

Wormwood

By: Daniel "Pendragon"

© 2009

Katrina and Susan are © their characters

All other characters are © Daniel "Pendragon"

Warning: This story contains subject matter not suitable for minors.

Rated: R - Restricted

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

Chapter 1: Katrina

My name's Katrina. You don't really need to know any more than that. Some of you may need to say: "Katrina who?" but if you don't know who I really am right now, then you don't need to know. Those who are aware of me make no mistake as to which Katrina they were talking about, though some might call me the 'Kat Burglar.'

I rushed across the rooftops of Tokyo Japan, an absolutely silent dark and shadowy creature, just like my hero Sly Cooper. I even wore a blue shirt, but since real life was anatomically correct, I also wore a set of blue panties. I didn't have a cane like Sly did, but I nonetheless had his skills... Up to and including rail sliding on a laser beam. Lycan could do things like that.

And if you haven't figured it out yet... I'm not a cat or a wolf or a fox as many Lycan are, I'm not even a bear or a snake as a few are, instead I was a raccoon, a wereraccoon that is. Yeah, we exist... We're a species somewhere between wolves and foxes, so we indeed do exist. We're... Just not that common, to the point of maybe a handful of us across the face of the earth. Since there were so few of us, we don't need surnames to tell us apart. There was none of this John Jacob Jingleheimer-Schmidt Junior crap. I was Katrina, and that was the long and short of it.

Tokyo Japan has a few of my were-species here, but they're more known as the Raccoon Dog, or the Tanuki. I think there were a few dozen weres of that type in the entire country. North America had a lot more, but the reason why we were so rare was because most looked down on us... Treating us on a same level as the rats. After all... We were both scavengers...

But while I'm thinking about it... one crack about a raccoon-dog following around Miroku from Inuyasha and I rip out your spleen.

Despite that raccoons were scavengers; my particular talents were more than just mere scavenging. Mine included archeology, information-gathering and information-dissemination, and the collections of certain artifacts... no matter who currently owned them. Others would identify these behaviors as the acts of a thief, but hey! What can I say? It's our nature. The Great Maker Himself made us to have a bandit mask, so who are we to argue with such a grand plan? Besides... this is more fun. At least I was an 'honest' thief... I only stole from those who deserved to be stolen from.

But then again I, like many of my ilk, were more than just shape-changers, just take one good look at my body and you'd understand what I mean by that. Sure I had wide hips, a narrow waist and big boobs with a strong athletic body that was nearly Olympic in proportion, but look me from the front and you'll notice and amiable bulge in the panties I wore. That would be a penis instead of a vagina, or what many called a 'dick-girl.'

I was a morpher... and I could choose to morph into nearly anything I wanted to that was held within the same mass I currently had, whether that be a male or a female, or something in between, I could do it. I could even turn into other people... It helped in my line of work to imitate someone who really belonged in a place to escape notice. Nothing like hiding in plain sight! I had enough experience to know both sides of the gender fence and walk along its length in between. So I chose a body for myself that rid me of the most weaknesses, while at the same time gave me the most strength between the two genders. Oh sure... I could be a hulking he-man, or I could be a lithe and sexual female, I could be taller or shorter than this, but... the advantages of this body were more than having strength and dexterity while having the trait of people overlooking me because of my feminine traits... but having a penis instead of a vulva... protected me from certain predators.

So I was a beautiful, beautiful woman... But my sex was sealed with a man's sex instead of a woman's. I'll have to tell you... Being kneed in the nuts was far more preferable to being vulnerable to being raped. It was the ultimate guard against it... No one could take me sexually unless I wanted them to.

But this body also gave me the agility of a woman but the strength of a man, so everything was preferable to me. That... And it was far more convenient to pee standing up instead of sitting down.

Coming to the edge of a roof, I leapt up onto a cable wire and slid down it into the open-air gardens surrounding one of those Japanese multi-tiered towers... A relic of Japan's ancient past, but nonetheless it was the home to my clients.

Removing my face mask but leaving the hood over my head, both raccoon ears flicking lightly, I stepped lithely across a pool of water, walking atop it as was my ninja-like skills with my hips rocking from side to side like a metronome while I got a bit of a chub at the realization that I was about to complete a mission.

A servant woman, a fox, eyed me and smiled before she opened a sliding panel and bowed... It allowed me to see her cleavage, and I murred and got more of a chub as I lifted a finger and slid it up and down between her breasts, taking pleasure in her flesh. She was my current love interest, and the longest lasting one for reasons you'll learn later, and sliding a hand deeper into her robes to cup her breast and feel her side as she blushed, doing this where the elders beyond the doorway couldn't see me, I caressed her perfect breast. They were perfect breasts, fat and arousing, and they were traits that I soon learned from her and mimicked for myself. Breasts made me feel more beautiful, and I thought briefly about her thick and firm behind and her soft furry body for a moment, smiling at her as she covered her cheek and the blush that burned there through the fur... but I still had a mission to complete and despite their almost inexhaustible patience, my clients were impatient at the moment.

Slipping my hand out of her geisha robes, I slid into the room and she slid the door shut behind me with a light click as the wood door frame bumped against the wood wall.

"I've returned." I announced with hands on hips.

"What have you discovered?" a small hooded and robed figure asked me as he sat on an upraised pouf. He was the oddest sort of creature, a four-armed lithe little lizard with huge antennae and a pair of folded wings that were a cross from a butterfly's and a dragonfly's. He was in a lotus position currently, seemingly serene, but this ancient one had a sense of humor that bordered along the lines of a practical joker.

He was the one the people here called 'Pendragon.'

"I've found one of them. Or at least, the last known location of one of them. The others are being a little more difficult, and since one was reputed to sink in the Library of Alexandria..."

"Our aquatic cousins are searching for the library even now." a Tengu – a werebird for those of you who are unaware, and in his case a white peregrine falcon – stated. He was such a dick. A dick that meant well, but still a dick. "They'll retrieve that one for us in exchange for the information as to its most likely location. It was enough proof for them to start looking for the library again, and as we promised, we'll pay you when they find it. Lest of course you'd like to look yourself."

This elder was one who looked down upon me... mainly for my choice of body style. He considered it an abomination whereas most others just called it unnatural. Strangely, only scientists really accepted my 'condition' of being a hermaphrodite. He didn't even want to include my services, called me a 'mutant mercenary' on my first visit. I would've left right then and there... if not for the mighty Pendragon.

"Calm yourself, Sebastian." Pen said calmly. He didn't look down on anyone for any reason, despite from what I knew he could destroy anyone here with his little pinkie. "Let her explain."

"Don't you mean 'sie?'" the falcon said under his breath and I nonetheless growled. I preferred being called a she, but it was Pendragon who lifted his staff and knocked the falcon upside the head with a lazy swing.

"I said calm yourself, or dismiss yourself right now, Sebastian. I will not have an elder of this order holding prejudice."

"Yes Grandmaster." the Falcon said, and bowed, made submissive by his humbling experience. "I apologize."

"Katrina," the Grandmaster said then and laid his staff across his digitigrade legs again. "You were saying?"

"Yes sir. Like I said I found the primer's last location. The locals call the place Wormwood."

Pen's face fell, and lifting two arms he pulled back his hood. It was the first time that I'd seen him show any sign other than muted happiness, humor and mirth.

"That... Poses more of a problem than a lost library..." he said quietly.

"Then you know of the place?"

"I do." and he sighed. "We require your services again, Katrina. You have important information that we need. Your next mission will be as a guide. I will offer you twenty times your usual fee if you agree."

I swallowed and pondered, and apparently my pause was enough for Pen to interject again. "Fifty times." and I blinked.

"That'd buy lots of shineys." I mentioned dumbly with eyes wide and then shook my head for my momentary lapse of mental control. "Um... yes. Well I don't..."

"A hundred times then, half payable now to keep you on retainer, the other half when your role as guide is done."

"Master... A hundred times..." a wolf was saying.

"Will come from my own personal coffers." Pen said and the matter was resolved. "Mai shall show you to our finest room." Pen said and the sliding door opened to show the same fox woman from before as she bowed over the threshold in a kneeling position, showing off her largest two breasts again and I murred in thought. Pen really knew how to push people's buttons, and who cares if it was a hundred times my usual fee plus room and board plus sex? "We must summon the new White Lotus Master in Training to go fetch the artifact..." Pen said then. "For only a member of the bloodline may place their hands on the artifact."

I sighed... Apparently my mind had been made up for me again, and turning, Mai the fox-woman rose to her feet and guided me out to my room despite that I knew where it was already, it was the same one I always took. But once there, she and I... Well... I never could refuse her sexual tastes.

Chapter 2: Grand Monk of the White Lotus

Hi! Sue here again. Remember me? The human girl who turned into a super muscular she-cat from a cat's bite?

When we last left off with our heroine, I was pronounced some Grand Monk of the White Lotus or some such. I never believed in reincarnation, and I'm still not sure if it's true or not... But nonetheless, I was finding myself doing stuff I had no way of knowing prior to now. This or that would trigger some memory and I'd just do it. I felt like Jason Bourne.

That Pendragon fellow said it wasn't really reincarnation but rather a genetic memory of the past, and I was trying to reawaken that.

I guess it wasn't all that bad... I mean they were supporting me so long as I studied and practiced these arts, tried to unlock more of it, so they were providing for my welfare. As it was, working out and study was actually paying more than my old job, so I thought... What the hell?

So there I was, just like I was every morning, at the gym working out. Working on absolutely every last muscle on my body nearly every day of the week – except weekends – tensing this muscle or that muscle. Every day I used every machine, lifted every weight, and swam several hundred meters and practiced martial arts and yoga. It was a daily three hour workout that tensed every muscle in my body... Especially my arms.

My transformation into a Lycan had unlocked all that latent strength gaining ability and then some. Women just don't bulk up like I was, and luckily I was as lovely as I was strong. I didn't look like those female body builders that were like men that had a sex change with men's faces, no boobs, no hips but lots and lots of muscle because they probably abused steroids from a young age. I had a woman's face, like those women who achieved their muscles naturally with hard work. I had rounded features that were softened because of my skin, but made firm beneath that from the incredible musculature I had rippling all over my body now.

The body I had I knew was nigh impossible for a woman to achieve. Maybe one in several billion had this ability, and here I was right next to Fellania who, as strange as it was to hear, was even stronger and taller than me.

But I had bigger boobs! And that was saying something...

It was an amazing thing for others to watch two fems with enormous breasts and heaving muscles workout together, but when I worked out I tended to slide into my own little world.

You see I had one particular fetish, one that made me hotter than a July day in Death Valley. I liked vascularity... Especially when it was on me, and whenever I worked out my vascularity stood on end... Especially on that heaving bicep of mine. I worked my arms most of all, favoring those arms, trying to get those veins over my biceps thicker and larger so that they stood on end permanently now even when I was relaxed. And bulge it did. I loved showing off those arms so wore short sleeve tee shirts whenever possible, and my favorite thing to do was to caress those veins and feel the blood throbbing in them... though of course I did this when I thought no one was looking.

In the three months following my original transformation, I had practically tripled my prior body weight of a hundred and nine pounds, having just breached three hundred pounds of weight, and I was sure a lot of it was in my chest, I'd grown more than a foot, and had more muscle on me than any ten women... And that was my human form.

Though I couldn't lift as much weight as Fell could in most areas of the Gym, I could at least double up with her at the barbells.

After our work out, we hit the sauna and let the humidity half bathe us while I fondled my arm and murred at the sight of that throbbing vein over my bicep while I caressed its thickened mass.

"You seem to like your new life, Sue." Fell said as she laid back with her muscular legs crossed before her sex, her long red-brown hair drawn over one shoulder while her glasses glittered in the haze on the tip of her nose.

"Oh yes." I murred, and then kissed a bicep that was heaving and rounded like a grapefruit now. "I finally have everything that I wanted." I said and Fell nodded slowly.

She did that lately, just kept quiet about something, and I realized that she was doing it. This time I focused on her.

"What?" I asked her.

"You have enemies." she said simply, and I sighed and nodded.

"So I'm told. But none of them have shown themselves. Perhaps they're afraid of all this." and I did a double bicep curl that made my breasts bounce briefly and Fell smirked for a moment before she frowned again.

"Remember on how I told you about when wolves choose to attack you?" she asked, and suddenly I lowered my arms and stared at her.

"At least three to one odds?" I asked and she nodded.

"Rats will swarm you with even greater odds, and their bites are so laden with poison and disease that they'll affect even another Lycan with deadly disease if not simply kill you. One bite is bad enough, let alone five or more. And Raptors, what you call the Tengu... They're trained assassins. They may not be as strong as you, but they're quicker and more agile and they could snatch your throat out with their claws in one snapping attack. Remember Pai Mei in that *'Kill Bill'* Movie? That's another of their tricks, just quick snatch an eyeball out."

I folded both hands together, my biceps pressing both tits together as I leaned forward.

"Is it really that bad? Is it such a life and death struggle?"

"For some it is. Generally, most weres don't try the tempers of a single bear let alone a family of them, but cats are typically more vulnerable at how solitary most of them are. Make friends, Sue."

"Ok... I got you. That's one." and Fell smiled. "And then I got Lee. That's two."

"Lee?" Fell asked, her eyebrows rising into her hairline.

"He's a friend that's a boy..." I said timidly and feathered my fingers together, grinning. "Or maybe a boyfriend. I don't know if I want to let him in that far, but that male definitely knows how to please a woman... Insatiable tiger that he is."

"Sue! You've had sex and didn't tell me?! And here I had a slue of jibs ready to make fun of you when you finally did get your cherry popped!" Fell said and she and I laughed.

"Well yeah... But I can call him a friend. And then there's Cable who's apparently my tribe leader though I haven't met any of my other tribes people yet, and the Tokyo Lycan are really interested in me and keeping me safe for some reason."

Fell nodded. "That's a good start. But you tell me if someone is picking on you and I'll come straighten them out but good... that or turn them into a pretzel."

I smirked and flexed my arm, feeling the muscle bound and swell beneath the flesh while I fingered the veins over it again.

"That's provided I can't take care of him myself." I murred and we both laughed.

Fell and I had a bit of a conversation about idle things. Fell wanted to know everything I was willing to divulge about Lee. Then after a nice soothing hot shower, and dressing in just some sweat clothes with no undies, I journeyed to my new apartment, which was a safe and secure place that was high up... A place where I could be safe and not worry about any rival Lycans.

Once in, securing the dead bolts – yeah, *bolts*... Plural, the security company that was hired to watch over my apartment put it in at the behest of the Tokyo Lycan – and set the chain, I undressed quickly down to utter nudity and opened all the windows, letting in a nice strong summer breeze that blew through my apartment.

I'd become a nudist overnight, getting out of my clothes whenever and as often as possible, and I wasn't all that bad to look at either now. The change into a Lycan had made sure that every speck of body hair on me below the scalp that had been on me before as just a human was gone. That included my sex, so I had a shorn pussy in this form at all times. Saved money on bikini waxes, I'll tell you what. Saved on the pain as well. Nothing like pouring scalding wax on your privates and then ripping the hairs out of it at the roots.

But going to my computer, I opened it – it was an Alienware laptop, fully loaded – I thusly did all my school work, played a game for a little bit, and then began to practice my magic lessons.

It was night time then, and the moment that the full moon rose, I paused amidst my magic lessons immediately as the moonlight peaked over the skyscrapers of Saint Paul and shone right on me. It hit me so suddenly that I gasped from it, and then moaned solidly as a trickle of ejaculate wet my pussy immediately.

The swell of strength surged into me then, washing through me soon after and pulsating outward from the center of my being with each beating of my heart, each throbbing beat making my veins stand on end all over me. I gasped and caressed the added veins and arteries, feeling the ones that gripped my breasts like hands, forming a crackelature across arms and legs that fed my muscles and bones the transforming enzymes that unlocked the transformation in all my cells, all of them pushing outward beneath the flesh and throbbing energetically like fingers caressing my skin everywhere... most especially my inner thighs and pussy.

I moaned, mouth opening to show growing fangs before face and then mouth and nose pushed forward with a series of crunching pops, ears lengthening into points before folding into hoods amidst migrating to the top of my head as my jaw flared wider and my cheeks became great and thick. Facial features were quickly bubbling forward while different colors of fur slid out of my every pore to give me that cute calico coat.

Muscles fed by the veins throbbed thicker and thicker, popping and exploding continually outward as I grew taller and feet lengthened amidst the bones in my engorging and flaring. My caressing hands found the growing knots of flesh against my belly as they clenched and hardened into nibs, their flesh breaking open in tiny pin holes as they twisted and bulged, forming all the extra nipples I possessed in a hybrid form. The second and third pair swelled rapidly into thickened breasts while my original pair ballooned and blimped like filling zeppelins; the top pair projecting away from each other like capped torpedoes before their insides billowed and they rounded into thick masses of soft velvety flesh with thinned fur over a layer of rounding fat covering firm mammary glands that were filling with the sensation of rushing fluids from my milk coming in.

Rubbing my crotch as I changed, rising up on both toes, feeling the tail at my backside telescope outward and then curl, I gasped and moaned as I thickened and grew, pulsating larger and larger from the heaving back muscles and surging chest muscles vibrating me from spasming musculature that carved its way beneath a layer of flesh that was thickening into soft hide. Neck flared to shoulders and was pushed forward as it lengthened along with my belly, and I began to leak cream and nectar as I rubbed my pussy with one hand, spreading the lips open to show off the glistening pink flesh inside me, flexing my free arm and watching the bicep swell perpetually like a slow-motion of a nuclear explosion. That mound flared and roiled outward, growing thicker than the arm that carried it while the vein topping it throbbed and carved its way over that burning muscle, the forearm flaring to cradle it, the triceps bulging to counterbalance it while long chords splayed this way and that across me as I widened and deepened at the chest.

Murring at first and then purring while I grew and grew, chest muscles rounding outward and flaring wider to push my shoulders apart, I doubled my previous height, quintupled that previous thickness and grew more than twenty times over in bone, muscle and most especially breast weight and the weight of the fluids within those breasts.

That's right... I weighed more than two tons like this...

And then the change ended. It was a pity that I couldn't make it draw out as long as my first time was; as this body learned to change the transformation came easier and more swiftly. I could resist it, make it draw out, but if I did then it grew painful... *Better have joy then try to find a balance between pain and pleasure*, I told myself.

And speaking of pleasure... Was he late or...

And suddenly there was a snap of light and a body, tall and white bellied with orange backing, etched with fine black stripes across his form appeared in my room, Lee smiling down at me as I mewed and surged to him, pressing against him and wrapping my arms and tail about him.

And then I ground his groin with my naked pussy, instinctively trying to get it in me. I wanted to mate in the worst way!

"Missed yew!" I mewed that last word and purred deeply, rubbing myself all over him.

He smelled of hickory and pine wood smoke as well as the naked forest, but he also held that manly man-man musk smell as I struggled to rid him of his loincloth.

"You look bigger than when I last saw you." he said, caressing my arms and feeling my biceps that were perhaps nearly as big as his were right as I freed his loins of the cloth and his prick leapt upward in a bowing arch toward me, its head and its little tickling bristles flared fully for me now.

"I've been working out every day. So tell me... Do you like your women strong?" I asked and flexed an arm for him, showing off an arm that'd quintupled in thickness when flexed, and I purred as he rubbed and fondled that arm, especially the vein riding on top of it, doing exactly what I loved him to do...

"Yes." he said simply. He was a simple man, simple desires, simple pleasures... Suck his dick, play with his balls, fix him a sandwich and coddle him when no one was looking and he was happy!

Simple... Simple and patient. Not once did he make mention to me that he wanted to make me his mate... I knew he wanted it, but he didn't ask it... that, or he was waiting for me to ask for it from him. I wasn't always sure of how etiquette in his tribe worked... and then he had his own particular way of doing things that made it even more unsure for me.

"Come... I got a few cricks I want you to seriously rub out." I mewed and led him to my bedroom, which was a great big huge sunken bed in the floor made up of thick and heavy furs instead of an actual mattress. I'd come to really, really appreciate soft things. Soft warm things.

Mew, my cat, yawned deeply and then stretched as we entered, and then moved from the center of the bed to the head of the bed where she could still sleep, she curling up and placing the tip of her tail over her nose as she did, and lowering to the bed, turning and spreading my legs, Lee did the rest, and soon I was arching and whimpering as his long shaft pushed against my insides amidst his kisses, claws and fingers kneading my outsides.

He was also a silent lover, not making much noise, he didn't even stress much when he came, but came he did... And with nads like his he never failed to make me overflow.

But we were no more than a few minutes into our routine when...

Crack-Snap!

I squealed and Mew hissed, suddenly on her hackles as that loud sound split the air, and with a loud slurp Lee exited me and reached for his huge boomerang like weapon and we all looked at the person who'd appeared in my room.

"Damn it! This is my bedroom!" I growled and rose to face the lithe Siamese Lycan who'd just appeared. "Can't you appear outside and knock or something? Or at least the living room?"

"So sorry..." the Siamese bowed, his whiskers all slicked together into a tight Manchurian like moustache, "But you are supposed to be studying, so I thought quietly entering from another room... And since the only other room was your bedroom..."

"What about the bathroom?!" I hissed.

"And what if you were using it?" he replied and I shrank from that and looked bashful.

"Ah... So sorry... But is he going to cleave me in two with that?" the Siamese said and gestured to Lee who was holding his weapon like a bat. The obsidian edges on it didn't help making it seem any less deadly either."

"Sorry..." I said and rose to Lee, pawing at him and urged him to lower the weapon. "You caught us... *unawares*."

"So I see. Come... You are required." the Siamese said and offered his hand.

He was a sorcerer. Someone who could teleport instead of use a moon gate. He was my '*watcher*' as it was. There to keep me safe. I had the thought that he was probably watching me even while I shower, bathe, work out... tickle my bean...

"Um... Could you... Could you come back in an hour... Maybe two or three..." I said and looked to Lee who was flaccid, but still hanging out fully.

"I must insist. There is great importance." He obviously spoke broken English, and I'd so far given up on trying to pronounce his name properly.

"Fine." and I went to pick up and calm Mew who was still growling and spreading her hackles. She was nearly fully grown, too young to be called an adult but too old to be called young.

Then moving to Lee, I took his hand, urged him to hold my waist and was reaching out to take the Siamese's hand when.

"Ah... Is he coming?"

"Yes he is." I said sternly with eyes closed... I didn't like teleporting. It made me so nauseous. "I waited all month for this night and you just ruined it... So you can teleport him too. Now get going on the magic thing before I tell you to go away for an hour.

The Siamese paused for a moment in thought, and then clapped his hand into mine before teleporting. It was like having someone reach inside you, grab your stomach and pull sharply on it to yank it straight out of your body along with your lunch that was in it and send the rest of you in a tail spin, tumbling to catch up with it. And so I spun but didn't fight it, the disorientation lessened with my eyes closed, but with a thump we all landed right smack dab in the center of the council chambers in Tokyo. And here I was with my crotch still wet from sex.

"All right I'm here and... Holy shit. Pendragon's here too?"

"I said it was important..." the Siamese said and went to go take his seat.

I looked at the assembled people and then strode forward, probably looking and smelling of sex still, but who cares?

"All right... I'm here. What the hell's so important that it warrants ruining my date night?"

"Quite simple..." Pen smirked as he sat on his upraised chair that made him look like a little kid sitting in a highchair. All that was missing was a bib and someone feeding him baby food to make the semblance complete. "We've located a way for you to retrieve much of your foremother's strength and power and time is of the essence."

Chapter 3: Measure of Importance

Like I mentioned before, I am Katrina or Kat for short.

I found it difficult at times to remember what gender I was born as from time to time, or even what I originally looked like. I brain dumped that as quickly as I could... It didn't really matter to me anymore... Especially when a tasty fur – that's what I called other Lycan – was making herself known to me.

Mai stepped up the two steps that led to the bed I was laying upon in just my underwear, my chub growing within the tight little baby-blue panties I wore while the two hard nipples capping my breasts erected within the undershirt that contained them. Mai's lips, colored red with lipstick, were pursed in a seductive smile as she simply pulled the many layers of robes she wore open, the silk and linen parting and unfolding from her body while sashes came undone with a rustling of fabric. In one fluid motion she opened those robes to reveal a superbly feminine body and let them slip off her shoulders and arms to fall onto the floor.

And there she was... An erotic, sensual female, a female fox, a vixen, a species known for their tumultuous fire and their incredible sexual habits, the most sexually virile species on the planet, a perfectly shaped female with three tails... And she wanted me.

Rising up on to the bed with one knee, leaving it spread open just enough to show off her swollen vulva with its neatly groomed pubic fur, she sat with one leg off the bed, the other leg folded beneath her, her rounded hip and bottom showing off a sensual side that got my bulge to flare rapidly and grow. Mai then fingered the lip of the sexy panties I wore, and pulled them steadily off me, off the tip of my shaft, off my wide hips, and off both legs to spill the firm nads below the arching stick of maleness that decorated this woman's body. With the habits of a female in me, I lifted both knees together to briefly protect my sex, but then spread those legs wide like an opening flower to reveal my heady stamen.

Mai murred and sliding forward she slid one hand with her long nail-like claws gracing the thickness of my shaft before she grabbed the two balls and pulled them downward, which likewise pulled my shaft toward her. She moved forward further then, and her naked breasts, tits that were like cantaloupes, rounded and firm, immediately pressed around my cock right before her reddened lips parted ever so slightly and she licked the bead of cum that had slipped from the head of that meaty shaft.

Growling to herself, she licked my tip a second time, then a third time before descending onto its length, her mouth widening around it before she lightly began to suck. Arching myself and puffing my chest out in an instinctive male thing to do, I then arched deeply and lifted the undershirt I wore off my breasts, fondling the pair and cooing at her as she lightly and gently stroked the length of my maleness while sucking on it, massaging it with cheeks and lips and tongue, touching off just the right points in its length while her breasts warmed that groin, and as that length of shaft began to pulsate, she jerked down on my balls and suddenly and gave them a subtle squeeze and the rush of cum that lanced from me shot into her mouth in a stream as she swallowed repeatedly, taking the protein enriched seed into her body.

With the cum out, then my vixen could proceed to the next step as she cleaned my cock with her mouth, licking her lips and teeth clean before she rose into a stance of superiority over me, her legs straddling me widely before she bent my still erect cock backward and fit it into her already sopping wet pussy that she spread open with one hand to allow a smoother passage. The slide into her was effortless as she rotated her hips steadily in a wide circle as she descended onto my lap till I was buried fully inside her before she closed her eyes and palming her belly and began to massage my extension inside her expertly with her inner muscles.

I felt the waves of her clenching muscles move from base to tip, base to tip, then tip to base with the expertise of a belly dancer, her vaginal muscles working just like a giant fist to cajole and excite me.

When she looked down at me, she murred and pushed all her hair over one ear so that it fell against her back, her breathing coming from her in subtle gasps. I swallowed as I began to push into her, massaging her thighs and belly alternatively and she in turn lowered her fingers to my undershirt and began undoing its buttons to leave my chest and breasts free and out into the open without it bunching across the chest. Once done as I lifted both hands to grip her bottom, she bent to kiss me and we kissed passionately... The sort of kiss only two women could share, or a woman and a woman in a she-male's body or a man in a she-male's body, I wasn't sure what it would be. Our breasts mashed together briefly, and then she murred again and rose, rolling her body about my boobs so that our areolas rubbed against each other, and then she rose a little higher so that our nipples now rubbed against each other, and then she rose a little higher still so that only the tips rubbed against each other. It got me so hard in her again...

And all this while her vaginal muscles rolled and gripped and tightened about my piercing shaft.

"Will you let me in today?" she asked me then, and I slowly opened my eyes and looked to her while her hands now massaged the fatty mounds of my breasts resting atop their thick, firm chest muscles.

"Mai... "I began but the words became caught in my mouth.

"I can be anything you want me to be... I want to be anything you want me to be. Let me fulfill your every dream..."

This was the mentality that attracted me to her. She wanted to please me... not wanting me to please her. I'd never really been too lucky with past relationships... most had been abusive toward me. But then Mai was rising, threw her long hair over both shoulders so that it fell only against her back, and lowering her hand, she pulled up the hood of flesh at the peak of her vaginal slit, revealing the bead of her clitoris...

