing to leave rose to their feet at our presence and faced us. Or rather... faced Luna and me.

"Did we do something?" Mia asked behind me, looking at all the faces.

There were one or two elders amidst them all as well...

Then suddenly they began to bow or curtsy, and I reached for Luna only to find her moving into me for comfort.

"W-who are they bowing to?" Luna whispered.

"I think... Us." I replied, and began to lead them forward.

Such adoration was uncomfortable, and as we passed, more people bowed or curtsied, and not being able to help myself, I let go of Luna and moved to the nearest one.

"N-no no... Please... Don't do that." I said and helped them up and quickly moved to the next. Luna began helping me do the same. "No bowing, no scraping." I said as I reached one of the elders and made him stand upright.

"Please don't do this." Luna added, and brought a mother and her cub to stand upright.

"But that isn't proper." The elder said as he looked confused as to whether or not to remain upright or to placate himself.

I looked around, noticing the indecision on all the many faces, and with my senses blaring in every direction, I saw over a hundred faces wondering what they should do.

"Enough of this!" I called out. "We appreciate the respect, and if you personally wish to give it, then give it... But not because everyone else is doing it! Please... Rise... Stand tall... Be proud of your heritage."

"We're not people to cow tow to!" Luna called out after me as she moved to my side again. "Stop this... Please, and go about your business."

There was confusion and then hesitation, and it took a moment or two before they began to move about in preparation to leave the Howl Grounds.

"What was that all about?" Kira asked as she came to stand beside me. "It's like you and Luna are some sort of King and Queen."

"I heard the others talking last night." Father said as I automatically folded my arms about Luna. "They speak of Luna as the Avatar of the Goddess... And they talk about you as a Ghost Dancer, Nathan."

"But... What's it all about?" Mia asked.

"Perhaps I can answer that." someone said, and Quixote appeared as if out of nowhere.

"Ah! Don't do that Quixote." Kira squeaked in surprise.

"The Ronin?" Luna gasped as Quixote came to stand amidst us.

"A loveable stray that we let stay with us." I smirked, and Quixote smiled at me, but directed his attention first to Luna.

"They think that you are the Avatar of the Goddess, Luna." Quixote said immediately. "You look every bit as much as her after your little display last night. When your fur turned from black and white to pure silvery white when you were bathed in the moonlight, you became everyone's ideal Goddess."

"I-I don't feel like a goddess." she said, palming her throat by fishing an arm between her primaries.

"Though you look like one, and feeling how much power you have inside you, Luna... Greater than even Nathan's or Natasha's combined... You *are* a goddess by comparison. It's more than twice their combined power, even!"

"B-but... I don't know how to use any of it."

"That may come in time." Quixote said, and then turned his gaze toward me. "But your position as the Avatar is strengthened because of the appearance of her famed Guardian... Namely... You, Nathan."

"But why me?" I gasped, and found myself holding onto Luna all the tighter. I felt an overwhelming instinct to protect not only her but the life or lives in her womb.

Quixote answered me by splaying his fingers over the ethereal green markings on my back and arms, which had formed into something akin to feathers.

"Because you are her Ghost Dancer... The holiest of holy totems our people hold dear... Because the Ghost Dancer was the guardian of the Goddess Herself. You've been blessed with incredible strength and power... All so as to protect your lifemate, apparently, gifted to you by the Goddess Herself perhaps, but whereas you have access and knowledge of all your powers, Luna barely knows the basic workings of hers.

"In time... Her power can overshadow her... Make her transcend."

"Enough Quixote... You're frightening them." Father said. "For now, all of this is just hearsay. We'll find out about the truth of it in the fullness of time, but for now, I want to get home, eat, clean myself, and make love to my wife and then rest for awhile. We can discover later if we should be concerned with the condition of my son and his lifemate."

"Of course, my lord." Quixote bowed subtly at the waist. "I shall make myself available later... But in the meantime, I have some pressing business to attend to."

"Suit yourself." Father smirked, and cut a way forward toward the van.

We followed along, and there were some wolves that came to touch Luna and me, other's who still bowed, and we bade them not to, but they still did. It may be something that we'd have to get used to... Perhaps better familiarity with others might stem that off, but that would have to come later. At the van, though, as we began to change into human form for the long two hour drive back around and up the mountain to our Den, it was then that I was in for a surprise.

"Wow... You're built like a solid brick shit house!" Mia gasped as she looked upon my newly modified human form.

"Mia!" Mother exclaimed as I blushed, but looking at my body, the dark shades of my changed body quickly filling in with my colors and my outlines, I saw that my younger sister was right.

"And he's hung like a bear!" Kira smirked as she pulled on a shirt over her broad powerful chest and swollen mammaries.

"Enough." I said as I stood there, reveling in my strong, powerful body, feeling my arm and my bicep and how strong it was. I looked like the Olympian ideal...

Father turned as he climbed into the van after donning his simple white cotton shirt that was several sizes too large, wearing only chaps and his loincloth like I was want to do.

"Gets it from me." he said under his breath so no one could hear but mother, and I smirked at him before I lifted my hand and caught the remnants of a pair of shorts that used to fit me loosely, but now fit me quite tightly... Almost uncomfortably, and the displayed the sickeningly huge bulge in my pants. But then as I was pulling on one of my old shirts, I paused with my arms in the arm holes by the shirt not yet over my head.

Out of the side of my perception... I saw my beloved Luna, having achieved her human form. It was the first time that I'd ever seen it in my life... And even as a human... She was intoxicatingly beautiful. I pulled my shirt on over my head and turned to her, seeing her palming her breasts, caressing her navel as she stood there with her thighs pressed together.

"Merciful Moon... I'm falling in love again." I said as I stepped toward her, sliding my hands about her face.

Her mammaries were swollen and great, larger than any female's I'd ever seen in this form, with large and firm teats decorating the front of either. Her hips were wide, her waist narrow, her shoulders broad, and she possessed firm muscle all over her body. There was the perfect gap between her long athletic legs, her whole body long and beautiful with a great mane of hair that was as white as newly fallen snow.

"I'm a bit self-conscious." she said. "I... I never assumed my human form before. Father... Father said it was unbecoming of a Lycan."

"You're beautiful beyond compare, sweet Luna." I said and she pressed against me, and immediately I felt the warm, firm press of her bosom against my chest as she leaned against me and I held her there for a good long time before Kira chimed in.

"Hey! Do that in the van! Let's get the move on! A big breakfast is calling, and the sooner we leave the sooner we can eat!"

Blushing, I climbed into the van and helped Luna up into it, and we migrated to the back seat.

Mia and Kira each donated a piece of clothing from their bags. A Lycan was never without a cheap set of clothing in case of a transformation accident, but my sisters liked to dress sexily, and so Luna was fitted with a light blue thong panty bottom with a front that barely covered her voluminous sex, and the largest shirt my sisters could find barely contained my love's enormous chest, but even then, her breasts swelled out what available spaces there were in that shirt.

"You still look pretty." I smiled, and Luna immediately nuzzled with me as we pulled away from the car lot.

"So tired." she mused sweetly, and hung from my shoulders. Reaching behind me and pulling out one of the blankets, I wrapped my pregnant lifemate within it and cradled her to me.

She slept all the way home, sleeping soundly within my strong arms.

Lupin had reached his home of the Lodge hours ago.

He'd retrieved his son from where he'd been strangled to death; his vertebrae shattered, his windpipe crushed, and had carried him all the way home and then laid him on one of the banquet tables.

I wished that I could mock and taunt my former husband, but when the Wolf Quixote stopped supplying me with power, I stopped being visible. But nonetheless, I could remember what manifesting felt like... In time, I could perhaps do it myself.

Lupin sat down in his great throne in the banquet hall of the Lodge before his son, and I stood off to one side, smiling snidely at him.

"So... This is what you reap after years and years of sewing pain, death, mutilation and suffering. Your only daughter has abandoned you, and your heir apparent has been killed by her own hands." I said aloud, wishing he could hear me.

Perhaps on some sub-conscious level he could, which I hoped for. I wanted him to feel as bad as possible.

Folding my arms beneath my bosom, I turned to look at the bastard son of Lupin, his eyes still open and staring, tongue lolling out of his mouth, his throat bruised and crushed. I had no love for him, no pity for his sake. He even tried to rape me when he was old enough, and I showed him the penalty for attempting to do so, but Lupin showed me the penalty for beating his son.

"I hope you're happy, Lupin, you bastard... You've lost... *Everything*."

All around me, I heard wolves returning from the Howl, entering the Lodge. Many came to look in on their lord as he proceeded to drink as much wine as he could as quickly as possible. His whole front was stained red with the fermented berry juices. After looking at Lupin for a short while, those people left the hall. Walls didn't exist in my world other than shadows that outlined them, and I saw many personages returning to their private quarters, take up what meager possessions that they possessed and took themselves, their families, and what else they could carry, and left.

I smiled at that... Wondering why such a thing hadn't happened before. Very little looting occurred... Despite all the riches that were in this place.

"You're all alone... They're leaving you." I smirked as I walked around him, seeing his expression darken.

"My lord?" a voice said, and I turned to see the wolfess Lalinda enter. "My lord... Are you all right?"

Lupin didn't answer.

Lalinda walked forward and actually stopped right next to where I was standing so that she could stand before Lupin. Lupin growled as he took another gulp of his wine.

"My lord... What do you command?" she asked.

"Leave me." Lupin said sourly, his eyes darkening several shades of red.

"But my lord... The Lodge is clearing... Your people are..."

"I said leave me!" Lupin bellowed and balling a fist, back handed Lalinda so that she collapsed before him. Jerking her head up, tears in her eyes, she hauled herself to her feet, proudly, and just like everyone else, went to her room, took her things, and left.

"You don't deserve someone like her." I said then. "You didn't deserve me, and you don't deserve Luna." I said, and looked around. "There... A silver knife. You're powerless... Impotent and weak. Just end your life, and go to hell." I said and focused all my will on my bastard husband.

For a long time, Lupin did nothing, but I did find him eyeing that knife every now and again. Hours passed as I taunted and berated him, taunting him to get the knife as he sloshed more wine over himself.

Finally he rose from his throne.

"Fuck yourself, wife." he growled, took a swig of the wine and strode over to the knife, and taking it with unsteady hands, he thrust it into the chest of his son, and pulling it out, seeped with Kor's coagulating blood, began to cut an emblem into his own chest now, an emblem that glowed in my world as it sealed itself to Lupin's soul. "I'm not beaten yet. With your body destroyed Kor... I consume your strength, your power... You will relight the fire of my magic that was taken from me."

I gasped as he dropped the knife and strode to one of the charcoal braziers, and picking up a handful of charcoal that was still on fire, and holding it all for a moment within his naked hand, he thrust it against his chest, rubbing the flames against the wounds, cauterizing them and sealing the emblem to his soul.

He then stood as his chest hairs burned away from the heat, guzzling his wineskin before throwing it away.

"Born in hell... Go to hell..." he said then, and kicked the brazier over.

Fire spilled onto the ground and began to burn, and he went to the other brazier and kicked that over too. Then taking up another wine skin, he drank from that too briefly before pouring some of it over Kor's body before going to one of the torches and returning with it. As coals smoldered on the fine wood flooring, he stared at his dead son for a time and then threw the torch onto Kor's lifeless form, and then continued onward.

Fire rose up immediately upon the body as Lupin walked through his Lodge, pulling torches out and dropping them on the ground, breaking oil lamps and letting their oils catch on fire, and I followed him as he set fire to the whole of the Lodge, and exiting safely, he turned and watched the Lodge burn as he drank from his wineskin.

I stood there... Seeing the madness on his face as the entrance to the Lodge caved in after a while. Some late comers from the Howl saw what he'd done, and before they came too near to him, they turned and left him be. As the sun was rising higher, I too turned and left him to his misery.

I was satisfied after all... He at long last got what was coming to him.

The van came to a stop outside the house, and I awoke Luna carefully by caressing her face, and she turned her head to kiss my hand before her wide angled eyes opened.

Others said that you can see the soul in the eyes. As I aged, the detail I began to see of the eyes grew more and more detailed as I perceived details in the darkness first, and then the glittering lines of sound that showed the edges of her a person's eyes. When I began to practice magic and saw the auras of people, the featureless orbs suddenly took on the color of their auras, and I saw perhaps as close to seeing into a person's soul through their eyes as one could see.

The light in Luna's eyes as she opened her eyes was majestic...

"Ngh?" she managed lazily as she rose, stretching as her mammaries hung heavily into her shirt front.

Some time during the ride, her hand had found my groin and had been caressing it in her sleep, but additionally, the wedge of her crotch had thickened and moistened some, and her teats and areola had swollen greatly so that they stood on end. I didn't stop her from stroking me during the ride, for what man would?

The door slid open then and Luna looked at the pristine front porch of the Den, at the vaulting windows and the multi-story house and the towering lighthouse that marked the entrance to our ancestral home.

"Wow. I'd never thought that you lived in a castle." she said as I got out of the van and helped her down like any gentleman would do for a lady.

Sometime during the ride, I'd donned my bandanna, which still fit at least, but with two hours of her caressing my groin in her sleep, I felt the metal tines on my zipper about to burst open.

"Not really a castle." Mother said as she stepped in behind us. She was as tall and almost as strong as father, and almost as well-endowed as Luna was now. "But I always think of this place as a house of fantasy." she mused and cupped Luna's shoulders, pressing her own mammaries into the back of Luna's head. "This is your home now though, Luna. Those dreams and fantasies can now be a part of your life too."

Father and my sisters went right up to the house, and taking Luna's hand, I led her forward up onto the stairs of the porch, and then at the last moment picked her up in my arms and carried her across the threshold before setting her down.

She looked about her at the high-arching finished ceilings, at the modern kitchen and family room, and also at how clean things were. Living at the Lodge her whole life, which was, in a word, *'Rustic'*, she'd dealt with the musty smell of wood and dirt... Of a medieval sort of setting. Here, everything was bright, clean and beautiful...

"Show me around!" she squealed and took my hands and led me forward, while around me my family watched on with a mixture of humor and enjoyment at the romance.

Luna drew me to everything that drew her eye. She had heard but had never seen such amenities like electricity, even a common light switch. She played with that and watched the hall light turn on and off a few times. She turned the stove on and off and found how quickly it heated up and cooled, the bathroom even was a wonder as she flushed the toilet a few times and watched the water come back up. I explained everything she wanted to know about, showed her the rooms of where people were staying, pointing out mother and father's room, my sister's room... My room.

Here is where she paused, entering inside to see where I've lived all my life, and looked about.

"No pictures. No mirrors... Even the walls are bland. You need a woman's touch here." she mused as she stood in the center of the room, closed her eyes and smelled a chamber that was permeated with my scent.

"A blind wolf has no use for such things, love. I've decorated my room with other aesthetic things that are pleasing to my tastes."

"Like what?" she asked turning to me and looking up at the eye in the center of my bandanna.

"Close your eyes." I prompted and she did so. I then led her to my bed, and pushed her hand onto the bed covering.

"It's... Its so soft." she said, and felt it with her other hand. "Like soft velvet... Like a baby mouse's fur." she murred and then pulled the bed cover to her, hugging and smelling it. "Hmm..." and so warm.

I stood there, smiling at her as she then began to explore my room, and I found myself looking at her behind, my senses focusing upon the fine rounded masses of her bottom, and after she'd moved about and felt several things, I stepped into her back and felt something myself.

My hand slid over her bottom as I kissed her neck just below her cheek, my groin bulging till the belt around my waist groaned and my fly protested likewise as it was seriously stressed.

"There's much more, beloved." I mused, and drew her outward.

I showed her the top of the tower, where she stood watching the sun continue to rise toward noon, and I viewed her naked form that was surrounded by the thin wisps of her clothing that were little more than shadows to me about her. This was how I saw all people, but with Luna... The accent of a little clothing settled upon her nicely, accenting her beauty, doing nothing to hide the luminance of her body.

"Your mother was right... This is like a dream... A fantasy."

I stepped in behind her again, pressing against her firm, muscular back, hugging her about her ribs with one of my newly made muscular arms, and cupping the base of her tit with the other.

Again I kissed her.

"I like this place." I said. "I come up here a lot, to see and to smell. Way up here, my hearing is unimpaired, and the wind brings many scents and sensations on it. I could see the world from up here."

"Hmm..." she murred and then turned, leaning against the guard rail of the walkway up here, pressing her crotch into my groin as my hand fondled her tit, my fingers lacing to either side of her hardening nipple, feeling it through the fabric of her shirt. "I like this world of yours. Especially... in comparison to what mine used to be."

"There's more." I said quietly, and bent my head to kiss her.

"Curiouser and curiouser." she laughed and slid forward to embrace me. "Then lead on my guardian... Show me what else your world has in store for me."

I smirked at her and led her again down the stairs, but this time, I brought her to the seemingly blank section of wall.

"Why are we here?" she asked, holding onto my arm.

Again I smiled, and without another word, I slid my fingers into a hidden groove and hit the catch, and the secret wall that led downstairs into the Den was opened up. She gasped as she looked upon the descending stone stairwell that lit itself with electric lamps.

"You really do have a rabbit hole!" she mused

"Not really." I replied, and held onto her arm as I led her down the wide steps that were built for twelve foot tall Lycans in their battle form. "This is what the Den really is. A natural rock formation cut by wind and water over millennia of time. We simply added to it over the varied centuries that my family has been here.

"The house is merely the entrance way... To keep up appearances and to ensure that wandering humans don't accidentally happen upon it."

Down below, where the Den really was, I showed her the various rooms and chambers, where the council would meet when they were here, living quarters that could house hundreds of Lycan and more. Till at long last we came to a small alcove that was richly decorated.

"What's this place?" she asked, stepping forward to run her fingers along the soft furs and velvety blankets.

"This... Well... Um..."

"Nathan... You're blushing." Luna said as she rose and moved into my body, pressing her crotch against my groin and her breasts against my chest and arms. "What is this place?" she murred and fingered my chest.

"This... Is where first mating occurs." I said at last... Feeling more at ease now that she was against me.

"Is that so?" she smirked and palmed my chest with both her hands. "And... Why did you show me this place last?"

"I-I don't know... Maybe... Just logical procession?" I said in a questioning tone, hoping that she'd believe me.

"Mm-hmm." she murred, turning me and then backing me toward the alcove. "Logic... Or just tradition?"

"I'm not really one for traditions." I returned, but suddenly found myself succumbing to her touch, and before I realized what I was doing, she was pushing me backward and I obediently sat, and then laid back into a bowl shaped from all the blankets and furs.

There before me, kneeling between my legs, she leaned forward and kissed me, settling against my form pleasingly, her massive mammaries swollen and firm as they pressed against my broad muscular chest. In instinct, my chest puffed outward before she rose, sliding both her hands beneath my shirt as tight as it was, and pushed it upward over my head before pushing it off.

"Luna... What are you doing?" I mused as I laid there as she caressed my chest.

"Tradition, silly." she murred, and her hands quickly slid down my chest and layered abdominals till she caressed my groin, and immediately I grew hard to her fingers, erecting firmly even as she undid the button and zipper to unleash my manhood before she pulled my shorts off my legs, rendering me naked before her, and already half erect with my powerful phallus. "It's your family's tradition." she mused as she thumbed the thin, spaghetti string straps of her panties and then pulled the light blue thing off her bodice before discarding it off to one side, revealing a sex that was moistening already and was likewise thickening with her arousal. "I'm one who is steeped in tradition... It's been made a part of me." and crossing her arms, she hefted her shirt up off her head and tossed it away, revealing those fantastic breasts that lobbed and bounced briefly against her chest before she leaned against me again, naked and beautiful, handling my erecting shaft in one hand and stroking it before she kissed me again. "Who am I to disobey something that was put into place once upon a time ago for a good reason?"

"That is... After all, how traditions start."

"Funny... I never really put much thought into it."

"Well... You will now." she mused and then rose off me, and swinging my manhood downward toward her, she planted its head against her slit and then slid forward onto me, my manhood piercing her thighs deeply as she moved onto me.

We began a long, torrid set of love-making right then and there that, quite frankly, lasted till we missed dinner. But there was something different about this love-making. Not once did we change into our battle forms, instead preferring to make love for the very first time in our human forms.

To us... it felt like a first time.

Life was an amazing thing. One day you're facing accusations of being a warmonger and the next day peace is everywhere, all thanks to a thing your son had done.

I was proud of him... Knowing that my son would be a grand leader of our pack once he was old enough to take the reigns of leadership... Let Nattie and me enjoy retirement for awhile, made my heart swell. I'd woken up early the day following our return from this most monumental Howl... Knowing that my boy and his love were still... Consummating their bonding downstairs in the Den. Fixing myself some morning tea prior to the rest of my family waking up, I strode to the door and opened it in order to get some fresh air.

It was then that life struck me with yet another surprise.

Outside our door, was a veritable encampment of people... Of families with their vehicles, their pets and belongings arrayed on my drive and front lawn. Upon my appearance, several of them immediately turned to stare at me, and I swallowed and mentally did a quick count of how many there were and stopped after about thirty six, estimating their numbers to be a good hundred strong.

"My lord..." an old grizzled Lycan greeted as he approached in his human form. Dressed in soft baggy linens, he walked with a stoop and bowed with an even greater stoop once he stood before me.

"What's all this? Why are you all here?" I asked, and then spied familiar faces, and of those faces I knew them to be retainers of Lupin. "Definitely... Why are you all here?" I asked with a little menace and distrust in my voice. Nothing that had to do with Lupin was good.

"My lord... We... We came..." the old wolf began, till a tall and strong female detached herself from the group and palmed his shoulder.

"Go sit down, Xerxes... Your journey was long and on foot... Far too much for one your age."

"I'll have you know, that I am as fit as a fiddle and..."

"Yes... Enough... Go sit down Xerxes... You should be put out to pasture." the female smirked and sent him on his way, before she came to stand before me.

In the rising light, I saw more of her face, saw the claw mark that split one side of it, and recognized her for who she was.

"You're Lalinda." I said, my brows beetling. "What does Lupin's woman want here?"

"Lupin has gone mad, my lord." Lalinda said as she curtsied so low, not stopping till she was kneeling on the ground, head bowed, and once she was there, she did not rise. "He has burned down the Lodge. We all left just prior to that due to his abusive nature at the time."

My brows softened, and placing my mug of tea on the banister of the porch, I stepped forward and stepped down onto the ground before her, folding my arms.

"Then why are you here, Lalinda of the Lodge?"

"Just Lalinda, my lord. We've all broken ties with Lupin... We... We risked being called Ronin in our haste to escape his rage. We came... We came here because many of us cared more for the little princess than we did her father. We've come to where she has gone, and wish to offer ourselves up as retainers to the Wolfe Pack."

"All of you?"

