

The Alpha

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Rated: *X for Explicit*

Notice: *This story was written while listening to Abba...*

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Chapter 1: The Woman

Jinkies!

My name is Velma... Velma Dinkley... and I'm perhaps the most underrated member of the Mystery Incorporated gang.

Gang... feh... Fred was the one who started calling it a 'gang.' He's so nineteen sixties, it's sickening at times. Who even wears a dickey these days, anyways? Not even rich douchebags wear them anymore... not since the seventies, so why is he wearing it? It's about as tacky as one of those faux turtleneck sweaters that was just the collar and a little flap of fabric on the front and back to make it look like you were wearing a turtleneck under your dinner coat or whatever.

Actually... come to think of it, I think that that was called a dickey too... so yes, douchebag attire.

Picture that used car salesman from 'True Lies.' He wore one of those dickeys. That's what Fred has become... a used car salesman. In spirit if not in truth. God he was so lame.

But because his family was so rich, his money was one of the things that kept the "Gang" going. Just ask Tony Stark, Bruce Wayne, Oliver Queen... money is indeed a super power.

Then there was Daphne... Daphne Blake. She was another rich girl, whose money also let us continue this little fracas that we were in. Pft... I bet she thinks a fracas was some sort of French clothing she just had to have. She had two interests: clothes and Fred... despite that Fred was so oblivious to her, he seemed borderline gay at this point. Come to think of it, I think Liberace and Sir Elton John also wore dickeys at some points in their lives... maybe that was it. But still she tried!

Finally there was Shaggy Rogers and his bestest-best friend in the whole wide world, Scooby Doo.

Ok... yeah... I dated Shaggy for a while, but a real big turn off for a girl is when a guy tells her that he'd rather hang out with his dog that he did with you... and by hang out... they both would hang out with each other and Mary Jane, and by Mary Jane, I meant marijuana... which was legal in some states now...

Because of those two, we don't usually go to those states anymore. The only contributing effect that either of them had was that Scooby's nose was so sensitive, and Shaggy owned our ride. He didn't drive it... or maintain it... or fix it when

it broke down, Fred did all that. At the moment, the Mystery Machine - ok that *is* a kinda cool name for an old nineteen sixties VW Bus - was more his home than anything else... and it always smelled of pot.

We all have such a contact high, we all think that the dog can talk at times.

Oh... I hate it when my head gets muddled.

I was the brains. I had an IQ higher than all four of them combined. Yes... there's a dog in there, but he's a smart dog. I mean a really smart dog, and often times smarter than the others were... so yeah, I'll lump Scooby in on that number. I am a certified genius, fan of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir Isaac Newton, Einstein and Adrian Monk - in that order - and am the main reason why we get any of our jobs these days... jobs that would pay better if I wasn't such a poor business entrepreneur.

Also... if you have to ask who Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was... then you and I won't hang out.

I did puzzle games for fun, could solve a Rubik Cube in less than a minute - with my feet - and then tell you the history of the puzzle game. I read mystery novels and solved them generally by the middle of the story... and right about now I've seriously been thinking about breaking off with these losers and go join the police academy and become a real detective or the FBI and be a federal agent... but I don't, why? Well... they're my friends.

And thus is the greatest example of friends dragging a person down. Plus... I guess I'm a bit neurotic myself.

We'd just gotten engrossed in some mystery that we stumbled upon about a Wolfman terrorizing a small town - not even the most convincing Wolfman either... there was a noticeable zipper on his costume - that we got stuck in because the Mystery Machine broke down... again. So while it was being repaired, we blew through the mystery, uncovered the guy wearing a mask and all that, he swore that he'd've gotten away with it if it hadn't been for us meddling kids, notwithstanding that he had absolutely *none* of the traits of a werewolf.

Plus... werewolves, ghosts and the Loch Ness Monster currently do *not* exist till someone can prove their existences to me.

So while Daphne was trying to prey upon Fred, Fred vying all her interests with him constantly yammering about traps, and Shaggy and Scooby were pigging out on Fred and Daphne's cash flow at the nearest all-you-can-eat buffet, I opted for a little quiet time.

The town library was a hole in the wall, with books so outdated that the history books warned people of '*Here comes emancipation.*' That or they were supplied by Texas.

With my attaché bag now with my laptop, and my school work for online university complete - someone had to continue their career here - I'd pulled out "A Scandal in Bohemia", by: Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. It was the book that featured Irene Adler... also known as '*The Woman*' by Sherlock fans... the only person, who happened to be a woman, who'd ever outsmarted Sherlock Holmes.

If I had a hero, or heroine as the case may be, it'd be Irene Adler... a sort of original version of Carmen San Diego. She, a woman, who, in the nineteenth century, where women were trained to be stupid trophies that stood in a corner being quiet but beautiful, outsmarted the most brilliant and most observant man in the world.

She was something a young budding woman like myself would want to aspire to.

I was also keen on the idea introduced by the show '*Warehouse Thirteen*' where H.G. Wells was actually Helena Wells, where the most brilliant inventor and writer of the industrial and pre-atomic ages... was actually a woman, and in a time where women weren't allowed to own property or vote and so on, that she was actually the founder of the most advanced technologies of the time... the woman who pioneered the term '*Steampunk.*'

And it wasn't as far-fetched as one would think. A lot of events of that age were actually from women, but since women didn't have the privilege of owning property or voting and so on, their works were actually taken by men who had

absolutely no contributing effect to the invention of such things. Such was H.G. Wells... writer of books like *'The War of the Worlds,' 'The First Men in the Moon,'* and so on. He - or she - was balanced only by Jules Verne.

But I digress.

Nevertheless, there I was in the hotel bar, enjoying a drink and my book. Oh I didn't drink alcohol, or when I did it was very mild drinks, like Bloody Marys or Mojitos. I could practically cite the book in my hands at the moment line-by-line by heart, but it was enjoying reading the story nice and slow that gave me pleasure at the moment instead of a page at a time like I could. It was the thrill of the story, after all.

But as it was, while I was enjoying this rare private time alone, recanting my intellectual prowess from riding all night in a Colombian Sauna - and if you don't know what that is, you're too young to know - I became aware that my solo place at the bar was no longer solo.

"Let me guess... A White Russian, hold the Vodka... hold the Kahlua." a deep voice imposed.

"Yup." I replied without looking, picked it up and sipped at it before setting it down, annoyed that my private time was being interrupted.

"What's the occasion?" he asked then.

"I'm celebrating my free time... which I get little of, so if you don't mind... please go away."

"Truly? Well I'll be glad to honor your wishes, but before I go, may I have your name?"

"Look mister..." I began and turned, pushing my glasses up onto the top of my nose. "I..." and I froze, seeing the gentleman standing beside the bar.

Yes... gentleman. When the average guy is wholeheartedly average, and the average man gives no consideration toward women at all, meeting a gentleman stands out in a lady's mind. Gentlemen aren't the average douche... instead, they're like James Bond. It doesn't matter which James Bond you choose, all of them are good examples, though Daniel Craig is my favorite Bond man. Or for a better example of a gentleman, choose Hugh Jackman from *'Kate and Leopold'*. Sure Hugh also played The Wolverine, but that only makes him hotter. Love the lamb chops.

Men don't act that way anymore... and here was one acting that way... to me.

My lips pursed in disbelief. I didn't understand why I of all people would be the subject of this gentleman's interests.

The other thing about gentlemen that makes them so very, very desirable to a woman like me, is that they believe, honestly and truly to the very core of their beings, that their job was to make life for a woman like me as easy as possible, for they understood that just by the sheer act of her birth, a woman's life was harder than a man's, and it was up to him to make our lives easier.

A gentleman holds doors open, help us over puddles, be there as a strong opponent to any other man who may prey upon us... that was everything this man portrayed.

What was more, he recognized that I was caught in a mental loop, unable to answer... which was very, very strange for me due to how powerful my mind was, but my mind was being overloaded with the effort to get my heart to beat correctly as it kept skipping beats, my lungs to breathe, and beat back the incessant sensations surging up to it from between my legs.

"Forgive me, how rude of me," and he bowed before me and offered a hand. Automatically I took it and he kissed that hand ever so briefly upon the knuckles. I shuddered a breath and actually wet myself in preparation. "I should introduce myself first.

"My name is Justin. Justin Parker."

“Velma...” I managed at last as he rose, caressing my thin, slender fingers briefly before releasing it.

“It is a pleasure... Velma,” and he smiled at the sound of my name. “May I linger... or do you still wish to enjoy your book by Sir Doyle alone?”

“I...” and I looked at the book, closing it. “No... I would like some company.” I smiled back at him, feeling my heart beating harder in my chest now.

He smelled wonderful. Manly... but not that funky man smell like they’d just got done working out for hours on end... like stale musty corn chips, but instead smelt of a firm musk that was vaguely hickory and leather mixed with some... natural... smell that reminded me of rainy northwestern forests.

The scent triggered off all sorts of emotions in me, and whatever suppressed feminine parts of my brain there were, saw the shape of this man, witnessed his strength, smelled his scent and reacted. It triggered many sorted emotions and kicked them into overdrive. So far his personality even fit that unwritten set of esthetics that my mind sought for the perfect mate... and having found it, those emotions welled even further, and my brain began to arouse me harder than it’d ever done before.

Fighting that instinct, I crossed my legs when the primal female inside me was telling me to push my panties down past the ankles and spread my legs wide...

Emotion wasn’t my friend. I tended to be able to control it, which was a trait I was very proud of, especially since the other women I knew broke down at the drop of a hat, and I was often more together than Shaggy or his dog were.

Ever try to have a grown man and a dog leap into your arms because they were scared?

But right now I was breathless, and this man held my attentions overall.

He was dressed in a trim suit pant and jacket, the white shirt having a built-in cravat and his bow tie was undone and open, showing off a strong, hairless chest only at the collar. Hair was perfect, not a gray hair or a missing hair out of place, with piercing blue almost white-blue eyes... which is why I likened him to Daniel Craig. Those eyes made his average, perhaps good-looking chiseled looks suddenly look extraordinary and exotic, with the firm chiseled features of Hugh Jackman and the maturity of Bruce Willis...

Just a whole tirade of beautiful men went through my mind, topped off with what appeared to be the dark, strong Italian sort of being of Sly Stallone, I had to pinch my legs together because I felt my body surging onward toward primal, sexual sensations that were trying to command me toward some bestial sensation.

Suddenly the compression of undershirt, bra, blouse and sweater were restraining my breathing, and my nips were erecting hard.

In one hand he had an amber-colored drink on the rocks; the color smelled sweet and painted the glass like cough syrup. He leaned the arm carrying this drink on the bar next to me, still smiling at me.

I giggled like a nervous little girl.

I was a brilliant person... brilliant people, male or female, don’t tend to develop their social skills very well. Possibly because we have a bit of a screw loose to begin with, manifesting with Asperger’s Autism or something similar. My social skills were as developed as they were in high school... hence: giggly little girl moves. That didn’t stop him.

“So what is a beautiful, shapely woman like you doing alone in a bar, drinking milk and reading Doyle?” and he paused, holding up a finger. “Wait... you’re a woman of brilliance. Alcohol stunts your thinking, so you don’t drink it. You refrain from any other substance that makes you do so... for you have to think like Doyle to understand Doyle, and his stories aren’t for the weak-minded to be interested in.”

“Yes...” I exhaled a fascinated sigh. “It’s like you’re reading me like a book. How do you do that?”

‘Read me like a book’?! Ugh... how cheesy can you get?

“A book? No, not at all. However... I have a keen eye. I study art, music... the philosophies of man. I just got done in the lounge actually.”

“You’re a lounge player?” I frowned. I’ve met too many lounge artists that actually lived lives that were several steps below Shaggy, and they were typically has-beens and never-will-bes. The sort of person who’d be desperate to take money and stay in their profession that they took it where they could get it. Hence: lounge jobs. The only lounge singer or lounge players that weren’t like this... were guest headliners.

Oh please be a headliner... but if so, why would you be caught dead outside of Reno or Vegas?

...But this Justin didn’t dress like he was scraping by. Lounge Artists don’t have tailored concert apparel like he did, let alone apparel that wasn’t worn thin in places or was stainless and professionally laundered like his were.

“Only for practice. Typically I’m playing concert halls, and not every lounge has a grand piano for me to play in. Personally I like the feel of traditional instruments... not these synthesizers and mutated sounds that have no hope to do justice to real musicians.”

“Oh...” and my hopes rose again. “You play the piano?”

“Among other things. I also work the violin and cello.” he shrugged. “I’m thinking of picking up the flute as well, but all of that is secondary at the moment.”

“W-why... is that?” I asked as he leaned in a little.

“I can’t think of music when such a... distraction... like you is before me.”

“Me?!” I blinked, incredulous.

“You sound doubtful of your own beauty...” he smirked.

“Well... yeah. I got that Agnes Gooch thing down perfectly.”

“Heh... I love a well-trained woman. Very few ladies these days have any clue about a tertiary character from a play like *‘Auntie Mame.’*”

I grinned wide at him. “Forget me... few guys I meet even know what a play is.” I said, and he chortled in response, and releasing his glass, he palmed the back of my arm. It was a neutral but still an intimate touch. No girl really minds their elbows being touched... no nerve endings there anyways. But it gave me the chance to accept or reject him gracefully.

I didn’t shy from the touch.

“Isn’t that what children do?” he smiled at me and we laughed at each other. And he kept smiling at me. It wasn’t predatory... it was something... else. And I was drawn to it... I liked being smiled at like that.

“You are very beautiful.” he told me.

“Me? No... not me.”

“And that’s just a tragedy.” he replied. “Every girl is a princess... every woman is a queen. Beauty is twenty percent natural talent, eight percent preparation, and twenty percent Photoshop.”

“T-that’s... that’s a hundred and twenty percent.” I pointed out.

He was apparently expecting me to put those numbers together like that.

“Which is why Photoshop is such a lie. It sets a bar of unattainable beauty... So let’s take that out.” and he made a snatching movement with his fingers and a toss aside gesture to get rid of that program. “And what we’re left with is the truth... and that truth is, is that you have so... much... natural talent, the other women in this room pale by comparison.”

I glanced around, seeing a couple of cougars, looking for young meat, several more women in night gowns, others with their husbands... Daphne... and I looked back at him, still not believing it.

“You’re such a pleasant liar...” I mumbled.

“Then spend an evening with me, Velma...” he said offering me his hand again.

“Dinkley...” I managed and took his hand as he helped me off my seat.

“Ah... Dinkley... and now that I know your full name, I now know everything about you.”

“Y-you do?”

“Of course.” and he gathered my other hand up in both of his and smiled down at me.

“You are ruled by Neptune... your color is green, and your gemstone is the Moonstone... how... appropriate.”

“It is?” I blinked.

“Of course it is. You’re philosophical, a scholar... but you’re very spiritual when no one’s looking. You’re intelligent, intuitive, analytical... yet... solitary and rather secretive.

“Which is why you wear a skirt with a sweater several sizes too large for you, because some time in the past, someone taught you that it’s abominable to show your body off, and so you hide your beauty from prying eyes...”

It was like he knew my life.

“All that in a name?” I mumbled.

“Indeed. A name shapes a person... very much like Egyptians believed that the true name could control a being, a name gives you a pattern on how to live your life and how others treat you.

“Now... come with me, and I will show you that with a little preparation, you can be the most beautiful woman in the world. Sans Photoshop...”

Chapter 2: The Queen

Justin kept calling me a queen. It preyed upon my ego to be likened unto some of the most powerful women in the world. But not like Victoria or Elizabeth - though I hear that Elizabeth was a glorious beauty in her youth - but more like... Cleopatra... and Titania. That's Queen Titania... Queen-Mother of the Fae. If you don't know her, then brush up on your Shakespeare.

What I didn't realize then - because why would I have? - was that there was a different meaning for the word "Queen." And no, not a fabulously dressed gay man... the other meaning. Go get a dictionary, I dare you, and find out what else is referred to as a '*Queen*.' Strangely enough... you won't find the definition I'm talking about on Dictionary.com.

But by the end of this story... you'll understand...

"Subtle changes can enhance beauty," he told me a short while later at a department store in town.

The department store was an outlet store of some sort, and it had the air of maybe a Sears or a Macy's but it existed in this tiny town.

Justin, minus his tie and coat, was just in his white shirt and slacks now... polished ballroom black shoes and belt, standing next to him made me feel out of place... ugly. But then all he did was take a barrette with a tiny red bow on it and push my hair back on one side, fixing the bang away from my eyes.

"Now look," he told me and I turned to a mirror, albeit hesitantly.

He was quite right. Parting my hair right there... revealing my eyes in just that way...

"Wow..." was all I could say to the effect.

"If you'll allow me, Velma... I'd like to make you as beautiful as I see you."

"A-as you see me?" I asked.

There was a warning that went off in my mind. This was something that was either really good... or really bad. And by bad, I was aware of that guys had some weird fetishes. Just read '*Fifty Shades of Gray*' or go onto the Hentai Alternative boards of 4Chan or Reddit... but only be a lurker on those pages. Trust me, post only if you're brave. The moment you post you can become a target.

But some fetishes were guys who liked playing with feet, dripping chili beans on them and letting her smooch them with her toes. That was one of the softer issues. Other guys might find it sexy to slice up my face, or worse, cut my face off and wear it over theirs.

Nevertheless, I... I wanted to be beautiful... *so-ooo* badly. Admittedly, Daphne was a bit of an airhead sometimes, but... she was beautiful. I wanted to be the beautiful one for once.

"O-oh-kay..." I managed at last.

"I will now be touching you, some of the ways I may touch you, you may not like. Say only a single word and I'll stop." and I nodded before he began collecting some of the beauty implements here.

We were at one of those makeup booths in the department store... the one that was made almost entirely of overly lit glass displays and usually was circled by numerous women like they were sharks, randomly squirting you with perfume or cologne when you least expected it. I always quickly walked by this place... unlike Daphne, but now I saw what this place contained. It was *designed* as a convenience, and Justin began to use its conveniences to apply various things to my face while a counter woman with a noticeable chest and a corset and a pretty hairdo waited on us.

Cleanse, exfoliate, remove unwanted hair, foundation, lipstick, eye shadow, mascara, explaining everything that he did and how he did it so that I could learn. It was really interesting that a man who wasn't gay knew these things. Or maybe he was bi. Anyways, when he finished, he again directed me to the mirror, only this time when I looked, a stranger looked back at me.

"Who..." I blinked at the image and the image blinked back. "Th-that's not me." and I pointed at it.

"Oh of course it is... you've just been lied to for so long, you don't recognize yourself." he told me and just held out a credit card for the woman behind the counter to take as she gathered up everything he'd just used on me and put it in a bag that he handed to me.

"Here... so you can re-apply these tricks in the future. Come now... time for us to continue transforming you." and he offered me his arm.

Transform... such a choice set of words.

Shoes - heels... I never wore heels - stockings, and a black evening gown... with a mink stole even. Everything was very expensive, everything he bought and paid for and tailored on the spot. I'd heard of men buying sex from their dates... but at this moment if it was sex he ultimately wanted from me, then he could darn well have me. Damn... I was a thirty-something spinster on the verge of becoming an old maid... which was short for 'old maiden', or a woman who'd never had sex. I wonder when that kicked in. Forty maybe? Regardless, it was the feminine version of the forty-year-old virgin.

Nevertheless he bought me a new purse and a belt... and... a-and *underwear*.

"I can't wear this!" I gasped holding up the skimpy lace thing. It was only the bottoms and no top.

"Let me tell you what Victoria's Secret really is." he said and turned me to a full-length mirror, holding the thing over my lap. "A woman who *feels* sexy... is sexy. She can wear the most sexual outfit, but if it's a pair of old tighy-whitey grandma panties she's wearing under it all, she doesn't feel sexy.

"Adversely, if you flip that and you were to dress like... um..."

"Me?" I groaned.

"...I was trying to avoid saying that... but yes... but if you're wearing sexy panties under it all, then you *feel* sexy. Because you feel it, you act it. And that creates an aura, a glow, that even the most imperceptive of males will notice it, react to it... and suddenly you are the choice woman in the room to be with, no matter how you're dressed."

"Well I wouldn't go so far with no matter how I'm dressed. If I walked in wearing this lingerie and garbage all over my head... I'm not really sexy am I?"

"No... no matter how you're dressed. Because there's some male out there who'd love to roll in the garbage you're wearing before making love to you."

I found myself nodding. There were some *weird* fetishes out there.

"Tell you what... go into this changing room, and change into these frilly panties and then get dressed in your sweater and skirt again. Nothing else. If I'm wrong... then you can wear this on our date tonight."

"Date?"

"If you're willing, of course." he smiled at me, and I grinned stupidly and quite girlishly again.

"Sure!" I blurted out, and immediately went to do his bidding.

“But... before you go in there...” and he palmed me on my back. Immediately my thighs squeezed together from the touch that was a step up from him touching my elbow or face, and then I felt my eyes widen as quite deftly, he pinched and twisted, and the back strap of my bra came undone. And then blushing, the weight of my chest shifted and thrust downward and outward into the sweater, and I hugged them to me as they expanded several cup sizes to their full growths.

“D-don’t look...” I moaned, blush suffusing me from face to bosom.

“Chinese rate a woman’s beauty on a degree of several things.” he told me, and I blinked up at him. “The forehead... the eyes, the face, the neck... and...” and he urged me to unfold my arms, revealing the size of my bust. “The shape of the bust.”

He smiled at my chest, and I blushed more deeply. He was taking pleasure in my chest, he liked what he saw, and his gaze lingered there for just the right amount of time to avoid creepy awkwardness before he promptly looked straight into my eyes.

It was like I was being hypnotized then, but there was a feeling coming off of him now. He... *wanted* me now... sexually. Well, he may’ve wanted me before, but this was more defined. Even me with all my poor social skills could sense it now. Plus... I could see the bulge in his pants bow outward like... *three* times larger than it was a moment before! And to say that he was gifted as a man was an understatement.

And his hand lifted, and it made a cupping motion over my tit without actually touching it. Biting my lower lip, I felt myself cream again, moistening for penetration while he made the semblance of a caressing of my breast through the sweater. Instantly my nipples hardened till they ached and reshaped the cloth.

And then he turned that hand away and gestured to the room. I scurried into it like a timid creature from this man’s man... far too vulnerable to give in to him, so I just fled.

Inside, I looked at myself in the mirror.

“Here... don’t forget to take your makeup off.” he said and handed me a container of face wipes.

“But...”

“More lessons.” he advised. “The first is never change clothes with makeup on. You’ll smudge it on your clothes unless said article of clothing won’t touch your face. Currently you’re wearing a turtleneck sweater, so I would suppose that yes, it will happen. Also, you need to learn how to apply it yourself now.

“Now quickly... I cannot wait to bathe in your new light. But to improve your sexual feeling, there is also something I want you to not do.”

“O-oh?” I stammered.

“Don’t wear your bra when you come out.” he said innocently with a mischievous grin. “That dress looks tacky with bra straps sticking out under the spaghetti string straps. It’s designed to be worn without a brazier.”

And I hastened, cleaning my face, and then removing my sweater and bra and undershirt... and then stopped.

There I stared at myself in the mirror.

Mom had told me to hide my bust from others... so I kept it in a bra that was a bit too small for their sizes. I thought - because this is how I was taught - that big breasts were ugly... but... then... why did so many men like women with big breasts? Why did they glance over women with small breasts? Glancing at the door, I wondered if he liked *my* breasts.

Nevertheless, peeling out of my normal panties - they were a bit sticky at the moment - and donning the new ones. The new panties were bought and paid for already, they were lavender and with a supremely elastic frilly band on them. I

supposed that they were a one-size fits all sort of thing, because I was certain a five hundred pound girl could wear panties like these. But these panties had a secret, which was a pair of silken strings that were cut a bit tighter than the actual crotch of the panties... strings that wrapped around the clit and pressed into the crevice, forcing the panties to do a camel toe.

Hardly any seat at all, I was blushing like a new bride, or a woman who'd just gotten walked in on while taking a bath as I tugged down the pleated orange skirt and looked at myself in the mirror.

I was aglow... but that glow was due in part to the fact that I was blushing so deeply that it was adding color to my face and neck and breasts. The coloring threatened to burn itself in. Getting dressed in my old clothes plus new panties and minus bra, I exited the dressing room.

But when I exited, it was to see him smiling discerningly at me.

"Well... how do I look?" I asked, tugging down the orange skirt I wore so as to hide a nearly naked heinie.

"That's not for me to say... I knew you'd look lovely. You were lovely when you entered that room, and you were just as lovely when you exited it, but... the sensations you are feeling, the knowledge that you're up to something naughty in public... it has it's own effect." and he pointed with a pinkie and I turned and saw a young man working at a counter promptly look away. He was smiling broadly at himself.

Other men were noticing me?

And I looked around and saw that there were other men... and then I saw... that there were women too.

"Moar!" I gasped to him suddenly and he lifted his chin triumphantly, and then he handed me the shoes, dress, purse, sash stockings and stole.

Going back, dressing in these very unfamiliar clothes, I mean I knew what they were, but I'd never worn them before, just some of the basic ideas of how to wear them, like make sure the seam was straight on the back of the stockings, I dressed in the clothes, only to come to a point where the gown I'd been given wasn't to be worn with a bra... or an undershirt... or anything above the waist in particular. But... swallowing hard, driving down the unsure biddy that I was becoming, I trusted Justin's interest in me and knowledge, and if a gentleman man's man didn't know what a woman wants, and I wasn't sure what I wanted, then I was pretty much screwed in this situation.

So... I left those things off, donned the high lace shoes, the heels broad platforms to train me to use heels.

So dressing one layer after the next, it was odd to be absent of undershirt, bra, blouse and sweater, and instead have the thinnest of black silk cloth covering my breasts and their erotic form from view. Finishing dressing and applying the makeup, donning the stole, belt and purse, I took a deep breath, looked at the stranger in the mirror, and then walked out of the dressing room, wobbling briefly on the wide heeled shoes I was upon.

And I again compared myself in the mirror.

A different woman was standing there before me... I didn't recognize her. In fact I did a bit of a jump in surprise at her appearance. This was a vibrant, different sort of woman all together. She was so much of a stranger that I didn't recognize her at all!

So it was as a lady that I exited and saw Justin beam at me.

"You... look... beautiful. A right queen."

There was that word again, but again, not knowing the fullness of the situation, I assumed that he meant a lady of high royalty.

But... after spending time directing me on how to apply makeup again - it took many tries, and the first few looked like a Halloween mask - I finished and looked at myself, and was pleased that I looked very, very different.

I didn't look like Velma. I looked like Velamina... something with more *oomph* to it.

With the gown split up both sides for the peaks of the splits to rest atop my waist, I saw that I was beautiful, I had a bust, and I had a figure that even Daphne would be envious of. Wide hips, strong legs - we did a lot of walking and running in this job - and sensuous calves, that when I rested on a pair of heels, got accentuated sexily.

There was a new Velma that was born as of that moment, and for the first time in my life I saw myself as something sexy. Desirable.

Justin then took me on his promised date. He drove a luxury car, we ate at a fine restaurant, enjoyed dancing, fine food, wine... lots of wine.

I was growing tipsy, and when soft music played while I clung to him and he cradled me almost lovingly, I looked up at him, eyes twinkling, heart beating hard between the borne expanse of my chest and a pair of breasts that strained against the low-cut gown, I rose and mashed those tits against his chest, lifting just enough to be equal to his height, eyes closing partially, and with his usual smile he bent and kissed my already puckering lips.

Every woman dreams of this: A Prince Charming coming abroad a white horse - his sports car was white trimmed in silver, actual silver not chrome - to sweep you off your feet and carry you away from mediocrity to make you a princess, and I fell onto the fantasy... hook, line and sinker. Hell, I swallowed that hook that I took it so deeply.

Afterward, he asked me if I wanted to come to his place and I said yes without so much as even a moment of hesitation.

His home was a trailer... no... not like some white trash sort of guy who lived in one of those little caravans towed behind an Acura or an Audi. This wasn't even a double wide trailer park flotsam and jetsam... but rather what he drove me to must've cost a fortune.

It was a mobile mansion! The sorts that movie stars and Oil Barons or Sheiks tool around in.

His was a sleek futuristic-looking semi-truck hitched with a long full-length trailer canister, while numerous fold-outs, pop-outs and even pop-ups converted the thing into a three-story mobile mansion.

It was so expensive-looking, not only did it have a satellite dish, it had its own satellite!

"What... do you do for a living?!" I laughed at it.

"You're the detective... what do you think I do?" he smirked and moved around to help me from the car... like a gentleman.

You have no idea how much effort it takes to open a door till some strong man does it for you and then helps you out of a car.

And up to his home we went.

Other than the semi attached to the front of the vehicle, this looked like a small mansion. Foldouts upon foldouts, strong struts, geometric panels that looked military-grade formed domes and bubbles of geometric forms to expand its maximum size with minimal paneling, with sun roofs and even a deck that let out on top of one of the fold outs that was filled with a hot tub even!

This place was currently situated near a fire hydrant for water and a sewer for sewage, while power was currently a mystery, I assumed it tapped into the power grid somehow. We had to climb up a set of fold out steps to get to a security door that he opened for me and led into his home, to which we entered a grand hall with side rooms and dividers that must've swung out or slid out to divide the room.

“Wow... this is bigger on the inside than on the outside.” I commented as we entered and he closed the door behind us.

“Very much so. A trick of space, to be sure, but the truth of it all is one half technology, and one half magic.”

“Magic?” I blinked. It was another subject I didn’t believe, but this experience, so wondrous and fanciful as it was, I wouldn’t be surprised if suddenly a wardrobe door opened into Narnia.

“Of course. The same sort of magic that inhabits those small libraries and book stores you find here and there. Despite that the store front is barely wider than the door that lets you into it, inside is this cavernous expanse that seems to go on forever.

“The late, great Terry Pratchett came closest to understanding it. Knowledge equals power, power equals energy, energy equals matter, matter equals mass and mass distorts space.”

“And while the Dewey system has its fine points, when you’re setting out to look something up in the multidimensional folds of L-space what you really need is a ball of string.” I added and we both laughed to the reference. “I cried when Pratchett died.” I admitted.

“He was a great man. Closest being to a real wizard that this world has produced in a long, long time. He wasn’t far off though. Someday I might reveal the trick to you, but technology used by the military in their mobile command centers and some experimental space-savers being prototyped in Japan and New York also went into the creation of my home. Very compact when in motion, but when I find a place to stay, all the comforts of luxury.”

“Is this brass?” I blinked fingering the trim of a counter. “No... gold.”

And suddenly I found myself in the home of a very, very wealthy man. I mean, Michael Jordan might be a rich man, but the man who signed his checks was a wealthy man.

“You’re into oil, aren’t you?” I giggled.

“Nope.” he smirked.

“Stocks?”

“Nope...” he laughed and then began fixing drinks.

“You know, I hate mysteries that stump me...” I told him with a pout.

“There is a mystery here,” he said and handed me a glass, which I accepted. I was already a bit tipsy, in all honesty, and he now handed me a harder liquor. “One deeper than your experience will allow you to solve. And if you follow me, I’ll show you exactly how deep the rabbit hole - or den in this case - goes.”

“So I’m Alice in Wonderland now?” I chuckled, accepting the liquor.

“More like Red Riding Hood.” he replied and drank while I looked at the amber contents of the glass.

“If I didn’t know better... I’d say you were trying to get me drunk... s-so’s you could have your way with me.”

“Well... we can belay that... and just go make love now.” he suggested.

