

Prometheus Project

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Warning: *This story contains adult subject matter in the form of Growth, BE, PE, Transformation and sexual interaction.*

Rated: R

Dedicated to my friends Kirii and Xilimyth... Happy birthday Kirii.

Stage 1: Subject Acquisition and Infection

Starlight Industries.

In the year thirty-one-fifty-five, the megacorporation known as Starlight Industries has made itself the principal megacorporation for the Sol-Teran Alliance. The Alliance, a multi-dimensional entity governing over humans, dragons and a half dozen other races all across the multiverse, has chosen this megacorp for all of its primary contractual needs from residential and commercial to military-grade productions. As such, Starlight Industries is the largest manufacturer of all things needed by the citizens of the Sol-Teran Alliance, for their private, commercial... and military use.

One-third of the citizens of the Sol-Teran Alliance work for Starlight Industries whether they know it or not.

The seat of power for this massive megacorp is a towering obsidian obelisk of a tower on Planet Earth of the Prime Universe, surrounded by the second largest ecology – a multi-tiered building miles across housing employees and offices and commercial entities – in human creation, located in the city of New York. Within the tower lie the offices and homes of the executive officers, as well as the monstrous core research and development for the entire company.

Inside the walls of the black tower, is where the technology for the human race has advanced itself many times over, and entering unbidden into the high security R&D sections of the tower is a trick enabled only by the most elite of industrial espionage agents. And, a little inside help.

As it was, this is what was determined to have allowed the intrusion in the deepest, most guarded sections of the tower.

Escaping the tower had a degree of incredible difficulty, but for this thief, he'd done it before. The last time he entered the tower ten years ago to steal new technology had wound him up facing the inventor of the technology he'd meant to steal. Instead of escaping with it, he needed a distraction for the tower security to focus on as well as him, which would open holes for him to pass through, and so he injected the technology he was attempting to steal into the young lesser dragoness – Evelynn Runeblade-Fireheart – before he ran. Her cries of terror and pain were music to his ears as he escaped through the tower with ease.

This time, he'd escaped with the intended item he'd meant to steal, but now he discovered exactly how tenacious the security forces of the tower were when irked.

Looking up, he saw yet another of the Panzer Dragons flying overhead, their bio-veneer jets exuding a low roar as they soared overhead between the miles-high buildings. He heard a sound off to his left, and his head jerked to one side to stare at more security agents, and one very large and heavily armed and armored Panzer.

Starlight Industries possessed a great deal of money... unlimited it would be called, and so their security forces were all X-military, former agents and cross-agents of the illustrious Inter-Realm pseudo-military force of the Sol-Teran Alliance, and so SI's security forces were better than most elite military forces known to mankind.

And there was an abnormally large number of Heavy Shocktroopers roaming around.

The thief, dressed in his intrusion gear, complete with thermal/optical camouflage pulled out the sample he'd stolen, a simple hypospray applicator with ten CC's of the vaccine labeled '*Prometheus Vaccine*.'

The party who'd commissioned him would pay billions of credits for this simple Vaccine... yet another development from his favorite scientist, Lady Evelynn, but also from the talented genesplicer Emil 'Kahn' Laio, the full conversion tiger man. But it was Lady Evelynn who'd caught him, and immediately he regretted injecting her with those damned hypernites, being that she'd transformed into a super greater dragoness with them. Nice tits... but a whole lot of muscle!

If just her hypernites could do that to such a scrawny little weakling, one would wonder what would happen if Laio's gene-splicing techniques were merged with Evelynn's hypernite technology.

Gargoyle, as this thief was known, clenched his jaw, and from behind a trash bin, removed a trench coat and a hat, put both on and pulled the collar of the coat up high around his face, his face further hidden by a head sock and a pair of tech-goggles.

For over two decades, the only person who'd ever seen his face was he himself.

He strode out of the alley and into the throng of people passing up and down the streets, stopping when he saw yet another of the SI security forces at the end of the block. He turned and saw another team following up the street, with another Panzer following him on all fours, nose close to the pavement.

Gargoyle gritted his jaw tighter, grinding his teeth now as he realized that he had nothing covering up his scent.

They would be sure to find him. He needed to get rid of this sample!

Immediately, he began scanning the crowd, and in his pocket, he popped off the end of the sample, and pushed the actuator button, allowing the nozzle to push forward for the hypospray applicator and allow the sample to load into it.

He found a young woman who'd turned off the main avenue to approach one of the towering apartment buildings here, a young, pale white maiden who lacked a chest, but nonetheless had quite a nice ass. He smiled and surged forward, catching up with her as soon as she keyed in her pass code to enter the building, and taking hold of her arm, moved inside with her and as she began to complain, he pushed the hypospray into that nice ass of hers and pushed the trigger.

Any complaint that she may've had was ended as the hypospray injected ten CC's of the serum straight through her jeans and silk panties, and created eight tiny bruises as the substance that was contained therein entered her behind.

The hypospray suddenly electrified the insides of the container that the serum was in, destroying all that remained and the young woman gave a yelp of pain as a little of the spark electrified her behind.

She rounded on the person who'd just done this to her, and she gasped instead of yelling at him as Gargoyle showed her his masked and goggled face, and lifting his hand to his hat, tipped it simply toward her before striding off, heading downstairs. There, he deactivated the furnace and escaped through the exhaust system into the sewers.

Kirii La'fond hated doctors. They were the ones who'd told her that she would never develop further than that of a fourteen year old girl. She had a chest and a body of such a young woman, and she found herself being hit upon by eighteen and nineteen year old boys, or forty or fifty year old men who liked the *'school girl'* thing.

Yuck...

But this doctor had her naked on a cold table while he examined her bottom. Fondled it was more like it. She had a fine behind, one of her only endearing qualities, but it came from a body that wasn't maturing any further than it was now, and she didn't have the money to afford any sexual genesplicer enhancements, but fully intended to get them... eventually.

For the indignity of being a woman trapped in a girl's body, she wanted to be tall, she wanted to be strong, and she wanted a pair of great big tits.

As it was, she tested one of her A-cup breasts by pushing in on the nipple there. They were firm and pert, but they were small.

"Well, it's a hypospray bruise," the doctor said and straightened, but from out of the corner of her eye, Kirii could still see the doctor staring at her behind from over the top of his clip board. "But the toxicology reports don't detect any known pathogens; no know toxins either legal or illegal. Your blood is a little high in iron, Miss La'fond, but we don't detect any real danger.

"Have you filed a police report?"

"Yes." Kirii sighed, and then sat down on the cold table, hunching forward.

"Well then, we'll keep your fluid samples on record. You may get dressed now, Miss La'fond. Just pay my nurse on the way out."

Kirii grumbled as she hopped off the table and began to dress, buttoning her training bra first, rolling her eyes as the doctor lingered to stare at her butt, and then just simply pulled on her panties, jeans, shirt and jacket before leaving.

Work gave her quite a wonderful medical reimbursement, and for all this work the doctor had just done for her – and to her – she had to pay only fifteen credits out of her pocket.

She'd come to them for help, she'd come to them with a concern that some sicko who'd walked right off the street, who could've been a terrorist for all she knew, had just injected her with a new virus to decimate the city, and for all she knew, she was the new host for some strange new biological weapon...

Inside the tower:

"Sir... the sample appears to have been activated." Lady Evelynn – Eve, as she was more commonly known as – sat at her dragon-sized computer server terminal, wearing nothing more than a dragon-sized sports bra, a simple thong panty, and her white lab coat.

A lot had changed in her life, especially now that she had a lifemate, especially now that she had the ability to mate at last... and proved that fact by finally becoming pregnant with IO's seed. She still didn't know how many kitlings were inside her, she just knew that it was a lot.

"So Gargoyle decided that it was more prudent to ditch the sample in a host instead of in some convenient hiding place." A voice said from the shadows, the voice attached to a towering creature that would dwarf even the enigmatic Lady Eve. He was the master of this tower.

Eve's lips pressed together with mixed feelings. Gargoyle was indeed the reason for all the joys in her present life... but he was also responsible for the most painful and torturing experience in her whole existence. She wanted to crush him in her bare claws for that sort of pain, and missed her chance this time around.

"Yes he did. And so help me, my lord, if I find that you were the one who hired him in the first place..."

"I wouldn't dare to do such a thing, Evelyne." This creature said, leaning in close to see the activation signal pinging away. "You should know that by now, that you are the most protected being of the Dragon Council now." And he reached down to caress her belly. "Especially now."

Eve bit her lower lip. Despite how strong she'd become, and all that she's seen, there was still a minute, tiny part of her, which was still fragile, and afraid.

"Sir, I... I want to murder that man."

"I cannot let you, Eve." Lord Pseudodrake said, and slid one of his four hands through her mane of hair. "Have we identified the host yet?"

"Negative." Eve said, and folded her two hands about her belly. "The signal is only strong enough for us to verify that it is activated, not strong enough for us to find it. In time tracking should be more viable."

"The security personnel who flushed the Gargoyle need to be compensated for such good work. Aysyx..." he called out.

"Compliance, Master Pseudodrake." A soft voice chimed out over a loudspeaker. It was difficult to tell if it were a male's or a female's voice.

"All security personnel who aided in the hounding of Gargoyle are to receive a one thousand credit bonus in their weekly paychecks for a good job."

"Compliance." The disembodied voice said.

"And while we're at it, begin a search for all clinical and hospital toxicology reports, looking for evidence of the existence of the Prometheus Serum."

"Compliance, Lord Pseudodrake, but looking for a nigh undetectable cybernetic retrovirus imbedded with Lady Eve's Hypernites will be extremely difficult. We can only hope that the Toxicology reports were taken early enough before the strain has had a chance to go to the heart of the subject."

"Yes Aysyx. I am fully aware of the implications. Issue a multi-national warrant for the arrest of Gargoyle with the price of five hundred million credits awarded for his capture."

"Compliance." And a click stated that the bio-mechanical dragon A-Six had logged off.

"And as for you, Lady Eve... you are to forget all this for now." Pseudo said.

"But..." Eve began, beginning to rise to her feet, but was pushed back down into her seat by the first king of dragons.

"I want you to return to the Dragon's Tower for maternity leave."

"But that's a whole eleven more months!" Eve complained.

"I know." He smiled. "But calm down, Eve... think of your kitlings." Eve calmed and settled back, folding her claws over her now gently rounded belly ribbed with her abdominal ridge plates. "You're going to return to the tower, and you're going to let your lifemate, Leviathan and the other members of the council to coddle you."

"But..." she began again, and looked up into Pseudo's eyes.

Pseudo smiled at her. "I will personally take care of everything here for your sake..."

Kirii went home that night, a little afraid of her condition. She made it to the door where she was attacked, and staring at it, she mentally chastised it for not protecting her, for not keeping out the villains of this world.

She keyed in her pass code, and when the door slid open, she climbed the stairs to her apartment. Over a thousand credits a month for a hole in the wall...

The kitchen, bedroom and living room were all conjoined, but she had made a modest home for herself, and the sections of her home were bisected off by standing screens or hanging drapes. She had her own bathroom, which had an actual bath and shower head in it. Some of the less paying tenants in the building had a tiny room with a shower head directly over their toilet.

Not bad for a home that was a couple thousand years old and had constantly been reinforced over the centuries.

Taking off her jacket, she hung it on a peg on the back side of the door, kicked off her shoes, and fixing herself some tea to calm her nerves, she sat down to watch a little holovision before sleeping.

Her life was, to say the least, boring. There were so many orders of her life she wished that she could change.

She wanted to be taller, stronger, and more beautiful. She wanted to be better paid, she wanted a nice home... she wanted some gentleman to come sweep her off her feet and take her away from this place to make mad love to her. She finished her tea and set her cup on the end table to her couch on its own little coaster, and continued to flip through the channels.

Three thousand some channels and not a thing on... she thought, sitting there continuously flipping.

As she sat there, she felt... rather groggy, felt... sleepy. The happy kind of sleepy that one gets once one has been drugged. In her stupor, she didn't consider how she was getting like this... she just slowly leaned her head back and closed her eyes.

Stage 2: Initial Activation

Immediately after initial onset and infection with the Prometheus Cybernetic-Retrovirus, all of the Hypernite endowed viral cells pass into the bloodstream and actively congregate in a pre-designed location; this being the heart.

Their ability for motion, as they make their way to the heart, makes the virus undetectable within five minutes after injection.

One hour after onset and infection, the Proteus Virus will begin its first construction project, that being the formation of a basic factory facility. A few thousand viral-nanobots collect trace mineral deposits within the host's body, putting them together into a basic central processing unit and a factory, whose one and only purpose is to create generic viral-hyper-nanobots in an environment where it's easy to distribute to the rest of the body.

This factory and CPU at this point are the size of a penny attached between both primary ventricles of the heart.

Two hours after onset and infection, the blood stream now has a one-percent saturation of the generic viral-nanobots.

Three hours later, a second colony is created in the brain once the viral-hypernites had all acknowledged the creation of the primary colony and factory. Now, three types of viral-nanobots exist. General, Factory, and Colony.

Like an ant colony, the viral-hypernites all follow specified functions. The General Hypernites are focused for construction, and make up the brunt of all hypernites in the body, functioning as drones. The job of the Factory Hypernites is purely in the design and creation of new hypernites depending upon need.

Finally, the function of the Colony Hypernites is the control of all other viral-hypernites in the body.

Four hours later, the Brain Colony and Master CPU – or MCPU – begins its primary function, which is to learn and grow and then enhance the host. The MCPU begins to manufacture monofilament fiber-optic cables that extend into portions of the brain center, searching for the natural brain control centers for its pheromones, hormones and natural chemicals.

The MCPU begins to catalog the effects of the body it inhibits, touching off functions of the brain and recording through the general hypernites the effect, and upon locating the subjects that can be improved, it improves it...

- Lady Evelynnn Runeblade-Fireheart

Kirii awoke... feeling her body hot as she awoke in a flush. Her body was slick with sweat, and getting to her feet, pushing her hair back against her head, she stood and moved over to the thermostat, and her eyes, narrowing in confusion, she saw that the thermostat was set quite low already. She nonetheless turned it down before she stumbled away, feeling minutely dizzy.

Sliding her hand through her hair, she paused, and lifting a few of the strands so that she could see them, her eyes rose in her likewise rising confusion and surprise then, seeing that her hair seemed to have grown a full inch while she was sleeping.

How odd... she thought, and entered the small bathroom to get herself a drink.

She filled her favorite glass and drank it dry before filling it and drinking again, and then putting the glass down she leaned against the back of the wall, her mind wandering, trying to figure out why she was so hot.

But then she remembered her attacker that afternoon, and with a gasp, she surged forward and leaned on the sink to look at her pretty face in the mirror, looking at her eyes to see if they were bloodshot, felt her tonsils, stuck out her tongue.

She didn't see anything, but she felt as if she was burning up, and that was as good enough of a reason to take action.

Rushing out of the bathroom, she pulled on her shoes and donned her jacket before opening the door and surging outside, the door locking automatically behind her as she made her way for the hospital.

The hospital was thankfully near, and she could walk there, but the further along she got, the more she became aware of something new happening inside her.

It began with a sudden increase of warmth that felt like someone had just poured a bucket of warmed egg yolks over her head, the feeling flowing down her body from her head quite slowly, but when it hit her chest, she gasped, feeling her nipples harden, and looking down, she saw twin little lumps from her teats erecting beneath her bra and blouse.

But that was nothing to when it reached her pelvis.

Her crotch clenched hard as it flooded over her sex, feeling like a fist had taken the twin chords of her labia and twisted them together in its clenching grasp, and within seconds she felt the hardest erection she'd ever felt take her clit and erect it to a steely perfection, while the muscles of her labia swelled and clenched hard around it.

Afraid of what was happening, Kirii began to hurry, taking an odd walk as her sex continued to swell, her nipples and clit hardening so hard that they ached, and all three throbbing in time to her speeding heartbeat.

She had to pause, and leaned against the wall of an alleyway, and turning her head, she could see the hospital just across the busy main street. There was an ambulance hover car delivering a patient in the emergency driveway. She remarked upon that distant entryway, feeling some of her vaginal juices squeezing between the lips of her sex into her panties, breathing deeply the night air, being cooled a little by it, she reached down and slid her fingers over her sex, gasping and then closing her eyes as a thicker cream slid from between her thighs into her panties before the muscles of her sex swelled to show off a definite camel toe, sucking a bit of the zipper and a bit of the thick seam of her jeans between the lips.

With a gasp, she felt her body firming up in elation, her hips rocking briefly in subconscious readiness for being pleased from behind by a strong male piercing her loins, and then something clicked inside her head, and a flood of something rushed into her body, and something... peculiar... began to happen.

With yet another deep gasp, followed by a low moan, she felt her whole body clench, and felt something wonderful flow through her body... a rush of something immaculate, something... *powerful!* Her nipples hardened, sticking outward as little lumps against her chest, the pads of her areola swelling thicker and thicker to raise those lumps, the disks broadening as her sex continued to swell.

Her teeth grit tightly before she exhaled another moan, the cold air of the night seeing her breath as her back arched, and a creamy wetness moistened her silken panties till they clung to her body. The tensing tightened, and she grew! She actually grew!!

With a moan she felt dizzy as her body slowly slid upward along the wall as her bones lengthened, her hips widening, and her muscles thickening till they filled her clothing more. But the best part, the blessed goodness of all this, came when the feeling in her aching nipples spread from her areola into her breasts, and those too began to swell.

Her hands lifted in order to grasp her chest as it pushed outward a little, and she gasped at seeing her fingernails growing by centimeters an instant, but then Kirii's eyes were pulled back to her chest, her ribs barreling outward, her tits pushing outward, and she felt the straps of her bra cutting into her shoulders and ribs as her ribs swelled outward while her breasts engorged.

Her hips began to pump excitedly then, as if she were in the throes of the hardest orgasm she'd ever had, though no more sexual juices were slipping from her, and with a deep breath of air, the clasp of her bra at her back popped a hook, and then began tearing the other two hooks apart, and her tits pushed forward beneath her bra, unbidden by the halter till they reached the silk of her shirt.

With another groan she felt her nipples sliding against her blouse now, and her hands finally descended upon her breasts as she felt them throbbing in tune to her heartbeat. Her body grew taller yet another inch, her form filling outward to fill her clothes with growing muscle, and her shirt un-tucked from her jeans, the cuffs of her jacket rising up past her wrists.

With a shudder her body reached a point, clenched harder and then released, and as if that were a signal, her breasts began to fill further outward, but unlike the rest of her body... they weren't stopping.

"Ngh!" she gasped, her crotch tightening as the pair of mammaries quickly filled the front of her shirt and blouse up, hefting the garments higher and higher atop her barreling chest, separating and dragging the fabric apart, till at last a button snapped off.

It was orgasmic to watch, and she creamed again into her underwear, moistening thoroughly as that button popped off, revealing an actual crevice between her breasts as she looked down her own shirt. Feeling a trickle of sweat slide down between her growing mammaries, she gasped again, and yet again as two more buttons popped off, and with a final release, she collapsed backward against the wall and fondled her love mound for a moment, rubbing the taut muscles there as she felt her breasts heaving.

She could feel her blouse stretched between the pair, felt their heaving masses, their taught, erect nipples... AH!

They heaved! She thought, with glee and then began to massage them, feeling their weight, and glancing at the hospital, she thought better than to run in there and say that she'd just experienced perhaps ten years of denied puberty, and ran back home at a sprint.

A sprint! She'd never been able to sprint this fast before, and as she ran she leapt, giving out a cry of joy as she raced right back to her home, her breasts jostling and bouncing as she leapt up to the door, pounded on the keypad's door code to let her in, and then rushed upstairs to her apartment, thumbed the thumb scanner and raced inside, and then stopped.

There, in her floor mirror, she saw herself looking back at her.

Her hair had grown down to her shoulders now, and long fingernails were on all of her fingers. Her loose jeans had become tight Capris, her coat was now a jacket, and her shirt... barely kept in those mammaries and revealed her shapely navel and recessed belly button.

She swallowed, pinched herself to see if she was still asleep – she wasn't, and then looking back at herself in the mirror, she pulled off her jacket, turned sideways and pulled back the hanging fabric of her shirt that draped off her mammaries.

Holy... they must be at least Double-D's! She turned back, chuckling minutely, and then paused, sliding her hands over her body, minutely noting the new, wider hips supporting her longer legs. Then with nimble fingers, she undid the remaining buttons of her shirt, and from under her blouse through the neck, she removed the remains of her bra and tossed it aside before having to pull her shirt off – before, her shirt would just slide off – revealing her blouse.

Her blouse was white, and becoming transparent with her sweat, showing darkened marks where the disks of her areola were, either mounded outward with either of her erect nipples creating small dark lumps against her chest.

Crossing her arms, she then took hold of the waistline of her blouse that now rested at her midriff, and pulled it up over her head.

Curiosity took her as she lifted her hand and caressed one of them, her bra still hanging about her neck, and then lifted her hand to caress the other one, pushing the pair together and closing her eyes, making a soft sound of pleasure as she caressed her nipples, tweaked them with her fingertips and felt her sex squeeze another trickle of cum into her panties.

Her eyes opened then as Kirii sighed through her nose then, and looking down between her breasts as she removed the remains of her bra from around her neck, she spied her waist, dropped her bra, and then lifted her hands to slowly undo her belt, unbuttoned her jeans and unzipped her fly, her fingers deftly unfolding the two flaps of her pants before her sex to reveal her white panties.

Kirii slid a hand downward to caress the still hardened lumps of woman flesh between her thighs, not believing how much her sex had swollen before she leaned back onto the couch and kicked off her shoes, removed her socks and then pushed her jeans off. Rising, she looked at herself one more time, and then noted her arms and shoulders.

She had rounded, firm arms, with broad forearms for a woman and well-rounded shoulders with actual definition between bicep and tricep now. Flexing her arm actually produced a small lump of a bicep. Her hands smoothed over her belly, feeling the tight abs and the crease right down the middle that bisected her sunken bellybutton, and giggling happily, she followed that crease downward, ever downward, and before she knew it, her fingers were siding in underneath the waistline of her white cotton panties.

She paused again with her fingers bare inches away from brushing against her labia, her fingers lacing into the downy hairs guarding her sex, and biting her lip, she pushed her panties off, and let them slide down her legs to the floor.

It was the first time that she could remember that she enjoyed looking at herself naked in the mirror.

She had an athletic body, with big, rounded breasts, and she was taller!

Turning, she found that her taut rounded behind was even more supple and rounded, having softened a little, but was still firm; the rounded swells leading into her lengthened legs a whole lot better than before. The bruise marks from the hypospray injection that must've done this to her were gone... strange... but she no longer thought that what had happened to her was bad.

It was quite wonderful in fact...

She'd been wanting this, wishing this for so long, that she began to pose both for muscle poses, and for sexy poses, taking pleasure in her new hard body before she vaulted easily over the back edge of her couch and landed on its cushions, still naked.

Lying backward, she rested the back of one hand on her forehead, the other over her ripened crotch, and closing her eyes, took the utmost pleasure in feeling her breasts heave and fall with each breath.

With a subtle smile, her hand covering her crotch moved, feeling the downy hairs moving beneath her palm and finger tips, she smiled and slid a finger up and down the crevice between the folds of her labia, and holding her erect clit between thumb and forefinger, she made an aroused sound in the back of her nose as she caressed her clit, and then slid her middle and ring fingers inside herself and pleased herself sweetly

for a time; kneading her taught vaginal muscles with her finger tips, probing her insides, feeling her cum seep about her fingertips.

She didn't do so for long... Just enough to feel a mild orgasm and seep her soft silky juices from within her body over her hand before she withdrew her fingers, and pausing, licked her fingers clean of the sweet juices before sighing and laying back in content pleasure of herself.

She fell asleep, perfectly happy; happier than she'd ever been before...

Stage 3: Physical Enhancement

Twelve hours after the initial injection of the Prometheus Serum, the MCPU will begin to link to its factory CPU.

Fiber optic channels projecting from the MCPU follow the natural pathways of the central nervous system, following all major synaptic pathways looking for its counterpart nodes. As the MCPU probes deeper into the brain, the MCPU growing smarter and smarter as it links directly to the higher brain functions of the host, cataloging its many functions and seeking how to improve the body, increasing its memory capabilities on an as-needed basis, it likewise slides down the spinal column intertwining easily with the central nerves of the body.

Fourteen hours after injection, the MCPU makes contact with its factory CPU, and immediately a network connection is created between the two components as projections of light along the monofilament optical wires now link the factory and the colony to share functions. At this point, the Viral-Hypernites will find that there is a lack of power to function these two devices simultaneously utilizing only the stored battery power of the hypernites or the caloric energy of the retrovirus. So with the tiny collective minds of the hypernites thinking utilizing the optical strands, they begin to immediately devise a more efficient way of gaining and storing excess power.

It has always been known that caloric storage in cells and living organisms is more efficient than the caloric storage of raw electricity in a metallic battery. So in an effort to continue its own survival, a new power source must be made, and immediately, the Viral-Hypernites begin to share energy between units that have excess energy.

As hypernites are want to do, when a way is found to be more efficient in a particular assigned task that it has been given, it evolves in order to better that function. Thusly, a new Viral Hypernite type is created in the form of a power construct. For efficiency, once this new type has been developed and created, they will conglomerate next to the growing factory unit, which is now the size of a small marble.

A new node, directly below the factory, is developed by this new hypernite type: the Power Cell.

The Power Cell begins its life by placing the biological component of the Viral-Hypernites inward and modifying them by the mechanical portion of the viral-hypernites to store excess caloric energy, a reservoir in other words. The biological component crystallizes, and begins to store energy.

At the present moment, this new Power Cell is the size of a watch battery, but produces as much energy as a Triple-A battery.

The Factory CPU, now with more than enough energy to continue existing, sends a return line back to the MCPU, following back along the fiber-optic cable, with the explicit purpose of supplying power back to the MCPU.

Eighteen hours after initial infection, the MCPU is now powered, and with its increased energy, it begins to stimulate the brain, in which it already has stimulation points via fiber optic cables all over the brain.

As such, it finds that it can increase the host body's capabilities again by sending stimulated pulses of added energy to key points in the brain, stimulating increased release of Hormonal, Pheromonal and Natural Chemical byproducts.

As a course of note... this will yet again increase the bio-form as illustrated in the previous stage.

As an added note, with the increased hormonal levels, certain individuals may begin to experience certain changes in their being. For example... certain females will begin to lactate...

- Lady Evelynn Runeblade-Fireheart

Kirii awoke, feeling energized, more rested than she'd ever been before.

As she opened her eyes, and smiled in pleasure at the sight of two immense tits projecting off her chest, and caressing one of them, she found that it was remarkably firm. She rose up along the couch, her legs flopping open as she looked down between her breasts down the length of her impressive bodice... and the swollen mound of her sex between her legs. Everything was stronger, and now that she looked at it, she could swear that her body had grown larger during the night.

There was more detail to her abs, definitely, but she thought there were more creases in her inner thighs and forearms. The Achilles Tendons leading from her crotch definitely stood on end when she spread her legs open.

With one hand caressing the lines of her sex, the other smoothed over her stomach, feeling the creases that bisected her belly into six individually rounded muscles...

With a smile, she rose to her feet, uncoiling sexily from the couch, and passing her hands through her hair, she found that that too had grown over the night... so much so that she had a mane of it.

She stepped over to her bathroom, and turned on the shower, and stepping inside, she began to feel her body, feel her growing muscles and breasts... which likewise seemed to have grown a cup size or two during the night.

With a sigh, she hefted one heavy tit, feeling its weight and caressed her areola and nipple attached to it till they swelled and erected.