I saw it clenching and unclenching, hot and red, moist with her nectar... A moment before that clitoris started to bulge and flare, telescoping from within her, and in moments it was sliding along my navel, its thickness widening, its tip folding and arching into the battering ram of a male appendage, capped with the sunken pee hole surrounded by the mushroom shape of a circumcision, and likewise carrying with it near the head the piercing she'd had employed within her clit.

"We can rub dicks together too..." she murred, and ever so slowly rose off me, her labia swelling into nads even though our juices streamed from her onto my erect dick before it fell down onto my belly, creating bands of ejaculate between my cock and her nad-covered pussy.

She was a morpher too, a deep secret of the Kitsune that had been entrusted to me to keep as well. This was her role after all, a creature of pleasure. It was her duty to fulfill whatever role was needed to please those in her care. To look as femininely beautiful or as masculinely handsome as anyone wanted her to be. She was also an empath and a telepath... a mind reader, so she soon changed into that very perfect person when she wanted to. With me, however, she became what she wanted to be.

And at that moment she slid backward and began to lick my balls.

"Let me in..." she murred, fingering the seam-like scar a male developed in the womb when their vulva sealed in favor of a scrotum and a penis, she nosing the sack and licking its underside.

She wanted in... She wanted inside me, and I could let her. This was a show of faith... of return affection... but mostly of trust. Did I trust her? Did I trust her not to hurt me like so many before had? Use me, abuse me and loose me once they got their pushing in?

"B-but... But I..." I said and gripped the sheets.

"You never learned to like that feeling." she murred again and sucked on my nads for a moment before starting to hum softly with them still in her mouth. The vibration made me grip the tip of my cock tightly as another wave of ejaculate rose. I was going to cum again... and so soon! "Let me show you how good it can feel." She added after slipping off my now wet nads, fingering the sealed slit again. "Please. I promise... I promise it will feel good."

Her voice was like a siren's, and even amidst of feeling tears slip from my eyes, I let the change happen and that sealed scar spread open suddenly and folded inward, going deep inside me as feminine organs formed, the nads guarding the slit into my body with a penis for a clitoris. I panted, gripping the sheets tighter, afraid out of my mind and she kissed those loins.

"Hmm... Now just you relax, Kat... And let me ensure that your dreams come true."

And Mai moved forward, and as gently and as pleasingly as she could... She pushed into me.

She was talented... She was gentle... And her talents to please and pleasure soon soothed my thoughts and fears about any sort of displeasure I might've experienced. She was the first with a male appendage to manage to do that...

The gates to my body that had been sealed opened, and a lover piercing me as she stroked my shaft with one hand, her long furred-fingers collected the cum that was sliding off the arching tip, using those juices to stroke me off even further, her fingers nimble and pleasing while on occasion she'd lift her fingers and lick them clean of the juices before continuing to massage my cock.

And all through this was the gentle passage of her sexually magiced appendage pushing my insides steadily apart amidst her sighs and coos.

And amidst our love making, amidst our most wonderful exalted sensations as I was about to orgasm femininely for the first time in over a decade, it rising hard about her cock as it gripped her penis solidly, my body arching as that moment of erotic pleasure very nearly assailed me and took my mind from me...

The doors to this room were thrust open with a shuddering bang, and Mai squealed and snatched the blankets around us. Her skill of gender changing was a secret. She told it to me one day as I was penetrating her.

Framed in the doorway was an elder, the falcon Tengu named Sebastian stood there with the doors spread wide open with his talloned hands gripping the door frames.

"I see that you're attending to our guest nicely, Mai." he said quietly, and his grip tightened on the doors enough to make the wood creak beneath those legendary falcon grips. "You are dismissed." and she whimpered and I felt her penis pull from me hard, and I gasped as it did before she rose and rushed from the room passed the Tengu.

"You are being summoned." he said quietly, briefly staring in distaste at the sexuality that I possessed and displayed as my womanhood sealed itself quickly between the nads. The Falcon's distaste for me had always been evident. The bastard took one look at me and called me impure. "You have five minutes. Throw some water on yourself and for the Creator's Sake, tuck that abdominal thing between your legs before coming downstairs. We have guests and I don't want them to think we employ abominations."

And he turned on his toes and left, leaving me there by myself. Sighing, looking down at my loins, right as the trembling phallus erupted on the approaching feminine orgasm I was about to experience, spraying jism onto my chest. With a sigh... I threw the remaining blankets aside and then cleaned and dressed myself. But instead of tucking my phallus between my legs, I wore clothes that would instead show it off... Like my tightest hot pants.

Chapter 4: The Chosen One and the Guide

"Eight scrolls, written by the Lady Susan herself." Pendragon was saying with his staff splayed across his legs, his four arms in varying meditative positions, with two on his knees and the other two folded together before him with a long prehensile tail curled about his thick legs.

"Her name was Susan too?"

"Of course." Pen smirked. "All in all, you and she are so much alike it's amazing. You look just as she did when she first arrived in my monastery."

I blinked. "How old are you?"

"A lady never tells." He smirked and I shook my head. "But a dragon tells only in mystery. I am older than certain mountains. I saw Mount Fuji when it was thrust up from the earth, saw it erupt with such ferocity that it shattered the section of land around it and detached the islands of Japan from the mainland, and saw it when it was first named. Your friend Fellania's ancestor was the cause of that eruption as well.

"So yeah... I'm pretty damn old. But where was I? Oh yes.

"She wrote eight scrolls. She was a remarkable genius for certain things, improved upon my martial arts that I taught her, made them into a style that was specific for her gender, her feline grace, her personality... and invented a style of her own from it. It later became the spiritual predecessor of Aikido, Ninjitsu and several smaller and vague yet incredibly deadly martial arts.

"I didn't witness it myself, but the legends about her say that she transcended because of her martial form... The first woman to ever do so."

Transcendence... it was the goal of ancient martial arts, to be so control of oneself and ones environment that your control made the entire universe bend to your will... to the point where you became a force in the universe unto yourself. If you've seen Kung fu Panda, it's what happened to the turtle Master Oogway mid-way through.

"I-Is that true?" I blanched.

"Hard to say... I've never personally witnessed anyone transcend... And for some it may be that she just died..."

"Oh."

"But regardless, the artifact that you are to obtain very well may just reveal the truth as to the possibility of just that."

"So some weird scroll can help me obtain this?"

"Indeed. But the troubles involved in obtaining it are rather... daunting." This being said by an ancient dragon...

"Why?" I blinked, and settled more against Lee who was conveniently coddling me against him. His presence made me feel safe... And honestly in this world, what was more precious to feel?"

"In nineteen-twenty three, a curious scroll was found in the high mountains of Tibet... In a monastery where all the monks therein had disappeared inexorably over the past century. It was found by a German explorer who decided to wander the world while the world continued to spiral into and through war. When he discovered it he found that it was of a remarkable make, but was likewise incredibly sealed... Even explosives had no hope of so much as even scuffing the brilliant golden substance of the scroll's case.

"What was more was that the scroll was incredibly heavy, and for the lone explorer it was far too heavy to shift so much as even shift.

"He left but later returned with a team decades later to retrieve the scroll, and by this time a second world war had descended upon the world, and further delays for moving the scroll to a better base of operations was delayed. So as such he had to move the relic a different way.

"So... Discretely, he and his science teams moved the scroll northward into the Soviet Union. Customs and a multitude of troubles eventually found this German scientist in the Ukraine, in a town called Wormwood by the local populace, where the final step of his

misfortune with the scroll occurred, when an accident of science not of his making but rather the government's halted any further movement of the scroll as the town had to be evacuated and everything therein abandoned.

"We believe that the scroll is still there to this day... And it took a grand amount of trouble to locate all the keys of information which betray its final resting place.

"Due to its unheard of weight, a scroll that your ancestor was reputed to be the only one strong enough to lift it let alone open it is likewise cursed. The level of misfortune that follows it tells us that only one of its creator's bloodline may so much as even touch it."

"Whoa... Technological accident? Curse? I'm liking this less and less." I gaped sitting up straight to face Pen and the council. "I'm about ready to say forget the scroll and leave it where it is!"

"We have a plan, though... And your hands should negate the curse... That's just how curses work. They don't hurt the caster or their progeny."

"Just so long as it's safe." I scowled. "I'm not one for taking any unnecessary risks."

Pen stared at me, and I thought I'd said something wrong, but whatever it was that bothered him from what I'd just said he didn't say.

"The technological accident is a field of radiation that the Ukrainian government had attempted to seal in a concrete coffin. There are reports that the coffin is cracking, so the longer we wait the worse the spirit world around the town becomes.

"We will be sending you with a guide, and likewise we'll be sending you with a guardian who has a remarkable talent to... Safely absorb energy, to which she's already shown herself able to absorb the excess energy of fuel-grade plutonium."

"Plutonium." someone said, and I turned to see Lee speaking for the first time since we arrived. "Radiation leak, concrete coffin and the Ukraine. Tell me, master Pendragon... What other names is this town known by?"

Pen turned to level his currently passive gaze on Lee, and though there was no emotion, I'm certain that Pen really wished that Lee didn't speak right now, but Lee's words suddenly got my hackles to rise. Something wasn't right. They knew it wasn't right and didn't want to tell me why. I felt that it wasn't right and now Lee was getting paranoid and overly protective, a sweet thing since that was instinctive of male tigers over their mates. I could tell he was getting protective because his hands were gripping my hips more tightly and his claw tips were pricking my skin.

And then Pen turned toward me, leveled me with his gaze and spoke one name:

"Chernobyl."

"What?! Oh hell no! I'm not going somewhere where my muscles will sizzle and pop and my tits will probably fall off!" I shouted, rising so fiercely that the tight packs of all my boobies bounced heavily and rolled against my chests.

Pen lifted a hand to calm me and I immediately folded both arms beneath those chests and pouted, and combined with the insurmountable sizes of my biceps, it suddenly looked like I was cradling a mass of bubbles.

"We have thought about that, Susan. We would not have even thought to send you into such a pit of hell without an appropriate guardian." Pen said quietly. "Or an appropriate guide."

"Oh! Well... That's ok. Well, Lee, do you think you can absorb stray rads from a nuclear pile?" I didn't wait for him to answer. "No! Well that's that I guess... Now send me and Lee home. We were on a date before we were interrupted." And I turned stubbornly away from Pen with my chin up in the air.

"On second thought, maybe you are like your first mother." Pen said quietly with a smirk and I rounded on him with all three sets of my largest tits wobbling fiercely.

"And what the hell is that to mean?!"

"Her stubbornness was legendary too." Pen smirked and I scoffed, but again Pen lifted a little four-fingered hand. "But despite that harsh truth, Susan... Are you familiar with a woman by the name of Tanya Asimov?"

I was about to shout at Pen when that name came up and I was caught dumbfounded, and with mouth open and finger upraised to give the little fairy dragon a scolding, I was brought up short. Closing that mouth and lowering both hands, I eyed the little dragon.

"I know of her." I said quietly.

Pen nodded. "Tanya Asimov and her family are unique in this world, Susan. They're a product of the natural world that has changed with the forces of technology pushing against it. I will not go into how she obtained the abilities that she has, for that story is her own, but regardless she and her family are unique in this world that instead of absorbing the base elements of the world like Earth and Fire, Air and Water, Wood and Steel, they absorb the deformed elements of the world. Instead, they absorb the quasi elements as some of us are calling them, namely Light, Microwaves, Radio Waves, Electricity and, of course, Radiation."

I blinked.

"Tanya absorbs radiation and turns it inward, using it to empower her and her abilities. It's so potent that to her own statements, that she was sufficiently able to absorb every last rad that was leaking from a nuclear submarine's cracked reactor without a single person on board that submarine feeling the effects of that radiation poisoning."

I blinked again.

"She's agreed to be your bulwark while you're in Chernobyl for what we hope is a short stay. And... As for your guide..."

And almost as if it were on cue, the doors slid open and I turned and blinked in surprise for a third time as a... strange creature... strode into the chamber.

She was a lot smaller than me, waling on her heels instead of her toes like I did, she having ropy muscularity and breasts that weren't even larger than her head like mine were, a fur pattern similar to a raccoon's, but what was most remarkable about this fem wearing sexy hot pants and a halter top was that positioned there right before her loins was the unmistakable bulge of a penis. I mean it was *unbelievably* obvious! The thing was clenched together in the hot pants that showed off that she had the assets of a woman all over lest you look at her from the front. And it wasn't just a tiny little thing like a hermaphrodite might have... This was a full on meat popsicle!

I found myself staring.

"Hi." she greeted and came to stand before the council and placed herself in a stance that arched her back and just her hips toward one member of the council in particular, a Falcon Tengu who's name escapes me, and showed off the fact that she has a bulge. "I've come as... Directed!" and she thrust her groin again at the falcon with a toothy grin on her face and got a scowl from the falcon and a look that could kill.

"You insolent whore... I will teach you to... ***Whack***"

The Falcon fell back to the floor in a daze, and Pen replaced his staff to lie against his lap.

"Really... I don't think that we have to resort to any sort of violence in these sacred chambers." Pen said in obvious mockery of his own hypocrisy of his most recent action of thumping the falcon's skull and then slid his eyes toward me and the newcomer, waggled his eyebrows and then looked back at the falcon. "Please hold your beak, and remember that you are an elder and despite how much you are displeased by some of the guests that come before us, they are nonetheless guests and you will afford them absolutely every courtesy... Up to and including to holding that screeching tongue of yours!"

Now Pen's obvious annoyance was most apparent as he shot that last bit directly at the falcon over his shoulder.

"Yes... Grandmaster." the falcon said and rubbed his head.

"Now... Say you're sorry."

The falcon shot a disbelieving stare at Pen, who eyed the falcon and then raised an eyebrow to dare him not to do as commanded. Pen lifted his staff enough to tap one thigh with it in warning. The threat was apparent and the Falcon, being forced to eat crow as it were, turned back, shot an evil, murderous glare at the newcomer and then bowed over himself.

"I... apologize."

"I'll think about accepting it," the raccoon said, looking at her nails. "Now why is it that my rest and relaxation was so rudely interrupted? And I do mean *rudely*..."

"Katrina... This is Susan, the woman you'll be guiding to the artifact. Susan, this is Katrina, a truly talented individual in... Information Retrieval."

"*Information retrieval?*" I asked warily.

"He means a professional thief." Katrina said, and then extended a hand. She wholeheartedly acted in the feminine, but that big bulge in her hot pants kept throwing me off. Did it just move?!

"Ah... Charmed?" I replied and shook her hand.

"You can call me Kat."

"Sue." I replied as well, and we proceeded to happily shake hands.

"So... Now that we're acquainted..." Pen said and clapped two hands together and rubbed them. "Why don't you go get your things Katrina? We'll be opening a portal in one hour to Mir, Russia."

Kat here...

I'd just finished organizing my usual gear, leaning over the bed when I felt the hands upon my bottom, and shooting a defensive look over my shoulder, I instead saw Mai standing there. She managed to smile at me with a sizeable erection rising from her loins as she proceeded to hotdog me, her robes opened to show off her disgorged breasts, and while I relaxed, she peeled the hot pants I wore away and down, took her erection and placed it against my scrotum. This time, opening it was easier, and she slid pleasantly into me, again penetrating me, and I exhaled a gasp and felt both nipples erect as she began to pleasure me, embracing me from behind as her loins slid inside me.

"You're leaving?" she mentioned and cupped the breasts hanging from my chest, caressing them and pleasing them in ways that only a woman really knew how to do. Pleasing oneself allowed one to know how to please another of your same gender.

"S-soon." I moaned, and suddenly she thrust and immediately a feminine orgasm swelled inside me before she grasped my penis and began giving me a reach around. I whimpered and arched as she played with my genitalia, her cock growing inside me steadily as she used her incredible sexual magics to pleasure me.

"When will you return?" she said calmly, as if the sexual act didn't affect her. It affected her all right... But she was much better than I was at controlling it.

"U-uncertain... I... Ah-ah-ah..." I swallowed and then finally did cum solidly, her hand cupping the tip of my cock to catch it all in her fingers. I collapsed forward and Mai slid to the edge of the bed with me, licking her hand clean while she began to hump my pussy now her hidden cock penetrating me.

"Hmm..." she managed rubbing my bottom, her long tongue fishing the jism from between her fingers. "I'll await you." she murred. "But hurry back."

I laid on my chest, breasts smooshed beneath me while I gasped and moaned still, gripping the sheets and roiling in the erotic pleasure of a forgotten womanhood inside me. A penis would take time to erect and cum again, but my femininity began the first of its micro orgasms.

Mai was a fox, a vixen... and like all werefoxes, they were very... very sexual creatures. They hungered for sex like a vampire hungered for blood. I might be Mai's present distraction; maybe not... maybe this was more permanent, but regardless...

I turned, flipping a leg over my body and across Mai's while she continued humping me, and I pulled the shirt I wore upward to reveal my tits even as she began to cum voluminously into my body, and I felt the repeating explosions depositing into the womb deep, deep inside my bowels that unfolded and formed only whenever I had a pussy.

"I'll hurry back." I promised and felt her breasts, caressing them and watching them cream milk immediately and she giggled.

She was feeding off me, I knew, but I hoped... I felt it was, but I still hoped that her affections were genuine.

"Well... That went well." Mew said in my arms, and she laid her head against my hardened forearm. "Nice knowing you, Sue!" she said at last.

"It's ok." I smiled and scratched her comparatively tiny head with my claws. She started purring immediately and kneaded my arm. "I'll have Lee with me to protect me so..."

"No."

I blinked... The voice came so sudden and so intensely that I didn't even realize that it was Lee who'd spoken, and even then I had to turn around to face him.

"What?" I gasped. "But I thought..."

"Anya." he said quietly and I fell quiet immediately.

Anya was Tanya Asimov's younger sister, a remarkably virile and sexually impressive fem. Her sexuality was greater than any twenty women I could think of. No... that didn't make her a whore, but as a woman she'd earned Lee's heart and then broke it. To me it was more like she'd *entertained* Lee's interests for a very short while, unwittingly earned his affections, and then arrived one day in his life again only to tell him that she was married and had cubs now. Lee's heart broke neatly in two that day. Good for me I was there for the rebound...

But... I always thought that Lee still held a bit of a flame for Anya, and his face, downturned away from me as it was, told me that he still did. So much so that he didn't want to go with me... For he might see her and make a damned fool of himself.

I moved to him, deciding that I should remind him that I was still here for him, and lifting myself further upon my toes, tail swinging for balance, I kissed him solidly on the mouth. Mew made a strange cat sound as she hung off my arm, claws digging into flesh but not really hurting. She wasn't strong enough and her claws weren't sharp enough to hurt me in this form.

"I understand Lee." I said after withdrawing with a subtle smile, and gripping his hand I led him to the room where they'd set apart for me to briefly prepare for the journey ahead.

He followed dumbly, too preoccupied with anything else as I led the way to the bed, but finding himself suddenly there he looked me as I put Mew down on a pillow and then pulled him on top of me as I laid back onto said bed, cradling his mighty form upon me between my spreading legs.

"Now... Where were we?" I murred. "I'm certain you were somewhere right about here when we were so rudely interrupted.

Lee managed a small smile, and with a sigh, staring at me he then bent forward and kissed me. We had three quarters of an hour to prepare... I intended to have at least a good half hour of his cock in me before we had to separate. This tiger could make a girl's toes curl with hardly any urging at all.

Chapter 5: Queen of Tigers

I murred, feeling Lee's cock slip from my loins after filling my insides with his jism. I felt like I was full, like I'd just ate a banquet. I felt stupid... Lazy. That coke bottle cocked Bengal Tiger – and that was in his human form... He was much larger as a hybrid like he was now – had just finished sating me yet again.

I had girlfriends who'd had their men inside them, heard their complaints that it was hard to find a man who could sate them. I knew of women who were married and their men had no hope to sate them whatsoever, but their men had other attributes that made them desirable, I knew from them how rare it was to find a man who knew a woman well enough to sate her... and not just once in awhile, all the time.

So Lee could sate me all right, and he was affectionate and he was precious to me because of that, but I was still unsure if he was the guy I wanted to let completely into me... Into my heart. Why was it that letting a guy into your pussy was easier to let him into your heart? A time long ago it used to be the other way around. But I knew that relationships based upon just sex alone were doomed to fail. Maybe I should ask him to move in with me... but no. How on earth would I get him to leave his position as Windigo's warder?

"You're going to be late." he told me as he kissed my forehead, his thick Swiss Colony beef log resting on my belly while he massaged one massive tit of mine. Mew was curled up on a pillow nearby while I started to purr loudly.

"Oh damn it... I was willing to be late before you reminded me." I said and lifted and spread both knees again, hoping that he'd take me again, but it'd be a good fifteen minutes or so before he could get it up again. The second sexual release from him always took much longer to come along, so once he did then he'd sex me till my pussy ached. That... I must say, was an achievement for any guy.

"Then say no. Don't go get it now... These people can wait, can't they? The scroll is in a place that will undoubtedly remain untouched for thousands of years yet. These people don't rule you."

I smiled at him, enjoying his hands on my tits as I arched again. "No they don't..." I sighed, and then hugged myself and sighed again. "But they do trust me," I sighed for a third time and rose to embrace him, my breasts pressing against his broadly chorded chest that was like a beer barrel in thickness. He was supportive of my wants and needs... That was another plus. Good to know. "They pay the rent; give me spending money and such... So they kinda do rule me, but more importantly they trust me to do that in which they're supporting me to do. I'd really like to call in sick today, but we both know Lycan don't get sick." and I sat up but he stopped me with a hand on my belly.

I smiled and looked at him, but then he lowered a hand to my pussy and promptly stuck a pair of fingers inside me to finger me. I gasped and sighed as his fingers found my G-spot immediately.

I can assure you that that spot wasn't a myth... at least not on me.

I looked to him and he bent to kiss my lips as he finished the level of pleasure that'd been rising in me when he pulled out, and he got me to orgasm violently before he removed his fingers and licked them clean. His tongue was surprisingly long.

"Ngh!" I managed at last and palmed my sex even as I exuded two more follow up micro orgasms, Lee now licking his mouth clean before he dipped back to me to nuzzle, smell and lick my neck affectionately.

"I'll have more of that when you come back." he said into my ear, and then helped me to rise, showered with me, in which he got hard enough to penetrate me briefly one last time, before I gathered up a knee length dress, a pair of leg socks and shoes, and a simple pair of panties before going to go meet my guide.

This Sue woman was strange. I'd never seen her breed looking so strong. She was as large as certain lions and tigers I knew of, and the dress she wore fit her tightly. Such muscles, such ungodly huge mammaries with nipples that were perpetually erect they seemed.

"Hi." she greeted in a bubbly note with a spring in her step as she was followed by that tough looking Asian guy who came with her, her arms cradling a white-furred cat that she pet pleasantly. Was she mad? Did she know where we were going? She looked like we were about to go to the mall together.

"Hey." I replied and checked over my gear again. With a sleeveless shirt and a skirt about my loins, and a set of hot pants beneath the skirt, the skirt was more for other people's benefit... In the case of hiding my unique loins from everyone. A thick leather belt that was

laden with as many pouches and tools as batman had on his belt; I was also armed with a heavy pack filled with climbing gear and more heavier tools and food and clothes. All in all... I was wearing everything I owned at that moment.

"Am I mistaken... are we going into battle?" she asked me and her cat mewed softly, rather femininely.

"We could." I answered. "Chernobyl is surrounded at a safe distance by security patrols. You can't miss them... They're dressed in black vinyl garb, breathing masks and hoods and carry machine guns. To top it off they're also members of the Spetsnaz, the Russian Special Forces. Should we run into one in our altered forms, then we'll have no choice to implement the doctrine."

"Doctrine?" Sue blinked.

"The Doctrine, Susan." a voice entreated as Pendragon entered, carrying his gnarled staff that was twice as tall as he was and hooked at its top like a shepherd's crook. "Remember your studies."

"Oh I skim those. My studies read like stereo instructions, Pen, so I read them to get the jist of them." Sue said with a playful wave and I blinked.

"Is she a convert?" I managed and pointed at her.

"Convert?" Sue asked then and I gaped at her.

"You must be. Natural born Lycans aren't as ignorant as you are."

She scoffed. "Hey! You don't have to call me stupid!"

"Katrina said 'ignorant,' not 'stupid,' Susan. Ignorance can be corrected by telling the person, kindly Katrina, about the information that you're lacking. Stupidity usually needs a few beats upside the head to school the unwary sycophant of the truth because they are either intellectually inferior or just too damned stubborn to understand or refuse to understand, and are often times both.

"Much like Sebastian was tonight.

"But I suggest, despite how boring the reading materials are that you dedicate more time to studying them and not just reading over them, Susan. This isn't a high school where a young woman fixes her hair while the instructor speaks or reapplies her make up or passes notes to friends, these things are our laws, and being ignorant of them is not an excuse should you create an infraction against them."

"Ah... K... What did all that mean?" Sue blinked. "Too many big words.

"Oh... Sorry... A habit of studying English literature for so long mixed with my extreme age. So... learn your studies... Or I'll thump you one."

"Got it." Sue swallowed.

"But on a serious note, Susan... The Doctrine is a commandment to all Lycan regardless of breed in order to protect the species. Should you meet a human and they discover your secret, there are ultimately three steps available to you." And he held up a finger for each one.

"A> you must capture the human and separate them from their society to protect the secret. If they cannot be captured than they are to be offered to become a Lycan themselves through infection on a full moon.

"Two> If the person refuses infection then they must be kept from their society.

"And Ampersand> If they can't be kept from their society, then they are to be killed. Exclamation point."

"B-but... Fell told me I was able to live with humanity without the whole do it or else scheme." Sue blanched.

"That is the singular exception, Susan. I'm certain you were told of the stipulations involving this."

Sue paused and then nodded slowly. "Don't tell anyone or else we'll have to kill you, your friends, your family and everyone you associated with, and Fell herself would have to perish because she was taking responsibility for me."

"Precisely... And as for a Convert... You are a convert, or a human that became a Lycan."

She nodded while I adjusted my stance, tapping my fingers on one hip. Converts were so annoying in their ignorance sometimes.

"Don't think like that Katrina." Pen said suddenly and his staff whipped directly into my face. "Like you... She was born a Lycan, but unlike you... She was a latent."

I blinked and Pendragon turned, and lifting his hand with a casual throwing gesture over his shoulder, a grand disk of white appeared suddenly before him before the disk spiraled inward and then seemed to whirl like a vertical whirlpool, creating a tunnel of sorts where there was a black dot at the far end of the tunnel.

"But enough of the lessons... Sue we are short on time. Your bulwark waits for you at the other end of this tunnel."

I stepped forward but then Susan suddenly spoke up.

"You are insistent that there is a rush on this. It's not going anywhere... How can it?"

I stopped. "You mean you didn't tell her?" I asked Pen, turning slowly toward her.

"Tell me what?" Sue asked.

"Our problem has many compounding folds to it Susan." Pen said immediately.

"First... The coffin of the reactor is cracking and leaking. The more it leaks the more radiation is poured out into the area. The more radiation that leaks the more dangerous Wormwood becomes.

"Second... Is what really is in the coffin."

"What's really in the coffin?" Sue asked. "What do you mean what's really in the coffin? What else is there than a pile of radioactive material?"

"A corrupted spirit of the earth." Pen said simply. "In times past, these powerful creatures were rare, extremely rare, but nonetheless powerful and usually benevolent. This one wasn't. This one was corrupted long, long ago, but trapped in the earth. Entities like him usually arrived in situations of blood stained and scorched earth like on a battle field. The worst of them all rose within the fields surrounding Christ's Crucifixion."

Sue swallowed notably.

"But in this age of technology and energy, collecting piles of corrupted earth and putting them together and corrupting them further into creating energy for ones technology unearthed something... Unexpected."

"What?!"

"It has no name that I know of." I said immediately. "Many have decided to name it Baal, or the Infernal, but in essence it is a Greatest Corrupted Earth Elemental." Sue stared at me.

"A greatest?" she asked. "I didn't know the designations went that high. And a corrupted one?"

"Larger and stronger than a Greater, which is larger and stronger than a regular." Pen said quietly. "But currently trapped.

"Currently..." Sue repeated.

"The Ukrainian government unearthed their first specter when the reactor went critical." I explained. "They know it's there, they know that sealing it cost lives and resealing it will cost many more, and they know that the coffin is breaking. The Ukrainian Government is currently seeking aide in sealing the coffin again but is having difficulty in doing so without being able to appropriately gesticulate the correct reason as to why resealing it is so important.