And there it was, and just like that my inebriation snapped. I didn’t say anything, but when he took my drink and set it beside with his, and then took my hand, I followed. He led me to the back of this mobile command center, and we passed supreme opulence till we were in the back, where the door opened automatically on its own like something out of Star Trek, revealing his bedroom.

The bed wasn't what I expected, and it was covered in plush white furs. Snowshoe rabbit, bear... something like that, maybe even faux fur, but knowing him so far it was probably real. The bed was low, circular, and surrounded by a complimentary bedroom. Though the circular bed was wall to wall, there was a ring of shelf around it and there was comfort there for not one, but maybe a half dozen people.

Suddenly I wondered if there might be a time where I'd be lain down next to several other people in some sort of torrid orgy if I continued with this... but right now I didn't care.

Panels hid storage spaces for personal things and drawers at the base of the bed offered more storage. I stood there as Justin palmed my shoulders with either hand and kissed my long slender neck.

"Admittedly," he began into my ear. "I saw a woman first, but then sensed the possibility of you being a plausible mate within you." he told me, but didn't shut the door. "So... here it is, a moment of truth. There is a bed in which I will take your maidenhood and make you a woman, and reveal to you exactly how powerful you really are. And in that direction..." and he gestured out, turning me enough so I could see the way out. "You may take my gifts and the knowledge I've already given you and go live the life you've been living... albeit subtly enriched."

"This feels like one of those red pill blue pill sort of things." I mumbled, palming my head. Damn it, why did I drink so much? I hate having a mulled head.

"But did Neo regret his decision, or embrace it?" he asked.

"Neo died in the end..." I mumbled, but he was a cool nerd. It was awesome that he got all the references of geekdom I was using.

"Only to be reborn later... or so the story goes." he shrugged. "I won't lie to you. If you take that position on that bed, and if you let me make love to you under this hunter's moon-filled night, I promise you, the old you will die and a new you will be reborn. I also won't lie to you in stating that once you do this... there'll be no going back."

"And if I don't... I'll still be me deep down... the same... old... boring... spinster."

He didn't answer me... and instead waited for my response. So I thought about it a bit more... and swallowing, believing that such a moment will never, ever, ever... *ever*... come again, I mean what luck that it happened to me in the first place... I turned and very genially sat upon his bed.

"Sure... let's do it." I chuckled nervously, and he smiled at me and tapped a switch and the sliding doors closed and promptly clicked locked.

"Well... first of all, there's no just '*doing it*' Velma. You're about to become a woman, so let's abandon the slang of the pre-pubescent."

I nodded and shrugged my bare shoulders as he sat beside me, and with a very serious look on his face, he began to undress me.

Zipper under the arms to loosen the form fitting gown, one spaghetti string over one naked shoulder and then the other over the other, and as he pushed the gown down, letting first one and then the other of my naked breasts lull outward, they swayed before his vision as I extricated both arms from under the strings. Promptly, my shoulders shrugged and I framed my breasts with both spindly arms, pressing them together as I looked innocently at him. I felt like prey, and he the predator... but not in that feeling like I was about to be raped and tossed naked, half beaten to death into a ditch sort of feeling. This was my master, I his slave, and his will was my own, and his will was about to empower me.

I was frightened.

A press of his body against mine as I sat there bare above the waist before he cupped one of my tits and caressed the nipple, enticing it erect. Looking up at him, eyes glittering, he removed my glasses and set them aside without breaking eye contact with me, and he urged me to unshrug my shoulders and unframe my breast before his strong hand slid up to

my slender neck and caressed my throat. I swallowed nervously, aware that such a hand could suddenly grip my throat and crush it... but that didn't happen.

Instead I dared to touch him and slid a hand unto his clothes to touch his flesh for the first time, and an electric sensation slid through me immediately as I slid my fingers into the folds of his shirt, popping the buttons, and a sort of primal connection electrified between him and I. It made me fully aroused instantly as he caressed me from cheek to long neck to breast, fingering my nipple before kissing me there... and then ever so subtly sucking on my nipple. Lips, tongue, caressing hands, his longing kiss carrying me to lie on the bed before he rose one final time to kiss my lips.

I opened my mouth and fed him my tongue, and quite expertly he sucked on it, licking my tongue, my lips, and one kiss became two, then three... each one more passionate than the one before it before those kisses of his slid down my body. He sucked upon my other teat now like a babe, pulling the gown down off me inch by inch, soothing my sides and massaging my other tit till I was in shoes and stockings and barely covering panties. The panties were on over a garter belt and the stockings and the shoes, and he pulled that off to reveal my sex... which I kept shorn just in case such a situation as this would ever happen to me. But instead of dropping his pants and piercing me immediately, instead he cradled my legs, brought them over his shoulders and descended upon my sex to kiss, lick, lap, nibble... and *suck* on me.

I couldn't help it... one of my hands with its newly painted nails gripped the blankets beneath me as my ankles crossed behind his head, the other combing and gripping his hair. From the very first few seconds my loins awakened with a shuddering micro orgasm, those building and building as he fingered me, probed me with his tongue, touching me in places even a doctor had never explored, and touching off explosions of pleasure that did exactly what he said he'd do:

He revealed to me the sort of power my body really did contain, and that awareness made me stronger. There was power in me and it was between my legs, and he drilled higher and higher levels of pleasure into me as time passed, and it felt like an eternity as he got me to orgasm full on in such a way that left me quivering. He drank the nectar that lanced from me, licking my loins clean but leaving them quite wet before he withdrew.

Who knew that a man sucking on your clit like that could be so awesome?! And I mean awesome in the literal sense... as something that left me in awe and wonder, something so spectacular that I was rendered stupid from it.

Only then did he rise and pull his shirt open, revealing a man that was so well built, that he actually had twelve abs. YES TWELVE! That was a rare mutation but it did exist, and when he undid his pants while kicking off his shoes, I saw that this guy was packing heat! A *whole* lot of heat. I mean I thought he might've been one of those guys that put a rolled up sock down his pants, but no, when he flexed his groin, it bowed out mightily in the boxer-briefs he wore, right before he slid those down and that mighty horn flipped upward.

"Oh wow..." I mumbled, imagining that inside me.

"I should say the same..." he said and knelt on the bed now naked with one leg on the bed between my widely spread open legs, the mighty horn projecting before him as he massaged it even further erect... and it was still erecting!

His hand cupped my knee and then slid down my thigh to massage my sopping wet pussy, getting me to shiver again as he did, before his hand slid up my body and then fondled my tit, squeezing it in a massaging fashion.

"A body like this should never be hidden or kept secret." he told me then. "This is a body of vibrant sexual youth, and I will give you the power to keep it, better it, strengthen it to levels no other woman can.

"H-how?" I muttered as he slid his other leg up onto the bed and under my other leg, and then pressed his groin against my sex so it looked like a steely erection was pressing from my own loins.

My pussy throbbed opposite his cock, and lighter, but after a few moments either I or he matched the other's heart beat for beat and they beat together. I wasn't sure who did what, but it was a phenomenal sensation to feel my own biorhythms match those of another human being. It was so incredibly intimate...

"Through might... magic... and power." he told me. "Now brace yourself... this first moment will hurt, but the pain will pass quickly for waves and waves of pleasure that only a brilliant woman like you has enough mind to feel."

And he rocked his cock downward, pushed it against my loins, and I rose up in surprise, and then gasped, a scream silently leaving my mouth as I had no voice to spew it as he broke my hymen. Both my hands gripped the blankets as I tensed, feeling him penetrate me, and through heavily lidded eyes, I watched my belly bow outward as he invaded me deeper... and deeper... and deeper!

And then I felt his cock swelling, opening my vaginal opening wider and wider till it was a solid O-shape, where it stretched with my clit throbbing over his cock.

I rocked and bounced, the waves of initial pain waving away from the waves of intense pleasure and a bond between he and I that felt like his and my nervous systems were linking briefly now. He followed my bobbing, thrashing motions downward till he was kissing my lips again, and then nuzzling my neck... gliding his teeth into my neck, and I was so enthralled at that moment, feeling his might and power sheathed inside me, that I barely registered the fact that he'd just bit into my neck... and gently began to suck...

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Chapter 3: The Awakening

In a supremely, intense series of sexual moments, in a drunken euphoric haze that left even my powerful intellectual brain swimming, I waded in and out of a very surreal consciousness. Rolling around on fine furs while having lots and lots of sex, Justin brought out my sexuality to a level I could never recall experiencing before... well probably because I'd never had sex before. I tried, but Shaggy, the guy I tried it with, shut me down.

I was still angry at his "I wanna hang out with my dog so lets just be friends" speech. Feh.

Nevertheless, my brain was so befuddled with these erotic... primal... sensations, I can't even be sure I was recalling the correct order of how the following happened to me.

One moment I was on my stomach, butt in the air as he plumbed my cunt with his hot throbbing cock, the slurping sound coming from my wet pussy gripping and sucking on the muscular ribbing of his thick member as he drove himself in and out, in and out repeatedly.

Another I was on my back, pressing my tits around his shaft as I licked and sucked on his tip till he came fluidly down my throat, his musk filling my nostrils.

Still another I was riding him bronco girl style, and another later reverse bronco, and he came into me so profusely that I felt the throbbing of his cock as it offloaded what felt like endless pints into my gut. So much cum that I overflowed.

Pile driver maneuver, Kama Sutra positions, Kamikaze Kama Sutra positions... I came on his chest and back, he came on my chest and back, and somewhere during all this, I *swear* that other women were among us, helping us have sex, having sex with me.

I licked pussy... though that might've been a dream. But evidently these three women suckled from my loins and breasts as I came from all three points. Right... what sort of girl cums from her breasts... unless... expressing milk was orgasmic. But then for a woman to produce milk, she needed a baby, and I most certainly never swelled up till a baby popped out of my vagina before.

And this is what Justin called "lovemaking." I most certainly liked it. If this was lovemaking, I didn't even want to know what mere sex was like.

All the smells and tastes and sensations... even my mind was overwhelmed. The one thing that I was sure of was this whirlwind of movement, of lights and sounds and the sensation that I was moving, being laid down, thrashing in sleep, before I settled and then awoke with a start in a hotel room bed.

The level of comfort from where I was to where I was now was palpable. It was like a Princess and the Pea situation, where this bed was where the pea had been inserted. It was frightfully uncomfortable by comparison.

One eye that wasn't mashed into the pillow snapped open, and then closed partially when I realized where I was.

Jinkies... it was just a dream...

To some of you, being able to immediately wake up and recognize where you are isn't an all so common ability... and often requires the intelligent to accomplish. The average person wakes up and is confused and afraid as to where they are till their mind wakes up enough to identify exactly where they are. This may not happen as often in their own home and room, but if you're in a different home or room, then you may wake up with a certain level of anxiety. Not me.

The only difference is that today, I really, really wished I'd woken up in Justin's bed.

Hopefully when you wake up... it isn't waking up to a stranger that you met at a bar. Even more hopefully, it isn't next to an *ugly* stranger that you met at the bar. And if you're a woman, you hope to God that you're not carrying that person's bastard child now...

But lifting myself, looking around, it was the hotel room that Daphne and I were using at the local motel.

And the difference between a motel and a hotel is that motels often have rates that charge by the hour. Which thinking about that, realizing that I was naked under these sheets, I was becoming remarkably disgusted about what may be on these bedsheets.

Rising, palming the blankets to my bust, hair disheveled, I looked around and sighed.

"I knew it was too good to be true." I mumbled to myself, right before the door to our room clicked after a key card was slid into it, and then the room filled with light from outside as Daphne barged right inside.

"Oh wow!" she blinked at me. "Hey there... where've you been all night?"

"Where... have I been? I wasn't here all night?" I asked.

"Heh... no. Must've been some night if even you can't remember." she smirked and closed the door.

"What do you mean if even me?" I scowled.

"Velma... you've got brain to spare up here." and she pointed at her own head to indicate mine. "What would take your brain out of the mix would be able to down a bull elephant." she replied and went to her things by her side of the room.

Her bed was un-slept in.

"I mean... the lot of us are just spoiled rich brats. If you hadn't been there through high-school we would've never have graduated. Hell, Shaggy is lucky he has a Diploma instead of a Good-Enough Diploma." That was a GED, Daphne meant, and my expression softened. "Let alone learned to solve all the mysteries that we do. You taught us a thing or five... more than our own parents did." and then she turned suddenly to me. "Velma... why are you naked?"

"N-naked?" and I held the sheets to me.

"Yes, naked. You usually sleep in panties and an X-X-X-L T-shirt."

"It's called a shift." I replied with a wry smirk.

"See... I didn't know that." she pointed at me and then came to sit next to me. "Where were you last night?"

"Well... I think..." and I paused, noticing a card on the nightstand... right next to my glasses.

Now... for anyone that knows me, they know that I can't see more than a few inches in front of my own face without my glasses. I swear I must have a cataract or something, but... there were my glasses. I thought I'd slept with them on. But... I could see anywhere in the room. I could see Daphne, I could see... the card.

Reaching out and flipping it open, I felt myself blushing immediately while Daphne leaned in and read aloud.

Velma,

Thanks for the wonderful night...

*Love Justin
X O X O*

And she turned to me with a surprised yet pleased gasp. "VELMA!" she gleeed and I shrugged both shoulders defensively. "You met a guy?!"

"Well, I guess..." and I relaxed. It was true. It happened. "...yeah. I did."

And Velma frowned. "What will Shaggy say?"

"Shaggy?" I frowned and scoffed before rising to my feet and walking toward the bathroom wrapping myself in the sheet... that probably needed to be inspected by the CDC. "Shaggy doesn't care about me."

"What makes you say that?" Daphne asked as I threw open the closet where my clothes were...

"Well... how would you feel if your supposed *boyfriend* tells you he'd rather hang out with his *dog* than he does you?"

"Perhaps the same way I feel when my supposed boyfriend spends every waking moment pouring over trap magazines, books, and drawing trap diagrams in a diary," she replied. "Or how most girls feel when they get pretty and drive or ride a bus for an hour or more to their boyfriend's house only to sit around doing nothing as they play video games for hours on end. They were supposed to have a nice evening together, have sex, sleep together, and in the morning she'd make him breakfast in thanks for the wonderful night... but..." she shrugged.

"I... guess..." and I turned to the closet and stopped.

Brilliant people have screws loose. It's a given. The smarter the person is, the higher the probability that they have a mental quirk or glitch. Look at Adrian Monk or Sherlock Holmes. Sure those are fictional characters, but they were normal for truly brilliant men.

Sherlock Holmes was depicted as a drug and alcohol abuser and high functioning sociopath.

Adrian Monk was depicted as having a list of mental glitches so long, they had a supplementary character who acted as his nurse or assistant throughout the series to help him cope with life.

Ok... those are fictional characters, but what about Sir Isaac Newton or Albert Einstein?

Albert blew off a lecture he was going to give, people booked it weeks ahead of time, so that he could sit on the sand at the nearby beach and watch the waves lap at the sand. He grew furious when people told him that he had a prior engagement that he had to get to, and instead continued to focus on his observation.

Why? Because they were breaking his concentration.

From that time on the beach, we now have the equations we scientists use to measure liquid absorption in given materials... a function derived by Albert just by watching the waves lap at and then sink into the sand.

Sir Isaac Newton was highly eccentric, especially late in life. I mean he had to be. Who would've witnessed an apple fall - the truth is that it didn't fall *on* him, just before him - and come up with the concept of gravity?

Adversely, the current most brilliant man in the world can't visit the beach because he'd try to count all the sand.

I don't consider myself that smart, but nevertheless I do have a bit of OCD.

I pretty much wore the same outfit day in and day out. Large sweater, pleated skirt, high socks and shoes... all shades of orange with hardly any variation to their fashion. It often drove Daphne insane. I've worn orange since I was a girl, I've worn skirts since I was a child... they were comfortable and the most feminine thing that I ever wore. I always hung them up in order of when I last wore them, collars to the left, tags to the right, every hanger an ensemble that I knew worked with each other... also derived mostly thanks to Daphne.

So when I looked into my closet and found that my carefully arranged clothing was gone... imagine my anger.

"Daphne... did you do something with my clothes?" I demanded tersely, turning to her and gesturing to the empty closet.

"I wasn't here last night," she pointed out.

Right... yeah... I knew that. So why did I just snap at her? Damn I hate that time of the month... which... was early for some reason, I realized.

“But what’s that?” she asked leaning to one side briefly.

“What’s what?” I asked.

“Oh... right...” and she fetched my glasses and brought them to me, pushing them onto my face. See? She knew that I couldn’t normally see without my glasses.

Something was definitely opposite Tuesday today... and I don’t think it even was Tuesday, because now that I had my glasses on, I could see about as good with them on that I used to be able to see with them off.

Looking over their rims I saw Daphne moving the closet doors so that they slid over, revealing a steamer trunk. On it was a folded card, bearing a symbol... the same symbol that was on the card by the bed.

The symbol appeared to be a wolf’s paw print.

Reaching down, taking the handle of the case, I lifted it one-handed.

“Ha! Wow! Velma... have you been working out?” Daphne blinked.

“What?” I asked standing there holding the sheet up to my bosom with one hand, my naked ass poking out the back, and holding the trunk with the other hand.

“That’s a steamer trunk. I can’t lift one of those things.” and I glanced at it, lifting it a couple times.

“Ah... maybe it’s empty?” I proffered and set it down. Unlatching the locks and unbuckling a pair of leather straps, I opened it easily and blinked at what it contained. “Or not...” I mumbled to myself and blushed.

“Oh wow...” Daphne said as it unfolded automatically for me, spreading open and extending a rounded mirror and a fold out chair that deployed automatically as the two ends of the trunk opened, right before two small tables twisted outward to either side, carrying with them a pair of drawers.

Once fully opened, the top half of the thing lifted upward on pneumatics by a full foot, opening a compartment on one wing of this portable boudoir that revealed several hangars upon which were a small set of clothes. The other wing had a series of drawers, four narrow, the rest full length. Beneath the mirror, held in by a series of gold metal case tops, were spots for makeup and other beauty products.

It was something that just screamed ‘Justin’ all over it.

Daphne opened the card.

Velma,

Now that you’ve been transformed, as I mentioned, you’re now unable to return to your old self. Here is a first of many gifts for your new life. Enjoy.

Love... Justin

Daphne smirked at me. “Oh Velma... ‘Love Justin’?!” she gleeed, putting certain emphasis on the word ‘love.’ “You just struck the jackpot! This is orange velour and cedar wood.” she told me and then blinked. “And gold!”

“And stainless steel pneumatics and carbon fiber framing.” I added, tilting my head to one side.

I wouldn't recognize velour from Kashmir, but Daphne certainly would. But I knew what Cedar was, and that it was a fine wood. Stroking the gloss finish of the wood, I didn't look at Daphne when I mentioned:

"And I bet it's Mediterranean Cedar." I mumbled.

There are certain woods in the world that are very hard to get. Japanese White Oak, Irish Blackthorn... and Mediterranean Cedar being among them.

The White Oak because during the sixties to eighties, it became highly fashionable to imitate the Japanese, and while people were donning Japanese Silk, they were also buying Japanese Bokkens, or training swords, which were traditionally made out of White Oak.

Similarly, a fad where people wanted to buy Shillelughs, an Irish cane that was traditionally made of Blackthorn, meant that the trees were being cut down regularly to make the item.

Mediterranean Cedar had been used for thousands of years to build boats and fine woods for luxury items, and the rarity of the wood was made even rarer thanks to constant bombing of the Middle East by the Americans.

The issue was common with all three of the woods: over-exploitation leading to extensive deforestation and near-extinction of the plant. As such, they were all world-protected trees.

Getting it was considered to be an incredible luxury.

"Velma... honey... forget about us. Go find this guy, marry him and raise big fat healthy babies."

"I'm not fat." I snapped at her.

"I... didn't..."

"I'm sorry... sorry..." I said palming my forehead. "I just feel... I don't know..."

"PMS'y?" she smirked. "Time for a cup of moon tea."

"Moon tea?" I blinked at her.

"An herbal remedy discovered by the Chinese... it's meant for a girl's time of the month. Kinda funny actually..."

"Why's that?" I asked.

"Well... last night was a full moon." she pointed out. "I know women when they spend time with each other long enough their menstruation periods synchronize... only yours seems to have gone as far off my cycle as I could think of it." and then she looked at the clothes.

Daphne *knew* clothes and she *knew* shoes. She knew realms of fashion and music that I normally just brain dumped, and then she made a startling revelation. "No tags..." she murmured and then glanced at me. "Velma... this guy *really* likes you."

"Why do you say that?" I asked.

"When a guy buys you clothes, it goes from off-the-rack, designer, tailored designer... and then just tailored. The way you can tell that last one is that there are no tags on it depicting who made it." and she turned out the back of a collar of a fine orange sweater-shirt, revealing that there was no *'care-of'* tag on the neck. "And this is really a tailored outfit," she told me then. "Because there's no sewn-in portion strip of white where this guy may've cut the care-of tag off to make it *look* tailored." and she turned the seam to show me that there was no white between the seams where a tag may've been. "A guy tried to do that to me. I thought he was the one, but after he insulted me like that... well... he and I don't talk to each other anymore."

“But... what’s the point?” I asked.

“The point is, in order to make clothes like this, they are tailored specifically for the wearer... no one else.” and I glanced at the clothes. “That means expensive, and the better the fit and the finer the cloth, the harder it is to find a tailor or seamstress with the skill to do it, and the more expensive it becomes.”

“And no way to trace the clothes back to a manufacturer... and thence to a buyer.” I mumbled aloud.

Daphne rolled her eyes and tapped me on the forehead.

“A gift! It’s a GIFT! Stop over-analyzing it. Even if this is a one-night-stand, this is the most phenomenal one-night-stand I’ve ever heard of.”

“Yeah... ok...” I mumbled and rubbed an arm and stopped.

My skin was often... well... rough. Because I was OCD, I recognized that my skin wasn’t rough anymore. I wasn’t one of those girls that spent every morning washing and conditioning. This wasn’t like how guys wash, with just regular shampoo and bar soap. This was washcloth, lotion, rinse, loofa, more lotion, exfoliate, shampoo, rinse, conditioner, rinse, hair treatment, rinse, shave legs, rinse, shave... girl parts... rinse, step out, oil hair, lotion body, dry hair, brush hair excessively, after shower lotion and blah, blah, blah...

That stuff got in the way of reading, writing and arithmetic.

So... I was a nerd girl and my skin was less than super model quality because of it. I knew that... so when I passed my hand over my own skin, my skin felt smooth, silken... and rather hairless. No body-hair. None at all. And what was more was that there was some growing muscle tone in my arm; a tautness to the flesh that detailed that there was strength inside there. Strength enough to lift this huge, complex, mechanical - which meant lots of firm steel bits in its makeup - steamer trunk one handed? Especially where before last night I was hard-pressed to lift a laptop and my attaché bag.

That along with my perfect smooth skin and the ability to no longer need glasses? Something was definitely... different. And to a person who was OCD like me, anything different was bad.

The folding vanity had many drawers in it. In the drawers were rows of panties, all of a lace and sheer cloth variety made of pure white, passionate red, relaxed lavender and of course naughty black coloring. Other drawers had silk blouse-like shirts, still more had some more leisurely pants, very stylish, and of a rather odd design.

“Hooks.” Daphne advised. “To split the sides open, probably to bare the legs, and the waist and ankle bands are elastic.”

“Is that odd?” I asked and slipped into a pair of the panties and a nice undershirt behind her.

“No but...” and Daphne turned and stopped.

“What?” I asked and looked behind me, the glasses resting on the tip of my nose so I could see over them while pulling a thin silk A-shirt cut at the midriff and embroidered with lace over my bosom. My tits strained against the silk but rested in them better than any bra I’d ever worn had offered.

It was comfortable and made me feel relaxed instead of uptight.

Daphne then surged forward, grabbed one of my tits in either hand and then hoisted them.

“Ack! What...?” I gasped.

“Velma! Are these what you’ve been hiding under those tacky orange sweaters all this time?!” she accused.

“I didn’t think they were tacky.” I frowned.

“You do have a bust!”

“Wow... suddenly I really *do* feel like Agnes Gooch.”

“Heh... Auntie Mame.” Daphne laughed and let go of my chest and I blinked at the fact that she knew the reference. “And wow... maybe compressing your boobs all this time has kept them firm. Gonna have to start wearing a sports bra to bed.

“Maybe but... wait... you know about Auntie Mame?”

“Of course.” she smirked. “I had the height, figure and personality for Mame Dennis Pickett-Burnside!” she said and struck a pose. “*Life is a banquet, and most poor suckers are starving to death!*” she gleed. “*You’ve gotta live-live-live!*”

I laughed at the quotes of the play she’d just rehearsed.

“I based my rendition on Rosalind Russell’s portrayal instead of Lucille Ball’s.” she admitted and came down from the persona, and in regards to Mame Dennis, you could only come down from such a persona.

“Daphne I...” and I choked on my words.

“What?” she smirked.

“I... have to admit something. I’ve been feeling really disenfranchised lately.”

“By what?”

“Well... the gang. The fact we still call it a ‘*gang*,’” I added in exasperation. “And if we mention a gang around law enforcement they start poking their noses in our business thinking we’re causing mayhem or selling drugs or...” I sighed.

When in doubt... tell the truth. Then you don’t have to worry about what you lied about. So sitting down on the fold-out chair of the vanity that Justin had given me, I came out with it.

“I felt... out of place. I felt like I was the only cultured intelligent person around, and I was sick and tired of feeling like I do most of the work.”

“Velma... honey... you’re smarter than all of us combined.” Daphne advised. “Primarily because Shaggy has killed most of his brain cells, but the reason why you feel like you do most of the work is that you don’t let us do the work.”

“What?” I blinked at her.

“Well... I have an average IQ. I can solve mysteries because I learned how from watching you. But my brain doesn’t work that fast. You could be drunk and stoned and I still can’t think that fast. So the reason you do most of the work, is that you do it before the rest of us can.

“And we are not at all ungrateful.” she added quickly. “I mean, come on! Do you think we would’ve graduated high school at all without you? But just because we’re not pursuing careers in science doesn’t mean we can’t contribute. You don’t know everything do you?”

“Well... no.” I admitted.

“Good... so let us fill in the gaps from time to time.”

And she got up to go primp and preen herself, and I watched her, noticing her figure, seeing her tight behind, taking... *pleasure*... in my friend's body, and suddenly my head began to wander toward more... sensual... exercises before I shook my head.

"Daphne... what is it that you do? I mean... I'm missing something... something obvious. What do you do?"

"What do you think I do?"

"Look pretty and hit on guys? Specifically Fred." I put out and she turned to me with a smirk.

"How can you be so brilliant but so oblivious?" she asked, with a short laugh.

"I guess I just have that sort of focus. Able to denote the finest detail in something, but I'd miss the guy in camo briefs and a flame thrower running into the room screaming incomprehensible slogans about God while I focused on the detail."

"Sounds about right." she smirked. "Ok... girl time. Get dressed and let me show you a few things." and I did.

I was a smart girl... I remembered processes and steps *very* easily. It was possible that I had Asperger's Autism, actually. I didn't think in words or names, but rather in pictures. Though I might forget the name of a thing, I remembered images, remembered runes.

Like Robert Langdon from Dan Brown's books like *'Angels and Demons'* and *'The Da Vinci Code.'* He had an eidetic memory for anything he sees first hand. Another trait of brilliant people is that we think differently than any other person... that's what makes us brilliant, because we see connections where the average person doesn't. One common trait, however, is that we think in images not in words or languages. In a way it is a baser form of thinking, which makes it more efficient and fluent, but weak when it requires subtly higher thought than that... like remembering a person's name.

So after getting some advice on a new outfit from Daphne, I applied the makeup like Justin showed me.

The look was very different.

Daphne knew clothes, and she knew shoes, like I said. She had a plethora of shoes, and a plethora of clothes, more luggage than the rest of us had combined... more makeup than I thought was necessary, but...

"Remember what I said about no tags?" she told me and I nodded after pulling on the new top. She then turned the collar of one of her body suits that made her look like a sixties Charlie's Angel... or a purple instead of yellow-clad April O'Neil, Jem, insert random eighties reference here... and revealed that it had no tags.

"While you've been pursuing your dreams on the road, so have I." she mentioned and removed a portfolio from one of her luggage. And she revealed clothing designs... some of which had stamps on them. Like... Mortimer of London, Armani and similar. Those names meant nothing to me though. But the stamps also held price tags on them. BIG price tags.

"You... sold designs?"

"Sure." she mentioned. "Mommy and daddy can't keep funding their little girl all the time, right?" she mentioned.

Daphne came from a family of girls. Lots of sisters, all of them natural beauties like their mother. They were all like Barbie Dolls actually, each of them uncannily beautiful, and each of them excelling in fields usually reserved for men. One was a Doctor, another was a model, another a race car driver, and yet another... a Marine.

Heh... there's a new doll idea. G.I. Jane Barbie...

"But these designs, sold to various designers, are new fashions sold to people with expensive tastes. Fred wears some of my designs from time to time... but I essentially make all my own clothes.

“...Some of yours even.” she added

“I... never noticed.” I mumbled.

She shrugged. “No one usually does. Before today you never knew what a missing tag on clothes meant.” she replied and I nodded with respect. “I don’t mind. The fact that you look fabulous in them though was all the thanks I needed.” and she paused after I was done dressing. “Speaking of looking fabulous...”

I was dressed in an updated version of my old clothes.

Orange sweater, red-orange skirt, red-orange shoes... the first change was that instead of socks, I wore stockings, stockings that were white and patterned with flowers and were held up to the upper thigh by a garter belt. Said garter belt was worn under a pair of lavender lace panties, the same design as the ones I wore just the night before, only a subtle different design on the crotch. I think it was a butterfly with the head where my clit was and the wings splayed across my labia... which... strangely bulged more than I remembered. Like they were stronger...

Over that was a red-orange split side skirt, pleated still, but longer... down to the knee, and designed to show off the fullness of one leg from hip to ankle... and the fact that I was wearing stockings with frilly tops held up by a garter belt.

It was the hint that a guy could see portions of my underwear that drove them mad.

Red-orange shoes, only these had a high heel, forcing my calves to stretch and round, and increasing my height while at the same time showing off more of the firm muscles of the leg, forcing it to shape itself into a tighter, more supple form.

The orange sweater was also different, sleeveless now to show off my shoulders and arms, worn over a white blouse with its collar poking out of the neck of the sweater. Both blouse and sweater had been designed to have a triangular window in it to reveal my bosom... much like Power Girl actually. The undershirt had this sort of tie to it that cradled my tits instead of fitting them in their own separate cups like with a bra, and the silk felt so much better on my skin. That undershirt formed a lacy window beneath sweater and blouse in which the crevice of my breasts could be seen plain as day.

Finally, a simple barrette to keep the hair back was slid in to hold a bang of my hair back, and adding makeup and a wide-brimmed straw hat - borrowed from Daphne - I was done.

“How do I look?” I asked. Daphne stood and stared. “What?”

“I... am amazed!” she admitted. “This is what you’ve been hiding under that frumpy sweater and skirt this whole time?”

“Frumpy?” I frowned. I knew I was frumpy, but it was a bit harsh to hear from someone else.

“Yes frumpy. It wasn’t complimenting, Velma. But this... you look... hawt.”

I blushed and managed a small smile.