Her nipples stood on end atop a pair of red disks, the nipples swollen and thick to where she could even see the creases inside them now. Pressing her thighs together about her sex, she hefted her breast again and kissed their tops, and likewise felt her crotch and her nipples swell.

And then she did something that she'd always wanted to do all her life, and hefting her tit higher, Kirii inserted its nipple into her mouth before beginning to suck.

It was the first time that anyone's lips were on her tit, and as she sucked, she felt her juices behind her loins building up amidst the steamy heat of the shower, and she made a sound of pleasure as she began to caress her loins with one hand; one finger caressing the crevice and occasionally pressing deep inside her. A trickle of her love juices passed between her fingers to leak over one of her thighs; sliding down her inner thigh, over her knee, and managing to slide off her heel before it was washed away by the water.

A minute jet of more of her juices escaped her then, and she groaned as her muscles inside her loins gave an involuntary lurch.

But then she felt something new that she'd never felt before... felt a pressure building up behind her tit, and with a gentle pressure, she drew something warm and sweet into her mouth, and gasped in surprise as it made its way down her throat. Jumping back, her back plastering against the wall, she stared down at her tit as a soft, luscious and creamy milk that was difficult to wash away slid out of her nipple down along the base of her tit.

After a brief moment, she felt more pressure in her other tit, and more creamy milk leaked out of her other breast.

Wiping some of the cream free, smoothing its silken feel over her tit, she licked it off her fingers as the spray of the water splattered against her thighs and pussy, washing away some of her slick vaginal juices.

With an impish smile, she again took her tit in her hands and lifted it, and suckled from her chest.

This time she continued, drinking her fill from first one tit, and then the other, tasting her warm, luscious and creamy milk, and making sounds of pleasure before the muscles in her loins trembled and she collapsed to her knees in the bathtub, and directly after that... she experienced her first real orgasm...

An eruption of her viscous and sticky cum erupted from between her thighs, and lifting her head from her tit as her excess milk drained from her, she moaned, rocked her hips, and cried out with a feeling of utmost pleasure as another lancinating orgasm erupted from her, splattering into the space held tightly between her legs.

With a subtle sigh, she closed her eyes and lifted her head to the spray, allowing her long mane of hair to be wet down as one hand slid between her thighs to caress her sex and clit again, getting one final and minute lance of orgasmic pleasure out of her loins before she knelt there, breathing heavily.

This truly wasn't like me, she thought, but nonetheless thought it with a wide smile as she looked down at the aching nipples on the ends of her chest. I've never played with myself like this before, she thought, and began to caress her tit again, squeezing out a little more milk that she sucked off her fingers. But then I've never had a body like this before!

Kirii laughed aloud, smoothing her hands over her body as she washed herself now, laughing now and again as she enjoyed the sway of her breasts, or the strength of her muscles as they bunched at every little move she made.

She took time washing her hair, used her chamois cloth over every last inch of her body, and took a good long shower, enjoying her new body in all its shape and form. When she'd had enough, she turned off the water, taking pleasure in the fact that the water had to form rivulets between her breasts to drain away.

When an unrelenting force finds itself against an immovable object, that force goes around said object. Such was the case with the water and her tits.

Kirii grinned and then lifted a hand to squeeze her tit before reaching for her towel. Her towel seemed a lot smaller now... that or she was growing still, and looking at the bar holding her shower curtain, she found that she had to duck underneath it... which was impressive being that that rod was just over six feet off the floor. That meant that she'd grown at least six inches since last night!

Toweling herself off, she deposited the towel into the hamper on her way out, and collecting her discarded clothing from last night, she deposited those too before moving to her standalone closet – no closets in this place other than those you supplied – and opening it up, began to look for clothing that might still fit her.

First off was her largest shirt, which hung off her impressive assets now as it pressed the pair of her breasts together, her nips, still hard for some reason, creating tiny lumps along with her areola beneath the fabric.

Despite how much she enjoyed having breasts this large, and sexuality that was now so active, she was still raised like a lady, and so reached for her largest sweater now, pulling that over her head and pushing it over her chest. What she did take pleasure in, however, was that her largest shirt and sweater only came down to her mid navel.

If she could purr in her self pleasure at the moment she would do so, but she made a low noise in the back of her throat instead, and with another sigh, she then pulled out her underwear drawer, and bending down, slid one hand over her sex again, pressing it between her closed thighs as she searched for something appropriate to wear.

She had lots of sets of underwear, lots of bras, her swimsuits, but as it was, she tried on pair after pair, not being able to find a single item that would fit her comfortably. Finally, she pulled on one last pair of

underpants, and had to settle with the low scooping front just barely covering her sex, and with the invasive fabric between her butt cheeks, turning a simple pair of white cotton panties into a set of white hot pants.

Her pants were even harder. The problem wasn't really with her hips... she wore women's pants with no hips, and now that she had hips, they fit perfectly fine there. What the problem was were her calves. Down at the cuff her calves were too rounded and too thick to allow the thick seams around them.

So taking one pair of pants, she went to her kitchen drawers, pulled out a pair of scissors and cut two clips on either seam of the pants, and pulled them on. She'd have to live with a pair of Capris in the meantime... As a matter of fact, all her pants no longer reached her ankles, and due to her size also qualified as Capris.

With both hands, she hefted her tits up, smiling wanly... She needed to go shopping for some essentials...

Striding over to her shoes, she tried to pull them on, but was barely able to... her feet had apparently grown longer during the night too. That's ok... this was an emergency, and it would be a pleasure to use her credit card to buy herself a hot, new, sexy wardrobe.

Lastly was her coat, which had her pocketbook in it. She found that that her jacket was smaller in comparison to her body, and like her shirt and sweater, only came up to her midriff. There was no hope of her jacket closing about her breasts ever again.

But that was ok... she was about to go through a vivid lifestyle change!

Kirii stood in a dressing room with a piece of paper and a pen, along with a tape measure, writing down her dimensions so that she could get her new clothes. She'd never really done this before, but she nonetheless had an idea on how.

She stood in only her tight underpants, with her swollen labia forcing the front half to fold and dip over the twin creases, her clit pitching a small tent at the top of the crevice, while her engorged breasts hung out in the open, free and naked with the nipples and areola hard and swollen still.

There was a blush on her cheeks on being in a semi-public place practically naked, with a horde of people just outside the dressing room door. She knew that she'd grown much in the past few days, but what concerned her the most was how much her assets had grown, and as she secured the tape measure about her tit, her blush deepened as she saw that her breast had increased a full six inches to a total of twelve. She picked up the measurement card and her blush deepened to redden her breasts as well as she saw that she now qualified for an F-cup bra.

She giggled, her thighs compressing as she gaily wrote down that measurement and continued with the other portions of her body, and just because she was curious, she also checked her bicep and thigh.

Again... she felt the urge and desire to begin purring, actually tried, but only managed to do a nasal sigh as she enjoyed seeing all these new dimensions.

Broad hips, slender thighs, long legs, narrow waist, firm bicep and narrow cuff...

With her new card filled out, she dressed quickly in her old clothes, and began to shop for new ones.

Kirii, absolutely happy with all her new clothes in two large bags, hurried home, humming sweetly and feeling her breasts bound and held in a brand new bra, her new underpants sexy and curving about her waist bottom and sex, her skirts waving about her while a new blouse and shirt bound her chest. She

couldn't believe it, but she was actually wearing sexy silk underpants and bra, made up with lace. Her legs and thighs were covered by dark thigh-high leg hoses, and her new pumps looked positively stylish.

As she walked, feeling perfectly alive, she caught a couple of handsome men checking her out, and she gave a minute little skip, her chest bouncing more, and she overheard their comments of how hot she was.

It did so much for the ego of a young woman who'd been trapped inside the body of a little girl for so long, suddenly being noticed after a lifetime of being ignored.

Getting back to her apartment, she placed her new clothes in a corner and then found herself before her mirror.

Sure she'd just spent a few hundred credits today on clothes, but she looked damn good! Beautiful! Sexy! She'd never felt like this ever before.

Kicking off her shoes, she giggled and then stepped over to her kitchen and began to make some tea. She'd just placed her teapot on the element and had set the heat, stepping away to her cupboard for a cup when she felt a wave of dizziness overcome her. She leaned over, feeling her breasts hang into her new bra.

"Ngh..." she sighed, running her fingers through her hair, now done up in an ornate braid. "Wh-what's... *happening?! AH!*"

Her words transformed into a groan, and then a cry of pleasure as the folds of her sex suddenly clenched, her nipples erecting and her back spasmed to arch heavily, her breasts bouncing once again. She ground her fingers into the countertop, her nails actually creating curly-Q's out of the wood as they suddenly lengthened several centimeters. Her cheeks and breasts flushed with a rosy blush, her body tensed, her hips doing a minute series of thrusts before she fell backward against the other counter, her mouth opening to gasp her air as she stared down the length of her body.

"Oh... Great Maker... What's going on with me?" she groaned, gritting her teeth, and arching her back, she felt the feeling of a hot egg being cracked over her head and dribbled over her again, the washing feeling sliding down her body, over her breasts, down her navel, and when it past her hips and into her thighs, it intertwined into her pussy, and she felt her crotch quiver as it clenched, and as her hips arched forward, her creamy cum ejected into her new panties, wetting them down as the hot feeling spread right into her toes.

Another slip of her vaginal muscle control allowed another orgasmic release of her juices, and then she felt the tensing in her body, and lifting her hands, she looked down at her fingers as they began to thicken, the muscles growing tighter. She turned her arms just as her body began to lengthen and elongate. Her skirt began to creep up her thighs, the cuffs of her shirt beginning to slide up her arms, and remarkably, her breasts began to grow again.

"Ah!" she cried, and grit her jaw, hissing through her teeth as her nipples hardened harder than they ever had before. She could feel them erecting along with her clit, lengthening and thickening, her areola swelling outward and broadening with her growing breasts.

And then came the intoxicating feeling of growing power, and managing to force her eyelids open again, she looked down at her chest as it began to expand; lifting, heaving with each breath and then lowering again to distend outward.

Her ribs continued to broaden and spread open, and the straps of her new bra were beginning to cut into her shoulders and ribs, tightening her breath and making it difficult to breathe. She groaned, trying to take a breath, and finally, breathing in deeper than before, she snapped first one strap over her shoulder, and then the other, allowing her breasts to spill outward into her shirt, the force of which immediately un-tucked her shirt.

She began to inhale in a gasp and exhale in a moan, and inside her body, the muscles of her loins lurched again and squeezed a third burst of cum into her panties, to the point where she was feeling it all trickle down her thighs. Her widening hips and growing body tensed again, her sex clenching about her clit, holding it tightly as the pink thing swelled; hardening unlike it'd ever done before.

"More!" she moaned then, her breasts pressing against her biceps as her arms thickened and began to bulge, pressing into her shirt, her breasts pressing into her blouse as her shirt hung off her breasts.

She gasped, and then with a deep breath, her bra suddenly burst about her ribs as they barreled outward, her body widening, stretching her shirt till she breathed in deeply again, and a button snapped off. She groaned through her teeth, taking another deep breath and stretching her shirt more fully across her breasts as her chest muscles expanded behind her tits. The next breath snapped all the remaining buttons off, her blouse already tearing between the massive things as they pushed out into the opened space around her neck, underneath its hem and into her armpits.

Her arms lifted, and she clenched her fists, bringing her arms upward, flexing them, and the threads over her biceps began to fray, and then tear open as the buttons of her shirt cuffs popped open. She grinned and loosened her flexing arms and clenched them again, and a tearing noise entered her hearing as her shirt sleeves began to rip open, the seams at the shoulders tearing open with a series of pops as her shoulders swelled.

A tear in her blouse allowed a nipple to show, and with the might of her growing pectorals and swelling breasts, that tit began to press outward, shredding the base of her blouse and the front while her back swelled outwards; widening steadily.

She pressed her thighs together as her hips widened, her stomach tightening as it sank beneath her ribs, her thighs and calves bulging steadily while the seat of her panties was drawn tightly between the cheeks of her rear into a wedgie.

Kirii groaned sweetly, and came again as the front of her panties sank lower, revealing the soft whitish hairs covering her sex, her labia and clit swelling to magnificent proportions so that the feminine love muscles pressed against the insides of her inner thighs; even as those sank beneath the bulging muscle of her thighs.

The elastic of her stockings stretched wide about her thighs as they were pulled downward toward her knees, her shirt and blouse now stretching against her back as the last of her blouse front shredded open, allowing the remnants of her bra to fall down about her feet, while her burgeoning breasts spilled outward to hang distended from her chest, continuing to grow as a feeling of disorientation overcame her as Kirii suddenly grew several inches within only a few moments.

Again she came, the most violent climax yet, her thighs becoming splattered with her creamy cum. She groaned and came again, and then again, feeling those juices slide up her rear as her panties were drawn up tightly between her butt cheeks; her panty front only sliding further down her crotch to barely cover her sex, her skirts drawing tightly across her hips while, remarkably, her belt loosened with the tightening of her abs.

Her growing six pack suddenly tightened into six definite and rounded muscles, before further creasing into an eight pack, and then a ten pack, her biceps and forearms thickening into greater and greater muscle masses that tore her sleeves into ribbons, her arms continuing to swell and bulge, creating thick feminine biceps that rounded outward as she flexed them, feeling the burn, feeling the swell of her tits over the biceps, feeling her heart sending pleasuring, throbbing sensations straight into her pussy, her nipples, her clit, inner thighs and biceps.

She then trembled with another orgasm as the sides of her skirt tore open against the side of her leg, and she tumbled forward with the force of it, catching her weight with one hand and holding herself up easily. She looked at her hand as it thickened and lengthened with her growing strength, felt the weight of her

breasts hanging from her chest, the pair growing larger while her blouse and shirt ripped open across her back, her lats splitting in two, her back creasing horizontally along two jagged and serrated lines across the center and the top of her back beneath her shoulders, her shoulder blades pushing backward, her neck thickening, her buttocks rounding outward into smooth rounded edges that further tore open her skirt.

With her enlarging body, her belt finally snapped open, just before the seat of her panties snapped in half and her waist straps of those panties snapped completely open, even as her new shirt and blouse tumbled in tatters around her body. Even her new thigh-high panty hosiery shredded about her calves and growing feet, and then her thighs, and this time as she came again, it splattered freely onto the floor, her body continuing to grow in strength as muscle carved its way through her body, her breasts enlarging, her nipples hardening, her areola swelling outward about the nipple, and as they enlarged, milk slid from inside her tits to slide down her breasts. She began to rub them, feeling her body enlarging, her hair growing along with everything else, growing till she could feel the tip of her former braid slide into the wedge of flesh between the peaks of either of her butt cheeks.

With one hand she caressed her sex, with the other she fondled her tit, cumming into her fingers before she lifted one of her enlarging breasts and sucked from it.

The rush of power, the rush of strength began to lessen, leaving her with that sexual euphoria she was now beginning to enjoy as she collapsed to her knees, letting her tit drop and bounce against her chest as her thighs and pectorals continued to swell and thicken; her pecs hefting her breasts higher while her biceps, thighs and rear tightened and hardened into super firm flesh.

And then she climaxed one final time, and she cried out in testament of her pleasure and dug a hand into the wedge formed between her thighs and her pelvis, fingering herself as she came, settling onto her knees as she began to breathe with the exertion of this transformation, her hands wet with moisture, her nipples hard and still leaking her milk.

She knelt and exhaled softly, and then fainted onto her side.

Kirii opened her eyes, finding herself in a precarious position as she lay on her flank and back, one breast resting heavily over the other, her head tilted upward to where she could see her hand, with the long fingernails forming a more definite point now, the nails longer, her hands strong, but the arm! The arm that was attached to that hand... was massive!

She rolled onto her side, fixing her gaze on that arm, and coming to a kneeling position, other things came into her view... such as her tits! They were massive, the nipple of each sticking a full inch from off her chest, still hard and throbbing.

The bicep was massive, the forearm flared wide like the hood of a cobra with a definite crevice folding between the two sides leading away from her bicep.

Her chest was thick, her back thicker, and as she knelt there, her legs flopping open, she saw the thickness of the pad of her sex, broad and flaring, with a heavily erected clit caught between the twin labia; her creamy sexual juices having plastered the section between her sex and inner thighs.

As her femininity leaked another slick and as she viewed the thickness of her clit and the swollen labia of her sex, she realized something remarkable:

She was still aroused...

Slowly, steadily, she got to her feet, feeling the sheer strength bulging through her body, and as she flexed one of her arms, the incredible feeling of arousal intensified as her pectorals bunched, her bicep swelled and cleaved, the two halves spreading away from one another while her forearm bulged more and the

network of muscles in her forearms all thickened. Relaxing her arm, Kirii flexed it again and felt her veins stand on end as it swelled mightily and throbbed with the blood coursing through her blood vessels. Her clit and nipples hardened till they ached as she did this before she flexed the other arm in the same way, doing a double bicep flex, and then bending over, flexed again with her arms downward before her, her biceps compressing her breasts together.

She moistened a little between her thighs, and stepping backward from her double-arm flex, she stuck one leg out before her and flexed that, clenching her buttocks and tensing her calf and quadriceps while she slid her fingers along the peaks of her labia.

"I like this! I *really* like this." She laughed, and then stepped over to her mirror, and had to push its top back in order to catch her height.

Her tits were enormous! *P-Cup... at the very least*, she thought with an impish smile, *and they're so firm!* She remarked further as she pushed a finger into the side of one. *They're like a pair of great medicine balls with nozzles!*

Each tit sat high atop her chest, held tight along the lower edges of her chest muscles, which in and of themselves were creased with muscle radiating away from her heart, her nipples pointing sharply downward and away from her chest.

She had remarkable strength, and as she turned around, striking a pose like those weight lifters she enjoyed watching on the holo, she grinned, thinking that at the moment she could give a female Olympic body builder a run for her money.

Hell... she might be able to give a *male* Olympic body builder a run for his money...

Broad neck, wide trapezoids, thick pectorals, and **IMMENSE** mammaries - she'd have the sex appeal at least in the muscle competitions - with thick biceps, wide, chiseled forearms, and strong yet feminine hands with long trim fingernails. Broad, layered back and rounded bottom, complete with all three gluts - Maximus, Medious and Minimus - feathered rib cage that barreled outward and hung over her hour-glass shaped eight pack with four lats. A thick... *thick* vaginal mound, with a glossy and downy whitish muff that lead into her sunken inner thighs and broad, bulging thighs; her thighs having developed well-ordered quadriceps. Bulging calves and long forelegs led into a pair of feet that, which, as she held them in comparison to her new shoes, hadn't grown too much.

Kirii began to flex and cajole herself, and amidst caressing her sex and admiring herself, she began to desire to test this new strength, and hurrying to her dresser, she began to look for clothes in which to wear. She had a gym membership still, she thought, and they had free weights!

Looking about at all her clothing, she found that she was rapidly running out of clothes to wear. Her new clothes would probably still fit - she'd bought them all loose fit - but she didn't want to ruin those just yet.

So she pulled out a string, side-tie swimsuit she bought a long time ago in the hopes of building her body to look sexy within it, and a pair of old sweats.

The swimsuit was her only bikini, and amidst trying to pull it on, she found that the tie strings didn't quite reach with the fabric covering her crotch and her rear, and with a wry smile, she finally resorted to giving herself a wedge with the seat in order to get the tie strings tied.

She needed underwear after all...

The bikini top was a little better fitting. It'd always had excess string to tie at her back, she was glad she had never gotten around to cutting the excess string off yet, but it still required some finagling. Tying the rib tie by arching her back and looking between her tits - the sheer necessity of having to do so making her aroused all over again - and then she moved the bikini top around and then pulled the neck strings upward,

hefting her boobs within the triangular patches that only just barely managed to cover her nipples and areola and tying them behind her neck.

In her old body, this bikini top had been bought extra large just so as to hide the fact she had no chest while at the beach...

She smiled and readjusted her top before pulling on her old sweat top – complete with a pull over hood – and was pleasantly surprised that it stretched enough to fit over her breasts, leaving her belly bare, while the cuff of the sleeves was *just* able to come down to just above her wrists. But when she lifted her arm to adjust her hair, she found her arm shredding easily through her sleeve, and she rolled her eyes but smiled nonetheless and flexed her arm more in order to feel the pleasure of shredding clothes right over her body again.

She did the same with her other arm, but that left unsightly tatters about her arms, and in order to fix it, she just tore her sleeves from her sweat top, picking off the seams before reaching for her sweat pants.

The sweat pants, however, were a story different from her top. Where her top could pass as a sexy runners outfit, she found that her bottoms were little more than tight shorts at the moment. But for now... that was ok!

A pair of tube socks pushed down about the ankles, and her new white shoes completed her ensemble, and her sweat top even had a belly pocket that was easily hidden beneath her breasts to carry her wallet and keys.

With that, she giggled and left her home, and actually set herself to jogging to the gym... her breasts bouncing and swaying with every step in a figure eight motion that she really liked. Suffice it to say... she was still aroused when she finally got to the gym.

Stage 4: Physical Mutation

Starlight Industries has been searching for a way to enhance the human genome for several centuries, and had come up with several beneficial processes, even an entirely new medical science known as Gene Splicing, a science that is so far advanced for us now, that splicing genes that are human, animal or otherwise, are considered as cosmetic modifications and are as common as getting one's ears pierced. For those who have enough money, of course, gene-splicing and gene-therapy have made breakthroughs in allowing the disabled to walk, and likewise enhancing our soldiers to beyond an Olympian standard.

For the past two thousand years or so, the prominent militaries had been injecting growth hormones into their soldiers along with all their standard inoculations. The current level of gene therapies has allowed our foot soldiers to be powerhouses of unstoppable might and muscle.

How else does a military transform simple men and women into forces of mortal combat that are all well above and beyond the average of the typical human?

However, genomes nonetheless have limits to their strands, which, in order to overcome them, require either extreme training either physically and/or magically, or, in the case of Prometheus Project, artificially; by modifying the natural limiters in the genome of the host organism either through the addition of newer but higher limiters, or modifying existing ones to newer heights.

The Prometheus Serum does both...

This brings us to the reason for naming this Project the Prometheus Project.

According to Grecian Mythos, Prometheus was the Titan who'd given the gift of fire to the humans, and transformed them, making them superior to all the other creatures of Earth.

When asked, the real Prometheus – a Fae of certain note – as to what really had happened, it was more like he had taught the humans on how to make fire, and was punished by the other Fae for disobeying in their mandate as to not to interfere with the human species natural evolution. But Humans did begin to grow in culture and power rapidly after that one act of showing them fire.

The Prometheus Project, in effect, will allow for possible evolution again.

The Viral-Hypernites will, at this stage, now begin to institute their biological function. The retro-virus portion of the serum will, after twenty four hours from the initial contact, will now invade the bone marrow of the body, and begin altering it in order to invade the Generic Cells produced by the marrow.

Prometheus Project Design Note:

Generic Cells – *definition* – A Generic Cell is a cell that is produced by the bone marrow. Generic Cells, like the originating cells found inside a fertilized egg inside a woman's body, are cells which mutate themselves to become the cell types that are necessary inside the human body. If there is damage on muscle tissue, they become a muscle cell and merge to help repair the tissue. Adversely, they can also become bone cells, blood cells, brain cells, and so on...

By modifying the genetic code of these cells, then the Genome of a body can be enhanced steadily to bring out truly remarkable changes.

Retro Virus – *definition* – A retro virus is a virus that interferes with and overwrites the DNA of a cell. Retro Viruses have been known to cause cancer and so on, but used medically, can correct, alter or enhance the existing DNA of a host organism. Retro Viruses are the tools used in the act of Genesplicing.

New Viral-Hypernite factories grow within the bone marrow, allowing the new progeny of the virus to begin altering the cells produced by the marrow. At this point, Generic Cells formed by the bone marrow begin to merge with the hypernites in a rather unique process... the viral portion invading the cell, overwriting its genetic functions, while the Hypernite attaches to the cell and gives it cybernetic functionality.

Additionally, several new viral factories are manufactured within the marrow, creating generic Viral-Hypernites whose one and only requirement is to bond with the existing marrow and alter it, and likewise intercept the natural cells escaping the marrow to speed up the transformation process.

As such, with this new influx of altered body tissue, with a full viral infection undergoing also with the existing body tissue, and what this creates, however, is that thirty two hours after infection, is a full scale mutation of the bio-form. In the previous stage, the subject's physical attributes such as strength and dexterity are raised to the maximum available to his or her race and gender within the genetic traits available in the host's unique Genome. In this following stage, the mutation creates a new level of the body's physical limiters utilizing the most advanced military-grade modifications.

All physical aspects will thusly be enhanced over the hour preceding this viral invasion.

After an hour... then the body will mutate... becoming something stronger, faster, and far more powerful than the Creator ever intended humans to be...

- Doctor Emil "Kahn" Laio

Kirri stepped out of the gym, feeling ripped and feeling the burn of her exertion, her bare muscle gleaming from having just showered.

She'd just spent a couple of hours working out, testing her muscles, starting easy at first, but finding that she was able to lift, pump, pull and push more weight than any two of the *male* members of the club. More than five hundred pounds!

She remembered laying back on the bench, her massive breasts projecting upward on her bulging test, her labia swelling between her legs, showing off a definite camel toe as she creamed, and she lifted a weight bar that had every weight in the set on it! She practically orgasmed as she pumped that iron, doing about a hundred repetitions up and down, touching the bar to her erect nipples which hardened and bulged heavier and harder atop her chest, and as she pressed that bar, she thickened subtly with every repetition, till she was positively ripped, her tits bulging larger and straining her clothes.

She even balanced the bar on her chest, her firm tits keeping all that weight up as she breathed with a little difficulty, but could nonetheless breath with over five hundred pounds on her chest.

Several rather strapping men had helped her with her weights, helped spot her while she pumped the irons or used the pneumatic weights. She had quite a few admirers, not believing that such a specimen such as her existed; so much muscle, and still having such immense tits! One even spotted her sitting down on her belly, and she had the pleasure of his groin bulging into the base of her tits as she pressed those weights.

She could hear their comments somehow, even though they were whispered, and out of the corners of her vision, she could see many of them eyeing her body, her breasts, her arms, her thighs and crotch, her belly, remarking on how beautiful she was. The trainer for the club even came over to offer his services for free, but she could tell that he was feeling a hard and heavy erection as he looked down her shirt. She enjoyed being under such adoration.

But while she pumped iron, achieving some of the maximum settings on several of the machines, and even moving to the weight machines that were made for the lesser dragon types to use, maxed out a couple of those as well.

It aroused her for some reason, and while she lifted those weights, she could feel her nipples hardening, feel her clit erecting, feel more seminal fluids escaping from her loins while her muscles ever so slowly bulged thicker, and thicker.

It made her feel so powerful!

After her workout, she undressed and had completely no qualms about showering in front of the other women athletes, which had kept her from going to the gym in times past. She stood head and shoulders over even the tallest of them, had a larger breast size than any three of them, and had more muscle than any five of them.

The women in the shower room all looked at her with jealousy as she showered. She couldn't help but flaunt all that. She was tall, she was strong, and she was beautiful, and thankfully the shower covered her orgasm as her pussy lurched with an eruption of cream thanks to her enjoyment.

After showering, she began to jog home, feeling more of the burn while she reveled over this most recent experience, the cool night air brushing along her muscled abs and flanks that felt as if they'd all flared slightly in every proportion. Her tits definitely looked like they strained her shirt and sweater all the more.

But even so... as she jogged home, she was unaware of the individual who was following behind her.

Gargoyle followed Kirri as she returned home, his enhanced cybernetic reflexes and speed allowing him to keep up with her easily. It'd taken him several hours to find his way back and reacquire the host for the serum, but he finally found her place of residence, and as luck would happen for him – finally – that girl was actually coming home!