"Not all of us, my lord." another person state then, a young male who seemed too young to be even of adult age. He scrambled to kneel before me.

"Stephen... Am I right?" I stated, recognizing the young lad as being one of the youngest sons of Pack Teim... The pack of the Totem Keepers.

"You are right my lord." he said, bowing over his upraised knee. He seemed to be taking the stance of a young man about to be knighted by his lord. "I... I represent those who have come from Pack Teim to the north."

"Wouldn't the eldest usually be the one to represent your group?" I asked raising a concerned eyebrow.

"That is right, my lord... I am."

I looked over everyone who was watching me intently. Females with suckling cubs, elderly, children who came here on their own... Even at that moment, another car arrived packed with Lycan, and more and more arrived on foot, but the bulk of them were all formerly of Lupin's Pack.

"Lalinda... Stephen, and whoever else is a leading representative of whatever groups you've placed yourselves in... I want you to split yourselves into groups of where you come from. I will speak with a leader from each group once you are done. I shall return in one half an hour."

And turning, taking my mug from off the banister as I rose to return to the house, I drained the mug and went to go get the support of my mate.

I'd need her in such a monumental decision such as this.

There were cubs amidst these vast numbers... Some cubs who could walk and talk, but were still in diapers, while others cried for milk. Immediately upon entering this crowd with my husband Peter, I saw these cubs, and without a second thought moved to the closest ones, and pushing my undershirt up over my breasts, took a child in either arm and then sat on an icebox to allow them to suckle while Peter met with the leaders of all these people.

"Bless you Mother Wolfe." an elderly female who was caring for the cubs, a woman who's milk had dried up from feeding so many, had been desperately trying to feed the cubs with chewed up bits of meat.

I smiled at the title. The title of *'Mother'* among the Lycan was used in higher standing than even a lord or lady of a pack. This woman was signifying that I was a Matriarch... In higher standing than even Peter in her eyes.

"Natasha..." I corrected, smiling as the cubs sucked fiercely from my breasts. "Or Nat, Natalie or anything other than something with titles." I said sweetly and resettled one of the cubs in one arm so that it could nurse. "Oh these poor little dears." I said soothingly.

"We had to move quickly." The woman said as she cradled a young cub in her arms who was sleeping quietly. "Not enough time to pick up their milk bladders. What females that had milk in their breasts went dry hours ago, and you know how hungry cubs are."

"I do." I sighed, listening to the snick-snick-snick of the cubs nursing.

Looking down at the cubs though, suddenly, very strongly... I wanted another of my own. At that moment, however, the door to the house opened again, and turning to look over my shoulder, I saw Kira and Mia exit the house in confusion.

"Mia! Kira... Come here!" I said and they obediently hurried over to me.

"What is it mother?" Kira asked.

"It's time you both learned what it's like to be a mother. Take two of the hungry cubs apiece and nurse them."

"Nurse them? But mother..." Mia began, covering her teats with both hand, but it was too late, she moaned as her nipples erected immediately, and she began to lactate on command. "Oh... It's not stopping." she moaned.

"Mia... Just do it. You may find that you like it." I admonished. "And besides, these cubs are starving."

"Yes mother..." Mia said, but Kira had already opened her shirt, found a roost, and a pair of the young boys who were helping out in this makeshift nursery had delivered two cubs for her to cradle and to nurse.

"Your cubs can already make milk?" the old wolfess asked with wonder. "Have they had children of their own already?"

"They have not." I smiled. "It's a gift that passed from mother to daughter."

"Yes..." the old woman said, and then cupped her own sagging breast, "Oh I wish I produced as much milk as you do. Such strong teats you must have to take such fierce feeding... and your breasts are so full. I miss having a cub in my arms..."

I smiled a little more deeply. "Perhaps... If Peter does what I hope he will, then we may be able to fix that."

"How is that, mist...?" she began, about to call me 'mistress' and then caught herself before continuing. "...Miss Natasha?"

"Just Natasha. But in the meantime... Please go inside into the kitchen. There is fresh milk in the refrigerator and pots under the stove. There are bottles and nipples in the cupboard in the corner. Best if we get some bottles made for these little ones as soon as possible."

I awoke quietly, feeling my love sprawled on top of me, her large breasts cleaving to the sides of my body as she tucked her head partially beneath one arm and held onto me from around the neck. Voluntarily, I flexed my groin and projected myself upward, and found my penis erecting inside her body and probing her deeper, and with a sigh she stirred and then awoke, her breasts rising off my chest long after she did, and either of them leaking milk that they were both so engorged.

"Oh... So full..." she murred, and then rose off of me with an audible slurp as she pulled herself off me and my penis slid out from inside her bowels. "I think I'm so full of your seed, I won't need a meal this morning." she murred, and then palmed the muscular lips of her pussy and the subtle glistening of our shared juices that were upon and leaking from them.

"Despite that it all entered in through your womanhood, beloved." I said laying back, and lifting my hands, one took her wide burgeoning hip, and the other laced through her fingers over her crotch to feel the firm labia of her sex.

"Even despite that." she mused and squatted beside me in order to kiss me, but as she rose, she paused as she found my hand upon her belly, and she paused in rising. "Hmm... And then there's that." she murred, and held onto my hand with both her hands now. "Our cubs stir inside me."

"Cubs?" I asked, actually blinking my lazy eyes at her in surprise.

"A mother can tell, and I can feel them as extensions of me." She replied with a motherly smile.

I rose and pulled her onto my lap, nuzzling her neck.

"When we go into town... I want Doc to look at you. See if the cubs are healthy... Make sure everything inside you is all right."

"I feel fine, though." she laughed as she pushed back away from me enough to look into my eyes.

"It's the pacing and expecting wolf inside me... I worry, beloved. I'd feel better knowing that a healer could look at you, make sure everything is all right. I just fear... I fear..."

"...That the same thing that happened to my mother will happen to me." she finished, and cupping my broad cheeks and chiseled face with her small slender hands before she kissed me long and passionately. "For you, then, my sweet lord... I will do as you ask."

"Thank you." I smiled and embraced her tightly, but then I heard her wince and I sat back from her. "What's wrong?" I asked immediately.

"Oh nothing... I just... Haven't been milked in several days... and from all the growth I went through last night... well... my breasts are so firm and my nipples ache so badly. Look at this... I can't even keep the milk in any more." she stated, and arching her back, I sensed her milk sliding from her erect nipples.

Her lactation was so fast, that it was leaking out of her in a nigh constant drizzle that quickened briefly every time that she breathed in. Cupping one mammary, I sucked off several mouthfuls of either of her tits, and then rising, found us both some loose fitting clothes that were stored nearby for emergencies.

"We'll find you some way of relieving some of that strain, beloved." I said and cupped her crotch and held her beneath her breasts.

She soothed and pressed my touch more firmly against her, and I dug inside her sex with a pair of fingers.

"Mm... Maybe... After some more lovemaking, my sweet lord." she giggled, and with her dressed in some soft white and blue linens, and me in chaps and a loincloth, we went upstairs to see what was for breakfast, but upon gaining the landing before the door, I stopped suddenly.

"What's wrong?" Luna asked.

"There are... There are other wolves in the house." I replied, and paused, sensing that there were a great number of them. "There are lots of them, dozens even." I searched a little bit more, and pressed my ear against the sliding door and pressed my fingers against the solid plane of wood so that I could hear the sound vibrations bouncing off it. "I see mother and sisters... They're outside... Father is talking to a group of them... They seem safe."

"We should go see what's happening." Luna said, and before I could stop her, she opened the portal and stepped outside. I hurried behind her as the doorway closed automatically behind us and locked itself shut, making it appear as if it were a flat hall way.

I followed her as she stepped through the living and dining room, and as we passed she gasped.

"What is it?" I asked.

"That's my nursemaid. I was never allowed to learn her name but... And there's Lalinda speaking with your father. And... And the chief of the servants. She hurried forward several steps and looked out the window at the milling people. "I recognize a lot of those people. They're all from the Lodge!"

I was behind Luna in an instant, wrapping my arms around her and pulling her back away from the window.

"Careful... I don't..."

"Nana!" Luna cried and squirmed from my grasp and rushed to the old woman who was in the kitchen. Luna pressed into the crones' body and hugged hr tightly. "Nana I missed you so much!"

"Little princess!" the old one gasped against the vicious hug. "Oh my little dear... Please... You're crushing me."

"I'm sorry." she gasped, forgetting that her arm were so strong now. "I don't know my own strength any more."

"Luna I don't think..." I began but stopped as two young girls, not yet adults, gasped as they entered carrying bottles for weaning children, and hurried over to her, squealing happily, and I winced against the high-pitched sounds.

"What are you all doing here? Father would have a fit..."

"Your father has gone mad, little princess." the old nursemaid that Luna called Nana said. "He burned the Lodge to the ground. We are all... We're all Ronin now."

Luna gasped. "Everyone?" she asked.

"Yes. Many of us are here... Others went to their families at other packs, but most of us are here..."

Luna spied the many bottles on the tray and picked one up.

"Nana... What are you doing?" Luna asked.

"There are many families here, Luna, which also means there are many young cubs, and their mothers are out of milk from lack of proper food and water. Lady Natasha and her daughters are being kind enough to act as wet nurses... But... Little Princess!" Nana called, and I too jumped in surprise as Luna turned on her heel and surged to the door, it was then that I caught upon the subtle whimpering sounds and the whines of cubs that were too weak to howl or cry for want of food.

Without a second thought, Luna pulled off her shirt as she walked straight to where a makeshift nursery was made, and shifting forms into her massive hybrid form, she found a place amongst them, laying down comfortably while her many breasts bounced and undulated, each so ripe with milk that they were leaking the silken cream of a mother.

"Come here..." she said sweetly, opening her large muscular arms, "Come to me." she beckoned to the cubs, and those cubs that could walk on all fours already scampered up to her, crawling over each other in their eagerness to find a teat. She hauled some of them over to her as they scrambled over each other, and positioned them so that they might nurse before she gestured to a pair of the females who were bottle-feeding some of the babies, and Luna personally cradled one cub in either of her muscular arms to her massive primaries.

I walked just outside, focusing my senses upon her as she laid there, caring for so many little ones, and a smile broke upon my face. She cooed and hummed a song to them, helping them get to sleep, and she did this with nary a thought in her head as to whether or not she should.

"Princess!" someone said and hurried over to her, a squirrely young male. "Princess... You cannot be out in the day time like this? What if someone comes..."

"Like I care!" Luna shot back. "These little lives takes precedence to our secret. If our secret is so important to you, then go keep watch for any one that might be coming up the road."

And the squirrely wolf immediately clamped his jaw shut, nodded shortly and ran off to do as he was told.

"Bravo... Well done." Mother said from nearby.

"The cubs are getting cold, mama..." Mia said then, we should be getting them inside where it's warmer and there's no wind. That... And I think my boobies are going to fall off."

"Perhaps it's best if we do. We can feed more cubs and get this done faster, and the change will refill our reservoirs of milk." Mother said quietly, and took off one of the cubs that was done nursing and one-handed it to a nearby young adult who was helping out, and the helper immediately started to try burping the cub.

Mother elegantly rose to her feet as Kira and Mia followed after her, but then looked to the precarious position Luna had placed her within.

"Oh... If only we thought of this a few moments earlier." Mother said as she continued nursing the remaining cub in her arms.

Smirking, I uncoiled from where I was as my sisters passed me to get inside the house, and I hurried to my bond mate.

"I'm ok, Mother Natasha... I was just... Whoop!" Luna gasped as I slid my arms beneath her while changing myself, and lifted her and all the little ones nestled against her into my arms.

"My... You *are* strong." Mother mused, as she stood at my hip level.

I smirked and carried my love inside the house, squatting to get underneath the opened double doors, and arrived even as my sisters changed and found comfortable spots on the large puffy chairs. I sat with Luna on the couch, and then let her stretch out down its length, her feet hanging over the side while her head came to lie in my lap. Lifting my hand, I focused upon her face and smiled at her as I began combing her mane with my thick claws. Mother clicked on the shutters to the windows and they all darkened. I could still see through them like always, but everything was faded slightly from the electric hum that flowed through all the panes of glass.

Mother than strode to the center of the floor, laid down on her side like a nursing wolfess, and then waited as what few babies were left were brought to her.

"This must be a new experience for you, beloved." I said quietly as I caressed her hair.

The only piece of clothing that was left on her were her panties, and those barely covered her crotch while the rest of the many straps snugged in tightly between her butt cheeks or disappeared beneath her tail and her fur.

"It makes me want to have a large family..." she murred, and laying back more onto my large thighs, looked up at me.

"How large?" I smirked.

"We'll let fate decide that." she chuckled softly, and then closed her eyes as she settled off into near sleep while I watched over her.

The babies and the cubs left her arms and body one at a time once they were full, only to be picked up and burped by one of the many helpers and then moved to one of the guest rooms to be laid down for a nap. Leaving my beloved on the couch, covering her with a blanket, I stepped over to where father had been speaking with three other wolves, including the fem Lalinda from Luna's old pack, for the past hour or so since Luna and I arrived. Chances are, he'd been conversing with these three long before we arrived.

Changing into human form before stepping out, I approached the small group. "Father? Is something the matter?" I asked, and he turned and unfolded his arms.

"No... We are discussing the future, Nathan. And this is a conversation that I believe you should be a part of."

It was hard to believe that Luna and I had become such an ensign. Just over half the wolves from the now destroyed Lodge had found their way to us. Ours was the closest Pack to the Lodge, so we were the closest logical choice for solace. Lalinda, and all the many members of the Lodge claimed loyalty to the *'little princess,'* that was Luna, and they served the father just so as to serve her. Now that the father had officially gone insane, they left him to be with her.

Their numbers included artisans and workers and servants, skills that helped maintain the austere interior of the Lodge, and now they had no way of being able to support themselves. These weren't modern wolves after all. The majority of them had no idea how to make a living with humans, let alone live with them. They needed another major family to help support them. For our family, though, there really wasn't any other choice but to harbor them within the Den. We couldn't just let them out into the cold... And with winter approaching too.

The other two groups of Lycan who'd come here were of the sort who wished to be close to Luna and me... To be servants to the pack in which we belonged to. That was something that I squashed immediately, that Luna and I were not to be adored or worshiped as they wished to, but if they wished to stay then they would work to benefit the pack, and not just my beloved and I. I would not have anyone pander to me... And though Luna was used to being pandered to... I don't think she really enjoyed it.

Later that evening, there was a grand council, with all Lycan in their varied hybrid forms as we met within the great hall beneath the house inside the mountain, with mother and father on their great stone chairs, and I standing beside father on his right hand.

It was Quixote who occupied Mother's left hand in this meeting. Though a stray, his wisdom was always invaluable... And he was practically a member of the family now.

In this meeting... It was announced that all could stay in service to the pack. They weren't allowed in the house without permission, but instead, could customize and build the underside of the halls below as they saw fit.

There was some celebration to this news, and the hunters from the Lodge who accompanied the refugees for protection went out and hunted down four powerful stags and two turkeys and we cooked them here in the Den. The celebration was enormous, larger than we've ever had, larger than anything that even my father ever remembered, and in the midst of it, despite all the raucous emotion and dance that was around us, I somehow found a corner to be with my Luna.

I cradled her against my body, and folded my hands over her navel and we held her belly and the cubs that were inside her together.

I awoke happy and content with my dear lifemate... Soon to be husband in the real world, rising off his powerfully remade body, my breasts rising long after the rest of me as I looked down upon his quietly sleeping face. With a murr, I bent low and kissed his taut cheek, and then rose, my body sticking to his from the lovemaking we did during the late hours of the night.

My goodness... That wolf was built powerful in his nether regions.

Rising to my feet, and hefting one of my tits, I sucked off some of my milk as I rubbed my naked crotch, before journeying down the stairs, out the front door, and waded into the cold mountain stream to bathe myself.

I used moss as an abrasive to wash myself, drenching my mane of hair in the waters to wash it off before squeezing the milk from my breasts like I had to do since I began to lactate at the age of sixteen.

"Wow... You are so much stronger than me, I don't even want to think about it." a voice said quietly, and I turned and shrunk in the water to hide my nakedness, but then paused at the sight of Kira standing in the door.

She was wearing a thong and a simple wrap about her bust as she walked barefoot down the steps while opening a large blanket before her for me, and rising out of the waters I stepped into the blanket and wrapped it about my body.

"Why do you say that?" I asked. "Your muscles are so much stronger than mine."

"Yes... But I wouldn't bathe in a cold mountain stream that was fed by glacial run off." she smirked. "What do you do during the winter?"

"Cut a hole through the ice, why?"

Kira's eyebrows rose right into her hairline as I said that, and she had a silly little look on her face.

"Well sister... There are certain comforts that modern Lycan enjoy that you may not be familiar with." she said, and wrapping her arms about my arm, she led me inside the house again.

"Modern Lycan? What's the difference?"

"The Modern world possesses innovations that make the simple art of bathing and showering so much better. Come... Let me show you."

"But I already bathed."

"Trust me. You'll want to do it again."

I did... I trusted her. She was my new sister after all... The twin of my beloved... And other than the gender and the fact that she had her eyesight, she seemed exactly like Nathan.

But holding the blanket about me with one hand, I followed her up stairs to where I was sharing a room with my beloved, but Kira turned us and ushered us into a large room with tile work on the floor and half the walls. Here, she undressed and slipped out of her panties to stand nude before me. Being that there weren't any prying male eyes possibly about, I removed the blanket and folded it up neatly and placed it on a counter with a pair of basins nearby. Kira then sat on the edge of an even larger basin than the two on that counter before a large mirror. This other basin looked large enough to hold several full grown Lycan inside it in their hybrid forms. Kira then turned a knob over a spigot and water came rushing out in a torrent.

Curious, I walked closer and sat on a weird porcelain chair with lids and watched as she turned the knob this way and that way, adjusting the water mixture between hot and cold. Then pulling on a second knob, there was a pause as water stopped coming out of the spigot, and instead rain came out of several overhanging devices that sprayed all over the insides of this basin. Soon steam soon rose from the warmth of the falling water, and the humidity filled my lungs.

Then taking my hand, Kira led me inside the falling water and the basin, and immediately I fell in love with a thing called a *'shower.'*

She washed me, showing me what soaps to use, what shampoos to use and how to use them. Afterwards, she showed me what lotions I should apply and how to style my hair better. It was the sort of sisterhood that I'd always dreamed of as a child... And Kira, and to an extent Mia, were so open to show them to me that morning. Mia came in and washed and cleaned herself while Kira was grooming me, and afterwards they brought me into their room so that I could get some clothes on temporarily.

Their bottoms fit me quite well, and I got a single pair of simple light blue panties to cover my loins that had a narrow back at the least to frame my bottom. It was the tops that we had a problem with.

As they went back and forth trying to find their largest shirt for me, Mother Natalie entered in her sleeping clothes – white translucent linen slacks and a belly shirt – and proffered one of her shirts that fit me supportively and snugly enough.

"It seems, Mother Natalie... That I may have to borrow shirts from you now and again.

"You have a very mature bust, Luna," Natasha said, and I tried to show my best smile, knowing how my bust got that way. "But we will get you into some nicer clothes when we go to see the judge in town today.

I smiled, and borrowing a pair of pants, a set of socks and some shoes from Kira and Mia, I also got a blouse and a sweater from Natasha for the cold weather, and then went in to see Nathan.

He was still resting when I sat down beside him, and bending in close, kissed him on the lips to wake him up. With a short intake of breath through his nose, he rose, his lazy eyes opening slightly as he dipped his head to look at me better, just before his hand came to rest upon the side of my narrow neck.

"I sense that mother and my sisters got at you."

I smiled. "I feel very pretty. I wish you could see how I look... I want to look pretty to you."

"It isn't possible for you to look merely pretty to me, my beloved. *'Pretty'*... And even *'beautiful'* aren't strong enough words to describe what I see when I sense you near me."

"Really?" I blushed, hunching my shoulders and folding my arms together before me, which in turn lifted my breasts. "B-but... What is it that you see in me?"

"I see... That Kira did up your hair today in an artful array. I see the smells of you using their shampoos, lotions and soaps, but as for the clothing... They are really little more than wisps of mist floating about your form...

"All are naked to my *'sight.'*" he smirked.

My teats immediately erected and I slid in close to embrace him. With a subtle sigh, I curled up close to him and kissed his naked chest, murring deep inside my throat as I felt his body cradling me to him. I thought about our impending marriage, and thought that I couldn't possibly be happier.

I was so happy. So very happy that I had a family now. I was no longer alone. And I hugged my Nathan all the more for it.

Nathan and I spent some time with each other in the morning, snuggling, hugging, talking, in the past few days I had more affection and love in my life than I had for the whole of my existence... like fate was trying to pay be back for all the hardships I'd endured. And after our snuggling, I got naked again for the third time, this time to shower with my beloved lifemate, but I insisted that I turned on the shower. I was playing with the knobs for awhile before I finally found a level that wasn't too hot or too cold.

We snuggled and caressed in the shower, and after a short time together, naked and open, I found myself guiding my loves erection into my loins, and we made love for nearly an hour amidst the falling rain before we actually took to cleaning ourselves.

Getting dressed and a good meal in our bellies, and then a drive into the human town, Nathan went with his father, and I went with his mother and sisters. Shortly thereafter I had new modern clothes that showed off my luscious curves and human body perfectly, and spending hours with Nathan's sisters and mother as they taught me the ins and outs of spending money, but stressed there was only so much that could be spent of it. Despite that, I had learned a little of the concept of haggling and business from the teachings I learned from my tutors in the Lodge and I picked things for functionality instead of lavishness. Besides... The town that was near to the Den really didn't focus on anything that could be considered lavish... We'd have to go to a big city for that, but I really didn't want to go to any place that was as crowded as a human city.

Later that afternoon, I was married – the human equivalency of bonding – which seemed paltry by comparison being that their bonding ceremonies were done with words instead of actions and the interlocking of souls. With the Lycan way, the bond was indeed eternal instead of this “until death do you part” rubbish.

Immediately after that, I found myself in a place called a *'Doctor's Office'* which was a human term for a sort of healer, and a highly trained healer at that. Nathan stayed with me to reassure me as this doctor poked and prodded me, and did things to me that I thought were invasive, but Nathan assured me that they were normal and necessary to check my insides without hurting me. Finally the one whom everyone called *'Doc'* – a Ronin werewolf who was powerful enough and wealthy enough and most importantly respected enough to continue being without a pack – removed his gloves and told me that I could put my things back on. Until that moment, I was totally naked save for a sort of flimsy sort of apron made out of thin paper.

"You're indeed pregnant, Luna." Doc said. "Decidedly so."

I paused amidst holding out a pair of pants that I was about to don before turning to him.

"What do you mean *'decidedly so'*?"