"So there're only two possible outcomes." I mentioned.

"And what are those?" Sue asked.

"If the Ukraine manages to get funds... It'll be a decade before you can so much as get near the place as their workers do patch work." Pen mentioned quietly. "Or... The elemental escapes while they're trying to get funds to do so."

Sue swallowed yet again, and this time it seemed particularly difficult for her.

"And... There is an additional danger." Pen said and turned toward the portal again. "The longer we wait, the more the energies that are leaking corrupt the animals and spirits surrounding Wormwood. The more that happens, the more dangers you all must contend with. So... As you can see Susan... Speed is of the essence." Pendragon said and then turned to look at us both. "I mean, you can wait... but it'll only be harder to do tomorrow, and harder the day after that..." he looked slyly at Susan. "And if the Ukrainian government gets their funds, imagine how difficult your task will be ten years from now."

"And I need this scroll?" Sue mentioned, and Pen merely nodded but said nothing else.

Sue thought about it, and then turned back to that Lee guy who said nothing. Then taking a deep breath, Sue finally smiled. "Mama always said never do tomorrow what you can do today!" and she stepped into the portal and was immediately sped down the tunnel to the other side. Pen merely nodded to me, and stepping forward into the portal myself, I felt a force like a great big hand clutch me and yank me down the length of the magical corridor. I literally traveled thousands of miles in a blink of an eye, and then lightly placed on the other side where the portal collapsed with a snap.

I am Sue.

This isn't exactly what I imagined I'd be transported to... Inside a metal prefabricated chamber. It was like one of those warehouse thingies one put into place to put your cars into while your garage was being rebuilt. The kind they tried to sell at the state fair.

The air was definitely cooler here. Mew gave off a low meow as we stood there momentarily before there was the rattling of some chains outside, right before the door opened and a scruffy looking man with a thick white beard and a heavy brown furred coat over his shoulders entered. There was a patch on the coat and it looked official looking, with the patch having a capitol K letter, followed by what looked like an upside down capitol L and then by a lower case B, all within an official looking symbol.

Katrina made an hmph sound as the man entered with a wry quirk to her face.

"What's so Hmph?" I asked turning to Kat.

"KGB. I thought they didn't exist anymore." she said quietly.

"They don't." the man said gruffly while pulling the cigarette from his mouth and tapping the ashes off. "But they told me I was too old to be FSB and said that I should just keep the coat. Keeps me warm during those nice cold Siberian nights, da?" he returned the cigarette to his mouth. "I take it that the two of you are Katrina and Susan?"

"We are." Kat responded. "We're supposed to meet with Tanya?"

"Da. I was told. Please to be following me." and the man turned, showing a high powered rifle on his back that also looked military. Apparently he was told to keep his gun too.

We were led out of the metal prefab and the man took a moment to lock the door again with a pad lock – I had no idea why he even bothered to do that given the town we were in and the fact there was nothing inside the prefab unit – and then he led us through the small town.

"Welcome to Mir, Tovarichee." the man said amidst our walk. "We are very humble here, but I'm certain you will enjoy your stay, for here we enjoy a communist environment."

"Communist? But I thought Russia had become a democracy." I said with surprise.

"Russia yes. Mir... No. We are far removed from civilization. It would take hours to drive to the nearest town out here, so we must be communal. Communist Russia was a good idea... Till Stalin came. He alone showed the world that communism has but one flaw... And that is what happens when a callous and evil man gets into a position of power. Men are not ready for communism so long

as selfishness persists in the world." He paused and then turned to grin at us. "But then, maybe women are." And he blew smoke through his teeth. "Come see what I mean."

And then he stopped at a cellar door entrance on one side of a building that looked like a bunch of narrow rooms no wider than a dorm room. Here he pulled open the doors and gestured for us to enter.

"Inside. Russia can be cold to those who are not used to her frozen grip."

"Thank you." I said and descended with Kat right behind me. Our guide descended after us, closing the cellar doors as he led us into a dimly lit cellar, strode to a cabinet that was ceiling to floor, and idly pushed it aside on spring-loaded rollers, revealing a narrow corridor of bricked stone beyond that was only wide enough for one human sized person to step through. And so we entered and our guide followed, the weighted entrance sliding back behind us while he continued to smoke his cigarette.

After a short ways the hall turned sharply and then opened up into a set of metal stairs leading down that were much wider and higher than the hall we'd just come from, and now we descended below the town, past pipes and wires down here into a simple construct of pillars and walls made of shaped concrete and rebar that supported the town. Here I was immediately met with various Lycan in their varied forms, most of whom were towering Siberian Tigers of orange, white and black pelts. Same as Lee, who was a Bengal Tiger, only their pelts weren't as dark.

"Welcome to the real Mir." our guide said with his Russian accent, and angled around us to lead the way deeper. "Feel free to assume any shape you wish in these cellars... There's no one to see you who shouldn't."

"Thank you." I beamed with a mewling sound. "But this is such a fine dress I don't want to ruin it. But if I may ask, why are we going so deep?"

"The Queen and her King," he chuckled at that. "Are hard at work in the tunnels. Come... We are nearly there."

And down we went, with the lowest level being braces of wood holding the rough-hewn ceiling and walls up. It was here that we heard the sounds of rhythmic working of chipping away with tools like pickaxes and such, and at the end of a long tunnel we found two personages working in only shoes and pants, each of them of like muscular thickness, which was equal to if not greater than my own, with one of them being a woman with long white hair held back underneath a bandanna and several chords of blue ribbon. She was a massive, massive woman, stronger than Fell was in her human form, easily. And... she was topless. I envied her for her breasts.

"Your Highness!" our guide shouted and suddenly both of them stopped working, turning to face us with another set of bandanas over their mouths, the woman's heavily laden chest wobbling as she did. Our guide looked at her dirtied breasts and smiled to himself but then looked away as the thick-set man beside her scowled at him.

"May I present to you to our guests, Susan and Katrina."

They both pulled down their face masks and I blinked upon looking at the woman.

"Tanya?" I blinked.

She smirked at me and rubbed the man that was beside her tight muscular arm affectionately. "I see that you're surprised." she said, now possessing an accent unlike she'd done when I met her at the Zoo in Minnesota. But my surprise was that she was nowhere near this large then... and her hair was a different color.

"One of my gifts." she explained for me. "This is my real body; the one you saw was one I wear after compacting myself. But where are my manners. "This is my husband Dmitri." the man smiled and nodded. "He runs Mir."

"But I thought..." I said pointing at her.

"He runs Mir, but I run the people." She corrected. "It's the way the family works here... Balance of power and all." she pulled another handkerchief out of her pocket and wiped her brow free of its grimy sweat. "But why don't we retreat to a more comfortable place so that we can speak business. We've gone deep enough in this tunnel that the others can put in the supports before all of Mir falls down around our heads."

Tanya and Dmitri showered together... Taking a good long time in doing it too, possibly for obvious reasons when a man and a woman are alone together, are naked, hot and wet, while Katrina and I sat in their spacious and rather comfortable living room filled with colorful Russian blankets and rugs, with a corner of the room taken up by a door that led to a plethora of communication equipment, and one wall being taken up with a superb home theatre set up.

Sitting opposite Katrina in a sort of uncomfortable silence, the raccoon fem cleaning and filing her claws, it was then that I noticed the telltale sight of a bulge peeking her skirt.

I bit my lower lip and looked away, Mew lying heavily in my arms, her tail wagging. I had no idea what to think about a woman like her.

"I smell boy cat." Mew said suddenly, one of her forepaws hanging over my thick muscular arm.

I didn't hear her at first, and to Katrina it'd only sound like a meow, I was busy staring at the bulge in Katrina's lap out of the corner of my eye. I could swear I saw it wiggle... But just then there was a strange cat sound, and out of the corner of my eye I viewed Ivan suddenly pad into the room.

"Speak of the devil." Mew said in slight irritation as Ivan turned to the sound of her voice.

"Susan!" Ivan meowed in greeting. "And who is your sultry little companion?" he murred and lifted a paw to slick his whiskers.

"Be nice Ivan. Mew is... Delicate." I smirked.

"Delicate my shaggy butt." Mew said quietly.

"And what a nice butt it is. Pray tell... Are you in heat?"

"What?" Mew and I said at the same time, I turning to Ivan and Mew lifting her head and pinning her ears in surprise.

"Oh... Forgive my poor manners. But I just smell..." and he sniffed the air. "I smell something like sweet fresh flowers... A strange thing in this wilderness at this time of the year." he leapt up onto a foot stool in front of me and sat down on his haunches. "I only assumed it was a heat from a fair maiden. I've smelt it from all the other female Lycan here when they are... frisky... At a male's presence," he gave a catty swarthy grin and used a paw to straighten his whiskers again with a flick on the last set. "I only assumed it was you."

I blinked and Mew stared with her eyes dilating open.

"And pray... Mew was it? Perhaps this yon gentleman cat," and he pawed his chest. "Might entreaty you on a tour of these humble facilities?"

Mew continued staring. "Oh Great Bastet, Mac Daddies transcend continents, cultures AND species." she murmured and then waved her paw dismissively at Ivan. "It amazes me! You aren't even in the room for more than a minute and already you're after my tail?"

"My apologies," Ivan said and looked at his claws of one hand. "But it wasn't your tail I was looking for." and he raised an eyebrow.

"Gets right to the point doesn't he?" I mused.

"Look Susan... I'm the only Felis Domesticus in this little town. The only one. I'm in my peak and prime!" he lifted both paws and balanced on his hind legs and flexed both arms. "And the first female like me shows up, and might I add as felines go she is truly an attractive one at that, and you think I'm not going to try my damndest to make sure that such a fine lady is well treated and cared for and made to feel like a princess?" Ivan bowed over himself and waved a hand graciously before himself. "Pity... You short me the good graces of a gentle-cat."

"And mating is... Nowhere in your mind?" Mew smirked and tilted her head and lifted her chin smugly.

"My dear lady-cat. Since attraction in all species is sexually based, by the fact that I am attracted to you means that you arouse me, for me to say otherwise would be a bold face lie. By all means, I want to break you in two through mating, wear you out even, but... as a gentle-cat, it isn't in me to force myself on an unwilling female."

Mew drummed her claws repeatedly on my arm.

"Fine." she said and hopped out of my arms, stretching deeply at first and then shaking herself. "Lead the way then, oh gentle-cat... But I warn you..." and she lifted a paw with one claw extended. "You're not the only one who'll be splitting someone in two should you cross me."

"Promises, promises." Ivan murred and watched Mew walk around the corner before looking at me, smiling and nodding impishly before he himself hopped down to follow after her tail. "Sniff... ah..." he chortled, his blue lines glowing on his body, and amidst leading the way he meowed at Tanya as she entered the room, and took the time to rub himself around her leg before leading the way out for Mew.

Tanya entered cleaned, with a pair of jeans and shoes on, with a shirt that was oversized just enough to drape over her instead of snugging at her body. She wasn't wearing a bra, for like me, she didn't need one. Her white hair had a green colored strip of it hanging before her eyes.

"Wow..." Katrina said watching the two cats go. "What was that all about?"

"One cat macking on another cat." I giggled. "I swear it was all I could do from singing lines from *The Dip*."

"Lucky." Katrina said and rose to her feet. "When I listen to raccoons talking, it's a tirade of schemes and things they've snitched. Apparently when two cats meet all they talk about is sex. But greetings again, Queen Tanya. My name is Katrina."

The two shook hands and I noted that Tanya shook hands like a man did... Not the just grip the fingers and hold, but a full grasping hand and pump the arm a couple times. The oversized T-shirt she wore had sleeves that came to her elbows, but nonetheless I saw the thick and powerful and lean biceps bunch beneath those sleeves as they shook.

"Pleased to meet you. Ok... Are you both ready to leave?"

"So soon?" I asked. "Is Mew going to be ok here... With Ivan?"

"You know I don't really know." Tanya smirked. "I had our warder prepare the plane. We'll fly as close as we can to Wormwood before we can't avoid the radar and air force watching over the area."

I sighed and rose myself. "Better if we get this over quickly. Do you think we should rest first or something?"

"Not needed for me. We can if the two of you need to rest first."

I looked at Katrina and she shook her head and I sighed. "I guess you're all waiting on me then. No... I'm ready. I want to get this over with."

Tanya nodded. "Well then follow me." and she led the way out, meeting with her man Dmitri who handed her an Igloo cooler.

"Some food and drinks for you, beloved." he said, and I nearly swooned from his voice. He was so hot! Tanya was so lucky.

"Thanks dear heart." and they kissed, and Tanya got groped before they left. Not just a palm or a clap, but a full under the shirt grope of her tit and a caressing of the nipples. It was shameless, true... but I hoped that whatever guy I got would do that to me too.

"Be safe. Your sister agreed to come and nurse the cubs while you're gone."

"I knew she would." Tanya smiled but then turned to see me scowling.

Tanya paused, looking at me, and I didn't make any attempt to hide the fact that I was displeased with the mention of her sister as I even crossed my arms.

Tanya led us away out of the house which seemed to be the oldest building in Mir and down the length of the main avenue here, and when we were out amidst everyone, with Katrina finally sliding into a human form, that telltale bulge of hers disappearing as she became fully feminine, Tanya turned to me briefly.

"I understand you and Lee are getting along well." she stated quietly.

"How'd you know that?" I scoffed.

"Deduction, really. I saw him in the background when Pendragon contacted me earlier. There would've been only one reason why he was there, especially when Pen was asking a favor for you. I assume that you've become privy to his emotions... And are so angry at whoever hurt him."

"What told you that?" I asked with a low growl and folded both arms beneath my ample bosom.

"The fact that any mention of my sister's name makes you angry." Tanya said and Katrina sniggered behind us. I shot her a glance before returning my attention to Tanya as a guard opened a smaller gate in the walls of Mir and we passed outside and headed toward an asphalt runway north of the town.

"Damn straight it does. She broke his heart! He's a big strong snuggly-wuggly gentleman who only wanted to love her and she broke his heart."

"Snuggly-wuggly?" Katrina repeated and sniggered again.

Tanya sighed. "Anya has her moments of lax reason." Tanya replied as we entered an opened structure in which a plane was being pushed out by a hand or some sort. "When she bed Lee... She was looking for a lay and nothing more. Yes he was affectionate, but even then she wasn't looking for a mate, she was looking for someone to sate a rather torrid heat that we were both feeling at the time. Anya got her release... Lee was the one to do it.

"They promised each other that they'd keep in touch as best as they could, but the problem was, was that there was no easy way for either of them to do that, and they lost touch the moment we left their hidden valley."

"You actually know where that is." I gasped and she nodded but then continued.

"After another such a moment of relieving the sexual tension, Anya made two potent mistakes that wound up being the best things that ever happened to her in her life.

"First... She bed our warder, Daniel, when she didn't know who he was, and second... She was fertile at the moment and conceived from the mating. When she bed Lee it was past her fertility point, but when she bed Daniel... or rather was bed by him, I'm not sure, she was prime and fertile, and so she conceived.

"There's a certain degree of affection between the two, the rest I'm sure is hidden because I know Daniel to be a very private man, but Anya is happy in her current relationship with her lord, mate and husband. Yes, Lee was fronted because of it, but there was no choice on her part. Circumstance broke their relationship and Lee's Heart, not Anya."

"Personally... I think she lost out." I said immediately. "I mean what sort of man could replace Lee?!" I asked, and Tanya paused and turned to me with a smirk, and then gestured to the man who was single-handedly pushing a twin prop plane into position.

"Susan, Katrina... Allow me to introduce you to our warder and Anya's husband, Daniel."

And this Daniel stood up, and immediately I felt my eyes widen, lips purse, nipples harden and labia flare in instant arousal.

He was tall and purposeful, with muscles everywhere, a displayed ten pack of abs since he was working without a shirt though he wore a heavy woolen jacket that was opened to bare his chest. Blond hair blue eyes... He almost looked like the Arian dream if not for the fact he was a Soviet.

"Dobre' Dien," he greeted and extended a massive hand and I stupidly placed my hand into his, in which he squeezed just the fingers of my hand, mindful apparently that I was a delicate woman and needed to be treated as such, and with a flourish bent over it to kiss my hand. He repeated the gesture with Kat as well, and his presence left both of us blushing. "The airplane is ready, my Queen." he said in English then, his definite guttural Russian accent rolling the R's and pronouncing I's as E's. His voice was even deeper than Dmitri's was, and the vibration of it hit me right between the legs.

I grew aroused just by looking upon him.

"You sure you don't want to trade your Lee up for him?" Kat whispered into my ear and I blanched before scoffing at her.

"Scuse me please... But I must get back to my duties." he said. Only when he used the letter I to describe himself did he pronounce it as an I instead of an E, only this time he followed it with an E sound at the same time. "Do-svedanya." and he tipped a cap before striding away.

"Mph! I like to see him coming, but I love to see him go away." Kat said, eyeing that powerful Russian butt of his. I merely blushed and nodded.

"Jealous yet?" Tanya smirked and opened the double door of the plane, one half going up the other half coming down in a set of stairs.

"Much... I mean no!" I gasped and faced her immediately. "Um... Let's be on our way!"

Tanya merely smirked and nodded and I climbed into the passenger seat of the plane, Kat getting in behind us to sit on the couch with her equipment.

Tanya climbed into the pilot's seat and closed the doors to the plane. After a brief pre-flight, the engines were started, the throttle was pushed forward, and the two engine plane raced down the runway and soared upward into the cool Siberian air.

Chapter 6: Wormwood

It would be hours of flight to and from Chernobyl, and I decided that my lack of sleep from the night before would best be taken now... So I fell asleep letting the drone of the plane's engines take me in.

Sue and the mysterious Tanya were in the front seat, with Susan resting already, so taking out a blanket from my pack and resting for awhile, I took in a nice little coon nap... Not quite hibernation, but it was restful.

When I awoke it was well past noon... But then flying from east to west had a tendency to bring the noon-day sun upon you more quickly. Then looking below, I saw that the landscape of the world was rushing by maybe only a few dozen feet below us, and Tanya was having to swerve around trees that she was flying so low. It was on one of these swerves that Sue woke up and looking around, saw how low we were flying.

"W-what's going on? Why are we so low?"

"To stay below Radar." I said immediately moving to rest my arms on the back of the pilot and copilot seat. I took that moment to switch back into my hybrid form, and felt the familiar meat of my groin flush back into place over my vagina... I didn't like being without it for long... I felt vulnerable otherwise. "Because of the 'possible health hazard' of a radiation leak, the Ukrainian government monitors all air traffic approaching Chernobyl in conjunction with Russian agents who are giving their aid for the containment.

Any plane that gets too close is warned away, and if they don't turn then they send escorts to move you away, and if you don't move away..."

"They what?" Sue asked when I paused.

"They shoot you down." Tanya said smoothly. "Kind of makes you wonder why. A high-flying aircraft would be in and out of the damage zone before it had time to effect you. Google Maps will show you the town of Chernobyl but not the reactor site. Why is that?"

"It's because what's really down there... They don't want the rest of the world to see it." I replied.

"What's down there?" Sue asked. "You were there... What did you see?"

I was quiet a moment, remembering those horrors. "Every government has their secrets... Secrets that the rest of the world is not ready for. Regardless, there are military forces on the ground to further 'deter' anyone from seeking any more of the truth than that it's a vacant biohazard zone."

"Other governments have secrets like that?" Sue asked.

"Sure... What do you think the Turkish government is trying to hide on Mount Sinai, the supposed resting place of Noah's ark? Or why the United States so vehemently and brutally guard a place they refer to as area fifty-one? Chernobyl is the combined secret of all of Russia and the Baltic States. It's an accident they don't want anyone to know what really happened. Though I assure you there is excess radiation, it's not enough to damage a person lest they want to spend a few years there. Perhaps that's because of the coffin around the reactor, but perhaps the leak is just a cover up."

"And what do you think happened?" Sue asked wide eyed.

"I have my hunches... But I don't think the reactor going critical wasn't an accident. I think... It was blown on purpose in an attempt to destroy what was trying to get out when it came online. Imagine the sort of secret it must be if several nations would rather appear to be seen as fools by the entire world by ignoring their instruments during a meltdown rather than to let out."

Tanya landed the plane on a level field, cutting the engines so that we'd coast quietly to a stop before opening the door and allowing Kat and myself out.

Tanya Closed up the plane's doors, folding its wings to its sides, and then all by herself turned and backed it into a stand of trees where it'd be difficult to see it from any angle but dead on and on the ground before covering it with some large branches from some trees.

Katrina took that moment to go through her equipment again and I noted that this strange Lycan barely changed at all between her hybrid form and her human form. Sure... She put on about fifty pounds in sheer muscle mass, becoming definitely stronger and slightly larger busted but she didn't change much in height or anything... Or at least not obviously. Of course she had that wang of hers stuck in between her legs. I never met a hermaphrodite, but as I'd been learning from her, she was no hermaphrodite... She used her powers to become that way on purpose. I subtly understood why... what better way to protect that precious opening than to have something fixed to it that couldn't be removed? I didn't want to make heads or tails out of her reasons why, and if she chose to have a penis instead of a vagina, that was none of my concern.

But while Tanya refilled the gas tanks of the plane with some fuel drums that were stashed in the cargo area of the plane, I took that moment to make preparations of my own.

So pulling on the synching strings of my dress along both sides, I tugged it loose and pulled it off over my head, feeling my breasts naked to the cool air and wind of this northern countryside. Tossing the dress into the back seat, I then removed both slip-on shoes, the stockings underneath them and the side-tie panties so that I was naked in the cool Ukrainian climate.

Lycan had to wear clothes that were either old and so ripped easily and one didn't care if they were ruined, tailored for our hybrid forms, or had the ability to stretch for those forms, or baring that, clothing that could be removed quickly. Since I had such a radical transformation between human and hybrid that left those prior options to either old clothes that I didn't mind would get ruined or clothes that could be removed quickly. I mean the stockings could've stayed, but once stretched they don't really un-stretch too well.

Then once naked, I rose, stretched with a bouncing and swaying of breasts, and then I changed.

We were far away from any habited town, so who cared if I were to enjoy the freedom of being full hybrid in broad daylight?

And so the change came, a flaring of the veins that stood on end and throbbed, none so erotic than the ones that caressed the swollen labia or the undersides of either tit that led to the milk glands, right as I rapidly began to grow.

Clitoris erected and jut from my body, dragging some of the folds of my insides outward with it as the labia puffed outward. As my body grew my tits swelled continuously, growing faster than I grew taller, my bulk growing just enough to make me thick and stocky as my height grew and I rose up onto my toes as both feet extended and the toes thickened and spread. Face pushed forward and claws appeared, forearms lengthening just before the massive bulk just piled in on me.

Muscles popped and snapped into position, flaring me and thickening me like a rapid growth of a furry, feminine hulk.

Stretching thickly as I gasped and breathed hotly, my breasts swelling still as even the ridiculous muscular growth slowed, I stood taller than the plane was, with heaving muscularity, twice as large as Katrina herself was.

"Jeeze... Aren't you supposed to be a Felis Lycan?" Katrina gaped as she saw me finally transformed.

"I'm special." I smirked and began flexing and bouncing my pecs which made both tits wobble and bounce with them. My belly displayed a plethora of hardened nipples and a pair of thick secondaries now, those breasts still swelling as they filled with added milk.

"Some say I'm stronger than lions and tigers..."

"And bears... Oh my." Katrina smirked. "I think you're in for a surprise though..."

"Why's that?" I asked as I kissed the flaring, immense bicep of mine. Oh I loved my vein-ridden super muscular arms. I must've been growing strong enough to give even Lee a run for his money.

"Never met a Siberian Tiger Lycan have you?" she said sitting on her pack and pointing idly behind me, and turning I blinked as I saw Tanya finishing her growth transformation. It was the first time that my head actually had to bow backward and look up at the woman who was transforming before me, and I gaped at the awesome strength the Queen of the Siberian Tigers possessed.

"Holy... Shit." I gasped quietly as Tanya finished her change.

Hers were the breasts of a nursing mother... which meant that they were significantly larger than mine per proportion of her body, and though a Lycan female generated milk even before she had a baby, a nursing Lycan female had breasts that were even larger. Even in her human form she had the body mass to support breasts that must've weighed over a hundred pounds together at first, but now that she'd changed either of her massive primaries, both swelling with milk like mine did, must've weighed a quarter of a ton apiece with

the water weight, with even her secondaries weighing over a hundred pounds apiece. She had developed tertiaries as well, thickened pads like c-cups lining her belly.

This multi-ton titanness of muscular strength immediately became the goddess of strength and beauty that I would now worship, and I found myself purring at the incredible masses that this fem possessed. She had muscles where I didn't, and even those were massive slabs of meat that rippled and coalesced in long sinuous bands of feminine might with even the slightest of her movements. She had a sex that was thick and massive, almost as large as a groin with how strong and powerful it was, and a tail that was as thick as my forearm.

"Best if we move quickly now." she said, her voice having dropped an octave. There was power even in her voice, and I felt a mystical connection to her that made some of the fur on my body stand on end.

"Yeah..." I gaped and swallowed, imagining myself like this phenomenal titanness, and the thought made me horny.

"Katrina, do you suppose you can show us the way?"

"I can..." she said, and gripping her pack over one arm, she rose, hopped, skipped and jumped up onto my shoulder and sat there, holding onto my head fur and gesturing in one particular direction. "It'll go faster if one of you two carries me. Else wise you'll be limited with my shorter legs."

I looked at her, closing the one eye that was toward her, trying not to look at her bulbous unit that held back her third leg. Jeeze, it was almost like that blue guy from Watchmen. At least she wore pants.

"So why me for the chariot?" I smirked.

"Courtesy. Kind of bad manners to leap up onto the back of royalty... Especially when she's kind enough to come here, and I don't know how much concentration she needs to ward us from the dangers of this area."

"None really," Tanya said with a smile, folding her great arms beneath her giant breasts, her mane forming spikes off her head. "It's all automatic really, but then I've never tried to absorb the power of a nuclear pile made to supply energy to a region instead of just a sub. Nonetheless I have no choice in the matter to absorb it, it just goes into me. And if you want me to carry Katrina Susan..."

"I got it. I can barely feel that weight anyways."

"Hm..." Katrina smirked and crossed her legs as Tanya and I turned in the direction she'd indicated. "Old wise one said that if you want to look thin you hang around people bigger than you. I guess a couple hundred pounds is nothing to a few tons. Keep up the kind words... I like feeling lighter than I really am. Makes me feel better about my figure."

I'm Kat.

Here I am... Walking – sort of – into a dangerous land astride one of two of the biggest fems I'd ever met. I mean I've seen some big Lycans before, but the sizes of these massive cats was ridiculous. I've met Alpha Lions that weren't this large. In comparison to these two, those lions were sickly.

"How much farther?" Sue asked as the sun went down.

"Not far..." I replied atop Tanya's back now. She was walking on all fours. "But really, we have to take a curving entry into the place because of the guards."

"What do they look like?" she asked again, also walking on all fours like Tanya to reduce their incredible profiles.

"Like that." I said and pointed to where a lone man stood on a hill far away. He was staring at us, an assault rifle the likes of which I'd never seen anywhere else in the world held in his hands, while a heavy rubber slicker was over his head and shoulders like a poncho down to his ankles, a pair of heavy metal boots showed from under the slickers and a pair of heavy metal gloves from the sleeves. The man was wearing a face mask and a breath mask.

"He's just standing there." Tanya said, looking at the man.

"Yes... He sees us, surely he's radioed ahead by now, and they know we're here... So why isn't he doing anything? It doesn't make sense. They make sure to kill anything bigger than a flea, and respond to any sort of commotion, so why aren't they doing anything to us? It was like trying to thread a camel through the eye of a needle trying to get into this place the last time I was here."

"I don't like it." Sue said.

"Let's test their resolve then." Tanya said, and I felt her lurch as she rose up onto her hind feet, standing like a monstrosity and I had to climb to her shoulder lest I be thrown off, but that made us an even greater target.

And then Tanya announced: "They do know we're here. He's being ordered by his superiors to ignore us.

"How on earth do you know that?!" I gasped.

Tanya turned to me and smirked and I saw that the green strip of her hair that had hung before her eyes had instead turned red. "I can hear their radio waves. Had to do the translation of their encoding device in my head, but we're being told to be left alone."