And boy... has she changed.

Whatever he'd injected her with, it was apparently worth it. If, in only twenty four hours, she could make *that* much physical improvement, then this serum would be well worth retrieving from her. It'd be worth it to inject into himself even...

All he'd need was a blood sample. If worse came to worse, then all he'd need to do was slash her with his sword and wipe the blood off into a vial he carried.

He hurried after her, almost tasting the fine things he'd buy with all those credits, actually running on all fours along the side of a building. Just above her, he leapt off and landed several meters before her, whipping out his blaster from his holster and aiming it at her.

A triple laser beam targeting eye found her forehead in an instant, and fed the data to his smart link for his gun, and his arm made the immediate readjustments to hold it there.

"Stop... right there." He said as she was brought up short.

"You!" she growled. "Now, I'm thankful for what you've done, but, really! You should at least ask a girl before you just up and..."

"Shut... up." He growled in return, and hit the priming charger on the blaster, and a white charge collected at the barrel of the weapon. "I put that serum in you so that I might hide it. But now... I need it back."

Kirii brought herself up, and the triple laser targeting beams followed up with her.

"No." she said, and flexed her muscles, her clothing straining at the seams.

Gargoyle tilted his head off to one side, and his arm moved, and the next thing Kirii knew, a blazing white shot sliced right next to her face, cutting open a long gash along her cheek that immediately began to bleed.

"You don't seem to understand the position I'm placing upon you, girl. You have something very, very valuable inside you, and I'm going to get it back. If you don't co-operate, then I'll simply kill you, put you in suspended animation, and then have some doctor friends of mine dissect you and process the serum from your body.

"Your options are limited at this point. You will either come with me the easy way... or the *real* easy way. And since I'm a thief and not a murderer, I so much more prefer the first.

"Now... what will it be?"

Kirii's mind raced as she felt the blood trickle down her cheek and soft flesh... not knowing what to do at the moment. She didn't know how valuable whatever this serum was, but she wanted to keep it. It made her beautiful for the first time in her life... she wasn't about to let it go.

But then a thought happened to her, and something in her mind knew that all men had a weakness, and that weakness, was the thing hanging between their legs.

"Ok... ok... but before you take me in, I just want to say one thing." She said, lifting her hands to flatten against the tops of her abs and then push downward to slide the tips of her fingers along the edge of the waistband of her sweats.

"Oh?" And what would that be?

And Kirii slid her hands back up over her abs and hooked in beneath the elastic bands of her swim top and sweat top, and pulled them both right up to allow her breasts to bounce freely into the open air, and in spite of himself, Gargoyle did indeed ogle those tits.

And then Kirii was running, and had ducked behind a wall into an alleyway between the buildings even as Gargoyle recovered and fired off several shots that shattered the corner of the wall she hid behind.

Kirii covered herself and tugged her sweat top and makeshift bra back down over her tits as she ran, and then lifted her hands instinctively to cover her head, and turned around another corner even as Gargoyle moved about the first corner, and fired off a couple more shots.

Gargoyle then looked around him as sirens began to blaze from afar off... the fire fight detectors having detected his weapon discharging, and holstering his weapon, he looked after the woman, flipped a dial on his mask and suddenly saw her footprints in the ground in purple highlights.

"The game's afoot, girl." He said, and then leapt after her.

*Ok Kirii... think, think, **think!***

Kirii ran as quickly as she could, her breasts swaying from side to side with each footstep as she ran blindly around random corners, turning this way and that, and getting herself hopelessly lost within the towering labyrinth that was the New York backstreets. But, hopefully, and there was the *'hope'* part of *'hopelessly lost,'* the hope that her pursuer would be unable to find her. But then again... that was also the hopeless part.

Gargoyle had equipped himself with all sorts of sensor equipment so that he was a roving being of extrasensory perceptions. Radar, infrared, ultrasound, X-ray... everything. He had so many sensors on him that it made his armored form to look monstrous and grotesque; giving him a glowing-eyed look, and that, attached with the personality of preying on the efforts of others like a scavenger was how the moniker of Gargoyle got started.

It wasn't a moniker he chose for himself... just one that was applied to him and seemed to stick.

He pursued her at his leisure, occasionally hounding her by calling out to her.

"Come out, come out, wherever you are..." she heard him say from a ways off, but with all the buildings and the echoes, it was hard to say where he was.

She ducked down another alley, panting heavily, looking for another exit but finding herself in a dead end with nothing but three walls and a flickering light.

Where to now? She asked herself while gritting her teeth in panic.

"I'm going to find you!" The voice taunted, and he laughed sinisterly.

"Great Maker..." she whispered. "Please help me."

As proof that there was a God, at that moment some new catalyst broke, and Kirii gasped and then fell against a wall, hugging herself, gritting her teeth and squeezing her eyes tight as she felt the tensing muscles in her body.

"Ah... not now." She gasped, but then her body spasmed in an orgasm as a lancelet of sexual pain thrust itself into her loins, and she came softly into her bikini bottoms.

She then turned, planting her hands against the wall as she felt the broken egg being cracked over her head, felt the liquid fire burning its way down through all her veins and arteries, igniting her nerves on the way down with heat. As the fire touched her nipples she felt them erect, pushing lumps like small stones against the ends of her breasts now, and as it touched her loins, the twin folds swelled outward like never before, her clitoris erecting so thick and hard that it actually lifted the fabric of both her swim bottoms and sweats alike. It erected into a super clit, pounding and throbbing heavily, swelling hard while its coloring darkened into a hot, passionate red as it beat in tune to her heart as, inside her chest, she felt her heart swelling as it thundered in its pulse, throbbing her nipples and her clit heavily with each powerful beating of her heart.

Her heart quickened then along with her breathing as her own passions rose, rising rapidly into a climax; the climax erupting from her throbbing pussy in a powerful orgasm.

"Ah... ah... ah..." she gasped with each breath, a great wet spot rising up between her legs, as two more wet spots rose up against her breasts as she began to cream her reservoirs of milk...

And then there was a click inside her, seeming to come from within her head, like an electric spark or a piezoelectric shock, and suddenly she felt her whole body engorging like her nipples and clit already had, and bending her head down, allowing it to hang between her shoulders, her fingers actually dug into the stone of the wall while her heart beat so fast it could've kept up with a hummingbird's wings beat for beat.

And with each beat... power flooded into her.

Her breasts began to grow heavier and heavier as they bulged, her chest muscles thickening to push them further outward, filling the front of her sweat top and stretching the elastic fabric about each massively swelling orb of woman flesh as that garment rapidly grew far too taut across her nipples and breasts. As

they swelled downward, the triangular patches of her bikini top began to slide away from her nipples, dragging backward and downward along her tits like a pair of hands fondling her. With a twang of motion because her nipples were so erect, first one and then the other of her teats pushed outward from underneath those triangular patches, and with another orgasmic rush, several ounces of her cream slipped from her breasts and into the front of her sweat top, and likewise a rush of fluid squirted from her loins into her swim bottom.

But that, it seemed, was only the primer, and a few moments more, the production of her milk and cum grew exponentially, accelerating so much more quickly than the growth of the glands that held them, that the whole front of her sweat top and bottoms became dripping wet with milky white cream and her sexual juices.

Her breasts continued to grow while her arms then began to strengthen; every muscle swelling in its own separate direction, beginning at her fingers and sliding backward to her shoulders which bulged nastily to fill the holes that her arms poked out of. The shoulder muscles rounded outward, flaring wider and wider as they creased into individual striations about her upper arms so as to better hold them; the newly forming individual creases forming in either shoulder which then rapidly thickened harder and larger than her original shoulders ever had.

Her biceps bunched, her forearms flared, her triceps cleaved and swelled backward and flared wider and wider with each passing second, her fingers grinding into the stone, crushing a handful of concrete in each hand before she felt her chest push outward, her back bulging in the opposite direction, and her neck and throat flaring wider and thicker.

She swallowed hard as her neck muscles closed about her throat, and she gave off a low moan as her body lurched sexually.

Her nipples swelled wider at the ends of her tits, forming nibs that were rock hard with the muscles being so tense, and between her thighs the feminine version of a hard on quivered with her super clit as the pad of woman flesh swelled around it.

Th-this is impossible! She gasped; orgasming again and thrust her hips forward a couple times as all that cum escaped her. She tossed her head and mane as that mane grew longer, shaking it about her head as she held onto the wall with her fingers digging even deeper into the plasticrete.

All these changes contributed to multiple tears beginning about her upper body on her sweat top, one over each shoulder starting from her collar due to her broadening neck, another between her tits as an individual fold that traced between her engorged nipples grew too taut till it rend open slowly, and another across her spreading back while multiple smaller tears opened beneath her arms and along the waistband about her middle.

Her bikini top, stretching as far as it could go from her spreading back, broadening neck, and swelling chest, simply snapped at where the cups and the string ties met; first in one direction and then in the next, and with a band across her ribs being linked to the one around her neck, that too snapped from the sheer weight of her growing chest. She gasped as the tear between her breasts widened, revealing her tits to the cool air of the night, and breathing deeply, she arched her back and the pair of engorging mammaries pushed upward and away from each other, forcing the whole front of her sweat top to rip apart along multiple tears, and the freedom her breasts gained from that restrictive garment being destroyed allowed them to leap outward before flopping down onto her chest again.

The pair were porcelain white in color from her flesh being stretched across them so much and also since these glands rarely saw the light of day, Kirii orgasmed again as her nipples hardened and thickened more, the pads of her areola swelling and pushing them even further outward, standing on end and quivering harder than ever. Twin gouts of milk ejected from either teat as she felt the pair now growing unbidden against her chest, her breasts heaving out into the open air, still growing as they hung distended and bulging from her chest, her back slowly tearing open rends in her sweat top's back.

The simple thickening of her arms broke open the sleeveless holes of her sweat top, but the growth of those arms were nothing in comparison to all the heavy muscle that they were now gaining as her body spread wider and wider, her hips widening some, but most of all this strength was focused in her upper body.

With a groan, she orgasmed again, her thighs growing thicker along with the rest of her body as she began to grow taller again, quickly rising in size to the seven foot mark, her sweat bottoms tightening about her crotch and waist only with the hems stretching around her burgeoning thighs. She felt the seat of her swim bottoms and her sweatpants slide deeper and deeper between the cheeks of her rear, tugging a taught line over her sex and rear, rubbing her sex in just the right way to induce yet another orgasmic rush...

The remnants of her sweat top fell in tatters about her along with her bikini top, even as her bikini bottom snapped across both hips simultaneously, the front slipping quickly from off her sex as the bikini bottom was drawn between the cheeks of her rear, allowing her ripened pussy to push into the soft, stretchable fabric of the sweat bottoms, showing off every last possible detail of her genitalia and clitoris from the cloth conforming to every line of her bodice. She groaned, feeling her sweat bottoms growing tightly around every curve and crease of her waist and pelvis; showing off her still swelling labia and clit quite well as another eruption of cum lanced from her body. This eruption filtered immediately through her sweat bottoms with her swim bottoms gone, and a liquid cream was pushed through the pores in the fabric to drip from her.

Her fists hammered against the wall as she experienced more and more erotic power lancing into her, growing and growing inside her, intensifying with each muscular crease as a sudden growth spurt took her, and she grew taller still, her breasts rapidly distending from her chest to press against her upper thighs.

She didn't have mind enough to worry about what was happening to her, had not mind enough to worry that there was a potential killer after her, all she had mind enough for was experiencing each orgasmic lancelet of growing power.

And she groaned as another climax hit her, the seat of her sweat pants giving her a tighter and tighter wedgie while the legs of both began sides of her sweats began to tear open along her sides from her thighs growing steadily thicker, the quadriceps swallowing the tops of her knees and her calves flaring wide about her thickening forelegs, and as she opened her eyes, looking down between her breasts as those massive tits continued to swell more and more, firming up and rising higher atop her chest, either already larger than her head, she began to worry that she was about to start turning green like every other super powerful entity she knew of in comic books and movies.

But she didn't turn green... but, she did nonetheless continue to grow; hulking out, as the term was now known...

As she reached seven feet, with her legs and arms lengthening, her belly elongating and her neck pushing her head higher up and forward with the growing muscle hump between her shoulders, she felt her toes burst out of her new shoes, the socks shredding open, and her sweatpants tearing open about her middle; a rip forming beneath her navel, which slowly tore open in twain to reveal her already bulging cunt to the open air.

At that moment, a breath of cool air breathed against her moistened vaginal muscles, and a realm of goose bumps spread across her body from head to toe.

But then, an instant after that breath of cool air touched her, she felt another electrified click inside her head and she came from her ripened sex again, and felt a new wave of muscle growth flow through her.

Two?!? She thought inwardly and groaned as another series of growth and transformations began at that moment, her powerful back arching more deeply.

She could hear her bones cracking now, realigning inside her body, each bone thickening suddenly, and just as suddenly, her whole body began to swell in every proportion around those bones... even her skull swelled.

Her bones were beginning a rhythmic tensing now, cracking and resetting, cracking and resetting, and looking down, she saw her ribs actually bulging outward one after the other to barrel her chest forward before they all realigned and pushed her chest upward, just as her pectoral muscles all clenched and literally exploded outward with added growth, just as her mammarys suddenly grew more milk forming tissue and thickened with both mammary glands and water weight from her milk. The end result expanded her chest so quickly and fiercely that both her tits thrust forward against the wall, creating twin impact craters from each tit smacking against the brick just before more cracking happened about her pelvis and hips, her skin drawing even more taut between them and stretching the muscles of her sex all the tighter.

This feeling forced an orgasm from her as her hips rolled, realigning her bodily balance, and she came hard in a stream that sprayed off her clitoris and slopped onto the asphalt beneath her.

Her breasts thrust again into the artificial stone of the building, deepening the craters, and with another orgasm that took three muscle clenching rushes to exit all the creamy ejaculate, Kirii then pounded her hips forward instinctively, looking for the penis that would pierce her, but instead make a great break in the wall she was against as her pelvis struck it. The rush of this last evacuation of fluids tore the last of her sweatpants open, revealing the downy bush of her muff as her thighs snapped the last threads of her sweatpants and her feet shredded the laces and tongue of her new shoes open and shredded her socks from her.

Looking over her broad, muscular shoulder and back, Kirii had to concentrate hard on relaxing her butt cheeks in order to let the remaining fabric of sweat pants and bikini bottom to fall free from her body.

And then there she was, naked in her growing body in the middle of a city, and all heard her orgasmic cries of elation as her body grew. Gargoyle himself paused as he heard her cries as he approached down one final alleyway leading to her, and watched a churning shadow projected from a flickering light down the alleyway her footprints had let into.

His chemical analyzers were beginning to see a cloud of feminine sexual pheromones which he could see as a hot pink mist that was spreading outward from the alleyway behind a dumpster. He'd cornered his quarry all right, but he hesitated still as he heard the ripping sounds, heard her moans of pleasure, and witnessed her shadow growing larger and larger by the instant, and he began to feel a hard woody as he witnessed the shadow of her breasts rising and bulging.

His first thought would've been to run, but his second was all the money he would receive by retrieving the secrets of that serum! And so he stepped forward and turned the corner, seeing Kirii's back thrusting apart from itself as it spread wider and wider, her body mutating now into whole new muscle systems unknown to the human body.

Her abs began to crease and re-crease beyond their original ten, rapidly coalescing into twenty individual muscle striations, while her lats doubled as well into four layered lateral obliques on a side, with those feathering into her bulging ribs, which then feathered into her dorsal muscles, and thusly into her flaring back. All of this sunk beneath her ribcage, her pelvis pulling back deeper along her hips as their hip bones jut forward; her cunt sinking deeper between her thighs as the crease between her labia lengthened and immediately deepened.

Gargoyle watched as Kirii reared, crying out a roar of pleasure as she tossed her head, thrusting her breasts up into the air up over a pair of arms that held more muscle than the whole of his body and all the mechanical augmentations in it. She turned, rolling onto her back against the wall, her chest thrusting forward and upward, carrying her breasts upward with them while deepening sounds of groaning muscle and cracking and re-cracking bones exuded from her, her nipples hardening and swelling deeper and rising with her swelling breasts, her nipples again spraying twin gouts of milky cream at their zeniths. Kirii

looked down between her breasts, feeling her tightening abs as the twenty abdominals began to swell outward and thicken a pair at a time, pushing the rest of her body apart around them while her crotch bulged deeper and thicker with her super clit sticking out from between the labia.

Thicker muscle laced her sides as her back flared wider, pushing her body forward as her spine arched backward, creating a serrated ridge that rose further outward, and as she orgasmed, she cried outward, a spray of cum erupting from her sex to splatter against the ground and against her thighs.

Mutating muscle groups coalesced this way and that and she stumbled forward, lifting one hand and watching the muscles separating, realigning and thickening beneath her skin as she slowly clenched her fist and felt her muscles flex and swell as she did. Her bicep rose and spread, separating one side from the other; and as it tensed and thickened from her flexing it, it swelled to a size equal to her enormous tit next to it, which, at present, was larger than even her own head!

She flexed her arm and the webbing of arteries and veins bulged out of her arm as she gasped from the feeling of her heart beat strumming her bicep, before she lifted her hand and palmed her tit connected to the chest muscle supporting that hand.

Few women in the world possessed such an asset, but none of them held a body proportionate enough to support such a tit. Kirii's mass thickened as the muscles in her body made her weight grow heavier and heavier than it should've been, even despite her size, her density growing heavier with each passing moment to where Gargoyle's sensor package was putting her mass greater than that of most full-sized trucks and SUV's.

Her hair grew in long locks about her face, her braid dangling like a tail as it laid over the twin peaks of her rear.

Sweat glistened on her body as she bent forward, resetting her stance as she haphazardly set herself, and as chance would have it, facing Gargoyle as she leaned over, and her back suddenly spread outward and her chest expanded downward, the push on her back and the weight of her breasts thrusting her to the ground. There, her legs erupted outward and backward with thicker and thicker muscle, rounding either burgeoning thigh to be wider than her waist was, her feet broadening and thickening.

She moaned and orgasmed again as her body trembled, and with a jerk of her head and a spray of sweat, she reared her head, thrusting her chest forward as she screamed outward, her fingers scraping claw marks into the ground.

With that last orgasmic eruption, Kirii bent her head low, her mind slowly returning to normal while Gargoyle stared stunned and speechless at her. Then, ever so slowly, Kirii rose to a stand, her front dirty from the ground of the alleyway, and for but a moment, her balance was unsteady and untested, but something inside her stimulated the motor functions in her brain, allowing her to rapidly readjust to this great body.

She was a goddess, standing nude and panting, her breasts heaving as they hung distended from her chest, hugging her ribs and sternum, which hung over her abs. Hot, steaming cum drained from inside her, dribbling down the inside of one thigh to drip to the ground as Kirii's eyes blinked, seeming to shine with their own inner light.

Once on her feet, she found her mind rapidly returning to its state before this stage of transformation, and lifting her head, she cried out one last time, clenching her fists and flexing her massive arms as she reveled in the sexual power of her body, her body arching as she came again. And then she lowered her head, and with bleary eyes focused on her pursuer. At first, Kirii wondered who he was, but as her foggy mind began to remember what had happened to her before her transformation while she stood with several fingers of either hand now probing between the folds of her sex to pleasure herself in hopes of awakening another transformation, her waking mind finally focused on Gargoyle, and within moments, her euphoric pleasure transformed into impending rage.

"You!" she growled, actually growled, and set herself. *I am not running anymore.* She thought, and took a step forward. "You're the one who's following me! Stop it!"

Gargoyle spent no more time to stare at her as he pulled out his weapon and aimed it at her, the triple targeting laser beam pointing at a non-vital area on her body. She exhaled, and smiled at him, and then took another step forward, and he ignited the priming charge.

"No... more." She gasped, and began to walk forward, swinging her body sexily with each step, till she began stepping faster, and then promptly broke into a run.

Gargoyle fired at her, and a lancelet of electrical based telekinetic force erupted from the gun and struck her in the chest. She screamed with the pain and stumbled as the electricity searing at her breast, darkening the skin, and righting herself, she looked down at the thick bruise where she'd been hit, and turning her head toward him, she hissed through her teeth at him in her pain.

Gargoyle's eyes widened in surprise. That blaster of his was enough to shoot a hole in even a panzer dragon, but on her... it barely singed her!

Two more shots struck her in the thigh and then the abdomen, and with another scream she turned, took hold of the lid of an industrial trash bin, ripped it off and then pounded the side of the bin the lid had been attached to with her foot, and the bin launched down the alleyway to crash against the other wall, barely missing him. Gargoyle recovered and began firing repeatedly at her, but the heavy steel lid of the trash bin easily absorbed most of the blasts as she raced at him, her seven foot plus tall form racing down the length of the alley as she hit him with the cover of the trash bin.

Gargoyle was trapped behind it, and he gasped as it was bent about his body in a bear like hug from Kirii, her massive tits cleaving to either side of the metal with his back flattened against the opposite wall. Kirii pulled the trash cover away and grabbed gargoyle by the throat.

"Stop it!" she screamed at him, and pulled him back and tossed him hard against the wall again.

Gargoyle struck the wall and bounced back, and Kirii caught him by the throat again and turned immediately with him, her body still growing in strength as her fingers clamped down on his throat to cut off all air and blood supply to his brain as she then slammed him into the wall again, and then heaved her fist upward into his gut a couple of times.

She felt his ribs break.

And then she held him aloft, looked at this person who'd used her body like a guinea pig, tracked her down, threatened her and then hounded her, and despite all the evil, despicable things that he'd done to her, she nonetheless felt pity.

She wasn't a killer, after all, and not even this retch was worth killing.

But... something had to be done about him...

Kirii had found herself able to leap from the ground to the top of some of the smaller buildings. Not quite a super woman, but she sure felt like it.

Seven and a half feet tall, with more muscle than an entire men's weight lifting team, she stepped nude and picturesque onto the edge of the building she was standing on in time to watch a dozen police wagons arrive with over a hundred cops piling out of it to take Gargoyle into custody.

Gargoyle was wrapped tightly inside the trash bin cover his gun crushed between her fingers and laying on the ground next to his sword that had been bent into a U-shape. She also noted certain members of Starlight Industries Security personnel down there as well, including a white haired man with a cane who after a moment's pause, tore off Gargoyle's mask to see his face.

With a sigh, she looked down at herself.

She'd taken someone's blankets from their hanging laundry in order to make a makeshift skirt and a wrapping for her immense breasts out of the bed sheets... but she was rapidly running out of clothing. Right now... she looked like some Grecian goddess of Love and War.

Climbing down the fire escape to the building she was on, her own home building, she opened her window easily, and wedged herself inside. Her body alone would've been difficult, but maneuvering her breasts inside besides was a task all its own. First one tit and then the other, she pulled the rest of her body inside, and once inside, she discarded her makeshift skirt and chest-wrapping, and collapsed down onto the couch, which was little more than a love chair now to her growing body.

She didn't know what to think at the moment as she cupped her thickened crotch, fondling it and the downy white hairs lining her still sopping-wet pussy with her fingers as she looked down at her heaving breasts, feeling her body growing steadily still, only on minute levels now... but it nonetheless left her marginally aroused.

Laying backward and exhaling a long breath after this long night, she simply closed her eyes and passed off to sleep.

Stage 5: Trans-Species Mutation

It was discovered that after the multiple factories, their CPU's and the MCPU had been formed, the body's transformation rate could not be determined to any accuracy due to a myriad of random effects located in the body.

At this stage, the healing factor is increased by a hundred fold, and all deformities, maladies, and so on, would be healed by the body to make the body – in a word – a perfect example of a God-Grade of the species the serum was in.

Honestly, we had never tested this on a sentient creature, but on the rats we tested it on, we found that the term ROUS – Rodent of Unusual Size – was a good term for the six foot long hyper muscled and hyper endowed lab rats we'd used.

They were nothing of a problem to handle by Laio and myself, being that we are a pair of already hyper-muscled and overly large specimens in and of ourselves.

Once the Hyper endowed body has been healed of all imperfections – even long time scars on the body – the host organism's hypernites find that they are unable to continue to aptly supply enough energy to produce enough viral-hypernites to saturate the body again...

So this network goes into a level of stasis as the cybernetic enhancements in the body and the hypernite colonies begin to share their computing power to find out how to adapt to the new environment.

Each factory node at this present time will have a grade of communications with the central factory and thusly the MCPU by form of relay – one or more hypernites transmitting packets of data due to fluid transmission inside the body. It is found that immediately that this isn't a rather efficient method of communications, so the central colony in the brain begins to modify the body's functions and command the centralized CPU of the factory to change the mode of viral hypernites it is producing into a new specialized type of hypernite: the constructor.

The new constructors – an evolved form of the general viral-hypernite – that eventually replace nearly all of the General Viral-Hypernites, begin to construct fiber optic cables from the CPU toward the Sub Processing Units – or SPU's – of the factories located in the marrow.

In the meantime, Viral-Hypernite Colony growth is stimulated to where the original factory, the CPU and the MCPU node all increase in size. The MCPU grows along the central nerve of the spinal column leading into the brain, pressing the brain outward around its growth as it assimilates itself into the cracks of the brain. At this moment, biological and cybernetic integration become irreversible as the fiber optic wires spreading deeper into the brain bulge at their ends into a plethora of SPU's to control all the functions of the brain with greater precision.

The mainline fiber optic cable between MCPU and CPU grows thicker, while the factory unit of the CPU swells along the side of the heart to the point where it is large enough to have two more ventricle chambers between the two halves of the heart... a perfect place for new Hypernite types to be flooded into the body.

But as all these new construction projects are underway, the power supply for them all grows quite depleted. The MCPU dictates that the energy form is inefficient, and so the power supply node is increased in size as well. What was originally the size of a button battery now swells into the size of a marble, which has enough energy for six D-cell batteries at this point. Additionally, the other factories in the body, following suit after the original factory, all begin to develop power cells of their own.

As these colonies grow, and being that they are metal, they will appear on CAT scans and X-rays as webbings of white growth, which any doctor would classify immediately as cancer.

One doctor that Starlight Industries got an opinion on furthermore specified that our rat specimen had a very short time to live unless a cancer cure was formulated and injected.

Now, all this increased cybernetic growth goes on without any additional effect to the host organism, the host organism continuing to mutate due to the effects of the biological portion of the Viral-Hypernites. Till the Viral-Hypernite factories located in the bone marrow are integrated to the rest of the network by the fiber optic cables, these factories continue to work independently and continue to integrate themselves to generating general purpose cells produced by the marrow to overwrite their own biological functions with the new functions.

Each Viral-Hypernite's biological portion is a Carcerand, or rather, a virus inside a virus. Once certain chemical conditions are met, then this virus inside the virus breaks open and becomes active, overwriting the existing DNA packets inside the retrovirus, which thusly overwrites the information in the general cells produced by the bone marrow when the Viral-Hypernite merges with these cells.

Laio has actually incorporated dozens of Carcerands inside each bio-hypernite, to allow an ever increasing genetic package.

With these new cybernetic generic cells being created, a new transformation begins in the host body while the remaining generic cells produced by the first batches of Viral-Hypernites continue mutating the muscle groups. Laio theorized that gene splicing would further add onto capabilities of the host organism, and so he chose several species of Teran animals to add new genetic traits to the General Cells of the body.

His first choice of animal: The Siberian Tiger.

It was humorous that this was his first choice of species, being that he himself had supposedly undergone extensive gene-splicing in order to make himself look like a twelve foot tall super muscled and hyper-endowed white tiger. The truth of the matter is actually that he is a White Tiger Lycan that has genetically modified himself to be taller and stronger.

Perhaps he was just seeking for more friendly faces like his own...