Doc smirked. "You have an ear for detail."

"It comes from having a big strong mate who sees by listening." I mused, and automatically reached up to grab my new *'husband's'* thick neck with one hand as he came near to embrace me about my muscled waist.

"You are pregnant, Luna... But with six cubs."

"Six?!" I gasped and dropped my pants.

"Quite so. So many cubs can be tiring on a female, Luna... And you will get very large rather quickly about the middle once your first trimester passes. I can suggest a healthy diet, maybe some supplementary herbs to help you gestate so many."

"Six?" I repeated, and Doc smiled.

"You are a rare female, Luna... One in which you are extremely fertile... So much in fact that once you are impregnated, then your body can still become impregnated again so long as there's an egg that remains unfertilized inside your womb. As such, you have six little bundles attached to your uterine wall, changing, growing... Transforming slowly into your babies.

"As a warning, Luna... There is still the possibility that the eggs in these bundles can still split into two, three or even more cubs a piece.

"Though you have this ability... I'm afraid that your ability to heat once it occurs will be greatly delayed by months... Years, or even decades later."

I swallowed and looked up at Nathan, but he only smiled down at me.

"Are you ready for such a large family?" I asked quietly.

He bit his lip, but finally nodded. "It's a blessing, not a curse, Luna. Besides... You have my family, and all the new additions to the Pack to help out... If it becomes too much... There will always be help.

"Cubs of the Wolfe Pack are all raised together as one family."

Some of the wolves who came to us were professional craftsmen... Who had their own wealth that they maintained with their own skills and so on. So a proposition had been made to my father while I was preparing for marriage with Luna and began its task while we were seeing Doc. That proposition was to finish the Den...

Logs and lumber, stone cutting and so on were all brought upstairs so that the warren of caves could be stylized and made fit for living quarters for so many wolves. It'd been a long, long time since the Den was to house so many individuals, and when it last held such a throng, a cave was a perfectly ok place to live.

So by the time that we returned home, me with my new bride, who I was babying every step of the way now that we'd learned of the extent of her burden, keeping her safe by my side, we found several work trucks outside, and wolves in their lesser hybrid forms – which were humanoid but only with Neanderthal like faces and massively bulging muscles – carrying bundles of lumber downstairs.

Father and I inspected the changes they were making, and while several wolves were using hand chisels and hammers as well as their own claws in some cases, others were laying down supports as rock was broken from around the mountain to keep cave ins from happening. They were experienced miners as well as workers, for once being denizens of the now destroyed Lodge, they constantly had to mine more silver from the mine, and thusly go deeper and deeper into that mountain. But their efforts promised to be a beautiful place once it was done... A concept like the Lodge, only whole-heartedly different and more modern. Electricians who'd arrived from other packs were even applying their trade in adding artificial lighting and upgrading the old oil lamps. Plumbers were likewise adding *other* facilities as well.

Father even donated a few hundred thousand dollars to help them in their undertaking...

They were hard workers, and not being able to help myself when others needed it, I took to helping them till they decided to retire, and as such, the stairway leading down was planked with wood and paneled with a new ceiling all the way down to the landing at the base of the stairs before we stopped.

When I went upstairs, toweling off my shining body from sweat, it was then that I found my beloved waiting for me in my room. I could sense the changes in the room, and her scent was already mingling with mine here... To the point where it was becoming one solid sheen. There was a new larger bed here, with pictures – which appeared to

be elaborate frames and flat panes of gray paper to me... I really couldn't appreciate such a thing – hanging from the walls in a few places.

There were bags of clothes here and there, extra furniture that had appeared from somewhere that I didn't know, and when I entered, looking around, seeing the drapes and such, I smiled as I saw the fabrics she used were all the kinds that I found pleasing to look at.

"I hope you can forgive me... But I added more color to your room."

"Our room." I corrected, and stepped up to her, cupping her firm and muscled shoulders.

She was tall, firm and muscular for a female, and inordinately beautiful, with her breasts large and heavy and perfectly rounded.

"We've been working hard." she said quietly. "Your mother and father have desired to break down the walls between your room and your sisters so that we can have more room, and your sisters will move into other smaller but separate rooms of their own elsewhere in the house.

"We may even have to expand."

"And what do you think of that?" I asked, lifting my hands to her face now and cupping her head, touching her soft skin, feeling her beauty through my fingers, smelling it and tasting it in the air.

She fingered my navel, and slid automatically against me, and we both knew of what was coming, we were just taking our time getting there.

"I... Would like to have spare room for a nursery... Maybe a larger bed. At least until the cubs are born, but I think all we need do is just add a door between the rooms that we can slide open and close or just remove."

"Sounds sensible." I mused as she looked down my body, her fingers tracing down to my belt, which she soon began to unbuckle.

"I was... Afraid and concerned that I'll soon have so many cubs all at once, Nathan..." she said as she continued to unbutton and unzip my pants. "But I'm glad, I think. I want nothing more than to be the mother of your children... Our children." she corrected herself with a smile. "Damn my father... Years of indoctrination have me thinking that a relationship is me pleasing you and nothing more..."

"I don't believe in such narrow-mindedness. I wouldn't dream of disrespecting such a perfect creature like you in that way. Such a thing would be considered sacrilege." I mentioned as I quickly undid the buttons of her shirt before pushing it up off her shoulders. She in turn pushed my trousers off my legs and grabbed my behind before pressing her body against mine, her perfect breasts against my chest, my groin conforming to her crotch at the base, and my phallus becoming trapped between us.

"How should we do it tonight beloved?" I asked as I kissed her forehead as I pushed her shirt all the way off her body, feeling the tell-tale upraised scars against her back that were all but invisible, even to my touch.

"You smell of earth, sweat and sawdust." she mused, and arched her back into mine as she rose up on her toes, my hands stroking her back till I found her panties and pushed those off her body. "I believe we need to use that shower apparatus your sisters showed me to use this morning."

My penis was fully engorged and erect, and I nodded knowingly.

"Who gets to wash who first?" I grinned, and palmed her breasts as she caressed the length of my manhood with her long slender fingers.

"I get to wash you first." she mused, and taking hold of my penis in one hand, she drew me along with her, across the hall and into the bathroom where I locked the door.

She removed my bandanna and fidgeted with the shower knob till she got the temperature right, and then drawing me in after her, she began to wash me with her hands... But she also washed me with her breasts and body, rubbing against me, keeping me fully erect, till once I was all nice and clean, with she and I embracing and kissing each other, she rose up on tiptoe, took my phallus in her hands, and inserted it into herself.

There we embraced and loved... Enough times that the hot water began to run out. But even then... I was still erect, and she was still ready, and we retreated to our room for more.

Merciful Moon... I loved her so much.

Father was one to read the newspaper everyday, scanning all the myriad of headlines and reading what interested him.

The following day after my marriage in the human way to Luna, I found him downstairs, with the other refugee wolves from the defunct Lodge and other places already at work finishing the Den below. I led Luna downstairs with me, both of us dressed in the simplest of attire, which was little more than a pair of my slacks for me prior to getting to work and an undershirt and light blue panties for Luna.

"Hello father Wolfe." Luna greeted and kissed father's cheek, and he blinked and looked at her as she went to go fix a breakfast that she was used to... Which were preserves and breads with fruit.

I smiled at my love's plump yet muscular form, focusing upon her firm and round behind.

"Goddess... She's just like one of the family already." Father commented as I sat across from him, and suddenly sat back as Luna began to load the table with quickly prepared breakfast items.

"Not a bad thing," I smirked as she continued to load juice, jams and jellies and bread loaves with cutting knives, even butter with salt and pepper before she began cutting them up for breakfast.

"Of course not." Father mentioned and then looked at Luna. "Nathan... About what we discussed earlier..." he began but trailed off, looking at Luna's reaction instead of mine.

He wanted to know if I'd told her.

Sighing, I turned to my mate and taking the knife from her hands, I took both her hands and dipped my head so that I might sense her better... My equivalent of looking someone in the eyes.

"Luna... My father wishes for me to train in order to someday take over leadership of the pack." I said at last. "I'd been putting this moment off till now, but best not to postpone it anymore."

"A Lord?!" Luna squealed and bounced on her toes before me, but then saw my expression. "Nathan... Why... Why do you have that look?"

I took a deep breath. "In order for me to take the leadership of this pack, I need to be able to act within the world of men. In order to do that, I need to go away to their schools."

"Go away?" she asked quietly, and I nodded. "For how long?" she asked.

Taking a deep breath, I finally went for it. "Four years... several months at a time."

Luna bit her lower lip and then looked to my father. Her face showed nothing when she returned it to mine.

"When do you leave?" she asked then.

"In two months." I replied. "Father apparently sent my paperwork in a while ago, and we received confirmation yesterday. I learned of it before our marriage ceremony yesterday when you went with my sisters and my father and I went to check our post box."

"I-If that's what must be done..." she said, and then came to sit upon my lap, scrunching her large chest onto my clavicles and fingering my lips as she looked into the eye on my bandanna for a moment before pushing the cloth from off my real eyes. "You have my support if that is what you have to do dearest heart, though I wish it weren't so."

"We will protect you here, Luna. You and my grandchildren." father said then rising, and folding his paper up, dropped it on the table. "Especially with thieving body snatchers about. You'll be safer in our care than anywhere else."

"Body snatchers?" I asked, suddenly attentive.

"There is a fiend in the human town who is taking young girls... Most of them under twelve seasons of age. Such sick, psychotic work can only be done by perverted humans,"

I wish I could read the paper... But the inks and the paper used on a newspaper made it difficult for me to read them by finger tip or by hearing the echoes of the print. To me it was a simple plane of gray. Luna however did take up the paper and read the print, and as she did, her fingers pressed harder and harder against my chest.

"You'll be safer here than anywhere else in the world." I said reassuringly.

"No... I won't." she said quietly, putting the paper down and turning to kiss me. "The safest place in the world is within your care dearest heart. I don't want to be anywhere else."

With that she slid off my lap and went back to her cutting of fruits and breads, and I focused upon her, concerned. We'd not been bonded for more than even a day, and already I had to leave her. I was disappointed, and I could tell she was too. We would have to discuss this later. But for now, I rose to her, reached forward and palmed her muscled shoulder and kissed her cheek.

"Everything will be all right beloved, you'll see." I said and she flashed me a small smile before handing me a piece of bread laden with creamed cheese, strawberries and pepper, and I accepted it graciously with another kiss, this time on her forehead.

I ate it down and drank the juice that was offered to me, and then went to work. Luna, despite the chilling air, remained in the front room all while I worked, and whenever I passed near enough, she touched me, embraced me, kissed me...

Each time, I felt more and more despicable inside for having to leave her.

The settling of the Den was going along smoothly, but in the absence of any defined leader, I'd become the leader of the refugees from Lupin's maddened arson and flight into the wilderness.

Lord Peter and Prince Nathan had been so kind to us... Helping us with food and lodging, and helped us place ourselves into a state of self reliance under their care. We paid them back in what ways we could... With most of the monies in reconstruction having come from our own pockets, what few of us had money to spend that is. What was more important, though, is that we were all close to the little princess, that we could guard her when there was call of us. The Wolfe Pack was bolstered by our Dog Soldiers, our hunters and our artisans, and we all officially broke any last tie we had with Lupin's Lodge before several of the elders and announced that we would now serve the Wolfe Pack. We cleaned their house and tended to their needs when they had need of it, and we made sure their meat locker was full, as well as their wine stores from those of us who made wine from the berries on the mountain.

I myself was most happy, for in one month's time all the tunnels had been enlarged and cordoned off, and Nathan, using his great powers, was even able to break open several sealed tunnels that were closed off long ago due to that they were no longer necessary back then, but were sure necessary now. In the meantime, however... We found that the mountain in which we now found ourselves had a resource that we didn't count on...

Gold.

And what pleased us most of all, was that Peter, the legal owner of it being that it was found on his lands, was all for sharing it with us instead of hoarding it like Lupin had. We became independently wealthy after a very short while, able to buy the things we needed for ourselves at long last, instead of living in a socialist poverty like Lupin had us in.

For the first time that I could recall, I was truly happy... Save for one thing.

Standing amidst the woods away from all the males, I palmed my belly as I leaned against a tree, feeling my vaginal mound compress and swell behind my jeans to form a definite camel toe as my body groaned with its desire to transform. I wanted so much what none had been able to give me, not even Lupin... And for my efforts of trying to taint myself with his seed, his bastard son clawed my face and scared it with his claws.

As I gasped for my air, feeling hot, hot enough to sweat, even as a trickle of moisture slid down between my breasts, I began to feel my other nipples forming as my clit throbbed and pulsated between my legs.

"You seem to be uncomfortable, Lalinda." a voice said, and with a low growl between my teeth, I whipped my body around to defend myself against the male who spoke to me just then, for I was used to being raped in Lupin's Lodge whenever a large male wished to have some pussy.

But what I saw standing before me softened my immediate rage, and I found myself being faced with the stray wolf known as Quixote.

A Coyote from the deserts to the east, he was a medicine man and a shaman, and unlike all the other males who'd been drawn to me before, this one was soft skinned and slender, not supremely muscular. What was more, he wore a mask of concern and seemed unaffected by the unholy mixture of hormones and pheromones that exuded from me.

"W-what do you want?" I bit out.

"To see to your comfort." Quixote said as he shouldered his staff with that ridiculous turtle shell rattle. "You are a female with a lot of responsibility upon your shoulders and no one to share it with. The weight must be quite daunting."

"I can take it." I said breathlessly, feeling my clitoris erect between my legs, throbbing gently as my labia puffed out even more. I grew just then several centimeters, and the seams and the belt of my clothing groaned a little as my clothes tightened about my body.

Subconsciously, I pushed my hips out toward him, my body inviting him despite that my mind and soul didn't, but he didn't move at all toward me.

"I have no doubt of that, Lalinda." he said calmly. "But a heavy load held by two people is easier to bare."

"Why are you here?" I said, regaining my composure and forcing myself to stand upright again.

"I grew concerned, I'd hoped to find what was troubling you and alleviate it. But if you are comfortable at the moment, then maybe I should go..." he said calmly and then turned to leave, but before I could stop myself, I raised a hand toward him.

"Wait." I said, surprising myself.

He turned back with the faintest of knowing smiles on his face.

"Yes?" he asked.

"You can stay a little." I managed, lowering my hand.

"Very well." and he turned back to face me.

He was simple, wearing a poncho that fell to his ankles to both his front and his back that was made of soft fabrics... And he wore simple jeans and a white cotton shirt beneath that, but hanging from his waist was his medicine bag and totems.

"What is it... That you do here?" I said between restrained gasps. "Why is it that a stray such as you finds yourself so far outside of your own lands?"

"In times of necessity, one must do what is considered against the will of one's people to do what is right. I was banished for it but I have no regrets. I followed my path, and it brought me before Lady Natasha. I taught her, and now I teach her children." he blinked at me for a moment. "And perhaps Luna now if she wishes to be instructed. There is power in that child... Great power. Such is the fate of an avatar." He paused and looked me in the eye. Already a desirable trait being that he wasn't ogling my chest or my lap. "But that then begs the question... Why are you here?"

"I served the father because I loved the mother. Because I loved the mother, I served the father so that I could continue to serve the daughter." I said, trying to keep my breathing calm, but there were certain parts of my body that I was losing control of, one of which were my nipples and sex... They were just puffing out without abandon now. "Luna's mother was my closest and dearest friend. I moved from my first pack to be with her... And I stayed with her, even when we discovered that her betrothed was a lunatic.

"When Jenna died, I stayed to make sure that her daughter was safe and protected... But Lupin rarely let me get close to her... Until recently."

I tugged at the collar of my blouse, and didn't even realize that Quixote had stepped closer.

"I serve the family because I serve the young lord." Quixote said quietly as he drew nearer. "But the family is a good family, ancient... As is the role of the Bear-wolves... Older than even the dire wolves. Their blood is ancient and resists being ground into the earth." Quixote was quiet for a moment as he regarded me.

"Jenna... Came to us... When Luna was still in the womb."

"I know." I said in return. "I helped her to escape."

Quixote grinned sheepishly.

"Nathan's mother fell instantly in love with Jenna. They became very fast friends like I'm sure it was with you. Perhaps it would behoove you to speak with Lady Wolfe. She is a very kind person despite her strength and overbearing sexuality."

I snickered in humor, and then began to tug at my collar some more.

"Here, let me help you." Quixote said, and began loosening my shirt, strangely, I let him, feeling my nipples hardening with the close contact of a male, hardening till they ached.

"I don't know." I admitted. "Lady Wolfe is a kind and generous person, but how can I regain my friend just by speaking with another friend?"

"I mean... Sometimes I... I just... Um... What are you doing?"

My voice was calm, but it was full of menace as I suddenly realized what Quixote had been doing. He didn't just unbutton one or maybe even two buttons of my blouse, he unbuttoned them all. He even un-tucked the sides of the blouse from my jeans, till my chest was naked before him and the cool breath of fall was kissing my flesh.

"Helping you to relax, Lalinda." he said, and lifted his hands to push my shirt off my shoulders.

I growled at him, my mouth and nose pushing out a little as my teeth turned into fangs. I lifted my chin defiantly.

"I should disembowel you for this." I warned.

"Then why aren't you?" he replied and then looked calmly up into my face. "Your body exudes the scent of a heat that is so powerful that young Nathan has secluded himself with his mate in their room. It's strong enough where I can smell it from the front door of the Den. So then I ask... Why do you resist?"

He began massaging my neck with gentle fingers, the movement of his finger tips loosening taut muscle, and I began to answer, but it merely came out in a gurgle before I cleared my throat and lowered my head. At that moment, his hands moved to my breasts, and I gasped as he began to massage them.

"You're a mature female." Quixote said, but he quickly continued before I could take insult. "Too old to be considered as a mere adult and too young to be considered a crone. Most females have had a cub or two by reaching your age. Your feminine instincts are repressed but not gone, and I think that with a little help... You can show everyone that you are still a woman inside."

He moved to massage my neck and shoulders again, but this time when his hands moved back to my breasts, he pressed the shoulders of my blouse down about the crooks of my arms, and when he touched my breasts, it was to caress them instead of massage and grope them.

"You... You're just saying these things, because you want a sure lay." I accused him angrily, but nonetheless arched my back deeply to press my breasts into his hands even as they began to swell with my growth, a frill of my fur appearing between the two masses even as two more sets of nipples formed through forced transformation down my navel, and he fingered those as his touch slowly slid over my eight abdominals. And then he began to unbuckle my belt and open my pants. "I hope not." I smiled as he unbuttoned my button fly. "Most males, who'd find an unbonded female in heat would indeed seek to lay her, pass on our genes as is necessary."

"But I, unlike them, have two characteristics that they lack." Quixote said quietly, unbuttoning and then unzipping my fly.

"And what are those?" I gasped as he pulled open the twin flaps of my jeans.

"First of all... I have no fear of waking up beside you. Going to bed with you is one thing, but I cannot consider myself honorable unless I was willing to wake up with you too.

"And secondly... I am aware that if I stick my dick in you, then you will conceive." I blinked at him as he said that, and he paused, taking a moment to caress my areola and nipples again. "And despite that knowledge, I am fully willing to accept your child as my own."

"H-how can I believe you?" I swallowed, wanting him now.

He was playing upon my sexuality, and it was growing increasingly harder to control it. Right now... I wanted to jump him and sex him right then and there. With my physique... It would've been easy. But that was the animal in me thinking... I was a woman first and a wolf second.

"How about this then?" he asked, and his hands moved to hold my face, and then before I knew what was happening, he was pressing his lips against mine, and I felt passion... Real passion in his kiss. I swooned immediately, and as my knees sagged, he caught me with one arm and held me till he released the passionate embrace, and suddenly, despite all my strength, I found myself succumbing to him... I was in his power, he could do whatever he wanted to me now...

I was splayed in one of his arms while he caressed my throat with one hand, spreading it with his fingers splaying wide beneath my chin before he drew his touch downward between my breasts and sternum, over my tit to grope it gently now, and then back up to my throat before he cradled my head and held me so that I looked at him.

"I will not take you lest you want me to, Lalinda." he said, and my heart suddenly pounded in my chest so hard that it created a throbbing lump against the flesh of my chest above my rib cage. I juiced between my thighs, moistening the slit that was the gateway of my sex in preparation for his shaft to pierce me, moistening my panties, while I remained there, vulnerable, pants opened and my blouse nearly off, and here he was pausing to ask my permission.

"Why?" I gasped. "Why do you want someone as me?"

"Because I like strong females, and despite that you push off a mask of a hard-assed, no-nonsense female, there is always something to say for a woman who wears pink underwear with a red bow beneath the fringe, and reaching down, he took hold of that little red bow on my panties, one of his fingers sliding beneath their hem, growing oh so close to my pubic mound.

He was a bare moment from stuffing his hand down my panties and taking a handful of my pussy.

"Y-yes... T-take me." I gasped, and he smiled at me, as if knowing this would be my decision all along, and lowering himself to one knee before me, he took both my jeans and my panties in his hands, and began to pull them smoothly off my body as if he'd practiced doing this to bare my lower body, my thighs and then my calves, but most of all, he revealed my swollen pussy to the cool air. He paused only long enough to pull my blouse from off my arms and wrists, and then cupping one of my butt cheeks, he reached forward and kissed my love mound.

I gasped as I leaned against the tree he propped me up against, feeling his tongue sliding inside my sex as he licked my insides, and I moaned solidly while my fingernails lengthened into near claws, and I scraped the wood of the tree while mentally trying to keep my hips from bucking.

And then he was withdrawing, and folding my hands over my breasts, hugging them to me between my arms, compressing them together, I felt my fluids swelling inside me, leaking from within my body while he helped me slip from my moccasins and socks, caressing my thighs and calves as he did, and when he rose, he cradled my head briefly, smiling at me, and then he undid my mane of hair, and pulled the long strands so that it all hung over one side of my body.

"You are so beautiful... Why do you hide it?" he asked me as I snatched at his chest trying to undress him as he stood there whilst I practically tore his clothing from him.

"I'm a warrior. A warrior doesn't have time to be pretty... Doesn't... Doesn't... Ngh." I groaned and arched my body, rising up on tip toes as I clapped a hand to my bottom, squeezing the butt cheek as my pussy clenched tightly, squeezing out my juices so that they slid down my thigh, and before I knew it, I was falling against him, but he caught me.

"You should take just a little more time. It is possible for you to be beautiful and still be a warrior, Lalinda." he spoke into my ear, and as I recovered, I un-tucked his shirt, and he helped me pull both his shirt and his poncho over his head to reveal his bare chest and body. He was stronger than he looked, though his face was etched with sun and age... He was nonetheless handsome. I felt his chest muscles, and his belly, feeling the strength beneath it, and then I took hold of his belt and unfastened it.