"They knew we were coming?!" I gasped.

"Apparently." Tanya replied. "Which means they also know what we are, which also explains why that guard isn't responding to us.

"Or that guard." Sue said and pointed as she rose too, and Tanya and I turned to see another guard on another nearby hill who was just rising to the top and stopping there, watching us. "Are they hemming us in?"

"No..." I replied. "They're just... watching."

"Why does that worry me more than them just running up on us with guns blazing?"

"Because," Tanya added. "If they were waiting for us then they know we're coming, and the only way they would know we were coming means that one of our hidden benefactors told them to expect us and to act this way should we come. They are either trained soldiers who are so stalwart that they don't react negatively to a Lycan or they already know that we exist. If they know we exist then they have weapons that you can bet are built to counteract supernatural creatures like us. If they know we're coming and they're told that we can enter, does that also mean that we'll be allowed to leave?"

"Good questions. Your radio sense telling you anything?" I asked.

Tanya paused and then shook her head. "Radio silence." she replied.

I shrugged. "Best if we not waste any more time then." I said and gestured with my hand in a direction. "Straight into Chernobyl then... That way."

And I held onto my mount as Tanya stepped right into hell.

Sue here.

Wormwood was a ghost town in the best sense of the word. Stories of ghost towns in the old west didn't appropriately match this one. It was like all life from the town and the earth were just *sucked* right out of this place. It was cold, so cold one could see your breath come out as mist and nothing but we ourselves moved in this place. Not even the wind moved... and sound had a dull way of moving through the air.

In an old west town the wind would blow and a tumbleweed might blow across your path, but like I said, here... There was no wind at all. Nothing moved, and everything felt... Unhealthy.

I felt sick just being here.

"Oh my." Tanya said and I turned toward her to see her looking at her forearm, in which a green fringe had colored her forelock there as well as on the other arm. When she turned to us, there was a lock of her hair that had turned a deep green.

"W-what's happening to you?" I asked.

"Don't worry... This is normal." she said fingering the forelock.

"It is?"

She smiled. "I hadn't had to switch into a separate mode in more than a year. This is my green mode bleeding in because I'm absorbing loose rads of radiation... More than a typical background count."

"Apparently the contamination suits the guards were wearing are justified." Katrina mused, sitting with feet together, balancing them on Tanya's breast while her bottom and possibly her... her balls... Rested on Tanya's shoulder. If Tanya noticed the abnormal gender of our guide she hadn't reacted yet.

"Well we're here. Where's this scroll thing?" I asked.

"Last record tells of it being shipped on barge F-K-zero-three-three-five. But those are Cyrillic letters F and K."

"What's the difference?" I asked.

"You use the Latin alphabet." Tanya voiced. "The Cyrillic K and the Latin K are identical, just pronounced differently. For you it's pronounced as a long K, or 'kay,' but for Cyrillic it's a short K or 'ka.'"

"As for the F, the symbol is different. Both are pronounced the same way, only a Cyrillic F looks more like your lower-cased T, but instead of a crossing line near the top, it's a circle."

"Ok... So... Um... Where do we find these barges?"

"The river of course." Katrina smirked and gestured. "That way."

And we moved in that direction. We saw another guard on a hill... Far outside the city... Which worried me. On top of that, the sun was setting.

"Does anyone else feel unnerved that those guards aren't leaving their positions and entering the city?" I asked.

"I am." Tanya said and eyed the same guard.

"As am I." Kat replied. "They know something that we don't, and they must know that it's bad or else they wouldn't be keeping their distance."

"Then let's find this thing and G.T.F.O.!" I groaned and quickened my pace toward the river and Tanya followed swiftly behind.

Tanya's every step seemed to spread the green coloring in her further and further, with her veins starting to tinge yellow and her flesh turning ashen grey at the moment. She looked sickly to me if not for the fact that she seemed to be getting bigger and taller with nearly every step.

The river was the first thing I saw around here that flowed... But it flowed very lazily... And there was a lot of detritus, flotsam and jetsam on its surface that looked like it was about to reach out and grab us with many teeth and eyes and haul us all under the water.

And just to echo my thoughts, Katrina suddenly piped in with: "Avoid the water at all costs." she said. "Something snags you, chances are you're not going to live the night. Not even you two."

I merely nodded, looking at the murky water as it bubbled and curdled, and I could see at this range that it was so dirty that it appeared to be running upside down.

"Aren't we going to one of these barges anyways?" I asked then.

"Satellite imagery shows the ship has run aground. And it's not a barge either; it's an actual ship, so no worries about something impacting the hull or anything. We just need to get on board."

There was nothing built north of the river of Chernobyl, but our cargo ship was indeed run aground against the river shore... It looked like it was run aground on purpose too. Great heaving anchors held it in place unlike the other ships and barges here that appeared to

be floating nonchalantly, and over the years of the cold and movement of the river had worn a hole in some of the hulls, partially sinking the barges or ships. That... Or something bit its way through there...

Only a sliver of light was left on the horizon now, and suddenly I began to notice something.

"Where are the guards?" I asked immediately.

"They started leaving about fifteen minutes ago. Haven't seen any for more than a minute or two. Their radio chatter has gone dead as well." Tanya supplied.

"I don't like that..." I commented and held myself, hefting the slabs of feminine glands over the heaving musculature of both arms.

"Probably a good reason that you don't." Katrina voiced, looking back at me from atop Tanya's shoulder. "The night brings those things that go bump in the night no matter where in the world you may be. And honestly... This is taking too long. We need to hurry."

"Then time to take a short cut." Tanya mentioned and turned, taking several long strides and then leaping high, high into the air, a lot higher than I could ever manage landed on the prow of a barge and sent the thing surging downward into the water from her weight, sending strange critters scurrying away across the waters while serpent like things swam away. When the ballast brought the ship back up, she used it to leap again, and repeated this till she'd crossed the river.

Sighing I followed suit, and grew more jealous of the Tiger Queen that I couldn't replicate her phenomenal strength... Though I did manage to do it with more style. But then again, she wasn't going for style... was she? Why play an Ace when a deuce will do?

Once on the other side, a quick trot up to the ship that was listing slightly and a hop aboard got us onto the deck of the weathered ship... Right as the last rays of light disappeared beneath the horizon.

I hadn't expected this.

Leading Sue and Tanya here was supposed to make me prepared and expecting everything, and at times I sometimes missed certain details, but this was a detail that I would've liked to have had in hand before it happened.

With an audible snap of pseudomotion the world changed around Chernobyl. The fading haze of the sun suddenly changed into a band of red around the entire horizon, the clouds began to roil and then swirl above us, while below us...

Magic started to fade and corrupt, and very quickly Tanya's body started to glitter green, and just like that she shifted into her full Green Mode as she called it, muscles flaring and standing on end, her body growing thicker and heavier till one foot broke through the rotted wooden deck of the boat. A visible bubble formed around us as vague streamers of sparkling green surged toward her, and she seemed to bow underneath the weight.

"S-so... So much... Energy!" she hissed, and both Sue and I heard the sounds of her muscles groaning and popping as bones cracked and snapped as they thickened and realigned... Right before she began to glow in the darkness. "T-too much!"

But then the world began to warp with the sky as it twisted, the clouds twisting upward and the land twisting downward, a black spiral that arched and leveled the land in a diagonal off in the distance, making buildings and constructs stretch and twist into contortions of their former selves, and everything started to glow with subtle hues of varying colors of blue, purple and green, everything appearing sickly and muted save for Sue and myself only while Tanya continued to unfold as her body absorbed all that corrupting power that was in the air.

And there in the distance, like it were the hub of some huge twisting wheel, a plume of bright green energy shot upward into the air, the earth and sky cracking with rivulets of that green energy like both planes had become diseased, the green rivulets arching as far out from that growing maelstrom as we were.

The ground shook and the skies stormed with green lightning, and that was before the roaring sound that was like some mixture of a lion's roar, an eagle's cry, rocks breaking together and nails on a chalkboard.

"W-what was that?" Sue gaped.

"If I were to miss my guess... I would assume that that was the demon they have locked up in the coffin." I voiced calmly.

"Oh why oh why did I ever come here? Why did I ever agree to do this?" Sue moaned

I swirled around atop Tanya's back and slid off the lumpy slope of her green fur and stretched grey flesh as she struggled to compose herself before the muscle binding kicked in, and reaching up to Sue as she entered 'woe-is-me' mode, I promptly grabbed her ear and hauled her down to my level.

"Enough of that!" I snapped and let go of her ear. "Get yourself together... This is not the time nor the place to be a helpless little kitten."

"Ow. You didn't have to tug on my ear so hard." She complained.

"Yeah I did." I said and folded both arms beneath my bosom. "Now change into your human form so we can..."

"Screw that! There are dangerous things about and..."

"The sooner we find the scroll, the sooner we can go home." I sighed and rolled my eyes. "And only you can pick it up... Remember?! Honestly..." and I pointed at the human-sized porthole. "Tell me how you, big and muscley and busty with your thick tail and badonkadonk are going to get through that door in your present size?"

Sue whimpered and held herself, but resigning herself she nodded.

"Tanya... How are you doing?" I asked.

"Better now that I'm used to it... Best if you stay off me for a bit though... Lest you want to be rendered sterile..."

"Noted. Will you be ok by yourself if Sue and I go on?" I asked and she nodded.

"Yes..." she replied.

"Ok... Then Sue... You're with me." I said and tugged on her hand, the bubble around Tanya growing ever larger till it encompassed the whole ship even. "Now change to your human form."

She whimpered, looked to Tanya who was steadily growing larger and more muscular than ever, bony parts thickening around her and growing out of her flesh now at elbows, knees and spine while her tits grew even more enormous.

Jeeze... You could anchor a ship with those orbs.

Susan then changed into her human form, which was still larger and more muscular than me in my altered state, with much larger boobs. With no clothing she looked quite vulnerable and hugged herself, pinching her thighs about her sex and bending over to protect herself from the dead cold of this world.

"Here..." I said and lifted a hand and started gesturing but immediately winced, and then lifting my other hand added to the strength of the cast. "Ngh." I groaned and then conjured a simple terrycloth robe that only barely covered her before I bowed under the weight of magical backlash.

Backlash? For such a simple conjuration?

"What's wrong?" Sue asked me timidly.

"Magical Backlash. It's... So incredible here. The background count is worse than Auschwitz!"

"Background count?" Sue blinked and I looked up at her and she stared back at me. She really didn't know.

"What?" she managed to ask, the terry cloth robe only just hiding her naughty bits and that was only by looking dead on at her. If she were to turn to one side then you'd see everything. I smirked to myself, wanting to pierce those thighs of hers, but even as I thought that I thought that she was also one of those women who wouldn't be into me. Mai was one such exception.

"Apparently you haven't gotten that far in your lessons then." I said and straightened. "Magical Backlash happens when one encounters a background count that your body cannot compensate for. Background counts usually happen where places of a lot of death happen, nuclear waste dumps, hyper advanced lab facilities... And apparently nuclear fallout zones like this. The counts are generated by the spiritual world being adversely effected by something unnatural like high technology or intense misery.

"Since nuclear energy is the height of technology, and since it's a corruption of the earth, and since this is the worst nuclear disaster in history causing a great deal of misery... Chernobyl has the first background count I've encountered in a long, long time that is actually physically painful to cast magic in."

"Are there places that enhance magic where these background counts hinder and hamper it?" Sue asked as we entered the ship.

"Yes, but that's neither here nor there... We need to get you that scroll and get out of here. I can only assume this place is going to get worse the longer we stand here."

And arching my back briefly to massage strain in it, I led the way deeper into the ship while Tanya continued to bow beneath the weight of this warped night world.

I am Sue.

Right now I'd like to be curled up, watching a nice Lifetime Movie Chanel presentation with all my fluffy duds on that were fresh from the dryer, hugging Mew to me while she purred and kneaded me. Have a nice glass of wine, some strawberries and some chocolate nearby and Lee holding me too.

Yeah, that's right... Think happy thoughts. Go to your happy place Sue. Don't worry about the fact that you're wearing a magical robe that has about as much protection on you as a sheer layer of silk!

My body tensed and I expanded subtly, putting on about ten or twelve pounds of muscle reflexively as I shivered, milk leaking from my breasts to moisten the chest of the terrycloth robe as it spread open to bare more and more of my cleavage.

The ship was like a ghost ship, and unfortunately Katrina had suggested that we split up to search the ship faster, and the only thing I that I could think of was those were always the infamous last words of anyone who died in a horror movie. Rule number one! Never... ever... split up in a horror movie. Rule number two! Never, ever say you'll be right back. That's Arnold Schwarzenegger's line and its cursed for anyone other than him because he's that tough.

Where's Chuck Norris when you need him?

According to Kat, the first and most obvious place for me to go was the ship's hold, since that was the most likely of places for the scroll to be. But this hold, as I was discovering, was empty. Standing at the bottom of a set of stairs before an open porthole, I looked onto the empty hold, and though I'm not sure how it's possible, but somehow a breeze blew up the robe and I cursed before tugging it down.

"Damn it. I'm supposed to be the scary one here." I said to myself and tried to hold at least a flap of the robe over my sex, beginning to think that our luck had just taken a turn for the worst. The relic was obviously not here.

It was then that I heard a sound, a scratching against the floor, and looking up I saw red eyes in the darkness watching me, and I gave off a high-pitched squeal in fear of the thing. And then there were more red eye lights, and still more, red eyes opening all around me, and then I heard the squeaking before the shadows coughed up some sort of large hairless rodent, that actually breathed fire briefly... It's body cracked and charred, oozing green stuff while it seemed to perpetually burn. Then other mouths squeaked, and I realized that these little rats were looking at me... Hungrily.

"Nice rats. I think I got... some cheese... somewhere on this scantily clad thing I'm wearing." I laughed nervously and making an attempt to find a scrap of cheese in the pockets of the robe, and instinctively my body thickened so much that the flaps of the bottom of the robe completely revealed my naked sex before first one and then the other nipple sprung out from inside the folds of the robe, the sleeves stretching about my growing biceps as fangs sprung from my teeth.

The rats looked like I was a better meal, and with several screaming squeaks as they leapt forward, with a squeal of my own I turned leapt up the stairs on all fours, taking them three at a time, squeezed through the narrow port door because of my chesty chest having swollen so big and was hanging out before I slammed the door behind me and exhaled a sigh of relief as I leaned against it. But then I

felt the door lurch forward, and many squeaks and rotten little noses and puffs of fire came around the portal before I screamed, felt my body spasm thicker, the front of the robe falling completely off my breasts now as they exploded outward and I transformed enough to slam that door closed before wrenching the wheel tight to lock the little bastards inside, my thickened arm so strong that the rusted wheel snapped right off once it was fully turned.

I then went immediately to find Katrina, only to discover her on the bridge of the barge.

She was looking through old papers, the language of which I didn't recognize but she could apparently read, and in my earnest to reach her I got wedged in the doorway to the bridge, tits flaring wide and nipples poking out like they wanted to poke out an eye, sex covered with my fur along with the backs of forearms and forelegs, while in my hand was still held the wheel to the door to the hold..

"Katrina... The ship's hold! I-It's..."

"Empty." she said and dropped the papers she was holding.

"Well not quite. It's filled with these hellish little rat creatures that..."

"...Devil Rats." she answered and I refrained a frustrated little scream and unwedged myself from the door and waved the wheel at her.

"Stop *doing* that! I need to get this stuff out you know!"

"Sorry. But at least I know where we need to go now." she managed and then took the wheel from my hand, tossed it aside and then opened the door from the bridge to exit immediately onto the deck.

"Wait... Where do we have to go?!" I gasped and then got wedged in this door too before I just gave up and hung there by my wide shoulders.

Ok... So having really broad shoulders and a taut, thick badonkadonk and two huge tits had its disadvantages.

Wedging my way out, bending the steel of the door a little and scratching myself, I hissed and checked the wound I got by scraping against the steel but stopped immediately.

"Ah... This doesn't look right does it?" I managed and Katrina turned back around and saw the nick on my arm that was even now glowing a bright, bright green.

She hurried back to me and squeezed the wound and the green slid out of it but didn't stop squeezing out.

"Strange... I feel... A little woozy." I said and Katrina blinked at me and then pulled me immediately along, and the moment we'd gotten near Tanya, I yelped as the wound burst open and green energy flooded from the wound, leaping across the distance to her.

"Just as I thought." Katrina voiced. "This whole land is corrupted. Everything has the touch of corruption to it... Even the rust. I've never seen such corruption on the world, this is worse than a blight!"

"Where... Have you seen other corruptions like this?" I blinked; panting from the stinging pain as the wound finally closed and healed itself.

"Auschwitz comes to mind..." she voiced but didn't say anything more about it, "Lady Tanya... Are you faring well?"

Tanya turned her head ponderously and I blinked at her deeply shining eyes green eyes that glowed with the tint of radioactive matter.

"I am managing." She said in an even deeper rumble, her voice having dropped another octave and her body was covered by more bony protrusions. "I've never had to resist absorbing energy before, and there's so much of it... It's everywhere."

Katrina reached into a satchel and withdrew a wand that clicked subtly, and when she directed it toward the boat away from Tanya, it clicked violently, but when she drew it near to her it slowed considerably. A Geiger counter? That small?

"Don't do anything you don't feel able to do." Katrina added. "But you're doing well as our bulwark. Can you move?"

"I'll try." Tanya said, and then started to rise, and as she rose, the ship creaked beneath her feet while the grooves between her muscled flashed briefly with all the energy contained within her like she were about to explode from it. But her muscles... Her breasts... They

were magnificent! I murred at the sight of her, desiring that strength, and she rose to a size that was literally twice even my height, which even as it was, was a phenomenal greatness in its own right.

Veins pulsed yellow beneath her green fur, her breasts together perhaps doubled her weight, and all the supple teats lining her belly had all fattened into swollen orbs. But those muscles... That height... I admitted to myself that I'd love to have such strength and power in me. Every part on her had doubled and redoubled and redoubled again in thickness with all the energy that was in her.

"Dang I'm huge." she muttered and rubbed her belly, hissing at the tightness of what appeared to be a plethora of additional abdominals lining it, her arms thicker than her waist, as thick as her thighs.

She was a mighty werecat before, but now...

"You're beautiful." I gasped and clasped both hands together in awe of this giantess.

"Thank you, Susan." she smiled, and then Katrina leapt up onto her shoulder.

"Are you able to feel my weight, is it a strain?" and Tanya shook her head. "Susan..." and Katrina gestured for me to get on, and crawling up onto her back, Tanya merely bore it like we were children in papoose baskets on her back.

"That way." Tanya gestured. "The artifact has been moved to a storage facility pending overland transport. I'm certain that we'll find what we're looking for in the warehouse district."

Chapter 7: The Warehouse

Tanya was like some ancient land behemoth currently, a great green glowing ball of breast and muscle atop creaking bones that was being driven by two forge bellows and powered by a nuclear reactor... Figuratively speaking.

Sue and I sat atop her shoulders, Sue having reduced herself to that busty muscled fem she called a human form. I noticed again at how powerful she was, that her human form was greater than even my hybrid form was. She was stronger and chestier than I was in this hybrid form of mine. Sometimes I wondered what it'd be like to be like that, but then having big breasts would make it harder to squeeze through holes, as was evident when Sue got stuck in a simple porthole – twice – that I just walked idly through, and having all that muscle would cause muscle binding and make me less dexterous than I am now.

So I dismissed it... But... I was experiencing something else. Sue... Was nearing a heat. I could smell it on her and it was affecting me. The bulge in my shorts was growing thicker and I was panting in tune with it. Cupping the cock and balls I had instead of a vagina, I exhaled a sigh, but when I opened my eyes, it was to see that Tanya's focus was on me, she looking sidelong at me for a moment out of the corner of her eye before looking away.

She was an intelligent female. Perhaps it was because of genetic manipulation as was rumored about her, some experiment that went awry that created her, but I was certain that she knew that I was reacting to Susan. Being a feminine male at times had its curses. Thankfully, Tanya also knew when to keep quiet.

The glance said enough. 'So long as that doesn't interfere with our mission...' and the implication was left there.

But finally, we arrived at the warehouse district.

Chernobyl was a small town, and though the night had turned it, twisted it, mutated everything inside it, maybe making certain distances seemed longer because the physical land had been stretched in the twisting, it was still nonetheless easily navigable.

The buildings of the warehouses were few but large, their once right angles shifted and stretched upward and twisted slightly thanks to the warping of the world here.

"Let's get those doors open for Tanya, Sue." I managed and hopped down, landing gracefully as Sue slipped off and caught herself on hands and feet... And breasts... Before rising in a stumble and a wobble of those milk-laden mammaries of hers.

I rolled my eyes outside of her field of vision and instead held my tongue. And she was supposed to be some martial arts guru or something. She was about as ungainly as a panda and had too much of a club-footed clumsy and ditzy way about her to be some sort of martial arts master.

But Pen had absolute faith in her...

"I-I'm really out of my element here." Sue managed as she followed me timidly, and me grabbing one of the door handles and she grabbing the other, I took one moment of pause to stare at her, seeing her naked teats and sex briefly before avoiding sight of her, scoffing instead as the two of us pulled at the door. She noticed my look and pulled the other door, but when we came near again under the pale green light of Tanya's body she lifted a finger.

"Ah... What was that for?" Susan managed.

"Why are we here?" I asked her.

"To get a scroll from my ancestor that was taken by some adventurer guy and deposited here in this hell on earth."

"And after you get the scroll? What are you supposed to do with it?"

"Um... Learn it?"

"And why?"

"To... I don't know. Ok... I don't know! Why the hell am I here anyways? Can we go home? Can we just leave the damn thing here? This place frightens the hell out of me."

"Of course. This place frightens you." I said simply and snapped my fingers to bring forth a bead of light to light our way. At least that was simple enough not to be a strain. "This place frightens me too, but do you see me getting worked up about it?"

"No." Sue said timidly.

"No. The world isn't about rainbows and stickers and fluffy things and MySpace-dot-com. This is the concentration of everything wrong and bad in the world, and we're here to help you," and I poked her in the chest and she winced from my claw and rubbed the spot. "To become a different kind of bulwark other than our lady Tanya here. You're supposed to learn how to stop other evils of the world. Because if you're strong..."

"...Then other people don't have to be." Tanya interjected then, and we both looked up at her, seeing her back, neck and chest muscles in danger of swallowing her head.

"Are you afraid... Tanya?" Sue asked timidly.

"I am. Especially since my home is so near to this hellish place." she said and then sighing settled down on all fours, and then sat, her great tail like a tree trunk coiling about her. "I fear that I've done something wrong by bringing my babies into the world in light of this terrible place. But I did bring my babies into the world, and so did my sister and so did my brother and so did the other people of Mir. This place makes me want to be stronger to keep things like this from getting to them."

Sue covered her belly and I looked at her enviously. Being part male and part female, I didn't know if I even had the ability to have children, to either sire or dame them. My jealousy about her grew several notches.

"So... Pen wants me to take up the mantel of my foremother... Because he wants me to be a protector of some sort?"

"Logically... That's the only sensible conclusion." I managed.

There was a quiet between the three of us, and I eyed some dark things watching us in the distance... But they kept their distance from us, or more specifically from Tanya.

"Tanya... Are you able to move?"

"Give me a moment." she said and closed her eyes. "Though I have more physical strength than I ever knew what to do with, transforming the corruption inside me so that it doesn't poison me is... Very exhausting."

"Rest here then... Sue and I will go inside them and look for the crate."

I turned and stepped forward but paused when I found that Sue wasn't following, and turning, about to call her a coward, I instead found her pressing against Tanya's voluminous middle that had grown so thick that combined with Sue's own chest, her two arms couldn't circumference Tanya's middle.

"Thank you." she said, and then turned to hurry with me, her breasts bouncing and swaying with every step of her gait. "Let's go." she said as she passed me, and looking to Tanya she nodded and waved for us off to go on, and following Sue into the darkness of the first warehouse with only a small light to guide our way, she and I began our search for the mysterious artifact.

I transformed... Fully. To feel the unmitigated strength in me was more of a comfort, the throbbing power of my hybrid form that turned the robe I wore into tatters that disintegrated the moment it broke was a necessary sacrifice. The throbbing power of the veins in me, the suppleness of the feminine muscles laden with warming fur guarded me as I walked along with Katrina.

The office was perhaps the best place to go to, and after going from one office to the next through warehouses that looked like the warehouse the Ark and Covenant would be stored in from those Indie Jones movies, would be daunting if we had to go through each of them. Tanya's area of protection kept growing the stronger she got, and while she rested, nearly asleep whenever we left her behind, she would sit and concentrate, trying to focus the radiation into something purer deep inside her.

One time when we returned to her, she was like a fountain of green, shooting the radioactive radiation out into the air above her in a steady stream, parts of her lightening toward white again, but the moment we drew near she stopped and returned to the same old green.

We had to move her each time we went to a new warehouse. On one such move I happened to look up and... You know how people said that there was a man on the moon because the craters looked like eyes and nose for face? Well... As the moon rose this night in this place, it was full, but it burned red, and the face on the moon was the face of an evil, evil thing, growling down at us as it looked like it was trying to surge from the heavens to devour us.

It made me feel sick just being under that corrupted moonlight was making me sick, and it was all that I could do just to move on. But finally, getting to the third to the last warehouse and delving into their files, we found the evidence we were looking for. Well, Katrina did. I'd have to round up every scrap of paper and bring it to Tanya to read... I didn't read Russian.

"It's in this warehouse." she said at last with a sigh of relief and took the paper that the file was on. "Come on... The sooner we find it the sooner we leave."

And she led the way out of the office, but then stopped.

"Was that light there before?" Katrina asked, and lifted her hand as the little light she'd been using to light our way grew into a fireball within her fingers and she held it high to shed light on the boxes ahead before approaching. I followed her, holding onto her shoulders timidly with fear.

"No... No it wasn't." I trembled, and we neared, getting closer and closer until Katrina's light fell on it.

And what we saw was a man, wearing only tattered clothing eating a devil rat raw. The man was molted and his flesh was melting off his bones, bubbling like a soufflé in the oven with all the pustules all across him, and his muscles bulging sickly in places. Bony protrusions poked out of his flesh everywhere.

And then he paused and turned toward us, revealing a mouth full of fangs and eyes that glowed red.

"W-what the hell is that?" I gasped as the man approached, and crushing the devil rat in one hand, he screeched at us with a baleful cry that was like fingernails on chalk board.

The only problem was... Was that there were more voice that joined up with him.

"Sue... We're going to run to my right. Do you understand?" I nodded, staring as more red eyes, a multitude; an army opened and looked at us as a maddening chittering sounded from a torrent of voices. "Do you see that window in that direction?" I looked and nodded. "Do you think you can grab me and jump us both out?"

"I-I think..."

"Be sure now." Katrina warned.

"Yes. Yes I can."

"Then haul ass!" Katrina cried and the two of us ran, I scooping her up while red eyes everywhere hurried after us with a snarling and growling and a gnashing of teeth in biblical explanations of hell.

And then I vaulted upward, attempting somersaulting and leaping tricks I'd never yet attempted to do to reach it, and the window approached, I had the angle good... We were going to make it!

SLAP

All I knew was that we were about to escape when all forward momentum stopped abruptly and I crumpled against the semi-transparent wall of glass that was perhaps only a fraction of an inch thick.

Katrina slipped from my arms as she and I both slid slightly, my tits dragging against the glass surface before we both slipped off and tumbled to the ground in a heap of jumbled arms and legs.

"W-wha happen?" I gasped, and then rose, seeing the monstrous creatures approaching, long tongues licking their lips and sharp teeth, their mutant bodies appearing more grotesque from one person to the next, with the most mutated members of them appearing to be several people merged into one, with differing sized arms and some with breasts and penises both and monstrous faces that were more like beasts than anything else.

And then with a tremendous roar, several of the mutants stepped away, and others were knocked away by massive swinging arms, and a creature with six limbs and six breasts and two penises above a gaping vagina that dripped sickly green juices, with faces in the shoulders and in the bulbous back, and a head that had a mouth inside a mouth with multiple eyes, surged forward. It was rippled and ridged with that mutant retard sort of strength banding across a body that looked like it had live nuclear piles growing out of its body like glowing green pustules.