“Now wait... I noticed in the drawers as you were going through them... yes.” and she opened some of the drawers in my new portable wardrobe, revealing jewelry. A bracelet for either wrist, a choker - also red-orange - and a necklace that appropriately enough had a little magnifying glass on it. Finally one anklet about one foot before she reset the height of the stockings and tightened the straps of the garter a little more for me.

“There... now you’re ready. Now let’s go! Time to wow the crowd.”

And she led the way to the door, opened it, and gestured for me to exit first. I hesitated. This was the first time I’d look like this in the day. But with a strong push I went out into the daylight, the heels of my shoes clicking before Daphne followed me out in one of her bodysuits.

“There, now time for me to show you a few things.” Daphne advised, and we went on a little walk.

The first place we stopped was a lounge.

No... not the same place where I was catching a drink last night, this one was darker... and involved going down a set of stairs into a smoke-filled basement.

“What do you think Shaggy does when he’s not around us?” Daphne asked suddenly as we moved out of the way of two men coming up the stairs, they both checked me out... well checked *us* out, but this was the first time I was included in such a look.

“I don’t know... be with his dog?” I responded tersely. “Or being scared.”

“Generally, yes... but Shaggy is a normal guy pushed into situations not so normal situations. He copes in the ways that he can. And unlike Fred and me, and unlike even you, Shaggy doesn’t come from the richest of families.”

“I thought...” I began but Daphne glanced at me and I fell quiet, and just followed her to the bottom of the stairs into a den where there was a perpetual cloud along the ceiling, a bar, and dim lighting everywhere.

Part of that cloud wasn’t completely cigarette and cigar smoke.

There was a certain vibe down here... lots of people wearing dark clothes, smoking various things - I smelled marijuana even - with light drinks... pretty interesting that there were people down here this early in the morning... that or they were just here really, really late.

But in the background, there was this really hip bass guitar music going on, and Daphne even began snapping her fingers to it, doing a little hip swaying dance as she shifted from a walk to a groovy saunter.

“Let’s get some breakfast.” she mentioned suddenly.

“Here?” I blinked at her. “What sort of food do they serve? Looks like ashtrays.”

“Pretty decent food. You see the inn upstairs is a nice bed and breakfast. I wanted to stay there, but they were full. You gotta understand that this is a hip joint... “ and she pointed at someone across the way and made the buddy Christ gesture. Ho-kay...

“Here... save us a seat and I’ll get a waiter.” Daphne said then and I sat down, adjusting the skirts I wore to keep my panties covered and looked around, wondering what on earth - or under the earth as the case may be - they served here, and I happened to look at the musician... and his dog.

I blinked and did a double take, seeing Shaggy there with the bass guitar that was doing that really great jazz music, cigarette in his mouth and headphones around his neck. Green shirt, loose-fitting stonewashed jeans with holes in them, old shoes he found in the trash with the toes cut open so they made sandals. He was head bobbing in tune to the music he was playing next to an old black man playing a cello, another black guy with a trumpet and an old white guy on drums.

And as I watched, he finished and the people in the room clapped or snapped their fingers in applause. Shaggy rose and gripped the mike.

“Ah... hey... sorry about how long that one went.” and he pushed his long unkempt locks of hair back with one hand to clear it briefly from his eyes. “We got into like this thing man... and I forgot how the song ended... anyways it was really groovy.”

Shaggy had become a bit... *different* in his time with us.

His arms were tatted up, hair as wild as ever, and he wore a studded collar around his neck to match the one Scooby wore, even had dog tags, with those wide shotgun spacers in his ears like he had a small spindle of thread in his ear lobes. A couple of studs here and there in his ears along with a pair of earrings on each ear, one with a chain, and the epitome of

the grunge look all over him. Even Daphne said he was never really fashionable, and he preferred to walk-off the extra length of his jeans instead of hem them.

Whenever I saw him lately he was always just pushing his head in those headphones... bobbing his head to the music that played off a laptop or an iPod, or just the music he played. It was the most animated he got anymore. On top of that, he was almost perpetually stoned.

“Hey kid... you’ve got soul.” the old black man said and they did a complicated hand shake between them.

“Yeah brother... good to play with you cats.” Shaggy beamed back at him... well more like subtly smiled, but for him that was beaming as the lead black guy took the mike now.

“Now all ya’ll wait ‘round here and we’ll be back. We gotta get this poor scrawny white boy some chicken.”

And they set their instruments to leave.

“C’mon scoob’.” Shaggy intoned quietly and Scooby rose immediately and followed him without so much as a leash around his neck.

Ok... Scooby was a smart dog. I mean he was a really, really smart dog, with some problem solving skills it seemed, but he couldn’t talk... or at least that’s what I kept telling myself. Nevertheless, I swear... I *swear* I heard him say: “Ok ‘Raggy.” and with tail raised, the brown Great Dane with a few black spots followed right along with Shaggy into the Kitchens... health codes be damned.

“What do you think?” Daphne asked and put down a tray of peanuts.

“He looks stoned.” I muttered.

“Interesting thing about being stoned... and tired... is that they look very similar to each other.” Daphne announced. “Same red bloodshot eyes, sluggish movements and responses...”

She sighed.

“Shaggy isn’t one of those people who has the mindset to really accomplish anything that requires his attention for very long. He’s got ADD really bad.” I frowned and looked at where Shaggy had disappeared. “What he does focus on, he does really, really well at. so he’s good at music... and I’ve seen him compete in anything from rap battles, to heavy metal... to Jazz...” and she gestured at the stage. “And he’s *really* good at it. It’s one of the things that puts food on the table for him.”

“Wait... food on the... don’t you pay for him?” I asked and Daphne shook her head.

“He pays for himself. Always has. Well, sometimes we foot the bill. And with that hyper metabolic body, bottomless iron stomach he and Scooby have, he can literally put away the most harshest of foods. The reason why he looks like that, Velma, is because when we arrived and you and I were checking into that motel, he went looking for work. Found a job within an hour washing dishes, and then it came out that the band was missing a player, so he filled in for them. He’s been here since.”

“But we showed up at six last night.” I protested.

“Yeah... and it’s past six in the morning now, isn’t it?”

“And he hasn’t slept?”

“Not a wink. Usually the sleep he gets is propped up in a corner of the Mystery Machine. He can do a lot of minor skills, pretty much because he’s done them all. Cash only jobs don’t pay well, but they come quickly and employers don’t ask

for references. He's too prideful to stand on a corner with a sign. Good news is that he doesn't have to do taxes. Lucky him..."

"Yeah... lucky." I frowned.

The waiter came by and I found that they had a rather eclectic menu. Pretty much it said whatever you want. The more booze you drink the less your food tab is. Well I wasn't interested in any booze, but Daphne had a mimosa. I also had this... craving. It was intense, and I ordered it, so when a big cheese omelet stuffed with beef - medium rare - and other vegetables was placed before me, and this was after the appetizer, I set into it hungrily. It was topped with onions and lettuce and salsa... I mean how do they do it?

"By the way..." Daphne said as she cut into her crepe. "Shaggy probably made that too." she mentioned, drained her mimosa and held it up for a refill.

"Hey ladies... can I interest you in a desert? Maybe a lemon torte?"

And I looked up, seeing Shaggy dressed in an apron and a red vest with a bowtie over his usual green shirt, holding menus under one arm and holding a notepad to take our order.

"Shaggy!" I gasped. "What are you doing?"

"Heh. I'm like... workin'." he said and tossed his hair back. "Their chef is gnarly... he can make anything. He taught me how to caramelize these mushrooms with wine and other spices. They're so delicious."

"But..." I began but Daphne tapped me under the table with her foot, and when I looked at her she shook her head imperceptibly as she accepted the new mimosa from Shaggy and immediately sipped at it. "Um... when are you off?" she asked coolly.

"Oh soon. I just gotta wait for a batch of Scooby Snacks to finish cooking. Then I have enough time to grab ninety minutes before the next shift."

"Shaggy... we're probably not going to be here that long." Daphne mentioned.

"Oh... cool... groovy." Shaggy nodded. "So... can I interest you in a lemon torte?"

"Shaggy..." I interrupted and then sighed. "Sure... I'll take a lemon torte, and then a double decker club sandwich on toasted marble bread with all the fixings."

"Wow... that's my favorite sandwich." he said and wrote it down.

"I know... and you're going to eat it."

"Hah... no... I can't eat your order. But I'll make it as big as..."

"Shaggy," I said and touched his arm. "I'm complimenting your choice of food and ordering you a sandwich to eat."

Daphne nudged me under the table again, but I nudged her back.

"It's... just to thank you."

"Hah... fer wat?" he asked.

Shaggy was so laid back that he forgot letters when he said things.

"It'd take too long to answer that question. Just... make yourself and Scooby a big sandwich and place it on my bill."

“Well ok, but I’ll pay you back for this.” and he sauntered off.

Daphne clucked her tongue. “Now you’ve done it.”

“What?” I asked.

“That clueless thing you’ve got... if you knew Shaggy even as much as you thought you knew him, his means of paying back is to pay it back twice again and one more beyond that. He’s not the bravest sort of guy in the world...”

“...Granted...” I nodded.

“But at least he’s honest... in that seventies Casey Kasem sort of way.”

I just found myself nodding.

Daphne was right. When your guy shows that he’s lame, you as a gal needed to decide for yourself whether or not you wanted to stick with the lame and hold out for those moments when they weren’t so lame or wait for the perfect guy.

You choose the latter, you’ll be alone forever.

I guess we were all lame most of the time, so... what were we like in private? And are we worth sticking with?

Daphne and I ate a surprisingly delicious meal... a meal that was from one of those hole-in-the-wall restaurants where the chef was really talented and made awesome food, but the restaurant was only word of mouth.

Afterward, finding ourselves outside, I felt really sated.

“That was a lot of red meat you just ate. I thought you were a vegetarian.” Daphne commented.

“So did I... but I just had this... craving you know, for a lot of red meat. The bloodier the better. Really odd.” and then I turned to her. “So... ok... that was Shaggy,” and I pointed down the stair well. “What about Fred. I mean who even wears a dickey these days.”

“Depends upon where you are.” she replied. “And how you define ‘Dickey.’”

“Fred’s dickey is more of a scarf really, and yes... it’s totally nineteen sixties. But...” and she held a hand up for emphasis. “On him it’s like a tie... it sorta works. And yes, I’ve been trying to update his wardrobe for a while now.

“As for the word ‘Dickey,’ that is a garment usually worn under the shirt, generally little more than a collar that makes it look like you have a shirt on under a different garment like a sweater. What Catholic Priests wear is a dickey. The fronts of certain formal attire, especially split-tail tuxedos, use dickeys. Fred isn’t wearing his properly, isn’t tying it right... but again... it works for him so... I don’t fight him too much on it. Also he loves them.”

“And you’re ok with that? He looks so...”

“...Lame? Yes I know, and yes I am.” she said pointedly. “And that was my decision. When you came faced with a similar instance with Shaggy, you chose not to overlook the lameness. Which means you failed to see how good of a man Shaggy is to you... and if you spent more time with him and if you thought more with this,” and she pressed a finger to my heart. “Instead of this.” and she pressed a finger to my head. “Then you’d be happier.”

“Trade one form of obliviousness with another?” I smirked.

“No. You decide to overlook things that don’t matter.” she replied. “Now come on... let me show you what our other ‘worthless’ team member is doing while you’ve been pouting.”

And she led the way up Main Street to the auto shop that the Mystery Machine was at... and right outside she pointed at a person napping in a chair inside the shop with his feet up on a rickety coffee table, and I blinked.

“Wait... he’s in the same clothes as last night. That means that he’s...” I began.

“...Been there all night.” Daphne finished with a nod. “He’s got some good mechanical aptitude, pretty fit and strong, but there’s some things you can’t do without the right parts. Look at his hands.”

“Oil.” I pointed out. “He’s been working on the Mystery Machine?”

“Well yeah. I know Shaggy owns the pink slip on the thing, but the Mystery Machine is Fred’s baby. I mean it’s our home away from home, really. And it’s not easy keeping a nineteen sixty-five Chevy Van operational, when every original part is over fifty years old and every other part has to be aftermarket or custom-made. So... he’s been here all night, off and on working on it with the mechanic.” and she pushed the door open and the bell jingled. “And just so you know... fixing it is costing us a pretty penny, and both Fred and Shaggy pulled the gentlemanly thing and gave us the hotel room... a room we hardly used even.”

“Well what were you doing last night?” I asked.

“Well stuff... all over really. Checking in with Fred, checking in with Shaggy, placing orders for the machine, squaring away with the town sheriff and mayor about that wolf man mystery we solved the other night, checking leads on future mysteries to keep us fed and gas in the van. Stuff like that.” I frowned as the door swung shut behind me and made the door jingle again. “I feel like one of the Winchesters sometimes.”

“Winchesters?” I blinked. “As in Winchester rifles?”

“Ha! No. As in the television show *Supernatural*.’ Don’t you ever watch TV?”

“Well... discovery channel...”

“You and I need a girl’s night out sometime. Fred!” she raised her voice and Fred gave a snort and woke. “Ah... ow. My back.” he groaned and rose to a sitting position. “Oh, Daphne. And who’s your friend?”

“Fred... look again.” Daphne smirked. Fred squinted at me, rubbed his eyes with his dirty hands and came back looking like a reverse raccoon, and then his eyes opened wide.

“Whoa! Is that... Velma?”

“Heh... yeah.” I acknowledged.

“Wow! This is like that time you took Daphne’s place as that swimsuit model. You’re totally hot and...” and Daphne swatted his arm. “...Y-you, I mean you’re very attractive, Velma.” he finished with a dry nod.

“I brought you munchies.” Daphne advised. “Go wash up.”

“C-can’t... can’t I just eat it now?” he asked.

“Only if you don’t mind motor oil on your food.”

“Right now I don’t care.” he rumbled and Daphne smirked, and holding up the doggy bag she brought from the cafe, dangling off one finger, Fred took it and assailed it hungrily.

“Let me guess... no dinner.” I said quietly as he ate voraciously, not caring that his hands were dirty.

“Remember that we drove all night?” Daphne asked. “And then the Mystery Machine had problems? And then we solved that Wolfman mystery? Remember that he designed the trap on the fly, right? Then the Mystery Machine needed to be fixed... so...”

“He hasn’t had dinner or breakfast, lunch or dinner the previous night. Nothing more than maybe some peanuts we got at a gas station.”

“But why would he do that?” I asked.

“So we don’t have to.” Daphne advised. “We’re the girls. They’re the guys. A lot of guys would just tell us to fend for ourselves, but our guys tend to give us the beds, give us the food... because we’re women. That’s what a gentleman does. And Fred... despite that he’s oblivious to the fact that we’re talking about him right now, and Shaggy...”

“...Who’s oblivious when you’re talking *at* him...”

“...right. They’re still gentlemen. And take it from me. That sort of thing is rare. And our guys come from two *completely* different sides of the tracks... which just proves that where you come from doesn’t make gentlemen, but rather how you were raised.

“They’re good guys. All of them.”

“Yeah and... wait, don’t you mean both?”

“No... I mean all. I mean Scooby is a gentleman to - er - dog...”

“Right...” I said slowly. Was I waking up to their lunacy or what?

“Hey girls... well we may be stuck here for another day or three.” Fred announced between mouthfuls.

“Aw... you mean the parts aren’t coming?” Daphne pouted and taking a napkin wiped at Fred’s face.

“Oh they’re coming, but same-day shipping only works when it’s in the states. These are coming from Mexico. And if we’re lucky... they’ll come with a Chupacabra we can investigate! Wouldn’t that be totally awesome?!”

“Totally...” Daphne said and rubbed his cheek. “Ooo... you’ve got some stubble there handsome. So rugged. Grr...”

And they began to make cooing voices at each other and just be... sickeningly emotional to each other. Feh... hormones.

“So... ah... I guess I’ll just leave then.” I said but they didn’t hear me. “Ok I’m gonna go.” and I took that moment to escape.

I don’t remember the name of this town. I should’ve, because it was here where my life changed forever.

It was a small town, and when you’re in a place that’s small with nothing to do then you quickly start thinking of things to do. For me that usually meant thinking, and as I thought I began to remark on what an ungrateful bitch I was. Then I began to think of how much Fred and Shaggy were real gentlemen and I never realized it. So why didn’t I recognize them as gentlemen, but I did recognize Justin?

Speaking of... who the heck was Justin? Why would someone with that much money come to a sleepy place like this? Judging upon what he gave me, based upon what he lived in, the bleeding edge of technology of all that he owned, this was a man that was Tony Stark or Bruce Wayne rich. This was oil mandate or sheik rich, this was owner of the LA Clippers rich... or at least according to Forbes.

Mysteries occupied me... and at times I believed I knew why Sherlock Holmes abused substances in order to occupy his mind in between mysteries. The original Doyle version of Holmes was that he abused opium and heroine, because Sherlock's mind raced, was rampant, and it abhorred leisure time where it was idle. Robert Downey Jr's version of Sherlock was an alcoholic... drinking things that were way overboard for even regular alcoholics to drink. Cumberbatch's Sherlock was a smoker, while Jonny Lee Miller's Sherlock was a recovering Cocaine abuser.

See... I watched TV. My tastes just differed from Daphne's.

Nevertheless... potentially one of the reasons why I hung with Shaggy was that his constant wafting of Marijuana, regardless as to whether it was legal in the state or not, occupied my mind with... *something*.

"Damn... don't let it just be that..." I groaned to myself.

But thoughts returned to Justin. I had to learn of this guy... and to do that I needed my computer.

...And then I realized that I'd left my computer at the bar where I was enjoying a book the other day when Justin found me.

Damn!

Hurrying back to that place, finding that walking in heels was difficult enough let alone running, I suddenly had more respect for Daphne in being able to accomplish it. I was suddenly reminded by the fact that Ginger Roberts, long time dance partner to the renowned Fred Astaire, not only did exactly what Fred did, she did his steps backwards and in high heels.

Suddenly I had a whole lot more respect for Daphne for being able to walk in these things as I nearly twisted my ankle... again.

It took only a brief inquiry to find the whereabouts of my attaché bag, only when the rather busty and attractive young woman who appeared too old to be a girl and too young to be a woman handed it over from lost and found...

"Wait... this isn't my bag." I said. "This is too new."

"Are you sure?" the woman behind the counter asked.

She was remarkably lovely and striking, with ample womanhood displayed over a corset/vest and framed by a smart little bowtie as she served drinks behind the bar. She was dressed almost exactly like the attractive woman last night, with only the hairdo being different. Honestly, I had to glance at her to make sure she wasn't a twin.

"Oh certain. A gentleman was here this morning. He asked for it too, but when he got it, he took everything out, put it in this bag, and said that a woman bearing your features and attire would ask for it today. But I'll ask you to check the ID before I just let you have it."

And I reached in, found a newer version of my pocket book/mini-purse, and opening it, found an updated version of my liscence. The picture must've been taken while I was on the street just this morning even. But how?

"Guess that's you." she said with her short-cropped auburn hair held back with a barrette of her own, revealing a broad forehead and vibrant white-blue eyes.

I thought that she might pluck her eyebrows to get them as thin as they were. At least she didn't pencil them on. Unless you were a cancer patient, or your hair has just fallen out, I had no respect for women that shaved their eyebrows to instead pencil them on. but no, hers were just perfectly thin.

"Ah... k." I muttered and took all that... trying to run a mental tally as to how much Justin had spent on me so far.

Going through my bag, I found that everything was the same. Everything was a newer version but stuffed into the same pockets. The only strange thing was that my spare tampons were missing and had not been replaced. Hopefully I didn't have an accident.

And if you don't know what kind of accident, you're too young to be reading this story.

But finding a booth, setting myself down... opening the screen to my laptop and powering it on, I saw that it had to download drivers real quick. Translation... new computer, old hard drive... or at least a cloned hard drive. And it did it so quickly! So though the computer looked like my old one, it was much faster. Upgraded or just totally new.

Who was this guy?

But once I had it up, a certain degree of intuition struck me. I tended to listen to intuition, because that level of curiosity often lead to new leads on cold cases.

The idea was simple: Google myself.

I don't know why I did it, but it was like a lot of the mysteries that Mystery Inc. had solved... intuition. The moment after I pushed enter, I already saw the problem:

My friends and I were transients... technically speaking. Sure we had a shared P.O. Box that we all used at Crystal Cove, otherwise people could mail us at our parents' homes, and otherwise again we were all electronic entities on the net. Email, paid bills electronically, that sort of thing.

That transiency did two things for us:

One, was that taxes were almost non-existent for us. We didn't live permanently anywhere, so we didn't really pay taxes, and our parents all used us as '*dependents*' on their tax forms. Additionally, we tended to not make enough money to be taxed. The other thing that this contributed to was that because we had no roots, there was very little information available on us on the internet.

Well Daphne had her own cult following per se... with Facebook, twitter, a web page and so on... she was essentially Mystery Inc.'s Business Manager... and she was good at it. So her face, name, number, email addresses and so on were smeared all over the internet from her time in High school till just about now.

Fred has the second-most visible identity on the internet... especially in the news. He'd been a jock, was a top pick for pro football even, but he gave it all up incredibly to solve mysteries.

On the far side of their spectrum were Shaggy and myself.

Shaggy had NO presence on the internet whatsoever. It was as if he didn't exist. You wouldn't believe what we had to go through in order to find his birth certificate and social security card to prove that he was even an American citizen one time.

Before today, I was only *slightly* more present on the internet, which was if you googled my name, the best it found was my last mailing address in Crystal Cove.

But now there were pictures, websites, Facebook pages that were almost as proliferate as Daphne's were. What was scary was that it was using current, as in as of yesterday and this morning, images or highly modified images via Photoshop. And they were good ones too...

Pictures that were found only in the Crystal Cove High web site had been modified to show me as hip and upcoming, starting with a pixie hairdo as a youthful pre-teen in elementary and high school, and then rapidly maturing after then. Pictures that I didn't even know existed were placed here and there, showing a profound life that was far more popular than I was now, were now everywhere on the net!

My old newspaper job, school, what little college I started under the Post Secondary Enrollment Opportunity Program, and so on. Even Mystery-Inc.Com was modified. I'd strictly requested Daphne to leave my face off the employee page, but nevertheless, there I was next to my employee profile... which was likewise filled out with more information than I'd wanted.

There was something scary about seeing a lifetime of avoiding being on the internet in that way, to suddenly becoming a primo debutante in one damn night! These images *had* to be Photoshopped, but the sheer number of them and how good they were too meant a master of the art! Because they were electronically on a screen, I couldn't tell if they'd been doctored or not, but they were good. So very good. And there were so many. This was more than what one person could do on their own, and what was more... is that it'd take a whole team of experts to make this many in so short a time...

All after opening myself for one night to Justin.

Immediately I Googled his name now, only to find the exact opposite of me. He was like Shaggy: not a single friggin thing on the net at all.

"Jinkies..." I muttered aloud.

According to the internet, he didn't exist. Someone with that much money had to have some sort of coverage, right? That or they paid a whole lot of money to get themselves removed from the internet. Numbered instead of named bank accounts, no official mailing addresses, no Social Security Numbers or System Identification Numbers even, no birth certificate... nothing.

Which meant that either this man had paid to be a ghost on the internet... or Justin wasn't his real name.

The more I learned about this situation, the less and less I liked about it.

Snapping the laptop shut and shoving it into my apparently brand new attaché bag, slinging it over a shoulder, I felt its strap cleave my breasts in twain across the boob window in my clothes, and then I stopped.

Remember how being OCD allowed me to notice changes, especially in myself, more easily? Looking down at my sensually swollen ta-tas, I swear they were... bigger? The nipples more accented... and what on earth was keeping them aloft? The undershirt supported, but not that well...

I needed answers, and storming straight out of that restaurant and bar, the heels of the shoes I wore going click-click-click in my swift pace down the main avenue of town, following from memory and forcing myself to think through said memory that was made hazy from alcohol - again, another reason why I don't drink - I retraced my path to Justin's home that he took me to last night.

But after half an hour of motion, I finally got to where I remembered Justin bringing me to... only to find a vacant lot. In it's place was a sign:

'Coming soon: The Gap'

Pfft... coming soon and it's already here. Mitch Hedberg - rest his soul - was right. But in my experience, nothing disappeared so well as that, I told myself. There were always clues.

Stepping onto the ground, moving to the fire hydrant here first, I inspected it's surface. Chipped paint on the bolts both on top and on one of the faces of the fire plug, and recently. No rust beneath. And there was the definite smell coming from the sewer of a chemical toilet overriding the scent of feces and urine. Warning... don't light a match around a sewer grate in which chemical smells exuded. You might explode the sewer and wind up like Clark Griswold's uncle.

Walking onto the lot, there were footprints, a man's... and several women's; but the women's prints were all too small to match my feet. At least two, maybe three other women had been on this property recently. Quite notable too, since they had the skill to walk with heels on wet and muddy earth.

The area had been raked to disturb tire tracks, but what couldn't be raked was the print of tires on the concrete of the sidewalk and the asphalt of road, and light flaking of mud when there wasn't any rain yesterday. Someone had wet down the area, possibly with a hose attached to the fireplug or when the swimming pool on the roof had been emptied.

Someone was destroying evidence that anything was ever here.

Testing my nose, I scented the lingering smell of plastic... surprised that I could still smell it, along with rubber and steel and the aroma of hickory smoke. Following the hickory smell, I kicked at a spot with my toe and uncovered a pile of covered ashes. From the fireplace inside Justin's mobile mansion.

So I wasn't insane. He was here, and I'd been here too. I wasn't just suddenly transforming into someone else, he must be doing this to me.

But then I smelt something else... tobacco, mint menthol, Camel Cigarettes. Yes I could detect the kind and brand by the smell. Thank you Cumberbatch's Sherlock for leading me to make such a list. I've also memorized a series of colognes and perfumes. But turning I found a man standing on the sidewalk watching me intently, a cigarette balanced in his mouth. He was either watching me, or he was emphatically interested in the sign announcing that The Gap was coming to town. Judging on his clothing, however, it was most likely the former than the latter.

"May I help you?" I directed.

"Miss Velma Dinkley?" he responded.

Ok... that's also unnerving. Complete strangers shouldn't know your name... ever. No one guessed that well, especially with an uncommon first and last names like mine.

My eyes glanced over him from head to toe. Everything screamed Government Issue from his haircut to his black suit and tie to his yellow trench coat... the only thing he was missing was a fedora. A shape under the arm that he was using to hold his cigarette as he drew upon it spoke of a handgun, most likely a large caliber fully automatic, and his dress shoes were polished-over scuffed up deals with worn shoe leather.

"You should invest either in a pair of Red Wing Shoes or Doc Martens if you're going to be walking around as often as you do, Agent..." I replied. "Though before I introduce myself, perhaps you should identify which agency you represent."

"Department of Homeland Security." he said and removed a hand from his pocket and produced the ID, flashed it, and I snatched it from him as I approached before he could pocket it again. Pulling the ID out of its sleeve, I inspected it, tilting it from side to side and waving it briefly to test the thickness of its plastic.

Another thing I learned was the art of Frank Abagnale Jr.; a counterfeiter that later went to work for the FBI's anti-counterfeiting department. On the one side, Mr. Abagnale is still the highest grossing counterfeiter in world history. On the other side, knowing his art allowed him to design ways to stump other counterfeiters. His methods have saved banks and companies billions.

Watch the movie "Catch me if you Can" with Matt Damon and Tom Hanks if you want to learn more.

Checking that the ID was real... or a better counterfeit than I could detect, I slid it back into its holder and handed him his wallet back.

"I can arrest you for that." he said, taking the wallet back.

"I told you to identify yourself, not flash a random card and plant it back into your pocket. I've inspected your ID thoroughly and currently I believe you are who you say you are Agent Durst... Agent Fred Durst... so tell me Fred... when did you stop playing with Limp Bizkit?"

"No obvious relation." he frowned and let the cigarette balance on his lips. The smell this close was just... ACRID. It hurt my nose. "Problem with my smoking?"

“Yes... can you please put that out. It hurts my nose and I'd like to not develop some carcinogen thanks to second hand smoking, thank you very much.”

“Interesting...” he commented and blew the smoke out, holding onto the cigarette for a moment, watching me. “Something tells me that you're not going to develop such a thing... not now anyways.” and he dropped the cigarette and stamped it out before blowing the last bit of the smoke out... right... at... me.

“Ok, what's this about already?” I demanded waving the smoke from my face.

“What do you know of Justinian Coolidge?” he asked me.

I frowned again. “I'm afraid I don't know of a Justinian Coolidge.”

“Then what about a Justine Franco?” my brow furrowed now. “No? Justin Parker?” my eye twitched. “Ah...” he smirked. “That name you know.”

“What about him?” I demanded frankly. “I only met him yesterday.”

“Interesting...” and his eyes glanced at me from head to toe. “Did he bite you in any way?”

“W-what? B-bite me? Why...”

“Show me your neck.” he demanded.

“What? No.”

“Miss Dinkley... show me... your neck.” he said slowly through teeth clenched into a rictus grin. “You're not aware of the fullness of the situation you are in, and I don't have to tell you about it, but unless you remove that scarf and show me your neck, I will arrest you for interfering with an ongoing federal investigation. The same will happen if you try to leave or run. Do you understand?”

Frowning, I opened the scarf around my neck and shoulders to show him my hickey.

“Hm... no marks. Very interesting.” and he eyed me. I was about as devious as Don Knotts on sodium pentothal... so he definitely saw the surprise on my face. “And that... surprises you.” he pointed out as I palmed my neck with one hand and then the other, and while I did that, he removed a pair of rubber surgical gloves and donned them before removing what looked like a diabetes checker.

Now... diabetes wasn't catching, insulin was definitely damaging because it could seep in through the skin, but he held out one hand.

“Give me your hand.” he didn't ask. It sounded like a command.

“You better have a valid reason for this.” I cautioned.

“Yes. Give me your hand or I will shoot you as a precautionary measure.”

“H-how... how did we suddenly go from threatening to arrest me to threatening to shoot me?” I asked, but held out my hand.

“Because the situation just changed.” and he pricked my finger, held it with the little trodes on the device and then watched as something processed on it.

“A bit high... but normal.” he said and taking out a butane lighter, *burned* the testing strip.

“What? What’s a bit high?” I demanded and he just eyed me for a moment.

“I may need you for questioning. You will remain in town for the next two days. Do you understand?” I remained quiet. “Your response isn’t necessary to indicate your understanding. Good day.” and he knuckled his forehead briefly before turning up his collar and leaving.

I grimaced as he just lightly walked off... and under my breath I muttered a perfectly acceptable term for an investigator or a detective... or just a general nuisance:

“Dick...”

“Daphne... What’s the password on our website?” I asked her discretely as we met up for lunch.

“That? Oh, I made it *‘secret.’*”

“Wait... are you saying it’s a secret, even from me, because that would be far more acceptable than the fact that you actually made the password: *‘secret.’*”

“Why? What’s wrong with that?” she blinked.

I refrained from doing a face-palm in front of her. “The four most common passwords used in the world are *‘love’*, *‘sex’*, *‘God’*... and *‘secret.’*”

“Oh wow... really? Then I guess we’d better change it before we get hacked.”

“Too late.”

“What?” she balked and I turned my laptop to her. She could recognize a loose thread on a sweater from a hundred paces, but she had no clue that the machine she was in front of was newer and sleeker. That was my talent. “I don’t get it. What’s changed?”

“Did you always write in that I was the President and CEO of Mystery INC.?” I asked. “And when did you get this new picture of me?” and I tapped the section on the screen showing my new face.