Thankfully, he only wore sandals, which he kicked off as he helped me push his loose trousers off, and then he was naked before me too, with the horn of his erection swelling toward me, he moved close to me, holding my face with my breasts against his chest and his erection against my navel.

"You're sure about this?" he asked again as he caressed my breasts.

"Quit teasing and stick it in~n!" I moaned.

Quixote smiled, and angling his manhood downward, I rose up onto my tiptoes, arching my body, and he pressed the tip of his penis against the swollen mound of my pussy, just before he slid himself into me. I moaned deep in my throat as he slid inside me, that hard throbbing mass pulsating against my vaginal walls, piercing me till I slid onto him to the hilt. He cradled me, I embraced him, he caught me as I swooned and I wrapped my leg about him, and we both sank to the forest floor, before he placed me on my back, the two of us retaining the connection as I continue to ejaculate inside my bowels.

He soothed my body, calming the aches and pains, being gentle and affectionate, daring to kiss my mouth.

I was lost in his embrace as that penis of his rotated inside me as he moved his hips, churning me like one would churn butter. He was an old wolf, one who was experienced with females, knew how to please them unlike all the males who wanted me for only five minutes or so. I began to weep from the pleasure as he began passing fifteen minutes with me.

But then the transformation was triggered, and I began to change, and he changed right along with me.

Our bodies fought against each other, adding more play to the motion and the clenching and release, and while my bowels deepened, his erection lengthened and swelled to meet with it, keeping me filled as my many breasts formed, my sizeable muscles grew, my body became covered with fur, and my wolfen features formed.

My toes curled as I scraped my claws against his chest fur, and as my arousal was reaching a crescendo, my body reacted, I rose up upon my arms, and I bit him on the bridge of his neck.

Before I knew it he was doing the same, and we both tasted each other's blood as we rolled on the ground, once, twice, three times till I rose up, my teeth reddened with blood and a deep wound on the side of my neck. My mane whipped back and my tits bounced and jostled erotically, spraying what meager milk that they produced as I snarled in an intake of breath, and then howled hard even as he thrust up inside me, and erupted inside my body.

I felt him spasm, and my body orgasmed in reaction, and I rode his rod as he erupted inside me over and over again... Perhaps decades of not being with a female unloading inside my body, and somewhere deep, deep inside me... The baby, the baby I'd always dreamed for and hoped for since I was a little cub, was fertilized, and began to grow inside me.

Laughing, I bent downward and we shared a kiss that mingled our blood together, and I rose as he played with my breasts, all twelve of them, being that I was a rather fertile female that way, soothing my body as he continued to push up into me. I sighed nasally, and felt a remarkable tension release itself from inside me as I made love to my new mate and the father of my child.

What a strange happenstance... But still... I felt strong and powerful... And yet now... I could feel my femininity...

I could feel myself becoming a mother.

The spirit realm was occasionally a frightening place. One saw things in the ether here, echoes of atrocities that happened years, decades, sometimes even centuries ago. Indian burial grounds, the sight of a murder, and so on, were all horrific nightmarish mutations that those in the real world never saw. But occasionally... One stumbled across the exact opposite. Such as where life is created, and one sees the spiritual passions in the air, of reds and pinks that are rarely found elsewhere in the ether, where everything is bright and beautiful.

Serious lovemaking had that sort of effect... Especially where a child was actually conceived.

Such was the situation when I stumbled upon Lalinda and Quixote making love. From where I stood, watching their spiritual echoes – Quixote's so potent that I was sure I could reach out and touch him – I saw inside my old friend's body and witnessed the union that would create the child inside her womb.

Some state that when a woman becomes pregnant that they glow with some inner light. They couldn't be more true. That inner light is a spiritual glow from the child inside their womb... A spiritual brightness that is so grand, that it actually transcends the spirit realm, and enters the real world to illuminate the woman. I watched their lovemaking, watched them making love several times over even, and I desired that feeling again, of a man sliding into my loins... but a good man, not some psychotic Lycan like Lupin.

And I watched the light in her womb slowly swell, and I thought that depending upon what sort of female my friend was, she might just have more than one cub in her womb now.

But watching such things... Made a spirit like me, horribly jealous, and while they rested in a near sleep after their lovemaking, the stray Quixote actually affectionately caressing Lalinda's belly, I stepped forward, and squatting, laid a hand on Quixote's back where he laid half on top my friend.

Shamans and mystics were the only ones strong enough to cast a shadow into the spirit realm that I could touch. But upon touching Quixote's shadow, a flood of his power, just enough to energize me, flooded into my body, and I began to solidify and manifest. The spirit realm dissolved around my immediate area and real world things came into being like trees and bushes and the Earth. I squatted there as Quixote jerked awake, Lalinda moaning and opening her eyes against the motion.

"Jenna." Lalinda breathed and then was instantly on her hands and knees in a vicious flip of her body, facing me as her breasts jiggled.

I smiled and waved at her.

"Hi." I managed. "Sorry to bother you." I added and bit my lip. "But there's something I need to ask of you."

Jenna's eyes were sparkling as she surged forward and pulled me into her grasp. Being within my friend's arms again felt so... so good.

"Oh beloved... I missed you so much." she said and then held me at arms length. "Y-you're so cold." she whispered.

"I have no body, so I cannot project warmth Lalinda." I said quietly. "But it's my lack of a body that I wish to speak with you about my friend."

"W-what do you mean?"

"I want to merge with you."

"M-merge?" Lalinda said and Quixote pushed me away and placed himself in front of me and Lalinda, growling.

"No." he growled. "You shouldn't ask such things." Quixote said after a moment. "You know not what you ask!"

"Yes... I do." I said and tried to move forward, but there was some sort of spirit shield in my way.

I wasn't a strong enough of a spirit to overwhelm someone as strong as Quixote was.

"It should be her choice, Quixote." I said then, and then rose, and he rose with me, blocking me as Lalinda embraced him from behind.

"Quixote... Why are you doing this? Why is it dangerous? What is she asking?"

"Jenna wishes to merge her spirit with yours, Lalinda. You will cease to be, she will cease to be, and there will be nothing left except a mutated you and her."

I looked at Quixote, saw the tears in his eyes that didn't fall, and staring straight at him, I smiled.

"He's afraid of loosing you." I said then. "He's afraid that if I do merge with you, then the woman he loves will go away. You don't understand, Quixote... She won't go away... There will simply be more of her."

"What you propose is loosing yourself to Lalinda." Quixote said then with a gasp, and looked baffled. "But if you loose yourself, then you will cease to be. It will be as if you never existed... Never lived."

"I am in pain where I am, shaman... Because I am detached from those I love, but unable to pass on so long as they live. I will grant my love, my knowledge, and my powers to my friend, and charge you both with looking after and caring for my daughter."

"Lalinda... You will have my love for my daughter, my knowledge and my beauty. It will be as if you've lived two lives until the moment we merge. Then there will just be you."

I reached out to her, and she moved and took my hand fiercely. Quixote was left with no choice but to watch and stand back as we took each other's hands.

"I was cruelly taken from my daughter when she hadn't even suckled from my breast yet." I said. "As long as she lives... There is still a chance to rekindle the affections of a loving mother for her... I am... I'm ready to give myself to you, if you'll accept me."

"Anything..." Lalinda sobbed, and tears broke from her eyes.

I smiled, and then looking to Quixote, stepped away from her, and then taking his face in my hands, kissed him solidly on his wolfen mouth.

"So you don't think I can't learn to love you, you old wolf. I charge you with being the father of my daughter now... From this point forward, you are no longer alone." And then letting go of him, I turned to Lalinda. "Are you ready?" I asked.

Lalinda nodded and moved to me. I took her hands again, and then bending forward, I kissed my friend on the lips.

She began to suck in the kiss, but I didn't return it, not one bit, and as she sucked, she sucked harder, unable to stop, and closing my eyes, I let myself go, and she sucked until she sucked the whole of my being inside her.

I felt hot... Hot everywhere as life flowed through me anew, sliding into every nerve, every muscle and sinew, every bone and artery. My soul sister was sliding into me, her arms into my arms, her legs into my legs, and we merged chest to chest, butt to butt, tail to tail and crotch to crotch. I felt dizzy as my head filled rapidly with her memories, her emotions and my body began to change as I obtained her powers.

Reaching between my legs, I caressed my pussy and felt as if I were fingering two pussies at once. It was a maddening sensation as my sexuality and her sexuality merged. With a gasp I released a jet of my love juices from within my body, clawing at the ground as my body trembled all over, head to toe, manipulating my form. And then I felt a magic as an emblem formed against my back, burning its way through my chest and body, firming up inside my form until it exploded against my chest.

I became afraid then as I sat back, shivering as my musculature mutated, her strength merging with mine, and I wrapped my long arms about my navel to protect the newly conceived cub inside my womb.

But then my musculature moved, softening me here, firming up there, and what was more, with two females in one, our strengths strengthened each other, and our weakness were muted as they met the other's strength, and in very few instances, our weaknesses met their weakness and grew all the greater.

My muscles swelled, my chest pushed outward, and my breasts inflated. My hips broadened as my waist compressed, the bowl of my pelvis pushing forward as the crevice of my cunt grew slightly longer, my clit thicker, and my labia stronger. My thighs bulged as I coiled over myself, growing larger and stronger while my teeth realigned and became newer.

Sweat erupted all over my body, matting my fur as my tail swished frantically, and with another shiver, I collapsed to my hands and knees, and gasped, feeling the weight of my chests drooping from my bodice as they rapidly swelled and filled with the production of milk.

Jenna had a power in her, and she'd also had been marked by The Crone, and as all her experiences flooded into me, I looked up at Quixote with tears in my eyes before I slowly rose before him. My womb filled, my body enlarged and strengthened, I staggered toward him, and then collapsed into his surprisingly strong and capable arms. It was odd to have a mate that was smaller than me, but it nonetheless felt good.

He looked at me and I kissed him passionately, and before I knew what I was doing, I was taking his penis in my hands, spreading my thighs wide open as I sat on his lap, and I inserted his erecting manhood into my body. It was a desire that I think Jenna had... Eighteen years as a spirit and no physical relationship with anyone... She would want the immediate gratification that lovemaking could only do.

Quixote did this task, staring up at me with a pained look on his face.

"You're loving me," I said, my voice changed a little, my eyes blue-green instead of just green.

"Which you is you?" he asked, and taking his hands from off my thick thighs, I planted them on my breasts and held them there.

"The female who loves you." I smiled, and dipped my head to kiss his hand. "Only there is a whole lot more of me than before." I mused and ground his hips with my cunt, getting him to cum once again into my body. "The same

woman you have just wooed, despite that you've been looking after me off and on for the better part of the month we've been here."

"H-how do you know that?"

"Jenna knew that. Now I do." and I bent low to kiss him. "And you are such a sweet old wolf... Show the world what you will, so long as I get to see that sweetness whenever I want to." I mused, pressing my expansive breasts onto his chest, my secondaries swelling, and minute transformations still undertaking upon my body as we made love again.

Secretly, I hoped that he'd impregnate me again, but I knew not what sort of a female I was now. Though I birthed Luna – or did I, I can't remember anymore – she has the power of fertility, but I may or may not.

Regardless... One can be more than enough for now. I just hoped for another...

I was alternating between helping with the household chores and holding my belly while my lifemate and husband helped with the renovations in the Den.

I'd grown a soft layer of fat about my body that had diminished the accents of my musculature, but Mother Natasha said it was normal for a female to go through such a change. The fat provided warmth to your cubs while they were in your womb, softened any blow that your body might take in accident and thusly protecting them from damage, and had the added change of enhancing one's mammaries.

One month into my pregnancy, and I was already feeling increased mammary growth and quickened lactation.

I had to milk myself once a day now, and my bust had swollen to immense P-cup sizes. I now possessed the largest chest of any female in the Den... Mother Natasha included.

Amidst folding clothes to be put away, I suddenly felt a presence behind me, and straightening and turning, I saw Lalinda standing there, watching me with a smile.

"Lalinda." I smiled, finishing folding the article of clothing in my hands. "It's good to see you. I thought you would be busy downstairs with the renovations."

"Something more important came up." she said and walked toward me as I bent to fold another piece of clothing, but when I righted myself, Lalinda was right in front of me, her hands lifting, trembling as they did, till they touched my face.

Lalinda gasped immediately as she held my face and bent forward to kiss my brow, her eyes bursting with tears almost immediately.

I was so stunned by this wave of emotion that flowed over me from her that I froze in place, not knowing what else to do.

"Your mother is so proud of you." Lalinda said suddenly. "So beautiful, so strong... And about to be a mommy too!" she mused and kissed my forehead again.

There was something in her touch, just then, something that felt... Familiar... Something that I never felt from her before, but could vaguely feel elsewhere, from someone. I just couldn't remember. It filled me with child-like comfort, and I felt other emotions welling inside me, emotions that I was unsure of and quite unfamiliar with. All that I knew is that they felt good.

"Lalinda... You're crying. Is everything all right?" I asked.

She smiled at me, her lips trembling before she embraced me tightly, and held me, cupping my back. I didn't know what to do but hold her back, but as I remained there in her grasp, I began to feel how soft and supple her breasts were beneath my cheek, and how good it felt to be held by her. Not some sort of girl on girl relationship... But... More like mother and daughter relationship.

Lalinda had been the closest person I've had to any real mother... Even despite how short of a time I really knew her. And this felt right, this felt real, and before I knew it, tears were inexplicably escaping my own eyes while Lalinda hugged and kissed my head.

"I'm so proud of you, Luna. An avatar of the Goddess! So strong, so womanly... And with the biggest, strongest mate there is bonded to you." Lalinda said and stepped back, wiping her eyes. I blinked my own tears away and stood there smiling back at her. "Look at me. I'm such a mess." she said, and I noticed then that her tough body had softened a little, and she was wearing her blouse undone and opened like a jacket, not caring if anyone saw her naked breasts.

"Lalinda." I said and took her hands as I sat before her. "Are you feeling ok? You're acting strange, and you look different."

"I'm all right." she sniffed and then sat beside me before pulling me down to sit with her. "You know, I knew your mother."

"You did?" I asked, suddenly excited.

"Yes... I called her my beloved... I loved her... Many people loved her. Her kindness was incredible, and she loved everyone and everything. Despite how sad her life was, she always had time to befriend even the most foul of individuals and change them by her mere presence.

"Some said that she had a heart three times normal size." Lalinda smiled and then pushed a few strands of my mane – its long locks having turned white as snow instead of black – over my ear.

"Tell me more about her. Tell me everything that you know."

Lalinda smiled, and began an oration that lasted for hours, beginning when they were both children, mere cubs, and continuing onward till the day that Lalinda helped my mother escape from the Lodge. The rest I'd learned from others after that moment, but that was the last that Lalinda knew of my mother.

"Your mother is a very large part of me now, Luna. If there is any thing that I can do for you, my little princess... I'm here. Anything you wish to know, anything you wish me to do that is within my power, I'll do it for you." she said and rose, and then looking at a slender watch on her wrist – it had an expanding wrist band... All Lycan got watches like that so that it didn't break or fall off when we changed – and she gasped. "Oh dear me. I have so much work to do." she said and kissed my forehead one more time before she turned to leave, but before she could...

"Lalinda..." I managed at last with a choke in my voice.

"Yes?" she said and turned immediately back to me, coming to stand before me.

"There... There was something that you gave me once before... On my Adulthood ceremony... I... I really enjoyed it, but I..."

Lalinda smiled, and stepping closer, opened the folds of her silken white blouse to reveal her breasts. She wore no bra and no undershirt, and her new sexual form mingling with her butch exterior became such a beautiful visage now as she bared her breasts to me.

"It's ok... I know what you want, child. Take what you wish... Just remember that dinner will be ready soon."

She cupped the back of my head with one hand, soothed my shoulder with the other, and I looked from her breasts, which had swollen greatly recently, and I then bent forward, and opening my mouth, fastened it upon the end of Lalinda's teat. I began to suckle, pressing my face into her tit, drawing from her mammary a sweet, sweet milk that had changed in taste since I'd done this with her last. She combed my hair with her fingernails as we both automatically settled down on the couch, and she sang a soft song, and closing my eyes, I was sure... Sure without a doubt, that I was in the arms of my mother as she cared for me as a cub.

I could've stayed there forever.

Nearly two months have passed since my son had risen into a Ghost Dancer. Who would've thought that twenty years ago that the little tiny old me would've become one of the most powerful Lycan in the world, and likewise birthed a blind runt who'd eventually outstrip even me as he became the Ghost Dancer who fell in love with the Avatar of a Goddess. And so much life was all around us... As females were conceiving all around me, like when I first became a Lycan. Only this time, I think it was young Luna's influence that was causing it, for even I was being affected.

Peter was in bed already, looking over some paperwork while a pair of reading glasses rested on the edge of his nose. Nearly two decades, and I was still madly in love with this wolf... As if our first meeting happened only yesterday. But as I looked upon him as I removed my jewelry and makeup, I paused, feeling a warmth growing in my chest and loins. Wiping the last of my makeup off, I stepped over to my husband, my breasts bouncing and wobbling with them undone, and he looked up at me as I gathered up all my hair and pulled it all over one shoulder.

"Hi." he greeted as I stood there, feeling the warmth growing in temperature inside me as it spread further through my body... I began to blush in the cheeks, a blush that quickly slid down onto my breasts as I reached up, and making a dog-ear in his book, removed his glasses and set them both on the nightstand beside him.

And then taking hold of the sheets, I threw them aside, and then sat down beside him on the edge of the bed.

He smiled back at me as I reached between his legs and fondled his groin, touching his laden rod as it erected and swelled. My nipples were hardening, and my clitoris was erecting solidly.

"You have mischief in your eyes, beloved." he said as I dipped to lie against him now, brushing my breasts and nipples along his body as I moved to kiss his chest, and then finding one of his nipples, I licked it subtly. "Should I be afraid of my bride?"

"A big... Strong... Virile wolf like you? Never..." I mused and laid kisses down his layered abdominals, before finally reaching his sleeping pants, and tugging on the hem of the waist band, let his erection reveal itself to me, and I gasped before I closed my mouth about it, and then slid forward so that his long thick prick slid down my throat, being moistened by my spit as I found his nads and juggled them with my fingers.

Peter caressed my face with one hand as he bent the other behind his head, cradling my face in my lap, letting me begin with my foreplay before I arched myself and gurgled, swallowing my spit as my areola puffed outward and swelled, and my nipples tightened into rock-hard nibs that had grown large and thick from so much nursing.

"Maybe you should be afraid of me, dearest heart." I said quietly. "I've... I've never felt like this before."

My fingernails lengthened, hooking slightly as I slid them along his thighs, pulling his sleep pants further down about his waist, thighs and calves and then off his feet before I threw them away, which allowed me to look upon my big strong mate. Then kneeling between his thighs, gasping for air now, I thumbed the straps of my panties and

slid them off my body, down over my wide hips, past my thighs and off my body. Peter slid forward and slipped both hands beneath my undershirt, massaging the fattened yet firm mammaries that decorated my chest atop either of my muscular and chorded pectorals, pushing my shirt up over my breasts so that they hung out freely, and I gasped and moaned, and grabbing his dick I began to stroke it.

Peter looked at me and smiled as a little of his seed escaped his penis, leaking over my hand, and pulling my shirt up off over my head, he then pulled me to him, and I moaned with the heat of his penis trapped between us.

"You're breathing heavily." he said quietly. "Hyperventilating even... Your heart is pounding, your body is sweating so much there is already a slick upon you, and I've never felt so much heat wafting from your loins." He kissed me as he named off each of my many symptoms, and then gripping one of my large, rounded butt cheeks, he tipped my chin upward with his other hand, and kissed me on the lips. The enzymes and hormones in my saliva entered him through our kiss, and I felt him stiffen beneath my loins as I moistened heavily.

"You're ripe, my love. Are you ready for a baby?"

"I haven't had a heat that I was aware of in eighteen years." I moaned, and then rising off him, I took his penis in both hands as I angled it downward, and kneeling with my legs flared wide open, I arched my body so as to insert my husband into me. "I'm well past the time when I was ready for another baby."

I groaned and slid comfortably upon my love's massive phallus, feeling it piercing me deeply before I pulled my legs up over his and I began to rock energetically upon him... Milk leaking from my breasts as my sexual emotions rose so speedily. It was as if he were popping pressure inside me, pressure that had been building up for years... And as the bubble of that pressure was popped, he came inside me, to fill the bubble, his seed finding the tiny little egg inside my body that was awaiting it's father's touch to make it whole.

Our lovemaking that night was considered '*torrential.*' I never came so much in my life, and in the end... There was a snap inside me... And electrical spark of ignition, and I gasped, palming my muscled abdominals as the life spark of our new child started, and I felt Peter's hands take mine immediately so that he could try to feel it. Then he pulled me too him, and we both rolled laughing till I was on my back and he was lancing his dick into me again, parting my loins wide as his voluminous penis erected harder.

"We need to start thinking of names." he said quietly, even as he lanced another minute burst of his seed into me.

"In the morning..." I moaned and arched my back, my legs flopping open as I took that powerful maleness inside me, burying it to the hilt.

But when morning came, we were still making love.

We had no choice but to sleep through the day, waking up in the afternoon to announce that inside me was a new addition to the family.

Chapter Eleven: Wolves Among Men

There were many females who were becoming pregnant. Mother Natasha, Lalinda... Me... And about a half dozen other wolfesses all about me. Our mates were already digressing into overprotective wolves. Especially Nathan. Due to my burden, he constantly tried to help me instead of the others amidst their preparations and renovations downstairs in the Den, and when I came to help in the renovations of the Den, he practically chased me off. But I only wanted to be with my lifemate, but thankfully... He wasn't such a male to not understand that, and whenever I tried, he came to be with me immediately. Such magical hands he had... And he had a powerful knowledge of massage. It was amazing.

A Forest Ranger came by on the week before that my Nathan was to leave me, showing pictures of several missing human girls that had been kidnapped from the town. There were nearly a half dozen of them now, and it was making the humans tense.

"We've been getting some crazies lately... Hunters poisoning as would-be bounty hunters moving through the mountains and the surrounding forests." The ranger was saying. "They don't know enough to stay off private properties like yours, Mister Wolfe, and we've had reports of a few break-ins in the night amidst cabins further down the mountain. Apparently from the ones we've caught, they said that they are looking for the captured girls."

Nathan's father sighed as I watched through the window, my Nathan standing right next to him as he listened in on this business.

"Why don't you come inside, Ranger Smith. I'm storing some lumber for some renovations, so don't worry about the workers moving it all into a storage room. But please come take a look around, and after you do, you can say that you personally witnessed that I don't have the girls here. I am a very private man, and the last thing I want to do is have to maim or kill someone because I mistook them as a prowler."