"We are so boned." I groaned, and lifted my hands in a defensive position as we were surrounded on all sides; three by monsters and the fourth with a thick wall that I should be able to tear apart with my bare hands like it was aluminum foil but was somehow resilient to this phenomenal strength of mine.

Katrina started casting and complex spell circles appeared around her hands as burning bright lights that felt strangely like morning daylight on warm tropical morning to me, made the monsters shy away, or rather made *most* of them shy away. The leader of the group pushed closer, and now that it was in more of the light, I saw that there must be at least a hundred bodies that were all screaming silently, moaning for help that were all combined in this one body. A tail made of writhing bodies, a back with two great plumes of molted radioactive flesh, as were the backs of its arms and the outsides of its thighs, burned with the same light... The two penises throbbing for us as its breasts leaked sickly green mucus.

"I think... We're in trouble." Katrina groaned, looking at them all, and I could feel a sickness sliding into me as the lead monster began reaching toward me, the sickening power of the light in its arms weakening me immediately.

I punched it and yowled as my knuckles were burned on its flesh, and striking it, one of the pustules on its arm broke open and splattered one of the mutants who yowled and started to melt. Laughing with a fell chortling laugh, the monster briefly diverted its attention to this creature, picking it up and holding it its chest, suddenly I watched as the creatures merged with the main body of the monster, the new piece melting into the body of the creature to the waist, arms spread wide as the mouth of the mutant became a howl briefly as the body sank and sank till a face was melted into the flesh of the sternum of the monster. And just like that, it swelled noticeably, growing thicker and stronger, with penises and breasts and chest all swelling with thickening power before the creature once again looked to us hungrily, clicking its sharp teeth as it ground its jaw slowly.

"We are so boned!" I growled again, feeling an instinct in me that was like being a cornered cat. Ok... So I *was* a cornered cat. I was surrounded on all sides by growling dogs with my back to a wall, I had no place to escape, and I was starting to panic, hackles rising, and my eyes dilating.

"Sue... S-stay calm." Kat began. "I know your instinct is to lash out... But you need to keep..."

And I screamed, my scream ending in a deep roar that actually made the mutants stop uncertainly, even the big one, and flashing teeth and claws I literally lost my mind, lashing at the nearest of the mutants, my claws raking deep through the chest cavity and spraying red with deep globules of green in it all over me and the floor before I kicked the mutant away. There it trembled and then expanded steadily till it's whole upper torso exploded which knocked several more of the mutants away. I then gripped the head of the next and crushed it, threw it away, roared again, and leapt onto the big one and started slashing and ripping and biting regardless of the hissing pain of their blood burning me or the foul rancid taste of their flesh as I ripped at it with my teeth and spit... Ripped and spit and clawed and kicked and raked and roared.

"...Your head." Kat finished, staring at me, and then noticing other mutants approaching she threw the fireball she'd been holding in one hand and then lobbed the other at another group.

The big monster grabbed at me, clawed and bit me back, my roars and kicks dominating it, but the bodies of the mutants were climbing up onto their master, gripping at me and pulling at me, trying to tug me back down and I had to hold onto the collar bone of one of the big one's main arms lest they pull me off, and if they did then I'd be like that fallen survivor in any zombie film: Overcome and consumed and then turned into one of them. And to make matters worse, the mutants were approaching from absolutely every direction possible! Out of the walls and floors it seemed, stepping out of the shadows, slavering and hungering for us while magical spell effects surged around me from Kat's magic.

My eyes were wide and fearful; I would not go down... I would not go down... I would not...

And then there was a new sound, a rising pitch sort of thing like a rising wind that started with a calm breeze then rose into a gale and finally a hurricane, and as that hurricane roared one side of the warehouse just splintered open, the paint and rust shattering off the steel of the walls and ceiling as they just broke apart, boxes tumbling away and cascading off the mountains of boxes and crates, and there at the end of it all was Tanya in all her mighty glory.

She was heaving, green and powerful, macro-sized now, a beast of legendary mass and toughness like a weapon from Final Fantasy. The black stripes on her body were so black they were like jagged holes in space while the green burned with the energy her body contained.

After this first baleful scream that ripped open half the warehouse from just a mere screaming-roar, she rushed forward then, the earth shaking with each foot fall, windows shattering that were supposedly so strong in this world that they resisted even my strength trying to jump through them, while she literally ran over the mutants that were here, stomping them under foot.

I saw for a moment of clarity that her target was the big mutant that I was on, and letting go as the mutants chattered in fear, Tanya slammed against the creature and with one massive arm, surged her claws forward and punched through the soft flesh of the creature, carrying spine and heart out with them holding them out for all to see before her mighty fist clenched to crush it, right before her flexing forearm split open the chest cavity of the monster as it billowed mightily.

Her hand, still through the beast, began to tremble then, and I saw tendrils of flesh trying to link with her arm, but in a growing ball of destruction, a sphere of swelling green billowed slowly from that arm, irradiating these already irradiated creatures well beyond their capacity to contain, their flesh burning and charring, falling away as ash as it spread, consuming each mutant and growing spastically larger with each mutant that it consumed.

And then I felt a hand grab my wrist and I snarled, turning with my claws opening as I looked to slash the head off whatever had grabbed me, and stopped when I saw Kat.

"We need to go... Now!"

"Mew?" my mind was mostly gone. The high of the rage and fear was still plummeting from within me and I had mostly the mind of a cat.

"She's going critical! We need to run or we're going to die!" Kat shouted, looking back in fear at Tanya's glowing body as streams of light like refractions of green light off a disco ball sprayed from the cracks in her muscles and rotated about, burning some and cutting straight through others like laser beams, and seeing the danger at least, I gripped Kat and hauled her over my back and then ran away on all fours.

I'd cleared the whole of the warehouse floor when the explosion happened, a mighty flash of green that was soon followed by a whump of air that struck me in the back and sent me flailing, landing in a skid on my breasts as I dragged two deep grooves in the ground from them before coming to a stop.

Lifting my head and shaking it, striking my temple repeatedly with a fist and trying to get myself to think straight, I turned and gaped at the split open remains of the warehouse with the scattered boxes.

"Mew? T-Tanya..."

But Tanya... Was gone.

Chapter 8: In the Can

She wasn't really gone. Just that my field of view, expecting some great massive super fem standing where she'd been a moment ago had been expected.

The explosion of the release of all that radiation was like a small tactical nuke going off. Not a big one mind you, not like the Hiroshima, which was a twelve kiloton bomb... If it had been a big one I assure you a lot more of the area would've been decimated. But all in all, perhaps a fuel-oil bomb going off or a one or two-thousand pound bomb would've been a more appropriate way of describing the devastation.

The reason why I couldn't see Tanya was that firstly a big crater had been formed from the explosion that she was lying in, and secondly she'd reduced in mass by about two thirds of what she'd been before coming to our rescue.

When we returned to her, we saw her sitting in the middle of the crater, panting amidst splatters of stringy flesh and blood all over the place that had been charred into nigh unrecognition.

It was snowing ash.

"You ok?" Kat asked from the top of the crater with me, and Tanya nodded.

"The energy isn't meant to be expelled easily. I feel... Sick and weakened, but it will be a moment. Just let me rest here for a time."

Kat nodded and then tugged on my wrist.

"Where're we going? She needs our help." I protested.

"What she needs is to get the hairy hell out of this pocket of hell." Kat said. "And we do that by finding the artifact."

And I stopped, her fingers slipping from my wrist as she walked forward and started to rifle through boxes. She still had supernatural strength, and her athletic physique allowed her to push aside and sometimes even lift boxes, but looking at the devastation around me, I felt that it'd take a hundred years before we found what we were looking for.

"How on earth are we going to find it in this mess?"

"It goes faster if you help." Kat said quietly and I pursed my lips at her in annoyance. She was getting cranky.

I really couldn't blame her... I guess we were all dealing with our fear in different ways.

"Look for box fi-zhe-air-zero-zero-one-nine-six." Kat mentioned over her shoulder as she shoved another box away.

"The what to the what to the what now?" I blanched holding one crate in one hand and another beneath my arm.

Kat rose and blinked at me and then thought for a moment. "Sorry... I forget you don't know Cyrillic." I blanched in surprise, wondering how she forgot that. "Fi is that F character I told you about earlier. It looks like a lower case T but instead of crossing the T you circle the top of the T. Zhe is an X with a vertical line through the middle of it, and Air looks like our P. The numbers are still listed the same, but the Zero's should have diagonal slashes through them to differentiate them from their Oh character."

"Got it." I said and started looking for any source that I could find. Any scrap or any piece we didn't need was thrown away, piled up outside the remnants of the warehouse.

The food stuffs that were in the boxes were long since rotten, the metal pieces in them were rusted solid and some burned me to the touch, what was once priceless samovars and even jewelry had all been corrupted. Diamonds were cracked, pictures faded... This whole town was dying a slow, depraved death, becoming dark and destroyed and devastated.

I began to fear being trapped here, and looking to the horizon and the red band that was everywhere, it was like this whole town was haunted... Dead...

Tanya helped after she'd recovered enough, and despite her phenomenal strength, most of it was being used resisting the corruption. Her presence made me feel more comfortable, but to see the aches and pains in her as her muscles started swelling again, I imagined her in some tremendous turmoil trying her hardest to keep herself from losing control.

So it was by Tanya's discovery, she being an actual Russian, that she found the box. Or... What was left over of it.

"I found... Something." she called out to us, already towering even me by head, neck, shoulders and chest again, and when we came near she turned to show us a simple plank on which was written the serial number of the crate we were looking for.

"It's been broken." I said, being Captain Obvious here. "Could it be in the wreckage?" I asked and turned back to the littered ground that had been cleared of boxes and was just absolutely littered with broken wood and junk. "We're never getting out of here are we?" I whined and hugged myself for security, but Tanya placed the wood plank in my hands, and then lifting her hands she closed her eyes.

"Brace yourselves." she said, and then lifting her hands, I felt a wave of power flush over me, and all the blood in my body ever so subtly shifted out of the way. It made me take a step backward and pushed Kat back as well as it happened.

Then lifting her hands, pieces of metal rose out of the ground and I rose up on tip toes as the blood in me shifted upward and made me feel weightless for a moment. And then I realized... she was lifting metal... she was lifting the iron in my blood! Great maker! She was that powerful of an electrokinetic?!

Metal bits as small as metal shavings and nails rose from out of the rubble, encircling us and then rising above our heads before Tanya turned and cast them all away and the lot of them vaulted through the air and splashed on the ground outside the ruined warehouse. And then, she breathed and panted for a moment or two.

"Now *really* brace yourselves." she said, and her body shifted forms, and she shrank drastically, but with all the energy in her, as her fur turned into a reddish orange, much of that fur caught on fire, but without her acting as the bulwark for us the rush of the radiation pounded in me so fiercely that it made me sick immediately and I fell to one knee and Kat collapsed to her bottom.

So this was what she was dealing with all this time.

But in short work, Tanya's hands directed over all the remaining wood of the crates, incinerating everything in the heat before she panted again from the exertion and returned back to the Green form of a hulking weretiger.

"W-What on earth did you just do?" I gaped. "What was that red body? White? Red? Green?"

"Th-they're my modes." she smirked. "My family is most gifted that way. We all have a white mode, which is just any other regular white Siberian weretiger. But I have a Green Mode," she gestured to her present form. "Red which is microwave powers, though I never caught on fire before. Must be all the energy I'm packing. I also have a Blue mode, which is similar to my sister's, only she's far, far better at it than I am. Peter, our brother, is the only one who can do Black Mode."

"What does black mode do?" I blinked.

"Sound." Tanya stated, pride lacing her voice for her youngest sibling.

"Sound... What can that do?"

"White noise." Kat supplied. "Cancel out all sound so that you move silently. Or amplify sound."

"To do what?" I blinked.

"Shatter the paint off a tank and lay flat a forest with a single roar of his voice." Tanya smirked, but wavered then and I went to support her, only to feel my wounds from the fight burn and I hissed and moved from her again.

"Owwie." I said and looked to the wounds of teeth and claws from the mutants all over me.

"You're not healing." Kat said.

"I'll be ok... It only hurts when..." and then Tanya touched me, and I froze as wisps of green pulled from my body with the sensation of hundreds of paper cuts on me... But the wounds healed themselves before the last one closed and I gasped.

"Ah!" I gasped and rounded on Tanya, about to demand why she did that, but she teetered, and I realized what it was that she'd done.

As if from across all of time, my ancestor seemed to whisper to me.

A wound untended could be your downfall. Many wounds untended will undoubtedly cause your downfall. Never debase the sacrifice of a comrade... Especially if it's done in your favor.

For some reason I thought of Fell on that last one, and then hugged myself. Yeah it hurt, but nonetheless...

"Thanks." I said and she smiled and nodded before I looked over the char, and with a wave of her hands, Kat blew in a gust of wind in this windless environment, and the char wafted away to reveal...

"Nothing." Kat said quietly.

"What do you mean nothing?" I asked turning in a circle, breasts swinging heavily as I did. "We came here and did all this for nothing?" Katrina stared and turned slowly, looking over everything as well with me. "We looked through every piece, every scrap! Where is it?!"

"It can't be destroyed... not by radiation, nor microwaves, and it cannot be moved with magnetic..." Kat said and then moaned and then extended her hand to me. "I don't want to do this, but please give me the plank."

I blinked but handed it to her, and she stepped from us while digging into a hip pack and removed a paint pen... A pen that dispensed paint instead of ink.

She then began to mark a section of the concrete ground.

"Um... What are you doing?"

"Something that's going to really hurt me." she said with the voice of someone who was condemning themselves to the pains of the electric chair. Not to die there... Just be shocked severely.

"What do you mean?" Tanya asked carefully.

"I'm going to do some very complicated magic. Temporal Magics." she said and then finished a complex circle in the ground. I looked at the circle and saw that it looked perfectly round... Like only the ancient artist Bernoulli should've been able to duplicate. A perfect circle. Perhaps it was a magician's trick to trace something like that, or Katrina was that good at art.

"What are you doing then?" I asked timidly.

She placed the plank on the ground in the complex circle and all its various glyphs and connecting circles and so on.

"I am going to do complex magic inside a very powerful background count, the combination of which is perhaps going to make me suffer unlike I've ever suffered before. And I'm struggling with being a woman with a penis." she smirked at me. "Temporal magics are difficult enough when the world is with you..." and she began to mutter, moving her fingers and I watched with trepidation as she broke out into a cold sweat immediately.

Swirling vortices of arcane might swirled in from nowhere almost immediately, encircling the plank, lifting it off the ground, steadily strengthening it, seeming to renew it, and then again from nowhere, speeding across the world came bits of char and ash, splinters of wood that reassembled the box bit by bit, the char and ash un-charring and un-ashing, metal nails un-bent themselves and hammered themselves into holes that were already there for them before the planks of wood they were supposed to unite had even arrived yet; with the wood reforming around the holes. Katrina's shoulders bowed beneath the weight of whatever she was doing, tears in her eyes before she cried out in pain mid chant, panted and continued the chant again. I moved toward her but Tanya gripped my shoulders and hauled me back.

"Don't... Or you might get sucked up in this." she said to me, squatting behind me and I fidgeted as the box reformed itself... Kat pushed it, pushed as hard as she could, the box turning there in the air, right before a yellow envelope slapped against its side, and dropping her arms, biting out the last syllable of whatever she was chanting, Kat collapsed to her hands and knees and the box fell to the ground and bent deeply under its own weight.

"Damn temporal magics. Stupid background count!" she whimpered and embraced herself.

"Why... Did you do that?!" I gaped.

"Because..." she pointed and smirked at the yellow envelope attached to the box, "We now have more information."

The yellow envelope contained a shipping slip. The shipping slip directed us to a particular canister, a canister being a semi truck trailer. Tanya had to read it because of how weak Kat had been made by her casting, and as we walked toward some nearby shipping yards, Kat hung off Tanya's shoulder, looking very ill and muttering of bad magics and bad background counts.

So then it was up to me to protect everyone as we walked now to the shipping canisters, semi truck trailers that were abandoned here when Chernobyl was abandoned.

More mutants, even animals this time with more rats harried us and I found myself mindlessly enacting skills I never knew I had. It was like they were waking up in me. But there was more. I felt... *something*... light and beautiful the closer we came to the shipping yards. To a point where I literally followed the feeling and it led us miraculously to the exact canister that we needed. But as we approached the place where all the semi trailer canisters were stored at, many of them having been blown over in strong winds and tipping over onto themselves like long dominos, Kat stopped us.

"Do you see that?" she asked.

"See what?" I replied immediately. My attention was on the pulling sensation of the scroll and I wanted to get to it as quickly as I could.

"A Fire." Tanya replied.

"Wait... Here?" I blinked looking at them and then followed their gaze. "Someone living here?!"

"Yes... here." Kat said and her fingers twitched as a spark of electricity danced across them. "Damn it! I'm still too weak to cast too big of a spell. But nonetheless... Sally forth."

And swallowing, I led the way forward, Tanya's foot falls sending a tremble through the ground as she followed with Kat on her shoulder.

The fire was in the same direction as the pull was coming from, and soon we came to a figure wrapped in a deep flowing black cloak that was likewise covered with a black feathered cloak that looked like hundreds of crows had to be plucked for it. He was poking at a fire before him with the end of a long gnarled staff with bits of metal attached to it like he'd taken scraps from a car and slapped them to the knobby and gnarled thing, like a muffler, the side view mirrors, the rear break light, and loads of other scraps all artfully decorated in churning swirls. In his mouth burned a cigar while smoke exhaled from within the shadows of a hood periodically.

The three of us came up to him, and even this close I could see nothing inside his cloak, not his hands, not his feet – both of which were covered – and absolutely nothing of his face. Not even when the cherry on his cigar flared could I see into the hood.

Kat slid off and approached shakily, still weak from her last spell before squatting down before the figure.

"What are you doing here?" she asked immediately.

"Waiting." the voice said and I shivered.

The voice was like claws sliding down my spine before sliding back up and gripping my brain with an icy grip. The voice had a strange combination of male and female to it, two voices speaking as one while at the same time giving you the impression of someone walking over your grave.

"For what?" Kat prompted.

"For what may be now or what may be later." the personage replied mysteriously.

"The fact that we're crossing paths is no small circumstance is it?" Kat asked and Tanya and I exchanged glances. Did Kat know this person?

"No." the figure replied, and he lifted a hand and a golden pocket watch, one that was engraved with brilliant symbols of angels and devils. The face clicked open to reveal the face of a clock. I blinked as I saw thirteen numbers on it instead of just twelve. It was half past twelve... Leading into the thirteenth hour.

Kat rose immediately from it in revulsion as she hissed through her teeth, eyes wild with fear.

"Y-you can't mean..."

"It lies behind me." the figure spoke and exhaled a deep puff of cigar smoke. "Know that I won't stop you... As you know at least, Katrina... I've been forbidden in interfering."

"What will happen if we take it?" Kat asked warily.

The figure didn't speak right away, but instead there was a tremendous roar from far off, and the world twisted some more and then cracked further, revealing red bands like angry red veins through the earth now comingled with the green.

"The clock began when the accident happened." the figure began and with a flick of the hand the watch click shut and disappeared inside his robes. "Mankind, through an act of tremendous ignorance and stupidity, didn't watch their instruments when they warned them that there was a problem, and so the greatest natural disaster of the world occurred. The disaster weakened the world and created a break... And a foul demonic presence pushed forward and merged with the cancerous and sickening force of the nuclear pile as if it were a long lost lover.

"The humans, using their science, managed to seal it, but not defeat it. That was only possible because of the relic that you seek. If you move it... Its protection breaks... And the creature will be released. Don't take it... And its release will only be delayed till it grows powerful enough to overcome the protection and its bonds, in which case it becomes unstoppable, and my job comes to an end."

"No... Not like this. Not just three women!" Kat gasped, and now I was getting afraid from the look of horror on her face.

"Three women?" The figure asked and lifted its head, and from within the cloak I saw a pair of burning red eyes. "I don't see three women here, Katrina. I see the Mage, the Warrior and the Monk... Which were the three I was waiting for."

Kat hugged herself, swallowed hard. "And what if we fail?" she asked, and the figure rose slowly in answer.

He was tall, much taller than I thought he'd be, as tall as me, and from his back the feathered cloak spread open slowly into three black wings before he tapped his staff and a scythe as long as a human snapped outward like a switch blade opening.

"Then my job... Comes to an end." he said and he lowered his hooded head and this time a hand, a warm human hand slid out from one sleeve, but on the back of that hand was the semblance of bones like a form of armor, and the flesh was printed with deep tattoos the likes of which I'd never seen.

"We've come to the crux of the decision... My watch has stopped." and he flipped his hand to show us the watch briefly before flipping it again to make it disappear again like an expert magician. "All of time has stopped, and only this realm moves anymore. Gears click freely, the spring is unwound, and we are caught between a moment of tick..." his hand pointed in one direction and then flipped into the other. "...and the final tock. Do you take the scroll and release the beast, or leave the scroll and hope beyond hope that time and fate have the ability to bring another trio to battle the beast?"

I stared at this person... Right now there was no mistaking him. The imagery was so profound no person on earth could perhaps miss who he was representing.

He was none other... Than Death.

"I will be in the place to await the finality of your decision. Hopefully, for your sake, the prophecies in Revelations are correct. For if they are... then this is not where the earth falls."

And he turned and faded into smoke, leaving a single feather that floated downward slowly and then dispersed into ash the moment it hit the ground.

"Who was that?" I asked aloud, staring at the feather's remains as it evaporated into black smoke and wafted away.

Kat was hugging herself tightly as I turned to her slowly, eyes wide, the hackles on the back on my neck rising.

"Who the fuck was that, Katrina?!"

"Death!" she shouted back. "He was fucking Death! Ok?!" she panted deeply. "I spend my whole life avoiding great responsibility like this and all of a sudden I'm thrust into... Into *this!*"

"What is 'this' Katrina?" Tanya asked calmly, she towering well over our heads and once again laden with thick bones protruding from her body.

"His watch," Kat panted and then swallowed before turning to us. "At all times it reads twelve hours... The normal flow of time. The thirteenth hour appears only when Armageddon itself nears." she panted harder and then covered her mouth and nose and breathed into them. "We're privy to a decision to release it or not."

"Well screw that. Let's not." I gaped as Kat seemed to hyperventilate.

"You don't understand... The scroll is the lock and key. We need the scroll to protect the world, but the scroll is holding that monster in place." and she pointed a finger in the direction of the beam of green light erupting from the landscape.

The beast roared again and the whole world trembled.

"I-If we don't do it, then Armageddon comes but it comes at the end of a thousand years from when the Chernobyl accident happened, but even that is too soon. We're... We're being tasked with s-stopping... a premature Armageddon!"

She collapsed to the ground, still breathing heavily.

I looked to Tanya, who stood quietly over all of us, watching Kat.

"That's why they didn't do anything... That's why they were making to keep us from leaving... Not entering."

"Who?" I asked, and Kat, still breathing deeply looked up at Tanya.

"The soldiers... The Spetsnaz. They were making to keep us here, not keep us from entering. They were expecting it and were told to act accordingly by someone who knows... Someone very influential to be entrusted with the knowledge of Wormwood and influential enough to access a government section that is among the best of the best in the world. Someone familiar with Lycanthropes like us, familiar with the situation.

"But who'd be able to do something like that?" I asked.

"I know a guy... He asked me to help you." Tanya said and looked to me. "Personally... asked me to help you."

"Who? Pendragon?" I blinked.

"No... Before Pen. His name is Teran Mushunoshi."

Kat gaped and then rose immediately.

"T-Teran Mushunoshi? He asked *you*... To follow the two of us... *Here?*" and Tanya nodded.

"I've... Never... Had anyone trust me like that." She said quietly.

"There's Pen." I stated quietly and Kat shot a look at me, but then as what I said dawned on her, she calmed. Pendragon did put a lot of trust in her. "But who's this Teran guy?" I asked and Tanya merely smiled and strode past me.

"If I were to put it in as fine a point as possible..." Tanya began as she reached the trailer canister. "He's Pendragon's boss."

And with a mighty ripping motion, she tore open the back of the can, locks and all, and inside... Revealed the scroll.

It was larger than I expected it to be. I'd imagined a tube made of jade capped with gold in which a precious printed scroll existed on the inside. The reality was much different.

This one was two columns not just one, and the whole of the case was made of gold. The top and bottom were knobs to turn the actual scroll, those knobs coming out of two long and rather thick tubes that had been ornately decorated with inscriptions and scroll work and etchings, all done in different colors of gold from white to yellow gold, and since gold didn't rust, it was just as brilliantly untarnished since the day it was made. The magic in it probably helped too.

There was a door on the front of it, and on that door was a webbing of clasps and catches that served as an alarmingly complex lock of chaotic logic. Stepping up to the thing and looking down upon it, waving a hand over it, I realized that something my ancestor made wouldn't be human sized... It would be Lycan sized.

For a moment, for a flash, I found myself sitting at a wooden table lit by an oil lamp that was little more than a bowl with a braided string sticking out of it. The oil in the bowl was scented so it filled my senses with sweet smells that were calming and relaxing and mentally freeing. I was actually writing on not paper, but woven metals that formed a tightly braided flat series of foils, and the writing was actually etching and burning a complex series of alchemical symbols that made writing far, far more advanced than any language on earth today.

Looking up then I smiled at a tall brown bear, massive and strong, holding a little daughter in her arms that had the body of a bear but ears and bobtail of a bobcat.

"Fellania!" I greeted happily of my friend who'd been gone for years now, ever since she journeyed to rescue her parents and brother from the warlords.

And then the vision was over and I found myself in front of the closed scroll now.

It hovered before me, slightly tilted in a position as if it wanted to be read, glowing softly a golden color.

"Only I can take this." I said aloud. "Only I can touch it. Ultimately whether the world rises or falls is my decision, but I won't make it without the two of you." I didn't turn to them, merely stood inside the canister while looking at the golden scroll case. "Tanya... How much do you trust this influential person you were talking about?" I asked.

"Implicitly." she replied.

"Katrina... How far do you trust Pendragon?"

"I don't know Tanya." Kat said simply. "I don't trust anyone I don't know, and even people I know I don't trust entirely."

I blinked and turned toward her.

"That's sad..." I replied.

"That's survival." she said quietly. "My life isn't as pretty as yours, or even Tanya's. My life is a realm of uncertainty. Faith and hope are things I've left by the wayside a long, long time ago."

"Then... You calculate." I said and she nodded. "Then calculate our chances."

"Currently... We don't have a chance." she said and my heart fell. "But..." she took a deep breath and stepped forward, "Pendragon called on me specifically. There were other thieves in the world, other individuals who could've done this job better than me, but he chose me to accompany the two of you instead of them.

"Pendragon's knowledge and calculating mind are so far beyond me I'm like an insect by comparison. He's aware of a lot more, he knows far more than he tells, he's so old, he's older than the entire human race, and if what he told me is true... he... personally... *knew* your ancestor. He said nothing of releasing the beast if the scroll was taken, but I'm sure he knew. The conspiratorial little prick... I'm sure this is his version of a joke."

I smirked, knowing a little of Pen myself, and he did have an odd sense of humor. And then I turned toward the scroll, and then took a deep breath.

"All right then." I said at last, and lifting my hands, I took hold of the Scroll and pulled it from its place, feeling like I was removing something that had been magnetized to something else.

And then... The world changed.

Chapter 9: Chernavog

As I stepped off the can – canister, trailer, whatever they're called, but stepping off the can sounds like I just left behind a mud baby – the world around us started to darken. Black fog rose from the ground and the horizon that was a band of red everywhere faded to black.

The only light sources became those of the red and green cracks in the land, the pillar of green, Tanya's body and the scroll now gripped in my hands.

There was a moment of silence, and then there was a low roar. It started low, but quickly rose in pitch, sounding like it was the howling of a million demons torturing the wailing damned with a churning scream of triumph. The world twisted even more heinously around that center beam that suddenly exploded and quintupled its thickness, twisting the sky in one direction and the world in another like it was a center of a wringing towel, with rocks being thrown up into the sky and wisps of clouds being dragged downward in twisting motions. And then there was the laughter as the ground rumbled and quaked, and fountains of hot steam blew into the air before the fissures began to overflow with molten rock.

"I'm not too sure I did the right thing anymore..." I said aloud meekly.

"You think?!" Kat scoffed at me.