“No... Fred’s the President and CEO. His family is in the ladder business, and he knows quite a lot about business... more than I knew anyways. How did that get changed for you?”

“We got hacked... remember?” I sighed. “Someone’s... doing the exact opposite of a smear campaign on me for some reason.”

“What... like a beautification campaign?” she asked then snapped her fingers. “Oh my God! What a spectacular idea! I can do that!” and she pulled out her cell phone and put the note in. Many people could type seventy words a minute into a full sized keyboard. Daphne could do it into the mini keyboard of her cell phone with just her thumbs. “Anyways... what’d they change on everyone else?”

“Well other than making me the President and CEO, they made Fred an Investigative Specialist and Road Manager.”

“And Shaggy?”

“Um... what’s a Roadie?” I asked and Daphne barked with laughter.

“Ha... it fits.” she said wiping a tear.

“Ok... what’s that?”

“Roadies are the unsung heroes of any sort of band. They’re the guys you can sometimes glimpse stalking around the edges of a concert stage. They fix and carry equipment, they go out and get stuff for people in the band, clean things, drive the cars... sometimes are sex puppets... essentially their job is to make the rest of the people in the band look better while doing their best not to be seen.

“Who came up with this?”

And she squinted at the screen... as if that might reveal who did this to me. I kept my suspicions from her that my new *‘boyfriend’* was at fault.

“Well they left me alone, apparently. I’m still the General Manager.”

“Daphne... I believe that someone has an... interest... in me.”

“Why that’s wonderful!” she glammed. She only heard and understood that I had a suitor... not that he’s connected with all this.

“Daphne... I’m beginning to think it’s an unhealthy interest.” I mentioned and rubbed at my neck. *I had* been bitten, but there was no hickey, and there were no teeth marks. In fact, my skin had never been smoother... or without blemish. No body hair, no freckles, no moles, no discernable dermal imperfections whatsoever.

It wasn’t natural. Human Beings, male or female, were disgusting creatures. Farts, blemishes, bodily noises, secretions... it was both disgusting and a glorious scientific interest of mine, and the older a body got the worse it became. Our perfection was in our imperfections.

...

I wonder if that’s why I hang with Shaggy so much...

But then as I considered that, I hissed at a sharp feeling in my hand. Lifting it and rubbing it, I looked at the spot where that agent had pricked my finger. It was red and irritated.

“What’s wrong?” Daphne asked.

“Oh this... guy,” I almost said *‘Dick’* but refrained from that. But I’m an intelligent girl, and swearing means you’re not smart enough to form a coherent sentence without them. “Daphne, I may be in trouble.”

“Trouble?” she repeated.

“There’s an agent of Homeland Security in town, and for some reason he thinks I’m involved in something criminal.”

“Pfft... not the first time that’s happened to us.” Daphne sighed. “It’s like we have a run in with the law in every town we’ve been in.” she mumbled and leaned her chin on one well-manicured hand.

“Yeah. But this is a Federal Agent.” I mumbled. “He... did this test on me, it was like a diabetes tester to monitor your blood sugar, but it’s seriously irritating my finger where he tested it, and I just got this shooting pain in my palm. But the way he spoke, it was like there was some disease or something that he was tracking.”

“Did he give a reason why he suspects you?”

I shrugged my shoulders. “Well... you know that guy I told you I was with last night?”

“Yeah?”

“Him.” I sighed and came out with it. “Daphne, I think he’s the guy who changed my records, updated our website, gave us all this stuff...”

“Gave *you* all this stuff.” Daphne corrected. “You’re a beautiful woman. Curse me for never seeing it before now, Velma, but you are a *very* beautiful... and I would go so far as to say super-model hot, looking woman. You may have your first stalker.”

“You get more than one?” I blinked.

“I’ve lost count. One of them kidnapped me, tied me up and put me in a basement where a doll filled with the ashes of his dead mother was going to marry us in the name of Satan.”

My jaw just dropped.

“W-when... when did that happen? How did you escape?”

“Last summer.” she waved dismissively. “But mama didn’t raise any of us girls to be stupid, so I wrestled out of my ropes, kicked him in the nuts, escaped from his basement and then showed him I could bench his weight by... well... lifting him up, body slamming him and then kicking his ass. He’s still in county up in Oregon.” she smirked and then pushed her tits up before resetting them in her bra.

Her tits drooped like tits were supposed to, so why did mine suddenly start ignoring gravity?

“Welcome to the club.” she smirked and gave me a kissy-kissy-bye-bye gesture by kissing her fingers and waving goodbye at me with a wink.

“And change the website password!” I called after her and sighed.

With another mopy sigh, closing the lid to the laptop and rising, I had to visit the ladies room.

It was odd seeing radically different underwear around your ankles and having to hold up your clothes; what a pretty woman does to look good but then have to contend with under even the most basic of situations was ridiculous. Anyways... you kooks don’t need to know what I did in the bathroom, for all you know I really was powdering my nose like we say we do. Now that I was using makeup, I had to maintain it... and it was amazing how many times in a single day a lady has to apply and reapply her lipstick. But when I was finishing, exiting the stall...

Ok... I was smoking a joint. Ok?! Thanks Shaggy. Now I liked weed. But in the tradition of Sherlock Holmes...

All right I have to explain something to you, but first a question: Why do brilliant people think all the time? Because they’re bored. That sort of randomness, that sort of eccentricity that you attribute to the truly brilliant like Einstein, Newton, Da Vinci, all of them, came up with their truly awe-inspiring concepts... because they were bored. They found an interest, pursued it, theorized and pushed the envelope with a simple question asked about any concept they studied that went pretty much like this:

‘What if...?’

Bear in mind that the general mindset of a genius kept them from the differences between eccentric inventor and mad scientist and even evil genius... but all in all, all of them have the same base quality: excessive often uncontrolled curiosity with far-fetched explanations that happen to be right.

But the way such minds work, is that they work *all the time!* You get tired of thinking all the time, it even gets stressful to think *all the time!* And if you think too much, it’s like a computer that overheats: something has to break. Which is why insanity goes hand-in-hand with such minds, and the more brilliant the person the higher the probability and the sooner that they might go mad.

The cure is to find a distraction, and for me, for Sherlock, that distraction was mysteries. Something to investigate and uncover... but there was always idle time. So the question arises, what does a genius do during idle time?

Sherlock's solution was substance abuse... emphasis on abuse. What Sherlock did to occupy his time, even die hard drug addicts would just go: 'No...'

I had the same problem... though no where near to Sherlock's extreme.

And during a particularly stressful moment in my life, only emphasized by my period and frustration that I needed sex in the worst way, my internal biological clock was going tick-tick-tick-tick in the most maddening sort of way... Shaggy was there.

Ok, so he didn't plumb my woman hole with his cock back then, but nevertheless he passed me some herb called cannabis, I toked it once and suddenly all that stress just... melted away. It was way better than my Ritalin prescription, in fact I hadn't had to refill that prescription in years thanks to Shaggy. For me, it force shuts down higher brain functions, allows them to rest, per se... for an hour or three, dumbs me down in fact, calms stresses.

So Shaggy, Scooby and I sat down, speaking philosophy as to why that cloud looked like an evil mouse snow skiing, and got further wasted on some 'special' Scooby Snacks.

So... I carried a dime bag's worth of it with me in a pill carrier... and Shaggy grew a pot of... well... pot... in the corner of the Mystery Machine and watered it and sunned it and took very well good care of it... like... to the level of a botany major.

But then Shaggy had become like Pauly Shore in "The Son-in-law". He'd majored in just about every concept there was under the sun for at least one semester or another. Botany just happened to be one of them.

So it was as I was coming out of the bathroom, relieved, cleansed... and I was *hi-iiigh*... that I stopped cold, seeing Justin at the bathroom door... turning the lock to lock it.

"H-hey..." I mumbled. "I was l-looking for... you..." I mentioned and giggled before hiccupping. That happened when I was stoned. "This is some good shit..." I also swore more when I was stoned. "Y-you've got some answers to question for mister." and I pointed at him while swaying on my heels... made all the more dangerous standing atop high-heels.

And he took the roach from my mouth and sucked down the rest of it right in front of me, exhaled it and inhaled it again through his nose before blowing it in my face. Bear in mind... blowing pot smoke into a friend's face wasn't insulting. It was sharing the high. Blowing the smoke in a non-smoker's face was insulting and rude.

And as I inhaled it, though, he kissed me, exhaling more into my mouth and feeding me his tongue. I gasped and sucked on it, getting wet instantly and reached to grip my crotch.

I felt weak in the knees, and all the many questions I had for him just washed from my mind as a burning sensation instantly rose up between my thighs and demanded my attention. I moistened, I nipped-up, and I sucked readily on that tongue of his so that when he withdrew, our combined spit streamed from his lips to mine. He licked his side off his lips.

"You're under surveillance by a hunter," he told me without further preamble. "But you've survived the scrutiny because I was careful. Now it's time to finish the job, Velma."

I merely nodded... feeling... *something else*... just awakening in my mind. It rose quickly and palmed my mental self in the head, shoving it into the passenger seat, and with her head filled with pot smoke, this other, deeper, more primal me, rose up and took control of my body.

She was confident and aggressive, sure of herself, and controlled me confidently into a totally submissive state to this man. I know that's a sort of paradox, but that's what she did. She knew her place was to be submissive to him, whatever he wanted, and I felt... love... adoration swelling from her to me for him.

I was in no condition to argue so I just went on with it.

But to note... beneath the human mind was the mammalian mind, beneath that was the reptilian mind. There were other minds beneath that but these were the two that were being drug up from within me, with the mammalian mind in the driver's seat, me in the passenger seat and the reptilian mind hopping excitedly in the back seat of this vehicle called Velma.

These were ways of thinking that activated in certain circumstances... they spoke highly of the evolution of the human being from when we were once just pond scum, evolving over millions of years to eventually become the apex predator. It was these evidences that made me at best a begrudging believer in a God... but I leaned more toward universal concepts like Karma than any male or female deity in front of it all.

but because my human mind was weakened, the mammalian mind rose up in this primal... sexual power while the reptilian mind only drove that forward. A need rose, a need to mate, a sexual primal need to procreate was driving my body into wiley things as a hand of mine tugged my skirts up and Justin reached into my panties to drive two fingers into my pussy to coax my loins toward orgasm.

Soon all the questions I had in my mind to solve this mystery were replaced with a cold... hard - very hard - desire to fill my belly with his cock and squeeze it with my body till he came every last drop of seed into my belly.

I was female, he was male, and his desire to mate with me was met with the submissiveness that my gender engendered in practically every species on earth... with the possible exception of the reptilian and insect species.

Now that reptilian mind said I should be dominant, but that mammalian and hominid brain resting on top of it made me submit to his will as he peeled away my scarf to begin nuzzling my neck while he fingered me, probing past one knuckle on two fingers and thence to two. He kissed, he lapped at my flesh... and then opening his mouth, I felt his canine teeth sink into my skin and pierce it, drawing blood that he closed his lips around the wound and drank from while massaging my tit with his other hand while his probing hand almost immediately find my G-spot.

It took mere moments to thoroughly arouse me before I was making for his belt and prostrating myself against the wall to accept his maleness in me. But instead...

"Now... kneel." he told me after drawing from my neck and licking the wound. It tingled.

Just like that I knelt, pawing at his lap and groin, feeling him stiffen beneath my fingers as he undid his belt and fly, and from out of a pair of boxer-briefs, out came his thick cock.

It was thick, it was long, the balls swelling readily with semen till the pair was practically smooth, and as it rose I kissed its tip, licked the priming charge off it and felt this... outpouring of raw, pure, primal energy pouring into me from his semen, as that primal force in me collided with my woman flesh and thrust against it like someone trying to throw all their force against a door or some other barrier to break out of the imprisonment of this frail body of mine. It filled me immediately... just by that little bit, and kissing his cock again, juggling his balls with one hand, feeling their smooth hairless masses with my mind warped and weak from multiple sensations... and I was hi~iiigh... my lips spread open around his bulging girth and I readily and surprisingly easily... and remarkably ignoring a gag-reflex, slid steadily onto that cock till my nose was against his pelvis.

Justin stuck the two fingers he'd been probing me with into his mouth to suck them clean while my hands palmed his body, his shirt popping open on its snaps as my arms slid up his hard abs and ribs to his chest. I felt his strength, my tongue wrapping and stroking the taste of his manliness in my mouth and down my throat while my fingers twisted and stroked him from chest to lap to groin, feeling the underbelly of his dick bloat and swell, forcing my jaw further open while little by little his length pushed further and further down my throat. Breathing through my nose I began to suck... suck as hard as I might to draw a rather thick milkshake through a straw, touching him pleasingly, trying to get him to orgasm while I knelt there on the floor of that women's bathroom.

I felt the pulse of his rather steady heartbeat against my lips and mouth, felt my own heartbeat matching it before quickening faster than it, and turning my head to side to side, moving forward and backward, caressing his manhood,

fingering his balls, I looked up at him through heavily lidded stoner's eyes, and saw him smile at me as he cupped and pet my face, head and hair.

He didn't fuck-start my head, he wasn't abusing the back of my throat, he just stood there and let me go at my own pace... petting me... like a pet... and I felt just like a pet just then and wanted to adore and love him despite that he'd been messing with my life lately.

And then I felt the vibration, the trembling, the throbbing... and then with a disgorging and a slamming of flexing flesh, followed by another, I automatically swallowed and swallowed again as he climaxed into my mouth and throat. Palming my belly as his seed filled it, I moaned as instantly that feeling of power surged through nerves ten times over, a hundred, a thousand fold... bones and sinews suffusing with that power like a firestorm raging through me. That immense power I felt just by tasting a bead of his cum, was compounded over and over again as tablespoons and then cups of his seed that'd already filled my sex from the night before now filled my belly, and somehow those powers met, connected, flooded through me... and *exploded!*

And then my heartbeat deepened, my breathing slowed, the mammalian brain rising and began to push my hominid brain further aside like it was demanding to drive, and the moment it got in control of me, it pushed down on the gas, gunned it into gear, and... Whump!

The whump came from that power surging against my flesh, trying to break out, only this time when it did, it punched out parts of me... and I was for a moment aware of my body expanding, arousing, like every inch of me had become one giant lady boner, my skin blushing, my body expanding, and when the whump hit me, every proportion on me, every muscle and the glands of both my tits engorged to twice their previous proportions around a feminine frame that began to crack and groan and bulge...

And then in the next moment my conscious hominid brain decided to slough off to one side and enjoy all this pleasure and high and fall unconscious into a puddle of drool as the rest of me took total control of me

... All while that mammalian brain took over... and the reptilian brain was in the back seat throwing up the horns and demanding a fifth of scotch while giving directions to the party...

Chapter 4: Loup-Garou

I awoke with a start, pushing myself upright, suddenly painfully aware. I ached... everywhere... like I'd just gone through a heinous workout. I... wasn't athletic. I was a brainiac. It was surprising that I wasn't overweight, actually. Well... maybe I was, just a little bit, but that was because we did a lot of our own footwork in this job, so I sometimes got more than enough cardio.

"Ugh..." I moaned and then looked around, my mind coming awake a little later than it usually did. I felt like I hadn't slept last night or the night before and was recovering from being both stoned and drunk.

Last time I did that, I swore: Never again.

But then I realized: I wasn't in my room at the Motel this time...

Any of you who've woken up in a strange place understand how disconcerting this is.

This room was high quality, though, decorated in white, with a small balcony outside with two open windowed doors with long wispy drapes waving in the wind at me. The bed was a four-poster, the carpeting was well maintained... instead of the trampled down sort that if you raked it up you might kick up a rabbit. Instead the carpeting was spongy and soft... and more importantly clean, looking like it was professionally cleaned after every visitor in this room. The mirror on a dresser was old and antique, but polished so clean that you thought you were looking into another world when you looked through it instead of into a mirror.

The high ceiling spoke of a turn of two centuries ago old plantation home, with the curvature of the ceilings denoting the typical French influence of the time, as France and most especially Paris was considered the mecca of fashion and food at the time. Milan tries to be, but one look at what they traipse down those runways and call fashion makes me want to commit mass genocide of the fashion world to keep those abortions of fashion and wastes of life from ever procreating...

But to certain degrees France still was the true Mecca of fashion, but all of these observations bespoke that as of last night, I'd moved from the motel to the divine bed and breakfast that Daphne had been lamenting over.

Rolling over in bed, silk sheets slid against my bodice, their translucent cloth revealing that, once again, I was nude. So unlike me to sleep naked in bed, especially a hotel bed. Granted these sheets felt crisp and new, while the sheets at the motel felt like people had recently had sex in them, but nevertheless, lifting the sheets I looked down at myself and felt my eyes widen.

When a woman woke up in a strange environment and found things... different... especially after a night she couldn't remember, our minds go to dark places. We immediately fear sexual diseases and/or pregnancy... and the possibility that the person we wake up next to looks like a foot, but glancing to the side of me, I found that the other side of the bed was still made. I'd not slept with anyone this night.

So then I had no courtier to worry about... ok... fine... then how did the rest of this happen to me.

Now... a lot about my body was odd, but I was a bit of a hipster. I didn't believe in shaving my legs, armpits - maybe my sex - and yet I was completely hairless. Which meant that someone had taken the time to shave me, or at least apply a full-body wax... even a Brazilian, and palming my crotch, I found that whoever did do it had left my labial muscles as smooth as... well pardon the comparison, because I have nothing else to compare it to that is appropriate enough, but a baby's bottom. I was even more absent of imperfections than I was last night, and palming my side I found that the appendectomy scar was gone. Even if someone had managed to do plastic surgery on me, that sort of blemish takes time to heal... because the only way to remove a scar is to damage the body again and force it to heal again all while shaping the flesh and guiding the healing process.

I'd looked it up once when I was debating doing a medical career.

Regardless, every nick, ding, scar, freckle, mole, ingrown hair, sore and blemish... was gone!

So that was the not-so-obvious thing different from me. Remember how I spoke about the way I focused? Focus on the details first and then the general things second? I would notice the intricate pattern of the carpet and not the screaming postal worker in camo briefs and the flame thrower that'd just burst into the room... that was me. So the more general detail I noticed about my body as I looked between two breasts that were even larger than ever - no, that's not what I noticed, that comes later - instead I saw my tummy... which was compressed and tight, folded even down the center with the lumps of hidden abdominal muscles behind it. The bulges of lateral oblique growths and the folding of ribs, it was like I'd actually lost fifty pounds in my body... and gained at least ten of it back in my chest.

"What... on earth?" I mumbled and rose to a sitting position, feeling those tits roll and bounce and heave atop my chest as I moved, thighs folding together instinctively to protect my sex - it's a girl thing - and I palmed my belly, pressed in the pectoral holding my tit, and then glancing at the mirror at myself, I noticed immediately that I didn't look like myself.

First of all were the changes to my face which bespoke of the loss of blemishes like age lines, freckles and dimples, replaced with a younger-looking face framed by longer shoulder-length hair. Brightened blue eyes stared back at me, not the dull coloring, but bright, icy blue eyes with many facets that almost made them look crystalline. That was the detail. The more general thing was that I saw my reflection from the bed... without my glasses on.

In fact, they were next to me on the bed stand... only... they looked different. Not the thick plastic things, but rather new circular spectacles. Picking them up, I noticed that the magnification wasn't made for a nearsighted woman, but rather they acted as magnifying lenses like I were farsighted. Glancing at myself again in the mirror, standing up, I viewed myself and palmed my newly remade supple and reddened lips, even without lipstick, a coloring that matched my nipples, but my waist had narrowed so much to accent my hips that I had an hourglass shape, instead of that dumpy pear shape.

Hey... pear is still a shape!

Thickened muscular thighs, rounded calves, and...

I lifted an arm and flexed it, seeing the muscles tighten and bulge, and a definite bicep piled up high there, the sort of muscle that takes a woman months if not years to obtain as I flexed it. Feeling it, I found it to be as firm as and as large as a billiard ball covered in soft, silken flesh.

Just then a knock came at the door and I stormed back to the bed, pulling the sheet up around me.

"Y-yes?" I asked. At least my voice sounded the same.

"Ah Velma! Good, you're awake." Daphne's voice came through the door. "I was skeptical when you sent the note last night that we were moving in here, but I'm so-ooo glad you opted to pay for rooms here when they opened."

I did? I didn't say that out loud, it's just what I thought.

"Ah... sure."

"You ok in there?"

I looked down at myself and bit my supple lower lip.

"Ah... sure. Just... changing." I mentioned. "I'll be a bit."

"Of course! But hurry! Their breakfast buffet is so wonderful. They even have an omelet station!"

And I heard her leave.

Looking down again, dropping the sheet, glancing at my tits, I hefted one and let it drop. It bounced, but held itself up, completely defying gravity, as if it were actually held up and compacted by a bra cup. It was so firm too, so full of body, and held itself upward like...

Well it's hard to describe. A girl turning into a woman, will achieve a state of utmost perfection of body between the ages of sixteen and twenty three before their bodies began to succumb to age and gravity. It was like I'd slid backward in time into my perfect body, lost most of the weight and regained it back with stronger muscles and bigger tits. Also... maybe more height too. So strange...

What... what was going on with me?

The new portable boudoir had been here, and opening it, it popped open and unfolded automatically for me to reveal clothes and undies and makeup just as before. As if born to this now, I dressed in new hipster clothes, a silk blouse and a corset for my new narrower waist, wide-brimmed hat - found under one of the tabletops, there were actually two, one under either top - with a long orange gown covered by a V-neck sweater and another scarf.

Pausing, I felt my neck where I was certain Justin had bit me again last night, but there was no mark. Had I dreamed it all? A hallucination? Did I really suck that much cock?

But shrugging it off, pulling on new stockings and shoes and... wait... new?

And then I checked. The outfit I wore last night wasn't here. Where was it? That raised a new question as to how I got to this room... naked.

But another knock at the door interrupted me. Leaving my attaché bag and laptop here, donning a new little purse, I moved to the door to answer it and prepare to leave. There a woman with a large chest and a waist hemmed in with a corset, a blouse and tight slacks with heeled shoes on bowed immediately before me. Her hair was professionally done and held into place with simple barrettes and hair stays, but when she rose, my eyes narrowed. Did all service women in this town look alike? She was just like the two women working the various counters around town.

"Greetings Miss Dinkley. A letter has come for you." and she handed it over, snapping it from a hidden place on her clothes and holding it out in a white gloved hand.

I wanted to suckle from her breasts, and actually spasmed as I went to touch her tits, but instead redirected my hand to take the note.

An old timey gold pocket watch was splayed across her midriff, the watch in one pocket, attached to a button of the corset and then held to another pocket on a gold chain. A lovely choker with an amber stone in it ensnared her long, muscular neck.

"Thank you." I said and accepted the letter. She remained bowed, but held out a white-gloved hand. "Oh of course... sorry... I'm not used to decor like this." and I opened the handbag, finding that there was a money clip in there stuffed with twenties.

Pressing my lips tightly, I nevertheless removed the clip and extricated a twenty before handing it to her.

"Thanks Miss." and she pocketed the twenty into the waist pocket of her corset, rose and turned swiftly, stalking down the hall purposefully.

Leaning out of the room, I saw also down the hall I two other women dressed like her, that also looked like her and the other service women. Something in my mind was nagging at me that there was something wrong here, but I was already on a mystery.

Nevertheless, there seemed to be a sort of uniform around here. Same tight slacks, same lovely faces, same ample bosoms, though she was the only one with a watch. Their slacks were so form-fitting and tight that I immediately appreciated their bottoms... and had this lingering desire to lie naked with them as we sucked and kissed each other's bosoms, and kissed her ass and fondled her and... and...

And I exhaled an aroused sigh as my nipples erected and shaped the blouse I wore and thusly the sweater over them. Behind either teat, as they rose atop puffing areola, I had this... sensation. It was like the sensation immediately before climax through my sex.

Remarkably... the only garment that was missing from all my new clothes... were bras. But my tits apparently had decided they didn't need them anymore, so whatever. But for a moment, there was this... primal... image in my head, like a half-remembered memory, where I actually was being fondled by these women, feminine lesbian scissors sex as they nursed milk from my tits and sucked or nibbled upon my lips in passionate kisses. Justin was in there somewhere... mostly thrusting into me, but then... palming my head and shaking it, closing the door behind me, I drove the thoughts from my mind and walked the other way.

Still... I was *really* horny... and I was horny for woman flesh at the moment. It drove me to knuckle the spot over my pussy briefly as I walked. I wasn't a lesbian... so... why the hell was I thinking that way? Still... lady boners weren't as obvious as guy boners were, but still... I *really* wanted sex now.

Maybe this town had a place where I could buy a vibrator or a dildo or something...

Striding downstairs and serving myself up food - Jinkies, Daphne was right; their Omelets were delicious - I sat down at her table and we talked for a bit.

...And that's when the dick walked up to us. I needed a dick... just not this one.

"Ah... hello Miss Dinkley, Miss Blake..." he greeted. "And is that the delectable smell of Cannabis I detect on your person?"

"Why would you detect Cannabis, Agent?" I frowned. I'd developed the automatic defenses in case the man tried to keep me down about my habit... but then..."Also if you do, it doesn't matter. This is the State of Washington, and Marijuana is a purchasable recreational drug here."

He frowned, obviously he didn't realize where he was, and his attempt to berate me had just been thwarted.

"What do you want?" I frowned at him. "Can't you see I'm eating?"

"Yes... and your point is what?" he replied and removed a device from his pocket.

"Velma... who is this?" Daphne asked. "Why... why does he know my name?"

"Daphne... Agent Fred Durst?"

"Really? I didn't know you stopped playing with Limp Bizkit."

I smirked, Agent Durst frowned.

"No... relation." he said between grit teeth while chewing on a toothpick like a douche.

"Really? Heh... do you watch '*Supernatural*,' Agent? The Winchesters use famous rock and roll stars as the names on their fake ID's. How do I even know you're a real agent?"

"This isn't a television show..." he frowned and the toothpick bobbed in his teeth. The only time you chew on toothpicks is after a meal, and that was only to clear gunk from your teeth. Just idly chewing on it was a douche moment. "Anyways, Miss Dinkley... do you have an older sister?"

"What? No. You're with the man, you should know that information already." I replied.

"An older, stronger, far more mature cousin that may be in town maybe?" he continued his line of questioning, and removing his hand from his inner coat pocket, he produced a small tablet PC or a large cell phone.

“That sounds awfully specific...” Daphne mumbled and I frowned at the Agent.

“No.” I replied again. “I only have a younger sister.

“Is that your official answer?” he replied holding the tablet.

My brow furrowed now... partially in annoyance, partially in anger, and I caught myself staring at his throat. Really wanted to do some kind of damage to that right now. Not sure what kind, but I felt it involved my teeth at the moment. I wanted to growl at him.

“Yes.” I answered at last and he nodded... with a little triumphant smirk, and then turned the tablet to me and tapped a play button on a waiting video.

“This is a closed circuit security camera footage from one of the local bars. Identify this woman, if you please.” he told me and right after that I blinked as Daphne leaned in to watch a large woman walk in with Justin.

I mean... she... *looked* like me, but... wasn't.

“That... I don't know who that is.” I admitted immediately.

There was a paradox happening in my mind. That was the clothing I wore last night, that was sort of my face, my hair coloring... but everything else was so dramatically different it wasn't funny.

But then there were flashes in my head, twinges of pain as my brain tried to get me to remember what I didn't want to remember.

Remember those minds I was talking about? Reptilian brain, Mammalian brain and Hominid brain? Everyone has them, and they are parts of your psyche. As you develop, as your brain is built while in the womb, these brains are built one on top of the other. Throwback evidences of evolution.

The Reptilian brain is your raw instinct. Self-preservation and the need to mate... the most primal portion of any being, and every being that moved had this mind. Potentially beneath it were baser minds, but those were interested only in self-preservation... but I digress.

The Mammalian brain is a bit more evolved, and it looks for social union among all those other things the Reptilian brain wanted, but this one was still very primal. It was the brain of wild animals. It is here where most often the subconscious mind lies...

The Hominid brain is conscious thought and handles self-awareness. But as it is the newest, it's also the most delicate... it's the one most prone to breaking. It's where mental disorders like PTSD and multiple personality disorders exist, and it's also the mind that holds a lot of the more advanced skills of the primate. Communication, family, memory... all of that, and at times... it was very, very stupid. As such, if there was a memory that was painful enough, or traumatic enough, this is the mind that just chooses not to remember it.

And that pisses the Mammalian brain right the fuck off...

The Mammalian brain chooses to remember everything it experiences, whereas the Reptilian brain wouldn't give two shits about memories since it doesn't have time to remember anyways, so it doesn't care. Mental pain, mental anguish occur when the Hominid or Primate brain chooses not to remember something, and the Mental brain is trying to get you to remember it. A battle of conscious versus subconscious.

So these flashbacks, a headache, things like that... they were there, I felt them, I saw them and squinted my eyes against the twinge... but my mind was active enough where I recognized I was having them.

This was the paradox. That person in that video was me... but then it wasn't.

How could it not be?

Well the woman in that little screen weighed five hundred pounds at the least, and had the physical size and muscularity of a *male* Olympic bodybuilder, and the tits of a porn star that got a boob job that was too big for her size. She was still subtly smaller than Justin, had cleavage that must've weighed a hundred pounds alone, and had squeezed somehow into the blouse and sweater I was wearing last night so that the tails of the blouse framed a very slender and highly muscled belly, and the sweater had turned into a bra.

A lot, and I do mean a *lot* of cleavage was revealed through the stretched open V-neck sweater, and the nipples capping the chest were like an infant's fist in size.

Her biceps were like footballs resting on her bare arms that hung possessively onto Justin's arm, with triceps to match, while both arms were naked and rippled with long tendons and cords of muscle from wrist to shoulder. Every tendon stood out, every muscle was knotted and ripped, and in some places thick veins bulged over biceps and around forearms.

She looked like she could shotput a VW Bug.

I had to count them, but twelve, yes *twelve* abs lined her belly to her crotch, and the once pleated skirt had turned to a wrap-around skirt that stretched tightly around rounded hips, quadiceps that were bulky and corded and huge, and thickly rounded ass cheeks. The straps of her lavender panties arched high over the waist of the skirts, spreading their frill and stretched wide.

Hard muscular ass, flaring calves, and tight, tight stockings with feet crammed into a pair of high heels that remarkably held her weight. Luckily the heels were the sort where there was a solid block of leather and wood beneath them.

Same scarf, same hat, same choker... despite that the neck muscles that strained within that choker looked like shaped steel girders wrapped in piano wire. Long red hair, and I mean long, like down to the waist long, and that hair clumped and was spiky atop the head, with bangs that fell to her cleavage.

Even the barrette was there, still clipped to one bang.

Such strength... such power... such...

FLASH
twinge of pain

I massaged my temple after another flashback.

"I... don't know who that is." I admitted slowly through the fading pain.

It was the best the error handling that my active mind could handle, despite that my lower mind was trying to tell me that that woman... was me.

"Do you know what the penalty to lying to a federal agent is?"

"And do you realize that I'm telling you as well as I understand... that I really don't know who that woman is?"

"I see..." he said and stowed the tablet. "So... either there is a woman with your same general features and description... only a few hundred pounds heavier and at least twelve inches taller, is walking around here with the same exact choice of custom clothing you wear... or..."

"Or?" I pressed.

He didn't continue on that thought. Instead: "Where are those clothes you were wearing last night?"

"I don't know." I admitted.

"You don't... know." he repeated.