"I'd be much obliged, Mister Wolfe." he said.

The ranger stayed for an hour, as they showed him about the house from top to bottom, and right into the basement that was beneath the house, but not apart of the Den. The ranger excused himself with a filled canteen of hot cocoa for his long trip back to his station at the bottom of the mountain where he could look after the forest for fires, and Peter closed the door as Nathan sat beside me and palmed my belly.

"Someone's going to get their selves killed some night." Peter mentioned under his breath. "That kidnapper better hope he never stumbles on my property."

As I understood it, most of the mountain was the property of the Wolfe Pack, starting from its peak and moving downward. Little by little over the many generations, his family bought more and more of the mountain to help maintain privacy.

But despite that little excitement of the ranger visit, my new life here went by like a dream... Much to my chagrin, for before I knew it, two months had come and gone, and it was time for Nathan to go. I approached him in the evening before he was to go as he checked his suitcases, I wearing nothing but the barest of panty, soft blue with a pink bow, and a sheer nightgown that was tailored to show off the expanse of my mammaries. Sheer cloth was a beautiful thing for Nathan to perceive, for he said that it enshrouded me like a blanket of mist would. A sort of tailored haze like droplets of water suspended in the air.

That last night, I stepped toward him and pushed him onto our bed, removing my panties before I climbed up onto his lap, and fishing his penis from inside his sleeping pants, I slid onto him and reveled with his touch as he slid his fingers caressingly all over my bodice. It wasn't the sort of hard, angry sex we've had in the past that was designed to milk all the seed out of Nathan and deposit it into me explosively... This was a subtle, tenuous lovemaking, done long and slow, so that when we were both ready, we were able to time it so that we climaxed at the same time.

I became a wolfess for my lord and let him suckle from my many breasts as I massaged them to get my milk out, and like we did once before in what felt like a lifetime ago, I rested backward, my love on my larger body as he nestled against the immense pillows of my breasts, and he simply listened to my heart beating. I didn't sleep that night, and morning came far too quickly... And I stood in my thong panties and undershirt with a jacket to keep me warm as Nathan went out to the car, and his father drove him to the bus station.

Inside me... I felt cold inside and very much alone.

I stood there on the front stoop till Kira brought me inside to help me warm up.

Higher learning was already a problem.

I had spent the better part of two years trying to obtain my love, and when I got her, I had to let her go. Though father provided a good housing for me during my stay at college, I was still feeling very alone at that moment as I sat on my bed that was a little too small for me.

This place was in the city, and it was surrounded by more humans than I'd ever been around in my life. Everything was cramped and tight, and it made my animalistic self very wary. I wanted company... And so, reaching over for the phone, I felt the keys and discerned which number were which, and finding the center number with the upraised dot on it... I dialed home.

The phone rang several times before I heard it yanked off the receiver.

"Nathan!" came Mia's voice. "Hey big brother... How's school."

"Fine thank you, I start class tomorrow... But Mia... Could you please put Luna on?"

Mia chuckled and then after a pause as I heard Mia explaining to Luna how a phone worked, Mia telling Luna to turn the phone over, and then telling her to turn it over the other way before she just showed Luna how to hold it, I finally heard her voice.

"Nathan?" I heard her tenuous voice.

"Luna." I smiled, my heart melting as my hand gripped my knee. "Beloved... Are you ok?"

"I am now that I hear you..." she whispered.

I smiled and spoke with her as she excitedly reveled in the technology of the 'tely-*fon*' as she pronounced it at first. Growing up at the Lodge, Luna had very little experience with technology. Despite that, I had a good long hour conversation with my beloved lifemate and wife...

She told me about how it felt to have the lives of our cubs growing inside her, and how excited she was, and I cursed myself mentally for missing out on such a miracle. I told her that I wished that she was here. There was a pause and she said that she wished she was there too. When we hung up with each other, I placed the phone down and removed my blindfold, hanging my head as I rubbed my palm.

It wasn't right for a male to be without his newly impregnated and bonded mate, I thought to myself.

I should be with her now until the cubs were born, but father needed me to train as quickly as possible, and I really couldn't do online classes due to the fact that I had no way of seeing the screen. Laying down and draping an arm over my head, I laid there, hearing the water in the pipes of this old building, hearing the wood of the foundations

settling, listening to a dozen conversations in the rooms around me, just before there was the squeaking of a rickety old metal bed above me as a couple started having sex.

I lay awake and motionless for hours as I tried drowning out the sounds mentally... And tried to imagine my beloved before me.

I placed the receiver of the *'tely-phon'* down on the counter, and Kira picked it up and placed it on its wall mounting cradle. I saw her do this, and shrugged my shoulders as I held myself.

"There's so much that makes me frightened and scared right now." I admitted to my new sister as I held myself, palming my belly, feeling the many lives that were inside me. "So many new things, I'm afraid and excited all at the same time. If Nathan were here... I wouldn't feel so overwhelmed. He always made me feel safe... Made me feel normal."

Kira stared at me, and then moving into my back, cupping my shoulders as I felt her own sizeable bust press against my back, I felt her nuzzle and then kiss my cheek.

"Well, then we should begin teaching you about the modern world, then Luna... But right now... You look like you need to relax. We should go take a bath, and after that... I'll show you some of the advents of the twentieth century."

"The what century?" I asked.

"I'll explain that too... What do you say?"

I turned to her and smiled, and half an hour later, she and I found ourselves splashing one another in the bathhouse downstairs, and then relaxed on some heated stones in a place called a sauna for about an hour before Mia came in and lounged with us. Afterwards, they showed me simple things like pencil sharpeners and hair dryers and curling irons, going so far as to put a stylish curl to my mane before we all sat down in soft fluffy robes and big poofy slippers, sharing a bucket of ice cream and watching a play of some sort that they called a movie on their television.

Technology definitely made life easier and more enjoyable, especially after what I was born with and witnessed.

After everything was said and done, later that evening, I was invited into their room to sleep... For comfort. Though their fine, nude bodies against mine was warm and soothing... It was still lonely. I missed my beloved...

It wasn't right.

A month had passed, three since I'd conceived, and the lines of my musculature were diminishing as my womb filled with all my babies and the softening amniotic fluids inside me to cushion them. My body fat thickened and I developed a heavy appetite, and what was more, my breasts swelled several more cup sizes, till whenever I sat, their masses swelled down to the crooks of my arms and often sat on the table.

I'd joined Mother Natasha in nursing young cubs, and I was amazed at how many adult females wished to suckle from me or Lady Natalie.

"It starts all over again." Natasha said as she cradled a much smaller female to her body as she drank from her tits.

"What do you mean?" I asked. All my mammaries had swollen greatly, and I had a mouth on all twelve of them.

"When I was your age, I was entreated by the ladies and the females of other packs in hopes that I could impart upon them my gifts... Or at least impart those gifts to the cubs growing in their wombs. But unlike me, you're looked upon as an Avatar of the Moon Goddess. You'll be amazed at how many we have to turn away at the door. Thanks to my husband, only the needy make it across the threshold, and usually those needy are females with young or are growing heavy with child and need the milk development to feed their cubs."

I looked down at my voluminous chest, which, even in this form, was at least a quarter of my body weight.

"I don't feel special. I don't feel like a goddess." I said, even as one of the adults I'd been suckling rose, swallowing her last mouthful as she looked down at her body, her face falling when she saw that she hadn't changed any.

"Thank you, princess Luna." she said nonetheless, and head hanging, rose to leave.

I cupped my now vacant tit as my milk literally squirted from me, while I waited for another mouth to feed.

"What happened?" I asked.

"She hasn't absorbed any powers from you." Natalie replied with a knowing smile.

I looked to one of the adult women nursing from mother Natalie, and blinked as I saw her breasts swelling, and her body strengthening to be able to carry such a burden right before my eyes.

"Such a thing is rare, Luna... But when they do... And are able..." she pet the back of the female who was fiercely suckling from her chest as she continued to swell with abandon. "They can absorb many different powers from you."

A servant arrived with another babe who'd not been fed, and I cradled it in my muscular arm to my breasts as it found my teat and began to suckle fiercely. I smiled down at the cub, and imagined doing this to my own cubs. But then my face slowly fell as I remarked that they were also Nathan's children, and all so suddenly, I became very needy of his presence.

"Luna... What's wrong?" Natasha said, not even minding as the wolfess who was growing to such a powerhouse with such immense breasts was sucking so fiercely on her teat that she threatened to tear it off.

"I miss your son, Mother Natasha." I said meekly, and turned my head away to hide the gathering tears in my eyes, but I couldn't keep the quaver from my voice.

"I see." Natasha sighed, and waited for the growing fem to finish, and throwing her head back, her muscles flaring wide as she snarled and gurgled milk, flexed as her nipples flared and erected before leaking her own milk.

"By the Goddess!" this fem said as she hugged her once diminutive form. "Blessed Mother, thank you." she said and bowed her face to the ground, her newly enhanced womanhood flaring toward me as she lifted her tail – I could smell a heat rising upon her – her breasts sloshing with swelling milk of her own. "My Pack shall make grand donations to yours, Lady Natalie... Thank you."

"Just take care of those cubs of yours." Natasha smiled. "A mother of nine cubs will need a lot of milk."

The fem bowed her way out and left through a hidden passageway that led out of the mountain, howling with elation as she left. Natasha merely smiled and then hefting the recently vacated tit, sucked off the excess from it so that it stopped leaking.

"My daughters have given me concern about you, and your many aides and followers who come from the Lodge to serve the pack just so that they could serve you give me more concern. Lalinda... She... She weeps for you like a mother should, and I pray for you at night." I turned my head toward her and listened as she looked about for a new mouth to feed, but none was brought to her, so she continued. "We all believe that it isn't right for a male and his

female to be apart when their bond is so new, and you carry his young. I do have to look out for the welfare of my children, after all. But... Males have the failing that in their attempt to guard, provide and protect us, that sometimes they go just a tad too far."

"How so?" I asked, and as a babe on my belly hiccupped, a nursery worker hurried forward and picked the cub up and began to burp him.

"Nathan adores his father... Respects his wishes like a son should, to the point where there is no other being on the face of this planet that he respects more. If Peter were to suddenly tell Nathan that the goddess was false, Nathan would believe him and renounce his beliefs. Nathan's father has placed a profound responsibility on him that he's accepted, but in order to take over in a moment's notice should something happen to Peter, then he must be trained, and trained quickly.

"That requires schooling, which also requires him to go to a city large enough to support at least a college, and the closest college happens to be in the human city of Los Angeles.

"He left you in our care because he trusts no one else, wishes for you and your cubs to be safe, not realizing that you are a grown wolfess and can take care of yourself."

"I don't know. I'm a pampered brat of a mad wolf... Am I really able to care for myself? I don't even know the most basic of technologies that you use everyday."

Natasha smiled, and through our conversation, more and more mouths were leaving our many breasts to be cared for by others.

"I have faith in you..." Natasha said at last. "You should trust in yourself, you're a fast learner. But do remember, Luna, behind every great leader is a competent and supportive mate.

"I know you don't have any of the great assets that were afforded to you by your father, but a female's place is at the side of her mate..."

"And sometimes, in their pig-headed noble intensions, sometimes a male must be reminded that we aren't as frail or as delicate as they thought us to be..."

Luna was such a bright and beautiful child. When we took her to the town for some shopping, Lalinda accompanying us as her guardian – I don't know... There was something inside Lalinda that I found familiar... Friendly... And she sometimes took to hanging on my arm and hugging it happily as she watched Luna trying on clothes and things, and the way that she hung on my arm was something that I felt familiar, almost like Jenna even – while Kira and Mia functioned as her guide.

There were several stores that we stopped at amidst this warm autumn day, and they dressed her in soft dresses and beautiful clothes that were simple and remarkably fit her – so hard to find things off the rack that fit a female of our race – and other than those bright and pretty things, they also bought her other clothes that would later be altered for her sizeable bust size. I was interested in seeing what my daughters would do with a muumuu.

But most importantly were maternal clothing, some of which I was able to provide, others in which she chose out for herself... Clothes that could be modified with buttons and ties to accommodate a woman's growing belly and breasts.

She would get very big and rounded very quickly, but we had to make preparations for Luna.

We spent several days accumulating a decent wardrobe, and then stuffing it all into a large suitcase with some personal affects, we then brought her to the bus station.

It was my duty to tell Peter what we'd planned on doing, but when I did, he smiled sheepishly and shrugged before saying "It's for the best."

Strange... I'd expected a lot more of a confrontation. Apparently Peter wasn't as pig-headed as I thought.

The bus station was small, but with me and my suitcase, dressed in an oriental like body wrap that compressed my feminine form inside its folds, I stood quietly waiting for Mia to come back.

She finally did and handed me a packet of papers.

"Now don't loose these." she said. "These help you get to where you need to go. I put them in order so you won't get lost."

I accepted the papers and then stepping forward, kissed her on the lips before opening the little folder.

I realized something was amiss, and when I looked back at Mia, I saw her staring at me wide-eyed, fingering her mouth.

"Oh no... Did I do something wrong again?" I asked.

"Y-you just kissed me on the lips." she said, and fingered her mouth.

"But isn't that how you show great affection?" I asked.

"To males." she giggled but nonetheless stepped forward. "I kinda liked it though."

I smiled at her and folded the papers together before reaching to pick up my suit case, but she bent and got it herself.

"Nope... You're preggers... The less heavy lifting you do the better."

"But it's not heavy... Really." I said as she took my arm and led me toward the great big horseless covered wagons called busses.

"Nope. Kira would swat me if I let you carry your suitcase and threw out your back before you got on the bus. Now let's get you situated."

She found a soft quiet place for me in the back of the bus.

The trip would take a few hours, so she thought that the best place for a pregnant woman would be in the back where it had a soft couch right next to the bathroom. She made sure to tell the driver, a large fat man smoking a cigar, that I was pregnant.

He grunted and nodded but didn't make any other move as he read his paper.

"Now you take care." Mia said after sliding my case into a compartment above my head. "Don't do anything unnecessary."

"I won't." I said and sat, my palms on my muscled legs as I pressed them together, the miniskirt portion of my body wrap printed with flowers resting right before my knees.

Mia smiled at me, and then looking behind her to see if anyone was looking, she bent low at the waist, pressing her finger tips against the seat I was on, and then pressed her lips against mine.

"S-so it's ok if you do it?" I mused.

"No... But I wanted to indulge. I like the familiarity... But I'm not sure if anyone else will."

I chuckled as she straightened, lifted her hands to separate and position her breasts before she waved goodbye and got off the bus. Before long, the driver closed the door once everyone had gotten on, and pulled out of the station. It was a new exciting experience, and I looked out the window watching the world pass by speedily – much faster than a wolf could run – till I sat back and rested my eyes with a smile on my face. I wanted to watch more, but pregnancy was tiring, the drain on my body energy and spiritual powers from all the cubs in my womb was draining me even further, but I was excited... And what's more...

...Soon, I'd be with my Nathan.

I opened my eyes slightly, tiredly, after how long I didn't know but it was already dark outside. I smacked my lips, getting hungry, but if it was dark outside then that meant that I'd soon be in the human city soon according to the time schedule that Mia gave me. It was then that I noticed two things:

The first was they eyeball that was staring at me from between two cracks in the seat, and the second was that that eyeball was staring right at my chest. I smiled and closed my eyes, and concentrating, imagining what I wanted, the powers that were gifted inside me began to manifest.

This young man was perhaps on the verge of becoming an adult human, his heart and mind set on learning the wonders of femininity, and here I was at the verge of the transformation into a man for this young male, with me being a female blessed with the assets he found so much interest in. I sensed him, focused on him and saw his body scrunched up as he sat beside his mother, rubbing his groin, experiencing a very real sexual emotion that was just short of hard masturbation.

Controlling my breathing, I rested there, trying to sense his reaction as he continued to stare at my breasts.

Lack of milking myself had led for my breasts to steadily expand over the course of my journey on this vehicle, and they'd swollen so much that the supporting brazier that I wore, which was made to simply hold my bust up and together, was peaking through the gaps that was forming between the buttons of my body wrap. My bared flesh was revealing itself, and though the drawstring ties along my sides and then down my front was sufficient to close the wrap about my body, I was nearing popping the buttons, snaps and ties of this ornate maternal dress my new sisters made for me.

But this young male's desire for physical contact with me permeated the sensations that I got from him, and I thought... Perhaps... The next closest thing would be good for his poor underdeveloped adolescent male mind.

I don't know how it happened, all I know is when it happened... But when I wanted it, I was granted power, an utterly natural power that allowed me to change things around me just because I wished it. It happened through, or possibly because of, my mating with my beautiful ghost dancer, my sweet lord... because of that union I became stronger and more beautiful and more powerful than I could ever dream to be, and so, using that power, I began to cast illusions that were focusing into the boy's mind, entrancing him.

But I'd learned from Quixote and Nathan that humans were so easy to manipulate... Their minds were fragile in comparison to a Lycan's, especially when they were young like this adolescent male. Sitting where I was, his eye upon me, I began to remove people from his mind's eye, making them invisible now that I 'd snagged his

consciousness, making the driver disappear, making the people around him disappear, making the seats vacant and devoid of people, till at last I removed even his napping mother.

I simply breathed, the rise and fall of my chest seeming to be hypnotic enough to keep his attention, but once the surrounding people were gone from his mind, I began to change.

It was an oh so subtle change in my body from the inside out as my nipples began to erect, forming little nibs that thickened and broadened, poking outward just before my areola both began to swell, pushing the nibs outward and likewise swelling two smaller mounds atop the mountainous expanse of my breasts. I knew his little penis was growing harder, enjoying its first true arousal in his life as it hardened till it ached, with me inside his head, I knew the sensation of what it meant to have a wicked boner, as the man-child called it, and I smiled a little broader, feeling my clitoris erect steadily between my thighs, my labia swelling till they pressed against my thick muscled thighs.

I delved us both deeper into the dream state, slowly eliminating sounds around us, the sounds of the big rubber wheels of the bus skipping along cracks in the road slowly fading out into nothingness, the roar of the engine, the rattling of the bus's frame against the whistling wind. The only thing the boy heard then was the rustling of the jacket that was over his head so that he could fake that he was sleeping instead of caressing his boyish manhood.

My breasts swelled more, filling the front of my body wrap, stretching the elastic bindings, deepening the spaces between the buttons, my breathing quickening, moving faster and faster, my nipples erecting larger, harder, more firm, while my breasts filled the spaces against my arms and chest, compressing the insides of my wrap until it was difficult for me to breathe.

Or at least... That's what the boy saw.

For me... Nothing was changing, and I was simply a young teenaged looking human female who was taking a nap.

As I delved even deeper, I began to eliminate the feeling of the bus moving even, making it seem as if we were moving steadily as lights streaked outside, but then I made even the feeling of motion diminish till it disappeared.

And then my breasts were swelling faster, engorging larger and larger till the fattened flesh surrounding the milk-laden glands were pressing against the opening spaces of my garb, and just then there was a deep inhale of my illusionary body, and a button popped off. Another deep inhale and two more popped off, and with a groan, there was a snap as the illusionary bra broke apart, and with a dull explosion, both of my dream form's mammaries cascaded forward, pressing against each other within the confines of the broken open front of my wrap, with only the top most clasp remaining closed, showing the young man the deep crevice of my breasts pressing against each other. And still they continued to swell, slowly disgorging more and more of my mammaries.

I continued breathing deep and hard as my hands suddenly took hold of the hem of my skirt and pulled it backward along my thighs, my thighs parting slowly as the boy in his dream state watched my form do this in his imagination. He gripped his groin and breathed a little quicker as my form sighed, my breasts heaving as I arched my back and revealed to him the wedge of my panties. A slick of sweat and my vaginal juices moistened the crotch of my panties as my labia swelled and my clitoris turned outward from inside me, pitching a miniature tent with my panties while showing off the folds of my vaginal mound.

Opening my eyes in that dream, I looked right at him... And then I began to grow.

Control over my body form allowed me to make certain alterations, and as such, growth was one of them. The strings along my sides began to snap, the toggles of the front of my flower patterned body wrap snapping off as the ties in my hair unraveled and my mane grew. My breasts disgorged forward, my areola puffing out further and widening as my breasts swelled over my bra and out through the space in my body wrap, and as I pulled my wrap open, it disgorged more and more of my flesh to this man-child.

I gasped then and massaged my breasts, hefting their voluminous weight within my hands as my pussy throbbed, my growing body deepening the V of those panties as the seat slid in between my butt cheeks and flossed my pussy with the light blue fabric. With another sigh I rolled my shoulders as they slipped out from underneath the sleeves of my clothing, my breasts bulging larger and fuller, their swelling bulges steadily sliding down my ribs and navel, my nipples quivering as they erected several inches off my chest, and my body grew till it was far, far too large for the body wrap that I wore.

Slipping out of the clothing, I then smiled at him as he lifted his head from the covering jacket that was on his head, and he looked around, wondering where everyone was, but since we seemed to be moving straight without hindrance with no driver at the wheel, he didn't care. When he looked back at me, I shifted a pair of thumbs beneath the straps of my panties and slid them off my legs, and then one of each of my stockings as I continued to grow, and now bubbled with strength. My ears became boxy and then pointed, and the beautifying look of wolfen features took my face as my pupils became far too rounded for a human's, and laying back, parting my thighs again as I strengthened, I let him look right into my pussy, and smirked as I saw his little hard on raging inside his pants.

"Do you like this?" I asked, still growing, and though he was kneeling in his seat and I was sitting, I still had grown enough where my breasts were pressing against the back of his seat, and we looked at each other eye to eye.

He nodded, licking his lips, and as I rose, the metal of the bus broke and shattered about us, and we continued moving on just the floor and wheels as all the seats and walls flowed like water into the ground, just before a jerk of motion happened, and trees exploded into existence all around us. He found himself kneeling on a rock now, and I was standing before him, still strengthening, my flesh taking on a silken and velvety feel to it as all my tiny little hairs for fur began to sprout, but I didn't change any further than that. Regardless... I was a twelve foot tall she-beast of incredible muscle might, and a pair of voluminous breasts would've drooped to my waist if I were human, but instead rounded my ribs and muscled navel nicely.

Smirking at him again, I stepped forward until I pressed his face into my pussy with one hand, and despite that this was a dream-state, I nonetheless gave him the ability to see in color, and smell and taste...

My scent, the strongest being between my thighs, filled his nostrils as the moisture of my womanhood, ripe with my hormones and pheromones, slid into his mouth. He kissed my vaginal lips, then licked them, and sucked on them, drinking several tablespoons of my juices before I thought he had enough and stepped back from him. He looked dizzily satisfied as I squatted before him, and genially laid him on the rock, and he only opened his eyes and regained his senses when I began tearing his imaginary clothes off.