"Stop it!" Tanya roared at us both. "We've just unleashed hell! How do you use this thing?" she said and gestured at the scroll as the base of the pillar of green sickly light began to plume like refractions on a disco ball from the ground.

"I don't know!" I shouted as the sound grew and grew. "Do you?" I asked Kat.

"You mean you don't know? I thought that's what you were training for!" she retorted.

"I was being trained to fight! Not open puzzles! I know a little! I know..." and I looked down at the scroll case, and another vision struck me... That of me... Only it wasn't me... My breasts and muscles were bigger, confidence roiled inside me like a river and I was before a forge striking mallet to steel with thick leather gloves on before I turned and dipped the steel into a series of mixtures, and when it came out it shone golden, brilliant and beautiful, shining with heat that glanced against my naked breasts and warmed the sensitive nipples with the heat of the metals as I stood with all my robes and apron about my waist.

"Pen gave me another puzzle." I was saying as I turned toward Fellania as she nursed her baby. "It inspired me... Just like all the previous ones did. It's like he's preparing me for something, because not only does each puzzle get harder and harder but the inspire me to figure out the logic. At times I think he lives backwards, like he lives in the future and then influences the past to change it, giving the world a little nudge here and there..."

"You've been feverishly building something the whole time I've been here, Sue." Fell replied. "I was thinking of spending some time with my friend, let you hold my new daughter..."

I laughed. "S-sorry..." I blushed and placed the metal bit, the tongs and my gloves on the counters nearby and then moved to Fell, hugging the much larger woman about the waist. "I've been feverish in trying to complete these scrolls. Pen even told me not to worry about them, that I had loads of time to finish them, but... I still feel this... *Urgency*... To complete them."

"Why?" fell asked and I sighed and rose, and taking her free hand I fit it against my belly.

"For the daughter that grows inside me." I said quietly and the image faded in a flash.

The feeling was so real as the vision faded, of feeling a baby inside me, growing, changing, feeding from me off its umbilical cord that I palmed my muscled stomach and... *mised*... Not having that feeling there. The harshness of the warped world returned to me as Tanya and Kat were quickly discussing options, and looking down at the scroll case again, I looked at its complex construction... and understood it. And suddenly my fingers were pushing bars and lifting clasps, quickly folding the layered arms and unlocking them till the last clasp was unfolded and I opened the door of the scroll case.

Kat saw me do this and held up a hand to stop the near argument she was having with Tanya, even as an explosion around the green pillar erupted rock and debris up into the air, and the triumphant roar came to a sudden halt.

"I thought you didn't know how to work this." she said.

"This may sound strange... But it's all coming back to me now." I said and Kat and Tanya looked at each other as I opened the door and the scrolls immediately spread.

The paper was golden, shimmering and shining with torrents of metal strands that had been woven together. It was made of the first alloys, hundreds of thousands of years before anyone came up with the idea of steel. Its backing were threads of wire covered in ruby dust, while on the golden wires that I looked upon now formed a face so smooth it was like a piece of paper, there was a language – read right to left and top to bottom – unlike any I've ever seen before.

"W-what kind of language is that?!" Tanya blinked.

"One my ancestor created." I replied as my eyes darted across them, "It's a modification of Mystic... no... more like Mystic re-written like a code."

"But... You can't do that!" Kat said. "To rewrite it means to undo it."

"Not... Exactly." I said and touched the scroll, and it lit where my fingers touched it and moved strangely across the glyphs to fill the spaces between the glyphs but not the glyphs themselves.

"That's strange... What are those blocks?" Kat asked, but then there was a phenomenal eruption, an explosion like a volcano that cracked the earth further and a fissure opened up right beneath my feet and got me to spread my legs nearly into a complete split before I hopped out of the way, gripping the scroll and pulling it to me and holding it to my voluminous breasts.

From within the burning green light, a... Thing! Slowly rose, pushing away great slabs of concrete from the coffin, but likewise pushing away rocks and earth to rear and scream at the heavens, and suddenly the almond pupils in my eyes widened to their extent as I looked upon the ancient evil that so many had warned us about.

"What in Gaia's name is that?!" Kat gasped.

"I AM CHERNAVOG!!" the creature roared, a beast that grew right before our eyes, with massive glowing rocks bubbling from its body as it shone darkly, muscle upon muscle wrapped in stone and dead plant life, the thing growing rapidly and unceasingly as it turned toward us and seemed to spy us from all that distance away.

"Guess that answers that question. Please hurry Sue." Tanya said in a gasp, and I returned to the scroll and using both hands began to highlight portions of the scroll.

"It... It's not making any sense." I said as out of the corner of my eye the beast pulled itself from the earth, great powerful legs, great tail, with towering heaps of rock on its body while it glowed with the ferocity of a radioactive pile.

"What are those things flying through the air at it?" Tanya asked as I delved over the scroll, trying to unlock its secret.

"They're mutants. It's summoning all the..." Kat began, but then there was a snap and a wash that knocked us all sideways slightly, even Tanya, and the land, as remarkable as it was, actually brightened, and the black fog wafted toward the creature. "...Corruption."

"This is bad." Tanya said and I glanced, and watched as the green energy flowed from off her toward the creature known as Chernavog. "It's sapping the strength from me!" she cried and then started to concentrate, fighting to keep it as her body nonetheless diminished, the green burning on her, turning white slowly it appeared while much of it was sapped from her.

"Hurry Sue." Kat blanched.

"Patience is a virtue..." I sang and pat the scroll repeatedly looking for something that I could recognize.

Kat looked toward Chernavog as it began to advance upon us and then back to me. "Not right now it isn't! The dark spots in the script... What do they mean?" she prompted.

"They're the blank spaces." I replied. "Like an optical illusion. They show you the blank spaces and you're supposed to read the empty spaces... But... None of this makes any sense! I don't understand this language whatever it is!"

"BITCHES! WHORES! I CHERNAVOG SHALL DEVOUR YOU AND REWARD YOU FOR SETTING ME FREE BY GIVING YOU YOUR OWN PERSONAL AND ETERNAL HELLS!!" Chernavog roared, his mouth opening and burning with tremendous heat... Atomic heat, the fuel of the stars.

The earth cracked further, it rumbled with each foot step as huge slabs of earth rose around it like the whole land was a layer of hardened stone over the real corruption that flowed beneath us like a volcano ready to blow, and the land was just the solidified part of the magma. Each step he took, walking on all fours, caused the truck canisters to jump and fall over further.

"Th-there's something... Something on the verge of my mind. There's a trick to this." I glanced at Tanya as the last of the corruption of radiation bled from her, leaving her pristine and white.

"The background count is gone." Katrina said, and summoned two massive fireballs into her hands. "Can't say the same for when that behemoth gets to us. It's summoned the entirety of the corruption here into it! I've never heard of such a creature!"

"We got trouble." Tanya said and turning I saw hordes of horrible looking creatures washing across the land toward us from the beast.

"Sue!" Tanya shouted and I looked to her, the panic apparent on my face. "Keep studying! Katrina we need to give her more time!" and Kat nodded before the pair moved to intercept the hordes, and I felt the magic, Tanya shifting to her Red Mode to induce incredible amounts of heat upon the approaching demons while explosions of fireballs that were so fierce from Kat I could feel them warm my face.

I paused and stared at the scroll, trying to remember... force the memories from my ancestor to the fore of my mind, and this time the sensation I felt was a hand upon my shoulder and a whisper in my ear.

"Remember Susan." the voice was familiar, and the world changed again, and this time I was a girl cat with little pert breasts holding a simple puzzle that had a simple trick to it. "Don't try to look at the problem, which is getting the ring off the metal bits far too big for the ring, but rather look at the whole problem, and the solution will present itself."

And I looked at the simple metal puzzle, contemplated it, saw the solution of it as I looked upon the whole puzzle and twisted the parts and got the ring off. Triumphant I looked back, trying to remember the voice, it was so familiar! But all I could see was a brief shadow that faded away immediately.

And when I looked back it was at the scroll instead of the puzzle I'd just solved.

"The whole puzzle..." I told myself, and biting my lower lip I gripped the one side of the scroll and pulled it all the way open.

And then immediately I saw the puzzle undone as I looked upon it as a whole. The blank spaces were making triangles, and in each triangle was the mystic glyph made by several smaller glyphs, and in the center of the scroll was an octagon, the largest solid space there was. And it was here that I palmed the scroll, and within me a link to my ancestor happened and suddenly the world around me glowed brilliantly, time slowed to a stop, the burning fire of erupting fireballs and microwaves, the taunts of Chernavog and the chattering of his minions... It all stopped.

And before me was... Me.

It was almost like looking at a mirror of me, only that everything wasn't reversed. The tortoise shell markings of her fur were in the same place as mine, but she was older... Her breasts had been transformed and were far larger than mine, changed by the suckling mouths of many sons and daughters, her body hardened from many battles, scarred in a few places even, and in comparison to me she was far, far stronger and stalwart of a person, living in a time when the world was far harsher than it was now.

"Sweet... Sweet daughter." she said, her voice deeper as well... Again, an older woman's voice as she stepped forward and reached across the scroll that hovered between us in a grand curving and tilted arc of woven metal. Her hands felt like the hands of the mother I never really knew. I found my vision blurring with tears. "I'm so proud of you for coming this far. No matter how many generations you are from me, know that I am proudest of you, my daughter, for unraveling the secrets, for unlocking its lore, for finding this scroll."

She folded me to her fat, firm bosom, so full of thick creamy milk as she kissed my forehead.

"There are seven more scrolls for you to find... Only with all eight will you be able to accomplish the ultimate task which is due you. I bless you with this sacred knowledge contained in this scroll, use it to defeat the great evil that I am told is being held at bay by this thing of my making.

"You will do well; I have faith in you, and hope that you will come through to the very end.

"But in the meantime... Promise me that you'll find a nice strong man... And have lots of babies.

"As strong as I may appear, I've never been stronger than I am with my family."

I was crying, I couldn't speak, but nonetheless I nodded. She held me a moment longer and then kissed me lightly on the forehead, tussled my mane and then faded before the plume of light surrounding me waned, and looking back at the land as Chernavog neared now, I turned hurriedly back to the floating scroll, and like I'd done when I unlocked its case, I touched off glyphs, several of them with the tips of my fingers in order to complete the triangular glyph and activate it, and immediately spell circles traced themselves around the octagon. It was all of such an intense complexity that I had difficulty understanding it. Mathematical equations, alchemical solutions, torrents of languages that soon created a complex three dimensional display like those holographic computers on TV and in movies, and at long last the last puzzle was unlocked.

Using fingertips I aligned all the circles and then tapped a final triangle that appeared in the center of everything and it then twisted and flipped into a pyramid.

"And then God said... Let there be Light!" I shouted and touched the pyramid... And then it began.

Power! Unimaginable power! It surged into me like the stroke of a lightning bolt, only it wasn't a brief instantaneous thing... It was long and intense. My jaw clenched as my fingers tightened about the pyramid, and despite that it was an illusion created by magic in nonetheless had physical substance to me. My jaw ground and my body groaned underneath the intensity of the muscles in me flaring and tightening and groaning while synapses in my brain fired with the tumultuous explosions of a grande finale during the fourth of July.

Every muscle in me showed as they all clenched and stood on end with brilliant clarity, nipples and clit erecting as strangely enough all this power filled me and empowered my feminine power to overflowing, and as it overflowed it started to fill other things in me. And just like that, the vertebrae in my neck cracked and popped as they scraped against one another, one vertebra after the next thickening and hardening right down the length of the spine. Each rib it touched off it forced to bow outward, thicken and flare, thrusting my chest outward with a rippling series of crunches that bounced the firm orbs of tit upon my chest with each popping snap, before the growth flowed down the rest of the spine.

Neck and belly lengthened with the thickening of the spine, and when it reached the hips I moaned and felt the teeth in my mouth sharpen and lengthen while a pounding, throbbing engorgement ripped down from my heart like rolling thunder only to thrust into my loins and eject an orgasmic lance that pissed onto the ground before me.

Across the shoulder blades and clavicle it went, broadening the chest and widening the shoulders as the growth widened my hips, making me look hippy while arms and legs and then fingers telescoped from joint to joint, lengthening the claws even as they hooked wickedly.

The nerves in me electrified then, the cords that carried the nervous impulses thickening in spine and across the body, channeling in a starburst from my heart that radiated through me to the very ends of each and every hair on this body, and electrifying each and every cell with power. After that initial pulsed had traveled up the length of one arm, for a moment I felt like I was having a heart attack as a sensation similar to having slept on much of my body assailed me... only... instead it was like I was waking up to a new level of realization to the world, and this numbing feeling was part of it. Everything became so real, and in a remarkable explosion in me as now the thickening vertebrae finished in the tip of my tail at that moment, the pyramid released me and I stood panting, trembling as I teetered and worked fingers and hands, trying to pump the new feeling into those arms, feeling muscles vibrating and spasming in me.

For but a moment I was free of the change... But that, it seems, was little more than the calm before the storm.

It began in my back as the two halves to either side of the spine thrust violently outward, the shoulder blades flaring and rising before the spine broadened widely and turned outward deeply to widen and deepen the whole of the back, broadening tail as it hung over a tightening butt before it thrust out of my back like a long serrated blade of knobby spines. I held myself and moaned as my brain filled with sensations and thoughts and feelings that weren't my own, knowledges I'd never learned before, rapid teachings from various masters who were mostly long dead and turned to dust, various experiences all channeling into me as my sides flared like a cobra's hood, cheeks and facial muscles firmed and neck muscles widened with the back, spanning straight to my shoulders. Those two halves then separated along angles that crisscrossed and seemed to overlap, the top half of my back rising even further across those widening and rounding shoulders while the upper third of the back rose even higher than that before my clavicle bones spread and those rib bones lurched forward to make my tits jiggle and bounce from the whole of my chest thrusting forward before their pectorals deepened.

I reared then, gaping down at my chest as it rolled forward steadily, individual muscle chords straining and popping outward into greater and greater thicknesses, the two layers of pectoral muscle cleaving and cutting themselves beneath the flesh into thick chords that rolled over the collar bone and down along the ribs, the lot of them surging and rolling that chest forward by centimeters at a time, all the while my tits simply swelled and filled with thicker milk, the many mammaries becoming nearly fur bare. I lifted a pair of hands and held them before me, cupping nipples that hardened and extended thicker and longer as the areola broadened, those primaries slowly pushing into the palms while those hands sank into the breast fat and then pressing against the firm glands below, and suddenly I felt a lesson assailing me.

It's called Mother's Milk, I was saying, or rather I was saying as my ancestor. It is a precious, rare power, rare because of two factors. First, only a woman can obtain this power... It is a power the Great Maker has reserved only for us... No man can hope to achieve its likeness. And two... It requires a pure woman to obtain it.

The milk production in my breasts went into overdrive, and I moaned as my nipples continued to enlarge into teats made for an adult instead of a child on those primaries, areola flaring and puffing outward, and the breast mass behind them filled with milk so thick that even the foremilk was as creamy and sweet as the hind milk as it leaked from me. Primaries, secondaries and first pair of tertiaries all did this, the other tertiaries below thickening into pads of flesh as thick as the first tertiaries were, milk leaking down my body to drip off my thickening pussy as it dripped my nectar onto the ground.

I found myself rubbing those nipples, tweaking them and rolling them between fingers to get them so hard they ached, my mind completely blocking out the tremendous evil that was approaching and assailing my friends and me while both thighs pressed around the girth of my sex as it billowed and roiled, thickening as its power grew within me, finding its roots deep, deep inside me as it melded with the power of my heart and my fists and my breasts. It empowered me further and another explosive burst of juices erupted from my loins to paint my inner thighs with ejaculate as I shivered from the change that was more intense than even my first full moon transformation was!

Shoulders rounded, cleaving into a plethora of hardened chords while chest and back continued thickening in opposition to each other, chest muscles together thickened to a full foot from off the ribs, back muscles becoming massive piles to either side of the serrated spine that could've held a whole human's body weight for each of them. That back flared me wider and wider as either bicep filled and rounded outward to things the size of watermelons on either arm, the rounded masses separating into pairs and then into individual chords while the shoulders rounded outward, triceps growing in equal thickness to the biceps with the forearms flaring ever wider.

My clit purpled as it erected from within me, and my eyes rolled back as I panted like a dog, but for a cat, the same action made me smell and *taste* the sweet pheromones around me, and it aroused me even more with the sweetness of it all as my spine rippled thicker all over again.

Powerful columns of back muscle carved their way downward between the flaring swells of my bottom that pinched the base of that back as everything from base of the skull the seat of my bottom separated into smaller and smaller muscles, growing denser and thicker while my ribs thrust well over a belly that sunk deeply beneath them. Butt muscles clenched and flared into bundles of tight, hard chords as they clenched, softening and rounding nicely as they relaxed only to clench hard again while the ribs opposite and high about that thickening butterfly of glut muscles flared and creased the flesh to show each of rib in turn.

I groaned more deeply, voice dropping into a deeper, chestier voice like Tanya's did when she changed as that belly of mine started to ripple tighter and tighter as it rolled repeatedly, creasing into more muscles and still more muscles, it's length doubling the number of abs and adding another pair to the lats, pushing the tertiary nipples upward as my back flared even wider.

Butt muscles rounded and thickened, and for a moment I had a true muscular badonkadonk – which was an oxymoron, I know, from what such an ass was supposed to be like, supple and soft instead of hard bundles, but I had no other way of explaining it – till the thighs billowed beneath those swells then, billowed incredibly, so grandly and so thickly that it actually made that badonkadonk look small! Calves flared and feet thickened, the entire column of my tail curved downward and bulged into a thick fuzzy thing attached to the distended spine.

And then in a final ripple, all the muscles in me separated over and over, bubbling outward, fighting each other for surface area, increasing the sheer number of muscles in my body over and over, mutating me even to gain more muscles, while the veins caught between muscles and flesh thickened like chords and throbbed all about me. They cupped breasts, spanned back, riddled arms and legs and only added to the sexual sensations I felt within that sopping wet cunt of mine... right before its sexual mass flared to powerfully to press against the inner thighs and distend into a raging feminine mass of heaving sexual power.

And then the power aside from the physical strength rose rapidly within me, growing exponentially, energy galore, so much that it shone through my chest and voluminous breasts that still leaked their milk, a light so bright and golden that it suffused me, my bones, my muscles and my flesh, made my eyes glow brilliantly as it spread from me in an ever-expanding sphere of golden light.

And then I turned to my friends, as beginner level knowledge of Chi magic flowed into me, and the chakras in my body all lit up like bonfires, one after the next in a row from forehead to pussy and awakened untold powers.

And just like Jack Black playing Kung Fu Panda, I figured some of it out on my own.

"SKIDOOSH!" I cried, and an explosion, just as great and just as terrible as the one Chernavog had created blossomed from me, and Chernavog actually raised a hand to ward it off.

Tanya's and Katrina's wounds were healed instantly from it, and the demons were incinerated in its golden light.

"YOU..." Chernavog breathed like a sick wind. "I REMBER YOU. YOU IMPRISONED ME! YOU ARE TO BLAME FOR ALL MY SUFFERING!! I WILL **DESTROY** YOU!!"

I smirked. "No... that was my first mother." I said. "And unlike her... we're actually going to put you down."

Chapter 10: The Ultimate Showdown

My fists clenched as I looked upon this monstrosity. I'd just gone Super Saiyan or something, right up to the point where violent golden energy roiled off me. Maybe there was some legendary history to that show...

Regardless, several flashes of an ancestral memory did indeed tell me my first mother had indeed fought against this titan. Then she was able to overpower the creature... Her incredible strength and power able to push this... This greatest corrupted earth elemental back into the earth and trap it there. Locked in the earth it could indeed roil around, move from place to place, but not leave the earth. Till the accident of Chernobyl released it...

My first mother did indeed single-handedly defeat this monster... but I wasn't my first mother.

She had eight fold the power and strength that I had now at the very least, while at the same time this creature wasn't the same either. The power of an atomic pile filled it, energized it, and since plutonium was of the earth, it could combine with it, replicate it and grow from it. It was far more powerful than any greatest earth elemental could be. It was a corrupted titan! A weapon of the earth that has gone rouge.

"Please tell me you have ideas." Katrina said, knives out, the pair of them surrounded by magical sheathes that turned them into ethereal swords instead with arcane glyphs glowing intensely upon her bare shoulders.

"Nothing for me." Tanya said, her red-orange body thin and lithe and rosy, and yet she burned fiercely.

"I got one." I said and the pair of them looked to me as I approached them to stand between them, fists clenching and veins up and down my arms strumming like piano chords, while the chi-lines in them glowed hotly to illuminate my fists in shining yellow-gold light.

"He's corrupted with atomics. Do you think you can suck it from him, Tanya?"

"I don't think so. He sucked it all off me. It was a pain just to convert it into a form he couldn't use before he took it from me."

The beast roared, walking on all fours while bits of him fell off, landed heavily on the ground and then opened up into spider-like creatures of rock and stone and flesh, chittering and snapping before they surged at us.

"What if he were weakened?" I asked, staring at the assaulting army that Chernavog was creating to destroy us as he approached slowly.

"How do you intend to do that?" Kat asked and flipping her weapons around so that the blunt edges of the knives laid against her forearms, she slashed once and then a second time with them, and two arching waves of force slammed against the leaders of the approaching army to knock most of them back, but that didn't stop them entirely. The ones in the back leaped over the falling waves in the front while the ones knocked back simply got up and rushed toward us, drawing nearer and nearer.

"He's dropping armies... They are pieces of him and he has to grow weaker to do so." I mentioned. "Though you may not be able to sap from him yet, you can sap from them easily... Especially if they were stunned?"

"Easily... But I'd be defenseless trying to pull from that many at once."

"We'll protect you." I nodded. "The moment you get the energy... Convert it so he can't use it again." and I lifted a hand and brought my fingers into a snapping motion, and between the two fingers to snap, a brilliant pinpoint of light formed.

"What the... There's a *positive* background count's growing?" Kat gaped and then turned to me. "Y-you're doing it?!"

I nodded. "Get ready... Both of you." I said, and they did, Tanya shifting to her white mode and exploding with muscle again and insane mammary growth.

And then I snapped my fingers.

The snap ignited something, an ethereal force that focused upon the chi powers of purity... And a blossoming bubble of light erupted from my fingers and washed over the assaulting armies and Chernavog. Again Chernavog lifted a massive hand to protect himself, squinting against the light, while all the gathered armies drew up short and screamed in pain and fear, the green lights in their bodies waning.

"Now Tanya!" I shouted, and Tanya seemed to open herself, breasts spreading as her shoulders rolled backward and arms opened wide as she seemed to take in a deep breath of air.

The creatures screamed and shuddered as wisps of green mist wafted from them and then surged to Tanya, pressing into her arms and thighs, chest and face, swirling around to her back even to push into every pore and orifice possible, and very rapidly the creatures in the forefront weakened.

"Now Katrina! Destroy the weakened ones!" I shouted and flipping her blades and pointing her index fingers, breasts pressing between her long and thick biceps, a stream of tight blue light lanced from her fingertips, energy drawing in through the knives in her hands, and the beasts were cut in half to collapse to the ground in order to release their energy that flooded toward Tanya in a rush that slapped against her and made her muscles heave and slabs of it bubble and pop outward amidst the crunching and groaning of her bones.

Tanya's fur grew green quickly, muscles erupting explosively, bones ripping through her flesh as she mutated into something greater and insanely muscular from her body feeding on all that raw energy, breasts engorging, tail and arms thickening imperiously as the white strands of hair that fell before her face shone a brilliant white, those hairs growing longer and longer as she flexed and burned with green fire to pull it all in.

"NO! MINE!" Chernavog bellowed, and opening his mouth, that mouth unhinging, unfolding and flaring wide, as wide as his body was, and he inhaled a deep, deep breath, sucking in with the power of a hurricane that pulled everything even the rocks of the earth toward that cavernous mouth. Rocks and earth drove toward him while the radiation energy abruptly shifted from Tanya toward him instead.

"He'll suck us in!" Katrina shouted.

And I lifted my other fist enshrouded with golden light, holding onto the ground with long claws dug deep inside the stony ground. "Behold! Even the most minute power of light pushes back even the most potent power of darkness!" I shouted, and then snapped the fingers of that outstretched hand.

Chernavog bellowed in rage as he ceased his sucking attempts and shied from the flash of light, the hurricane winds ending immediately and what bits of the radiation that had been shifting toward Chernavog Tanya immediately drew in and she was slapped with a wash of it. The mass was so great that in an instant she'd tripled her prior mass and then started to compress the energy immediately inside herself, her form compressing tightly again, her fur shining white now instead of green.

"There's so much of it!" Tanya groaned, and then collapsed to one knee and churned suddenly in an orgasmic release before cupping her sex.

"Is it?!" I smirked. Then let him have it back!" I shouted back to her and laughed. "Kat!" and Katrina nodded, and we three turned, and a beam of blue from Kat, a beam of gold from me and a beam of pure white so bright it temporarily burned an after image into the retina as it fired from Tanya, and we three unleashed the utmost power we had at Chernavog, hearing him scream as we three cut three separate swaths that were deep and menacing and burned grooves into his body, making him bleed torrents more green radioactive glop that struck the ground and began to burn through it immediately.

"That's atomic waste!" Kat cried. "If it sinks too deeply... It'll wear a hole straight through the crust!"

"Not if I can stop it!" Tanya shouted and ended her stream, hurrying forward, and again she sucked in deep, drawing it in, and those pools of green disgorged their power straight toward her, splashing against her body and surging into her flesh as Kat and I maintained the cutting powers as long as we could.

"Protect Tanya!" I shouted even as the remaining armies surged through her. With one hand I charged up the chi powers that were my birthright, in the other I flicked more globes of chi energy at the assaulting armies, feeling my Chakras burn in me as veins crawled thicker and thicker across my body and muscles surged outward... Compacting breasts and making them seem smaller from the thickening muscular slabs of chest muscle.

Kat's fireballs melted the creatures as they struck, fusing them together and cooking off their biological components till we reached Tanya even as she reared as a raging ball of flesh with fringes of green fur that stood on end all about her, her body getting into muscle binding she was so huge.

"He's recovering! Convert it Tanya!" I shouted, and immediately she collapsed, and it was like a popping balloon as she surged inward on herself, green turning to white again, but as she did she shrunk upward to where her head was, levitating off the ground like an angelic creature, her powers roiling about her while the earth trembled around us from her sheer and utter power that she'd absorbed.

"I'm at the brim. S-stand back... I have to let it go or it'll consume me!" she shouted, her voice like a goddess as her muscles stared bulging immediately like she was on the verge of popping, streams of burning white light bleeding between the cracks of her muscles like plasma fissures, muscles pressing against her head and cheeks as she engorged well beyond any safe muscular limit.

I grabbed Kat, throwing her over my shoulder as she kept detonating our enemies and carried her away, right as Tanya leveled both her arms at Chernavog, opening her hands as her muscles grew larger and larger, forcing her hands apart, making her fight her own body to keep those arms leveled at him as she aimed with one eye squinted.

"Get off my motherland!" Tanya shouted, and a column of white light more intense than the last blast she'd used erupted from her hands that rapidly grew and grew, grew many times larger than she was, it cut across the earth and consumed the armies in its direct path, blasting the rest to the sides from the shockwave, and literally engulfed Chernavog completely... Burning him over the entirety of his surface.

Tanya's body trembled as she offloaded her power, and with a spark of knowledge that snapped within my mind, I surged to a place behind her, in one of the only shadows there existed in the land currently, and palmed two key chi locations in the upper and the small of her back and concentrated. Up from me flowed all my power that I could muster. It surged into her and a core of golden light strengthened the beam she was producing, widening it, and Chernavog screamed as the pure light burned at the corruption in him and actually pushed him back toward the hole in the earth in which he'd escaped from. And then from behind us Katrina began to cast repeatedly, and great disks of arcane magic formed within the beam, one before the next, strengthening and strengthening the beam with each focusing disk she made acting like a lens and the whole of the world seemed to become consumed in this light of creation and arcane might.

The majority of the power in this was Tanya... I knew it was. I changed the element of the beam, made it spiritual while Kat's spells were throwing an exponential increase into the power of the beam. But then Chernavog exhaled, and a stroke of green flames that were hot with corrupting radioactive fire, the burning heat that could melt lead was poured from the cavernous mouth that spread and spread... and the beam we made was pushed back. Chernavog dug in, melding with the earth itself as if he were a mountain and his arms and legs were its roots before he strained, pushing the whole of his body back at us and I dug my claws in as the force of our combined strength was being overpowered.