- Lady Evelynn Runeblade-Fireheart

Kirii had a dream that night, and in her dream she was wandering naked through the streets of New York in her new strengthened body, her feet stepping gracefully one foot in front of the other while her breasts bounced and swayed with each step. She could feel the breath of the wind against her supremely muscled body, her tits bouncing minutely with every step she took, the swollen folds of her labia thickening and pressing between her bulging inner thighs.

She looked around her, feeling her heart beating, listened to it inside her head as she turned, amazed that all the people on the streets all around her weren't paying her any mind. And then she turned again, her breasts jostling before her, and there, directly before her, was a massive cat, a tiger, that, even while sitting, stood almost as tall as she did standing.

"I can make you stronger." It said, in a low, sensual female voice that aroused even her. "I can give you more power. Do you want me?"

Kirii blinked at it while people continued to move to an fro all around her.

"I..." she began, biting her lower lip as she stood there, folding her hands before her swollen labia as they swelled thicker than ever.

"Do you want me?" the tigress repeated and she suddenly felt a slick of sexual juices slide tantalizingly from inside her.

"I... yes... I want you."

Then the tigress rose to her feet and leapt at Kirii, and instead of knocking her down, the cat jumped right into her body, and Kirii felt immense power, sensuality and strength rise up inside her, enough to make her cum explosively with the pleasure before her tits ejected twin gouts of cream.

And then she looked down at her hands as she readied them to cup her breasts, and gasped as she saw her fingernails lengthening, saw them fold into claws, just before thick tufts of fur grew about her hands and forearms, her body now mutating into...

She awoke, panting hard and feeling flushed with heat and moist with sweat that trickled between her tits and the twin lips of her labia between her thighs. Her nipples and clit were all standing on end, and as she rolled forward out of the thick hole her body had made in her couch, she saw that her crotch was moistened again with her subtle love juices and sweat.

"Oh..." she groaned, passing a hand through her long mane of hair, feeling sickly and gross from all the salty sweat crusted in it. She still had dirt and grime on her chest from her sexual fit last night while she transformed, rolling on the ground and pressing against the walls of this city. "Ngh... now I'm having dreams of getting stronger." She moaned

She turned, pressing her thighs together as she pressed a hand over her sex, cupping it while her breasts rested over her thighs as she leaned forward and rubbed her free hand across her face. She rose then, still massaging her sex but then felt her head bump against the ceiling.

"Ow!" she hissed, looking up and rubbing her head. "I wasn't this tall last night..." she said aloud, and then looked down at her bodice, seeing her body like it was the night before. "Hnn..." she sighed, and then stepped around her couch, stooping a little. "Guess I should..." and she stopped as she passed her mirror, and backing up, she turned and saw it; or rather them.

Looking at herself, in the mirror, at all the overlapping and layered muscles across her pale body, she saw what looked like four red disks along her upper abdominals.

Her lips pursed as she felt them, feeling how sensitive they were, felt how they clenched gently beneath her fingers as she teased them, and knew for certain that they were indeed nipples. She explored her bodice, and slipping her hands beneath her breasts, found two more forming right below where her tits met her chest!

"What the hell?" she wondered, and turning to look at her side and hefting her breasts, holding them up high atop her chest, she saw the second pair of nipples, just below her breasts, throbbing and swelling outward a little every few seconds.

She stood there, her mind continually wondering about this, one of her hands cupping the tit growing beneath her primaries, and her other hand sliding across the others along her abdominals.

Her life was now officially anything but normal now...

But then looking down at her bodice, seeing all the crusted salt from her sweat and the smudged dirt, she decided to take a shower, and found that it was really difficult to wash herself with only one tiny nozzle when her body was wider than the tub, and then used all her towels to dry herself off; with one towel for each breast.

She then looked for SOMETHING of hers to wear, and after a thorough search of everything she owned – both old and new – she finally sat down on her couch, still naked...

"Computer... online." She said aloud, and a holographic display shone before her of a holo screen.

She had to do some at home shopping today. It really was true about the matrix: You could indeed shop from home while naked...

The grocery store kid was a bit confused when she paid him through the mail slot, and then opened the door and told him to place the bags just inside the door. She was sure that he thought she was a psycho of some sort, but she couldn't really get a sixteen year old kid to see a woman who was practically twice his size with tits large enough to equal his weight – apiece – see her. She didn't even want to show the kid her overly muscled arm.

The news was displaying that the world renowned techno thief, Gargoyle, was arrested and identified as a Terrance Wilhelm from Neo-Germany, and is now awaiting trial at the ultra-security triple-max prison at Riker's Island.

That made her smile as she taped a pair of tape measures together in order to get her dimensions.

Like she did the other day, she began to piece together her dimensions, and was amazed as she measured her midriff at ninety-two inches, and either of her breasts were a massive forty-six inch cup. Her breath caught inside her mouth as she held the tape measure up for that, and then measured her bust line, finding that in and of itself to be a tremendous one-hundred and twenty-two inches. She had a fifty six inch waist and an eighty-six inch hip, and judging the fact that her ceiling was eight feet tall... then that made her about eight one... maybe eight two by now.

While she was at it, she measured her first set of nipples, finding those to stand three inches from off her chest, with a six inch wide areola, and a clit that from it's base inside her body was four inches long and as thick as her pinkie!

Biting her lower lip, she giggled nervously under her breath at the size of what she'd become. Even the new pair of tits below her first set had already expanded into definite A-cups...

*What's... **happening** to me?* She wondered, but swallowed down all her anxiety and stepped over to her couch.

"Computer... online."

And a holographic computer screen shone before her.

She then began to run a search for clothes large enough to fit her.

A same day courier service was able to bring her a pair of packages in the interim till she could order more clothes. She ordered from shops that were in the city itself, and carried clothes that catered for the Lesser Draconic and the overly gene-spliced citizens of New York.

Big and Tall had a wonderful selection that she liked.

The first package contained a bodysuit with an open back, which, according to the advertisement she found on their matrix site, could stretch to be ten times its original size. As a precaution, she bought the largest they had.

It was expensive, but there was some nanotech in it that she thought would be useful, like body forming and repairing features.

Stepping into it, she had to push her thick, thick legs through the leg holes, having to pull it up straight to her crotch. At first she thought that the leg holes would tear open but as they were stressed, the fabric seemed to relax, and it allowed her burgeoning thighs to slide through it easier. Once up against her loins, the fabric tightened again, just before she put her arms through the armholes and stood up.

The black fabric had a lot of doing trying to close itself around her, and it took a good five minutes before it was able to stretch across her breasts in order to close the latch of metal, which held its computer, at her back.

She stood, arching her back, testing the tensile strength, feeling it forcing bunches here and there beneath her breasts and along her ribs, darkening the fabric strategically to keep her nipples and crotch from being shown, thinning elsewhere with the cloth it was given in order to do so.

It cut high over her hips, flossing between her butt cheeks. It gave her the look of a sexy bathing suit while the cloth separated her breasts so that they had their own pockets.

She then put on the contents of the other package, which was simply a Lava-Lava made for Samoans; a wrap that would suffice as a skirt for now till she could do more shopping. The same package contained a pair of sandals that she put on, but as she was closing the Velcro straps, she stopped, seeing her fingernails having grown longer and were all curling into points. The same was happening with her toenails; the tips of her fingers and toes seeming to be thicker than they needed to be.

Taking a deep breath, she rose, bumped her head on the ceiling again, and gathering the things she bought the other day, she steeled herself, wedged her way through her door, walked down the stairs after closing her apartment door behind her, and stepped out into the throng of the crowd.

Luckily she'd remembered to collect her pocketbook and keys from her torn clothes last night; otherwise she'd have no hope in returning these things as she stepped out into the streets of New York.

Unlike her dream this morning, she felt eyes on her now... many, many eyes. Everywhere she went, standing easily twice as tall as some of the other women – and even some of the men – she overheard whispered voices calling her "Artificial" and "Monstrous." She bit her lower lip nervously.

If only they knew that I didn't have this done to me... she thought, stepping steadily forward, being careful not to push anyone or nudge anyone out of the way.

But as she passed a few of the gene-spliced beings in the city, who each gave her sheepish grins and waved at her as they passed. One man even asked her for her number. She said she didn't have a phone access, which was true. She was trying to save money, and she didn't know very many people who didn't chat or email. She also passed a group of adolescent Panzer Dragons – the smallest species of Greater Dragon – and so far the only subjects who were built taller and larger than she.

They waved at her briefly in greeting as they passed.

At the store where she bought her things, she at least got a refund for everything to pay for her new body suit, and at another store she bought a Muumuu, which, due to her size and the size of her breasts, fit her like a shirt.

She liked all the flowers over it too.

Fit pretty nicely though...

Maybe this isn't going to be so bad after all, she thought. There are places still that I can go; there are still people I can meet who are my size, new friends I can have in whom I could interact with, facilities for a 'big-boned' woman like me.

She began to feel better, and found, remarkably, that some of the simpler new clothes that she could buy for herself were relatively inexpensive, and some of it was even stylish.

Perhaps this wouldn't be so bad after all...

Kirii sat in a holo-movie theatre, watching the newest romance movie, sighing and wishing that she could find a handsome man like the male lead in the movie, and she leaned forward, laying her head on her thick arms while she sat up in the upper deck where she could still see.

In the 'Extra Large' seating...

Other extra large individuals, like a pair of gene-spliced couples were here, and a pair of lesser dragons was fondling each other at the back of the seating deck; she was really beginning to think that she could still live a normal life.

She looked into new places to live – she couldn't quite live her life stooped over all the time – and found that some of the facilities for the extra large individuals were actually less rent than what she was paying for now, and some gave more amenities.

As soon as she would be able, she thought that she would move.

But as she watched the movie, she began to feel... warm. And while she sat there, her expression became more dreamy, and then distant as she didn't even watch the movie anymore, and soon her chest began to quicken in the rise and fall of its breathing, and then began to heave.

She allowed herself a low moan in the back of her throat, opening her mouth as she sucked in a breath of air, actually tasting the air, and getting a mouthful of the pheromones exuding from the dragons and the gene-spliced pair.

And then her nipples began to erect, and she could feel her muscles tensing, felt her pussy thickening and spreading open to disgorge her quivering clit as it flipped firmly up to the peak of the wedge of her labia while she moistened firmly inside.

She groaned, and rose from off her arms, feeling her belly with one hand as she felt it trembling beneath her fingers, felt the muscles there thickening with the passage of every moment.

Ngh... not again, she hissed through her teeth, and rising to her feet, hurried for the doors, pushing both open in order to go through them, and once she was through, she fell against the wall attached to the door, and then groaned as her crotch continued to moisten, thicken, spread open and throb.

She was changing again, and now in public.

She pushed herself forward, consciously trying not to grasp at her cunt, tried not to fondle herself even as it clenched tightly between her thighs.

"Are you ok, ma'am?" A diminutive fourteen year old usher asked her as Kirii surged by, practically knocking the boy who was literally half her size over.

She surged out into the cold air of the night, and then practically doubled over as her heart thudded heavily inside her body, beating so powerfully that it was like it threw her whole body off balance as it lurched in her chest.

With a quick gasp of air as she breathed in, she felt her teeth grit as her mouth widened, and she gnashed her teeth, scaring some children as her teeth suddenly grew into points, and looking down at her hand, she saw her fingernails compressing into hooking claws.

Oh no! She cried inwardly and ran off, hurrying away, dashing down an alleyway as she felt her back clenching now, pushing her spine outward like a serrated blade, and she reached back to scrape at it.

A ping came from her back from the computer of her bathing suit stating that there was an error in the system. She ignored it, took several more running dashes, skipped, jumped a short jump and then bounded up into the air, landing easily atop a building, walked a couple more steps and then fell to her hands and knees before she climaxed solidly into her new bathing suit.

Another chime – this one coming as a pair of short beeps followed by a long one – telling her that there were fluids other than water inside the suit.

She was steadying herself for another transformation, but that cracking hot egg feeling didn't visit her this time, but she was nonetheless growing stronger. She could feel the muscles in her body swelling, felt her back spreading as her butt cheeks parted briefly with her hips widening before the swelling masses of her rear pressed right back against each other, her labia swelling outward, and she heard her swimsuit give off several chimes to tell of undue stress levels it was having difficulty compensating for.

But it wasn't tearing just yet, but nonetheless it was tightening about her, about her tits, firmly up into her crotch, and she was beginning to feel things happening in her body... like the tingling.

She managed to stand up, gasping for air as she held out her hand before her, and gasped as her fingers bubbled with motion, the fingernails folding in half and curving; the tips of her fingers thickening while the whole of her hand lengthened and her fingers strengthened. Definite claws formed at the ends of her fingers, just like in her dream, and lifting her other hand she saw that the same thing was happening with that hand too.

The tingling feeling was coming from tiny hairs pushing out of her flesh, her porcelain skin darkening by several shades of red as her body flushed with the throbbing of her blood; the hairs on her arms thickening while thinner and newer hairs pushed out of her shoulders and forearms.

And then she felt the crunch, and gasped as her body began to realign. She felt her ribs flaring open, pushing her chest outward, stretching her flesh and muscles while her hips folded outward, forcing her navel to grow longer and narrower while her chest became barreled and her ribs thickened to hold it all up.

But then she opened her mouth, and her teeth suddenly grew outward, and like she was hit in the back of the mouth, her jaw forced forward, compressing her nose along with her jaw before she fell forward, clawing at the ground with her fingers as she clenched her teeth and hissed through the gaps in them; saliva dribbling off her lower lip.

At the sides of her head she felt her ears burn as they folded upward, coming to definite points as she rolled forward, her chest pushing further outward as she balanced on her fingers and toes, her forearms and feet lengthening. The computer on her back squealed as it released emergency braces, and the metal band holding her swimsuit closed against her back suddenly lengthened with a double snap while her back spread further apart.

More hairs were spreading from the nape of her neck down the length of her back, her spine rolling outward, rising above the rest of her muscles, and she snarled, and then roared! Actually roared! A snap-growl thing that was definitely that of an animal as she arched her back and came again.

The computer chimed again with the release of her cum, and the next thing she heard was the Velcro on her feet tearing open as her toes widened the rest of her foot, snapping her sandals off.

Her bathing suit was being pulled forward with her enlarging chest, the neck of the thing sliding down below her nipples, and finally off her breasts completely as they hung right into her Muumuu, with the leg holes and arm holes stretching steadily.

And then her muscles mutated again, and she felt in some places as the packs of muscles halved themselves – namely her chest and most of her back and shoulders – and doubled in the number of muscles there just moments ago, forming dual layers.

Against her chest, her first layer of pectorals rose higher than the lower, the lower pair – holding her growing secondary tits – steadily began to thicken along with her primaries with mammary goodness, and she knelt over herself, cupping these new tits as they steadily began to swell. As they swelled, she felt moisture even as the computer on her back chimed again as she creamed milk into her kneading hands as she groped her vaginal mound.

And she came again.

"AHHH!" she cried, her feminine voice being mingled with a roar as her face cheeks became sunken and her mouth and nose were forced forward again to allow all her teeth to lengthen and sharpen again.

And then... something totally new happened as her lava-lava came undone, the seat of her bathing suit bottoms sliding down the cheeks of her rear, even as the muscles of her lower back clenched, and the tailbone of her spine suddenly turned outward and extended from her flesh with a pop into a little tail bulge that immediately wiggled. The thick, rounded cheeks of her rear then swelled and clenched about her thickening thighs, and as her tailbone elongated slightly and grew thick with more of those tiny hairs, drawing the hairs away from her cunt, her butt cheeks clenched around her sex; squeezing yet another orgasmic rush into her bathing suit as she squatted there.

Her abs all thickened, right along with her lats, her feet and hands thickening even as her tertiary breasts bulged outward into A-cups, her secondaries swelling into D's and her primaries... well... there wasn't a cup size large enough to describe them any more.

And then the feeling inside her, like a giant hand squeezing her, suddenly released, and Kirii collapsed to the ground, panting and gasping.

It was many long minutes before she was able to gain her senses enough in order to rise, and when she rose to her feet, she stood on her toes instead of settling on her heels. And at that moment, she looked down at her hands, but didn't see hands at all! She saw paws... with thick, strong pads surrounded by downy white fuzz, and long white claws gleaming from each finger tip.

More of that white fuzz hung off her shoulders and also on forearms in shallow fetlocks, while along her feet, she saw more claws and thick bulging toes, with the tops of her feet covered in more of that fuzz.

And then she felt something wiggle at her backside, and turning abruptly to look over her shoulder, twisting her body, she spied out of the corner of her eye a tail... an actual tail!

It was a short one... but it was a tail, nonetheless...

Her breath caught in her throat as she felt and saw it wiggle again, and she covered her butt with both hands to keep it from doing that.

Where she'd taken pleasure after each transformation, this time she was taking fear. And she was still growing! To look at her chest, barreled outward with four – four! – Breasts and two sets of chest muscles,

and four more tits along her abs were just ludicrous. And then she remembered something else, and lifting her hands to the sides of her head, she felt her ears, felt them sticking out slightly from out of her mane of frost-white hair, and felt their points.

Crossing her eyes, she saw her mouth and nose had pushed out slightly, compressing her nose over her upper lips...

What's... happening to me?!

Kirii retied her lava-lava, while her Muumuu now clung about her chest – or chests rather – instead of just hanging about it, but still covered her secondaries quite well. The fabric of her swimsuit had tightened up the loops and had distributed the stretchiness of the suit as best as it could before the computer node on her back closed again.

The suit computer had to do allot of recalculation, and she felt the suit realigning into a stringed two-piece, with straps from crotch to shoulders, and bands of cloth that could only manage to cover narrow bands across her primaries and secondaries, and a deep V-shaped wedge over her crotch. It was programmed to prioritize, and so it had no choice but to cover what it could. The crotch was of course first unless programmed otherwise, and the nipples second. Primaries first, then secondaries and so on. Unfortunately... It had only so much nano-cloth to distribute, and had to use far too much of it in straps and bands of cloth to cover all the nipples. As it was, what cloth there was, was practically sheer and translucent in all areas.

Her back including her behind were completely naked, as were her sides, with the suit hooking beneath her tail. She could feel the suit flossing her rear quite fiercely

The whole of her back was left open, and the arm holes had closed as tightly as they could so as to conserve fabric. She knew that the life of this thing had a very short lifespan now even in her present state, and if she transformed again, then it would surely be shredded apart.

She forced herself to walk heel to toe again, but she only managed that for a short while before finding herself walking on her toes again, and as she hurried home, she bought a quick bandanna to tie over her head and ears, but even as she was selecting one, her forearms suddenly thickened, and she held onto her wrist as she felt blood pumping into her hands to force those to thicken as well. When she gritted her teeth into a snarl, those immediately around her vacated the area.

I'm becoming a monster, she thought with a whimper in her throat as she hurried home.

She bought the bandanna even as the shop was closing for the night, and started walking home, swallowing hard as she feared being spotted like this while she tied the bandanna about her head to cover her ears.

But as she walked, she steadily rose up onto her toes again, and even as she noticed this happening, she felt the lancing wave of pleasure strike her sex and she groaned as her clit erected.

"Ah!" she gasped, and leaned against a shop window with one hand as her other hand pressed into her tight abs.

Her back was swelling again, and for the third time that night her swimsuit had to disengage its locks in order to allow her to transform... her bathing suit now translucent everywhere; her Muumuu was tightening about her arms and chest.

Slipping a hand between the folds of her lava-lava, she grit her teeth as her mouth and nose pushed forward a little more, and she cupped her sex to keep herself from orgasming again.

"No... n-not now. Just w-wait for me to... wait... AH!" she groaned, and her back arched as her hips rolled, and she felt a jet of hot warmth push into her hand as she came, her back computer again chiming in protest, the folds of her labia already swelling out the sides of the crotch of her suit as the pocket of flesh bulged forward and her clit pitched a tent. She turned, leaning more of her weight onto her supporting arm as her nipples erected, and she felt that prickling feeling, which meant more of those little hairs growing on her body, thickening the hairs into a bush of fur everywhere.

But then she heard a crystalline crack, and her head jerked to her side to see a great radial crack where her hand was, and forcing herself to be careful, gritting her teeth to control the sexual impulses that were growing in her, she slowly removed her hand.

She panted heavily in elation when she removed her hand from the window, without too much damage... but then she heard another crack, and another, and her eyes widened as the radial cracks lengthened to encompass the entire window, and then the whole thing shattered.

A moment later, she heard an alarm ringing on the inside of the shop, just before security lights in the street turned on, and several police cameras trained toward her. She lifted a hand to ward the features of her face while her body continued to churn in her transformation, and she cried out, groaning first, and then stated her concerns.

"I didn't do it! It was an accident."

But she heard sirens, and looking up, she saw a couple police hover patrol cars that were flying through the air turn on their sirens and head for her. Without thinking – being that a lot of her brainpower was focused in the sexual things happening between her legs and in her breasts – all ten of them – she simply ran.

Kirii found herself far away from where she was a short while ago, her back leaning against the wall, one of her thickened legs poking out of a flap of her lava-lava even as she orgasmed repeatedly, and she felt that creamy and silken fluid slide down her inner thigh.

She'd lost her sandals somewhere back there, the reason being her long feet, but thanks to them, she outran the cops.

Hopefully they didn't have her face on file from breaking that window now...

Kirii lowered her gaze to look at her transforming bodice. Her back computer had unlocked yet again, and it hadn't closed for the longest time, and her lava-lava, that had been at her calves this morning, was now barely covering her knees. Some of that was due to her thickening body, her ripening ass and her broadening hips, but...

She needed a place to hide.

Something inside her mind was telling her to hide. It wasn't safe out in the open, she was vulnerable and she was being hunted.

She looked around her, looked up, to her left and right, and to her right, she saw... trees.

There was only one place in the Manhattan area of New York that had trees anymore:

Central Park, she thought, and turned toward it.

Eight hundred and forty three acres, one hundred and thirty six of which were pure woodlands. This park has stood where it has in the middle of America's Finance center for the past two thousand years or so. A century or so ago, New York's second largest arcology, second largest after the Starlight Tower, the Central Park Arcology was thrown up to supply a myriad interconnecting buildings to surround the great park.

These buildings, each a mile wide and hugging the park's six mile perimeter, and each standing several city blocks outward from the park, form a flat edge facing the city, but a gentle sloping edge toward the park. The bottom level of this arcology is a ten story mall, all the way around the park, while the next two hundred or so stories are broken up into lower, middle, upper and elite social groups. Each block of the Arcology is bisected by a narrow break that is only a city block wide, allowing for public entrance into the park.

Kirii stepped into the quiet din of the park, and suddenly felt comforted... as if she were somewhere she belonged. The smells of the trees were prominent in her senses as she walked forward, and she could smell more and more of her own sexual juices and her sweat as she walked.

Remarkably, she used her sense of smell through the park, locating a cave that was perhaps used by a pack of wolves or a bear before Manhattan was erected, the place large enough for her to crawl into.

Her long, butt-length mane of hair dragged over one shoulder as she climbed into this dry cave, complete with a sandy bottom, and found herself able to stand up inside it. It smelled earthen. Kirii lay herself down in the middle of this place. Laying on her long belly and overly large chest, folding her arms about her breasts as she used them as a pillows.

While she lay there, she bit her lower lip, and immediately felt her eyes begin to water before she began to cry.

She was so happy this morning. Her life was changing too often and too rapidly, so much that she didn't even know what to do anymore.

She cried herself to sleep.

The police never found who'd broken the window of the shopkeeper's window, and didn't spend too much time trying to find the culprit being that nothing was reported stolen. The shopkeeper was forced to close down shop, move all his merchandise out of the front window and board up his store for a couple of hours that morning till a replacement window – bullet proof this time – could be made to replace the one that was broken.

Life went on.

Kirii opened her eyes, and then squeezed them shut again as her labia suddenly clenched. She could hear her muscles grinding as she changed again, her new transformation having awoken her, her hands clawing into the sandy ground as she felt her body mutating again, felt her back swelling outward, her chest forward, her breasts all enlarging till she heard the sound of sheering metal as the back brace of her swimsuit suddenly snapped open.

The sound of tearing greeted her as the bottom edge of her Muumuu suddenly tore open, and the bottom edges of her secondary breasts were born outward into the air.

It was like a micro orgasm. It lasted only for a few seconds, changed her a little, made her moisten a bit between her thighs, but other than that, did nothing else. She knew that she'd been sleeping for a very long time when she crawled out of her cave when she found that it was night out again.

She looked skyward, breathed in a deep breath of the night air, and lowering her head, was about to move forward when her sex spasmed, and she fell back against the cave entrance, feeling her femininity quiver, and she groaned, gritting her teeth as her feet and forearms lengthened a little, her claws grew thicker and longer, her mane of hair grew longer, and a few more hairs slid out of her pores everywhere.

There was a little more tearing from her muumuu just then, and she gasped as her nipples hardened and lengthened several more centimeters, trying to force their way from under the constrictive garment that they were being held within. Her head hair grew longer, and the trail of hairs along her growing tail and along her spine from the nape of her neck grew longer, and she swore that she could feel a treasure trail – a trail of pubic hairs – starting to rise along her navel.

Her feet spread and her tail grew longer still, and opening her mouth, she felt it bulge outward a little more, her jowls tightening with muscle with her ears swinging up and backward against her head, before her feet spread wider.

And then the feeling of change left her, almost as if using her sexually in order to transform her into some mythic monster. It left her gasping and aching for more, and squeezing her eyes and jaw shut, she creamed a little between her thighs.

"Damn it!" she growled low in her throat and pushed off of the cave mouth.

She needed a bath... and she needed food. Her belly was growling, and despite the big meal she had the other day, she now needed an even bigger one.

Trudging forward with one foot in front of the other, she exited her new home and headed for her old one.

"My Lord Pseudodrake," a soft voice mewed, coming from several of the speakers directly around the man with the white hair who stood looking out of the transparent plassteel windows of his office at the top of the Starlight tower... more than two and a half miles up into the air.

"Report Aysyx." He said aloud, currently in his human guise as a CEO of the Prime Universe's richest company.

"I have identified our subject..." the voice reported, that voice connected to the most powerful mobile computer in creation... a mechanized dragon by the name of Aysyx, formerly A-six. Shi – being that hir components were both of hir former male and female individuals – was connected directly into the Universal Matrix. Shi had direct control over Earth's computer systems, and likewise, Earth's offensive and defensive measures and everything that connected to them or could connect to them.

Shi was the first line of defense for Earth.

"You have? Aysyx, have I ever complimented you on how astute your information gathering abilities are?"

"Not recently, my lord." The voice changed, and if Aysyx could blush, Pseudo was sure shi was doing it now.

"Then I'll say it now. You have proven yourself an incredible asset, when even my magic couldn't locate the subject. How did you do it?"

"I have placed myself amongst the police monitoring scanners and security cameras throughout the city. As per the fundamental aspects of the Prometheus Serum, whoever is injected with the serum will begin to go through massive mutations.

"So I began with seeking out those individuals who were of abnormal size along the escape path probability of our thief, Gargoyle. I am sure you are already aware that Gargoyle has been captured?"

"I am." Pseudo replied and took a seat behind his desk; he was at the scene of the capture.

"Gargoyle – pardon, Terrance Wilhelm – stated in the police report when he was arrested for techno terrorism that the individual who did all the physical damage to him was a maiden of unusual size.

"That narrowed the search that our subject would be female, and so I narrowed the area of search to a ten mile radius around his capture point. Immediately, I found our subject:

"Her name is Kirii La'fond." And a holographic image displayed itself above Pseudo's desk of a wispy looking human woman who looked like a girl. "I acquired her the next morning after Gargoyle's capture, exiting the building right in front of Gargoyle's capture point. She was clearly overly sized for an individual to be living in a humans-only place of residence."