"W-what..." he began, but stopped as I tore open his pants, and his post-adolescent phallus sprung upward into the air, the tip already glistening.

I touched it with my fingers, sliding my long fingernails along his hardened surface, and he groaned, a little bit of his seed rushing to the top to form a priming charge for a gathering climax. Well... I couldn't have him blowing too soon, so my fingers slid down his length, and pinched off the tube that would carry his seed while cupping his nads at the same time. Blood became trapped as it flooded into his circumcised penis, swelling and growing, flooding as my other hand took hold of its mass and began massaging it.

He groaned and tilted his head back, gritting his teeth as he felt what it was like to have a grown male's erection as the muscles in his penis hardened and became riddled with firm pulsating veins and arteries. These were tricks that I used to initiate young princes who were sent to me when I was still in my father's house. My job was to bring them into a knowledge of what it meant to have sex, though I tried to instill within those young males that it was best to respect a female than to use her as a toy. The result helped mold and work a male's penis into adulthood. But that was then, and now I had power, and was considered fully adult myself, and so with the power that I somehow possessed, I worked a little more of that power on him as I began to control his blood flow and forced blood to rush into his penis, forcing the muscles to engorge and the catcher pockets to swell into ribs. The sides of his penis swelled, the underside bulged thicker, and his length grew, and gasping, he stared as his immature phallus steadily

grew larger still, his body changing along with it as he matured through years of sexual frustration right then and there, and as he gasped, I could hear his voice deepening toward that of an adult's.

Smiling at him, and removing my massaging hand just long enough to push my mane up over one hooking ear, I then bent low to suck on his phallus, still holding back the flow of seed.

My young would-be suitor felt the warmth of my breasts around his raging hard-on, felt my wet mouth around it as I sucked on its growing length, and he tensed, his body and penis trying to release the fantastic flow of ejaculation, but I kept it from escaping him.

I rose then, licking the tip of his penis clean, and still holding his erecting maleness, I rose up to stare at him in the face, the weight of my mammaries keeping him down.

"Do you want to enter me?" I smiled teasingly, hiding my elongated fangs.

I wanted his first wet dream to be perfect.

He nodded stupidly, and then expertly arching myself, I inserted him into the imaginary pussy of my body, and began to massage, cajole and arouse him further, making fake moans and arousing groans to his inexperienced actions, but then I smiled as he trembled, stirred, and with a thrust, he awoke with a start and rose up, even as he came into his shorts hard, a rising wet spot billowing about his erect penis, and snapping his eyes to me, found me still resting as before, my eyes closed, my clothes still on, he gasped as his shaft ejaculated several times.

But then he realized exactly how much he'd cum, and he stumbled over his mother, who started and woke, as he grabbed a case from above their heads and slid into the bathroom beside me.

I didn't stir once as I sensed him genially opened his pants and unleashed his raging hard-on, a concept that before now he'd never truly known before, and thanks to my power, I was able to see a shadowy image of him just beside me inspecting and caressing his moist and sticky penis before he tried cleaning it off with tissue provided in that little bathroom.

As the bus slowly trundled to its destination, he began to explore his most recently enhanced maleness, and masturbated to a second climax even as the bus pulled into the station.

Rising to my feet, still with a subtle smile, I passed the man-child's mother before she rose and began knocking on the bathroom door for the boy to hurry up.

If the trip were longer, I'd play with this child some more... But I had a bigger fish waiting for me, and though I learned much about how delicate a human's sexuality was... I had a much bigger subject to occupy my attentions soon... perhaps the strongest there was out there in the great wide world.

Once out of the bus, I inspected my instructions that Mia gave me, and began to walk to my next destination.

To show that I was blind in the human world, I had to walk with a white stick wherever I went... It was annoying to find how corrupt humans were when they tried to take advantage of me because I was blind, but then they'd become amazed when I outwitted them by showing them their errors. Those that were too stupid to realize that they were caught... Met a frightening creature in a back alleyway that liberated them of all their funds.

If this kept up, I could support myself here at school with cash!

Regardless, I walked by holding this white rod in my hand despite that my senses, even when a human, were so acute that I could make my way about on hearing alone.

Finally, I returned to my temporary home, a communal place where several rooms shared a single living space and kitchen. It wasn't so bad, especially since this was a co-ed dorm, and I got to see many young adult females; and wearing clothing or not, I saw right through clothing onto their naked bodies. It was shameless for me, but seeing all these young human women in the times of their lives where their bodies had just completed the transformation into adults made me all that much more lonely for my Luna. My loins were beginning to ache for her though I was pretty sure that I wasn't having another rut... Especially so soon after impregnating her less than three months ago.

Rising up the stairs to my level – I never took the elevator – I walked down the hall and grimaced as I smelled the scent of burning hemp wafting down the hall, and knew that one of my pod mates - that's what a collection of rooms were called here, a *'pod'* – was smoking his *mélange* again.

Frankly, it smelled like a skunk's ass, and the toxins in the drug made my head light. I'd have to sleep with a towel at the foot of my door again.

Stepping through the main door of the pod, I paused as I suddenly smelled something in the air despite the wafting smoke of hemp that was filling the room here.

"I wish that you wouldn't smoke that here, Joseph." I said and closing the door, locked it. "You're getting me intoxicated just by being in the same room with you."

"Dude... Nate!" Joseph said in greeting as he flashed a hand signal that showed that he'd forgotten amidst his delirium that I was supposed to be a blind person, and if I was any sort of normal blind person that I wouldn't be able to see, while he talked in his Californian surfer accent. "There's some bodacious hot chick waiting in your room, dude. Biggest damn tits I ever did see. Hey! Man... When you're done with her... You think I can get a ride too?"

"Chick... There is a female in my room now?" I asked, and indeed smelled a perfume, but the smell of hemp was radically screwing with my senses.

"Dude... She-male, chick... Whatever you wanna call em, you got one waiting for you man."

I suddenly feared that one of my classmates in biology was putting me on again, another practical joke these humans were keen on playing, and turning, palming the door knob, I stepped inside my room even as the scent of hemp overwhelmed many of my senses, and my mental vision blurred some. Taking off my jacket, I dropped it in front of the door and kicked it into the crack of the door just before I collapsed my white staff and placed it on its hanger by the door.

"Hello?" I ventured and eased inside, my head slowly clearing with the fresh air, and I filled my nostrils with another scent... A familiar scent... A perfume I knew.

But it couldn't be...

And then a figure stepped out of the bathroom in my little two room apartment, and I felt my breathing and my heart beat stop.

"Luna..." I breathed, and her image immediately cleared before my vision and I saw her in all her human glory.

She rushed to me and crumpled into my chest as I embraced her solidly.

"Beloved! Why didn't you tell me you were coming?"

"Surprise?" she mused, but then we both heard a pop, and she stepped back even as a second pop happened from one of her buttons on her body wrap popping off, followed by a third and then a fourth, and her bosom slid forward like

two collapsing waves of water rushing forward, this baring much of her chest. "Hmm... 'bout time that my clothes popped..." she mused and then moved forward again.

"But dearest... I wanted you to stay with my family... Where you could be safe."

"You said it yourself before." she said quietly, humming softly in her nose as she nestled against me. "I cannot be any safer other than in your presence. Besides... I took all sorts of busses and alternative routes to get here, and we paid in cash. I don't know why that would matter, I didn't even think there was another way to pay for a thing, but your sisters say it'd be harder for someone to learn as to where I was.

"The only way that someone would know where I was would be if I was followed, and I made sure that during the whole trip, no one did; physically or spiritually.

"I'm safer here than anywhere else in the world."

She sighed, and then groaned.

"What's wrong?" I asked as we parted just enough so that I could focus on her face.

"My milk has backed up severely." she said and massaged one of her breasts. "I haven't milked myself all day."

I smirked and then began to undress her, revealing more and more of her firm, athletically muscular bodice as I did.

"We're gonna have to do something about that then." I smiled, even as I parted her body wrap open to reveal her nearly naked body.

She was wearing a bra, but its purpose was nothing more than to keep her large breasts together and supported atop her chest. I undid the clasp of it in front, and she took a deep breath once her ribs weren't compressed any more and her breasts sank fully into the open. I finally knelt before her, and she palmed my face with both hands, looking down at me from between her breasts as I then lifted my hands and began peeling her out of her panties and her stockings, just before I cupped one of her butt cheeks and began to suck upon her ripened pussy. She cradled my head till I got her sighing and moving her pelvis into my mouth before I rose, scooping her up in the process and then laying her out on my queen sized bed.

It was there that I bent and kissed her belly, which had lost nearly all of its subtle definition thanks to her inflating womb, and kneeling over her I then began to pull open all my clothing as she smiled up at me, and not being able to wait any longer, she pushed herself up and helped undress me, till she finally unleashed my phallus, un-tucking its folded form from within my pants, and taking it with both hands she began to suck on its end till I flushed her mouth with a jet of my seed.

She swallowed before helping me fully out of my pants, just before she knelt before me and inserted my erection into her body.

"I missed you... So much." I whispered to her as I cradled her body, and wrapping her legs automatically around me, I laid her down on the bed, soothing her pussy with the start of our love-making, just before I found one of her large nipples and began to suck on it.

The combination of the release of pressure from her tits and the satisfaction of her loins being pleased got her to climax several times before I finally exploded my first release of seed into her.

We loved on my bed twice, then in the shower three times, slowly draining her fat mammaries of their excess milk, draining them completely as we washed our bodies first in the bath and then in the shower twice, before we retired cleaned and satisfied to our bed to lie naked with each other.

I embraced her from behind, her bottom framing the bulge of my now sheathed groin while I palmed her belly. She inched backward, snuggling into me and sighed in contentment before she held onto my hand holding her belly. She went to sleep first while I lay there, listening to her heart beating.

Our cubs had yet to produce a heartbeat yet... But they were nonetheless nearing that point.

But most of all, I was happy now that I had my mate here with me. I sauntered off into slumber, content.

I sashayed out of my room wearing nothing but a towel, automatically going to the double fridge and reaching into my section of the fridge for a pitcher of orange juice.

"Dude... You're up!" Joseph said from his chair. He looked as if he hadn't moved since I came home last night, but regardless all the windows were open. Whether he did that or someone else did to clear out all the smell of hemp smoke, I was unsure. "Wow man... You must've been humping that loli all night!"

Again he threw me those hand gestures that he was too stoned to realize that a blind man couldn't see.

"A gentleman never tells." I smirked at him.

It was at that moment that Luna exited my room, fresh from the shower, and reaching up on tip toes, she kissed me on the lips, but since she was wearing only one of my shirts, and due to her monstrous breasts that took up most of the inside of that shirt and the fact that she lifted her arms at that moment, which also lifted the shirt, it showed off her fine naked behind to my pod mate.

"Dude..." he said in worship as he saw her hairless pubic mound between her muscular thighs and shapely behind, "...Can I have her now?"

Luna chuckled and clutched me a little tighter as I turned my head to my pod mate.

"Allow me to introduce you to my wife, Joseph." I said, and reaching down, took a hand full of her shapely behind. "She's pregnant and mine.

"At the moment, so long as she's here... There will be three immediate changes that you are going to accomplish. The first is *'hands off.'* I catch you even eyeing her in the wrong way, and I'll hang you with your own entrails after showing you all of the little bits of your body that I chop off.

"Secondly, if you need to smoke that toxin to make your life feel better, than do so, but do it in the luxury of your own bedroom with a towel under the door. I've been complacent about that smell so far, but with my pregnant wife here, I won't tolerate it any longer, and if I smell that substance in the common room, I'll invade your personal space and shove that thing you call a bong right up your ass.

"And lastly... Take a bath at least. You smell like hot sick and ass.

"Is all of that clear?"

Joseph righted himself and saluted immediately. "Y-yes sir!"

I smiled.

"Thank you Joseph for helping to make me feel more comfortable while I'm here." Luna mused, and moved over to him to give him a kiss on the cheek before heading to my room, and I saw him turn his head to follow her, but he snapped his back up and away and trembled, looking like a cub that just got caught with his paw in the cookie jar.

"Good boy." I mused and followed my wife back into our room, locking the door behind me.

Luna was already removing my shirt, unbuttoning it from off her intensely huge breasts, and un-shouldering the sleeves, she sat there and pawed at her belly, smiling motherly as I approached her, palming her head.

"Lalinda told me that males get overprotective of their pregnant mates. Until now... I didn't know how intensely that was. You frightened that poor man."

"I know. But I want you safe... And I've already found that these cities are far more dangerous than our forest ever was. The human town was no where near as dangerous as this city is, beloved. There are evil humans here in abundance."

"Do you wish for me to go back to your family?" Luna asked quietly.

I thought for a moment, and then raising my other hand, began to caress her face with my fingertips, and my senses focused upon her luscious face as I admired her flawless beauty.

"Now that you're here, I don't think I can bring myself to do that."

"Good." she mused, and then untied the folds of my towel that was keeping it on, and pressed her breasts against my groin, catching the tip of my phallus as it erected with her mouth, she sucked on it for a short while to get me steely hard.

Once done, she laid back and spread her legs wide, palming her sex, and I obligingly climbed up between her legs and entered her, nuzzling her face with mine, caressing her breasts and squeezing what little of her milk that remained in her tits out, licking it off her breasts as we began to make love again. For a time... I forgot about the pressures of everything around me, and reveled in the comfort of my beloved mate as we softly made love till we were exhausted...

Then I held her, protected her and my children, and reveled in our life together.

I found after the first few days as Nathan went to school, that I was home a lot by myself. True, whenever he returned at the close of the day, he and I were like playful pups with each other, making love almost constantly, and often he would call me on that tely-fon device just to hear my voice. Some nights, we even escaped and ran through the city as wolves, playfully experiencing this human world across the endless expanse of the rooftops but after a time I became bored and concerned that I was doing nothing that could support my sweet lord's endeavors.

I'd received basic legal documentation of my identity as a citizen of this place, this nation of humans that we all lived within, like a birth certificate, social security card, and so on, but my education was non-existent. I didn't even have a *'high-school'* education as they called it. I asked Joseph, Nathan's pod mate – amidst him examining the ceiling in hopes not to be found guilty at staring at any of my naughty bits – what I needed to do to go to school too, and he finally told me that he got in after scoring high on a test called the G.E.D. Before taking his SAT's and ACT's... Intensive tests that were used to test one's aptitude and knowledge of the human world. Finding that out and conversing with Joseph for a time, I found that he was a truly stimulating and intelligent man... He just had problems calming down... Hence why he experimented with such toxins like hemp.

He was actually raking home better grades from this school than Nathan was. Amazing... He didn't seem to be an intellectual to me. The problem was, was that when he used those toxins he became *too* mellow sometimes when he miscalculated the dose. Apparently, the inhalation of hemp was illegal in this nation.

But armed with that knowledge that he'd given me, and being granted an allowance to do what was necessary for food and my comfort, Nathan was more than willing to allow me to go out during the day, but cautioned me that I should return back to our apartment before sundown, especially since I've had more than one transformation accident while amidst humans, thankfully, none of them were really that intense to go noticed. So finding a depository of knowledge, the humans called it a library, I began to learn and study their books and their practice manuals in preparation to take the G.E.D., the S.A.T., and the A.C.T.

My belly began to grow exponentially now that I was passed my third month, and I began letting out the special ties, snaps and drawstrings of my clothes till I was having to re-sew the clothes to allow for my swelling girth of belly and tit. Finally, I spent some time and got myself some new maternal clothes. Nathan accompanied me then, mostly to carry the bags. He constantly saw me naked after all, regardless as to what I was wearing, which was a sexual thought to keep in mind, so he had little idea of what styles were keen in this world. Because of Nathan's blindness, I had to get an objective eye witness of several different store clerks that I thought looked handsome or pretty to get their say so on my new clothes.

The end result was that I felt that I looked sexy, and beautiful... And reveled in my maternal glory.

My breasts steadily began to rest upon my belly by the fifth month, and by the sixth, each tit was in the U, V and W cup sizes in which no store bought bra had any hope to restrain my mammaries. My body was transforming into that of a mother.

By my sixth month, with a belly so large that I couldn't sit in the desks and had to instead sit at the test administrator's desk, I took the G.E.D. and passed with a perfect score.

Nathan was so proud of me. He of course had to take this test as well in order to get into school, but he took his when he was twelve. My time at the library gave me some experience with computers, and I was able to take some classes learning these strange thinking machines at the community school, and as celebration for the ending of my second trimester, and a six month anniversary gift as well as congratulations for doing so well on my GED, I received a small computer called a laptop from Nathan, which was donated by the whole of his family.

Two more months passed and I swelled so much that I couldn't sit with my legs together any more, and it was difficult for me to rise off of a sitting position without help, that, and my breasts lactated so much, that I had to milk myself twice a day now. Though we've stopped our love-making, my vaginal mound having swollen downward with the thickness of my womb and my skin stretching everywhere, Nathan had long since begun to rub oils and lotions into my body every night to keep me from developing stretch marks. His massages were so soothing and relaxing that I looked forward to it after my evening shower or bath with him.

As I studied now in the comfort of the apartment with my new computer, I took to wearing nearly nothing save for a shirt and a thong for my own comfort, rubbing my belly and occasionally getting myself food.

On the seventh month, however, we received a visit from Doc...

I stood with my arms folded, my shaded glasses hiding my eyes as I listened to Doc administering to my wife.

He was a typical country doctor, one of the few doctors that actually had a black medical bag, and of all the Lycan in the mountains he was wealthy enough to not need to belong to any pack for support... Wealthy enough to have his own home, his own mate, his own car...

Under the circumstances, from what I'd heard from my mate, I wanted a professional to verify what my senses were telling me as he poked and prodded Luna, testing her milk, testing her body fat, and using a stethoscope, moved it all about her belly while his hand palmed her out-turned belly button.

"Eight." he said at last as he removed the ear buds of his stethoscope from his ears and rose.

"Eight?" Luna said, and wedged herself unsteadily upward on her two arms. "What do you mean eight?"

"Lately at nights when I lay against your belly, Luna, I hear your heart beat, and that of our cubs. Recently, I began to count all the heart beats inside you, and though I thought I miscounted at first... I began to hear the same number over and over.

"Doc just confirmed what I thought was going on."

Doc nodded. "Congratulations, Luna... A pair of your conceived cubs have become twins. Possibly one becoming triplets!"

"Eight?" Luna gasped with an excited smile, and then palmed her belly, and Doc came to stand beside me, speaking in tones soft enough where Luna couldn't hear them but where I could definitely hear him.

"You should know that I'll be informing your family, Prince Nathan, but due to the explanation of Luna's behavior so far, I'm afraid that she may go feral on you soon."

"Feral?"

"Luna is a very rare female that actually births in litters. At most, she can get pregnant only once a year... Maybe even less than that, but with you being a Ghost Dancer and she being an Avatar, I don't know if that will hold true.

"Regardless, in her eighth or ninth month, her instincts will begin to take over and it will be more difficult for her to control her transformations, harder for her to think and so on... Till at long last she'll just go wolf.

"You should also know that females get rather instinctive when they near the time for their birth even under the best of circumstances... And she may get territorial around even you, and when it is time to birth, she'll run away and hide in a place where she can give birth in peace."

I was quiet as I folded my arms and thought. "And if... If this happens, and she does go feral, can I expect her mind to return?"

"It usually will... Shortly after she's consumed the afterbirth and has had time to rest from her labor, but..."

"I think that once your finals are complete, my lord... It'd be best that you and Luna return to the Den immediately." he snapped his bag shut and exited the room, where I heard him buying a dime bag of that hemp from Joseph before leaving.

I continued to stare at my love till I heard the outer door to the pod close. Then I slinked forward and laid beside Luna before sliding my hand over her belly before propping a leg behind her for support.

"I think we should go back to the Den for you to have our cubs." I said immediately. "You'd be more comfortable there, and there's more experienced females who can help you with the birthing process."

Luna's eyes turned toward mine and she laughed, palming my chest. "I don't care... Wherever we go is fine, so long as you can be the first to hold our cubs." she said softly, resting against me and sighing in her own comfort.

I paused and then cupping Luna's face, I kissed her solidly on the lips. "I know you have studying to do," I said at last. "But please... Be careful should you leave the apartment."

"Don't worry!" she mused and then rose to her feet, her back arching deeply in counterbalance of her breasts and belly as she went to go stand in the open windows. Thankfully, we were up high enough were not many people could see us.

Taking a sheet from the bed, I moved to her and wrapped the sheet around her shoulders to keep her warm and took to massaging her navel with one hand. It was then that I felt her hand stop my hand, and she tensed... Something she'd never done before. My lips pressed close together despite that she held it there at the base of her navel gently, and to calm her a little more, I bent my head and kissed her neck.

"Love you..." I whispered into her ear, and she lifted her hands to hold me around the back of the head.

We just remained there quietly, she in my arms... I just hoped that what the Doc had said wouldn't come true for her...

Nathan was away at his finals while I was inside our apartment, studying a little more about the test questions that I'd face soon.

Groaning and starting over the same section for the hundredth time it felt, I groaned again and lifted a hand to massage the bridge of my nose. I didn't realize it, but my teeth had clenched into a snarl just then, and my teeth and finger nails all grew a bit longer as well.

I was edgy for some reason and I even snapped my jaws at Nathan when he tried to help me this morning. It drove me immediately to tears when I realized what I'd done and he embraced me when I went to him for comfort, but then I found myself idly reaching down his pants to pull his prick out and ride him. He stopped me, reminding me of our babies, and I immediately stopped. Instead he sexed me with massage and oils, and fingered me till I came in a torrent before he left to go take his test.

I needed to get out, this little room was starting to compress in on me, and needing to prepare more for those collegiate entrance exams I decided to go to the library.

Pulling on a pair of coveralls that I had to unbutton the sides completely in order to make up for my belly, my breasts overlapping the straps and the flap of the coveralls that rode upward along my belly, I left the din of the apartment and then the pod, waving bye to Joseph, one of the other pod-mates and their friend who were all half naked and playing a game of strip poker – the friend, a female, was topless – and walked to the library.

I knew that Nathan didn't want me leaving the apartment unless it was necessary, but I really, really felt as if I had to get out. I know he didn't want me out after dark, but I really needed the fresh air.

As I walked along the usual path I took to the library, I paused at a display of those television things which was displaying the news, and I paused to watch a news reel that was displaying the mountain range where the Den and the remnants of the Lodge were, and they were speaking of the eleventh young girl kidnapped over the past eight months. It was strange, but those girls started to disappear right around the time that Nathan claimed me and impregnated me. Slinging my purse over my shoulder, I felt a sudden foreboding about those kidnappings, and hoped that their kidnapper would be found before I continued on my way.