"E-everything!" Tanya shouted. "Give everything!"

The three of us pushed as one, and suddenly the flow doubled in intensity and Chernavog and his stream of corruption were overcome... the corruption being purified and the power being cleansed. I heard Kat chanting, and listening to the words I joined in, mimicking them, and Tanya soon caught what we were doing and the three of us, our voices made a trinity that enforced the output even as strengths were waning.

And suddenly there was a deafening explosion, a brilliant flash of incredible light that clashed with darkness, and as the three of us collapsed the world went dark.

All I could hear was my own breathing echoing around me, my friends were gone and there was just me for what felt like the longest time as black motes danced before my eyes. All was gray, and the only motion I saw were the dancing black motes in my vision. And then... there was light. It cracked to the right of me, and lifting a hand against its brilliance, I blinked at it as it rose. Thoughts of tunnels with lights at their ends came to mind, but this light spread, and it spread wider and wider, taking up the whole of a distant horizon, and then after a short few moments I realized what was happening.

It was dawn.

The darkness dissolved from the imperious power and holy celestial glory that was the principal life giver for the world, the energy and the light that lit this planet: the sun. Its light was breaking away the spell that had held Wormwood, the land untwisting itself, leaving only the aftermath of the corruption and destruction that a loose nuclear pile had caused.

Katrina and Tanya appeared from the darkness as it coughed them up, and I squealed with glee, hugging Kat and then Tanya, purring happily as my breasts pressed against Tanya's back.

“We did it!” I cheered, as the sunlight roiled in, rocks that were the remains of the army crumbling into stones and pebbles and dust. We followed the light as it destroyed the shadows on the ground, the world of frozen darkness wafting away quickly...

And then the light washed over a shape, right as two great red eyes appeared in the center of a great hill that cracked and rumbled as it panted, bleeding darkness and purple motes as it loomed above us, and before I could even scream it lashed out and slapped its stone paws against Tanya and Kat and pulled them from me, gripping them in his claws.

“No!” I shouted and rose. “You let them go!”

Chernavog merely squeezed and the rocks pressed around Tanya and Katrina, and Kat yowled as her softer ribs must’ve begun to crack. “You... *bitches*... have hurt me.” His voice was softer, but no less menacing. “You... foul creatures... have hurt me twice. Your friends...” he gasped. “Are in my power. I challenge you... and you alone... and should you disagree... I shall kill them here... now.” And he squeezed harder to where even Tanya roared in pain. “Choose.” And he coughed deeply.

My jaw clenched, and I finally spat out. “I accept your challenge!” I shouted up at the corrupted elemental. “Just let them go!”

“As you wish.” And he lifted them higher before dropping them both, right before he slapped both arms downward on top of them as they fell, crushing them into the earth.

“You said you wouldn’t hurt them!” I screamed.

The thing laughed, sounding like a rockslide as he did. “I said I wouldn’t *kill* them. You will be amazed at what you can live through.” And he lifted his arms and two columns of rock held Kat and Tanya fast both battered and bruised and unconscious with only parts of them – their heads, a hand here, a foot and a knee there, Tanya’s breasts – stuck out of the stone. “To keep your usual treachery from happening.” Chernavog snarled and then stomped forward, darkness bleeding from the open cracks in his rock body, while dead plants still growing twisted out of his form to close those wounds.

“After you die... I will feast on their souls, regain the power you took from me... and make this world... *burn!*” and fire billowed in his mouth... but just regular fire, it wasn’t atomic.

“First mother...” I said aloud gripping both fists tightly. “I know you’re gonna help me with this.” I whimpered, and looked deep... deep inside me, and tried my hardest to summon the power from within, and getting only a shallow well of force in me. I needed food, I needed rest... possibly some lovemaking... I’d expended so much power already I’d nearly burned what I had out!

Chernavog swiped at me, and I found that the tendons and muscles in me were quite limber now, my reactions instinctive as I hopped backward and out of his way, and then bumped against something, and turning, I saw the canister that the scroll had been in. I’d not been strong enough to do this before, but now was as good a time to try it as any.

Slamming a clawed hand into the end of the canister, I put my body into lifting it, and somehow, the intense physical strain made my muscles pop and thicken outward, engorging, the veins standing on end, the very exertion drawing this strength from me... or... perhaps the supernatural strength I now had was that much more supernatural... But the trailer lifted, and twisting and turning it, I chucked it like a shot-put at Chernavog and then leapt up, spun and kicked its back to where the semi truck would’ve connected to it, caving that end inward. But the heavy mass of metal exploded from the impact and vaulted at Chernavog, hitting him in the face and cutting a square into his head before the door swung into his face.

“Ow!” he bellowed, and I had a brief moment of contemplation... and then I noticed the scroll, still unfurled and floating in mid air with its inscription and pyramid open.

For a brief flash... just for a second, I saw my ancestor in the construction process of the scrolls. It was a relic, an artifact... a holy thing. And for an age she spent much time feeding it spiritual power so that it would last forever. It was a pair of massive power cells for chi energy!

Glancing at Chernavog as he pulled the trailer from his face, crushing it and inserting it in his mouth to eat it, incorporating its metal into his body, I rushed for the scroll, powering down the mystic scripts that were still open there, closing the circles and rolling it up as quickly as I could. Closing it, locking it, I then reached into it and found a storehouse of spiritual energy like one would not *believe!* It refilled my chi energies to overflowing in moments, with more, lots more, an ocean more unto itself left in the scroll and it’s case.

I planted the scroll on my back and it held itself there, a golden disk appearing and shining like a slowly spinning spoked wheel as it locked with my spirit energy... but likewise it made all my chakras explode with power. The Crown, the Third-Eye, the Throat, the

Heart, The Solar-Plexus, the Sacral and the Base. Thirty-three Spines above the tail ignited with energy, my chi lines flaring and lacing completely around me and flaring with power, covering me in their golden light and empowering me, armoring me in their lines at the same time, and everything, absolutely everything about me empowered.

The Crown Chakra controlled thought, and as it flared my mind expand so that the world slowed down about me, Chernavog's already ponderous movements were made even slower, almost at a standstill while I could still move at regular speed. Falling rocks, dust and pebbles fell in slow motion while I became aware of so much in the world.

The Third-Eye blossomed in me, a premonition of what was to come, and I saw the possibilities of Chernavog's movements in blue outlines of his body moving in different directions, and I knew immediately where not to be as I started forward, while at the same time I saw his weak points, most especially his killing point, and grimaced at how I would have to defeat this foul creature.

Power rose into the Throat Chakra, and though it governed the power of speech, it did control other aspects, and with a charge to the heart and a flooding of blood through the whole of me, veins crackling my flesh, suddenly I flared, thickening ridiculously as I felt strength and power flowing through me. Muscles flared and rounded, thickening and then separating into secondary and then tertiary muscles, shoulders widening chest and back bulging in opposition to each other as I obtained a form that was greater than what my first mother had had. I panted as the number of muscles on me rippled and carved themselves as I leapt forward into a dashing run. The first step made one whole leg explode outward, the next step exploded the second into titanic proportions, hips flaring and belly and neck lengthening with the spine, tail lengthening and thickening as my abs and lats grew in number rapidly, the dorsal muscles spreading wide. Arms doubled and then tripled in thickness, and with a titanic screaming roar, Chernavog was blasted with the fury of how I felt of him hurting my friends, and the sheer power of that voice shattered a layer of rock off him, carving it off him like one might remove the skin of an apple.

The Heart Chakra steeled my flesh and my courage, gave me the confidence to do this, and it pounded harder, fiercer, thickening my body even more as it strummed its heart strings and throbbed the muscles about me. It aroused me as nipples and sex engorged, my strength likewise getting an added boost as chest and back pressed about head and throat, their strength hardening.

A burst of adrenaline that drove me faster, inhumanly faster burst from the power of the Solar Plexus Chakra, and leaping upward, I ran up one of Chernavog's arms and leapt toward his head, bent, twisted, chambered a leg, twisted again and collided with a billowing blossom of golden light that created an impact crater in his face before a sheet of stone fell off him to reveal the black spiritual thing that was beneath it. I followed that up with a punch and another kick, each more incredible than the one before it... partial spheres of golden light exploding from each contact and then I paused in mid air, suspended, screaming out another blast that carved more rock from him before I started sucking in spiritual energy through my mouth like Tanya had done with the radiation.

It was called Dim Mach in the movies, but in the beginning it had no name. But my ancestor had bestowed this skill to me, and whereas it could create tremendous healing... it could also create incredible destruction. And with his sheath of stone armor broken or gone in places, his spiritual form bleeding darkness in sloughing curtains of the corrupting essence, I pressed against a minor weak point, and it exploded with an eruption of spirit energy that knocked even the mighty Chernavog on his side.

And I floated there, sighing from the Sacral Chakra changing my sexuality, making my breasts and sex billow with the speed and power of deploying airbags, empowering me with such sexual power that I understood what my first mother had possessed at her peak. She was a demigoddess for centuries because of this art.

And finally the Base, the last spine of the spinal column, the base of the tower... linked all the other Chakras and made them empower each other, my muscles continually surging, veins throbbing and pulsating as I entered a state of veritable peace and calm mingled with sheer ecstasy.

I was a moment before transcendence... only my will to keep me here... to protect my friends and the world and my future daughters... kept me in this world.

"Do it!" I said quietly under my breath, feeling strangely calm in the face of what I was about to do while still floating there above him as parts of me began to shine with light and power. "Do it you despicable creature!" I dared him, needing him to open his mouth.

He complied, and opening his mouth, he began to suck in, trying to consume me in that hurricane strength intake. The intake only helped me as I dove in, darted about the rocks surging into his mouth, charging a finger strike till it illuminated my way into the collapsing cave that was his mouth and throat, till I stopped about mid-way through, holding the finger strike before punching with the other hand. I heard the roar as Chernavog clawed at his chest, and I punched again, breaking through the rock till I found what I was looking for... the corrupted elemental core that burned an angry purplish-red.

"This! This is where I get to say... *'SAY MY NAME BITCH!'*"

And I finger struck the core, releasing the purifying power of my light into him... and then I leapt, clawing out of a collapsing cave as it enclosed about me. I heard Chernavog screeching, clawing at his chest as I punched my way through rock, shattering it with each blow, crawling out of his mouth and jumping out of it right as the creature froze in all actions and sounds as the core inside him shattered. Turning, I watched as the darkness in him and bleeding from him began to fade to gray, the creature slowing in its movements and its body seizing up.

"I... will not... be defeated... by a woman!" he gasped, his voice sounding like rocks disintegrating into dust, and I stood my ground as he lifted a hand and brought it down, but thanks to the phenomenal strength I had I caught the collapsing rocks and held it, slapping my tail to the ground to help wedge me back up with its added strength, balancing on tip toes and toe claws digging into the earth. Gritting my teeth I held that weight back as he pushed all his waning strength into killing me...

And then there was the sound of singing metal and a disk of silvery light slashed through Chernavog's torso.

I blinked in surprise at this as the weight of Chernavog's strength disappeared, and I was able to lift and shove the massive clawed hand off me and throw it aside in order to stare in utter astonishment as Chernavog shuddered briefly and then slowly sloughed to one side along a massive crack in his form. And then he collapsed in a tremendous rockslide that cascaded to the earth in a rock pile and crumbled into spare rocks and pebbles and dust.

It left a ghost like thing that I blinked at, right before it turned and saw something, and I turned to look in the direction he looked at to see a winged shadow... cradling a massive scythe across his triple winged shoulders. The cherry of a cigar burned brightly for a moment before twin puffs of smoke escaped out of what I assumed were nostrils.

"You are defeated." Death replied in his cold male-female voice that sounded like it was echoing through a coffee can. "You've long outlived this world." And Death reached out with his other hand, this one gauntleted in black and silver with wicked claws at the end of each finger, and he grabbed hold of Chernavog's spirit form and gave a yank, and with a final echoing roar, Chernavog was pulled from this world into Death's voluminous robes that were so dark that light fell into them and didn't even get a chance to scream.

Death turned to regard me with another puff of his cigar.

"We'll meet again." He replied and turned into the sun just as it peaked high enough to wash over him, and in the next instant he was gone... leaving only a single feather that floated to the ground, erupted into ash and then wafted away.

Then with two snaps behind me I turned just as Kat and Tanya were released, the pair waking up and coughing once they'd done so. Walking over to them, breasts wobbling with each step, I bent and touched Kat, tapping chi points and empowered her own healing process to heal her wounds before doing the same with Tanya... only with her, I had to double check. Her chi spots were... weird looking, alien, so I had to modify the taps first.

One is taught to heal before one is taught to hurt in the White Lotus.

"D-did we win?" Kat asked.

"Yeah... yeah we did." I smirked with my enhanced voice before removing the scroll from my back and I immediately deflated back to my newly enhanced body before looking around at Wormwood and the barren wasteland as it slowly untwisted and healed itself as the corruption left it. "I think I've had enough of this place."

"Me too." Tanya added.

"Me three. It's been swell but the swelling's gone down." Kat added.

"Good... then Lady Tanya... time to G.T.F.O.."

"What does that mean anyways?" she asked and I smirked at her.

"I'll tell you in the plane. For now... we need to motor before the Spetsnaz show up."

Chapter 11: Picking Up the Pieces.

The plane droned quietly as I sat naked in its front seat, looking out the window while Katrina napped behind me. As weakened as she was currently from the ordeal we'd just been through, I had to admire Tanya as she likewise remained naked in the pilot's seat, the co-pilot's yoke moving in front of me to mimic her steering movements. I could've dressed... I was just too tired to.

Despite having been hurt so much, the Lady Tanya, Queen of the Siberian Tigers, was as much of a human as any other Lycan. And yet she was strong and stalwart, a warrior's body with a unique set of powers given unto her, and yet she was so unnaturally beautiful. Not like me... She was the immediate example of the being I'd love to emulate. Breasts that my first mother had, voluminous and changed from nursing cubs, full with her nourishing milk and a muscular, Olympian body few women in the world could duplicate. She possessed thick chorded forearms, thick biceps and a great thick chest even before her breasts were taken into account. Strong thick thighs and calves, strong belly and broad powerful back.

My human form was considerably much more ripped now; it was thick but nowhere near as thick as hers was. She was like one of those female heavyweight body builders but with the breasts and sex of an earth goddess. I didn't have those breasts... the breasts yet... but perhaps after I had a kitten or two...

But for a brief moment... back there in the ruined landscape of Wormwood, with the scroll that was now laying securely on my lap and looking like a precious but mundane thing adding its power to mine, I'd literally outstripped her in every matter. For a short time at least I'd held just an eighth part of my first mother's power, and it was greater than that of even the Queen of the Tigers.

Mir, which meant *'peace'* in Russian, appeared like a dot on the horizon as we approached, but then parked by the small bush pilot's airport beside it was an odd sight. I didn't know what they were called, but it was a dual-rotor helicopter with a front-back configuration of its blades... something that usually hauled heavy cargo. Tanya's face took a knowing look of recognition as she flew about Mir, and then brought it in for a landing, taxiing near to the hangar before cutting the motor and opening the door and climbing out, still not bothering to dress.

I nudged Kat awake, and she followed but soon noticed the helicopter as she was exiting after me.

"Wait a minute," she paused after exiting and quickly shifted forms into a human. It was a requirement around the humans that all Lycan must become human-shaped to keep the secret of our existence a secret. I remarked that she made a rather cute fem, but a glance at her groin showed that it was a crotch now... no penis to be had. "What are *they* doing here?" she asked and I looked up at her face again, wondering if a woman was her true form or not.

"I'd assume that our benefactor is here." Tanya replied, completely at home in this Siberian Tundra while naked apparently.

I was freezing.

"Neato... can we at least get inside? I'm freezing." I chattered and Tanya smirked.

"A few winters here and you'll be used to the cold." Tanya said.

"Don' wanna get used to it." I shivered and gripped the scroll to me as Tanya led the way into Mir's gates. "Minnesota is cold enough in the winter, thank you very much, and I don't want to experience worse."

No one seemed to care that we were naked as we walked through the town, like it was normal. We weren't getting more than the sidelong appreciative glance from the men folk – and there were a lot of men-folk in Mir – and no downcast looks from the women at the fact we weren't trying to hide our shames. They were apparently used to this sort of thing here, I considered as we journeyed right up the main road to the town hall/home of Tanya and her family.

But once inside... standing in the kitchen looking out the window at the vast tundra landscape that was on the other side of the house passed a garden and a yard, was a tall man with long white hair that was held at the very end of the mid-back-length by a blue ribbon. He turned and I heard a gasp from Kat only to turn to her and see her eyes as wide as saucers.

"Katrina." The man greeted with a nod. "Pendragon's description proceeds you. Queen Tanya." He said and nodded to Tanya who entered in behind us. "And at long last... Susan. Allow me to introduce myself... my name is Taran Mushunoshi, and I've been wishing to meet you for a long, long time.

Tanya had given me a sturdy pair of her stone-washed jeans and a spare shirt with a pair of socks and slippers. Lycan didn't often wear underpants and Tanya was one such individual... they just got in the way, ripped to shreds, or if they did manage to stay on after a transformation then they never fit right in human form ever again.

I had to say that the large Russian shirt with the embroidered open collar sat on me well. Tanya was obviously bigger chested than me, but since the shirt fit so nice she said I could keep it.

So now I found myself walking beside this strange person known as Taran Mushunoshi, who was rapidly becoming a paradox wrapped in a conundrum and served up with a steaming hot cup of mystery.

"I represent an organization known as the Starlight Foundation." He greeted once we were alone. "Have you ever heard of us?"

"Weren't you guys in the TV or something like that recently?" I replied honestly and he grimaced.

"A mistake of my own." He admitted. "I trusted an untrustworthy man who ruined our reputation and used the foundation for his own ends that actually ended right here in this little town of Mir. But in light of our recent negative press, I'm glad that there isn't a person who reviles at the very sight of me at a moment's glance." The individual smiled, wearing a pair of perfectly rounded yellow shades while he walked with a cane. Nice designer suit but no labels, well kept body, athletic build, piercing blue eyes... but there was one thing in particular that struck me about him:

On the inside of his right wrist were tattooed six characters, an A followed by five numbers. The only thing I could think of in that case was the numbers Jews were printed with in Nazi concentration camps, but he didn't look like he was over sixty years old. He looked like he was in his late thirties... so else wise this individual kept himself looking young well, or those numbers weren't a Jew Stamp.

"Oh don't think them anything other than a Jew Stamp, Susan." He said and smirked at me as my eyes darted in surprise to his face. "But the truth be told I am much... much older than that. But also the truth be told, your blood line is much older than me."

"You're an odd man." I managed squinting at him, actually taller than this person by half a head, but something was telling me that I shouldn't let appearances fool me. Tanya thought much of this person, and the pair actually exchanged a brief embrace while she was still naked and he didn't show a single sign of any lecherous intent at the act, or the fact that I was naked at the time too... but for now she's showering off the vigors of our past experiences.

"I am indeed." He told me with a smile, and then paused before laying a hand on the now recovered scroll I wasn't letting out of my sight.

"The Starlight Foundation is an organization that controls ten percent of the total world's work force and resources." He told me and I blinked in surprise. "Though we have a multitude of faces, and despite our public image as a super conglomerate, the truth of the matter is, is that all those resources are being ferreted toward the goal of helping the world grow, while at the same time protecting it from a multitude of dangers. The world is cyclical, Susan, and there are several dangers that are assailing it or will assail it over and over and over again till the End of Days. You and your companions have successfully defeated one such creature that threatened it, and one very, very long cycle has been broken. If you hadn't done what you'd done, then in about nine hundred and sixty years we would've had to contend with Armageddon. Instead, you popped that festering boil before it could recess and grow much greater."

"Why tell me this?" I asked.

"Because you've been selected." He replied.

"Selected? As what?"

He was silent for a moment, and he seemed to take an almost imperceptibly calming breath before continuing. "To be a protector of the world, Susan."

I blanched. "But... I never asked for that!"

"Nor did I... nor did your first mother, nor did the multitude of others across this world and across all of time who've been selected for like tasks. But sadly... none of us have a choice in the matter. The very roads you take to avoid it will lead you directly into it."

“That’s not fair! Who bares the right to require such things of me?!”

He was quiet for a moment. “Did you know that your body is really trillions upon trillions of multi-celled organisms working together in perfect symbiosis?” I blinked. “These bodies, called cells, were originally of so many different kinds of microorganisms that came together into a colony of symbiotic relationships with each other to form organs and flesh and muscle and bones that likewise came together and produced a hive mentality that produced a unified consciousness called the brain.” I blinked again at the enormity of such a proposition and shook my head in surprise at such a philosophy.

“The minds of these higher organisms though, felt that they were apart from the colonies of cells in their bodies, as if the cells in their bodies made up them instead of them making up the cells of their bodies, so instead they began to congregate with other creatures like them. Lycan, Dwarves, Humans, Wolves, Ducks, Geese... and so on, even trees and insects and things as simple as algae, all are of their separate families... but instead of having cells called bones and muscle and sinews, we now have different species, and like cells, all these species come together to form an even greater consciousness... called Earth.”

By lips parted in wonder at what he was saying as he stepped forward and I immediately followed, wanting to know more.

“But unlike your mind which is not aware of the cells that make it up, the Earth is very aware of the species that make it up, and for that matter it is aware of the individuals that make up those species. Her name is Gaia, the Earth Mother, and she needs your defense, Susan, because unlike us who can lift an arm or a leg to shield ourselves from harm, she can do no such thing.

“So instead... she requires tasks of individuals amidst the species that make her up to defend her, and she has deemed that you are among the scant few among the trillions that exist upon her now to protect her.”

“Ah-hah... and what part do you fit in all this?”

“Sadly... at present, the state of the world cannot support me as a necessary guardian. She has been weakened considerably... primarily because the strongest species controls the greatest consciousness which thusly deems the rules that are in effect in the world, and since I abide by rules that have greatly been weakened, the best I can do is provide aide... and remain secondary to which time Earth can support a being such as me and my kin. Though strong and powerful myself, I am ill equipped to do the task that has been set for you, programmed in your bloodline, carried from mother to daughter, mother to daughter for countless eons to produce you. You are perfect in your imperfection, for in that imperfection you fit perfectly with her needs. You and you alone have been groomed to do seven more tasks in her defense.”

“B-but... I can’t... I mean... I don’t know how to... I...”

He smiled, and surprising me, he paused and stepped forward and embraced me tightly, and suddenly the warmth of so much affection, like a father to a daughter, unlike such a feeling I’ve ever known, flooded into me and let me know all will be all right.

“You will never be alone.” He told me and then released me. “I’m here, Susan, because I am going to give you a gift... as only the Starlight Foundation can.”

It wasn’t every day a woman found herself a billionaire, one point two billion to be exact. And it came from one of the most unlikely of sources. Some guy who’s the head of a foundation you’ve hardly ever heard of comes up to you and wants to make you a very, very rich woman. Home provided, cars gifted, clothes provided, private tutoring offered... the lot!

Oh it all had a purpose of course. I was to use it all in training... and searching out the other seven scrolls. I needed the scrolls, and I needed them at the exclusion of nearly all other tasks. Nearly all. The only other important thing I was tasked with was to continue on the bloodline.

The feminine bloodline. I was asked – in lieu of being told – to produce a daughter.

Not exactly the life I thought I’d be living. I’d envisioned that I’d be scrounging money just to get to school, fitting a husband in there somewhere, eking by just like the majority of all other men and women in the world... just trying to live, and maybe have a few kids. Whether they were sons or daughters made no difference then. Now they wanted me to have a daughter... as many as I could have... but since that sort of thing was determined by the male... I had the luck of the draw apparently to continue it on. But it really got me to thinking. Mostly about what-if scenarios.

What if Ivan never scratched me that day?

Speaking of Ivan... where did he get off to with Mew?

Heading to the main house, hoping that Tanya had some insight, I found her at last sitting in a rocking chair with one of her cubs held in her arms, nursing quietly in their sleep from her great fattened tit. Perhaps it was something genetic; perhaps it was a race memory, but immediately upon seeing another woman with a child like that made me immediately want to have the same thing, but also there was a reflex we women had in the face of a child or the sound of a child's crying if we were lactating, and that was the instinctive release of our milk. I lifted both hands and used the inside of the shirt to wipe away the cream that'd escaped from me then before speaking... luckily the shirt was a thick naturally woven wool one. And it wasn't even scratchy!

"Ah... hi..." I managed at last and she looked up at me.

"Susan. I'd thought you and Katrina had left already."

"Not yet. I'm having troubles finding my cat Mew. She was last with Ivan as I understand." I mentioned.

"Of course." Tanya smirked. "If I might have a moment. If I don't let her finish she gets cranky." I nodded and stepped outside to wait, only to come upon a surprising sight.

Katrina was in a room here changing, now as a full coon with her big bushy ring tail resting over her behind, she was just finishing pulling on a pair of thong panties that seen from behind with her breasts peeking out from beneath either arm would've been a desirable thing for any male, but then she turned and I saw the heavy mass of scrunched up phallus and testis inside the crotch of those panties... or were they men's bikini briefs? And without her shorts or a skirt on, I saw that it wasn't a small or short thing either. It could've given Lee's human form a run for its money in its male superiority. Those breasts wobbled amicably inside a sleeveless belly undershirt, their nipples arousing and erect as they stood on end, and I found myself staring at her... like many would stare at a train wreck as it happened.

Hermaphrodites in art and especially furry art were common... despite the fact that less than a fraction of one percent of all humans in the world were born as a hermaphrodite. Of the Lycan I've met, Kat was the first and only one that I knew of, and as I understood it, she was one by choice.

"See anything you like Susan?" she asked suddenly and then turned her head to eye me.

"I... um... I'm sorry. I just couldn't help..." I began blushing, averting my eyes.

"Staring?" Kat asked as she now pulled on a vest and zipped it up. I nodded at her. "You want to know about it. You want to know why I have it? Especially when I can be a total female?" I nodded again and she faced me and folded her arms before sighing. "You ever been raped before?" she asked, and I gaped and pointed at her, jaw working. "Neither have I..." she said then and I closed my mouth solidly. "But I've made some stupid mistakes in my life... and not all males are kind and gentle. As a matter of fact... every male I meet seems to be like that." I bit my lower lip, thinking that Lee was definitely not like that, and Tanya's husband Dmitri wasn't like that, and I believed that her warder Daniel looked like he was but he really wasn't, then I remarked that she must be rather unlucky in that regard. "I'm a woman inside all this," she continued, and she pressed her hands to her breasts. "But I've also been a man. I've shifted genders so often and since so early in my life I don't know what my real gender is anymore. So I take on this body as a default."

And then she shifted, and that rubber band brief about her loins bulged as she bulked up by at least a hundred pounds, her hips and breasts disappearing as she grew a good twelve inches the undershirt still stretched across her chest but it was stretched across heaving pectorals. "I could be a powerful man..." Kat said in a deep baritone voice, and then he shifted again, and the massive penis disappeared entirely while her breasts engorged to P-cups, with everything about her being curvaceous, and when she spoke her voice was sensual and breathy. "Or I could be a sexual woman." And then she shifted back to what she was before and sighed with her voice light and girlish. "But both of those are looked for by individuals who only want you for your body. Men abuse women, women use men... it's the way of the world and it effects even the Lycan. So I choose this." And she indicated herself with both hands. "So... what does a person who can shift genders do when she's fed up with both genders?"

"She takes on both... or neither." I nodded. "I was..."

"Curious?" Kat smirked at me. "I know. But just so you know... I've never told anyone about this much of myself before... except for Mai. But after what we've just been through, I don't mind telling you."

"Mai?" I blinked.

“My girlfriend.” She smirked, and then pulled on a pair of jeans and carefully zipped the zipper up over her groin.

“But you turned into a girl when you shifted into human form. Could that be your default form?”

“No... it’s the one I chose to assume. It’s less noticeable...” she smirked. “Oh the life of womanhood. The life of manhood... the truth of the matter is, Susan, is that both of them are fucked up.” She chuckled and then grabbed the bag of her things. “I’ll meet you outside now that Tanya has arrived.” And I turned to see Tanya towering over me there.