"Look. When I woke up, I was naked and those clothes were gone. So if you have a point, make it, if you have a valid reason to arrest me, do it, otherwise you're harassing me."

"Your resistance will be noted."

"Wait... what resistance?" Daphne asked. "She's answered your questions, she's cooperating. How is she resisting?" and he didn't answer, so Daphne got to her feet. "How... is Velma... resisting?" she demanded, squaring off with the Agent and getting in his face.

I tugged on her sleeve to drop it but she ignored it.

"Are you threatening me?" he demanded.

"Oh no... that doesn't work like that. I got to my feet, I am standing to address you. I did not raise my fist, I did not make an ultimatum, I did not draw a weapon. I have not *'threatened'* you. As a matter of fact..." and she reached into her purse and drew her cell phone. "Hey what's the number for the police? Oh... I remember. Nine... One... One..." and she eyed him with her thumb hovering the call virtual button. "Now... if you're legit... if I hit this button then you'll stand there and feel righteous. If you're not... when the real police arrive, you'll be the one under arrest because they'll run your ID and find out it's full of shit.

"So... are you harassing us? You've got three seconds before I hit this button and find out.

"One... two... two and a half..." and she made to push it, and Agent Durst harrumphed and left, muttering something about it not being worth the paperwork.

"That... was... awesome." I mumbled.

"Thanks." she smirked. "Getting the boys out of jail has become second nature sometimes... apparently federal agents are just cops with more ego." and she canceled the call before looking at me. "Velma... who was that person in the video." she asked in all seriousness.

"I... don't know..." I managed and she pursed her lips.

"What do you know about all this?" she asked. She knew it when I was holding back information. Don Knotts on Sodium Pentothal, remember?

I sighed. I needed help. So I opened my mouth to tell her my side of the story so far... but before I could, Fred came hurrying into the dining room. He'd had a chance to clean up recently at least, but now he looked sweaty and perturbed... and this coming from a man that looks ghosts and monsters in the eye and literally laughs.

...Honestly, it's because of that that I considered him slow. My experiences these last few days have clarified that no, he's not slow... he's crazy.

"Daphne... Velma! Where's Shaggy?" he panted as he arrived.

"Why? Fred... you look horrible!" Daphne gasped and took a napkin to mop at his sweaty brow. "What happened?"

"We need Shaggy! He's the owner!"

"Wait... owner of what?" Daphne asked.

But there was only one thing that Shaggy *'Owned'* around here.

“The Mystery Machine! What’s happening? Fred are they impounding it?” I demanded.

“No! Worse! They’re destroying it!”

“Look... I’m sorry, but only the owner can stop this work order.” the proprietor of the shop said and showed us the yellow carbon copy of a work order. “Those dames have rented out my shop.” and jerked a thumb over his shoulder where three well-figured women with ample chests were working behind welder’s masks to take the Mystery Machine part by part... and they were remarkably efficient at it.

“Dames?” I repeated.

“Yeah. Three chicks. I mean they’re totally hot and...” Fred began but realized his mistake. “I mean not as hot as Daphne or anything, but certainly not the kind of girls that I’d think would work on automobiles.”

“Whatever kid...” the proprietor said. “They have a valid work order, and this is from the owner and holder of the pink slip of the vehicle. They can do whatever they want to it.”

“Let me see that!” Daphne demanded and yanked the slip from his hand and stared at it for a moment. I could just see her eyes going cockeyed and I held out my hand for the inevitable. “Velma... what’s this mean?” she turned to me and handed me the slip and I looked at it.

Pursing my lips, I spied something and pulled out my phone and scanned a digital bar code on it, and immediately I was rewarded with a digital contract.

“It’s legit.” I said quietly.

“What?! The Mystery Machine!” Fred agonized. “How’s it legit?! Shaggy loved that van as much as I do!”

Well that was an assumption. To Shaggy, the Mystery Machine was shelter. Fred was the one who really loved the Machine.

“I think none of us love that van as much as you do Fred.” Daphne grimaced, echoing my thoughts. Another matter of contention where she found herself perhaps tertiary in Fred’s affections, right after traps and the Mystery Machine. “But how is it legit?”

I turned my phone to show her the web page that came up.

“This was done with Square. Square is a cell phone add-on for digital sales. It’s used by small business people, usually when they’re roaming away from their home store or doing trade shows or whatever. Really convenient for stalls on the side of the road and people who work fairs.

“When you sign, it takes a GPS location of where you signed, along with some personal information, and a picture of the buyer or seller.” and I pointed at Shaggy’s mug in my phone.

“He looks out of it.” Daphne mumbled looking at the small picture window.

“And that’s his signature.” I pointed out. “Or lack thereof.”

Shaggy’s signature was simple. An X with a vertical line through it. Like this → ✕

Just then there was a grinding noise of metal shearing metal and Fred groaned. “No! No! That’s an original paint job!” and gripped his head with both hands as large plates of steel were sheared off the van by the three women. A cherry picker was rolled up to be attached to the engine. “Daphne! Please do something!”

Daphne rolled her eyes and pulled out a little tin and shook it... a moment later Scooby was plastered against the glass outside the shop licking the glass hungrily.

“Works every time. I swear Shaggy has got a thing he can corner the dog biscuit market on with these snacks.” and she pushed the door open, and produced not one, not two... but three snacks.

“Scooby... we need to find Shaggy.”

“Ruh?” Scooby replied.

“Here’s one snack for you now, and...” and Scooby sucked the snack off her hand and merrily chewed on it. I’ve never seen a dog savor anything like Scooby savored Scooby Snacks. “...and...” Daphne continued and shook the dog drool off her slender-fingered hand. “Two more if you can get Shaggy here in five minutes.”

I’ve also never seen a dog other than Scooby salute before. Scooby was a special sort of dog. Smartest Dog I’ve ever known... and at times his barking actually sounded like speech. Especially when you’re stoned...

But Scooby dashed off with a speed that would shame a Cheetah, left a trail of dust behind him even, stopped in the middle of First Avenue and Main Street, stuck his nose to the ground and snuffled, and then with a howl chased off in one direction. In another moment he was running back, Shaggy stuck in his teeth as he galloped on all fours back to the shop, releasing Shaggy as he sat down... only inertia didn’t stop on Shaggy when Scooby stopped.

Another thing Scooby did was defy physics from time to time...

But shaggy slammed face first into the shop window, and then slid down its surface with a sickening squeal.

“Hey Scoob’... hey gang... what up?” he moaned and rose sleepy-eyed, rubbing Scooby’s head. Daphne gave Scooby the promised treats and he savored those too, one in either cheek.

“Where on earth was he?” Fred blinked. “I looked all over town for him.

“Brack r’ally!” Scoob’ barked between munchies.

“Taking a nap...” Shaggy admitted. “What’s going on?”

“Shaggy...” I asked cautiously. “Did someone approach you last night about the Mystery Machine?”

“Yeah... this gal arrived and said we were having problems with the Machine. Said she could help. Fix all its problems. That sounded awesome so I said yes.”

All three of us face-palmed. Scooby kept munching.

“What?” Shaggy ventured.

“They’re destroying the machine!” we said in unison and pointed at the shop.

“Not fixing it?”

“Ee-nope.” the shop owner replied. “Sounds like them gals be doin’ a full tear down. Not a problem here. We get people comin’ into mah shop t’ renovate hot rods all th’ time. Pays the bills.

“These missies paid in full for everything and...”

Fred held up a hand. “Why’s there no sound?” he asked.

“Well there’s sound, cause I heard you son.” the shop-owner pressed.

“No... no sounds of a tear-down.” Fred corrected.

“Well say what you mean, son.” the Shop owner harrumphed.

“Son? You know I’m nearly thirty, right?”

“Yeah... and you realize I’m nearly eighty? I was at Woodstock. The original one... *and* the second one too. Yer a ‘*son*’ t’ me... son.”

But Fred pushed into the shop and went through the door to the actual shop and stopped just inside. When we followed...

Well...

“That doesn’t look like an upgrade at all.” Shaggy said, rubbing a hand through his crop of unkempt hair. He had the bed-head look down pat.

“Shaggy... this isn’t an upgrade.” Fred groaned, and all four of us stood and stared at all that was left of the Mystery Machine... which was nothing more than the frame.

Later, with Fred under a blanket like Luke Skywalker, saying: “I can’t believe it’s gone.” with the same voice of Luke lamenting the loss of Obi Wan Kenobi. It might even be funny if it weren’t Fred.

Daphne was trying to comfort him as he played with the keys to the Mystery Machine, while Scooby, Shaggy and I stood off to one side.

“Wow... man...” Shaggy managed slowly. “That dudette totally lied to me.”

“Uh-huh...” I responded while looking at Fred and Daphne.

“I might need some comfort too...” Shaggy added, and glancing at him I saw him not looking at my face... but at my chest.

Snapping my fingers and pointing at my eyes, he looked up, smirked stupidly before I palmed his scruffy face with one hand almost soothingly, opened my supple lips and then said simply...

“Nope.” and tapped his face with my palm in a light slap. “I spent nearly a year trying to get your attentions, Shaggy, and you told me, to my face... that you’d rather spend time with Scooby than you would with me. To know that I was second place to a dog in your mind, Shaggy, was a whole lot of unacceptable.

“So now that I’m learning airs and clothes and makeup to where you’re noticing me... well... what can I say? You wanted to spend more time with your dog, so go spend time with your dog.” and I gestured at Scooby.

“Ruh?” Scooby voiced.

“Besides Shaggy... see that?” and I pointed at Fred. “You caused that. I know it was your van, but Fred *loved* that van. So to make things more poignant to you, your priorities have been set at: your dog, your girl, and your best friend in the whole wide world.”

“What’s wrong with that?” he mumbled.

“Because it should’ve been your best friend in the whole wide world, who is also your girl, your best friend and *then* your dog. So while you try to contemplate how you’ve screwed not only your life up but ours as well - we’re stranded now,

Shaggy - I'm going to go for a walk and try to find some random person - male... female... I don't care at this point - and screw them instead of you just to spite you."

"Wow... harsh..." he groaned, running a hand through his mussed up hair.

"So was being made second to a dog." I scoffed and then turned and was through the cafe door of the bed and breakfast on my way to the door outside when Daphne caught up with me.

"Velma!" and she gripped my arm and blinked. "Wow... you have been working out. These guns are impressive!"

"What... is it Daphne?" I snapped at her, turning over my shoulder to glare at her.

"That was harsh what you just did to him. He feels bad enough."

"No... I don't think he does, and by that I don't think he even realizes that he has done wrong. He never does. He doesn't care. Just that general Lamaze he uses to wander through life expecting everything to be ok. If he feels... even a *modicum* of hurt feelings or sorrow for what he's done I'll really, really, *really* be surprised." and I jerked my arm from her hand and freed myself easily. "Frankly... I... I can't even look at him right now."

"Why? Because he allowed strangers to work on the Mystery Machine?"

"No... because he wanted to hang out with his dog more than he did me!" and now I ran a hand through my hair. I felt anxious right now for some reason. Really, really anxious, and I didn't know why. I felt aggressive, angry, and it wasn't this whole thing with the Mystery Machine and Shaggy that started it, that was just an annoyance. No this was something else.

I wanted to go run, I wanted to be someplace other than right there right now. "I gotta go." I said and burst out of the front door and into the open air of outside.

At this time it was growing into late afternoon. The sun was setting, and I scratched at myself, feeling a pull of something in my gut. That pull seemed to rise as the sun set, and... well... the best way that I could explain it, is that someone had vaginally inserted some weight inside me, attached it to a rope, and was ever so slowly lifting that rope so it slid between my labial muscles to drag upward on my clit... somewhere toward the horizon.

Something was approaching, and I felt it.

This felt like PMS actually... only there was this additional sexual tension that usually wasn't there.

My muscles were tensing, and there was this sensation like I'd been aroused for hours but hadn't gotten any satisfaction while at the same time the guy I'd been with got all the satisfaction he needed and had finished off jizzing on my face and tits.

At that moment, I put a name to that sensation, and called it '*Shaggy*.'

Starting to feel insecure, hugging myself, I felt a muscle in my eye twitch while I just walked through town aimlessly, wondering where I should go. As the feeling intensified I realized that I didn't even want to be around people. I wanted to hide, someplace secluded, a den of some sort.

...A den? Why the hell did I call it a den?

But then I walked up onto a pair of shoes blocking my path, and following those shoes upward with my eyes I found them to be attached to a pair legs - oh good, no one wants just two shoes without anyone in them in the middle of a sidewalk - and a body in a trench coat.

Right as I looked Agent Durst in the face, he exhaled smoke into my face, and the acrid smell *burned* my nostrils and curled my nose hairs. I repelled several steps and covered my mouth and nose with both hands, my eyes stinging as well.

“Ugh! What is that *smell!*!” I demanded, muffled through both hands.

“Strange that this smoke affects you more now than it did the other day.” he said and flicked ash on the ground from it.

“Well... you annoy me far more than you did yesterday... douche!”

“Increased aggravation, heightened reaction to my tester. I imagine that if I were to test you now, it’d turn out positive.”

“Test me? Why would anything be positive? And positive for what?!”

“I’ll get to that.

“I’m just reveling in the fact that you don’t realize it yet. Stupid people realize it earlier than you, but then I guess your higher brain functions are strong enough to repress the lower brain functions better than stupid people’s brains are able to. You’re forcing yourself not to remember.”

“Remember... what?” I demanded testily through grit teeth.

“That image I showed you this morning.” he pressed and drew on his cigarette again. “The you that you said isn’t you but really was you as if you’ve been abusing steroids and estrogen pills your whole life. The thing is, I am quite certain that that really was you, especially now.”

“What... what are you even saying?”

“What if I told you that that was you... it most certainly was you.”

“You just said that. Now make sense! How... how can that woman possibly be me? People don’t just gain and then lose inches of height while gaining and losing over a hundred pounds of weight like that. The time and energy it’d require for the cell divisions are...”

“Supernatural.” he nodded and inhaled, exhaled at my face again and I backed away again while closing eyes and holding my nose. It was like he was trying to poison me! “As a matter of fact, one would take over a decade of a high caloric and protein diet with gene therapy, possibly a series of painful bone cracking and bracing along with a diet of estrogen and testosterone treatments for a woman to attain that much mass. Does that sound about right?” I nodded, quickly waving the smoke away. I wanted you answer and yell at him, but inhaling the smoke left this burning in my lungs too. “But then the next question arises: how did you gain and then lose that that much mass in a night?”

I eyed him. “Nothing is unexplainable.” I returned.

He laughed. “Well... I guess you’re right. I suppose there is scientific evidence and reasoning that can explain it, but the problem is, right there, is that science chooses to ignore such things. It uses words like unnatural, supernatural... cryptid...” and he eyed me meaningfully as he flicked the ashes out again.

“Cryptid?” I blinked, and a pang of fear hit me. “As in Cryptozoology?” I asked, eyes narrowing. I was definitely scared all of a sudden. Something instinctive in me was recognizing this as truth. And you’ll remember that I’ve gained a habit of listening to my intuition. “W-why... are you using such words?”

“See this cigarette?” he asked and held it for me to see. “What do you think of it?”

“You’re an asshole for smoking it.” I bit out and then took a calming breath. “You seem to roll your own. Switching to all-natural cigarettes doesn’t really help unless you grow the tobacco yourself. All the preservatives for the ‘*all-natural*’ tin aren’t really natural at all and are often times worse than the pre-made brands.”

“Granted.” he nodded. “Well the good thing is, is that I do grow my own brand. But this isn’t tobacco, well, not entirely. It’s actually been laced strongly with Monkshood.”

“But... that... *that's a poison!* The Aconite should kill you! Kill me!”

“Oh perhaps not. I've built a resistance to it over the years. I can handle it with my bare hands if necessary now. It comes very much in handy, but there you go, overthinking the issue. You hear Monkshood, and think of its poisonous qualities, of the aconite. But in that encyclopedic brain of yours, what other names are there for Monkshood?”

“*Queen of all Poisons*' comes to mind!” I scoffed.

“Good... and another?” he prompted, the wisp of subtly black smoke coming from the end of the cigarette in his hand.

“Well there's Blue Rocket and...” and I stopped... and froze. Mixed with him using the term '*Cryptid*,' this other name for Monkshood was woefully frightening. I began to get what he was implying.

“Go ahead. Say it.” he smirked.

“You're mad!” I breathed.

“SAY IT!” he demanded with a snarl and me being rather meek, I flinched under him raising his voice at me.

“Wolf's Bane...” I mumbled.

“Very good.” he replied and calmed considerably again. “Now... put that together with words like *Cryptid*... and... Supernatural... and we get?”

I laughed in his face. “Werewolves? Are you serious?! My friends and I have uncovered enough fake werewolves in our day. We've done so much we could put on our own play of '*The Wolfman*.' Seriously, we got a collection going.” and he just stood there, smirking at me. “You're serious.” and I scoffed. “Werewolves don't exist!”

“And you disagree so stringently!” he laughed. “No wonder the memories are repressed. But then...” and he exhaled the smoke in my face, and I covered mouth and nose while waving it away.

“Stop *cough* s-stop that!”

“And yesterday, same concentration, same amount of wolfs bane and tobacco... and yet it affects you more today.” he put the cigarette in his mouth and withdrew his tester, and before I could resist, he plunged the tester into my palm.

It *burned* now, painful, and I whimpered before he released me and I yanked my hand back.

“You... *asshole!*” I scoffed, seeing my palm turn red with irritation. “I should rip your throat out for that!”

He clucked his tongue. “Such a nice girl like you, getting up an aggressiveness to contemplate tearing the throat out of someone who annoys you? Now... what other animal out there does that?” and I blanched at him. “Ah... and look,” and he turned the tester around, showing me a number well over a hundred on the digital screen.”

“W-what's that do? I'm not diabetic. Besides, isn't low hundreds normal?”

“Heh... no... it doesn't test that.” he chuckled. “The trodes at the end of the testing strip here don't check the bleeding toxicity of a diabetic. They go into the sub-epidermis like the newer diabetic testers, no bleeding, no pricking of the finger... but unlike those aluminum-tipped trodes, these... are tipped in silver.” and I glanced at my palm to see a blackened spot developing there, no larger than a dot in the center of the redness. “And it tests the resistance of the epidermis layer destroying itself due to an extreme allergic reaction to silver.

“Works on Vampires too, but their readings are much higher than they are for werewolves.”

“Y-you're... insane.”

“Strangely... no I’m not.” and he dropped his cigarette, toeing its ashes out while removing the tester and burned it with a butane lighter. “And neither are you, actually... though you are severely deluding yourself.

“Oh... werewolves don’t exist!” he said in mock fear and stowed the tester. “Vampires don’t exist, wendigo, ghosts, specters, the Loch Ness Monster, etc... etc... etc...” and he began undoing his coat. “What also doesn’t exist, are men like me. You see, whereas you and your friends roam around *playing* at uncovering monsters, real men like me - Hunters - have dedicated ourselves to God and all that is holy to actually do real work taking down monsters that prey upon mankind.” and he opened his coat, revealing a flack vest and other body armor over priestly vestments with a gun rig.

“W-what...”

“I am sorry that it’s come to this Miss Dinkley. But you’re a monster now.” and he pulled out a gun. “And if you were forthcoming with me from the beginning, maybe - stress on *maybe* - I could’ve helped you recover, but this is the third day, the sickness has run its course, and so... you’ve gotta die.”

And without warning he drew a large pistol with a complex apparatus on its end, aimed it at me with a trio of blue-green laser beams targeting the round from around the barrel, and he fired! Not once, but three times!

Time slowed, I was impacted in the chest, and felt all the breath in me shoved out my chest as round after round hit me, feeling like some powerful boxer was full-on bare-knuckle pounding me in the chest.

And with a groan I collapsed to the ground.

It... burned. It was more painful than anything I’d ever experienced, with real flames gouting silvery blue from where I’d been struck... but then...

“AUGH!” and I coughed repeatedly, and then spat something out with a mass of blood and mucus, gripping my chest and crying.

“Im-possible...” Durst breathed as he came to stand over me, and toed the thing with a thick boot. Focusing on it, I saw what it was.

A silver bullet.

But... it didn’t kill me.

Looking up at the only person who could give me answers, there was this maddened look on Durst’s face as he bit on a trembling lower lip.

“An... Alpha!” he barked with laughter. “Oh... it’s been a *long* time since I’ve met one of you! Killing you... will be a real pleasure.” and he laughed. “God has truly gifted me with an untold reward!”

And lifting his gun, he wailed it downward and cracked it against my head.

And very rapidly, consciousness slid right out of my head and I collapsed to the ground... and the last thing I heard was a wicked chuckle from Agent Durst.

Chapter 5: The Alpha

I came awake, albeit groggily, head hanging and chin pressed into the wedge of my chest, it was then that I found myself held down to a metal chair by three ratcheted straps that one would use to secure things down for transport, hundreds of feet of rope, and heavy stainless steel chains.

“What...?” I moaned, and there was the clump-clump-clomp of boots before a gloved finger pressed against my forehead and pushed me a little more upright to reveal Agent Durst. Only... Agent Durst had changed his clothes.

He was now wearing plate mail... as in honest to goodness paladin plate mail armor.

“Ngh... w-what do you want with me?!” I demanded.

“To put you down.” he said quietly and walked away a short distance to a rolling surgical tray.

Under the light of a trouble light, I saw that Durst was wearing priestly vestments under and partially over his armor. Catholic vestments most likely, but possibly Methodist or Protestant or similar. Hell, he could be Episcopal for all I knew, however in my understanding of the world, religion was often one of the most common causes for violent fatalistic people who thought themselves above the law than any other reason.

What? You believe in a different God than me? I'm going to fight you!

And so on...

“But the problem is, is that putting you down isn't a simple matter...” he continued. “Or do you not remember the fact that I literally put three silver bullets in you?”

Now I remembered, and I scoffed at him.

“That hurt you sick bastard!”

He turned back. Aside from the priestly attire and plate mail, beneath the armor where one might wear chainmail and padded cloth traditionally, he instead wore the sort of gear the likes of which that only high-paid mercs or first-world armed forces would wear. A torso harness was arrayed around him that held knives, side arms and backup side arms along with a myriad of other equipment. With vague trimming in white, most of what he wore was black save for a red campaign cloak that ended at his mid back, a simple flap hanging from the peak of his armor, and emblazoned on either shoulder and his chest was a red fleur-de-lis.

The black he wore was so black that it was barely visible beyond maybe being an event horizon to certain details.

Thick heavy combat boots went clunk-clunk-clunk with every step, their steel toes making a definite different sound. In his hand he held a scalpel.

“Bullets are meant to kill... and silver bullets should've killed you whether I was right or wrong about you being a Loup-Garou.”

“A-a what?” I blinked.

“A Loup-Garou.” he repeated. “A variation of the term ‘werewolf,’ but a Loup-Garou is the most dangerous of all the breeds.

“Justin apparently taught you absolutely nothing... that or you've deluded yourself so much that you just don't remember. But...” and he lifted the scalpel and cut into the skin of my tit, slicing a paper-thin line.

Hissing I watched as blood welled across the superficial cut, but then he lifted the scalpel. “Look.” he commanded and I glanced down... and froze. The blood that’d welled there almost immediately seeped back into the skin as the wound closed.

“What...”

“Heightened Healing Factor.” he announced and returned to his tray, only to wheel it back over to me. “Your cells divide at a rate where they duplicate themselves thirty to fifty times a second. This is the third night of the moon, and you were infected recently, so it’s perfectly possible that you still have power coming to you. Eventually you could heal like cut water.”

I looked up at him, horrified that what he was saying was true. I don’t heal that fast... and it certainly explained why every nick and ding that’d been on my body until recently was now gone. Justin’s bite marks, old scars and so on.

“When I say ‘*Werewolf*,’ in most people’s minds, a Werewolf is best exemplified by ‘*The Wolfman*.’ A mostly human-looking creature that’s a bit furry that psychologically thinks they are a beast.

“We just call them ‘*Wolfmen*,’ and they are a horribly virulent strain of Lycanthropy, but then again the last known case of their kind was killed off in the eighteen hundreds.”

““We?”” I repeated and he smirked at me.

“The Order of the Crimson Fleur De Lis...” he explained. “We are a secret militant arm of the Holy Church, tasked with the elimination of abominations against God’s creations.”

And he plunged a syringe into my neck and injected something into me, making my eyes screw up as my blood stream was suddenly pressurized with some substance. It left me dizzy in its passing, but a smoking hole was left in my neck, and the smell coming from it was like burning hair and flesh.

“The next sort of werewolf are those who achieve transformation into wolves through magic. Very unholy methods.” he said and began lifting surgical tools. Bone saws, vice grips, splitters, knives and pins, checking them all for sharpness and functionality right in front of me. “Magic not held by the Church is very demonic.”

“So you’re Catholic then.” I remarked.

“If there was any other Church.” he replied. “Then there are ‘*Wolf-weres*,’ or wolves that can become more human. We don’t know where they come from, but consider them to be the exact opposite of Wolfmen. The end-result is the same though: a rabid beast that needs to be put down.

“And then there’s the most dangerous of them all. The Loup-Garou... or Lycanthropes, though they simply refer to themselves as Lycan. When you take a wolf and a human being and mash them together, they don’t just add together, they multiply together. Instead of wolf-plus-human, it’s wolf-times-human. Understand?” and he gestured at me with a serrated knife used for cutting deep into flesh to immediately get to the organs.

“But among the Loup-Garou are the Alphas. They are wolf-times-human-times-alpha.

“The Lord has blessed me greatly for being allowed to find one of you so close to turning.”

“So who are ‘we?’” I demanded.

“Humans aren’t aware of creatures like Cryptids. You think they’re there, and while you search for the more harmless ones, like The Loch-Ness Monster or a Sasquatch, we are the reason why there are so few cryptids on earth. Heinous monsters that prey upon mankind... it is our holy place to eliminate all you hell-spawned monsters and protect mankind from you.”

And he lifted another syringe, showed that it contained a silvery substance this time, right before he injected it into the other side of my neck with similar results as the last injection.

“What... the fuck... did you just put in me?!” I demanded, feeling sick and dizzy straight away.

“Silver nitrate, white powder, aconite poison - wolf’s bane - and a few other fun chemicals to make you more prostrate.”

“W-why?” I felt dizzy and drooled a bit.

“Because Alpha’s are harder to kill. The last night of the full moon is tonight. Denying you her light on a night in which your body is geared to be flooded with the moon’s power makes you very weak. So I can cut out your heart and destroy it with fire, keeping you from being able to regenerate. You’ll simply die. Trust me... it’s better than living a living nightmare.”

“How would you know?” I frowned at him and struggled a bit, but I was more than expertly restrained. I was restrained like you’d restrain a ton of bricks on a flatbed truck. How powerful was a werewolf anyways that’d he’d need to take a precaution like this?

But then he turned and stopped, hearing some growling, and drawing a gun he pointed it as Shaggy and Scooby slid into the light from its edge. We were in some kind of half-opened storage bay. A gutted warehouse or a hangar of some sorts, definitely abandoned.

Shaggy lifted his hand, pointed, and in a very George McFly sort of way, said: “Hey you... you get your damn hands off her.”

The priest lowered the gun, and in one move, drew a throwing knife and threw it into the wooden floor where it quivered where it struck.

“Go away. This doesn’t concern you.”

I knew Shaggy, I knew Scooby. They were cowards. They were such cowards where there were times where they’d leapt up into *my* arms expecting *me* to protect *them*. But despite that Shaggy’s spine was as yellow as a baby chicken, he stiffened it and pointed again.

“N-n-no... no... I...” and he swallowed hard. “I will not a-a-abandon... I will not abandon my friends!”

“Ruh-uh!” Scooby barked.

“Your profile says that you’re a coward.” the priest mentioned. “Nice of you to grow a backbone.”

“R-r-re-release h-h-her...” Shaggy managed meekly.

“No.” the Priest said simply.

“Release her... or I’ll have to fight you.”

“You say that like you’re afraid you actually have to put out to that threat. Come on... right here.” and he tapped his chest. “Punch me as hard as you can.”

“Shaggy don’t...” and a punch came all right, but it was from the Priest to my face. The full-on fist blow, with a metal gauntlet no less... and I swear to Isaac Newton, the blow literally broke my neck.

Then there was a roar, and as I tried to breathe, I saw out of the corner of my eye Shaggy and Scooby launch themselves at the priest. And he just stood there, getting hit with a flurry of punches and kicks and what not that was causing Shaggy more harm because he was hitting at the armored body of the priest instead of his face...

The punches were being delivered rather expertly expert by the way, another class that Shaggy must've *'majored'* in for a semester or two, while Scooby fastened his jaws on the priest's leg.

You'll remember me mentioning that through his time, Shaggy has done at least a semester in just about every subject under the sun from woodworking to botany to martial arts... now this gave him the basics in a lot of things... but... nothing was expert enough to challenge a trained soldier.

So it was a thump on the top of his head with a gauntleted fist, and an elbow jab downward onto Scooby's skull and both slumped to the ground, down for the count.

It was then with a loud crack and several crunches of my neck muscles tightening, realigning the broken vertebrae and healing it that I coughed and groaned, able to breathe again. My head rushed from the pain and I developed an instant tension headache.

"Y-you... bastard." and I coughed again. "W-what are you going to do with them?"

"Well they're still normal." he replied and lit one of his cigarettes. "So despite that I should let them both bleed out in a boat set adrift out in the ocean and let the gulls pick at their lifeless corpses, that would be murder. That would break one of my Lord's commandments." and he bent down, grabbed Scooby by the collar and Shaggy by the scruff of his hair, and rose again. "So excuse me while I instead go leave them both half-dead in a ditch somewhere."

And he stepped off, their bodies dragging easily behind him with their feet bouncing off the uneven slats of the floor.

Groaning, I tried to move, but I was secured so tightly I could barely move myself and the chair more than a few centimeters at a time. But I kept trying to do this, to escape... but... there was just no way. I was just a woman, and I was tied down in things meant to keep multi-ton cargo from shifting in the canisters of semi-trucks. But then there was a creak and I stopped.

"Who's there?" I demanded, and out of the corner of my eye I saw a woman... then another... and then a third... all looking almost identical to each other in apparel and hair styles, though their eyes and faces did look like they were either sisters or possibly triplets.

Wide hips, tall, muscular, sexual bodies with ample cleavages, wide hips and expensive style in their clothing and jewelry.

Blouses, corset/vests, tight form-fitting slacks, and shoes that each had at least a three inch lift to them. They gathered together near me.

"Good evening... sister."

"Who're you calling sister?" I frowned. "I have a sister."

"Things have change for you, sister," the lead of the three said... the one that had a gold pocket watch across her midriff.

And then in a flood, images and flashes... like the most real trippy flashback I'd ever had, as I saw their faces multiple times through this adventure.

These women had appeared at bars, clubs and even stores as clerks, waitresses, hostesses and even general staff. They were at the diner and eatery, at the club where Shaggy performed. One had handled the purchase of the new clothes and makeup for me, another delivered the message to me at the bed and breakfast... they'd been everywhere in town.

With blouses that were moist with perspiration, the coloring of their bodies could be seen through their sheer silken clothing as they approached, all three were supremely aroused and moist with perspiration.

"Though we know of your mother and your father and your younger sister, born to you of blood, you have been reborn by blood into a new family. We will leave it up to you if you wish to keep your old ties... or cut them altogether." the lead said while the other two moved about me.