It was then that the hairs on the back of my neck began to rise up on end, and I felt a sixth sense, one I never had before; begin to tingle as I felt a danger approaching me from somewhere. A sudden panic began to overtake me as I felt it drawing nearer and nearer, and with a start, I turned on my heel to head back to the apartment, but I bumped right into a large man, just before another man took my arms solidly from behind.

I was about to resist, but I heard the sound of metal upon metal, and the flash of a knife just before it was pressed to my belly.

"No sudden movements, girly girl." the thug behind me whispered into my ear. "Hand over your purse nice and slow or I'll disembowel you and spill the contents of your beautiful belly all over the ground."

They both smelled of liquor and of not bathing for weeks on end, and the breath of the one behind me was so foul that it made my stomach queasy. I could easily rip them both apart but so long as they held my babies hostage I couldn't risk doing anything. Money was after all a commodity I didn't really need, and slowly un-shouldering my purse the thug in front of me snatched it, found my coin purse and emptied out all the bills.

"Yes! Score..." the one before me said, fanning out the bills and forgetting the change. "This chick is loaded."

"I'll say she is." the one behind me jeered and then licked my ear.

I grit my teeth, my nails and my teeth lengthening more as the muscles between my brows bunched up in a snarl.

"Have you ever seen tits this big?" the one restraining me asked his companion, and the two of them looked at each other, and then around to see if there was anyone who would stop them before they hauled me backward into a space between two buildings.

The one who'd robbed me reached into his pocket and pulled out a knife of his own, and licking his teeth with a predatory desire he cut one of the straps of my coveralls open, soon followed by the other, and I glared at him before he inserted the knife beneath my shirt, and I felt the cold steel sliding between my breasts as my shirt was cut open.

"Lookit the fire in her eyes... She knows she's gonna get raped, and there's nothing you can do about it, is there?" the one cutting my shirt said, and I felt the edge of the knife at my belly press more firmly, cutting a reddened strip against my side as I struggled a little bit, but the wound healed almost as fast as cutting water.

Finally, the last cut was done, and my breasts bounded outward, the pair sloshing with milk, with my panties all that was keeping me from being totally nude.

Dropping his knife, the one before me reached out and groped my tits, squeezing them firmly in his grubby hands as my milk began to escape rapidly from my nipples.

Immediately I began to remember Kor, remember all the times he violated me, and I struggled, gritting my teeth harder. I remembered all the males my father had set me up with, remembered the hard raping I received from each of them, the violating touch of lechers and wolves who wished to whore me... And I began to growl, a deep rumbling occurring in my chest, but before it could begin to rise to a crescendo, the second man standing before me back-handed me with his clenched fist.

"Shut up!" he said as my mane jostled about my head. "Now listen bitch... You're going to do what we say. First you're going to take what I got, and then you're going to take what my pal's got, and if we have any more... You'll take that too, and if you co-operate, maybe, just maybe, we'll let you go with your body unharmed and your babies – cause you must have more than one in there –" and he jabbed me in the side, and I immediately snarled again. "Can all go in one piece.

"Now... Let's see what you got hidden beneath that Buddha Belly..." the second said, and reached between my legs and groped my cunt.

I saw my vision darkening, saw the edges narrow and become tunneled... I saw a red haze go over my vision as my spit frothed in my mouth.

"Pitiful hairless monkeys." I said, my voice having deepened greatly, the sound of it surprising them. "And outside my control, I began to grow, my muscles flaring, my strength piling on me so rapidly it threatened to tear my body apart, and in one deft move, I broke free of the one restraining me, knocking his knife away, and turning I swung

him off me down the dark alleyway before grabbing his partner by the groin and the shirt front and hauling him forward, "Stupid man-things," I continued, my body groaning and cracking as my strength piled on me like never before, and fueled by rage while I grew right before them, advancing on them I snarled as my spit frothed from my mouth, foaming about my lips and teeth while I reached out with both hands and scored the stone of the two walls with my growing claws. "You've just made the biggest mistakes in your soon to be short and painful lives."

The anger that they'd dare try to rape me and harm my babies flooded into me from out of nowhere, filling me with rage as my saliva swelled in my mouth, draining out of the corners of my mouth even as my face pushed forward, my teeth lengthening as I continued to grow. The two men cowered before me as I rapidly grew larger than either of them, my milk-laden mammarys flaring out to my sides as my chest bulged forward, feathering into two sets of pectorals so that my secondaries could grow in and then billow to become the same size as my primaries. My secondaries then swelled into place, my tertiarys filling down the length of my swollen belly.

As I grew larger, my burden grew less, forming more pleasantly between my ribs and my hips.

The shredding and tearing of stretching flesh greeted them as I arched over them, stepping toward them one step at a time, my tail falling from my backside as my body became laden with fur, my ripped shirt tearing open about my arms and across my back, my panties snapping off my legs as I grew stronger and heavier.

My claws lengthened into daggers, my teeth became like overlapping spear points, and my body became so heavily laden with muscle that I felt a mountainous muscle hump rising between my shoulders, my mane billowing about my head and whipping about my form as my wrath and power blazed from me to make my white fur shine. Never before had I ever claimed so much power, and it was still flooding into me, making me larger, taller and stronger, my flesh hardening to stop any blow that might hurt my babies.

First one and then the other of my attackers threw their knives, and I dodged one, caught the other, and then snarling, I barked at them, snapped the knife in my hand as if it were a toothpick, and reaching forward I began to exact eighteen years of frustrations upon them...

I came home after my final test, feeling mentally and physically drained but definitely emotionally accomplished.

Test taking was more difficult for the blind because we had to use special test taking preparations that involved that strange Braille Language and a folding piece of plastic that was like a multitude of hole punches in order to make our choices. As such, the process for a blind man like me was longer and more exhaustive and required a little more physical effort other than filling in a bubble on a test sheet.

Entering my room and planting my bag and staff by the door, I prepared to greet my mate, but stopped.

Luna wasn't here...

Hurrying to my bedroom clock, I depressed a button and it told me in an electronic voice that it was eleven o'clock, more than an hour after the library closed. Then I rushed to the opened window, about ready to shout out for her when I smelled blood.

Fresh... And human blood. The ichor of their internal organs leaking also came to my attention. And then I heard a low howling of lamentation.

With a start, I vaulted out the window, held myself tucked up into a ball on the window sill, my fingernails hooking immediately into claws, and I climbed up the outside wall of the student housing building till I heaved myself up onto the roof and stopped cold.

Luna was weeping, sobbing in short howls underneath her breath with her body so remarkably huge that it would've given even my new battle form a run for its money. But what stopped me was the color of lifeblood on her teeth and lips, visible to me as a violent red in my mind's eye, with entrails dangling off her arm and back and her brilliant white fur was stained with more of the violent red color.

Her eyes shone a dark red to me instead of their silvery white, but the sight of tears glistening in her eyes were easy, even for me to see cascading into her fur.

Swallowing, wondering if she'd just slaughtered people, I began to approach her slowly, but not thinking about what I was doing, my foot scuffed on some gravel up here and Luna immediately lifted her head, and with a snap of her jaws toward me, she started to growl at me. Iron smelling blood laced her saliva and her breath, the mixture of her spit on that blood dripping from her mouth as her blackened lips rose and undulated in that snarl, her teeth flaring wide with the intensity of such a snarl. Showing me those lengthened teeth of hers with their pink tinge to them, I sensed a fringe rise along her back as her haunches rose. Opening my arms, I continued to approach, showing her no fear, seeing that she was hoarding her belly, defending it with both arms, balancing on her toes as she then began to back away from me.

She continued to growl and snarl at me till I was directly before her, the foul smell of blood on her breath hitting me full in the face, and lifting my hand to her nose, I wiped her nose clean so that she could smell my scent without hindrance.

She snuffled my hand, breathing in the smell repeatedly, and holding myself there before her without any fear, I waited for her to react to my scent. She snuffled more deeply, and palming my hand, held it to her nose as she breathed in deeply, and then with a low whine, she stopped her growling, and crawled forward toward me, dipping her head ashamedly.

Despite all the blood on her, I didn't hesitate to embrace her as she shivered. I knew that she was afraid, but instinct was taking over her actions for the preservation of our cubs.

Not caring about my clothes, I began to grow, tearing out of them steadily, growing to my full size before I cradled her in my arms, and she sobbed; hiding her face in her paws in her shame. There was no doubt in my mind as to what had happened while I was gone:

She'd killed someone... maybe two by the smell and the amount of blood.

Flaring my wings, making them grow gossamer till they overshadowed the hole building, I immediately made us both invisible and flew off into the night air with my dulcet dove in my arms.

We flew to a park where I bathed Luna... Still concerned, still fearful for her and our cubs as she rested while I cleansed her wolfen body of all the dried in and crusted blood, making sure to clean her teeth with mosses while still making both of us invisible with my powers.

"Na-than." she whimpered, and I moved immediately within the bubble that kept us secluded from the world, moving in close to her to show her where I was.

"I'm here Luna. Are you ok... Is everything all right?"

"They... Rape me they tried... Kill cubs they tried." I swallowed and palmed her belly soothingly. "I kill them. Steal from me they did."

I breathed a sigh of relief. Luna had unrepentantly dealt with a pair of street thugs who tried to mug and rape her and kill our cubs. Ridding the world of a pair of thugs like that wasn't a heinous crime... It was doing the world a favor really.

"They got what they deserved, Luna." I said, and picked her up out of the water, the water streaming through her fur while my wings folded at my back. "It's time we go home, Luna. I'm calling father tonight."

"Ngh..." She moaned, and still invisible, I continued walking forward unabated.

It had been difficult to magically control a phone to activate with no quarters, and even more so to pick up the receiver with two fingers and using a claw tip to push the numbers from memory, I was able to call home for help. A large van rolled into the park hours later, to where my father clambered out of the front seat with my mother trundling out of the other side, who, like Luna, was also heavy with child herself now, while Doc opened the back of the van and hopped out with his black bag.

There were already several mats, blankets and furs piled up, and from out of the shadows, as if the shadows themselves were coughing us up, I, a massive green winged werewolf carrying his heavily pregnant mate stepped out of absolutely nothing.

I laid Luna down amidst the padding, where Doc immediately removed a vial and waved it beneath her nose, and Luna began to shrink, reverting back to her human form as she rested soundly within the blankets.

I smelt the scent of wolf's bane coming from the vial even at this distance, the bane being a substance that weakened werewolves and forced them into their human forms, before Doc capped the vial and the fresh herbs inside it and began to poke and prod Luna in her sleep.

"You must pack everything up... Eliminate your presence." Father said to me. "We'll meet you at the apartment. Next semester, I think, it'd be best if we totally removed you from communal housing."

"You still want me to return father?" I asked, turning to focus my senses on him.

"You must still do what is necessary, Nathan... But while Luna is pregnant or weaning cubs... It'd be best that she remains with us where we can care for her."

I nodded before Doc stepped away, covering Luna with a blanket.

"The cubs are ok. Luna is perfectly healthy, but she's exhausted. I've given her a dose of wolf's bane to keep her in her human form for awhile, but I won't give her another. Though it is helping her situation, it is still toxic to an unborn Lycan fetus."

I started and turned on him, and he stood there, waiting for me to shout, but I took control of my instincts and straightened, taking a deep calming breath before continuing.

"Thanks Doc." I said. "Father... I won't be long." and I rushed off.

It didn't take long for a fifteen foot tall monster of a Lycan to travel back to the apartment. I was able to leap up to my window in a single bound, and transformed as I crawled through the window.

Stuffing everything into garbage bags, even Luna's laptop and books and donning a pair of pants, I shouldered it all and made my way out of the building, placing the two bags behind mother and father and closing the door before laying down next to Luna... She moaned as I held her, and we drove back to the Den... Not stopping for anything.

Chapter Twelve: Birth and Rebirth

I sat with Luna during the whole trip back to the Den, resting her head on my lap as I caressed her mane.

We traveled till the sun began to rise and still she slept, resting on her side while occasionally whimpering and kicking a leg in her sleep. When we arrived at the Den, I was the one who picked her and the cubs in her womb up and brought her to our room where I laid with her, embracing her as she slept.

I was tired and exhausted still from my tests but try as I might I just couldn't shut my eyes, and it wasn't until sometime in the afternoon before she stirred.

I felt her move and then twitch, just before she slowly rose from the bed, folding her legs, and scraping her hand along her forehead to push her long silken strands of hair away from her eyes. She was disoriented, unfamiliar with where she was, and I saw her test the air with her nostrils before she turned to me when I touched the small of her back.

She said nothing, but I began to see her changing, ever so slowly, as she moved to snuggle with me. Over the course of an hour, she turned into a wolf-girl, a lesser hybrid form of sorts, a form that looked like the hybrid form that we Lycan possessed before we became adults, before our collars were removed and we obtained our formidable battle form.

She snuggled with me, whimpering occasionally as she rubbed her swollen navel, and I remained with her for many long hours in the confines of our room, which – I found – had been enlarged considerably since I went to school.

At long last, I ventured a chance to speak with her.

"Luna? Can you hear me?" I asked, and I felt her clawed and furred hand press more firmly against my chest.

"Yes. It's... Hard... To think clearly. I did a bad thing."

"No you didn't." I said, and cupping her face, lifted her head so that she looked into my face, and I tilted my head to focus on her. The press of her bosom quickened in its swell and compression as her breathing quickened. She howled low and deep in her throat. "Those were bad men. They tried to steal from you, tried to rape you, and tried to murder our children. What you did, I would've done if I'd been there."

"But... I never took a life... Before..." Luna said quietly. "I'm dirty... I'm unworthy of the goddess's name."

"Even the goddess had to kill in her past, Luna." I said, and rising with her in my arms, I helped her to stand, amazed at the fullness of all her breasts.

At this late stage of her pregnancy, they'd all engorged at least twice their usual sizes...

I helped her to her feet, she towering over me at the moment, and I helped her to the bathroom where I began to wash and sooth her, milking her breasts into the bathtub, and embracing her, even sexed her by sliding my fingers soothingly between her legs. She sighed and moaned, and gave me a love bite on the side of my neck before I ran water for both of us so that I could bathe with her.

"Look at me... I'm fat." she moaned, massaging her tummy while her fur floated in the water.

"You're pregnant." I replied and kissed her jowl.

"I'm ugly." she added.

"You're more beautiful than I ever remembered you." I said and rubbed her tummy. "Luna... Stop lamenting over two baleful thugs of the world." I admonished her gently, but then kissed her neck and sucked on a tuft of her fur. "You did what was right and necessary."

"No I didn't." she whined suddenly, and then tried to rise, but the weight of her tummy made her lose her balance, and I rose to catch her as she fell.

She began to cry.

"I could've let them run when I bested them, but I grew angry... Angrier than I ever was, and in them I blamed every hurt and hardship I ever felt... I killed them because I lost my temper... Not because they were bad people."

Tears streamed from her eyes, and raising a hand, she covered her eyes and howled low in her throat as she sobbed. Seeing what she was so concerned about now, I surged forward and embraced her to me, soothing her.

"No... Don't blame yourself for that... Let it out... Let all your pain out. Cry my beloved goddess... Cry till the world cries with you... Let it out... Let it all out."

And to my surprise, Luna began to sob harder, and then bawl, howling long and hard in a dirge that threatened to crack the mirror... A howl so piercingly long and strenuous that it made my head dizzy as it echoed so painfully in my ears, and so heart-felt was it, that even I began to cry.

Just then the door to the bathroom burst open and there were my sisters and father, just before a very pregnant Lalinda pushed to the forefront to see me and Luna together.

"It's all right... Everything's all right." I soothed as she began to cry more softly, clutching to me fiercely as if she never wanted to let go.

There was an uncomfortable silence with the others, and there would be questions later, but for now... One by one they left us alone, closing the door now that the alarm had passed. For hours we rested there, Luna sobbing, the water going cold even. But we stayed, lying there together, till she had quieted and had felt all the repressed feelings of a lifetime of abuse and hurt and rape bleed from her...

I stood in my human form, or at least as close to my human form as I could get. I was having trouble with my eyes, ears and fangs, and my claws wouldn't shrink to fingernails.

Standing there with my billowing breasts resting atop my swollen belly, my human body weight having doubled with the two of them having grown so much, I stood before the railing atop the lighthouse tower, looking out at the world while the three-quarter moon shone down on me.

I wore only a white shift and nothing else, a single gown that showed off as much of my body as possible. It was silken and didn't make my skin itch, and it was the most comfortable thing for me to wear at the moment. Recently, I would wear nothing... But my body had been instinctively transforming lately till it became a constant struggle to keep my body in check.

My arms bulged with thick biceps and flaring forearms and triceps... My pectorals cleaved my chest in two while my thighs and calves had thickened into a high hyper-muscled status. My head hair billowed, and my sex possessed a thick muff from my fur forming where it was usually bare in this form.

But... My babies, nestled inside me, rested comfortably within the broad bowl of my hips that was capped by my wide ribcage.

I looked like I had a bubble for a mid section.

"Little princess... You shouldn't be up here all by yourself." a voice said, and I turned to see Lalinda approaching, her belly swollen with what looked like twins.

She looked so beautiful to me, so wonderful, and she projected a feeling that I felt comforting... Like a mother looking after her only daughter.

"I needed some fresh air." I said at last, the wind blowing at my mane and kicking it up. "Nathan has been so stressed looking after me, I wanted him to sleep. He wouldn't let me come up here by myself otherwise." I smirked. "I feel so babied."

"Pampered is the word. You should enjoy it while it lasts." Lalinda said, smiling, and came to stand beside me.

I looked sidelong at her. She was wearing one of Quixote's shirts... A soft cotton thing that looked to be as if it was made from scratch. She wore pink panties that were cut to reveal much of her scrumptious bottom, and until she'd coupled with Quixote... I never remembered her being so soft or quieting, let alone so motherly.

"I would like you to think of me as a mother, little Princess." she said suddenly. "I'm here if you need any advice like that and have no one else to turn to."

I remained silent, looking out at the darkened world while the light of the moon – occasionally secluded behind a cloud – shone down on the world.

Thankfully, while down in the city which was in the warm valley before the mountains, I'd missed winter... And now everything was warm and spring time... With just a bit of a nip of cold in the air. It made my nipples stand on end, and with them so erect and aching, I felt a little of my milk escaping my fattened breasts.

"D-did... Did you ever kill anyone? Lycans or humans?" I asked without looking at her.

Lalinda was quiet for a moment before answering. "Yes." she answered simply.

"H-how... Did you feel guilty after you did it?"

"A little... But they were evil creatures, princess... Men who wished to burn our forests and take our lands when they legally belonged to us, wolves who celebrated killing. Death is a shame, princess, but it is still necessary." she reached out and palmed the back of my head, and drawing me to her as she stepped over to me, I felt our bellies bump and I palmed my tummy as she drew me to her enlarged chest. "Don't dwell any longer on the lives that were taken by your hands. What they did was wrong, but they served a greater purpose and helped you to heal from a lifetime of hurt and misery. You should be thanking them for what they did, and in payment, you ended their pain by taking their lives. They may do penance in the afterlife, and perhaps be reborn as purer souls because of their task."

"I'm afraid though... I'm afraid mama..." I sniffed, and Lalinda's demeanor softened when she heard me call her '*mama*.' "I'm afraid... I'm afraid that I might go mad for want of the killing; that I might learn to enjoy it. I remembered... I remembered truly *enjoying* killing those men..."

"You lament now though, right?" Lalinda smiled, and I nodded against her breast. "You draw penance for how you felt. You let your darker emotions out, now you know where your light and your darkness begin and end... Everyone in the world must learn of this border. Most learn it when they are far younger than you where it is easier to take... But you had to let it out now, when you're older, where you have a conscience and can feel guilt in its fullest.

"No... You didn't truly enjoy it, Luna... Else wise right now, you'd have no guilt."

I sniffed and looked at her. "Y-you're right." I blinked away my tears, and actually smiled. Lalinda smiled back at me before I embraced her again, finding warmth from her full and rounded breast, and resting there, listened to her heart beating for a time, holding onto her shirt front with one hand while palming my belly with the other.

I smelled her scent, detecting the change in it, smelling a little of Quixote on her, smelling the scent that I remembered of her, but there was something... Familiar, in the new change in her body... Something I couldn't remember, but it made me feel so comforted being there.

I was practically falling asleep when I slid a hand beneath her shirt and palmed her swollen and firm breast, and as I closed my hand about her tit, I felt the warmth of her creamy milk slid against my hand, and I licked my lips, remembering the taste of her cream when I became a woman in her arms during my adulthood ceremony. I pushed her shirt off her shoulder and looked at the fattened mammary as I cupped it, my lips pursing, and Lalinda merely smiled as more of her cream escaped her breast. Before I knew it, I moved forward, pursing my lips as I kissed her teat, and licking it clean I then pulled her teat and areola into my mouth and began to suck.

She and I sank to our knees as I nursed from her, closing my eyes, and half dreamed as she comforted me.

For a moment, I thought I was a cub, wrapped within swaddling clothes and a blanket, and when I opened my eyes during that moment, I could've sworn I was looking up into the smiling face of my real mother, Jenna. But then I blinked and Lalinda was there instead... A subtle change of her face thanks to the light, but I nonetheless closed my eyes and continued to nurse till my belly was full of her milk.

I love you mama...

I awoke in bed the next morning, only to find that I'd had a transformation accident. My night gown from the night before was stretched tenuously about my upper body, hemming in my breasts while the frill and fringe that was against my ankles, folded over the top of my belly. Six of my twelve breasts were hemmed in by that garment, and groaning, and after trying to change back to my human form and failing, I genially slid out of the gown without damaging it too much.

Then I lay back, palming my fur-covered body, feeling my form tensing minutely as I grew thicker and larger.

Nathan re-entered wearing his sleeping pants and his bandana, and smiled at me as he came and set a large stein full of hot cocoa on my belly. I blinked when it remained there and didn't fall off. Taking it in one hand, I began to drink it all down, my form still growing larger and larger, my breasts billowing thicker and heavier, leaking my milk as they grew.

There was a groan from the bed frame, and I was glad that it was on the floor as it was.

"Good morning beloved." he greeted, and I blinked at him while I curved over my belly.

"Nathan... Don't you find something odd about me this morning?" I asked.

"I do... But it's not a problem." he replied, and kissed me.

My breasts were swelling so much that my areola and nipples already hurt something fierce, and the fur was thinning about all my mammaries.

I hurt all over, my body ached everywhere, and it was making me irritable.

But then Nathan placed the tray of breakfast nearby, allowing me to pick at it, and he began to massage me with his oils. Very quickly, the feral irritability waned, and I began to become relaxed and soothed. He then stuffed a few fingers between my thighs and sexed me subtly and I used one of my clawed hands to show him how to do it better till I came in an explosion and a guttural murr that rumbled inside my voluminous chests.