'Humans only' was not a measure of segregation, but rather a matter of housing codes. Being that the building was so old, it could only cater to the totally human. No dragons – not even lesser dragons – no genespliced variants, simply because the eight foot hallways and facilities couldn't cater to anything taller than a seven and a half foot human.

Asysx was then continuing

"The building owner, I'm afraid, is quite biased against non-humans, genesplicer variants and dragons."

Apparently... There were indeed certain individuals who still *did* hold racial biases.

"Pity." Pseudo said immediately.

"The building owner has recently issued an order to extradite her from her place of residence." Asysx said as a side note.

Pseudo gave a pitying snort through his nose. "She goes and gets genespliced and so he evicts her for it.

"Correct," Asysx continues. "He is apparently hiding behind the building codes to do so. The image being displayed, however, is not accurate with her present condition I'm afraid. This is a copy of her driver's license, though she doesn't own a car."

Pseudo nodded.

"This... was her condition twenty-eight hours ago at the time I acquired her."

A new image displayed, and Pseudo slowly rose to his feet as he saw the behemoth of a woman, and Asysx obligingly made several adjustments, displaying her mass, her height, weight, length of arms and legs, bust size, all her measurements, the instep of her foot, hair length, eye color, and on and on.

Pseudo exhaled a deep breath at the immense increase of size and strength of this woman.

"She presently holds a strength level as of yet unknown by any known genespliced individuals, and at the moment of acquisition she can easily be placed within the *'UNNATURAL'* strength levels of her race, and perhaps soon to become *'SUPERNATURAL.'*

"I can only suppose, in this matter, but I believe that Miss La'fond has had an increase of physical powers and abilities by a factor of several thousand percent in only forty-eight hours. Similar to Lady Runeblade-Fireheart's originating transformation, only far more drawn out."

"Twice the size, hundred times the mass..." Pseudo said aloud in thought. "Where is our subject now, Aysyx?"

"Unknown, milord..."

"Unknown? Aysyx, you lost her?"

"I do apologize, my lord, but I lost our subject entering into Central Park, and as you are well aware, that particular Ley Nexus point has been preserved, and my technological reach is very limited inside the park due to the magical interference of the park and lack of security cameras. If I may, I would like to re-task a satellite to watch over New York... or perhaps access the Space Ring's Sensor net?"

Pseudo paused for a moment in thought, rubbing his white goatee briefly. The Space Ring, the artificial space station that encircled the Earth, would make an admirable eye in the sky to keep track of their subject.

"Anything that you need Aysyx to follow her I give you permission to acquire for the duration of her reconnaissance. I know Evelyn is very edgy at the moment, and I don't want her mentality to affect her pregnancy, so I believe we need to find Miss La'fond immediately, else wise Eve will continue to blame herself for all this."

"Compliance, my lord. But, if I may, what should be done about Miss La'fond? At this stage, the serum's effects are irreversible and by now she would be entering into the mutative stages of the serum."

"Yes... we do owe her for this radical change of her life."

"Send an SI-agent to her home with everything necessary to take acquisition of her things and place them all in storage, and pay her landlord what is due to him. When you reacquire the subject, keep a close and watchful eye on her. I will personally make other preparations once the Serum has run its course."

"In the meantime, I will be returning to the Dragon's Tower. Eve will want to know that her long time enemy has been captured and implanted with a locator beacon and a detonator on his spine."

"Compliance, my lord." Aysyx said. "Update: I have located a new image from the police scanners, taken fourteen hours ago. Kirii has definitely begun her mutative stages."

Pseudodrake nodded and then exhaled a sigh.

"Summon Emil 'Kahn' Laio then, Aysyx. I want that Lycan masquerading as a gene-spliced variant analyzing all of your information immediately."

"Compliance... my lord."

Kirii stole her way into her apartment through the window, wedging the window open and then wiggled with much difficulty through it, but only after bending the base frame, the window frame and cracked the window in the process.

Once inside, she almost stood up straight, but then remembered that she was too big for this place and remained stooped over.

She'd left her Lava-Lava at the cave, and she needed some blankets now. The computer on her back had snapped in half on her way here, and her Muumuu was practically ripped in half down the front, and another rip was forming across her shoulders.

She sighed as she opened her linen cupboard and began throwing every last possible blanket she had into a heap in the middle of the floor. She included some other things... like a battery-powered camp lamp she'd bought for emergencies and some flashlights for the cave. They had mini-nukes in them, so they'd last longer than the flashlight bulb would. A radio, her music collection and a couple of books. This, she tied up into a bundle, and paused, hunched over, looking at it.

Her tail waved lightly at her backside, and then she closed her eyes and grit her teeth as another wave of sexual tension lanced through her loins, moistening her recently dried crotch a little. When it ended, she gasped for her air, feeling her arousal having reached a whole new level, and she marginally pondered at what had changed.

But then her stomach growled at her.

Need some food, she thought, and then looked to her refrigerator, and opened the door, looking for something to eat. She reached for something; some packaged, pre-processed ham slices, peeled one out with her claw tips, inserted it into her mouth and ate it.

But as that piece slid down her throat, she peeled another out and ate that, and while it was still in her mouth, she peeled another and ate that along with it.

Food! She thought, and removed the rest of the slices from their packaging, threw the package away and ate the remaining slices all at once. She reached for her two-gallon milk jug, wrenched the top off and began to drink, and reached for an egg and ate it raw with the shell. *More!* Her mind reeled, and she began to grab at things, sinking to her knees, she began pulling things out at random and simply ate it... she didn't care what it was.

A block of cheese, some turkey, lettuce, a loaf of bread, more milk, some chilled water, and more.

Food! She screamed inwardly, opened up the freezer and ate the frozen stuff too. Frozen vegetables with chocolate syrup, maple syrup with a block of butter... she literally cleared the fridge out, and then roared, like a lioness roaring over her kill. And when all the food was gone, she wrenched her gaze sideways and looked at the aluminum cans left over from her pop drinking, and strangely, she ate those too.

She craved metal, and ate the foil covering some of her leftovers, and as she ate, her belly distended a little with all the food, slowly filling to the brim as she engorged herself, and almost as fast as she was eating it, it was being used.

And then, with it all gone, she licked her lips, holding both sides of the refrigerator and freezer doors open. And she belched.

But just then, she heard a banging on her door.

"Miss Kirii La'fond? This is the NYPD. We've been reported with a disturbance, are you ok?"

Kirii didn't answer, but instead leapt to her feet, her toe claws scraping the floor as she grabbed her lump of blankets and things, and stopped, hearing the pounding of a fist on her door as she found herself staring at her image in her mirror.

"Miss La'fond? Are you all right? Please open the door!"

A pair of semi-glowing cat's eyes, complete with almond pupils, stared back at her, with her mouth and nose pressed slightly forward and long lamb chop sideburns decorating her cheeks. Her pointed ears were sticking out of her white mane of hair, and her mouth and nose was practically a short muzzle.

Compressing her enlarged brows, she heard the police banging on her door again, and she picked up her mirror, strode to the window facing the fire escape, and with a well placed kick, sent the window frame reeling over the edge to go crashing against the far wall of the building next door.

"We're coming in!" the policeman said, and there was the slamming sound of a body trying to elbow its way through the door.

Kirii simply climbed out, and leapt to the ground carrying her things, and landed even as the telltale sound of the door breaking off its hinges echoed above her. Setting her jaw, she began to run back to her cave... finding her vision blurring as tears welled up in her eyes.

Kirii sat back, feeling a little somber as she looked at her new home.

She'd made a hole in the sand, cushioned her new bed with fir-tree branches, and then laid all her blankets over it. She'd brought a few pillows along with her blankets, and had rounded her bedding with all sorts of large rocks and boulders. She'd placed all her lights all around the room, had her books by her bed, and finally... she placed her mirror casually on one side of the chamber, settling it securely in the sand.

She stood there... looking at herself, trying to be strong, trying not to look away... and most of all... trying not to see herself as a monster.

Hunching her shoulders, she peeled herself out of her swimsuit. Without the computer module working at the back, it'd stopped adjusting the fabric tensions and holes, and simply went to slack fabric. It was all translucent, but still hid her nudity pretty well. Her Muumuu had shredded about her chest, back and arms already, and was deposited in some muddy alleyway somewhere. All she had left for clothing was this swim suit...

She stepped out of the thing, allowing it to fall to the ground about her feet, and there she stood, looking at herself naked.

She didn't know what to think at the moment as she looked at herself, her tail waving at her backside as she stood with feet apart, her muscular arms hanging at her sides, held outward a little because of all the muscle on her, her enormous tits pressing against her bulging biceps. She stood on her toes... she gave up trying to walk on her feet when it became painful to do so.

Her big toe wasn't growing outward with her other toes; that one was staying right where it was, being drawn up into a dew claw on the insides of her feet. Her forelegs were smooth and slender, decorated by a strip of fur-like hair from the knee to her foot, with her calves flaring wide and angular about the backs of her legs. Her thighs were unbelievably thick and muscled, and she was looking at muscle striations that she knew couldn't exist in a natural human body, especially the ones radiating from her pussy along her inner thighs, and if such muscles did exist, then she was possibly the first human being in existence to possess them.

Her hips were wide and joined with her rounded bottom quite well, with her tail hanging between her legs just in view, and all of that framing her narrow yet supremely muscled abdomen.

Twenty abdominals began beneath a ribcage that hooked over and around the her abs, with the four top-most abs each holding a nipple with a swollen pad of a tit. Those twenty abdominals were wide and bulging, angling in the feminine hour-glass shape, while four sets of lateral-obliques framed those abs on

either side. Those obliques merged in with her ribs, those into her sides, and those into the snake head-like hood of her back muscles flaring wide about the sides of her body.

At the base of all those abs, was the source of her femininity.

But only three days ago, that had been nary a smooth slit in her body that allowed entry into her womanhood. Now, her labia had thickened to a pronounced shape and form, swollen wide and held firmly between her thighs, with a perpetually erect clit, reddened and throbbing constantly, caught between the lips of her virginity; the recesses of her cunt a deep crevice that tensed every now and again by her constant stream of micro-orgasms.

White hair, the same color of her head hair, decorated her crotch and climbed up her navel, past her belly button to her mid belly in a narrow strip of fur-like hairs, and as she stood there looking at herself, she slid her fingers along this tuft of hairs, brushing her fingers pleasingly along her sex, and forcing moisture to leak from inside her as her body aroused again. She pushed a pair of fingers deep inside her, tickling her insides and stroking her clit as she bit her lower lip, feeling more of her sexual juices slide between her fingers.

Pulling her fingers out, feeling her clit hardening, she began to take pleasure in her own body, feeling her ribs that jutted firmly over her abdominals, with thick pads lining the front around her sternum, and forming feathered bones that likewise feathered with the muscles of her sides.

And then her hands rose to her chests. Two layers of pectoral muscles, each being striated and muscled to the point where thick chords of muscle radiated from her sternum toward her shoulders, and at the base of each layer of this muscle was held a tit.

Her primaries took up most of the view, two immensely huge mammaries punctuated with a constantly erect nipple and teat, either larger than her head, either immensely firm, and either engorged with milk. Her secondaries, thought not as large as her primaries were firm enough to support those primaries upward atop her chest. Their nipples pointed straight forward, and like her primaries, were firm with milk.

She caressed each of her breasts and nipples, getting milk to leak from inside her as her hands slowly moved upward to her neck, her thick, powerful neck that practically went straight from her head to her broad and muscled shoulders, each shoulder possessing a realm of thick muscle that bulged massively around the tops of her arms. Thick tufts of white fur decorated these shoulders, flaring wide over either of her arms, which led straight into equally-sized biceps and triceps that flared to the fore and the rear of her arms at all times. Hanging from those were her lengthened forearms, and from those, were paws – not hands – with great, thick claws at the end of each finger that shone pearly white.

She lowered her hands to her breasts again, drawing her fingers back to her claws as she looked at those paws, her claws sliding delicately over her flesh.

More fur decorated her forearms in thick tufts along the outward edge of her forearms and about the backs of her hands and arms.

She was strong, and as she turned and looked at her back, which was a series of mountainous bulges all lying one over the other, she looked even stronger.

She thought for a moment...

Perhaps this is going too far in my wishes to be bigger and stronger, she thought.

And suddenly she grit her teeth and fell to her hands and toes, her breasts pressing over her knees as she orgasmed, and a hot, viscous fluid ejected from her cunt in a lancing orgasm into the sand, and she gasped as her muscles mutated again; all of them realigning, splitting, tearing, re-healing, thickening, and bulging outward. Her mouth and nose pushed out further with a series of cracks and snaps, more teeth growing

inside her maw, and then the whole of her face pushed outward, her ears rising a few centimeters atop her head, and the prickling feeling returned, and more hairs pushed out of her forearms, forelegs, crotch, chest around her boobs and back, and with a gasp it left her again... stronger, more exotic, cat-like.

Syrupy moisture dangled from her compressed labia even as its remnants was squeezed out of her, and before rising, she folded some of the sand over her ejaculate like a cat covering waste in a sandbox.

I need a bath; she thought and crawled out of her den.

She found a pond amidst the forest in which to bathe... the water was cold, but she wouldn't be in full view here. Wading in, she came to about hip height on her... which was somewhere around five feet deep now, and then knelt, dipped her head, swam forward a few meters, and then rose, pushing her long mane of hair backward before she settled back in the shallows on her back.

Her breasts still stuck out into the air, and while she lay there, she had another re-visitation of a micro orgasm, but she ignored most of it.

Lying there, under the light of the two moons of Earth, she pondered her life now... wondering what would become of her.

She bathed, washing all the dirt, grime, sweat and cum off her of several days, and because she was growing hungry again, she washed off her tits, maneuvered first one and then the other of her primaries, and drained them dry of all their milk.

Then she sat there, waving her hands in the water as she sat, and amidst the cool waters she closed her eyes as another euphoric wave of pleasure took her, and her breasts swelled a few more centimeters while she creamed into the water; several of her muscles growing thicker.

She felt like she was losing herself, and while she sat there, she looked down at her transforming face reflected in the water, seeing her face with all its feline features now, her high tapering ears twitching while her face was framed on either side by her immense chest.

She laid back, her thick mane of frost white hair waving about her head as she felt the waters lap at her immense breasts and secondaries that still poked out of the water that they were so huge.

She stared at the moons, lying comfortably in the water with her ears underwater. There was a sense of deafness when one's ears were under water, and it made one able to think a lot better.

"Great Maker," she whispered. "No matter what happens to me, please don't let me loose myself." And she closed her eyes tightly, and hoped and wished so hard that she began to cry.

Kirii bent low over herself, gasping for her air as she settled in a corner of her den, shivering heavily in the nude. She gasped inwardly, moaned outwardly with every breath, her claws grinding into the earth as she felt as if she were inflating from the inside... sure that something was about to give.

Her hair jostled about her head as she moaned a slick of cum that slid from her already sopping-wet pussy, her belly slick with moisture, her mammaries erupting in subtle jets of cream, her body glistening beautifully with her sweat.

And then she grit her teeth, her jaw clenching as her cheeks sank more and her jaw broadened, her mouth and nose pushing forward more as whiskers bristled into place. She growled as she came again, her ears rising long and high above her head before she began to orgasm repeatedly.

And then she heard the cracking and the groaning in her body.

She shivered one more time, hunching on herself, her back arching deeply till, with a series of popping crunches, like bones being ripped out of joint, Kirii's spine broke upward from her back, one spine at a time.

And then her chest thrust downward, her primary and secondary breasts swelling outward, thrusting powerfully with the force of the growth straight into the sand between her arms, her spine lengthening along her tail into something six feet long now, while her legs swelled and realigned, her belly and middle lengthening and her arms amassing with even more greater muscle than ever.

A couple of pops signified her legs rotating in their hip sockets, and several more sounds like breaking guitar strings ruptured about her arms as her muscles erupted outward in abnormally huge striations. More thickening bones, more muscle tightening all over her body, and this time, there was a sharp stabbing pain in her chest, right at her sternum as all her muscles suddenly began to tense and thicken toward the center of her chest.

"AH!" she cried out, shivered again, and her back hefted higher, her bottom wider and her sex spread wide between her legs, nestled between the cheeks of her rear just beneath her long tail, even as the transformation ended and she collapsed to the ground, cumming again while her breasts compressed beneath her and she clawed at the ground, panting heavily in the exertion of so many orgasmic growths and changes.

It was mind altering.

With a groan she pushed her face into the sand, sliding her claws against it as her body writhed briefly.

This was the first time after a transformation in which she felt pain, a stinging pain in her body, and aching. It took a few minutes to go away as she came again, and forcing herself up onto her hands, her breasts leaving the sandy ground long after she'd lifted, she could feel growth in her tertiaries... and she'd grown another pair of the things...

She had ten tits now.

As she sat back, she felt a new pain as she sat on her tail wrong, and she rose sharply and readjusted the way she was sitting before fingering her A-cup tertiary breasts that were likewise leaking minute levels of milk.

Kirii bent forward, walking on her hands and feet, able to walk on all fours now, exiting her new home before standing up. It was evening again... she seemed to have become nocturnal as of late.

As she rose, one could see the beautiful things that had been happening to her over the past several days. Her mane was spiky, waving about her head in the wind, with the bottom half of it tied into a great braid and closed off with some twine that she found on the ground.

Soft gloves and boots of white fur decorated her forelegs and forearms, ending in long fetlocks that hung off their outer most edges of her super-muscular arms and legs. Fur was growing on her face, down her neck and in between her breasts, while her treasure trail and the fur down her chest had almost met. Her breasts remained clear of fur, though they felt like felt cloth now, soft and tempting, due to a ever so fine realm of fur covering them all.

She loved folding her arms beneath them and hefting them high atop her chest to nuzzle and kiss them with her lips.

They were very pleasing to rub.

Her nipples all stood on end constantly, along with her vivacious clit between the engorged labia.

Her butt and most of her belly was fur free, but her shoulders upward were covered in it.

Recently... she'd started developing black stripes.

Each morning she awoke and saw herself changed a little bit more. Three times or more a day she experienced a life-altering orgasm; literally life-altering. If the other women really and truly knew what that meant, they wouldn't want one... and likewise stop asking for it.

She remembered when she wanted one and now that she got them she wished they'd go away now.

Her leafy green eyes had become totally feline... there were no more whites of her eyes, her pupils were almond shaped, and the facets of her eyes reflected ambient light now.

She looked down at her arm, feeling another mild pressure in her loins, and her labia squeezed out a slick of more of her love juices that trickled down her thigh. It happened so often, she didn't even have time to notice it anymore.

Her hand attached to that arm was massive, with long fingers and thick knuckles, each one ending in a long white claw that was retractable. The muscle striations in her arm were inhuman, unnatural... She was so strong that she lifted a parked city hover-bus the other night and didn't even feel the weight.

Scared quite a few people in the mean time.

The newspapers, when she was digging for food in the waste bins where she'd found the article, were calling her the Beast of Central Park.

...Starlight Industries Chairman and CEO Teran Draconoshi answered questions of the New York Post today at a press conference, stating that the individual known as the "Central Park Beast" is not on record as having ever received gene-splicing modifications from Starlight Industries. It is known that The Beast is indeed a female, the unmistakable fact that the sexual enhancements of this Anthromorph are decidedly feminine.

Universal Geneticist and Genesplicer knowledge, Emil "Kahn" Laio, added: "She is a remarkable example of what genesplicing could possibly do for the human race." Emil commented, standing in the form of a highly stylized White Siberian Tiger Anthromorph. "The beast possesses strength levels unheard of by any Anthromorph, and the physical size and the extent of her 'transformations' are well beyond any recorded capability of any previously Gene-spliced Anthromorph."

Doctor Laio, the spokesperson for the advancement of genetic research, genesplicing and Anthropomorphic freedoms, himself is one of the Sol-Teran Alliance's most advanced Anthromorphs.

It was theorized also by...

Other experts state...

Below is a drawing of The Beast, as depicted by police artists on information of eye-witnesses. As you can see...

Kirii had read that article so many times, she'd memorized it. The image of The Beast provided in the article was a spot nigh on perfect as to how she looked three days ago. She wondered if that picture had been updated...

She felt her tummy rumbling, and looking down, tried to quiet it.

She'd been living off refuse as of late, and it was leaving a sour taste in her mouth. She needed real food... and lots of it, but she couldn't just walk naked into some store...

She had no money at all anymore and no way to access her bank account.

With a long sigh, her eyes lifted to the arching ridge of the Arcology surrounding the Park.

She knew it was wrong to break and enter, not to mention steal... but... one's own survival overrides one's own code of ethics...

Kirii found it wonderfully easy to scale the steep slope of the arcology, using her strong fingers and claws, she was able to run half way up the steep slope, and then jump from porch to porch the rest of the way up – avoiding all the lit ones – till she came to one that was darkened.

She landed on one of the large balconies for the upper class residents, her breasts jostling with the lurching motion of landing, and as she peered inside, her stomach growled. She padded back and forth, remarkably silent as she moved, and lifting a hand to the porch sliding glass door, she pulled it open – thankfully... no one would lock a sliding window this far up lest they had small children – and walked in on all fours.

She paused for a moment, just inside, feeling the soft carpeting, a missed feeling, beneath her feet and hands, and then lifting her greatly maned head, she sniffed out for the food, and quickly found her way into the section of the large apartment where the attached refrigerator was. When she opened it up, she found the jackpot!

A whole roast was sitting there, with a block of cheese, lots of milk, and without thinking, she grabbed for the roast and the milk and began two fisting them, eating them down. The eggs, the butter, a loaf of bread, gravy... she couldn't help herself... she was famished!

She downed shelf after shelf... all the meat, all the dairy, all the grains, even the fruits and vegetables... everything including what one would usually leave over as wastes like the skins, the cores, the foil wrappings... but she needed more. Her body needed more to grow. More! More! Mo-

click-chack

Kirii paused at the sound, her cheeks full of ham, and she whirled, her breasts bouncing before she slammed back-first against the refrigerator at the sight of a shotgun pointed at her.

"I don't know who – or even what – you are," A man growled in his bathrobe, and Kirii swallowed her mouthful hard. "But you just ate all the food for my business party tomorrow... My promotion needed for that party to become a reality, and you just ruined fifteen years of work. You are about three seconds from having a twelve gauge blast its way through your hide."

He reached for the phone, picked it up, and Kirii heard the tell-tale tones of him dialing nine-one-one, and with a quick glance down at her body, her monstrous body, she lurched forward, slashed her claws across the phone chord to sever the connection. She then pushed the man back with a light shove that forced him into the wall so hard it broke the drywall around his body, and she tore away on all fours, shredding the

carpet as she lunged out the door with her ears pinned to the back of her head and her tail rising for more speed.

Without thinking, riding only on some instinct that was now bred into her, she leapt off the balcony, not knowing that a hunter trains himself against flying targets, and as she was hurtling through the air, there were two loud booms, the second of which cut her in the side and she spasmed about the gaping wound in her side.

"OW!" she cried as she fell down toward the ground, the wind licking painfully at her eyes and the wound in her side, and as she looked down, more instinct cut in.

A second eyelid – how strange – moved in front of her eyes to cut off the sting of the wind against her eyes, and weakly she twisted and moved, and landed on her feet just enough to soften the fall before she rolled several meters and wound up on her back.

She looked up from where she laid in the field, saw the precipice from where she'd leapt, and realized she'd just jumped from a height of over a hundred and fifty stories!

She rolled onto her side opposite from where she'd been shot, and feeling her side, she felt the slick of blood there, and she hissed with the pain of it. Sure... she stole all the poor guy's food, but did he really have to shoot her?

She got to her feet and rose to a stand, really hating life now, even as she heard the police sirens from their hover units screaming in. Within minutes the whole park would be overrun with cops. She'd have to get back to her den before they found her...

Kirii had taken it upon herself to wedge a boulder in front of her door that night, especially when the K-nine units – humans who'd been genespliced with German Shepherds that were in the police force – sniffed around for her. She had lain in her den, breathing steadily, feeling, strange things happening against her side. Every time she looked at the wound, it looked better and better off by the moment, and even when she watched it, she thought she could see it repairing itself. By morning... there wasn't even a scar! Also all the fur had grown back there.

She felt her side, thankfully she still sated, but she'd have to be more careful the next time she raided a house for food.

It had been a week now since she'd been injected with whatever that was that was changing her, and she could perhaps consider herself a full cat. Very little of her was still human. Hopefully... her mind still was.

The whole of her body, save her breasts, were covered in fur - her face, her belly... everything. – with thicker and heavier tufts forming down the center of her chest – she loved the way it caressed the insides of her breasts - over her shoulders, her crotch and pelvis, her calves and long forearms. Her face was that of a cat, and her head had a pair of high-hooded ears atop it, poking out of a long luxurious mane.

And she was strong! Immensely strong! She bent an I-beam at a construction site as if it was a paperclip, and she could lift boulders that were larger than she was as if they weighed absolutely nothing!

Even her own weight didn't seem to hamper her down. All her life she felt a minute drag from the Earth's gravity pulling her down and now there was nothing! She felt weightless, as if a strong breeze could've blown her down, but here in the windy city... she was constantly reminded that that wasn't to be true.

She was heavy enough to leave footprints in dry ground... To which scientists loved to make plaster casts of. They treated her just like that poor Bigfoot fellow that they found in Yellowstone. At least his descendants were living comfortably in a sprawling mansion for all the publicity he got...

Kirii thought that the 'Bigfoot™ shoe line' was a little much though...

Her breasts likewise were not being drawn downward by gravity. They held themselves up high atop her chests firmly, full and rounded and always full of fresh, warm, creamy milk.

As it was, as she awoke that night, feeling her loins aching for release, she sighed, and slid her hand down her twenty or so abdominals, and right into the warmth of her femininity. Her hard clit slid between her fingers, her sex moistened firmly as she awoke purring, and her tail, now long and thick, waving gently at its end. Then her cat's eyes opened and she rolled onto her back, a Titaness of a she-hulk, a sexy tigress of immense physical power and a massively flowing mane waving about her head. Her legs spread open as she admired her body, and bending forward, she practically folded herself in half, nuzzled her sex with her lips and nose, smelling the scent coming from her pussy and then began to lick her own labia clean with a tongue that now had combing bristles on it; her breasts flaring and compressing between her as she did this.

That was a trick that no human without a mutation, genesplicing or surgery could do at all, and her long body allowed for her to pleasure herself like this, give some sort of release from the constant orgasmic dreams – awaking and sleeping – that she had, and she wondered, perhaps, if this is what it meant to be in heat...

Her tongue licked her hard, erect clit, the inside of each labia as she came softly, and she sucked on the mound to clean it of all the juices while her four primaries and secondaries cleaved more fully to either side of her body.

Folding a leg upward, she nuzzled her pleasing sex and pushed her tongue deeper inside her body, forcing her to shiver, forcing her breasts to cream as she came one last time and she licked the syrupy moisture off.

Once she'd finished done licking herself, she sat up, licked the juices off her fingers that she'd used to probe herself, and then hefted her tit a little, testing its weight. Her purr grew in pitch as she felt the warmth in her chest, and knew that she was about due for a milking, and inserting her first tit into her mouth, she began to drink...

Her four primaries and secondaries were drained, and she had to squeeze the milk out of her three sets of tertiaries mammaries, which she inserted into a jug she'd rescued and cleaned.

Every night, she gave this to the stray cats that were in the park, all of whom seemed to visit her now and again now. She even had a couple living with her, and rested on her belly in a curled up ball as they purred softly. She noticed that she attracted a lot of male cats...

With a purr still in her throat, she moved forward and pushed the rock of her den open, slid sexily out into the open, running her back along the upper edge of hole leading inside and then rubbed her butt against the top of the entrance to marking it with her scent before she lightly pushed the boulder back into place once the kitties that were staying with her had all gotten out.