More and more images, that ranged from seeing them in halls, on the streets, all around me, ever watching, gathering close and closer till ultimately there was a moment where these three and Justin, all of us naked, entered into a horrendously erotic tirade of orgasmic orgy together. They sucked the nectar from my loins, the milk from my breasts, the breath from my lips, sexing, loving, embracing, caressing, touching...

"N-no..." I moaned, and flinched from the images, but then I was pushed forward slightly and then rocked backward. That motion was what was necessary to load me, still in bonds and atop the metal chair, onto a two-wheeler.

"Are you crazy? Get me out of this. That guy is going to kill me."

"He wishes." one of the other three mentioned.

"He will try and he will fail." the third said to continue the words as I was wheeled to the edge of the warped wooden planks and then set down within the growing light of the outside.

"Right... if you get me out of this. So undo these bonds and... wait... don't go!" I sobbed.

"Don't worry, sister." the one with the watch replied as she checked her watch. "The Hunter is no threat to one such as you."

"But I can't... I don't know how to fight!" I protested.

"You will soon." she smiled and caressed my face as the other two backed away. Her ample breasts cushioned my head as she then firmly gripped my chin with a gloved hand and tilted my head back, right so that I could see the moon, as full as it could be, open up out of the clouds.

Immediately this woman backed away from its light without ever falling beneath it, resettling a scarf around her neck to cover her head and face while the other two did similar, and despite that I had a human instinct to look away, every other instinct in me locked my neck so that I stared wide eyed at that glorious light.

There was a defined fight or flight instinct in me that wrestled with itself, and I wanted to run, I wanted to look away, but the two instincts canceled each other, so instead I froze in the act of staring up at the rising full moon. And that sensation from earlier, of that weight inside me attached to a rope, I now knew what the rope was pointing at and where the weight was pushing toward.

It was pointing at the moon.

And then something inside me went... click.

And then something else went... bump.

And it bumped again, and again... and again, and suddenly it felt like my heart had started to tap at the back of my chest, and then punch at it, and not only that, but there was a dump from my chest into my bowels and then a thrust straight into my sex in a sensual explosion that made me moan through grit teeth. But I couldn't look away from the moon. Instead I actually felt my eyes dilate open all the way, so much so that the irises flooded outward over the whites while the pupils of those eyes immediately became far too rounded for a human's eyes.

And then my adrenal gland excreted all over itself...

Facets developed and splayed from the center of either pupil, increasing the amount of what I did see, and the world flared from darkness lit by the full moon, to almost a dawn day with how much light I saw. The sky was no longer black but blue, I could see such color as my nostrils flared, and I smelled scents around me: my sweat, the rotting wood, the nearby river, the forest, nature in general, and all those scents rose up like a fog in my vision, my mind translating all those things so that I could see them. My sight merged with sound waves too, and as the warmth of my body increased, I could see smells, sights and sounds all comingling around me all at once.

To say that it was overwhelming was an understatement. What was more was that everything became super real to me all of a sudden.

It was like a surreal acid trip. What? Yeah... I've done acid too. Just that one time though... But the flashback is going to be awesome when it hits.

Nevertheless, my teeth gnashed into a rictus snarl, muscles tensing and tensing harder and harder all over my body as I felt thrusts and bumps and taps and punches from inside me... of something wanting to get out. It flooded me, surging down either spindly leg and arm, filling my torso and pushing up into my head.

To say that it frightened me was an understatement.

But then came this sensation of... euphoria, which built and built, and even when I heard the sound of snapping and cracking bones, like popping joints and the sound of snapping muscle fibers and bones, all that pain was somehow translated to the exact opposite side of the pain threshold with a tidal wave of endorphins.

Physical pleasure and physical pain are both experienced by the same point of the brain, and the same faces we make when experiencing horrific pain are the same faces we make when actually experiencing the intense sexual and erotic levels of pleasure that wreck our bodies during an orgasm.

Suddenly the fear was drowned out in pleasure, pleasure that drove my clit to erect and to flip upward into the soft silken panties I wore, both labia flushing with blood to round out the beaver cheeks between my legs while the clit between them throbbled excitedly as it erected and jut from my vaginal lips - labia majora - and bulge and grow and thicken and... and... oh GOD...

A minute burst of nectar flushed from my loins and both my thighs instinctively pressed together in an attempt to contain it, before several more repeating dry heaves of sensual erotic sensation twisted my insides and made it feel like I was taking a full on cock inside me.

Suddenly, this fearful, painful moment transformed into the most sensually erotic moment of my life, my vaginal muscles twisting and thickening, bloating with arousal. Their sexual power grew, swelling inside me, pushing outward everything inside me outward from them, and that power, that sheer unmitigated power of whatever was growing within me, trying to break out, grew with it... and I let it! Anything to feel this feeling further.

But that sensation of arousal that made my clit bulge and grow and erect further and harder and longer than it'd ever managed to before, suffusing my inner and outer vaginal lips, making them expand and bloat and fold the panties around them as they creamed juices to prepare for penetration, spread away from my loins, away from my inner sexual muscles and crawled through my pelvis and taint. The feeling spread into either leg, up my torso and into the chest, into either tit and both arms, up my neck and into my head, making me feel like every square inch of my flesh was growing with this arousal.

A twist in my vaginal muscles felt just like a heady cock was penetrating me despite that both my thighs were pressed together, and then and only then, when my body had taken in all the moonlight needed through the pools of my blue eyes, I thrashed and was able to look away, but the power I'd absorbed was already shifting within me... changing me.

There was power in it, bold... feminine... sexual power, might that took my ladyship in its hands and super powered it before feeding it steroids and crack cocaine... right before fisting it with a righteous fist of power.

POW!

Then with my jaw locked, I exhaled a fierce snarl, and spit foamed through my teeth that numbed like they'd all just gained a mass of Novocain right before every tooth lengthened and sharpened steadily. Muscles on my face contorted, folding in streaks and creases that didn't exist on the human face, eyes widening as mouth and nose pushed forward slowly, merging together, upper lips bulging out beneath flaring and flattening nostrils, right before my face pushed forward behind all this and my ears flared backward, pulling upward to the top of my skull and rose to points.

Absently I knew the necessary motions to change even this much of my face required repeated separation of skull plates before they realigned, reshaped, and then reattached again was all impossible. Cartilage shifted, facial muscles grew, and the heat in my ears began to create a blush across cheeks and nose, that blush going down neck and into my bodice while a retaliatory blush rose from my loins, spread to pelvis and inner thighs and thence down both legs and up my bodice.

The sensation felt like the next stage of arousal... where the affected area blushed right before it bloated and grew. A jet of cum lanced from between my legs as I felt it, squirming there in place and really needing to finger and stroke myself.

Soon every square inch of my flesh felt like the bloating feeling a girl gets when her insides engorge with a good old fashioned lady boner, and like arousal my flesh flushed with blood, began to sweat... and grow. Like any sort of erection, whatever it was that aroused grew stiffer, stronger, mightier... larger... and once the heat of that arousal flooded into my flesh, every last inch of me, from head to toe and from finger to finger, nipples erecting as hard as they ever were, I began to... well... grow...

It began in my loins...

...and then in my tits.

I never realized this in my many years, but I was a rather well-built woman.

I'd possessed large breasts, but due to how I was raised, showing off the fact that you had tits of any sort was something to be embarrassed about. The reason was that breasts were sexual icons, and they caused men to lust upon sight of them, so my... ample goodness... was kept hidden as best as they could be.

I wasn't to have a sexuality to avoid tempting my father according to my mother, and my sexuality had been guarded, hidden my entire life. Honestly it's a surprise that I wasn't wearing a chastity belt.

Every article of clothing, every life lesson in my life, all of them were all meant to embellish the great mind I had, enforce that both my parents were brilliant and I was their protégé brilliant eldest daughter, and I wasn't to spend a moment on things that would distract from that. So tight sports bras, bras that were a might bit too small for me but nevertheless still showed off ample mounds - we couldn't tighten them any better than that or I couldn't breathe - were further hidden by frumpy, overbearing, non-complementing clothing like sweaters and skirts... all to make me look like a girl instead of a grown, sexually vibrant woman that was built by whatever power ran this universe as a sexual icon and a breeding fertile Myrtle.

Large breasts for nursing, wide hips for carrying children... my body suggested one thing, but my powerful brain suggested another. I could've been anything I wanted, but my family had made it so that I was more brain than heart.

All of that carried with it the fact that I'd been sexually repressed, and combine that with the fact that my little sister was allowed to be sexual, taught makeup, hung out with boys, went to prom... all of my pent up angst and unrealized sexual power surged with unparalleled angst and thrust itself against the borders of every last square inch of my vivacious body in an attempt to break out.

In turn, clit and nipples erected to such a steely greatness that all three of them *ached*. They demanded to have their power released, they commanded it of me, and deep, *deep* inside me, thanks to the celestial power of the moon, the very primal, eternal symbol of womanhood and all her many powers was released full bore like a wild wolf that'd just broke the leash of the man trying to tame her.

She ran full on into my body and my heart spasmed... *powerfully* inside my chest, and with a deep de-THUNK... my heart spastically flushed that power to every last cell, sinew and bone in my body, electrifying my nervous system and released that feral feminine power.

Honestly... it was like experiencing the power-inspiring might of my worst time with PMS and made me feel like I was transforming into the She-Hulk as it spilled from me.

Premenstrual Syndrome made a woman feral, made her feel like she could do anything, and with adrenaline fueled strength she could easily beat up a man, lift a car and so on, despite that she was physically inferior to most men in the world. That's how I felt during my worst PMS state: aggressive, powerful... like a goddess.

Falling forward in my restraints, huffing and puffing like the big bad wolf, I laughed... quite insanely between panting breaths as my red hair... reddened a brighter, almost electric shade of red. It then billowed from my skull rapidly, falling about neck and shoulders like one of those playdough dolls with the growing spaghetti hair when you ramed the dough into them. Muscles firmed, tightened against my restraints and they all creaked and groaned, the metal of the chains clinking before I snarled, gritting still lengthening and sharpening and overlapping fangs instead of teeth. My tongue, lengthening centimeter by centimeter and flaring like a dog's tongue... or a wolf's... flared and found the lengthening overlapping canine teeth in my mouth before I gnashed those teeth and let out a very dog-like bark.

Crick-a-crack-a!
Fire-crack-a!
Sis-boom-ya!
Transform!
Transform!!
Yay Velma... RAH-RAH-RAH!!

And I thrashed as my mind shifted... like a personality shift. All that confidence, all that boldness that had been ironed out of me over decades of life, surged to the forefront, stood at attention with fists on hips and flexed her muscles. She called out: "I... am... woman! Hear me roar! Damn it... HEAR ME ROAR!" And in a snap-growl, like the definite bark of a feral wolf, it didn't sound like it this time, it was it, my muscles creaked and tensed, tightening of their own accord. All of them, every last one of them, no matter how grand or how small, every muscle grew.

Like my nipples... and clit... and labial muscles.

Between my legs the heat of my pussy mixed with the growing wetness as I felt a bubble of moisture forming behind them. Despite that bubble I tensed and shot a lance of nectar between my thighs, the sticky wet moisture climbing up pelvis and seeping in down the cloth of the thong panties to moisten my anus. Despite the leakage the bubble grew and grew. I needed to cum. I needed to cum hard, it was approaching, but my nipples atop either boob swelled and erected to a point where they couldn't erect any more, told my brain that they were as hard as they could be, shouted back to the brain like some female Scotty from Star Trek and said: *'We just can't do it any more captain. They're as hard as they can be!!,'* but something inside my heart shouted back at them: *'Screw that! You two grow right now!'* And sparked into fear of that power growing inside me, beating itself forcibly against my flesh, they erected harder yet... and then began to grow further.

Both bulged insanely, becoming knots of woman flesh as they extended and thickened simultaneously centimeter by bold centimeter, billowing and flaring as the flesh behind them flushed with blood. Both areola then puffed outward, the nipples pushing between the chains and the straps and the ropes around me atop those puffing areola, capping either tit like the growing tower atop two separate mountains. Leading up to them, the milk veins thickened and throbbed, loading what felt like pounds of pressure into either nipple as they formed nibs, rose atop towers, feeding them with hot passionate blood to make them grow larger and larger.

Bubbles of pressure formed between them two, and that feeling of needing to cum formed behind my nipples as well! What was that all about?!

The two thick veins bulged and fed them with yet more blood, and nipple and areola erected and strengthened and extended and bulged further still. They doubled and redoubled, they grew and they flared, but then they grew to a point with my riling sexual power where they needed more room to grow. Blood pumped into my tits and I felt two more lady boners forming, either capping with my nipples as their own climaxes pumped toward their tips. With a moan as a breath of hot, hot vapor left my mouth, signifying the heat rising inside me versus the cool of the growing night air, I thrashed again while my tits firmed up and tensed against my chest atop clenching pectorals.

Make a muscle, flex it, hold it as hard as you could for as long as you can. Eventually you get tired of that, get this trembling feeling in the muscle. That's what my whole body was starting to feel like, only combine that with the

sensation of a steely hard on or lady boner. The feeling you get when you're about to weaken is the sensation of lactic acid being formed, which is what happens when the oxygen you intake isn't enough to process the energy your muscles are doing, so the residual acid is left behind and builds up in your muscles, because also your bloodstream wasn't clearing this acid quickly enough for you to burn it off.

That's what happens normally, but with me... the moment before a muscle should give, there was this tingling sensation, and a flushing sensation like the muscle had just dumped all that lactic acid, and just then the affected muscle would tense harder than ever... and grow a centimeter or three.

Neck muscles bellowed, chest muscles firmed, biceps, triceps, quadriceps, deltoids, calves and so on, were all tightening and growing minutely... I was growing stronger! Years if not decades of strength poured into me by this process as I transformed and felt my sexual power growing inside me, and every muscle grew with it.

This was a genetic mutation... but right now I felt too damn good to care about the implications that I was literally mutating...

Teeth and tongue grew longer, my face pushed further forward, and behind those nips, either tit began to grow.

Both glands pumped and throbbed, swelling like water balloons being filled with water on a slow tap. The glands filled, swelled, flooding with blood and other fluids as the pair already pressed together, they forged forward, and a chain that crossed my chest was bisected by both tits as some of my bonds went over my tits, the rest below it, and that one chain bisected my boobs uncomfortably as they engorged and billowed and bulged.

The flattened fat mamas firmed up, pushing forward with greater and greater feminine strength, surging forward and untucking the blouse from my waist band as they grew and grew, colliding firmly against each other while rolling forward, punctuated like exclamation points at the ends of two identical sentences by my super erect and quivering nipples. Those nipples erected and bulged ever further, forming nibs as they climbed atop my woman flesh, billowing atop swelling areola and rising atop breasts that throbbed... throbbed... beat and pulsated centimeter by centimeter, inch by inch, growing in cup size as the seconds passed and my heart raced behind them to inflate them.

Those twin glands firmed and grew ever the more supple as they filled with expressing fluids, the already double-D masses swelling to E's, F's, G's and ever onward, surging larger and headier while my frame swelled from firming supple flesh and stiffening, engorging muscles. As those tits grew, bisected by the chain between them, they untucked the blouse and lifted the sweater I wore, higher and higher, baring navel and sunken belly button as that too tightened into a taut slab of woman flesh crackled lightly with throbbing veins.

Straight like a fist punching from inside me, my pussy throbbed and bulged, clit erecting longer and dragging the inner vaginal folds outward with them, their moisture sticky and sloppy now as sexual steam rose like a stank from between my legs into my face and into the nostrils, either of which grew hypersensitive. It incensed me forward as my tongue lolled out of my mouth, dripping with sweat as it hung down to my chin. I panted like a dog, sweat through my nose and thrashed again, my bonds clinking and creaking and the chair I sat in groaned. The chair hopped and the warped wood slats beneath me cracked, throwing up dust as I tense, clenched, thighs pressing together... and then... pop.

I came in a flush, a rushing jet of pissing nectar that erupted from my loins and wet down the seat I was on. Inhaling a shuddering gasp, I pursed my lips and howled.

"Aw-ooo!!!" I cried, and though that sound began as human, it ended wolf like while facial bones and muscles pushed and bubbled forward, lengthening the short muzzle of mouth and nose. Teeth separated and flared in my jaw, lips blackening, ears raising to the top of my head and growing furry.

My bowels rolled and I came in another, harder jet, and the viscous lubricant meant to ease passages of penises into my bowels bubbled up over my thighs and through the ratcheted straps about my legs, dripping from the seat onto the floor.

Another climax and another before a repetition of a multiple orgasm ripped through my loins and left me momentarily brain dead from the pleasure. On my chest, two plumes of moisture appeared over the erected and throbbing nipples

there. They felt like micro orgasms of their own, and shaking in the chair and bouncing again, I heard them slosh with fluids while both mammaries continued to billow and grow.

A shake to the head and another snarl made the long hair splay even longer and fuller, their once reddish-brown coloring fully turning to a burning red color now, the blue eyes in my sockets glowing in the dark now from the slightest reflection of any light... or judging upon the way there was a blue glow against the steel and the supple blushing flesh of my bared flesh on my chest, the ropes over them and my growing bosom, maybe they really were glowing...

But then I heard creaks and groans, thighs bulging and bloating, arms thickening, torso flaring as my body developed muscularity it'd never possessed before. Cricks, cracks and groans signified my bones lengthening, and I could see both my knees pushing forward out from under the skirts over them, lifting too from my forelegs lengthening.

As I may've mentioned, I tended to be frumpy, not strong. Before all this began, meaning before I met Justin, I'd a paunch in my belly that suddenly flattened and firmed up and was even now clenching and thickening further. I had rolls of fat that smoothed out, a sagging bottom that tightened and rounded, fat being flash-burned down to a five percent body fat or less, only to allow for my muscles and glands to bulge and grow!

Both tits were hemmed in by undershirt, blouse and sweater, their masses flushing with throbbing blood and a rushing of fluids... that orgasmic sensation drilling behind either nipple growing like I needed to cum from either tit too! I exhaled a moan then and the wet spots spread while I felt... *something* rush from either tit into their fabric. I needed to cum from them too... hard... harder than ever, and as I jerked against my bonds with an angry snarl, spittle stringing between sharpening and lengthening and spreading teeth, over lengthening flat tongue that I used to lick my cheek with - I could lick my cheek now - another snap-growl escaped my now blackened lips and maw - it was a maw now, not just a mouth - before my heart throbbed powerfully again.

I thickened all of a sudden like... like that time I'd sucked Justin's cock in the bathroom and he'd jizzed down my throat. Then... it'd been his strength infusing me, but now this time it was my own. And my heart beat again, and in turn I thickened all the more to where the bindings about me made it really hard to breathe. Ropes, straps and chains dug into my flesh, but it didn't break the flesh, instead said flesh grew more resilient, tighter and harder. My body refused to give in as it grew and flared and bulged, and with a pop followed by a crick that snapped my neck to one side, making my eyes go wide in surprise, followed by a crack that straightened my neck again, one of my vertebrae enlarged.

And then with another crick and a crack another enlarged.

And then another...

And another...

And then in a rapid series of crunches from the back of my skull down the spine and into the hips, every vertebrae bulged and flared and thickened and lengthened and distended, pushing my body upward fractions of an inch for each one that grew that way. At the base of the growth with a shuddering pair of snaps, both my hips widened, flaring my ass and spreading my legs away from my cunt as it dripped freely its nectar. Another crack and my pelvis jut forward, deepening the bowl of my woman's baby carriage.

The chair I was on screeched a little as my frame forced it to bend along the back, and the chains around me gave a loud CHINK sound as they strained against my body suddenly growing an inch or more on every proportion.

I snarled against the restraints, and as that creature inside me beat her way out and into me, I felt her confidence telling me I could escape... so I tested my restraints... needing to escape about as much as I needed to cum again... about as much as I needed a hard throbbing dick inside me too.

Whimpering and crying from the binding chains around my ribs, trying to breathe, nevertheless my bones strengthened and hardened as they thickened, rib bones rounding from spine to sternum, barreling my chest forward, lifting pecs and tits upward, thickening each pair of rib bones in succession and bulging the sternum grandly while clavicle bones flared wider.

My frame widened in engorging steps, thickening my torso as it grew from the full-body arousal, and then deepened at the same time from thickening and tightening chest and back muscle.

Then with a groaning sound, out of the corner of my eye as my vision faded, I saw the ropes fray one after the next, groan and then snap open with loud cracks, violently releasing my growth and freeing me to catch half a breath before the chains caught me.

Thickening arms widened while nails grew, my face bubbling forward on those strange lupine muscles that'd grown taut recently, and with more crunches my skull realigned so that the ears rose fully to the top of my head and face pushed forward. Jowls flared, jaw strengthening, eyes sinking into the skull while neck muscles flared, throat muscles bulged, and every muscle on me started engorging in a throb... throb... beat... pulse... throb sensation all over me.

Veins engorged freely now with some of the bonds gone, and I felt blood rush through me as both my pectorals behind either fattening tits rounded outward, bouncing the tits as they increased in size, gaining a centimeter a second while they rolled forward and tightened, tore themselves apart, healed and then rolled even further forward. The growth compressed both my tits even tighter than ever, increasing the pressure behind my nipples as twin rushes of fluids jet through the tiny little ducts of the nipples, forcing both larger, forcing the flow to move more freely even as the twins grew toward P-cups. Then with a trembling, forestalling, a pause... both tits then engorged to double the size!

All that compression required something to give, and even as my pussy, hot and wet as it was, having already had one grand mal of an orgasm already, instantly backed up, tensed and released another heady pissing jet of nectar stronger than the one before it! Both my tits then simultaneously released a fluid of their own, and the two plumes of wetness over them swelled outward while a steaming scent of pink mist rose into my face - pink according to my flaring nostrils translating the color to my vision - rose up into my face and incensed me further.

Damn it! How can I finger myself tied up like this?!

The warmth rose and I began to sweat... profusely. Every square inch of my flesh prickling with goosebumps drove my mind further toward arousal. It felt like millions of kisses and caressing fingers against my body, long licking tongues and icy touches sliding in waves with hot flashes over my skin as I changed and grew. Closing both eyes I was struck with what I thought might be the sensation of dozens of men and women kissing and writhing against me, one man penetrating me, or perhaps it was a woman with a strap on, but nevertheless they were rubbing their collective penises and vaginas as wet as they were against me. Whatever had penetrated me in this flickering dream-state, it felt like some thick-dicked guy that began to trust repeatedly up into me to drive his cock as deep as he possibly could into me and cum as deep as he could wherever he reached while I sucked cock, was came upon and became the focus of a bukakke ring.

With that thought, both tits swelled larger than ever, growing so violently then that they shook and bounced repeatedly as they grew to their new heights, surpassing the P-cup range. Their growth resettled the chain between them as the ratcheted cargo straps groaned now, and with another lighter chink, a weld in the chains gave way with a squeal.

My body... it was growing stronger than the steel! I remarked blandly looking at the opening chink in the chain.

Hips widened and pelvis pushed further forward, thigh bones and foreleg bones lengthening and bulging to support thickening muscle that were stressed by the straps around them, but nevertheless grew and grew against them. Toes bunched in shoes while toes bulged and toe nails lengthened and sharpened. Arms bulked and began rippling as shoulders rounded, forearms flaring, triceps and biceps developing creases and deeper contours of strength as my flattened stomach lengthened with lengthening neck and body, with the steadily rippling and thickening spine made me grow in a pattern. That spine strummed with growth, and each time it did, I grew in degrees, and the best way to explain my growing body was a great big erecting penis.

And how else to explain it?

The human female vagina was essentially a penis after all... only it was so large that a man's penis could fit inside it, and it was imbedded inside our bodies. As it grew, I grew with it, forcing muscle and bones to grow as well, force organs to move and shift. In fact, every time that spinal ripple occurred, it lengthened neck and waist, flared rib bones as they bulged wider and pushed forward and hardened, and in turn arms and legs bulked as well.

And then with thigh muscles rounding so impossibly huge, they tightened within the ratcheted cargo straps, and then either my thigh bones needed to break and all my muscle tear through the flesh... or the straps needed to give.

But in the greatest example that flesh was the strongest material there was, primarily because of the skill and will that existed behind it, with a shattering explosion of flying metal, one of the ratchets practically disintegrated as it fell apart, the next two straps frayed and tore open, splitting and snapping their nylon treads as if they were little more than loose strands of cotton.

With feet still tied to the chair, my legs flipped open, releasing a cloud of heat from between my legs... right before my sopping wet pussy again decided to erupt in a jet of nectar that filtered through panties and onto the chair. The exploding cloud of pink rising from off the chair was like a mushroom cloud of passion-filled feminine smells that instantly got me to thinking like a die-hard sexy lesbian and wanting to suck pussy like a champion.

But as I grew still, impossibly gaining muscle growth without the expenditure of any internal energy - or as little internal energy as possible, nevertheless the scientific how's and why's of this transformation were against all laws of cellular biology... hence why Lycanthropes were listed as Cryptids - my weight also grew. As I grew I gained skeletal and muscle mass galore, that growth superseding human statistics, outgrowing natural laws, allowing me to gain mass for no apparent reason, but nevertheless gain I did and mass gain I got... to the point where the chair creaked beneath me and began to fail in supporting my weight. Soon I sank to the floor from the metal legs splaying under my weight before the back broke, my muscles firming and clothing tightening as my strengthening arms twisted and I forced them apart with a snarl. First a pair of handcuffs I didn't know I had on till now broke their little chain between them, giving me a pair of criminal bracelets, right before more of the ratcheted straps and the last of the ropes tying me to the back of the chair broke.

Finally, I flexed my chest, felt it roll forward with pectoral growth, and one by one the chains around my body broke and erupted open, freeing me. And what was the first thing I did now that I was free?

With feet knotting in shoes, I reached down between my legs, gripped my cunt... and came in a singular horrific series of orgasmic rushes into the erotic panties that were giving my cunt and ass a wedgie so deep that spelunking teams would be needed to find all the fabric. Many parakeets would die... and right now I don't have time to tell you why parakeets are used with spelunking.

Beneath my fingers I felt those labial muscles and clitoris bulging and throbbing larger and headier, their lips peeking out from under the panties I wore. My cum rushes splayed through the strengthening and lengthening fingers, each finger growing with an ever telescoping claw as I rubbed my hot cunt toward further orgasm before gripping that steadily bulging pubic mound.

A low moan escaped my black lips as I shivered and tensed, and with a light pop my body grew fractionally larger. About either wrist, the handcuffs stretched and then snapped with a pair of metallic chinks, right before the ropes around both ankles burst to remove the last of my restraints.

I shivered there, kneeling on the ground as I continued growing and stretching, my proportions turning into amazon proportions now while my maned head peaked above eight feet... and that was with me kneeling...

I didn't shiver from the cold, instead the eroticism that I felt at that moment was so... *intense* that my mind couldn't take it. I was barely myself. Barely realized who I was and even forgot my name. The Hominid brain was so overloaded that it threw both its hands up, fell back with legs spread wide open to sexual bliss, and all that was left was the mammalian brain beneath it, and it took firm control of this body. I was just a side-seat driver vaguely directing it where to go while vigorously masturbating.

Rolling over, resting on elbows, I coughed and struggled to get my weight under me, lengthening nails hooking and fingertips bulging, I clawed at the wood and pulled up curlicues of wood before my breasts pressed into the wood between my arms and my nipples throbbed in a repeating orgasm as their masses filled rapidly with fluids. The smell of vanilla entered my nostrils while my tits swelled and engorged unendingly, wetting themselves as puddles of milk - breast milk - formed beneath my tits, dripping wetly off the cloth over my tits as they disgorged their own sexual juices, which in their

cases expressed as milk instead of nectar. Both chest muscles clenched, pressuring the tits and twin shots of milk came... and by came I mean climax, out of both tits and dribbled onto the wooden slats of the floor.

Their masses rolled forward, my clothes ripping about me as the pair pressed into the wet puddle on the floor, their nipples bending and twisting as the mountainous mounds shifted and surged about. So massive that I had to push upward onto hands and knees and they *still* continued to press into the ground... a button on the sweater popping open right before I orgasmed again and a heady jet of vaginal nectar lanced from between the burgeoning width of either thigh and set me into the throws of quivering orgasm again.

And I almost remembered my name then. Almost...

I tremulously, throbbingly grew larger and flared wider and thicker with every heartbeat now that I was free. The fabric of my sweater was the sort that could stretch almost endlessly, but the fabric of my undershirt had to slide up over both tits under my clothes, while the blouse strained on its many buttons. Breathing came like a bellows from me, my tits already approaching sizeable compressed and dense masses of womanly power, I grit my wolfen jaw and heard all my facial bones snap and crack repeatedly as they realigned further toward a final lupine state. My short muzzle lengthened to a final length, cheeks turned to strong, muscular jowls - as opposed to soft loose flabby ones like they were before - facial features firming up while pointed ears kept lengthening and rising. My human features smoothed and disappeared completely only to be replaced by sharp, feminine wolfen ones that were surrounded by a still growing mane of fire-red hair.

And then I touched my face, and felt hairs growing.

Lamb chops, mono-brow, chin beard, and they grew fast and spread across my face with a prickling sensation, flaring backward from nose to face to brows, up to ears down to cheeks... I mean jowls, and feathering and blending perfectly into my hair. That was an eye-opener, and in an instant I realized who I was as the intuitive, questioning human brain awoke and wondered about that.

Now to you men reading this, that ability was strictly a feminine ability. We could stop sex in the middle of having sex with something so simple as a brain fart. We didn't need to maintain the thoughts for erectile firmness like you guys did.

Nevertheless, in the next moment I looked at the gnarled, knobby fingers I'd grown as they continued to lengthen, crack and break, realign and strengthen with sharper longer pristine white claws absent of violence, and I saw hairs growing between the pads of either palm, and on the backs of the palm as thick tendons behind each finger grew outward.

There was a saying as a child that you may learn in the playgrounds. The first sign of insanity was hair growing on your knuckles. and while you're looking at that, the second sign was looking for it. This was a throwback of the Wolfman syndrome. Whatever entered a person's brain and made them think they were wolves, there were certain physiological effects that also happened... like hair on your knuckles. all that was perhaps a minor throwback of the real thing that I was witnessing now, and looking at my knuckles one thing was for sure:

Oh... I had hair on my knuckles...

That must mean that I was truly insane...

With a toss of the head and a gritting of the teeth, there was a snap and crack and one final realignment in my face, and my new wolfen features stayed that way... and now only thickened with strength in both sinew and bone to shape my new face with the strength and power of a feral wolfess. The wind blew at my mane and drew it about my head, neck and throat muscles bulging even further, trapezoidal muscles flaring and spreading open the neck and collar of my clothes, back muscle rising to counterbalance the thicknesses of ribs, chest muscles and milk-laden tits, all of which were also *still* growing larger and now just *pouring* with milk.

My back separated and split in half down the middle, and then into thirds horizontally right before in a spastic explosion from mid-back upward to the shoulders, it thrust backward and upward. A button on the collar of my blouse popped from that motion. Then the upper back from the mid back to the peak of the back between the shoulders also thrust upward, dislodging a second button from the blouse before tensing like a knot of ropes, becoming like the frikkin Gordian Knot!

Ok... I don't have time to explain the Gordian Knot... just look it up when you're done masturbating from all this.

The blouse and sweater I wore became like two great big hands fiercely gripping my tits and dragging them backward toward the arms. They mashed my tits against my chest, squeezing milk from them, filtering that milk through designer fabrics, tantalizing my nips as they knotted and throbbed with blood to squirt their reservoirs of milk. With back spreading and rising, muscles pluming with definition, the sweater stretched straight across shoulders before the blouse ripped its seams, first from arms to the body and then down the back before another of its buttons popped around my waist.