"I feel so sorry for you, beloved... Here you are, taking care of my every need, and I've done nothing in return for you."

"You're pregnant, beloved... You're working around the clock to do what you're doing. I should be pandering to you as best as I can."

I smirked with my wolf-features squinting as I looked down between his legs and saw the billowing bulge of my mate's sizeable endowment, and before he could react, I hooked a finger in his sleep pants and pulled them down, showing that he was indeed hard and erect and needing sexual release badly.

"Ok... So I could use a little help." he mused, and smiling, I reached out and picked him up with one hand, cradling him like a child before I placed him on the bed and I laid on top of him, trapping him beneath my four primary breasts and my two secondaries, while I laid on my side partially so that I didn't squash our cubs.

"You are a remarkable liar," I said, "But I know that you find large breasted females, lactation and pregnancy to be very sexual... From all the times we made love before bonding, to how you've cared for me, I've learned all that makes you excited... And right now, being smished and hemmed in by these breasts," I pushed them together, and felt his erection harden and lengthen between my breasts as he tensed suddenly. "...Is making you harder than ever and this is in thanks... At the very least my sweet lord." I murred and then licked his chest, neck and face with my wet tongue.

"Thanks... For what?" he asked after sputtering.

"For believing in me." I mused, and then dipping my head between the massive mounds of my breasts, found his greatly engorged prick and fastened my mouth around it before beginning to suck on it.

It must've been a sight, with half my great body hanging off the bed, and my lover groaning and sighing, erupting several months of backed up seed of a male who went from being seriously active sexually with his wife and lifemate, to no sex at all...

I drank several quarts of his seed, and began squirting him with my milk before he changed and wrestled me onto my back, his supremely powerful and thick cock laying over my thigh as it throbbed in excitement. His eyes may have had that silvery, lazy-eyed look to them... But I knew he was looking upon my with all the senses he had.

And then, he moved back, and entered me, not fully, not to the hilt, he didn't dare penetrate me that deeply... But I reveled in having his powerful maleness between my thighs, and while we both palmed my great, swollen belly, he arched into me.

Sadly, with me lactating so fiercely, and his massive nads erupting into me with my bowels occupied with all our cubs, there was nowhere for all his seed to go... And when I usually overflowed under the normal conditions, we both got very sticky very fast. This time it was a veritable torrent.

I stood with my hand over my crotch as I walked amongst the trees, rubbing my labia that had swollen greatly since I made love with my dear heart earlier today. The chords of my vaginal mound strummed with every step I took now, and I felt myself growing to my maximum size and strength, some of my body even overflowing, becoming stronger than I ever was in my supremely sexual body.

I gasped, inserting a pair of fingers into my pussy, fingering my erect clit while feeling something happening inside my bowels.

I had the sudden desire to go for walk at this moment. I'd been feeling a build up of sensuality all day, steadily growing in my loins since my lovemaking with my beloved, and as I fingered myself I felt my loins tense, felt them quiver in anticipation, tense harder, and then I climaxed. But something different happened when I climaxed... And inside my body, I felt a dull thud inside my bowels, and as I came, a wash of hot steamy fluids and blood rushed from inside me in a torrent, splattering gallons of water onto the ground that continued to leak from me as I gasped and gripped at two trees to either side of me.

I palmed my belly, feeling more of my babies in that one touch than I ever felt before, and I realized one fundamental thing in that moment.

My water just broke.

I stood, looking out the window of the Den. My ears were perked slightly as I listened straight through the shimmering panes of glass that vibrated against any little motion that happened on either side of the glass.

"Hey brother..." Mia said, breaking me from my repose, and I turned to see my baby sister approaching. She'd put on some muscle weight over the last several months, but she'd also put on a lot more womanly bulk too as she fully caught up in maturation to Kira.

Nearly a year younger, she wasn't fully mature when she was made an adult... But now that she was... She was an attractive female that would gain her many suitors.

"...You shouldn't worry... She'll be fine. She's tougher than any of us." Mia mused, folding her arms beneath her bosom.

"I agree... But for some reason that doesn't stop me from worrying about her."

"Silly males." Mia said and then moved to hug my muscular arm. "Thinking that females are weaker than you are." she laughed, and I smirked briefly, but my features became placid shortly thereafter.

I took a sip of my tea and then stopped, hearing something through the window that no one else in the room was able to hear, and hot tea spilled from the lip of the mug as I heard it.

A howl... A female's howl that was meant to call for help.

"Nathan?" Mia began as the hot liquid splattered to the ground before I dropped the mug. "Nathan!" Mia exclaimed as I slipped out of her arm and surged straight for the front double doors of the house, pulling them open and stepping outside onto the gravel driveway in front of the house.

I strained, listening again...

My family all rushed to the door to look at me as I tilted my head and tested the air, looking for a scent, and then I transformed so quickly that all my clothes literally exploded about me.

In my wolf forms, my sense of hearing was amplified, and with that so too was the range of my mental vision. As my senses expanded, they washed over a figure, a large female with unmistakably enormous breasts, positioned between two trees as she made meager grunts and wines.

Tilting forward, I landed on all fours and broke off into a run, shouldering trees out of the way while I barely heard some exclamations from my family as I rushed off into the forest.

The image was of Luna... I could see more of her definition as I approached, panting hard with my exertion as she grunted and groaned, panting rapidly herself, almost hyperventilating. It was then that I burst into the stand of trees that she was within, and immediately, my senses showed me her insides... And the first of our pups that was sliding down her birth canal.

Rising to two feet, I approached her, but as I did, she lifted her head with a snap of her jaws before she growled at me, her eyes wild and beastly. I stopped, seeing her hackles rising as her body tensed and I sensed our cub pause within her bowels as she stopped pushing. It finally took her body forcing a contraction to continue pushing before our child continued from her body. The whole time she was snarling at me as our child slid from within her.

Luna was breathing quickly, amniotic fluids leaking from between her legs, and I grit my teeth before I approached her again. She growled and tensed more, unable to move with the position she was in, but looking to defend herself as her claws scraped the wood of the tree. It was then that I saw the symbols that had been etched in her body glowing fiercely, and in my mind's eye, I saw her aura flaring powerfully.

"Luna." I said, and surprise took her as she recognized my voice. Edging closer, I let her smell me, let her instincts work for her, but she had to relax, and she could only do that if she knew I wasn't there to hurt our cubs.

She whined when she smelled me, and I caressed her nose and then rubbed her crotch, and as she relaxed, our cub slipped readily from inside her into my large hand, and I held it for her as she continued to squat, the little boy covered from head to toe in blue and white fluids splotted with red, and as our son whined, Luna dipped her head and began to lick him clean.

Even as our next cub began to slide from her, I heard others approaching, and I turned my head slightly.

"Do not approach." I said calmly so as not to upset Luna, and just loud enough where I wouldn't surprise her. "Approach from upwind."

Luna clenched her jaw just then, and whined, her legs shaking as she pushed, pressing from her body the next of our cubs, and I caught that one as well, and felt my features beam as I heard two pups whining.

"Bring blankets, warm water." I said. "Only females approach. She will act defensively with males."

I heard several individuals rush off, but I was too focused on Luna to recognize who it was, but I did hear someone approaching.

Lalinda, followed quickly by mother, both undressing in their stride and changing, moved to comfort Luna, and she barked once, but then relaxed as they touched her. Mother cradled Luna, helping her to lie back amidst her own large bosoms and swelling belly with my future baby brother or sister inside her, Lalinda moving to act as the midwife.

Kira and Mia returned with blankets and hot water as well as cold water for cold compresses for Luna, and amidst all the attention, Luna's body relaxed as she expelled one cub after the next. I, on the other hand... Wouldn't allow myself to leave.

Each of our children passed from Luna and into my hands, and I held the cub, eyes closed tightly shut and blind for a moment, before they blinked open, showing me bright icy blue or amber eyes that looked up into my face briefly and tried to focus on who I was before I moved the child to a chain that cleansed the cub, dried and wrapped it, and then placed it before Luna to nurse.

Luna had to be rolled onto her side for the last three cubs, for so hungry were they, that they took to looking for a free tit amidst all the multitude of breasts that they were being pressed within. Luna's breathing, stimulating her mammary development and her labor as she passed the final three cubs while lying on her side. It was then that the final cub passed into my hands, and I felt my very heart shatter as it flopped into my great hands... And it didn't move.

It didn't cry, it didn't whine, it didn't even take a breath.

I swallowed, and collapsed backward onto my rump, holding my cub.

"He's not breathing." I said, choking hard.

Then surprisingly, a pair of hands reached down and took the cub from my arms, and though I tried to hold on, it was scooped from me before I could do anything.

Quixote stood beside me, holding the cub in a towel as he reached into his satchel at his side and produced a powder that he rubbed onto my son's chest, etching a symbol with his finger; he then palmed the cub's body and concentrated. Ancient words of the spirits whispered between his lips... The shamanic arts that he hadn't taught to either my mother or me as he stepped from side to side, doing a little dance. And then he placed his mouth over the cub's and blew... But he blew and he blew... Exhaling so long that one wouldn't think that a pair of lungs could hold so much air, and as he blew, my son's chest expanded, and a light formed inside him. When Quixote withdrew, he coughed, and I saw one of his knees grow weak and sag but he righted it immediately.

Just then I heard a hiccup and then a cry that ended in a series of low howls, and Quixote returned my son to me.

"W-what did you do?" I gasped.

"The life was snuffed from inside him when he was pressed between Luna's loins. His fire went out... So I breathed onto the still luminescent spark to make its fire light again." he said and coughed again. "It cost me some of my own life... But better for a child to have a chance to live than for me to live that much longer."

"A-are you ok?" I breathed, my great wings fanning about us.

"Nothing that some rest will cure." he said. "I'll go now, young prince." and he turned, but I snapped an arm out and grabbed his leather robes.

"No... No you won't go." I said and rose to my feet in a surge of motion. "Father!" I called and I turned to where my father stood watching all this at the edge of the clearing far away from Luna so that his scent wouldn't put her on edge.

"What is it Nathan?" he asked, uncoiling.

"I wish to ask of something." I said and planted a hand on Quixote's shoulder. "This Ronin has just saved my son and your grandson. He has sacrificed himself for the good of the pack. I wish for him to no longer be called Ronin in our Den. He's bonded to this family... In deeds and in actions."

"As you wish Nathan." Father smiled. "I have grown used to his presence after all."

Quixote smiled, and his eyes pinched at the corners along with his smile, his face scrunching and he appeared very old for a moment as he looked to me in thanks. But I turned and knelt before Luna, and placed our final child – nine in all, there was one that was in the center that Doc nor I couldn't see before – and helped him to my mate's chest to nurse.

Our pack was growing stronger... Larger and more majestic every day.

And now I had another adventure to learn: being a father.

Luckily... I had lots of help.

The Sierra Nevada's, though not the oldest or the largest of all the mountain ranges in the world nonetheless held a mystic fantasy within them that had by and large been kept from the general populace of the nation in which they resided within. One of the secrets they held was the Lycan. Oh sure... Every now and again you'd hear of Big Foot or some shaggy monster running about up here, but it isn't really a myth... Or at least, not that myth. It was one of us, a Lycan that someone just so happened to catch a picture of.

So, when twelve girls were kidnapped, those who remembered, the wise men of the surrounding Indian tribes on either side of the mountain, began to speak of wolves taking the girls. I've lived in these mountains long enough, where the indigenous people would remember the legends of wolves taking their daughters, but these European rooted white men... They didn't think that the wolves were us Lycan... But instead they thought wolves were nothing but animals.

That didn't stop them from butchering whole packs of our sacred bond animal though. They would be punished, these men... Found slaughtered by the very creatures in whom they've hunted and killed more for the sport than for any concern of missing adolescent human females. The real reason why these girls – virgins, the lot of them – were taken from the surrounding towns was for one wolf, one Lycan, one named Lupin... To pay a debt that was nearly thirty years old.

And so... One fateful day, he came to me, the Crone, with two over a shoulder in sacks, and the rest tied around the necks by ropes as he led them like dogs up the rocky slope to my cave.

These girls, dressed in nothing but their underwear, which were soiled from tears and in some cases, blood and bodily wastes from how scared they were, sobbed and cried as they followed this monster to what they saw as an even bigger monster.

Standing there, enshrouded in all my many robes of leather and of wool, I waited as he came to stand before me, catching my gaze as he neared and then dared to look me in the eye till he stood before me. Once he was there, he and I stared at each other, he unblinking, for several long silent minutes.

"I've brought your payment, Crone... For services rendered."

I raised a hand, and twelve poles of stone and wood rose from the ground, each laden with an iron loop near the top.

Tugging the girls forward, Lupin secured each to their chains, and dumping the two that were in the sack so that they fell on the hard stone, with the second falling on top of the first; he jerked them upright by their hair and secured them to the poles as well.

He then stepped back, throwing the sack and the rope away and stared at me.

"That is all... You may go." I said, folding my gnarled hands back into my robes.

For a moment... The only sound was the tears of the girls. I waited for a time, waiting for him to turn, but he didn't... He merely clenched his fists harder. His eyes were burning with hatred... But not for me.

"What is it you want now, lordless whelp of the mines?"

"I want to learn your power, Crone. I want power again, but I want it to be stronger! I want to be more powerful! I want... My revenge."

I smirked, and then lifted my head so that he could see my eyes within the shadows of my hood, and I took satisfaction when he flinched to the golden light of my eyes.

"The price I would ask for such a thing... Is a heavy one, Lupin." I said. "You do not get my power without paying a sacrifice."

"I will do whatever is needed, pay whatever is necessary."

I stared at him, saw his conviction, and then nodded. "Very well then."

And I opened my arms, twitching my gnarled fingers, and stone arms lanced from the ground, took his arms, and pulled him to his knees before me. He snarled as his knees were split open by the stone before I threw my cloak and robes backward, revealing the thin fabric that hid my diminished feminine body, which was slender, bony and possessing two breasts that drooped flat and useless. The rest of my breasts had withered with age.

"Then witness the forgotten power of a forgotten age." I said, and opened my mouth and breathed inward.

The twelve girls began to cry harder, and then scream, but as they screamed, their chests glowed, their bodies shining as my power took them, and suddenly the sound of their screaming was replaced with howling winds from each mouth, just before a mist escaped from the mouth of each girl. As this mist escaped them, it combined and merged in the center of them all and thrust itself down my throat where it filled me, nourished me, repairing millennia of damage to my aging body.

As the mist escaped them, their bodies began to mature; their bodies began to grow as they passed from young girls to maidens, from maidens into teenagers and from teenagers into women. Their breasts blossomed and their bodies filled outward as their hips broadened, their clothing tearing from them as pubic hair formed peach fuzz over their loins, and then billowed outward into attractive patches. The girls writhed as they continued to mature and grow, growing older and older as they moved from womanhood into mature womanhood, then they began to age as old women. Their breasts sagged, their bodies became bony and thin, and one by one, they stopped their mist spewing screams and fell limp in their bonds, their bodies rapidly drying up and disintegrating into dust that likewise flowed into me as well.

All twelve girls did this, and I swallowed their essence, their bones and their sinew, and then closed my mouth and began to breathe with new life.

As I breathed though, I began to change, and I moaned as the vitality of decades of life from each girl, nearly a hundred years for each, was multiplied by dog years as it entered my wolf's body and combined with all the others. The aging damage to my form began to repair itself with all that vitality, my muscles growing stronger, my bones thickening, my body growing and the damage to my flesh repairing itself. I took pleasure in my vitality being restored, my body groaning, my bones creaking, my muscles flaring and filling outward as my breasts filled once again. Individual muscle groups tightened and creased, caressing my flesh it felt, while my sagging breasts began to heft high atop my chest, becoming firm and ballooning as they lifted the folds of my fabric robes beneath my cloak and leather robes. My limp ears that stuck out from the holes at the top of my hood stiffened and lengthened, my ugly bald head rapidly growing heavy with a thick black mane, and all my many robes all over my body slid upward along my form, revealing calves as they strengthened, revealing thighs as they bulged, revealing my firm pussy as it distended and firmed up, my clitoris erecting outward. My forearms pushed forward, flaring as biceps and triceps engorged; the flaps of fabric of my Egyptian cotton robes lifting over my swelling breasts as even my secondaries and tertiaries formed to dot my bodice with twelve individual mammaries that were all firm and swollen. Gray fur darkened to black, gnarled claws sharpened and hooked, and all the wrinkles of flabby flesh all over my body drew taut and smooth.

And then my strength returned to me.

Lupin stared up at me as my tail extended between my legs, fluffing upward, every muscle in my body bulging massively, tightening loose cloth that was all over my form into binding strips of cloth about my feet and forelegs as well as about my hands and forearms, my whole form swelling with muscular mass before my breasts distended further forward, my areola swelling and broadening, my nipples engorging and erecting outward, and with a sigh I flexed my form, feeling my throbbing and powerful body with my old robes folding about me as they were originally designed to do, which was to accent my naked and powerful form instead of hide them.

A belt with a curving sword hung at my side, a satchel with my tools and spell book, my warrior's body and the pieces of leather armor that were strapped here and there about my form flaring about me as I planted a hand upon the old familiar sword that I carried always, its blade having long since become stained with blood.

I stood towering over Lupin, and lifting my ebony clawed hands to my overhanging cloak, I pulled the hood back, revealing my renewed face, my ears flicking upward as they slid from their ear holes, and my mane billowing majestically about my body.

"Is this what you wanted, Lupin?" I asked, palming my sex, rubbing the slit between my labia and smiling with the return of my all-powerful sexual power.

"A Jackal." he breathed, looking upon my Egyptian Goddess of a form.

"More than that." I grinned with my white teeth, my golden eyes shining with their own light. "I've waited ages for those who remembered me to die off... And now all that is remembered of me are legends in distant lands.

"Baba Yaga amidst the Russians, Windego amidst the natives to the north, and more. Is this the power you seek... Regardless of the circumstances that offers it?"

"Yes!" he growled with hunger in his eyes, and I smirked, and reaching down, gripping the back of his head, I turned him upward so that he was forced to look at my face.

"Are you sure..." I teased, licking my teeth. "For once you acquiesce, there is no going back."

"Give it to me!"

I snickered, and gripping his nads fondled him till he was erect, and letting go of his head, another stone hand rose, gripped his head and held it back for me while I fondled his chest, pressing my breasts against it.

He began to erect as I fingered his mouth, getting him to open his mouth.

"Good." I mused, and tucked my finger in his mouth. "For this is really going to hurt." I grinned, and before he knew what was coming, I gripped his tongue, pulled it out of his mouth, and cut it off with my claw.

He gurgled and screamed as I rose to my feet, summoning a stone bowl on a pedestal that I placed his severed tongue in.

"You are foolish, Lupin." I said as I returned, and began to cut open his belly, removing his internal organs while he screamed and cried. "My power is ancient, and the sacrifice is great, but my powers were taught to me from the Great Lord Anubis himself.

"Oh, what a wonderful lay he was before I ate his heart..."

"But despite all that, my dear Lupin, though his arts are ancient, his powers great, it is still not as old or as ancient as pre-history... And that is what the Avatar and the Ghost Dancer possess in their blood. If you seek revenge, you will have to be trained."

I removed his intestines, his liver, placing those in separate bowls that I summoned before I removed his heart, his lungs, his eyes, but despite all that... He was still alive, still kept conscious and aware of the hell I was putting him through, especially when I began tampering with his chakras.

"Count yourself lucky though... That whelp of Peter's did take your magic from you. Though I see your son's here, if you were at full power, you wouldn't have survived this process, Lupin... And then I'd have to resurrect you." I chuckled and then from my satchel, removed two stone scarabs, and tapping them both, the stone broke away, leaving a real scarab in its place, that each hopped from my palm, climbed up Lupin's nose, into his skull, and began devouring his brain as all his body fluids dried up.

"And there is one more thing that you don't quite realize, Lupin." I said as I removed my knives and began carving symbols into his body. "And I know you can still understand me despite those bugs in your brain, that being that I am the one doing this to you... Is that I have absolute control over you my little thrall.

"Serves you right. You need a little humility." I snickered, and then felt something brush against my navel, and sitting back, noticed that his penis was fully erect.

"Amazing!" I said and gripped his powerful rod. "Either the trauma to your body is so intense that it is making every muscle in your body rigid... Or you like this." I teased, and began to jerk him off till he came all over my ripened and renewed pussy and thighs. He gurgled in response to me. "Oh you are going to be some fun." I said and rose, and reaching into my satchel again, removed a vial of oil, and unstoppering it, poured it all over his head and body, the oil stinging his open wounds.

"I don't envy those in whom you consume to regain your lost organs and fluids after all this, Lupin... But when you've consumed your fill of flesh and become whole again... Come seek me out again." I then took out a pipe, filled it and lit it, and took a deep breath of it, before blowing smoke all over him.

"Now brace yourself, you sick bastard... "

And turning over the pipe, I tapped its back and the burning cherry of incense inside it cascaded from the pipe and sprayed against his body, setting the oil immediately on fire.

He howled as his flesh was charred slowly off his body, and grinning, filling the bowl of my pipe with a more pleasing mélange of hemp and other mood altering drugs, I lit it and took a deep inhale and blew the smoke out my nose and felt the euphoric effect of my drug while I watched Lupin's body being consumed by the fire, but I also saw the wash of ancient and powerful magics flowing into him, transforming him, making him a Mummy Lycan.

"Hmm... Come back soon, Lupin... I'm in real darn need of some hard thumping sex." I grinned, and turning on my heel, I walked back to my cave as the bowls enclosed about Lupin's organs and sank into the earth, the poles where the girls were at sinking below the rock as well.

I went to go enjoy a good meal, a nice warming bath and indulge in certain vices; all the while Lupin was burned alive... Becoming something not alive, but not dead... A Lycan stuck in limbo, where the dead souls of his slain humans reside till he himself is slain, caught between the realm of the living and the realm of the dead and having power over both.

Long after the fire burned his flesh away, reducing him to a creature of char, the waning light of day faded away, and the rising moon rose to cast its light on him... But then the moon, only within sight of his particular location on earth, began to turn blood red, filling him with the fire of hell, and with a sucking gasp of air on his ruined body, he

rose with a tremendous jerk, shattering the stone hands that held him, sucking in deep gouts of air into places where there were no lungs, his teeth gleaming pearly white and lengthened like the fangs of a vampire.

He gasped, trying to fill lungs that weren't there, and turning his sightless eyes, working on a sense that he never had before... He went and sought to replenish himself.

I didn't envy the slaughter that would soon ensue upon those unlucky enough to get in his way, but I smiled, nonetheless... I now had a servant that had to do everything that I might say. Males and their weak hearts, dead to emotion... It's so easy to control them.

Silly creatures.

<End>