"Ahh... what a beautiful night." She purred, and hugged her breasts to her, her labia becoming pressed between her thick thighs. She was ten feet tall now, especially when standing on her widely-spread toes, and she was beautiful! An array of tiger stripes had grown all over her body, accenting her femininity and her sexiness, and she displayed it gladly.

Perhaps... perhaps she could rejoin human life again... It would mean some changes, and some paid back food stocks... but nonetheless, she was growing comfortable with all this newfound beauty, strength and sexiness.

Life was good!

"Help me!!" came the cry.

Kirii's ears pricked up to the sound, and she immediately rushed off on all fours, her tits wobbling beneath her as she silently picked her way like a tigress through the foliage to where the cry had uttered from. She came to a crest of bushes overlooking a path in the park in time to see a young woman, barely a woman, being chased by a slovenly man.

"C'mere baby! I just want to give you some... tender lovin'!" he laughed, squealing like a stuck pig, which made the girl cry.

Kirii watched them both go by, and she was torn for a moment about revealing herself and saving her fellow fem.

The woman began racing across the field to a blue light alarm post, but midway across the field the man jumped on her, wrestled with her and turned her over amidst kicking and screaming, and began pulling her skirts up over her hips to get at her panties.

With that moment, Kirii's mind simply reacted, and she leapt out of the bushes and tore across the tailored lawn of the park, grabbing the assailant by the neck and wrenching him up and away from the woman, holding him with her single fist closing about the whole of his throat before she roared in his face; her eyes wide, her long hooking teeth glistening with spittle, her tongue flaring while her exhale of a roar blasted the man's face with her saliva.

Kirii's canine teeth had grown long... so long that they overlapped the teeth opposite them. The rest of her frontal teeth had tipped and hooked themselves into tearing, ripping things that folded sweetly with the teeth opposite them, with the crowns of her molars had grown thick and wide and made just right for crushing bones.

The assailant saw these teeth as she roared at him, and he did just what every lame ass male did when faced with such force.

He wet his pants.

Kirii growled at him, pushing her face easily into his as her fingers held him there, and it became an effort not to crush his throat. She then turned her eyes toward the young woman he'd attacked, and her eyes softened immensely.

"Are you all right, miss?" she asked sweetly and softly, and she crawled away a little, but nodded. "That's good." Kirii said softly then, smiling, but making sure not to show off her teeth to her so as not to frighten her. "Now, quickly... go pull that alarm... I'm going to deal with this would-be rapist here..." she said, and jerked her head back to the man and growled at him.

The man whimpered.

Kirii smoothed her hands over her belly, glad at the thing she'd done. She'd left the man hanging by his underwear by a lamp post, and watched with glee as the police arrived and put him under arrest with the young woman she'd helped telling the police who came excitedly about what had happened.

She left quietly, purring softly to herself as she wandered the park, feeling quite free and happy.

She was enjoying walking around naked now, and she had so much muscle combined with so much tits and ass to go with it, that she felt it would be blasphemy to *not* show all this off...

It was wonderful.

She strode into the zoo area of the park, still purring to herself, and began looking over all the animals. She'd never had time to really come here, though she'd always wanted to since she was a little girl. Though Manhattan and New York were so close together, she and her parents never really had all that much money or time to make the trip before they died.

Such was the life of a middle class family.

She sighed, reaching over to pet the elephants. She was amazed that she could stand shoulder to shoulder with the large bull there, and this one wrapped his trunk about her middle teasingly as if she were a friend. She patted him on the shoulder and scratched him behind the ears.

She passed by the monkeys, the wolves – who shied away from her – but then she came to the tiger cage, and stepping passed the "Do Not Cross" sign written in English, Spanish, Arabic, Chinese and Draconic, she crouched right next to them, and found both of the great tigers – among the few left living in the world according to their sign – nuzzle right up next to her, purring.

The white male was particularly affectionate. She liked boy cats... boy cats were always so affectionate like that to her, and she purred back, nuzzling the great tiger's head, feeling him lick her cheek.

She patted him on the head and scratched his ears and chin, and then rose to leave, but paused as she felt the Tiger push his head out of the cage and sniff at her, and looking down between all her breasts, she giggled at the feel of the tiger's wet nose against her navel.

He sniffed her abs, he sniffed her thighs, and then reaching out with a paw to hold onto her thigh he opened his mouth a little and licked her.

It wasn't a lick on her belly or her thighs, but rather... it was a tenacious lick right over her wet pussy.

She closed her eyes and griped the taut steel bars of the cage as that tongue, with its comb of bristles, began to smooth away the layer of fur over her sex, and though she immediately found this wrong, she couldn't think but to allow it to happen, and slowly tilted her hips forward to allow more of it.

She moaned, feeling her heart racing, feeling her clit erecting harder, feeling her labia swelling and groaning as the muscles clenched and spread open. She gave off a low moan, feeling that tongue licking her, licking her in just the right way for a cat to lick, and she moistened, and then grew wet, and then she moaned with an orgasm.

"Ah... AH!" she cried, her juices welling inside her, her nipples standing on end, aching even as they quivered. Her butt cheeks clenched in an effort to keep her thighs open for that tongue, her tail lifted, and she groaned, her back arching now to push her pelvis forward against the cage.

"Ah!" She cried, and began to cream. "M-more!" she moaned, and swooned as the tiger somehow did more.

And just when she was about to scream out in the agony of such pleasure, her chest heaving repeatedly as she took in the air to do so...

"Hey! What the hell do you think you're doing?!" someone yelled, and she turned rapidly away from the tongue, her elation dwindling as she rounded on two foot-officers. "Holy **SHIT!**"

"Lookit the *size* of 'er." The partner said. "Tazers at maximum, call for support."

"I-I I didn't mean any harm." Kirii managed in a small mewling voice.

"Holy *Shit!* She can talk!" the first spoke, raising a tazer gun at her.

Unlike the tazer guns of the late twentieth century when they were first used by officers of the law, the modern Tazer Gun – manufactured by Starlight Industries – projected an electrified bolt of electricity that could knock out a residential grade vehicle's electrical system, or in the case of the zoo here, knock out a bull elephant or a charging rhino. Above all, it was fully capable of knocking a greater bull dragon on his backside.

She didn't care to think as to what that would feel on her.

"Hold it right there." The other officer said, raising his own weapon, and she could hear the priming charges for the guns increase in pitch as a laser sight was aimed at her, "This is patrol nine-two... we have... *something*... in custody. Need backup. Need lots of backup!"

"B-but I didn't do anything wrong." She mewed, stepping backward, trying to protect the tiger.

"Sure... and molesting that rare White Siberian Tiger was nothing?"

"B-but he was molesting me." She tried to say before she was overridden.

"And naked in Central Park to boot."

She also tried to answer that all her clothes had ripped, but then she heard the sirens, and at the moment she felt as if her back was up against a corner, and the instinct that was present even in humans, and intensified now with her tiger instincts of 'fight or flight,' rose up in her, and she began to growl, and then rumble, before she screeched at them, an ear-piercing cry that escaped her throat as she leapt over them and began running, first on two feet, and then tipping forward, sped away on all fours with her breasts bouncing and wobbling from the muscles bunching and clenching and then releasing.

The first electrical shock busted a crater in the ground beside her and she leapt to her left.

The next snapped a tree in half, and she leapt to her right.

The third lanced square into the middle of her back.

With a scream she tumbled forward, twitching fiercely as if struck by a lightning bolt. A gigawatt of electricity could do that to a body.

But she was no mere human now. She shuddered upward and fell forward again, raised again – her mind dizzy as she lumbered sideways a little – she bumped into a tree and tilted the whole thing sideways, and then managed to pad forward.

By the time the police had arrived, Kirii had fled back into her den and sealed it shut behind her.

Stage 6: Cyberfication

We have deemed that the first transformation sequence will complete itself within approximately one week's time. Laio has been very efficient in his genesplicing information and technology, and as such, we believe that the subject will have completed their first transformation by this time. Thanks to the hypernites, a process that would normally take months to complete is instead completed in a matter of days. A breakthrough to say the least in his coveted Genesplicing field.

The psychology of an individual who enters into this process willingly is not necessarily a problem, but for the individual who was force-fed the serum, we can expect that they will develop a god complex or two.

It will thusly become imperative that we locate the subject as soon as possible.

By this time, also, the subject will begin to enter into yet another stage of transformation, as well as a serious series of cybernetic modifications. By this time, the various CPU's, SPU's and the MCPU will all have networked themselves together, sharing resources, thinking together, increasing their brain power. Immediately upon completing the network, the viral-hypernites will yet again discover that they lack sufficient power in order to function.

This will become a growing trend in their subsequent growth stages of requiring more and more power.

As such, the Viral-Hypernites will begin to search for newer and better methods of gaining power, the first immediately available option of is to increase the size of the existing power plant, and likewise build new ones.

But they also realize that there is a growing error in the enhancement process of the host organism, and that being the tensile strength of the host's existing Calcium-Carbonate bone structure is not strong enough to support the body's muscle mass, and as the body grows stronger, so too does the chance of bodily collapse grow as the muscles grow too strong and too heavy for the skeletal system to support. This realization comes when the Viral-hypernites continually find themselves repairing bone-tissue.

So the MCPU deems that the body must be reinforced before further growth can continue.

This also places a time limit on the body... for the next transformation period begins in only a few short days.

- Aysyx

Kirii awoke with an aching pain in her chest, and for the first time in over a week she didn't awaken with an orgasm. With a groan she rolled forward, feeling the bones in her chest groan as they rotated against her sternum, clicking and groaning repeatedly.

"Ah... goodness..." she groaned, rubbing a spot between her sizeable breasts, breathing heavily in an attempt to get all that pain down.

But amidst all that, the hot pain gave way to the cool sense of pleasure, which, oddly, enhanced the pain in her chest. She could feel her muscles growing still, and could, hear the groaning and cracking of her bones as she literally grew little by little.

"Ow." She groaned, and slipped forward, wanting to get some fresh air.

The tunnel was rapidly growing to be too small for her, and she was having to squeeze her way out now. Later this evening, she'd dig a deeper tunnel for easier access.

She finally crawled outward, her breasts scooping and pushing a layer of dirt out of the way due to their incredible masses, she having become more cat-like today than ever before, with the thick fur and her swinging boobs, but now that she could stand up and breathe some fresh air her chest didn't hurt so much anymore.

"Hmm..." She sighed, breathing and smelling the air at the same time.

She was liking all her new powers, and despite the growing chill in the air, she felt quite warm at the moment, thanks to all her fur.

"Well time to get to work." She said with glee, and then bounded off on all fours.

There was a growing legend of the Beast of Central Park that Kirii was beginning to get multiple newspaper clippings of. They were all about her, of course.

'A tiger lady, she was eight, no, more like ten feet tall!'

'She saved my kitty!'

'A'yup. Me and my partner were just walkin' along, and then here we come upon that thar she-beast pleasured' 'erself on one of the tigers 'ere in the park!'

Kirii mewed, and started looking for troubles she could solve, and nightly, here in the park, there were thieves to be had, there were rapists to stop... she felt powerful, and even as it was, she was thinking of broadening her area of influence to include areas outside the park.

She was lumbering across a park grove when the aching in her chest returned and she collapsed to her knees, grasping her chest as she could feel something growing inside her now. Before, it was her whole body growing; now it was inside her, mutating her insides... her bones.

She gasped and fell forward to her hands and knees, huffing and puffing, saliva dripping from her glistening white teeth a few moments before she heard the first lurching break of her bones... a solid snap from inside from two of her rib bones dislocating from her sternum, and immediately it became harder for her to breathe.

"Ah!" she groaned, and then roared in pain as she felt cracking within her chest, her ribs breaking along the sides, and she gasped, trying to breathe through all the pain and pressure, and her body sagged as she found it increasingly more difficult to stay awake.

But then she felt more of the growing things inside her body, like little spiders weaving webs, and with a lurching snap, the two dislodged ribs were wrenched back into place, and Kirii leaned back and gasped in the breath of life.

She felt as if every rib on either side of her body was bruised or cracked.

She coughed, rubbing her sternum, feeling her profound healing abilities taking care of the problem in some new, impalpable way it seemed, but under the circumstances... perhaps it would be best not to go out tonight.

Rising to her feet, she turned, and slowly walked home.

Kirii lay in her den, atop all her gathered and accumulated blankets and pillows with several cats lying all about the chamber; some of the blankets and pillows having come from her old home, others from the garbage that she'd cleaned and let dry out...

It was a very feminine home still, with things hanging from the ceiling, cloth along the walls, making it look more like a harem tent on the inside than some large cave in the middle of Central Park.

And in the center of it all, laid the mighty goddess Bastet it seemed...

Kirii couldn't help but dream of herself as such, like some Egyptian cat goddess, especially when cats migrated to her so readily. She had so much virility, sensuality and feminine power that it was unreal. And as she lay there, even a new weakness, a new vulnerability was being repaired.

Inside Kirii's body, unaware to her as of yet, were tiny microscopic machines, like little spiders, running all along her ribs and bones, lacing them with monofilament wires as thin as spider silk but had the tensile strength of piano wire. They were lacing her bones together, starting at the weakest ones, while at the same time, changing them.

Nano-machines were able to do what these Viral-Hypermites were doing now, but they were only able to do that at one/one-thousandth of the speed. But unlike Nano-machines, the Viral-Hypermites were making additional changes. They were building upon the existing bones, broadening them, into overlapping plates, reinforcing them on the insides with radial arches, and likewise knitting them together for added reinforcement.

Kirii moaned as she felt her inner body transforming, her bones creaking as they helped support her body, with boron and silicon helping to make up her insides. In her sleep, she began flexing her muscles, tensing her biceps, moaning as her incredible strength now was supported by a body frame strong enough to hold it all up once again.

In her sleep, she dreamed of holding up mountains, dreamed of holding up the heavens like the titan Atlas, but with sexy hips, massive tits and more muscle, and as the entirety of her skeletal system was altered, strengthening her bones into nigh un-breakability, she began to groan, compress her thighs together, and caress her tightening labia with her fingers while asleep. Inside her body she felt a new sort of armor unknown in a mammal growing in the form of overlapping endoskeletal plating...

Each bone in her body bulged thick, and had a plate of growing composite materials of carbon, calcium, boron and silicon flaring to the sides. For her ribs, those bones overlapped each other instead of just being close to each other. It transformed her rib cage into a closed barrel protecting her vital insides.

Kirii could feel her muscles growing larger now without anything holding back the transformations, and in her sleep she orgasmed, and an image of her body lurching upward, her arms flexing, her chest swelling, her pelvis being thrust upward, she groaned outward and came thoroughly into the V-shaped wedge compressed between her thighs; the seminal fluids sliding into her leg and crotch fur.

Her eyes opened then as her nipples erected higher and higher, and she gasped as another orgasmic rush lanced through her thighs to squirt a jet of sticky hot fluids all over the insides of both her legs.

She rolled forward, rocking her hips uncontrollably as she looked down at her body, seeing it swelling slightly in every direction as her bones thickened, and for a moment, it became difficult to move her joints and her fingers till she forced them to click into place, with releases of tension like cracking one's knuckles or popping a joint each time that she did.

Her sternum was bulging outward, thickening, hardening and rising outward, creating a knob of hardened flesh directly beneath her fur-covered hide.

Inside her, the Hypernites had discerned that this was her weakest point in her body, so they enhanced it into a thick knob of bone and reinforcing wires, and now it was the hardest point in her body, expertly supporting her entire rib cage and all the flaring plates attached to it.

She groaned, and then clenched her teeth as she felt the spiders inside her, lacing up her body from the inside, and it crept her out, but the odd tingling sensation over her body made her feel all the more aroused.

She fingered her firm pubic mound and squirted another jet of slimy ejaculate into her hand, holding her weight upward as she began mutating again, with her muscles moving this way and that, swelling wherever possible, and making her into a full cat as of that moment. Other than the enormous mammaries... there was nothing left of her physical humanity. Even her hands looked completely like paws now...

Her claws ground long grouts in the sand as she felt her breasts swelling beneath her arms, her chest pushing outward along her sternum as her body swelled backward along her spine, thrusting it upward as every spine thickened with growing metallics in order to protect the central nerve and all the fiber optics passing up and down it. The whole of her spine pushed outward yet again, spreading her back and pushing her shoulders forward; her shoulders themselves swelled outward to either side of her body, and she groaned, orgasming into her hand again with a double jet of cum that created a sticky mess between her fingers that she took to rubbing into her pussy again.

"Ah... more power... give it to me!" She growled, hanging her head even as it pushed forward and downward with her thickening and flaring neck muscles. Her muscles were singing to her, bulging all around, widening and stretching her flesh to thin her fur.

She collapsed to her knees, and panted, closing her eyes and squeezed out one last jet of cum onto the ground before she hefted her tits and sucked from them.

"Hmm..." she moaned, licking the milk from off her lips, and turning, looked at her body in the reflection of her mirror. She had to settle back away from it in order to do this, to see all of herself, but she was indeed growing again!

"More! I want more." She taunted her body, and massaged her muscles here and there, caressing her nipples and clitoris in hopes of coaxing more sexual growth out, and was rather disappointed when none came to her.

But it doesn't matter... more will come.

Inside the body, an endoskeletal carapace system develops as the body continues to mass in muscular density...The first step in which is for a new type of hypernite to be developed... the worker. The worker hypernite is absent of its viral counterpart and is fully mechanical. Like tiny spiders, the workers cut, gather, repair and construct purely metallic and mechanical constructs.

This Hypernite is a throwback on the original design created by Lady Eve, it is a fast worker and capable of, in times past, to transform a miniscule lesser dragoness into the largest, strongest and bustiest dragoness in creation. It is unknown if I have anyone who can rival my physical prowess... and if the original design is any indication as to what the hypernites can do... then our subject may very well be the individual to rival my physical powers and prowess.

As such, only Leviathan's Daughter seems to even compare with my capabilities, and she's designed by nature to be a breeding machine in order to protect her kitlings, made as such from her mother's – Leviathan – superb powers.

As such, these worker hypernites begin their work by creating a latticework between all the bones. The forearms and the ribs in particular, sewing reinforcing stitches first along the bones, and then in between the bones, and then repair any weaknesses that are already existing in the bone structure. Even prior breakages from broken and healed bones in the subject's youth would be healed as if the damage never happened, and skeletal splintering will be sealed and likewise reinforced as a considered weak point.

This first reinforcement, which would take all of one hour to complete, would allow an immediate three to eight percent increase in muscle mass before the MCPU will again see that the bone structure is not strong enough to withstand all that muscle weight.

A new reinforcement program begins then to coat the bone structure in metal plating siphoned from the iron in the blood stream. This of course gives the host a ravenous appetite in which to replenish the body's natural reservoirs of building materials...

- Lady Evelynn Runeblade-Fireheart

Kirii looked up, her cheeks full and a mutton bone sticking out of her mouth as an alarm went off. A high-pitched wailing went off, and metal bars shunted down over all the windows and the patio door, and rolling her eyes, she reached into the refrigerator she'd been raiding, took in a double armful of food, stuffed it all between her breasts, and a jug of milk in one hand before she hopped over the bar table of the kitchen and grabbed hold of one of the thick iron bars.

"What the hell? Who?" she heard and turned to see a man in his pajamas carrying a baseball bat with his wife clutching to him.

Kirii smiled around the bone, chewed a few times, swallowed, sucked the bone in, crunched that down to bits while sucking on the marrow and swallowed that too before grinning at them, and with one gentle movement of her massive arm, she tore open the entire gate barring the patio door and laid it aside.

Stepping through the still open window she hopped up onto the railing, fished a wedge of cheese from between her breasts and then launched herself into the air with a gleeful sound high in her throat. The fun part of this was that she was jumping from the two-hundred and fiftieth story of the Central Park Arcology, and leaping outward far enough to clear the base of the sloping bowl of the massive building.

She landed on her feet, which bent and squatted automatically as her thickened tail thrashed to catch her balance, and then rising, she looked back up from where she'd leapt from, and laughed at the power she possessed that allowed her to fall from such a distance.

She was sorry that she was stealing, but she needed food, and the rich folks at the top levels could afford it... plus... she never stole from the same family twice.

As she walked underneath a heavily cloud-covered sky, eating bits of the food sheltered between the warmth of her breasts that she cradled with one arm, throwing away the wrappings in trash bins that she passed, she finished the jug of milk, and purring, then upended one of her primary breasts and inserted its nipple into her mouth before she genially began to suck.

She'd fished some tape measures from a trash bin recently, and began measuring herself accurately.

Height: *Ten feet.*
Chest Depth: *Eight inches over six inches... because of her dual pecs.*
Breast Circumference: *Thirty eight inches each primary.*
Twenty six inches each secondary.
Eighteen inches each Tertiary. She had six of those now.
Bicep: *Sixty-four inches.*

Forearms: *Sixty-two inches.*
Chest: *One-hundred-fifty-six inches!*
Midriff: *One-hundred-ten inches!*
Waist: *Fifty-six inches.*
Hips: *Ninety-Six inches.*
Thighs: *Sixty-two inches.*
Calves: *Forty-two inches.*

Kirii sat, thinking on how large she'd been getting, and on how strong she'd become as she sucked on her luscious cream, feeling her vaginal folds swelling and compressing in on themselves, squeezing out a little of her sexual juices onto the base of her tail.

She sat, and continued to suck, she then drained one, inserted the other, and laid back, sucking on her other breast as she felt the cool air of the world kissing her fur-covered flesh while she felt herself growing subtly stronger moment by moment.

As she laid there, she began to feel her labia swelling, and her eyes slowly opened and her tit flopped from her mouth, a smile spreading across her mouth before it spread open into a grin, she feeling the twin muscles of her sex slowly compress, steadily swell and spread open to press against the insides of her thighs. She looked down the length of her body, right between her ten individual and swollen breasts, over the many layers of her abdominals, and right between her legs as the twin folds opened like the wings of a butterfly, and her super-sized clit began to erect.

Many women have dreamed of having a clit like hers as she watched it erect... she watched its head spread as it tilted upward from inside her, thickening and swelling, already glistening with the moisture of her womanhood, and she felt a heat rising in her breasts and her pussy as she began to perspire, felt her sex growing wet as her breathing quickened.

A now familiar feeling was assailing her, and she grew all the more excited as she knew what was coming... she knew that she was about to transform again!

She groaned and rolled her hips as the warmth in her body spread, her fingers digging into the ground as her desire for a man grew heavily in her mind, and she nibbled on her lower lip with one of her lengthened canine teeth, her nipples erecting now. Her nipples, beginning as soft disks at the peaks of her mountainous and hilly breasts, would erect and push outward, growing longer and longer, the nibs hardening as they lifted atop her chest, sticking one inch, two inches, then three, and at their highest height, they would then form nibs. Those nibs would swell into something like an oversized baby nook, while from behind them would arrive a powerful swelling, a powerful thickness as her breasts all swelled, the glands becoming positively filled with warm, passionate and loving, luscious and creamy milk, her areola swelling massively atop those tits as well, while the whole of her teats growing rock-hard and blazingly red in color.

Kirii gave off a little moan of pleasure, as a trickle of her love juices slid from within her. The cream spilled outward, trickling over her anus, over her butt cheeks and tail, while her heart pounded to thrust milk into her chest and more juices into her love mound, swelling her breasts and pussy, her nipples and her clitoris till they ached with her pleasure.

And then at the height of her pleasure came the new feeling... the feeling of little spiders moving beneath her skin... under normal circumstances, one would be creeped out by the feeling, but to her, they were as if fingernails were sliding over her body now, sliding from head to toe, from fingertip to finger tip, coaxing her sex to swell all the more, and massaging her tits to disgorge a little of their creamy milk upward and down over the massive swells.

Kirii cried out then and lifted her hands to push her tits together briefly, milk squeezing out to spill over her hands and into the valley formed between her breasts, and she came as her first orgasmic rush lanced through her loins, and promptly after that, the change began.

There was a tensing of muscles as her body forced her to breathe inward, deeply as if she was sucking in air just after nearly drowning, and her body swelled. She heard the crunches as her bones broke, swelled as they repaired themselves, and then realigned, sliding up along her body and forcing her chest further outward, jiggling and bouncing her breasts as each bone spread open and rotated higher, lengthening her belly and forcing it to sink lower beneath her altered ribcage; all while her ribs barreled outward, her chest growing deeper and thicker. The spiders really went to work then, steeling her bones in place as her bones swelled and swelled, her forearms lengthening, her feet spreading from heel to toe; her hips pushing forward and backward, deepening the bowl containing her organs even as all of those organs were compressed.

The spiders were creating a mesh just beneath her skin, lacing her body into a formation that allowed for more muscle growth, with key points being reinforced. The compression of her sternum was forming an ever-thickening knob of hardened bone, just to support her upper body as she transformed, her spinal disks thickening, reinforcing themselves into larger and stronger constructs while the spiders laced all of those together, making it nearly impossible to break her spine... even despite the stresses on it caused by her own body.

She was feeling sated again, feeling hot as her muscles expanded, and as they tightened, compacted into smaller places, improving the density but not the mass. But that didn't stop new muscles from growing, nor did it stop the mutations and the addition of tendons, or the fact that her pussy was enlarging to press firmly against her inner thighs and her clit thickening more so that an opened tunnel of solid woman-flesh led into her inner bowels.

Kirii rolled over, her breasts flattening beneath the weight of her body as milk leaked from her into the grasses, and cum dripped from her sex while she lifted her bottom up into the air, her tail coiling like a question mark above her body, her legs spreading so as to reveal the wondrous beauty of her rounded behind, her mountainous thighs, and the cavernous beauty of the wedge between them all that was the glory and strength of her womanhood.

She groaned and her body rolled with a spasm of muscle growth and bone growth, with groaning and grinding sounds coming from inside her body, clicking and grinding noises from her bones realigning, and as the muscle spasm got to her hips and waist, she orgasmed solidly enough to eject a three second jet of love juices onto the ground there.

Her mane of hair, having grown down to her ankles, even in this massive, monstrous form of feminine power that she possessed, whipped about her head as she thrashed her head from side to side, gritting her teeth as they lengthened and sharpened, her tongue licking their insides briefly before she lurched her head backward and roared.

As she roared, a long cry that lifted a cloud of smoke up into the air from her mouth due to the cold, her breasts were thrust upward and forward, bouncing briefly as they were pressed between her massive biceps and still leaking their wondrous milky goodness onto the ground.

Her legs spread wide, wide enough to push her pussy straight against the ground, and she rubbed her womanhood forward and backward against the tickling dew-covered grasses, pausing every minute or two to cum hard against the ground and moan deep in her throat.

She began to purr as she lowered her head and began licking her growing tits, cumming again while her back bulged outward, her spine climbing higher than ever, to the point where a solid curving line rolled backward from the peak of her skull and straight into the muscle hump of her back before curving downward to the base of her spine and arched backward into her tail. Likewise, because of the flaring back muscles, her long neck bulged straight to her shoulders now.

She groaned as the bones in her body were changing, flaring wider, growing stronger while her muscles tensed and transformed, gaining more and more physical might as the moments passed, and she opened her

eyes, cat's eyes, with almond-shaped pupils and no whites of her eyes visible unless she was looking from out of the corners of her eyes.

She screamed then, as the last of her pleasure lurched from her, while police hover units were now approaching the place she'd just robbed of food a few minutes ago, her fingers tearing huge divots out of the ground, her nipples erecting harder to leak her milk as she heaved several breaths of air.