The waist bands of both garments had already slid up the belly to the flaring ribs that were even now pushing forward, rounding the undersides of either tit even as either tit filled to cone outward despite how these clothes mashed them. While I heaved, hemmed and hawed and gripped at the stretching collars of the blouse and sweater, my tits lifted, swelled and filled... and climaxed their milk, squirting jets through the cloth to splatter onto the ground.

Another crunch of the hips widened their bowl holding my legs, allowing the legs to thicken further, the pelvis jutting further forward along with the ribs and the muscles in me lengthened and tore and healed and drew taut. As such, across a pair of rounding, widening hips, the skirts I wore stretched, broadening and then stretching the pleats taut right out of them whilst the pelvis rolled forward to further deepen the bowl of my hips. It was as if I were being transformed into some creature capable of defeating the octo-mom in the number of identical children...

Hips widened and butt muscles thickened and bloated with incredible strength as they rounded and clenched the knot of panty fabric between them. Thigh socks popped off of the garter belt holding them up and slid down both thighs to the knees, slipping right past them before the stylish shoes I wore popped their straps and the toes spread open, ripping through the toes of the stockings over them to be free.

My mind was assailed by flashes of sensations, me writhing amidst sexual elation like this on at least two other occasions... the first and second times Justin deposited his seed in me... and each time bit me. Each flashback showed me growing larger... and stronger... each time with greater and greater power. Now I knew the reason why, during a night of the full moon, that I looked like a redheaded pale-skinned She-Hulk with porn-tits.

Feet spread in their stockings, the toe nails lengthening and curling, pinching immediately into toe claws within their bulging toes, with the four smallest toes lengthening forward with a telescoping foot that realigned into an animal's foot pad, growing its own fur and hair, with the big toe pulling backward into a dew claw. Soon the toes and toe claws ripped the stockings apart from toe to ankle, bursting the remains of the shoes while foreleg and calf muscles flared. In a cycle starting from fingers and toes, my pale skin blushed red, and darkened to tan before fur grew on them, that change also moving from head downward and from sex upward.

Beneath the panties that barely held on, seen through the stretched open skirts, my pussy lips flared with vaginal fur, a treasure trail growing up my abdomen and down both legs as this animalistic transformation continued.

And my power grew...

Settling back on the heels of two lengthening and spreading feet, my shoes tearing apart and snapping open to the last bit and popping off them, fangs lengthening seemingly unnecessarily now, longer and sharper than wolf teeth should be, my face and head growing slightly slower than the rest of me, I held up one hand and panted as veins throbbed all up and down its length. Turning it tendons stood on end and thickened to be like rebar, the fingers lengthening and the palms broadening with the wrists. Knuckles cracked and popped, fur growing in densely while I felt sheer power pumping into the muscles of that hand. Making a fist, long claws laying against the palms, I hammered the fist downward and shattered several of the boards in an impact radius, the muscles of the arm spreading, the forearm lengthening and every muscle rippling with strength.

A fringe of fur grew out of the underside of the forearm as the section of shoulder, bicep and tricep filled the upper sleeves of my clothes that drew back past the elbow now to the bicep before getting caught; the thickening and spreading shoulder soon fraying the already parted seams of the sweater at the shoulder completely from the body of the garment, right before snaps of threads and bursts of fabric let out tufts of fur and bulging muscle.

The last of the buttons of the silk blouse burst across mounting womanly biceps that billowed and hardened; growing to lemons, baseballs, softballs, grapefruit... footballs in size, growing thicker and harder, flaring the arm, counterbalanced by an equally growing tricep on either arm. Rapidly the threads were snapped by the growing might of that arm, the deltoid flaring and rounding before rippling and creasing and recreasing into what became a dozen or more individual muscle striations before it grew thick with fur.

Lifting the other arm, seeing it growing like the first, I flexed that arm and watched as the bicep exploded like a deploying air back, firmed up and clenched before unfolding. It parted into its bicep forms, and then rippled as it separated further into individual muscle striations, all of which ballooned past football and grew to basketball sizes, pressing against the inner forearm and its thickening tendons. Untold might billowed in those arms as the arm holes of the shirt and sweater I still wore ripped further open down the sides... right before I promptly stuffed both hands between my legs and panted vigorously.

The forearms came to lengthen from their usual one and a half head size to a full two, their proportions altering as the wrists bulged as wide as the forearms, spreading and strengthening the great hands along with them. Both clavicles thickened and spread while the pectoral muscle bubbled over them whilst both bowed outward, hoisting both tits higher and higher atop them, stretching my clothes and ripping them open further while they filled further with milk.

Gasping, then, with a pop-pop-p-p-p-pop, the blouse I wore burst its remaining buttons right down from collar to waist, spreading the garment open and leaving only the sweater to fray and thin as it attempted to hem in both tits. That stretched wide while my tits bloomed grandly toward Z-cups now... insanelly mountainous and firm with their milk.

Breathing deeply, I palmed those tits with enlarged hands, hearing snaps and cracks of vertebrae and skeleton realigning, and dull thuds from packs of muscle engorging grandly suddenly while I grew. Then with a series of cracks the rib bones and sternum all realigned and thickened, shunting forward to stretch my belly while it sunk beneath this grand overhang of my rib cage. Immediately after that, both chest muscles clenched and cleaved into bundles of overlapping rippling chest muscle, just before both tits swelled and filled, doubling and redoubling their sizes as they surged forward. More wetness slid from both tits while the rips and tears formed in the blouse and sweater, ripping the sweater between the tits, both beneath either arm, snapping the seam of the blouse down the back and then shredding the sweater over it.

Knotting my fingers now into this garment, clenching at it, then with a deep breath and an exhale, all that clothing just *shattered* off my body as I pulled at it with both hands, stretching long tears that tore apart off me while the rest of it snapped apart so violently with a sudden expression of my growth that my tits jiggled and sloshed as they were freed. The pair bounced and wobbled, their nipples shaking hot wet milk off their ends and expressing jets of milk in climaxes of their own.

With a minute flexing of waist and arms, the arm bands and waist bands of the sweater then snapped off, leaving me there topless... and I didn't care that I was.

The glory of those twin hammers surged forward bigger than most human women were if they were balled up in a fetal position, and though the fur from my head surged down the center of my chest, decorating pectoral muscles, it trailed downward gently and avoided touching the tits with more than peach fuzz.

The chest muscles carrying them, already inches thick, still thickened... And I grew stronger yet...

Every muscle stood on end, every muscle was growing and engorged and still erecting! Bones thickened as I throbbed taller and taller, like the lady boner in me that was growing all the more potent, grander, stronger, longer and thicker inside me... it's growing power forced the rest of me to change with it.

Leaning backward, skirts stretching across well rounded and widened hips, around my swollen bundle of ass muscles, their hem drawing upward to reveal the panties I wore that'd hooked onto the crooks of either leg and hung on for dear life, the crotch slid downward and outward as my pubic mound grew thicker, stronger, hotter and wetter. Those panties wedged into my womanly love mound that bulged out from under those skirts, and I saw the imperious length of stomach muscle stretching with my body above the narrowed strip of cloth that'd become of my skirts.

My back rolled and with it so did my stomach, motions like waves of water or the moves of a belly dancer transformed my musculature, making it stronger and stronger.

Abdominal muscles compressed while the fur growing from my face, slid down neck, between breasts and pecs and down the center of my abdomen, was met by the growing fur rising from a once shorn vagina that grew up a treasure trail and merged at the navel. As the fur grew to meet each other, head hair billowing greater and greater as I grew hotter and wetter, another jet of cum lancing from my loins before I fingered the twin labial muscles with two fingers, my belly muscles rippled and moved, their smooth stretched lengths I could see between the surging mounds of my erecting tits.

As a part of this costume I was ripping out of, sometime in the past two days I'd gotten a navel piercing. That piercing remained in my belly button and glittered with gold and diamonds in the moonlight. That broach remained in place even as the abdominal muscles around it rippled and grew lumpy while they reshaped into an hourglass. As their center line crease deepened to separate the abs from left and right, a first pair of lateral obliques bulged into place from my ribs. Then the rippling of my abs scrunched and tightened before relaxing, and when they relaxed they didn't shrink back down and in fact remained with the added definition and strength that was accorded to those thickened muscles.

Again and again they did that, and once more they suddenly gained creases between the three main parts of those abs. Ribs, pectoral muscles and tits framed my vision of my belly while the thicknesses of my hips from front to ass ripped the seams on the skirts up to the waist. Despite that the rest of me had become so... well, monstrous... my waist had actually compressed a little bit, and the skirts hung off me by hanging over the hips and those ruined skirts by a simple thin belt.

Pulling my tits back, flattening them to me and lamenting that they hid sight of my abs, I gripped the belt of those skirts and pulled. It came free easily with a snap and a series of rips, showing off the huge pubic mound peaked with an enormous clit beneath the lace panties before I palmed the might of my stomach.

While lower back muscles formed cords to either side of a still rippling spine that pushed out of my back it was so thick, hips burgeoning even further outward to round the hips, a second pair of lats rolled steadily into place and my belly turned into a firm six pack. Each of the six muscles rippled and bulged to new thicknesses... super defining my belly.

...and then then the whole process began anew.

Again and again my belly clenched and tightened, ribs flaring and broadening, widening me, stretching clavicle bones and thickening sternum, allowing for larger and larger pectorals and breasts while my belly tightened, creased and re-created again and again, adding pairs of abdominal muscles.

Six, eight, ten and then the inevitable twelve muscles that only a few humans with that gene should ever have a maximum of, but despite that my muscles kept tightening, kept rippling. Biceps swelled like watermelons, triceps kept counterbalancing them, pectorals rolling forward deeply and bubbling so fiercely with might they bounced my enlarging tits and made them shake more milk off. But then my abs tightened again with a third pair of lats rolling in, and the number of abs rose to fourteen... then sixteen... eighteen... HA!

Two more pairs of lats, feathering into bulging ribs formed to a total of ten lats, thusly combined with an ultimate twenty-pack of abs. Ten pairs of abs and five pairs of lats. It was *insane!* No being that I knew of had musculature like that... but right when I thought that, thought that it couldn't get any more ridiculous, My chest muscles exploded! No really... it felt like they *literally* exploded beneath my chest flesh, writhing and coalescing insanely like bundles of snakes, only to reattach themselves, realign and sort themselves into not just one pair, but *two* pairs of pectoral muscle.

Either began to grow and develop separately now, but with two pairs of chests... that also meant... YES!

Beneath my first pair of tits swelled two bands of firm fleshy growths, growths that intensely grew aroused, and then began to erect just like the first pair of tits had. And yes... I began to grow *another* pair of tits! And they grew rapidly, bulking and blimping and plumping rapidly, coiling glands and fat, milk veins helping to feed them blood to develop their own milk, and within moments they'd both grown to be equal in size to prior pair.

And then below them I felt a prickling, a tingling even as the trails of fur from my head and pussy met and began to spread, abs and lats just growing thicker and thicker, and sliding hands along flesh that darkened from pale white to tan, I felt... more nipples!

This was getting ridiculous.

But nevertheless pairs and pairs of nipples formed atop my upper abs. Six more pairs in fact... I counted them and laughed as I did... felt them grow hard with nips of their own, felt the abs plump into cones of tit flesh behind them, with the uppermost pair bloating into a pair of Double-D's! Each of them soon leaked their own milk that I rubbed into my flesh.

Arms and legs doubled and redoubled, and with a snap... my panties broke off my pussy and slapped wetly into the fluids gathering beneath me; an odd mixture of milk, nectar and sweat that I had this strange instinct to just roll in. This was right before the stockings that I'd worn stretched to their maximums, earned runs in them and then tore quickly off my legs.

Such might, much power... so shiba...

I was totally naked now and I didn't care.

I was sweaty and dirty from sexual juices but that didn't matter.

In fact, cupping and massaging one fattening, bloating tit with one hand that'd flared and lengthened from girl hands to man hands to monster hands with claws, I then dipped two, fat, thick, long fingers inside my cunt and began to delve the depths of my sexuality to find that mysterious G-spot inside me... and found it immediately.

And it was hu-uuuge!

The orgasm that twisted my insides and shot a heinous jet of fluids from me onto the ground, spraying hot and steamy onto the ground, only fueled the power driving my transformation.

With a deep thud of sound, every muscle in my back suddenly clenched and then released, but when they released they spasmed like my chest muscles had, and for a moment I was stunned as vertebrae stretched on their cord, right before all my vertebrae bloated and relinked themselves; every muscle spasticity engorging and surging and thrusting my back upward into an even greater muscle hump, neck flaring straight to shoulders as all that strength rose.

That transformation happened again, only this time it was to stretch my shoulders apart and down, realigning clavicles, ribs, scapula and so on, making my neck muscles go straight from head to shoulders, and lengthen the throat muscles.

Hair from pussy, down across taint, up between ass suddenly jerked my tailbone backward then and caused it to lengthen rapidly, more vertebrae growing into place with a click-click, click-click, click-click with each one that appeared stretching skin with it while long strands of fur grew from that former tailbone as it whisked and waved excitedly. Like... well... most dogs do when they're excited.

I wanted more strength, more power, and I drove another finger into my cunt, twisting my clit, playing with that growing erogenous zone inside me and triggering me to orgasm again. I then exhaled a long ragged gasping breath, steam leaving my jaws as my head stretched and crunched further into that of a she-wolf, right before my shoulders spread once again, piling chest and back muscle as I spread wide with growth like an opening compass, broadening my upper torso monstrously and thrusting my chest forward. Then in a rippling motion from shoulders, down biceps and forearms, into fingers, those arms grew wider, longer, doubling and redoubling heinously. The rolls of growth shot down my hips and into either leg that spread wide and flared even wider, and as I ground my pussy onto my fingers, cuming into my palm, huffing and puffing fiercely, feet lengthened and spread, forelegs lengthened and calves flared while my mane of hair rose atop hackles that grew nearly all the way down my back and my tail grew thick and fluffy.

Fur prickled like velvet off my darkened flesh, facial features bubbling to make my eyes sink low below them, and with a deep, tantric moan, I collapsed to hands and knees, one pair of tits resting on top of the other, and the lowest of the two primaries resting on subtly still thickening thighs.

I was... remade.

Looking to my hands, seeing how monstrous they were, how deadly the white claws were as they glistened in the moonlight, I breathed and exhaled and felt my loins expel several repeating microorganisms as my human mind came back into control... well... mostly.

It was a co-pilot in my head now. This... *primal* power was controlled by a lower brain, and that brain still acted along with me. Otherwise without it, the brain to body ratio would be far too great for my poor head to take, and I'd just shut down anyways... or worse, resort to a bestial state. But the combination made me bolder, more confident, surer of myself...

And then something deep inside me nagged me that I was forgetting something, and thinking on it for a moment, I realized after a moment... that that bastard had taken my friends away from me.

Shaggy and Scooby were in trouble!

"I don't have time for this." the priest said as he faced off with Shaggy.

Shaggy had been beaten, had a black eye, a gouge on his cheek... the smell of his blood sent a tinge of iron into the air.

Shaggy had gotten hold of a stick he was using as a club, and Scooby cowered behind him but nevertheless growled at the priest. Swinging the stick, Shaggy aimed for the priest's head, but he raised an arm, on which a patterned forearm guard caught the blow and the club splintered. Shaggy pulled the stick back and saw it splintered, hesitating for a moment too long before he got a gauntleted fist to the face that knocked him fully around.

In that spin, I saw that he saw me crouched in the darkness. Time for me proceeded more slowly now as I paid attention to things, something about this body allowing me to process what I experienced more fully... perhaps that was why this transformation felt so super real. It was normal when I moved normally, but when I crouched it slowed and passed by more slowly. As such, with this newfound mental power, I saw his eyes widen as he saw me, but then the blow dulled his wits and one eye closed too much as his brain, thinking quicker than he could, decided to shut down his body more.

He collapsed to the ground. Scooby, with tail between his legs, growled over Shaggy, trying to keep the Priest at bay.

"I am done with this." The priest said. "I do not have time for this. I have a short amount of time in which to act, and I will not waste it fighting a boy that doesn't even know what's good for him!" and he drew a gun.

And with a snap-growl I barked at him and he turned, eyes wide as I reared as majestically as the Creature from the Black Lagoon clearing the lake, some Neolithic figure of bygone power. And then I howled at him. The force of my breath was so great, a gale wind blew from my mouth in a cone, flattening grasses and blowing his hair back. And then I stormed toward him, feet going thump... thump... THUMP... **THUMP!** Each step sounded like a tree falling in the woods.

He turned around and emptied the magazine in his gun in my midsection, but the bullets merely flattened and fell off me with no more notice to me than some kid tapping at my flesh with a finger. In turn, however, the damage clenched my muscles, tensed them, and they bulged thicker, reacting to the damage. That tripped a chain reaction as muscle grew off of muscle, and a ripple of growth peeled through me while bones crunched and cracked, and right before him I grew several inches on every proportion including up. Rearing with one hand with new white claws glittering menacingly in the moonlight, I swiped at him.

With a remarkable acrobatic move despite the heavy armor all over him, he vaulted backward, landed on hands and pushed off again, vaulted again and landed on his feet, the gun he shot me with dropped as he pulled two more and

emptied those into me as well. The damage only bubbled my muscles more, and with a sudden tensing, starting from abs outward, I grew thicker, stronger, bigger... far more menacingly, and I snarled thicker teeth at him as my tits all swelled larger with swelling milk and glands before I flashed my claws at him.

“No...” he breathed and looked up at me as I ground my jaw, teeth clicking against each other as my blue eyes suddenly burned red with anger at him.

They burned so red, that there was a crackling of electricity in them, red mist wafting off them, right before twin beams of light lanced from either eye and clipped his face, cutting him.

He backed away, and the fear in his eyes was most gratifying as he felt the wound, came back with blood, and when he looked back up at me, I thrust my face right into his and howled straight at him; the blast of wind made him sink briefly from its strength before he scrambled away... and ran.

With a snarl I turned and leapt, twisted, leapt again and landed before him with a jostling of tits and milkshakes that bring all the boys to the yard, yeah, my milkshakes... they're better than yours are, yeah, my milkshakes... and I lanced upward from a crouched ball to a leaned-forward position. One clawed hand caught him by the throat and thrust him fiercely upward, holding him aloft there while my tits jostled and shook milk from their nipples before I howled at him menacingly again.

He drew a knife and began stabbing it into my arm... or trying to. The blade struck my arm with sparks even, snapping red with blue like one may get if they start stabbing a stone wall, but the knife wasn't penetrating me.

The glitter of silver on the knife said it should...

So instead I rose as tall as I could and held him above me, fingers gripping around his neck while this heinously monstrous and powerful body of mine balanced on its tip toes as I held him at that lofty height and throttled him. Then with a snarl I twisted hauled him downward and spiked him into the ground like I've seen Fred do many times with a football, his coat, masks we took from would be monsters... Daphne's panties...

...Ok I'm a girl, and a nerd girl at that. I'm no expert at spiking footballs - blew a lab up once with an unstable combination of chemicals, but no spiking of footballs - so he was thrown into the ground a bit unsteadily.

He turned and curled into a ball as he landed, still moving, and the anger in me was so strong that I gripped him by one foot before he could get away and rose him in an arch over my head and slapped him against the ground on the other side of me, lifted him to see he was still moving and snapped him upward before slapping him again... and again, almost comically and cartoony, but the punishment he took from all that was rather egregious.

Yeah... put that word in your dictionary and speak it!

...

I'm not good at taunts.

But lifting this man who'd captured me, threatened to kill me by cutting my heart out, who'd hurt Shaggy and Scooby, I beat him repeatedly over and over again till I finally grabbed him by one leg and arm... and began to pull him slowly apart.

In medieval times, particularly during the inquisition, the rack was used to pull people apart as a punishment. It was used to dislocate the portions of the body, first at the hips and shoulders, then at the knees and elbows and so on. That's what I did to him... crushing his hands and feet and pulling arms one way and legs the other, hearing his arms and legs dislocate, then his elbows and knees...

Then I broke each of his fingers... giving his trigger fingers a nasty twist to further ruin them.

“YoU... wILL... **NEVER**... HuRt... My FrIeNdS... AgAiN...” my voice was feminine, but it was a wolf’s tongue and a monster’s body. It came out of me gravelly and dark, a distant rumbling of thunder and a deep warbling of unfamiliar throat muscles caused it to sound partially like I was chewing on bones and shrieking like a banshee with a sound that was like nails on a chalkboard.

But nevertheless, as I had, quite literally, murder on my mind... that hominid brain of mine, as powerful as it was, the only reason I kept my senses partially through all this, reminded me of something in a soft, feminine, genteel way:

You... are not a murderer...

And just like that, the red anger in my eyes faded to blue, and frowning I dropped the priest on the ground and he exhaled a gasp of relief and just laid there all mangled and broken and shaking from the shock and trauma.

And then I glanced at Shaggy, and saw him and Scooby looking back at me with wide eyes.

They were cowards through and through, but still... the sight of me must’ve been so fearsome that it froze them in place.

I lingered, wanting to tell them it was me, but... I didn’t know how they’d take that.

So... just... because I could do nothing more, I turned, and just trundled like the missing link that I was into the forest, and then bound away on all fours. Within minutes I was miles away... far from, them... where they could be safe from me.

Chapter 6: Cryptid

As I mentioned before, a *'Cryptid'* is a subject of Cryptozoology, which is the study of unnatural and supernatural, or theorized species. Examples of Cryptids were the Loch Ness Monster, Sasquatches, Jackalopes... and of course, werewolves.

I was now a cryptid, and just being one suddenly I was possessive of certain insights into them. One of which was that as I picked my way through the deep forest of the Pacific Northwest, circling a mountain idly with nowhere to be and no place to really go back to at this point, I considered perhaps that when people saw a sasquatch in the forest they were really seeing a werewolf that got caught by the human eye or video.

So here I was, newly reborn as a monster... the sorts of monsters Mystery Inc. was well known for unmasking and proving didn't exist, while all along they really did. Huh... I was living proof that if you went looking for monsters long enough, eventually you would find them.

I grew tired, but not physically tired. This new body felt weightless, like the Earth had no pull on me, and even my many tits practically floated as they wobbled atop my chest as if gravity didn't exist. As opposed to the way they were before all this started, where they were well on their way to sagging to my knees.

My human mind was being assailed by urges at the moment. Howl at the moon, run through the forest, smell this thing and that thing and that other thing... pee on something to mark my territory... mate. Overall, that sensation was paramount. It's like my biological clock had suddenly just become a biological overclock. I needed a big cock in me, I needed it to cum in me, and I needed to become a mother. Mentally keeping all that in check along with every other primal instinct jostling for my attention was very hard. Very, *very* hard.

Great... on top of it all... I think I was in heat.

So I sat roughly down, rocks bouncing and trees creaking from the sudden drop of my weight just creating an impact tremor through the Earth.

Apparently my weight and gravity did still have an issue with each other... I was just too strong to feel said weight otherwise.

For instance... I had tits the sizes of bean bag chairs... only fully inflated. Either tit was malleable to *my* great hands, but otherwise they were as firm as medicine balls. The skin over them was like memory foam covered by felt, which thusly contained a core of very firm mammary gland which were thusly jam packed to the gills with so much milk that my enormous nipples were as hard as stones. Seriously, I could probably score glass with these things now.

Muscle on top of muscle and in a few places on top of even more muscle, all over a frame of bones harder than rolled steel surrounded with pistons, rebar and piano wire for sinew and tendons made up this new body of mine, that comparing myself to that priest, a grown man, I'd already been twice his height in this shape. All of that was covered in a layer of red-black felt, and further covered in deep, fire-red fur.

Like the Irish Red Wolf... a very rare animal to be sure, so rare they were a species that we'd once known about, but have been now reduced to being cryptids themselves due to over-hunting. And now I was one...

But a big one... a *huge* one. Seriously, I expected Rob Schneider to pop out of nowhere just then and shout: *'That's a huge bitch! SASQUATCH!'*

Bitch...

The definition of a bitch was a female wolf or dog... generally one in heat. Guess I was a bitch then. And then suddenly I remembered another term:

Queen.

It was the term that Justin used with me from the very beginning that I'd thought he considered me royalty or something. In the animal world, a Queen was a breeding female.

Sitting there, feeling sorry for myself, or trying to, that other part of me, the enhanced mammalian brain inside my head, stepped up and flexed her muscles inside me, bounced her pecs and thusly her tits, and I did an orgasmic roll from head to foot, the toes of one foot going all starry and everything. It wasn't a noticeable body roll, but it was there, and it did draw a sigh from my lips as I felt her power scour its way through me.

She didn't want me to feel sorry for myself, and as such soon I didn't have the brainpower to feel sorry for myself as my frame suddenly prickled with arousal, fur flaring atop my skin as I gained goose bumps and my sex puckered and relaxed before it glistened again with renewed nectar glistening from its lengthened and deepened crevice.

Yeah... deepened like an oceanic abyssal...

A minute rush of nectar slid from me and released a waft of sexual steam right up into my face... where my nostrils breathed it in, and when I did my eyes widened wide, pupils dilating open, and I was suddenly incensed... horny as fuck!

I've never done crack before, or any other drug that required you to chop it up and dole it out into lines... ok, I sniffed powdered smarties once, didn't like it, but the scent I smelled from my own loins was like a drug... and that drug was like dropping X... which I have done a few times. With a twang of sensitive sexual muscles, I grew aroused all over again, and hyper aware of my own body as I rubbed a tit with one hand, knees flopping open while I then coaxed my two uppermost breasts with one great hand apiece, finding their nipples with my fingers and tugging on them, drawing on them, stretching that sensitive skin. That tugging motion and light twisting erected the nipples larger and harder, formed nibs again, and seemingly cleared the clogging of either and they squirted jets of milk out rhythmically in tune to my great heartbeat for a few seconds and then just started to leak.

My tits all throbbled and pair by pair, all of them, more than a dozen, began to express milk down my bodice and belly, around abdominal muscles and mixing with the nectar seeping from between my legs.

And when faced with milk leaking from your breasts, curiosity seeps in. And I was faced with the same wonder that many, many other women before me might've been met with who could fit their teats into their own mouth and were lactating. And that wonderment was:

What does my own milk taste like?

Every new mother has probably done this just once at the very least when no one was looking, though they'd never admit to it, and so hoisting one of those fattened teats, I genially inserted it into my mouth... and began to suck.

And the taste... it was so sweet, so delicious, that I immediately set myself to it. It was like vanilla soy milk, and though I knew I don't generate soy milk - since it's plant based - I did nevertheless like the flavor. So much so that as I rocked there, sucking from one tit and feeling the fluids rush past that sensitive nib of woman flesh, I looked to my other tit as I cajoled it with one hand, and then upending that one too, sucked on both nipples at once.

The milk flowed, I swallowed their nutrients, but with each swallow... I breathed quicker, felt more incensed... and even more so, felt myself drawing toward orgasm. But there was something else...

Every swallow I felt power slide down my throat, into my gut and then out to my body, and I felt myself... *strengthening*, growing stronger... and stronger... and *stronger* still. I didn't really grow any taller, but I definitely began to swell; muscles and bones creaking and groaning as they started to bloat further. The feeling of engorgement made muscles tremble and bloat, throbbing with new arousal that made my skeleton realign with some pops and crunches, but it was all to allow more and more muscle to build on me.

With waist waspish, my back bulged and grew, the muscle hump deepening, arms throbbing thicker and thicker, abdominals and lats thickening. I billowed and grew and throbbled thicker, bigger and stronger moment by moment; sinking into the soft earth with growing weight. It became a vicious cycle... the more I drank of my breasts, the stronger I

got, the stronger I got the larger my breasts became and the hornier I got, the bigger my breasts became the more milk they produced, and the more I could drink.

Rolling onto my back as my mountainous thighs flopped open, spreading wide, pelvis rocking and rolling, milk leaking or spraying above me as I felt that orgasm build and build and... and...

“Ngh... ah! HAAAA-OW~WWWWW-L~LLLLL!!!” I moaned into a howl, lifting my maw from those teats to be squirted in the face with milk, and with a sudden clenching of every muscle in me below the sternum and above the knee, my loins clenched and shot a jet of nectar so hot and so hard that it exploded a rock and clipped a tree before falling in a spray, right before that towering tree tilted sideways and crashed to the ground.

Panting, nectar draining from my pussy into my anus, I huffed and puffed and then clenched again, and this time my pussy erupted with an electric stream of illuminated hot cum that shot out into the night sky. Following it were several more orgasmic rushes, but they were nowhere near that intense.

I drank and supped and grew ever stronger, arms and legs doubling and redoubling over and over again, my body growing more and more powerful, and I kept going before I could draw no more milk from my tits, moved to the secondaries - with a little effort and bending - and drained them too; smearing a concoction of nectar and milk all over my supple muscular flesh.

My body literally became a land of sticky milk and honey.

I also found that I had become incredibly agile and limber... to the point where I could bend over myself, tits cleaving to my body, and with a lengthened tongue I lapped at that landscape of my mountainous body, right before I discovered that I'd lapped so low that I'd lapped at my hot and sloppy wet cunt.

Kissing, licking, nibbling, kissing... one leg jut out with the toes spread wide, I teased repeated orgasms from me... probing inside it with three fingers to wreck orgasms though strong, weren't as powerful as those first two... or as wet... but... I was mad with the need for release.

I grew hotter, my fur almost visibly lighting on fire... it became luminescent even. I was on the verge of something... exploding... *something*, but I didn't know what. I just kept cleaning myself, exploring new pleasures. I even attempted a rim job on myself. Brief... I don't know what certain people or dogs get out of it, and I spat that out a moment later, but huffing and puffing and feeling... I don't know... wanting, I flopped onto the ground and began to masturbate... vigorously.

Thicker, stronger fingers plumed my insides, touching off that G-spot inside myself, and I was dry heaving orgasmically now, whimpering for need of release.

And then there was a light. It was golden, and I glanced at it, not knowing if it was the sun rising or not, but that was way too early. The moon had barely moved in the sky since I'd transformed.

Plus it wasn't coming from the east.

Pushing a wave of my fire hair out of the way, holding it over a hand so that I could peer in that direction, the light grew and shaped, and then I blinked, lips pursing in wonder as a wolf, a male one most specifically, stepped around the great trees. Hugely muscled... and hung like a tree trunk! He looked meaningfully at me and approached.

At first I was scared, especially when that wang began to rise, but then a smell, a scent... my mammalian brain recognized it and calmed, even forced me back into a placating maneuver with thighs spreading wide as this male approached - he glistening like the dawn - and palming a knee, he guided my legs all the way open, and without any further preamble, penetrated me steadily... right down to the hilt.

I didn't stop him at all despite how ludicrous this was, but that... th-that was it! That's what my body wanted! A cock in me, and it immediately clapped onto it to hold it inside me... and *squeezed*. It's only way out was to diminish, which meant that he needed to cum. So he churned against me, pleasing my tits for me, licking at the milk and nectar covered

flesh of this body, his cock so huge that it distended my many belly muscles as it throbbed and beat and strummed my insides.

My vaginal lips as enlarged as they were, were forced into a wide O-shape and then further forced to stretch grandly. I felt that cock rubbing against my pelvis as it went in and out and churned me.