“She’s an odd woman.” Tanya mentioned; I merely bit my lower lip. “But let’s go find our cats. I think I have an idea as to where they are.”

I nodded and followed as Tanya led the way into the earth into the town under the town of Mir. It was a warren down here, and I never saw so many tigers in one place... some of the males winked and whistled at me and Tanya shooed them away. But ultimately she led us to a small crawl space that led in between several furnaces and water heaters.

“Here?” I asked. “Why here?”

Tanya smirked at me, and opened the little door. “Because cats love warm things.” She mentioned. “They’d gladly singe their whiskers to get as close to a fire without burning themselves for the warmth. Ivan has made this his secret place, though I know about it because I see him going in and out of it all the time.” And getting onto her hands and knees she led the way in and I soon followed, but when we emerged into the center of everything I found that there was a nest here of sorts. Blankets and furs were everywhere, a hot plate with a pot on it, a little child’s fluffy chair and a grand nest made of furs and more blankets. A basket of cat toys like little stuffed animals and jingle-balls sat in a corner, and a book shelf of human-sized books was propped up on one side slightly away from the heaters. Tapestries hung from the ceiling and a lamp above applied a sort of stylish decor while a mini fridge with a pot of catnip on it sat in one corner of this little cubby hole.

But then in the center of it all I saw...

“Mew!” I gasped.

“Ivan!” Tanya scolded and Ivan rose, still gyrating into Mew.

“Oh for crying out loud. We lay back and you humans and Lycan go at it while we watch and you just say, ‘*oh! Never mind the cat. It’s just a cat!*’ And you go to town without a care in the world about what we think. We do it in front of you and out comes the hose! Damn it all, do I walk in on you and watch when you’re doing it?!” he hissed.

“Yes... yes you do. And then sometimes you lick yourself.” Tanya scolded as she fell back and sat.

“Gross. Ivan’s a perv?” I blinked. “And Mew! Mew, are you ok?” Mew groaned and rose, purring as she... sat up on her elbows?! “Oh my goddess, what the hell did you do to her, Ivan?”

“Hold on a sec. Almost done... Almost done... *Almost* done... ... Almost done... ok I’m done.” He said and with a yowl from Mew she sat up and sighed purring deeply.

“Oh... ye god of kitty love!” Mew groaned even as Ivan covered his lap in a thin blanket and lit a cigarette with a little flame that came from the flick of a finger and began smoking it.

“Ah... smooth.” Ivan smirked and laid back.

“Mew! What on earth... happened to you?” I gasped and directed my hands to her.

“I have just... been violated... in the best way.” Mew gasped amidst being short of breath and combed a short wave of fur back against her head with one hand, sliding her claws into her fur to use them as a comb.

“You better believe it baby.” Ivan smirked and blew some smoke that didn’t smell like tobacco. Actually... it smelled a bit like... catnip? It aroused me immediately.

But Mew had changed, her white fur settled about her differently. True she had the body of a cat all right, but now there were the tell-tale lumps of a bosom in her chest fur, and she had the sultry hourglass shape of a plump and squat human woman. Like Ivan, she had

the finger control to pick things up with her paws, the dew claw able to be prehensile like a thumb, with her toes on both her front hands and she had wrist rotator cuffs now whereas cat's didn't have such things. She stretched cat-like – what else would she stretch like, duh – and rose, and a jingle bell that hung from a braided red collar hung around her neck rung before she smoothed the fur along her sides over her rounded hips.

Whereas Ivan, a Russian Blue, which was oddly enough a gray-furred cat, had visible blue swirls and artistic designs seemingly etched in his fur which glowed as he took on the role of a furry, Mew had the same thing now, only her markings were red and more elaborate and decorative, artistic... that and she also had the looks of blue eye shadow, blue ear tips and a blue tail tip.

“Ivan... what've you done?” Tanya gasped.

“Nothing she didn't want me to.” Ivan spoke and took a draw from his cigarette. “I gotta tell you: this tight little pussy knows how to take care of herself.”

“And how.” She said and threw her head smugly and folded her arms before scrunching them upward, accenting the sight of a definite bosom before she slid her long kitty arms behind her head and cocked her hips seductively. “But a girl cat has her scruples, and he had to defeat me before I'd let him into me.”

“Ivan! She was in heat! Don't you even know what that means?!”

“Ah... yeah.” Ivan smirked. “She's going to get big, thick and full and then in a few months kittens will come out of her vagina. Duh. I'm not just doing her for my own pleasure and abandoning her to the task of raising our kittens like humans do. It's more like she does me for her own pleasure and abandons me to raise our kittens on her own. It's backwards but that's how it works.”

My eyes widened as I looked to Mew, a female cat who was barely out of being an adolescent, not quite an adult, and understood what they were getting at.

“Mew... are you... pregnant?” I asked cautiously.

“Probably.” She purred and put her arms down and smoothed the fur over her hips again with her paws, the jingle bell ringing lightly with a twinkling.

“Y-you're ok with that?” I asked cautiously.

“Sure. Why shouldn't I?” she looked at me with her bright blue eyes, the red twisting emblems shining on her bodice between the swells of her small breasts, her shoulders and upper thighs and rump, across her back and head. She flicked an ear and then played with the dingle ball around her neck. “What can I say about a strong male who can defeat me in combat and likewise offer me so many additional powers and abilities? He taught me so much... amidst banging my brains out that is.”

“T-M-II!” I cried and then reached out and picked her up, holding her out as her legs and tail dangled below her, tail whisking from side to side as she continued purring at me. “Mew... you're going to be a mother! Aren't you certain about what that means?!”

“Just like Ivan said. I'll grow fat with kittens and raise them... probably without him. Such is the way of things for cats.” I folded her to me and scowled at Ivan. “You didn't offer to marry her first?” I asked while Tanya looked at the exchange.

“Susan... we're cats.” Ivan said. “Magic cats but cats nonetheless. We don't typically mate for life. I wouldn't mind mating with her again...”

“...and again...” Mew purred as she hung in my arms.

“...but that is left up to her. Whether I get to see the kittens is up to her. Whether I get to see her at all ever again... is up to her. I'm just a Tom after all, and if you knew anything of cats, either of you,” and he pointed alternatively at both Tanya and me with the cigarette slowly burning in his hand. “Despite that you Felis Lycan profess to be cats, you should understand that what both of you consider to be honorable doesn't pertain to us. You're half cat, we're all cat. This is the way of things. I was glad to sex your cat and give her love, however brief. I would not frown at all should she choose to return to me, I would like to see my kittens, but there is no formal bonding ceremony to proclaim us mates. I have taken her...”

“...Or I took you...” Mew added.

“...But regardless, the deed is done, and I don’t want to hear about human sentiments like marriage.” He paused and took a drag and another blast of catnip smoke filled the air. “The authority of catdom exists with the female line after all, and like I said... I’m just a Tom looking for her approval. I will mate-for-life with her only if she wants to and allows me to.”

Mew turned and looked down upon him with a quirk of her upper lip, showing a fang and a part of her tongue. “I’ll think about it.” She said, still purring. “But for now my human needs to get back to the shrine.” Mew stated still hanging in my arms. You coming to visit me will show me much of how you want to do all these things you say, Ivan.” She said and I sighed.

“I’ve had about as much as I can take of this madness.” Tanya smirked and crawled out of the room. I stared at Ivan for a short while before crawling out myself, managing one look back have way out of the cubby hole only to see him deflate and sigh before making my way with Mew to leave Mir with Katrina via moon gate.

“This is taking too long.” Mew said drumming her fingers on my thick arm. I’d put on a lot of weight during the ordeal to recover the scroll, most of it was in muscle weight. My human form no longer looked just athletic, it was thickened everywhere now. What other added weight I’d gained came from breast weight. I swear my nipples had thickened and strengthened so much that there was an added pound just between the two of them.

“Mew... they can’t open a moon gate until the night falls and the moon rises.” I told her while Kat sat back in a chair, pants showing off the bulge of her phallus as she rested rather casually.

“So we’re just going to wait here?! This cold isn’t doing anything good for my kittens. I need to be some place warm... or at least let me go back to Ivan. He has a nice warm place to be and I can mate with him a little more... maybe get another kitten or two out of it.”

Little known fact... a female cat can be impregnated by multiple Toms being that she remains sexually active and receptive for several days before and after a heat, and additional eggs can be released during that time, so a litter can easily have one, two or maybe even more sires.

“You know... I can do something about this.” Katrina stated lazily while sharpening her daggers.

Mew drummed her fingers, using her claws now and I winced and stared at her in annoyance.

“That’s it.” And she hopped down, and right before my eyes she spread her arms, swished her tail, her little stubby fingers working quickly as she muttered something that sounded like a bunch of meows, hisses and growls, and then made a pushing forward motion with both hands from her chest outward, and a point of red-orange light formed before us as the lines on her body flared suddenly to life. The point twisted and then spiraled open like an oculus, and there was suddenly a large circular portal before us revealing a garden.

“Come on then.” She said and walked up to me as I pointed at the portal in dumbstruck awe, and absentmindedly followed her as she gripped two of my fingers in her paw and pulled me along through the portal. It was like hopping through a circular window with a soapy film on it that was ready to be blown out into a bubble, only we weren’t wet or soapy passing through it. Looking about I saw that we were in the garden of the shrine right before Katrina hopped through behind us.

Mew lifted a paw and snapped her fingers and the portal snapped out of existence. She then lowered on all fours with tail high up into the air and stretched lazily.

“Nice work.” Kat said. “But how did you go from a common house cat to a sorceress in so short of a time. I worked the better part of a decade to do that same trick.”

“I know it because Ivan knows it.” She said imply and Katrina nodded sagely.

Perhaps it was more of that Lycan ability only for cats, where knowledge and powers and abilities were shared through ingesting or absorbing the fluids of the other. Blood, mucus, breast milk, seminal juices... the works, all of them shared power between Lycan... so... the more sexually active they were the stronger they were.

“Then if you’ll excuse me then, I have a vixen who’s calling to me.” She said and curtsied. “It’s been fun Susan. I hope to meet you again.”

I nodded and smirked. "I hope to meet you too." I said, and watched as Katrina skipped to one side, bounded and then leapt up onto the roof, disappearing with a whisk of a ring tail behind one wall.

Mew meowed at me and I looked down at her as she rubbed up against my leg. "And what are you going to do? Purr...?" she said. "I intend to go find that nice dragon man and..."

"...Hold you and snuggle you and pet you and pat you and keep you warm close to my belly fire?" a voice said then and I turned as Mew rose to her feet and turned around with me, only to see Pendragon standing there beneath a hooded cloak that hid two of his hands, his head and most of his body. To an overhead satellite or anyone looking down upon the garden he'd seem like he was a just a small man or a midget.

"Pen!" I greeted and held up the scroll. "I got it!"

"So I heard. Looked at the whole puzzle then, did you?" he smirked.

"Yeah, once I knew the trick to it, it was easy and..." my voice trailed off. I'd looked to palm the scroll, but upon him saying that I remembered something and shot a stare at him. "*Look at the whole puzzle*..." I gaped. "That... that was your voice! I heard your voice in... in a memory! From my ancestor!"

Pen lifted his taloned hand and rubbed Mew's head as she pressed and slid against him, rubbing her cheek against his chest and arms, which was the kitty way of placing their scent against something to mark it. Similar to when a dog pees on a tree in the park.

"Ho! Ho! Does that mean I'm yours now?" he laughed and Mew mewed at him and purred as she pressed against his chest, looking for the warmth that was there as he picked her up like she was a child. "Indeed a child, right Susan?" he said and glanced at me with a smirk. "A child-bearing child. Ivan's doing I would suppose."

"Stop... *doing* that. Get out of my head! Now answer me... that was you wasn't it? Your voice in a memory from my ancestor!"

"If you must know... it was." He said and pet Mew's back with one of his hidden hands that slid out to do the task while he gripped his staff.

"Then you knew what would happen! You knew everything that would happen!" I accused and he nodded slowly.

"I affixed your first mother with certain notes at specific instances that would record the memories of those instances that she would carry in her blood and pass it down her female line till you were at long last produced." He admitted. "You're one of several bloodlines I've watched over and taken care of... your friend Fellania's is another."

"Fell? But why?" I gaped.

"I think you already know why..." he said and approached me, Mew still purring quite loudly. "Eight Scrolls, each a fragment of your ancestor's full knowledge. The one you just claimed was the spiritual primer... it filled you completely for a brief moment before your body starts to make it your own. For a brief while you experienced the power of your seven Chakras at their maximums. Those will rebalance for you, but the other seven scrolls will bore a big bulging hole in each of your Chakras and awaken them to their maximums again. Each scroll is a teaching scroll for a separate Chakra; each Chakra a separate power, each power will make you stronger and wiser... till you revel in the glory of your first mother again.

"And to help you in your quests... I've given you some help."

"But can't you just... you know... show me where they all are and take me there, drop me off, I go get the scroll, kick some butt, come back, have a family and live happily ever after?"

"No." he said and raised his fourth hand as punctuation. "It doesn't work that way, Susan. I see moments, not all of time. I saw the moment involving you and the scroll, so I fanned your first mother's race memory so that she stored that memory and held onto it for the later generations. Your mothers before you may've seen the same images, heard the same words, they may've used them but all in all they were meaningless to them. But to you, in the right moment, it became the feather that tipped the scales in your benefit.

"I don't know where your first mother hid the scrolls... three hundred thousand years is a long time for the world to change its landmarks. Several catastrophes like the breaking of Pangea, the vanishing of Atlantis and Avalon and to a lesser extent Brigadoon, as well as Noah's flood and Christ's death changing mountains into valleys and valleys into mountains have changed the world irrevocably. It's too much for even my mind to keep track of."

I sighed and hugged myself.

“We’re here for you, Susan. You don’t know it yet, but there’re lots of people who’re helping you.”

“What? Like Taran Mushunoshi?” I asked. “I’ve just been made a billionaire because of him. What’s up with that?”

“Two reasons.” Pen smirked. “One... is that a woman of great resources can accomplish a lot, and two... a woman who has to deal with the rigors of such a great quest along with the rigors of the world capped by the rigors of that world acting against your own gender deserves a safe place to raise her kittens.”

I blinked and palmed my belly.

“Y-you know... something about that... don’t you?”

“Like I said... moments... reflections... instances. But your daughter is such a beautiful child. I promise to do my best not to spoil her.”

“M-my daughter? Who’s the father? Do I meet him soon? Is he Lee?” I asked excitedly.

“I’m not telling.” He grinned and then stuck his tongue out at me before I growled in frustration and I picked him up and shook him, making Mew yowl as she was disturbed.

“Tell me!” I raged, partly transforming into my feline form as I gained about twenty pounds of muscle to make the shirt I wore strain about me.

“The last thing a mate wants to know is that he’s destined to be with you, Susan.” Pen said calmly and planted his staff before standing atop it to face me. “If I told you it was Lee, you’d run to him, throw yourself upon him, and at first he’d accept you and take you in and love you implicitly... but then the wearing of the duty would eventually break him and he might leave you before other sons and daughters came out of you.

“If I told you that you were destined for someone else, then you’d drop Lee like a bad habit and immediately go search for your new beloved. Lee would be heartbroken... again. It’d be such a Pity.”

I sighed and let go of him and hugged myself.

“I don’t like not knowing.” I said quietly.

“I know... so did your first mother.” Pen said and hopped down, sliding down the pole before hauling it out. “But you’ll figure it out. For now... do what you think is right. Ultimately... that is the best advice I can give you right now. It ensures... the future that is necessary.”

And he walked off with Mew and I sighed and rubbed my tummy. I wasn’t in heat yet – or was I? I don’t know what they feel like yet – but then all I knew right now is that I wanted to be with Lee.

So stepping forward, I went to go find him.

Destiny. All of this about some strange programmed destiny that was put into motion three hundred thousand years ago, more than two hundred and eighty thousand years before current recorded history began, beginning with my first mother who was what was called a Spirit Folk, forever locked in what I call a Hybrid form. Three hundred thousand years of evolution and intermingling to make a woman who, by appearance at least, was identical to the woman who wrote these scrolls.

It was late, and Pen had showed me where I could deposit the scroll where it would be safe... a pre-fabricated pit in the ground that had been created more than three thousand years ago when the temple was first made, that was locked by an oculus and a spiral staircase that rose and lowered after the oculus was opened. It was made for only my bloodline to open it and it was looked over by the weres of this shrine.

Sure one could get into it, if they *really* wanted to... after defeating a small army of Lycan as well as an ancient Fairy Dragon, disable a vault seal that was put into place with Dragon Lore Magic, to which case it would survive the Hiroshima bomb... but yea... sure... it was possible. If you really wanted to...

'Sure... and monkeys will come flying out of my butt,' or so Pen told me when I asked about the possibility. It was perhaps in poor taste then, especially when I was wishing to be reassured, that a flying monkey indeed did come out of his butt with a fart of glittering pink pixie dust like stuff and fly away down the hall. Always one for his silly sense of humor and practical jokes.

But for now, as I walked down a hall in one of the upper tiers of the shrine toward the bedroom that was provided for me, I was thinking about destiny and other such things, absentmindedly rubbing my belly as I did.

The memories I got from my first mother had given me glimpses, fractions of memories of the babies she'd held in her womb and later to her breast... it was almost as if she were a woman who were nigh constantly pregnant. Probably not... she lived for centuries. I had no idea if there was one mate or many for her.

And so then I was to find myself before a pair of double sliding doors, the doors that Pen said I should go to, to rest in comfort. So as I slid them open I was unprepared for the sight that greeted me.

The chamber was massive, with a nest behind a clear pool of water that had live fish and cat grass and sand in it, with elegant tapestries hanging from the ceiling. Dressers and cabinets and closets, all brimming with womanly attire. It was a place done in soft, light colors, with a soft blue light shining from the pool to set the room into a moonlit glow. So then did I also lower my gaze to the bed that I so wanted to occupy right now... only to find another surprise waiting for me.

Despite that this was to be my room and was clearly made for a woman's comfort, it was then that I saw Lee sleeping as Lee might sleep... in the nude, his waist the only thing covered with a soft silk blanket as he lay spread out on the pillows and furs and blankets. My heart warmed as I turned briefly to close the doors, and stepping toward him, kicking the shoes I wore off, I came to sit next to this solid brick house of a male and soothed his furred chest, which was a white belly with a deep orange outside laced with black stripes. Sure... sure he was ripped, built like a stack of bricks wrapped in a bundle of chords, but he's got this soft spot right between his pecks where a tuft of his fur lies.

It happened, a mild shift of the power in me, a chakra surge that enhanced my sexual power and I found myself cupping my tit as it swelled subtly as it flushed with blood in the outer most layer, feeling the hardened nipple there before with a sigh I crossed both arms and pulled the fine Russian embroidered shirt from off of me, unbuckling the belt of the jeans and opening the fly before slipping them off me. Naked now, it was a simple paradigm shift to transform me into a busty calico muscle goddess as I slid beside Lee, pressing against his side, one row of tits laying on his chest and the other pressing his side as I rubbed my pussy against his side, purring, pawing at him before I bent and began to nuzzle that soft patch of fur on his chest while he slept.

And then I sucked on that fur and tasted his musk.

It never failed to make me incensed as my clawed hand slid to his groin and I fondled it, feeling two thickened fur-covered fleshy orbs with a sheathed penis that even now began to telescope out before I pushed the fabric of the sheet from off it, massaging and cajoling it thicker and thicker. The heat of his blood warmed my hand, the throbbing of the veins and the steely tightness of the muscle chords in it as it forced my fingers to spread around its girth, made me incensed. It wasn't as hard for me to move it anymore. His prick was so strong that he could arm wrestle me with it and win...

Yes... Lee can hammer a six inch spike through a two-by-four with his penis.

But then not being able to help myself, I climbed up onto him, straddling his lap and riding that long totem pole of his, getting it moist with my leaking nectar as milk leaked from my breasts, and sliding up to him, I pressed my lips against his, kissing him as he quickly came awake and rose, finding me on top of him.

"Susan. You've returned." He blinked, rubbing the sleep from his eyes and paused as I rose and he looked down to see my labia split to either side of his erection as I rode it like a girl rides a banister, purring loudly at him as he took me in then, palming parts of me like my side, my breast and bicep and shoulder before he blinked at me. "You've gotten humongous..." he said eyeing me.

Most women might take offence at that, but I knew what he meant. My breasts were much larger, my muscles harder and thicker, my height greater. I was nearly a match for this towering tiger of muscle and sinew and hard bone... I mean... hardened bones. And speaking of bone as I settled back, I reached between my legs and began to rub his cock tip, getting him to release his priming charge before I lifted that hand to lick it off my fingers.

“I’ve done some growing, and some thinking,” I said and flexed for him, showing the thick feminine bicep I had that grew many times larger than it should be able to... the blessing of supernatural strength as I purred for him amidst him palmed my bicep. He grew pleased at the strength I had... I could tell, I was riding that pleasure right now. I was a strong mate... to him that made me more worth than five of the other fems I saw before with his pryde that were all lean and thin and made for gathering, preparing and child rearing instead of hunting and war.

“What have you been thinking about?” he asked as he traced the throbbing vein over my flexed bicep. That drove me mad... I loved it when he did that and he knew that it made me so horny. Leaning forward, he and I kissed as he cupped one of my breasts and began to massage it too; squeezing its milk out as I again took to massaging the end of his penis and now gave it a bit of a hand job. It’s muscle strength surged to its maximums. He was ready for me now.

For a moment of clarity, I understood that there was a chance that each time he stuck it in me that that would be the catalyst that bound me to him somehow. Whether he gave me a child, didn’t give me a child, he nonetheless pleased me, loved me, showed affection for me, and though I was unsure as to how Anya and Daniel were getting along in Mir, Anya I think missed out on having Lee instead of the other way around. That... or it was another moment of destiny. Anya left... to make room for me. Lee was heartbroken right in time for me to be there to comfort him, show him the love of another female.

But then he was starting to do that puffed out chest thing, which meant his climax was coming. Smiling to myself as he sucked from my nipple, teasing it with his lips and tongue, I finally made the decision to just not care.

Qué sera sera, and all that... Whatever will be will be.

And so it was then that I rose and fit his long extension against my pussy, and then slowly sat upon it, feeling it push my insides apart as I rested upon his lap, and then shifting his hands to my bottom, pulling me upward as I laid against him, him nibbling on my neck, I felt him pull open my ass cheeks as my tail lifted... all so that he could push as deep as he could into me, my flesh moving well out of the way for his girth as he pushed into me repeatedly. My purring grew louder, was mingled with his own, toes curling as I gripped the pillows and blankets with both hands, kneading them with my fingertips alternatively with gripping it while cooing for him. He licked my neck, kissed it and I bore my throat to him... the symbol of utmost submission and trust among Lycans, only to feel his kisses upon it as his strokes became longer and slower amidst his attempt to show control.

He purred, I moaned, he tensed, I clenched, my own climax rising as I kneaded his shaft with my vaginal muscles, creating the semblance of a sucking mouth using the learned skills that my ancestor had developed, her version of Karma Sutra, that she showed her loves by copulating. There were fewer diseases then, less scruples, and she only grew stronger because of it. Her strength was now reaching across the ages to me, and some of them I was finding weren’t specifically designed for war and fighting. There were moments of peace in her life too... moments of love with women she called sisters, men she called brothers, and more men she called lover... and even on occasion... beloved.

So I used those skills, controlling my climax, feeling his rising, timing it, and when he climaxed I released mine and I knotted about him as his bowels erupted into mine; and with his cock penetrating me well past the cervix, all that thick stringy and sticky seed was plastered against my placenta.

But there would be no baby this night... my body and fate hadn’t deemed that I was ready to be a mother yet. There was still much to do.

But right now... I deserved Lee’s company in a room of comfort for me. I just fought off an ancient horror damn it! This was alone time!

A month later, I sat in panties and an undershirt that strained about breasts that were seeing the full maturity of a woman now. Though he wasn’t completely a child – all men were – Lee’s taste for my milk had been changing my breasts, making them produce more milk as I was milked, and forced them to grow. This in turn required for my chest muscles to thicken, back muscles to counterbalance that and for thighs and bottom to firm up along with the column of my belly and the breadth of both calves to hold up the additional water weight. As such, the pair with my curled up like I was pressed against my lap practically.

I was sexually alive at the moment, surging with that power as I felt soothed from the euphoric clarity of my femininity coming alive as a bestial raging thing between my thighs feeding the rest of me its surging power. It strengthened and calmed me at the same time, and was only helped now that my sexual appetites could be realized more often thanks to Mew being willing to teleport me to see Lee so long as she got to go freely to Ivan whenever she wanted to, or him to her.

Nonetheless, this was Tantric...

Mew returned, balancing a book on her head as we resided in the penthouse suite of a modest skyscraper in Saint Paul. Minneapolis was a beautiful city but I preferred the architecture of Saint Paul, that, and I'd much rather look upon the Mississippi and the boats in the river instead of the great big inflatable toilet that was the Metro Dome, the Twins former home field. I was a modest woman in a rich life now... and despite that the people living in the suites below me had money and liked to show it off, I didn't like any such thing. I was just the crazy cat lady to them that they invited to parties out of obligations to neighbors and thusly arrived with a white cat. Not that I could understand why... with the other crazy lady who had a purse dog.

But my home was comfortable, the chair I sat in was the center of my comfort, with all objects of comfort facing this one chair, and it made me feel warm and snuggly inside as I accepted the book from Mew and she climbed up onto my lap before I closed the blankets around us again to keep us warm.

"Ah... the pleasures and wonders of Polar-tech cloth." Mew purred as I opened the tome she'd brought and laid it beside us amidst all the other books and times that laid beside us.

"The wonders of recycling. Did you know these things are made entirely of recycled pop bottles?" I asked her as she began kneading a comfy spot with her paws.

"Shh.... Don't talk... enjoying making a bed for me and my kittens." She said and then settled down. "Ahh... more tuna please."

I smirked at her. She hadn't even begun to show yet and yet she was nursing the whole mother thing. So with a little fork, I fed her more tuna from a nearby plate that she gobbled down while I pet her before turning my attention to the tome.

This was how I conducted my nights now... studying... always studying mingled with training... and being jealous of Mew as she laid about or played. I sighed and then began reading, and in a little journal I had nearby began to translate hidden glyphs in the text into mystic. I think I had an idea where the next scroll might be, and a lead on two others. I didn't know if I should be worried that I was finding them so quickly, but then again my growing feline instincts, which made me almost shift personalities at times, kept focusing on Lee. He was coming for a visit for our monthly date night, the big date night that was more than just a booty call. At times I showed up while he was doing his warder thing and got a quick one in, leaned up against a tree while he blew his wad into me, or he showed up for the same thing or some ice-cream. But the date nights... those were a twenty-four hour romance fest where we made love at least once instead of just having quick sex.

Hmm... I needed to get him to make it more than one month.

"Mew... can you do that gateway thing easily?"

"Not easily." she said. "More tuna." And I fed her as she munched it down. "Nom. Magic grows harder you know, as my kittens grow. Sometimes it's a curse being a female, and it's even worse now that I have a litter of kittens in me using my magic to help them grow."

I was warned that would happen to me too. *'The moment you learn that you've become pregnant,'* Pen warned, *'you are to come to me straight away. We will protect you.'*

There was concern in his voice, and I'd learned that Pen never said anything without reason, so I merely acquiesced. But nonetheless, I studied until it was nearly eight in the evening, and then placing Mew who was helping me study in the bundled blanket as she groomed herself, I began to go about and shut off lights and close windows and pull shades. Then going to a particularly woven Indian blanket, I cast my magic; cast it following the pattern on the Indian blanket, which created a crop-circle like design that glowed an emerald green. That was a beacon spell... it allowed for another magician or shaman to target it and send a transport spell of some sort. I had to wait only a moment before a portal opened over it and Lee stepped through, right before it closed.

He and I embraced and kissed immediately upon closing with each other, and then we both sunk to our knees right there on the rug as the glyphs faded quickly away.

"Missed you." He whispered to my ear when our kiss broke.

"Missed you back." I chuckled and clutched to him. "But... I was thinking... we need to find some better way to meet more often." I chuckled and he laughed at me before we kissed again.

"Well... you could always move to Canada." He smirked before peeling me from my underwear.

The rest... is best said for another story.

<END>