She slowly opened her eyes, and shakily at first, and then more steadily, she rose to her feet, looking down at her recently improved body, at the undulating and distended breasts still leaking droplets of milk, she groaned and slowly began to flex, watching the muscles of her arms swelling impossibly huge, growing many times than they should be able to despite their size, thickening steadily, growing in power, steeling their form.

She laughed and began testing all her new muscle strength, flexing her arms above her head, which lifted her chest and breasts straight up to her chin. She laughed again and tensed her twenty-four abs – which sprayed streams of milk from her tertiaryaries – her thighs, her buttocks and her back, her calves, even her fingers and toes.

She was much stronger now... and now... there was something new she'd been dying to try... and perhaps now she was strong enough to do it!

Kirii approached the construction site, walking down the streets, taking pleasure in the fact that she was totally naked and out in the open air of a major city. She smiled at the bums who looked at her, who then immediately looked to the hooch that they were drinking and then promptly dropped the bottle before running away.

She was slightly concerned for them, but hoped they'd be ok.

Once inside the construction zone, shut down for the night, she squared herself and found herself facing her new target.

A few days ago, she was able to push a city bus. The other day, she lifted said bus up over her head. And now, she was faced with the next item on her list to test her ever growing and massive levels of strength:

A bulldozer.

Made of heavy industrial metal, with a huge shovel at its front, mechanized treads, reinforced Mega-steel casings, it weighed forty or fifty tons.

She was barely able to budge it the other day.

Looking down at her arm, she flexed it, smiling at the new peak of her biceps as it swelled from something the size of a bowling ball to something as large as her primary tits, the pair of muscles flaring as they boiled with her tensing muscular strength. As far as she knew... muscles shouldn't do that... But regardless... hers did!

She approached the thing, and reaching down, she took hold of the tow bar as if it were a bar for a weight machine, and gently began to lift like that nice weight trainer had taught her to do at the gym – with his penis bulging upward in his shorts in between her breasts as he straddled her belly – when her size was still manageable in human environments.

She grit her teeth and hefted, hearing the machine rumble as she lifted it up, forcing it upward as her muscles strained, and as she felt her muscles burning, each fiber tearing as she lifted, she likewise felt

herself growing stronger, felt her body swelling in order to take that machine, and slowly, steadily, the back end of the dozer was slowly lifted.

First the treads grew slack, and then lifted completely off the ground as she lifted the machine, hearing its superstructure groaning against her strength, she hefted it higher, pushing the bar over her head, feeling her muscles bulging while her cunt and clit began to swell with the ecstasy of her exertion, and walking forward beneath the machine, she slowly began to lift it, raise it above her head, and standing proudly, straining a bit from its weight, she stood proudly as she held it high over her head... and began sinking into the sand.

Gasping, she looked down, and then back up at the machine, and with a quick toss, she pushed the machine forward so that it landed in front of her. There she stood for a moment before pulling her feet from the sand, and panting, looked down at her body, at the swollen overlapping abdominals, the powerful arm and leg muscles, and her heaving breasts as they swelled and contracted with her breathing.

She felt... *powerful*...

She jumped for joy then, and then gasped as she found herself sailing upward into the air, and she looked down, finding herself clearing ten stories per second, amazed at this amazing physical power she now had, and wondering how she had this sudden ability, something inside her brain calculated that her body must now have the strength to bypass the strength to gravity ratio.

Whereas she had so much power in her body, gravity had about as much affect on her as it did of a regular body on the surface of the moon!

She was a she-hulk definitely now, and tilting forward and sideways, executing a perfect acrobatic move, she landed on the rooftop of one of the medium sized buildings, distributing her weight as she landed easily as if she weighed nothing.

Such... power! She thought, her chest heaving with elation. *It's almost like flying!*

And she set herself and jumped again, and then again, bouncing from rooftop to rooftop, feeling the complete and total exertion of sailing free through the air, having all the reflexes of a cat, only five hundred times heavier, and thousands of times stronger.

The air blew between her legs and between her tits, beneath her arms as if it carried her, as if in a moment's notice, her feeling of weightlessness would allow the wind to pick her up and she would go sailing away.

She landed easily atop the arcology, and then sailed forward, out into the free air, judging her distance immediately, and landed – through the trees no less – within only a few meters of her new home; her breasts hammering downward as she rose and turned to her hole in the earth.

She spent some time there flexing in the moonlight, kissing her muscles and hugging her breasts to her face to nuzzle them, and then she took a bath in the small pond, and laid out under the moons, breathing in deeply, and reveling in her strength as she fondled her vivacious sex.

She was a goddess now, for sure... stronger than any human if she could lift a bulldozer... she was probably stronger than even a full conversion Cyborg. She loved this power... she elated in it.

And... the freedom... to lie here, naked, in the middle of one of the largest cities on Earth, without anybody watching her, she closed her eyes, and for once stretched out and rested out in the open in her new form.

"Subject re-acquired, Lord Pseudodrake." Aysyx reported.

The disembodied voice came to the man known as Sir Teran Draconoshi... Knight Captain of the England Knights – a throwback from the old England Empire, an Asian-looking man in his late fifties. But the form of this man was little more than a farce. This human shell held a rather young dragon – only about a hundred thousand years old – who was likewise the strongest and most powerful known dragon in existence.

"You... found her?" he asked, turning away from the window he was looking out of to instead look out into the open space before his very large office desk.

"Affirmative... and, it appears that the notes left by Laio and Eve are a bit lax. She seems to have achieved a stage that is slightly ahead of schedule.

"Show me." Pseudo said, and immediately, an image, shot from space from one of Aysyx's many, many satellite drones, rapidly focused into Central Park, New York, onto a forest clearing, and finally, onto a large white image laying amidst the grasses of a clearing not maintained by park personnel.

She was a beautiful specimen of femininity, and as he looked at her, Pseudo sat back, viewing her naked form, and nodding.

"Aysyx... Classify the Prometheus Project as complete, but shunt its files into Classified R&D. Give a copy of all findings to account at The Vault for filing... and keep a copy of its notes in your database."

This was a very critical command. Pseudo had used it only once before... to classify the technology that had transformed Lady Eve into her present state... which was the strongest female Dragoness in the Prime Universe if not in all of existence. Even Leviathan's Daughter could not match Eve's incredible strength.

The Vault was a human creation, located rather close to the hidden valley of Shangri-La in the Himalayas, but just like Shangri-La, The Vault was a secret to the world that only select individuals knew about. The Vault was a self sustaining complex that possessed the totality of Human knowledge in a single place. It was built on such a measure that should the Earth blow up... the Vault itself would still survive. And as such, it was the most secure computer system in the known universe.

For Aysyx to possess a copy of it, however, meant that Lord Pseudodrake might have plans with this serum for a later date.

"Compliance... job completed. But what are we to do with the maiden, my lord?" Aysyx, the artificial dragon of the Dragon Council stated through all his comlinks.

"We will continue to observe, Aysyx. It amazes me that she can escape your detection for so long."

"As am I, my lord. I actually picked her up outside the city. She was... lifting a bulldozer."

"And stronger than the report stated she should be. Double the monthly wages for Lady Eve and Laio, Aysyx. They should be congratulated on such a tremendous breakthrough. Set up an appointment for Laio to come see me tomorrow. I will journey to the Dragon's Tower after that meeting to deliver the information to Eve myself. I think she'll want to know how successful her serum is.

"Compliance, my lord. Sir Laio's appointment is set for Ten-Thirty a.m. tomorrow."

"Very good, Aysyx. Continue gathering your data. Place her observance among your higher priorities. I want all the data possible on her changes."

"Compliance."

Stage 7: Advanced Cyberfication

By this time, in order to reinforce the body, the hypernites will have developed a fully integrated endoskeleton. Where the bones actually were, there would be a thickening growth about the bones that would transform the rounded bones into a repeating series of overlapping plates; with each bone plate overlapped by the bones above it, and the bones above those, and so on. Additionally, even the flesh would be reinforced from tearing due to muscle growth by a form of sub-epidermal mesh.

This mesh, like the crisscrossing wires of a screen door, would cover the subject in a solid reinforcing piece of alloy similar to the super alloy made to construct the original viral-hypernites, the wires thin as spider silk but as strong as piano wire.

This series of armor would make the subject's bones nearly unbreakable; especially where all bones will be fully laced by another webbing of wires to allow each layer of bone to reinforce the next layer. To break said bones, it would require tremendous pressures in the form of several tons per square inch. The overlapping plates allow for continued flexibility, and likewise protect the vital organs from damage.

The mesh reinforces the skin, giving the subject a ballistic and impact armor rating in accordance to Kevlar.

Though tranquilizers can still be utilized to sedate the subject, they'd have to be the type of darts used on elephants and rhinos.

This mesh now becomes the second and third layer of armor of the host body, and is likewise a jumping off point for many other forms of growth systems.

The first layer of armor is actually a programmed bone growth system, that applies a secondary rib cage of regular bone surrounding all the vitals of the body, especially the heart, but is made of the same metallic bone structure of the rest of the body, these new bones actually containing marrow of their own, which likewise necessitates nano-factories, power sources and fiber optic wires.

This form of skeletal system is an addition that was brought over from a Dragon's bi-layered skeletal system. One cannot argue the masterpiece that it is, and I couldn't help but to use it.

At the present stage, now that the body has been sufficiently reinforced, increase in height will now slow in favor of physical growth. The muscles will grow freely once again, while the viral-hypernites will continue in their process of forced evolution.

At this time, there shall be some primary changes to the body that will need to be addressed. Firstly is the originating colony at the heart.

The colony located here, will now form a third primary and secondary ventricle pair directly between the two halves of the heart, allowing for the flow of blood in and out and likewise allow flow of new viral hypernites into the body in a flush instead of just a small trickle. But, the primary function of this originating colony has now changed. Instead of producing more viral-hypernites, its factory becomes secondary to those located at the points of the bone marrow. Instead, this colony now generates power.

The power cell for the cybernetic functions of the host now is the size of a fist, and generates enough power in its bio-energy cell – a technology that is a contribution of Lord Pseudodrake himself – to mimic a micro-nuclear reactor.

This reactor, coupled with those dedicated to running only the factories, supplies more than enough energy for the cybernetic network to function. So much so, that the MCPU now begins to expand itself deeper into the brain.

Growing along the brain stem, the MCPU is now the second largest construct in the body after the originating factory complex and power unit, and will rapidly become the largest within a few hours of achieving this point in the growth of the subject. Right now, to a system scan, the MCPU and the Power Supply will appear as malignant tumors, showing up as great white spots on CAT scans and X-Ray scans. A Full spectrum bio-scan, however, will display them for what they truly are... a cybernetic construct.

In the Case of the MCPU, however, growth of its functions calls for more numerous fiber optic cable throughout the brain, and at the endings of these cables, which were normally only for stimulation of the brain and controlled by the MCPU, several Secondary Processing Unit – SPU's – nodes are formed at the ends of these fiber optics wires, which then send radial fiber optics deeper into their sections of the brain.

Stimulation of brain functions now is dictated by the MCPU but controlled by the various SPU's. As such, the host will begin to gain in mental abilities steadily, and with the power of the power plant construct helping in this regard, the host will likewise begin to develop the latent abilities of their species.

As we know with humans, the number of latent abilities is truly VAST. If allowed to evolve normally, they will soon leave even the dragons behind in evolutionary greatness. It's theorized then that as this portion of the cybernetic function of the body develops, that increased mental and sensory abilities develop, and quite possibly psychic abilities as well as a magical attunement.

But, also at this stage, the MCPU tries to develop outside communication. And so, among the first attempts, it creates a modem, which the host recognizes as background thought when it is in effect. If the subject is on a technologically advanced planet, then shortly after utilizing this low band modem, it will eventually locate the most efficient forms of cybernetic communication as it tries to link wholly with the host, and so it will design, implement and construct a type one, type two and a type three data jack.

For reminders, the type one is an older, redundant jack, a single plug that can use any standard link plug, similar to those used by the type three optical jack. This jack is a square hole covered by a five centimeter plug

The type-two data jack was the multi-link plug jack that would bore deep inside the brain and is covered by a one inch plug. This jack is utilized by the standard data-link "spike" due to the long rectangular spike that is actually shoved six inches into the back of your brain.

The final jack type is the multi-plug... six individual circular data jacks, with each jack covered by a sliding door.

This configuration can be constructed within only days with the speed of the hypernites, and due to the biological component of the workers, these jacks will have far greater compatibility with the biological component of the host than standard cyberware can. Therefore, these jacks can only be classified as wetware, yet another advancements in cybernetics from Lady Eve.

As for the rest of the body, however, the primary commands issued from the MCPU are to thicken the avenues of networking and power... which means that the networking fiber optics cables are to be enhanced, along with the power conduits linking the sections of the body.

The bone marrow will now be completely suffused with the Viral-hypernite factories, to the point where radial braces will bisect the marrow, joining directly with it, and likewise supporting the bones from within.

But, amidst all these cybernetic changes, the next stage of transformation will be released, now that the feline transformation will have been long since completed.

The next stage of the viral Carcerand will open, and a new level of physical growth is now dictated by the addition of reptile DNA to the system.

For the particular batch of DNA, Doctor Laio has chosen the DNA of the Komodo Dragon.

- Lady Evelynn Runeblade-Fireheart

Kirii awoke with a headache, and a little achiness in her body.

She groaned, rising to a sitting position, feeling her massive breasts heaving against her chest as her stomach growled for food. She felt... very different today... and it had been difficult to sleep last night with her mind busy with odd dreams.

Like her floating along streams of Data using a matrix viewing visor. She could've sworn that she was in Virtual Reality during those times, and someone named Aysyx was constantly watching over her there.

"Ick... I need to brush my teeth... and bathe." She moaned after tasting her long teeth and smelling an armpit, and then rose to her feet, walking on all fours, freely as if it were second nature to her, her nipples practically dragging on the ground as she slid and pushed her way up out of her den, widening it a little more by pushing sand out of the way and digging a chunk out of the ground in order to do so.

Well... the chunk out of the ground really came from the force of her breasts rubbing against the earth.

She rose to her feet, feeling her mind coming awake most rapidly, faster than she'd ever felt it come awake before in the morning, and she walked in the late evening – there was still sunlight out – toward her favorite pond. And then, as she arrived, she chanced to pause in the open sunlight and look down at her beautiful body and gasped as she saw her flesh flaking.

"What the...?" she wondered, and picked at it, and pulled off a long strip of flesh, revealing a soft white substance below.

I'm... peeling?

She felt the new flesh, and felt her eyes widen as her finger slipped right beneath her existing flesh and right into a layer of dead skin below.

No... she was shedding!

For all this time as she transformed, there were certain areas of her body that resisted fur growth. That area was primarily her underbelly, biceps, her inner thighs and her lower back. Well... her butt mainly.

But now... as she picked at it, she pulled off another strip, and another strip, and finally getting right to it, she dug her fingers into her soft flesh, and ripped it open painlessly, disgorging a sweat laden underbelly, with definite grooves growing laterally across her bodice.

She caressed the now sensitive skin, her lips compressing in wonder as she thought that it felt a lot like snake skin... but it was warm! Very warm...

She began to peel more of her skin off, removing it in long sheets just like a snake shedding, and labored for several long minutes just pulling off skin.

It seemed not to interfere with her fur... as such, as she peeled off a section from her pelvis and crotch; the long sheet became perforated as it peeled off her genitalia. Once done, the rest that was in her fur came out simply by rubbing it, and it all flaked out like heavy dandruff.

This... was truly getting strange now. First a cat... and now she had all this reptile stuff in her. But when she touched the new, soft, delicate flesh, smooth and silken, she smiled, liking the feel actually, and tearing off all her flesh like that was... animalistic!

She murred happily, purring deeply as she bathed to get the last of the dandruff out and clean her new body, and when she rose from the water and stepped out, her long mane forming a cascading stream of white hair all the way down her body, she felt the new overlapping plates firming... hardening a little, though to her touch, it was still velvety smooth and quite soft... as if there were tiny little hairs all up and down her body.

More of that was forming along her inner forearms and her biceps, as well as her inner thighs.

Not only was she growing stronger, she was also gaining in tougher flesh too!

Well... this couldn't be all that bad, could it?

Kirii had raided a hotdog stand that was left out that night. Ripped its locked doors right off to get at all the hot dogs and all the fixings in it she wanted. Her craving for meat was increasing steadily, and if she wasn't careful, she was going to turn into a carnivore. And with these teeth, who would wonder?

She ate every last little bit, but left in its place all the money and change she could find laying around. It was amazing at how quickly she found it all. It was like she was a metal detector!

After her engorging fest, which left her covered with lots of juice, pop, catsup, mustard, and hotdog fixings all over her, she found a nice quiet place, and began to clean herself with her own tongue.

Her tongue, which had grown much longer as of late, explored her body, looking for new places to catch those little bits of food that her mouth had missed, and finally, she found herself kissing and licking her tit at the end of her long neck, nuzzling her nipple as it grew long and hard along with the others, and finally pushing her tit upward, she began to suck from it.

Every day, five times a day, she made a meal in and of itself from her own breasts. It was a sexual and relaxing experience at the same time, and as she sat there, with her thickening tail lolling lazily at her back side, she slid one hand between her legs to cup her labia, fingering the long smooth folds underneath her thick pubic fur before she slid a pair of fingers inside herself to caress her clit.

Her clit began to engorge and then slide between two of her fingers, thickening and elongating, super-sizing itself till it was a larger endowment than most men could *boast* they had as a penis. It swelled and thickened, standing on end from between her thick labia as she massaged it between the cuff of her hand and her thumb.

Once a meal had been made of her milk, she bent over herself and nuzzled her crotch with her lips, her long body allowing her to do this as she laid herself on the ground, her breasts cleaving to her sides as she extended her tongue and licked her own sex. She licked it, kissed it, licked it again, and then mouthed it, sticking her tongue inside her body as she tasted the nectar from her own honey pot and sucked on the stem of her clit as if it were a lotus flower and she were the bee; her clit standing on end from within it.

"Hmm..." she murred, purring loudly as she then laid back, sufficiently clean, and felt the cooling breezes of the windy city evaporate the moisture of her saliva from against her bodice.

Winter was approaching, and she wondered how she'd cope with no clothing. Hopefully she'd grow more fur... otherwise she'd have to re-enter society somehow...

Get a new job – because her old one was undoubtedly over by now due to job abandonment – find a new place to live, and hopefully pay back her old landlord. She wondered how much money she still had in her bank account.

Three hundred and ninety two dollars and sixty seven cents.

That thought came from the back of her head... perhaps a memory; she didn't know exactly how she recalled that, she just did.

Well... then I'm going to have to take out a bank loan to get on my feet again.

She sighed, having enjoyed this lengthy time of freedom.

"I guess I'm just going to have to... to... ngh!"

The groan got cut off as the suddenness of the change hit her so fast it broke into her mid-thought.

She felt a ripple, like waves in water in a pristine pool whose surface had just been disrupted by a pebble being thrown into it, starting at her heart, which clenched and paused while all her muscles from that point clenched harder and harder, she felt all her muscles suddenly swell, doubling in their former size within an instant, and as her heart began to pump, her breasts began to swell, her nipples erected into things the size of cow teats and her clitoris erected to the size of most men's fully erected penises again. In comparison to her body, her clit was just merely overly large...

All her naughty bits stood on end, quivering erotically as her vaginal muscles clenched about the clit, and her breasts began to cream.

She groaned, hearing her heartbeat thundering inside her head as a jet of creamy cum lanced from her loins, ejecting a foot or two away from her onto the grass in a single long get of sexual juices, and she growled, her teeth clenching as her jaw set tightly, her teeth growing longer and overlapping one another each other even further.

Rolling over herself, her massive breasts tucked in between her body and the ground as she clawed at the grasses around her, her body cumming again in a fierce explosion that welled up from inside her and splattered against the ground, she exhaled a long gasp that came out in a cloud of vapor from inside her, feeling her lungs empty as her muscles crushed all of the air from inside her.

She gasped as if she'd just been punched in the gut.

Inside her ears as they folded upward and lengthened, she could hear her heart pumping.

Th-thoom

Th-thoom

Th-thoom

Her back thrust upward and away, as if some, massive pair of hands had pulled back suddenly on her body and spread the two halves of her back apart, only to reveal a serrated spine that suddenly disgorged and thickened one vertebrae after another all the way down her back to the tip of her tail. A series of clicks and wet crunches shuddered and sundered her body as her spines erupted outward all over again, once again right to the tip of her tail which was likewise swelled, bulged and thickened with both bone and muscle, pushing her butt cheeks apart and stretching her cunt so that it lengthened along the base of her body between her thighs at the base of her rear.

Kirii's chest thrust downward then, her breasts all swelling massively while her head was pushed forward from all the back muscles swelling. She heard her neck bones crunch one after the other as they were reset, felt her muscle hump along her back swelling upward while her sides flared, and she hissed in her next breath of air, sucking the air in over her sharp teeth and blunt molars, with long canine teeth that actually overlapped one another, with a secondary set of smaller canine teeth that likewise overlapped the teeth opposite them.

Her jaw broadened, the muscles growing thicker as she swallowed hard, closing her mouth to gnash her teeth and then cum again; spittle frothing between her teeth as she orgasmed harder than ever.

Her back spread again, her shoulders tensing as they swelled along with the rest of the muscles in her body, and she felt her muscles exploding here and there, popping with sudden growth with dull thuds like explosions sounding from under water.

Her eyes wide, she looked down at her hands in time to see her forearms lengthening, and with a wet tearing sounds, she saw her fur cleave open to reveal soft white flesh, new flesh that was sticky and wet with streamers of puss that cleaned away rapidly with her trickling sweat.

Her paw-like hands amassed to incredible sizes, her claws lengthening into things the size of carpet knives. Her bones realigned as her sides flared along with her ribcage, forming a definite groove that separated her upper body from her mid body, with her primaries ripening into things the size of beach balls.

Kirii roared, her roar now coming out like the sound of a T-Rex from all those movies, her ears flattening against the back of her head. She flopped over onto her side, clawing along the ground as her sex raged between her burgeoning thighs, her muscles twanging with taut strength as she gyrated her hips, imagining a hot, steely cock thrusting over, and over into her body while the strands of her muscles thickened into chords that no human ever possessed.

And then something else happened.

Her body tensed, and there was a flex in the air.

She only felt that power, she felt it as her mind stressed itself, and when it did with her tensing body, the air seemed to curve about her body as if the air itself were tensing about her.

"Ah!" she grit her teeth, snarling as she came again, and yet again, and still again, and rolling onto her back as her legs flopped open to eject one final eruption of cum outward from her body, she slid both hands over her sex as her body continued to tense and grow steadily more powerful, now feeling repeated jets of cum erupting from between her legs despite her efforts to stop it. She pushed a pair of thick, muscled fingers into her vivacious cunt, probing herself in an attempt to lessen the tension in her, but she only came harder, her mind numbing as her body tensed and the air and even the ground now rippled and bent about her.

And as she grew stronger, portions of her flesh ripped open for the new muscle and girth, her mass deepening with each erotic second that passed.

Despite the thick muff of fur over her sex, her fur was drawn further and further away from her belly and chest, with only a tuft at the nape of her neck leading down between her breasts, and her pubic tuft forming a treasure trail upward between her abs. Her belly hardened then, the new flesh tearing open, casting strings of old, dead flesh that flecked off or peeled off, momentarily showing streamers of milky white pus before being washed away by her sweat.

A monster was growing from inside her, and as it grew, it changed her into this phenomenal, mythical beast, tearing her flesh apart in order to do it, and even as she thickened more, still more flesh rent open along her biceps and inner forearms and inner thighs, as well as the underside of her tail.

She laid there on the ground, tensing her body, cumming, feeling the air around her tense, and repeating this motion of growth, and with each motion her body accomplished, each part of her grew stronger, heavier, and wetter.

Kirii tensed once, twice, and finally once more, and then she came steadily in one massive orgasm that made her cry out in her pleasure as the sexual juices literally exploded from her. And then the change left her. She opened her eyes, and felt new things happening to her mind, and she lay there, feeling her sex leaking her love juices steadily as she blinked upward toward the sky.

Raising slowly, her massive breasts heaving easily as if they didn't exist, Kirii sat on her massively thickened tail and rounded bottom, arching her back with a remaining micro orgasm that made her pussy clench like a fist, feeling her quivering clitoris vibrating between her thighs like a tuning fork.

But it wasn't that... she felt a new kind of muscle, one that didn't exist in her body. She felt the connection, as if there was another body surrounding her that she could control. A truly phenomenal giant.

She looked out to her side, saw a stone, and lifting her hand, she moved those unseen muscles, testing unknown connections to her, and to her surprise the air tensed, and she lifted the stone without even touching it.

The rock was very heavy, and she dropped it almost immediately. These muscle were new, and very weak, but they added power to her.

She rose to her feet slowly, completely unbidden by the force of gravity of this world. It didn't pull down on her, with her body disobeying its pull in return, with her breasts hefting high and rounded atop her dual muscular chest while cum slid down her inner thighs steadily from her deep bowls having been filled with her nectar.

And then she heard the sirens, and looking up, saw the rapidly approaching police hover cars, and leaping away, she thrust herself right into the forest and away, throwing a pair of the trees aside and sending them to rest askew as she lurched forward back to her den.

Kirii was soon presented with a problem: she needed to hide, and within a few minutes of transformation, she had just outgrown her hiding place.

Gritting her teeth, she looked around, hearing the dogs and canine genespliced variants rapidly approaching before she knelt, and actuating her muscles, easily pulled the hill upward and reset all its stones, making the way inside easier before she slipped inside her home and shoved a mound of sand up against the newly widened entrance.

Her old, very roomy place was rapidly growing too small.

Despite that, she laid inside, tucked into a fetal position and hugging herself, for the first time afraid that her body was advancing too far...

Kirii slept for a long time then, feeling things moving inside her body as she changed at rest. She could feel the spiders knitting her bones and muscles still, felt her organs moving, changing, growing, and felt her skin crawling as more changes occurred. All through the next several nights as she wavered in and out of consciousness, she could feel the occasional pinch in her flesh, felt the rupture of her thickening hide, and experienced the most erotic wet dream of her life that forced her to awake in a sticky pool of sweat, sand, milk and spooage. It stuck to her, and as she rose from the ground, it gave one the impression she'd just merged with living stone.

Reopening her den's hole, she forced her way out, for the last time perhaps, and bathed, looking down at her changing body and how it'd transformed.

Ribbed flesh from head to toe covered her, with bony protrusions lining her knuckles and the tops of her toes, and more protrusions – like bony nodes – along her brow, jaw, clavicle bones, sternum, the outsides of her forearms and the outward sides of her calves, and all across her back. They were like growing blisters.

But her flesh was a porcelain white, and glimmered in the fading sunlight, and tensed with her muscular might.

It was then that she reached behind her neck to scratch herself back there and felt the protrusions.

Her eyes widened as she felt them, and even as she wondered what they were, one of them snapped open, and she felt... metal?

It took some doing, but she at long last found another reflective surface in which to look at the back of her neck with and she saw what were unmistakably a series of Datajacks: A Type I, II and III, all together.

But that's military standard only! She thought, feeling a bit unnerved.

It was then that she looked closer at her shiny claws that had recently turned black, and as if something inside her head upped the magnification of her retinas, she focused closer and saw the sheen of metal in her claws. Another short test found her able to tear claw marks in stone, light poles, stone park benches, even six inches of hardened steel!

What am I becoming?! She thought looking at her hands, and clenching them, she felt the unknown invisible muscles surrounding her body suddenly tense, the air curving about her as trash cans, stones and park benches lifted briefly and then fell again.

No mere human should possess power like this...

It was found in multiple locations.

Like the flesh of some giant reptile, but running DNA scans have brought evidence of incredible things, which include DNA from multiple species – Human, Tiger and Komodo Dragon – as well as the remains of an unknown nano-machine that has died completely.