He kissed me, licked my lips and nose, nuzzled my neck, and he continued to churn and please me, guiding my leg upward to wrap around his back as he gripped the ass cheek of that one leg and pulled it open so that he could plum my insides all the deeper with his cock. A breeze struck my wet anus and the counter orgasm was enough to get my insides to lubricate all over again.

And he shoved, churned, throbbed and stirred me... until... until... ugh...

The first explosion bloated my belly, stretching abdominals, the second and third rounded my belly out further and further as he thrust into me and offloaded an elephant's amount of cum, growling with the effort as he filled me. I mean... really filled me. My stomach bloated like I'd just gone through nine months of pregnancy being filled with his jiz, and my cunt was so tight around his cock that none of it leaked out.

But then something keen and odd happened as my belly compressed rapidly, clenching, and his jiz was forced into my body, its power lacing bones and muscles, and I clenched and wept, screamed so loud that even dog ears couldn't hear it, and I thickened steadily and readily... till with a snap-crackle and a fizzle, my fur literally did light on fire. I mean it waved and moved like slow-moving flames, energetic and red but it didn't light anything on fire, but the climax had happened, it instantly sated me... and I was done.

I'd... evolved.

Once he'd pulled out, he then fed me that cock and I sucked on it readily, framing his junk with my tits as he sat on my belly, teasing nipples as I pressed and folded and kneaded his cock with my tits, and we continued till he was drained, and those great, big, rounded, fleshy orbs of his nads had shriveled and empty.

Only then did I lie back... spent.

"Well done..." he rumbled finally over me, his tongue and lips much more controlling with his human voice than me.

"WhO aRe... y-YoU-ooooOOoooOoOOooo..." I don't know why it ended in a low howl, but it did.

"Who do you think?" he asked and winked.

"Justin?" I blinked, managing the name with a certain level of clarity and he mildly nodded.

"Rest. For now, my new mate... we will lie and rest... and wait for dawn."

We... didn't exactly rest.

My sated hunger rose up again, and actually, we made love several more times... don't ask me how many because I lost count. Plus... my mind didn't necessarily remember them in the right order again. Sometimes I initiated it... usually me, sometimes he did, but when everything was said and done, I felt like... like...

"A goddess..." I moaned as my loins clenched and cajoled his member in me one last time, and it was with a long withdraw and a slurping noise wrought with much sticky sexual juices stringing between us that I rose off him, and his great hand touched my loins and I let him rub it before he slid two fingers inside me to massage my insides and coax out any lingering micro orgasms.

I felt humbled and grand at the same time before him before I moved off his lap to lie beside him.

In one night, I'd just gotten off all the sexual anguish a thirty-something spinster librarian girl might have. Ok *now*... I felt sated.

"Close." he admitted. "You're an Alpha."

"So... a pack leader?" I asked with better control of my mouth now that I was getting used to it; steely muscles rippling with every little movement while my tits rolled and bounced like gel-filled sacks instead of medicine ball filled sacks now. We'd expended every last ounce of milk in them by now.

"Yes and no. Alpha's are like demigods to werewolves... like the old Olympian gods were to humans. You... most certainly have power." he said and rose as I laid on my chest, pillowed by my many tits, and he palmed my bottom with one great hand. "I spent a long... long time trying to find you. Tracking bloodlines, following your lineage."

"You were looking for me?"

"Yes. Your bloodline is long... and sorted... and I did much genealogy research to find you. Your bloodline split, and split again and again, and I watched it over the centuries as it merged once again, as it needed to, to produce a new bearer of the blood. I'm just glad that this time it found a female to inhabit."

"Wait... centuries? How old are you?"

"I remember the Roman Empire." he advised and I blinked up at him... right before there was a snap of twigs and a crunching of the duff on the forest floor, and looking up I found myself looking up at three female werewolfesses.

They were all smaller than Justin and me, and a fraction of the mass, but as they approached he kissed their bellies and palmed them... lovingly, touching their sexes and bottoms lovingly.

I frowned at him and rose.

"Meet your new bond-sisters."

"Wait... what?! You mean I'm not the only one?"

"No." he replied cordially... rather matter-of-factly even. "As a human, male and female numbers are right about even, Velma... with Werewolves, the scales are definitely predominantly feminine... five to one in fact.

"It's rare that one male only mates with only one female.

"These three sisters are all older than you, wiser than you, but all together they don't contain your power, Velma. If you are as wise as I believe you to be, you'll understand what that means."

"Right..." I frowned as he got to his feet, and he coddled the three of them. "Listen to big sisters..."

"I understand it'll take some time for you to get used to all this. I afford my mates all the comfort that I can provide." he gestured at me. "I offer you a home with me, Velma. Travel the world, see new sights, accomplish the marvelous and experience the wondrous while living in lavish comfort. There are things I can show you that are greater than any drug, and provide you wealth and riches to your heart's content.

"But that would mean leaving your life behind..."

I blinked and suddenly a reality check hit me upside the head.

"Give up my friends..." I stated then. "My family."

"Coming with me, at the very least, will mean distancing yourself from them." he corrected.

“I... I see.” and I rose, towering over the three fems and pretty much head to head with Justin. It was odd to be physically on par with any sort of male.

Honestly, I probably had more mass than he did... but only because of the water weights I carried in my chests.

“What if I choose to stay with them?”

“That is your choice.” he nodded. “But it’d mean distancing yourself from us. And...” he sighed. “I predicted that you might choose that way.”

“Our husband is very wise...” one of the three fems announced.

“...And very loving.” another added.

“And... rich...” the third of the three grinned.

“Yeah... maybe.” I nodded. “But... I don’t know.”

“Then I won’t pressure you.” Justin announced. “So... Accept some gifts from me as I make your life more comfortable, and eventually... perhaps... you’ll come to me of your own accord...”

“We all do... eventually.” the eldest of his previously three mates intoned, and nodded once to me.

It was much to consider.

Chapter 7: The New Mystery Incorporated

I walked back into town, hair undone and free flowing, wearing a trench coat and a pair of simple slippers, like the ones nurses wear in hospitals, and nothing else. Dawn shone at my back, and with it came one weakness of werewolves. During a full moon with no sun up, we are form-locked into our hybrid forms, as Justin and his mates had explained. There was nothing we could do about it other than avoid the light.

Some, so long as they didn't look at the moon could avoid the change, but they had to severely limit the moon's exposures onto their bodies... hence why Justin's mates wore gloves when they moved me into the light and made me look at the moon to force a change. Also why they wore very covering clothes and head wraps.

Once the sun rose and the last minutes of the full moon set, I was able to transform back to a human with some practice and with lessons from my new... well... pack. I picked up the trick rather quickly. Then the five of us walked to a nearby abandoned farm, found some lockers in which inside was some conveniently hidden clothes... and we parted ways.

They explained many important things to me in that time. Tips, tricks, urges... things to be wary of, but none so important than the Hunters... or what '*Agent Durst*' - if that was his real name - actually was behind the guise of a federal agent.

"The Holy Catholic Church instilled an organization in times memorial that was bent to eliminate any and all things that were considered '*not of God*.'" My eldest bond-sister explained. Even in this form she wore a gold pocket watch around her waist. "Every Cryptid thing, from plants to animals to even people like us, are hunted and executed."

"He kinda went down easily..." I mumbled.

"Typically, Werewolves have an incredible allergy to silver." Justin explained as he walked with me... hand in hand with me. It felt... right. I felt like I'd suddenly become the head wife in a harem. "Alphas are immune to that allergy, but it's not the only means a Hunter has in their arsenal to kill you."

"Plus this was only one hunter." the youngest bond-sister announced with upraised finger as she fondled my butt and walked beside me. "Hunters typically move in pairs... and now that they know you exist, they will send teams after you."

"It would've been better to kill the agent, Velma." The eldest spoke then, the middle bond-sister trailing behind us and remaining shy and silent. "You're not a killer, we understand, so we took care of that problem for you."

"Y-you... you *killed* him?!" I gasped.

"Imagine a person who hates you with the utmost intensity," Justin replied. "who is fatalistically loyal to his God... despite that we too are creatures of God and of the Goddess."

"Goddess..." I repeated, frowning. My god and goddess were science... a lot of what I knew, or thought I knew, had been put on its ear.

"More on that later... when you're ready to hear." Justin concluded. "But these people, both men and women, will want to kill you. They won't stop until either all of them are dead, or you are. Do you understand? Do you want that following you? Following your friends? Hunting your family and using them against you?"

No... no that wouldn't do...

But I had a new family now. Oh I would always have mom and dad and my baby sister, but now I had a mate and three bond-sisters. It was a bit... different... being a part of a pack.

Nevertheless, after my mate and bond-sisters had parted ways with me, I'd stuffed my hands into the coat and felt that there was a gift in the pocket left for me. Taking it out and smirking at it, I shook my head. This would make someone very happy.

Nevertheless, walking back to town, I found the gang outside the auto shop.

Shaggy was holding an ice pack to his face, Scooby was laying on the ground beside him, and Shaggy was being consoled by Daphne. Fred was just inside, speaking with a sheriff and the shop owner where our ride was disassembled. They would not find the source of what happened to The Machine...

...The end result however...

Three women had disassembled it. Undoubtedly my new bond-sisters.

But as I walked up, Scooby lifted his head with a jingling of his collar and muttered: "Velma?"

I blinked at him, hearing it so clear. But then:

"Velma?" Shaggy managed. "Ow..." and he got to his feet. "H-how..."

"Velma!" Daphne gasped and knocked on the window, dragging the policeman's attentions and Fred's, and speaking to the person on the other side of the phone he hung up and they piled outside.

"What happened?" Fred demanded. "Shaggy told us that you'd been kidnapped. And look at him, he looks like he fell down a flight of stairs right onto an ugly stick."

Shaggy didn't even pay attention to the sleight.

"It's a bit of a long story." I advised. "The short version is that I was saved."

"W-what about the werewolf?" Shaggy asked.

"Yeah..." Scooby added. So strange that his words sounded so clear to me.

"Werewolf?" I feigned ignorance. "You mean the guy we unmasked the other night? I assume he's still in jail, right Sheriff?"

Classic misdirection.

"Yeah. Still there. Listen..." The Sheriff acknowledged and then opened a notebook and removed a polaroid. "Is this the man that kidnapped you?"

"Yes." I replied after a glance.

"Any word on how half the bones in his body are dislocated and broken before he was strangled to death?" he asked.

"My rescuer was apparently very thorough." I replied quietly.

"But... I'm telling you! Th-the werewolf did that!"

"Oh Shaggy... there's no such things as werewolves. You know this." Daphne interceded. I remained quiet.

"But... but I saw it..." he mumbled. "And *she* had the biggest, hugest, milkiest..." and he made gestures like he was gripping a pair of enormous breasts against his own chest with both hands, one holding the icepack still.

"Son, perhaps it's best that you take a moment and get checked out by a doc." the sheriff managed and took a moment to look into Shaggy's eyes. "You may've gotten a concussion. That man was hitting you with metal-shot gauntlets in the head."

“He just needs some good rest, Sheriff.” I advised. “I’m glad you found him. It was a bit of a whirlwind escape through the forest, and by the time we came upon him he’d already gotten his butt kicked.” and I touched his forehead. “You definitely got a bit of a concussion, Shaggy.” I said as he hissed from the touch. “Some ibuprofen and some rest will do you good.”

“Rest where?” Daphne asked. “We had to check out this morning. Whoever paid for us only did the couple of days.”

And reaching into my pocket, I pulled out the object that’d been in it when I donned the coat: a set of keys.

Finding the remote and hitting the alarm button, off in the distance the sound of a complex alarm began to chime. Hitting the button again I turned and indicated a direction.

“That way.” I replied, and began walking in that direction.

I got a couple steps before Fred took my hand with the keys and held it up. “Velma... that... that’s our keyring... f-for... for the Mystery Machine.”

“Yup.” I said with a wry smile. “Wanna see it?”

Fred wasn’t the only one. Everyone, including the shop owner and the sheriff followed as we walked three blocks down and turned a corner onto a side street, only to find the Mystery Machine... new and great improved.

Only... it wasn’t what it looked like before. Far from it, actually. For you geeks, it’s like in *Transformers: the Movie*’ when Rodimus turned into Rodimus Prime. For those of you who don’t get that reference... why the hell are you even reading this story?

Yea verily... the Mystery Machine was given the Matrix of Leadership...

Ever hear of a Technology Truck? Well you may’ve seen Walmart utilize one of these recently with Peter Built Trucks and a conglomeration of other manufacturers. Building just one of them is not a small thing. Actually, after Walmart built it, they instantly got criticism that they went and spent their million and a half dollars on a toy instead of spending it on raising the quality of life of its employees.

Nevertheless... Jacob definitely went all out for us.

Technology trucks are made out of rolled steel. The newer Ford trucks are also made out of this material, where it’s heavier than Aluminum but lighter than conventional steel, but many times stronger than normal steel. It’s also the same material used on military-grade naval vessels, especially submarines, designed to resist decompression at depth.

So that’s what made the frame of this vehicle, which explains why they left the late sixties frame behind. They had no need for it, and selling it would’ve paid the shop owner for using his shop. On top of that was all the technology of the technology truck... with fleet electronics, advanced micro-turbine engine, advanced battery technology and so on... but around all that... well... now we know why they stripped the Mystery Machine in the first place.

The former exterior plates, some of which needed bondo in the worst way, had all been repaired, cleaned, polished, and reshaped around the frame of this new semi-trailer cab that placed the driver in the center of the cabin instead of off to one side. A great big windshield of nigh bullet-proof glass protected the driver from collisions.

Following it, connecting the cabin via a combination of accordion pleats and huge disc plates, wasn’t a fifty-three foot long canister for hauling freight, but rather a thirty foot trailer for living. The trailer itself was done in the same rolled steel and color scheme - sixties acid rock - as the cab.

Fred palmed his forehead with both hands, scrunching his blonde hair as he beheld it.

“Like... cool ride man... who owns that?” Shaggy managed, still holding the ice bag to his head.

“We do.” I announced and walking toward it, hit another button and on the side of the trailer, a set of stairs deployed with a railing, planting itself right atop the raised curb, and then a door slid open revealing a way to enter the machine.

I climbed up inside it without any further preamble.

I knew that this thing was in its compacted shape, and other than a leather sofa here near the front with the cab, there was a long, narrow corridor leading to a back room, sided by the now folded in bathroom and kitchen and ending in a single bedroom. Gold trim, marble tops, cedar siding, leather tan interior... and down the center a long runner of deep green shag carpeting.

Justin knew his stuff...

I couldn't wait to see this place opened.

But nevertheless... I was tired. I've been up all night, and though being a werewolf now afforded me the ability to regenerate cells so fast that it was like cutting water, and in my hybrid form I had phenomenal power, it did little to nothing for regenerating the nervous system or rest the mind. I still needed to sleep like a normal person. As of this moment I've been awake for than a day... possibly two if that burst of activity that I don't remember said anything.

But as I stood on the carpeting, stepping lightly backward, fingering the finery of our new home, the door opened again with a hiss behind me, sliding into the wall to admit Shaggy and Scooby.

“Zoinks...” he breathed looking around. “This place is far out...” and he combed his lanky hair backward with one hand.

“Better than sleeping on a mat in the back of the van?” I asked.

“Well that looks like a nice couch there...” he indicated.

“I believe it folds out into a bed.” I acquiesced with a smirk. “Scooby, do us a favor and stay here for a moment, I want to talk to Shaggy alone for a moment.

Scooby merely ducked his head and padded his way back outside through a door that opened automatically for him. Most automatic doors didn't admit pets because owners never wanted them to get away, but it opened for him.

Shaggy followed me backward down the long hall and through a door on the far end that was also a pair of sliding doors that opened automatically for us. I could already see how the slide outs would slide open, and when open then this door would be a lot wider.

“Velma... you act like you've always lived here...” Shaggy mentioned as he followed me. “You...” and he broke off as I undid the sash around my waist and unshouldered the trench coat, letting it slide off bare shoulders, bare arms, bare back, bare rear and bare legs and onto the floor before I kicked off the slippers and slid face-first into the fur blankets of the wide king-sized bed in the back... that could possibly also fold into a couch.

Hugging the warmth to me, smelling one last gift on these furs - Justin's smell - I rolled with the blankets so that they covered me and faced Shaggy, bodice obscured by the finery as the sliding door way closed behind him.

“Am I your girl?” I asked Shaggy then.

“Huh? What?” he blinked.

“Am... I... your... girl?”

“I don't understand...” he blinked.

“Explains a lot.” and I sighed. “Shaggy... after my recent experiences, I've come to understand that I was wrongly angry at you.”

“You were angry at me?” he frowned. “Wow... like... what’d I do?”

I snorted lightly.

“Shaggy, as a woman, my body is the most sacred thing in the world to me. It’s a shrine, it’s an altar, and true... mine wasn’t as good as Daphne’s...”

“I wouldn’t say that...” he mumbled and I smirked slightly and slid one leg against the other tantalizingly for him.

“...But nevertheless, I decided to give myself to you. Everything. My lips, my mind, my body... anything and everything... and instead of accepting it, you told me that you wanted to hang out with Scooby.

“To me... that means you would rather hang out with a dog than with your girl.”

“You were my girl?” he blinked and I nodded... more to myself than to him. That explains more...

“We dated, we did a little kissing... but you seemed perturbed by it. Is it because you’re... gay?”

“Gay? Heh... no...”

“So you like girls?”

“Sure.”

“Did you like... me?”

“Totally...”

“But you chose Scooby... over me...”

“No I didn’t.”

“But...” and guys say girls are hard to understand. Try talking intellectually with a stoner from California. “Why did you want to hang out with Scooby more?”

“Well Scooby needed me.” he replied simply. “He was lonely and we’d just started traveling, and living with people and having a collar around his neck was new for him. So he - like - needed companionship, and since I was technically his owner... as I had the papers and all of that, I was trying to be a good friend and keep him company.

“He’s cool now.”

I tilted my head to one side. Shaggy was either shallower than I thought he was, or way, way, way deeper than I ever hoped to be... and I was a werewolfess now, so that said a lot.

“So... now that Scooby is all settled... we’ve been friends for a long time, do you still... like me?”

“Of course.” he said and then pointed at his face. “Do you think I’d get my ass beat just for anyone?”

That was rather poignant.

Shaggy had a yellow stripe figuratively down the center of his spine. Retreat was the better part of valor for him. In the words of Mister Miyagi, *‘Best defense is when strike comes to no be there.’* For him to stand up to someone who was clearly better than him, who threatened to kill him... his actions spoke mightier than his words. Hell... they *roared* more mightily than his words.

“This place needs a lava lamp.” he commented then.

Ok... yes... he was also quite a bit ADD.

So to cure him of that, I lifted my knees, and splaying them open, released the blankets, toeing those blankets and framing my body between those now firmly carved forelegs and wide rounded calves, to reveal a mature, sexually alive pussy, moistened from arousal and two enlarged tits that now settled somewhere around P-cups. The pair had quickly swollen with milk again as soon as I turned back to human, and as I turned back, when they shrank, some milk squirted out for my new sisters to lap and suckle from.

We had one last bout of orgy right then and there...

I was right, he focused upon that sight an instant later, and smiling to myself, rising, I palmed his chest as he stood in the narrow footage before the bed, sliding hands down to his belt to first lift his shirt - he never tucked it in - and then undo his belt. He didn't say a thing, just stood there... stunned... even as I fished out his erect cock and... and...

I had to blink. Cause Shaggy, as slow as his mind worked sometimes... was packing heat! In the words of the late, great Robin Williams, God gave man two heads and only enough blood to run only one of them at any given time. Shaggy's seemingly slow-witted attitude was perhaps because he had most of said blood supporting the head in his pants instead of the one on his shoulders.

And guys... this is how you know you have a big dick. When you pull it out, and your girl stares at it, eyes widening a little, and she says what I said then: “Hello...” like you're addressing another person in the room, then you know... you're packing heat.

But then glancing up at Shaggy, smiling up at him quickly, I then soothed his taut surfer abs and tight chest - the low percentage of body fat coming from a combination of being an errand boy, often starving and likewise being hyper metabolic, and he had rocking abs and a flat chest as well. Hairless too... like he waxed. But nevertheless, with my boobs touching his junk, and my kisses upon his belly as we removed his shirt together, I inclined and guided him back with me onto the bed, pushing pants, boxers, shoes and socks off him with my feet, till I cradled him against me.

And within moments as I kissed and guided him, as if we'd always been lovers... we made love together... right there on those sheets.

A year later...

Eureka California. A local Snap Fitness.

I was positioned before the machines... little old brainiac me pumping the steel. There'd been a time where I could barely lift an iPod, but now I was the strongest member of the team. And when you compared me to Shaggy and Fred... that says a lot.

Today was a work out day... and after an hour on the elliptical, I went on a full body workout that began that morning with yoga on the beach, and was now ending with three circuits through the fitness center's machines. I was strong enough to max out every machine, which meant around two-fifty to three hundred pounds for Core muscles, and a hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds per arm and two fifty to five hundred pounds on the leg machines depending upon what center I was at. I didn't just have guns, I had cannons. As a woman I was thick; thick-chested, and that was before you considered my boobs, thick-limbed, wide-hipped but narrow-waisted. I had thick thighs and thick calves, and though as a human I was a head shorter than Shaggy and half a head shorter than Fred, I weighed as much as Fred did. I was also thick in the head, but that was because my cranium was so powerful.

There was a concept of mind to body ratios. To have a stronger mind, one also had to have a strong body and visa versa. That definitely was true in my case.

In one year, I'd transformed a little over twelve times, and entered a heat twice. As a werewolf, a human could not impregnate me... which was nice, because given that I was also immune to sickness, poison and disease, that meant I could have sex without condoms involved. I just couldn't have sex on a full moon like Justin had done with me. Lycanthropy was passed through the mucus membranes and the blood, but it activated only on a full moon. If I sexed, bit or bled onto a human during that time, they would turn.

Also in that time, we'd been making a nice little career of uncovering false horrors in the world.

After the final circuit, putting the weights away - any muscle head that didn't do this was just an asshole - I grabbed my bag and water bottle and made my way back to the Mystery Machine.

Little spectacles balanced on my nose and my ears were now decorated with many earrings... gold and diamond clasps... three per ear. Though I was immune to silver, they still stung if they did manage to pierce my skin, to which that was only possible when I was a human, so I refrained from wearing silver jewelry. Thanks to Daphne, I now kept a rather modern pixie-ish hairstyle.

With a pair of tight running shorts topped by a one-piece thong swimsuit over ankle socks and sneakers, I didn't have far to go being that we've set ourselves up in the public parking lot of a shopping center. Unless it was Christmas, shopping centers often didn't care that we set up at the outskirts of their parking lots.

The Mystery Machine was a magnificent contraption... with more tricks in it than Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang. Folded up, it was a thirty foot trailer, unfolded, converted, it was a lavish mansion and office space the size of a house.

Pistons raised a second story above everything, and industrial braces - like those that backhoes put down before they started working - held the foldout front of the house, before the front popped out about six more feet, while the back likewise did a double pop out backward.

The upper portion of the top floor rose even higher with a railing and an awning with tables and chairs to create a deck with white leather couches and benches. Remove those and it made a hot tub. Daphne and I liked to sun ourselves up there.

On one end, a great dome formed of hexagons, unfolding like some space-age military contraption of firm panels made a grand living room. It seemed like a step down from what they intended to send up to Mars for human living, actually. That dome connected the upper and lower section of our mobile "Home" which became far closer to an actual house than any other mobile home ever did, with fold out spiral staircase and hard windows that were possibly bullet proof glass.

Inside, there were sliding and fold out walls that could be used to change the inside from a lounge/office, into private living space for all four of us... even adding a guest room if necessary.

Sure we shared a single bathroom, but it was a *nice* bathroom, with a steam shower even. And it was also nice because I could share a shower with Shaggy and Daphne could share one with Fred now.

Speaking of... Fred noticed her now. There was a relationship there that was more than friends, but probably because Daphne cornered him one day and had a nice talk with him.

Our guys were clueless sometimes.

Finally, under it all, was a vehicle bay. Yeah... that's right, a low-to-the-ground sports car in its own little secluded garage under the floor. One would think that that would've caused a problem with storage, but the way some of the walls and hidden niches were made, they had ample storage space. Also - and this was Fred's favorite feature - the front of the Machine could detach, and it was like a raised van before it stopped, converted, and we had ourselves a futuristic luxury van that was the newest version of the Mystery Machine Van itself.

Satellite services brought us television and phone anywhere in the northern hemisphere, and the computer in this place, even before I started tweaking it, was already a rack-mounted server.

So behold! The mobile HQ of Mystery Incorporated. Comprised of four members, all of whom had a primary and a secondary role in the company, and all had a large portion of its stock. Yup... we were traded publicly. Discovery Channel wanted to make a show with us.

There's me, Velma Dinkley, President, CTO and secret werewolf... though of course that last bit was kept off of the web page and general knowledge.

Then there's Daphne Blake, COO, CLO, CFO... and all around best example of a living Barbie Doll if there ever was one. What I mean by that, is that Barbie is a woman that did absolutely everything under the sun while Ken... sat around doing nothing on the beach. Strange how close her life was to that actually... but she's been taking college courses, so while we've been on the road for years, she's a lawyer - that was the CLO part... Chief Legal Officer - and an accountant aside from all her other interests in fashion. She explained she took the two because eventually, she wanted to be the president of her own fashion firm.

I guess all good things come to an end... Daphne just prepared for that inevitability.

Fred Jones was our CEO and chief mechanic. Even now, a year later, he still studied the phonebook sized manual to the Mystery Machine and was uncovering all sorts of new things about it. This thing could float! I didn't know that... but it had an emergency raft and outboard motors. See? Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang... Now Fred is the Ken to Daphne's Barbie-complex, something she and her sisters were very good at becoming. Fred looked hot with his shirt off, and still had that stocky football star bod, but he was also Daphne's guy. Fred was the primary business manager, as his skills were made, since birth, of being the all-American dream, where he had the perfect body, perfect hair, perfect smile, but he was taught at his father's knee on how to run massive businesses. So running our detective agency was good experience for him.

And then there was Shaggy.

In our company, Shaggy is listed as errand and delivery boy, but we reference that like Fry from Futurama is an errand and delivery boy. He's not allowed to have command decisions anymore unless it affects all of us, but his skillset is so broad, he fills in all those gaps that the rest of us might have.

Finally is Scooby Doo... company mascot.

We were lucky to have all of this already set up even before we left that town in Washington with the new Mystery Machine, but seed finances, equipment, and even a way to keep our finances developing were all in place thanks to Justin.

Like he promised, he was taking care of me.

I'd not seen him in a year, but he had sent me emails. Beyond that, he kept his distance.

As I approached the Mystery Machine, Shaggy was approaching with Scooby from the beach. We were all well compensated for our work these days, so well so that we made a three week trip just so that Shaggy could go around and pay back a wad of IOU's he had. Now he didn't have to work... but he still did, because he wanted to. The good part is, now he could actually play too, and continuing his way of experiencing everything that he could, he'd been learning to surf better, and took to it like a penguin to water.

Penguin's body surf... you should watch em do it.

"Hello my lover." I greeted after he planted the board into the sand at the beach at the end of the parking lot.

"Zoinks... ah... hi Velma. Nice work out?"

"Very." I smiled and pet Scooby's head.

Scooby was... as I had a chance to learn one day as I sat down with him, a rare cryptid called a wolf-were... or a dog-were, I guess. In every respect they looked like a dog, but they had higher brain functions. So he could walk on his hind legs, talk English, read, write, do basic math even, but all of that stuff was unnecessary to him when he could just be a

dog. Walking on four legs was easier than two, and barking was easier than talking... so possibly his kind were more common than one knew.

“Even dumb members of my breed only act dumb so that you humans don’t put upon them and... well... dissect us to figure out how we tick. Smart.” He’d told me one day and tapped his head with a fore toe.

Thanks to my link to wolves, I could understand him clearly. To everyone else who might listen, it’s like: “Raggy! Ruh! Ret’s go!”

Has something to do with the body language, where my body could intercept and understand it when the average human could not.

Shaggy and I shared a quick embrace, a quick kiss... I felt his boner... and I giggled against it and kept my clam pressed against it when our kiss ended.

There were certain things I was learning about my new breed... some I was told by Justin’s emails. One of which, like I said, was not to have sex with a human - or bite them, or claw them - on a full moon. Then I could transmit lycanthropy to them, especially with me being an Alpha. I didn’t menstruate per se anymore, I entered into a Heat... and the first one I had... sucked. Nevertheless, I just said my cycle was on such and such days and Shaggy respected that and left me alone.

We weren’t ready for marriage... let alone babies... or would they be puppies with me? But before we could even determine that I had to learn whether or not I loved him enough to tell him what I was... and also learn if he loved me enough in turn to let me turn him.

“Hey guys!” Daphne said as she exited the Machine, Fred looking up from poking at the advanced engine under the cab... the cab having to be lifted upward on hydraulics to get at it. “We got another job!”

“Wow... is it Discovery Channel again?”

“Or National Geographic?” I asked.

“Or Sci-fi?” Shaggy managed and Scooby snickered in a hissing sound behind a paw.

“No... from an entrepreneur... name of Justinian...” and she checked the email print off. “Huh... just that.”

I froze for a moment. “What does he want?”

“He? Thought it was a she at first. But it’s a lead to investigate a sighting. This person is in the know... uses the word Cryptid even.”

I frowned and took the page from her.

Justin wrote in code. They were skip messages. The first word dictated how often you skip, and then you just skip that many words based upon the first letter of the first word of the first sentence of the first paragraph. If it was an A, you skip one word. A B, you skip two, a C you skip three and so on.

So I read: *‘You need to do this.’*

Mystery Inc. had become one part X-files, one part Ghost Hunters, and one part Myth Busters. So far we’ve done what we’ve always done... which was to debunk a mystery as false, and uncover why it was being done. Crop circles, Wolfman - that was fun, cause I showed them what a real werewolf looked like and made him piss himself - you name it. But if I was a real Cryptid... then where were all the other cryptids?

The Hunters were one possible reason why we didn’t know of any.

And then I looked at the lead. Astoria, Oregon... right next to the Lewis and Clark National Wildlife Refuge.

“Another Sasquatch sighting?” Fred groaned. “How many of those have we uncovered as false?”

“I think we should take this one.” I mentioned.

“Really Velma? Why do you say that?” Daphne asked.

“Just a hunch.” I forced a smile. “Call it intuition.”

Daphne knew when I was lying. The guys had no clue, and she looked at me slyly and discerningly.

“Ah k... then I’ll just go and relay that we’ll take the job then.” and she moved slowly back to the Mystery Machine. “I kinda wanted to anyways... the promised check on this one is phat!”

“Guess I’ll put the parts of the engine back together. Come on and help me, Shaggy.” Fred said, and I was left with Scooby, who just stared at me.

“What?” I accused and grabbed Shaggy’s board for him.

“You just got aroused. You blushed, your sex firmed up, I smell you in mild heat... it’s that Justin guy again, right?”

I sighed. There was no fooling Scooby’s nose. It was finer than mine was in full hybrid form. He was so much a mutt; there was probably hound dog in there somewhere.

“Mind your own business.” I snapped.

“Hello! Mystery Inc. Mascot here... it is my business.” he said and rose. “Some day you need to tell the others about this guy... preferably before you go and marry poor Shaggy.” and shaking off water from his pelt, he padded toward the Machine.

With a sigh, I stood there a moment and then approached the Mystery machine to help ready it for transport.

Such was our life: me hiding my true self, and us solving epic mysteries. Come along... I think you’ll like it here.

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