"We've discovered that there is a new form of genesplicing involved here, possibly illegal." *New York Chief of Police told United News Syndicate earlier this morning.* "The Starlight Corporation has been unable to release any information as to the originator of this new sudden and remarkable advancement in genesplicing technology, despite that they are the universe's principal source of gene-splicing technology."

"They said that they can only release R&D notes by command of the Sol-Teran Council, which overrides the Earth President and the United Earth Council," *Said a government researcher who has asked to remain nameless.* "I find it interesting that any secrets that could explain all this are being kept under wraps."

"Starlight Enterprises is always under scrutiny," *reported Emil "Kahn" Laio, head of genetic research for the super megacorporation, standing with his newly enhanced body which, by last reports, was six inches taller, and a hundred or so pounds heavier.* "We've released all information that we can in order to help alleviate the public that no one working for Starlight Enterprises has consciously made the effort to make any tests – illegal or otherwise – on the public of note."

Emil "Kahn" Laio is a heavy user of genesplicing techniques, stating that all his alternative changes are all registered, and has offered up a blood sample to NYPD to verify this.

"Whoever or whatever the Beast of New York is," *the Police Chief reported.* "We'll find and capture it, and if necessary, kill it."

"Later in news..."

Kirii sighed, and crumbled up the newspaper and threw it back in the trash.

"The beast of New York, am I?" she sighed, feeling yet another alien change occurring inside her, the feeling steadily growing in intensity, which, she knew, would lead to yet another new series of changes to her once frail body.

Despite that she stood twelve feet tall now, she had somehow eluded the police each time they got close... but her hiding space was no longer a good hiding space. She'd need to find some place new to hide...

Stage 8: Metamorphosis

Though it was planned to enhance a host with the Prometheus Project utilizing certain steps, there is a certain degree of randomness and chance that cannot be controlled unless the transformation occurs in a laboratory environment.

As such, though we provide the retroviruses, and a learning and adaptive hypernite, certain traits, as they react to the T-cells inside a host's DNA and body systems are unknown. As a reminder to those who may be reading this report who are unfamiliar with what a T-cell is, a T-cell is an inactive genetic throwback in a genome. They are thought to be the source of Genetic Memory in animals which create instincts, but likewise, they contain genetic traits that aren't active, such as the trait to create fur, gills, webbing between digits and so on. As such, as the new DNA is added to the body, they react with the present genome which in turn stimulates reactivation of T-Cells.

The only word that accurately describes this advancement of the body is mutation.

It is unknown as to what will happen inside a human body, especially since all previous test subjects were animals like guinea pigs, rats, wolves and cats. As it is known, animal DNA sequencing do not have as great a number of chromosomal pairs as the human genome does, nor are the individual chromosomes as complex.

But as in any case of vast genetic alteration, mutation does and will happen, and likewise, the genome of the host will advance itself, growing greater in number, spawning more mutations.

There are presently twelve times ten to the fiftieth power of individual traits in the human genome, and at our present level of adaptation or evolution – depending upon whether you are religious or scientific in your beliefs respectfully – a great deal of those traits are not inactive.

When I was asked as to exactly what would happen during the next stage of transformation, I couldn't tell my colleagues with any certainty. At this point as the Lizard DNA is done integrating itself to the body form, now insect DNA begins its toil, and as I'd discovered with excessive gene-splicing, the latent genes in the human body begin to reawaken in order for the body to somehow make sense of all the changes in the body, and odd, and usually truly wondrous things begin to happen.

By this time, a mammalian series of cat DNA has been introduced, as well as a reptilian DNA in the form of a Komodo Dragon, and now, comes a generic series of insect DNA.

The eldest portions of the host's latent genes now begin to take form, trying to link all of the body functions together, and as the body transforms then nothing short of a metamorphosis occurs. During the metamorphosis the body would enter into a deep state of hibernation for an unknown period of time.

When briefed of the situation, Lady Eve made mention that with the body in hibernation, it would allow the hypernites of the various types – worker, brain, energy and so on – would begin a tremendous series of growth now that the energy being used by the body is reduced.

While the host sleeps, and undergoes radical transformation, the present MCPU will calculate that there is a tremendous amount of spare energy in the body, more so then what it has during the host's regeneration process, and as such, it will utilize that added energy to upgrade its systems and reinforce itself.

The MCPU will undergo tremendous amount of growth, invading the brain while stimulating a sort of hotwiring of the brain functions as genetic transformation begins to enhance its existing functions, and even latent brain functions become active.

Whereas the host has recently had a growing power of telekinesis, the next psychic power that activates is telepathy.

The hypernites likewise gain the ability to enhance themselves, and so a new redesign is created, and from the gigahertz of mental capacity that is housed by the MCPU alone, a new type of hypernite is developed that is instead of being a cybernetic crossbreed, is now a merger of biological and metal, a happenstance that has made Lady Eve very interested, being that this new bio-metal version of her hypernites were the basis of her wetware technology.

If given time, she theorized, that these hypernites would eventually evolve. How then would it eventually affect her? And for that matter, how would it affect her as of yet unborn children? For surely she has passed her hypernite blood to her children.

For what that means for the host is that the cybernetic enhancements of the body rapidly transform into wetware, and to explain this new, rare technology, wetware is a form of cybernetic enhancement made of biological metal or are completely metal with biological interfaces, so it has a more direct connection to the body other than stimulators and receptors. Instead of having invasive circuits and whatnot, the metals and polymers rapidly transform during this stage into a form of living steel. They gain nourishment from the blood, and are an extension of the living tissue.

The MCPU, for example, forms a large lump the size of a human fist at the point where the cerebellum meets the spinal chord, with it's invasive tendrils winding deep inside the brain, and most of its higher brain functions sliding down along the spinal chord along the medulla oblongata directly between the two halves of the brain. It's I/O ports – Type I, II and III – all advance to Beta technology grade wetware in their speed of transmit. In a laboratory environment, these I/O nodes will be the source of helping the hypernites to develop properly by allowing a super computer to program their functions. Without this influence, the MCPU must adapt on its own, the enhancement is rather slow by any terms, but through the use of an ever enhancing modem, the wetware brain does continue to access the world, looking for newer ways to advance itself.

But, other than the change and enhancement of cybernetic to wetware, the MCPU further enhances the brain functions by creating circuits... all of which appear like cancerous growths with a central cybernetic node – an SPU – allowing the brain to advance its evolution, and bringing more powers to the host.

By this time, the entire cerebellum has been encased in a webbing of fiber optic wires, as well as invaded by more wires and jumbled with SPU nodes, all focusing on the various sections and hemispheres of the brain.

The fiber optics all across the body thicken and grow greater in number to enhance the reflexes to a point where it approaches precognitive avoidance.

The CPU governing the factory enhances to such a point where it becomes a second heart, going so far as flexing a muscle formation to induce the pumping of blood, which, due to the body's present size, is a necessary function in order to move blood to the extremes of the body.

Another new addition is that there will be several storage facilities that will develop in the core of the body, off of either lung, just above and around the heart, housing it in a protective shell, and in either inner arm and in either leg.

These broad, flat disks, attached directly to the bones, are there to supply power to the form, all the better to develop the newly forming servo actuators at each and every last joint in the body.

As such, both Eve and I agreed, together, that the host's power would double or even triple or more during this stage of change, but... in order to achieve this metamorphosis... the body needed food...

- Doctor Emil "Kahn" Laio

Kirii awoke with a shiver, feeling the chill in the air from the approaching fall, and rising from the ground, her distended breasts, full and firm and overly engorged from all the milk they carried during the morning, rose long after she did and hefted high upon her chest as she arched her back. Her muscles tensed briefly, her thighs pressing together.

It was her first night sleeping outside. She'd positively outgrown her den, and though she'd managed to save all her things that now laid beside her, including her mirror, which, as she grew, continuously grew smaller and smaller, somehow had escaped damage.

The police and authorities were growing heavier and heavier in the park, looking for her it seemed, and she'd transformed so much that she no longer even looked human. They called her the Beast of New York, and she'd left behind so many love stains on the grounds, and so many husks of her flesh, that even scientists were coming to the park, and there were crazies that wanted to worship her as a new messiah, and others that called her the coming of the apocalypse... all of these clippings from the newspapers that she was saving would make a lovely scrapbook in the future...

Not that she couldn't blame them, she was rapidly becoming a goddess. Her muscles were impossibly huge, her breasts were immense, and her form was, in a word, perfect. She liked the name Gaia, if that was indeed what it was coming to; she was definitely becoming a goddess of the earth and fertility.

She shook her head.

No... that isn't me... I'm no goddess, she thought as she lifted herself and stretched catlike, her labia tensing between her thighs like twin hardened chords of steel cabling, she licked her lips, looked down to her fat chest, hefted one of her breasts upward and began to drink.

As she inserted the huge teat into her mouth, an insatiable desire hit her, and she began to suck, and suck, and nurse... drawing out every last morsel of creamy milk from her tit and then shifted to the other. Her tummy rumbled as she drained her second tit dry, and then moved onto her next pair that she could still reach by bending her head down between her tits, and could do now that her primaries had flattened some.

Her tummy rumbled again as she looked up, passing a hand between her thighs and caressing the huge pad of woman flesh between her thick, thick legs. Biological imperatives were thrusting themselves onto her... much like they had over the past few weeks. Now she needed food, and she needed sexual release, and with the milk in her breasts gone, she had to hunt for food now, hunt for her satisfaction.

Rising to her feet, still rubbing her cunt to disgorge her super-sized clit, she slid forward, idly pushing a tree out of her way, and went on the hunt.

Hours later, she'd raided five apartments from the arcology, ate all their food, broke into a feeding bin at the zoo, and shredded three of the pushcart vendors that were left overnight in the park, as well as one Kitchen on Wheels.

When she was done, she was like a well-fed lioness, with a distended belly ribbed by her abdominal muscles, and she purred as she lounged out in the dew covered field around one of the lakes, her belly shrinking remarkably fast as some strange power inside her was digesting all the food, and as the hunger of her first biological imperative geared down with satisfaction, another imperative was beginning.

Her pussy was throbbing with excitement, her heart pumping steadily, and with a pleasing groan she tensed her body, the unseen muscles that surround her body tensing the air, and huge boulders now all lifted off the ground as her clitoris extended from within her, rising powerfully, and in comparison to her body, that super-clit was a thick and heavy nib, but it was longer and thicker than any man's penis. Her labia tensed around it, her heartbeat massaging the thing as she steadily righted herself, compressing her thighs together and rubbing them together to cajole her pussy between her muscled inner thighs. She groaned and felt

elated in the power surging through her body, as those unseen muscles of her mind helped her to rise up off the ground and into the air.

She let the rocks fall as she hovered there a moment, and with another tensing of growth, her body swelled, her flesh tearing open and shredding off like a husk about there as she flexed her legs, her arms, tensed her chest muscles as she swelled, feeling her flesh peel off her as she shredded out of yet another layer of her flesh, and this time, nodules of protrusions formed all over her body, especially on her forehead and her back, on her forearms and forelegs.

She purred as she watched the layer of her flesh peel off, tearing open like her clothing had done when she'd first began transforming, rending open like a silk shirt to disgorge new and glistening flesh as the remains of her flesh fell in tatters on the ground like the husk shed by a snake. She then slid her hands over the newly moistened flesh on her body, her form glistening in the moonlight while her nipples stood on end while her clitoris quivered between the ripened folds of her pussy, and in an elated climax, several quarts of cum erupted over her thighs, dribbling down her thighs to drip off her thick toes and toe claws onto the ground.

Her fingers gripped the remains of her flesh and a layer of fur and tore it off her, ripping it off her pussy as it swelled larger than ever, tore it from off her breasts as they heaved outward, off her shoulders as they broadened, her neck lengthening, her shoulders broadening and her spine pushing outward with her tail like a razorblade between the shredding flesh of her back; the base of her tail thickening, pushing her butt cheeks apart, and parting the fur down the base of the tail as the whole of her tail thickened.

But with this sexual need fighting inside her, also came a desire for privacy. She needed to find a new place to stay.

Lowering to the ground, she returned to where her things were, and picking them up using her invisible muscles, lifting them right up to her hand, she gave her tight femininity an affectionate rub with her spare hand and then proceeded to labor to find a new place to stay.

Kirii had searched the whole city, coming finally to a sewer entrance that was actually large enough for her to stand up in. The smell was atrocious, but... of all the other locations she'd been at, it was large, and it was also a warm feeling coming from it.

Warmth meant it was a good place to stay for the winter, and despite the smell she stepped inside. Ignoring the smell as she subtly continued to grow millimeter by millimeter minute by minute.

She ignored the smell as she explored, pausing here and there to rub her sex, probing herself occasionally and rubbing her clit between her fingers while the need of finding a private place for her sexuality to develop heightening.

She explored, and as she explored she journeyed deeper, and the deeper she went, the less smell there was, and the drier it became, till she forced open a massive circular pressure door, turning the great circular locking mechanism that must not have been used in centuries as easily as if she were turning a doorknob, and beyond the door she found a large chamber beyond the door that was completely absent of grime, dirt and such things.

She purred, entered inside and closed the pressure door behind her, cutting out the last of the smell and the chill and looking upward she saw a vaulted ceiling with avenues of exit far above.

Apparently, this was an abandoned cistern here. It would just need some modifications...

What she did, she did quickly, placing her mirror against the wall, made her nest, placed her things nearby it. From a nearby cistern, she took several lights to replace the broken ones that were here for light, even though she could see perfectly in the dark, she nonetheless wanted some brighter light in case she began to go blind in this bad light. She was surprised that there was still electricity in the wires...

She stood, purring louder than ever before, her chest heaving as she fingered her sex with a pair of fingers.

She was fed, her belly now returning to tight, powerful abs, she had privacy and a new den, and now that all her imperatives were satisfied... there was only one left.

Her eyes slowly closed as she felt her body tensing, felt her clitoris swelling, felt her areola puffing outward and her nipples forming thick nibs at their ends, and as her loins began to grow hot and moist with her juices, she slid downward, resting on her rump and tail as her heart began to beat slower, and more heavily inside her chest, with each throbbing pump of that heart, she felt something pumping into those loins, pumping into her breasts to cause both tit and labia to swell thickly, and with her fingers caressing the soft pink parts inside her body, she slowly began to cum in a steady, excited stream.

It wasn't the sort of creamy white cum that escaped her in times past that was syrupy and slick between her fingers, this was heavy and white, stringy and very sticky, and as she smeared it on her thighs and pelvis, it heightened her sexuality, and as she orgasmed, a heavy load of it spilled out into her hands.

Her whole body tensed then, and she felt her flesh ripping again, wet tears signifying her flesh ripping itself apart as she shed her flesh into tatters for the second time that night; more of that white stuff that was escaping from her loins bubbled up to the surface out of her pores. Strangely... she didn't take any concern out of this strange goop as she fingered herself, and came again.

Stringy white ribbons of the stuff were strung across her body as her hands worked, tucking her legs up close to her as she left them spread open a little, and without really thinking, she attached streamers of that odd fluid from her body against the wall. The longer it all stayed in the open air, the more it began to puff outward, covering her body from the constant mess, her hands and feet working to smear it all over her body.

It was pleasure supreme as the warmth of her body covered her in a sticky goo, the goo covering her like a warm blanket as she pushed it up over her head, forming a bubble, pushing it outward to surround her as it thickened and throbbed, and though she didn't really know what she was doing, she did it anyways. Something instinctual was prompting her movements, and for some reason it was also increasing her pleasure many fold.

And it was increasing...

She began a steady stream of orgasms, and every time her muscles tensed, a new supply of that white stringy stuff passed outward from within her loins. The stuff swelled up around her neck and she gasped as the stuff that was already covering her ears and the back of her head began to swell over toward her brows, and continuing to finger herself as her loins throbbed and pulsated, she gasped and lowered her head into the mess. She had a moment or two where she couldn't breathe, but then she found a pocket of air close to her body as the stuff continued to puff outward, and she gasped as her tail and her hair was sucked inside this strange stuff.

And then the goo stopped leaking from her, and formed into a pool between her legs as her insides clenched briefly, and then she instead began to cum regularly now, erotic, orgasmic thrusts of her hips that spilled out her syrupy liquid spooze one second after the next as she was sucked inside a leathery womb, her body forming a fetal position while her juices erupted from her repeatedly gyrating hands and fingers to fill the base of the strange thing she'd made. As she began her orgasmic thrusts, gallons of her love juices spilling from her, instantly crystallizing the white goo into a shell, she lurched, thrusting her breasts upward against the leathery stuff, and her breasts, which had easily swollen to the same size they were when she awoke this morning before milking herself, began to leak all their milk from all ten nipples on her body, the

orgasmic lurching of her nipples spilling gallons more of cream into the chamber, the mixture of cum and cream swirling about her into a sticky nutrient fluid, rising up slowly over her body like a hot bath that was soothing to her skin; the warmth tickling her body like Novocain. A numbness slid through her while her mind likewise slowly numbed; her body relaxing as she came one last explosive time, her shell hardening into a thickness and strength that even her muscles couldn't push away, and her claws couldn't break through, or perhaps it was because she was growing so weak... and sleepy.

Her whole body past her head was in that stuff as she settled a bit awkwardly, but studiously against the cradle of the chamber, her pussy continuing to throb in time with her heart, and she began passing off into sleep with her fingers tentatively caressing her womanhood; digging into it to please herself, being rewarded by minute bursts of cum that flushed into the chamber about her fingers.

The pressure inside the shell numbed her mind as she breathed in a deep breath of the nutrient bath she'd created, and somehow... strangely, she breathed that odd mixture, and she felt... comfortable, safe... satisfied... like she were in the womb again.

She smiled, settling backward and curling herself up, holding her long tail like a blanket close to her face while she continued to rub her love mound whilst she grew complacent and restful; her eyes closing slowly till she fell asleep. And as she slept, she dreamed of growing in power...

"What do you mean you lost her?" Lord Pseudodrake said as he turned immediately around to the odd creature standing before him, the physical representation of Aysyx, an artificial dragon formed by the merging of a male and a female counterpart to create the most powerful mobile computer in the multiverse.

"My drones could not keep up with her, my lord." The voice of Aysyx, an odd mixture between male and female, a perfectly neuter voice, said, lacking any kind of mechanical sound to it. "As soon as she entered the sewers, even the advanced satellite array could not pierce through all the lead in the sewer piping that was used by the city prior to the creation of plasticrete. Might I remind you, my lord, New York has been built upon itself over the centuries a total of five times! There is a warren underneath that city, and hundreds of cubic miles of space. It will take time."

"Damn it." Lord Pseudodrake spoke, pressing his lips together in annoyance and clicking his mandibles when Aysyx suddenly straightened.

"Report from Laio, my lord:" Aysyx said and approached Pseudo and then his voice changed to copy that of the geneticist. "*Her developing instincts will be to find a place large and dry enough for her to achieve her metamorphosis. I would suggest that in order to find the host for the Prometheus Serum is to focus on the nearest places of the warrens beneath New York closest to the surface that are absent of excess moisture, and also, to start off of locations that feed into major outlets that allow the subject to fit inside them.*" Aysyx made a movement as if his body were changing suddenly inside. "That will allow me to narrow the search parameters considerably... especially within a sewer and water environment."

"Very good." Pseudo said, and then walked off a few paces and then stopped. "Aysyx... could you please send for Lord Xilimyth."

"The messenger? Certainly my lord, but why?"

"An impression from the Earth," Pseudo said, and as the guardian of the Earth, impressions from the ether stream of this world were undeniable... and flawless. "I have a mission for him, Aysyx. One that I believe to be of the utmost importance and one that I think he would find the greatest of interests in achieving."

"Yes my lord." Aysyx bowed. "Message has been sent. He reports that he should be here in a half an hour."

"From Central Africa?!" Pseudo exclaimed, and turned incredulously toward the remarkable creature known as Aysyx.

"He says he wants to take it slow." Aysyx smiled, and Lord Pseudodrake shook his head.

Of all the earthbound dragons, despite that he wasn't the most powerful of examples, this strange, remarkable Ikari Dragon with no tribe or clan to call his own, was undeniably the fastest dragon in creation. A strange Cheetah and Mercury Dragon crossbreed enhanced with a Weapon Core and a Dragini Fruit into something totally new. How else could one fly from Central Africa to the Himalayas in so short a time?

His speed gave him the nickname of Draco Hermes: or the Dragon Hermes, which likewise then became "The Messenger" after Hermes' function in the old society of the Fae when they played the roles of the gods of Greece, and that role being:

The Messenger of the Gods.

Kirii felt herself changing, felt her body remarkably transforming amidst her chrysalis.

She moved, tossing and turning as she transformed, her ribs flaring outward and forward, her body segmenting, and as she grew, filling her once roomy cocoon into a tight ball, and in turn forcing her cocoon to stretch and swell around her muscling body, her body transformed and mutated and her muscles swelled and coalescing into whole new forms.

Periodically, she'd erupt several spasms of sexual juices into her chamber, and then would grow larger still, her dreams fully erotic and detailed with she being the subject of many a hulking male that was so very much like her... or just the same one growing along with her.

He was able to penetrate her... deep!

Whole segments of muscle detached, and she became weak briefly, suddenly vulnerable as they writhed and moved along her new bones as they swelled and stretched wider, thickening into an endoskeletal armor. New bone growth formed around her organs, protecting them in cages, like ensnaring her heart, caging her lungs, adding another layer of endoskeletal armor into her body.

She felt her body writhe continually as odd, strange things happened to her amidst her transformation.

Inside her body, the wondrous mechanical things continued lacing her muscles with chords of wire, but were now likewise building mechanical constructs like pistons and servos, while the neural network swelled inside her.

At first she simply grew larger, her muscles swelling her body thickening with yet more muscle, her form enlarging centimeters per hour. But then her body began tearing open, segmenting over all her major muscle lines, segmenting and separating into multiple layers of armor. Carapace broke from her flesh and slid about her as her body twitched, her bones shifting while her organs moved hither and thither.

Her mind enhanced itself by leaps and bounds, and new power grew in her as her body mutated, her belly sinking below her chest, her hips widening, her arms lengthening and her thighs, calves, biceps and forearms hardening.

Days passed as she slowly changed, and when she awoke, her eyes sliding open as she breathed in the liquid of her self-constructed womb, and as she awoke, she felt her body snap awake as electrical impulses ignited inside her mind, and she felt new power, renewed and empowered, and as she convulsed, she gasped in a deep breath of the water and spasmed when it no longer gave her air, and with a thrust against her prison she tore the front of it open, her bones and her muscles groaning as she then tore open the outer

shell. Immediately upon leaning out of the hole, as the mixture of her juices and milk spilled out of the cocoon and into the basin of the cistern, she threw up two lungs full of liquid.

She thrust her head fully outward from within the cocoon, her features dribbling syrupy white fluids as she gasped a double lungful of fresh air, and like Samson chained to the columns, her mighty hands pressed against the shell of her cocoon and her muscles pushed with the force and strength of industrial pistons.

Her chest thrust out into the air – massive and bulbous – as the rest of the fluids spilled outward and she collapsed to the ground, coughing heavily, groaning with the numbness and achiness that flowed through her whole body. She felt so weak, but despite her weakness, as she clenched her fingers, her claws cut claw marks in the stone beneath her.

It took some time to gain her composure, a great deal of time, in which most of it she just lay there; her massive breasts pressing against the ground while she simply breathed, her tits swelling and contracting beneath her with each breath.

"Oh..." she managed, and ever so slowly rose to her feet, standing unsteadily for a moment, and turning and leaning over her cocoon as it slowly melted, she threw up yet again, but this time it was her stomach that spilled over.

Opening her eyes, she gasped as her stomach acids rapidly began digesting the cocoon and rendering it liquid, which steadily leaked down into the drain in this room.

She leaned against the wall with her long arms extending before her while the milky fluids leaked off her body, her breasts which now settled even further off her chest and seemed to have grown, wobbled with every little breath she took. They felt engorged, tight, and she moaned with a desire to be milked, but despite that feeling, she still watched with amazement through heavy lidded eyes at how well her stomach acids were burning even the stone.

"Oh... mental note... watch where I throw up." She said, covering her mouth and staggering outward.

Despite how weak she was, she still felt weightless... it was an odd feeling.

She reached the large circular door, and noted that in order to reach the door seal that she had to bend over now. Last time she could just walk up to it and turn it. She'd grown again! She didn't really know what to think about this anymore, but just opened the door and ducked underneath the seal of the rim and out into the massive corridor of the abandoned sewer; still dripping with the milky mixture till she found a water main, turned the wheel that trapped water inside and soon she began to wash herself with some lukewarm water, taking a long time just standing there while the water rinsing her off.

Gone was all the sexual tension, the hunger, and now that she had a chance to catch her breath, she could feel things firing up inside her, her heart quickening, her muscles firming up, and sections of her body hardening into solid plates as a layer of flesh slowly cracked off and fell away from her.

Shutting off the water main, still feeling an element of change inside her, she trudged back to her home which she continued to shed another layer of flesh, only to find that all that remained of her cocoon was nothing but a white and gray puddle trickling into the floor drain. Ducking back inside, she shut the door, and almost dreading this next experience, turned to look at herself at a distance in her mirror.

And she paused to gasp!

She slowly brought herself up, thrusting her chest out which was heavy and massive, either tit engorged to bursting with milk, with her nipples standing on end and her reddened areola swollen massively outward. She was mostly as she was before, only with a lot more!

She flexed and awed as the flesh that was visible on her body thickened and bulged and then segmented into rippling chords that erupted about her body. It made her so horny, and it filled her with energy just at the look of all that muscle tearing against her flesh shedding the most recent outer layer open, and she felt the power erupt incredibly inside her. She took a deep breath of air, her breasts expanding massively atop her chest as her lungs – she felt she had two sets of them now for a total of four – filled with air.

With a mighty exhale as she flexed one of her legs, which barreled outward, the calf flaring wide, and shifting forward, she flexed both arms and legs together, feeling the remarkable burn from the power radiating through her as the whole of her body swelled and puffed outward with muscle mass, she then settled forward and looked down between all her engorged tits only to finger something new.

Covering her vivacious cunt was an overlapping series of plates, and she fingered these, her middle finger and its obsidian claw tracing a line between the plates and the bundled knot of tendons of her inner thigh, and she caressed the plate, feeling her labia swelling immensely as her clitoris began to erect beneath those plates.

She purred, a deep rumbling in her chest, as she watched the plates push forward as her vaginal lips thickened and spread open, and with but a thought the three overlapping plates folded downward and slid pleasingly into a fold of flesh in her tail.

She fingered her sex and ran her tongue along her teeth. Her tail had bulged, and standing with feet apart she brought it forward from between her legs to look at the base of the thing while it coiled about her ankles.

With her tail having bulged like that, much of her fur was pushed toward the end, as if several cuts along the base had been torn open to allow for yet more armor to form. And like her tail, her whole body everywhere simply had torn open to make way for more armor while she was in her cocoon, in both the form of white plates and white scales. All the way down her chest, from the hollow of her throat straight down to her inner thighs, every fleck of fur had been pushed to the sides of her body, leaving bare flesh over her massively rounded primaries, over her thick P-cup secondaries, and over her three sets of now C-cup tertiaries, down over all her abs, over her now cleanly shaven cunt and finally to her inner thighs were completely free of her frost white fur.

But what had been thick hide before, was now like shark's skin, rough and abrasive in one direction, and remarkably silken smooth in the other.

Her biceps and inner thighs were like that as well, and a closer look at this flesh showed that there were miniscule teeny-tiny little hairs.

She was a remarkable creature now! But that was only the start of it all.

Her shoulders were solid packs of muscle holding up massively huge arms, her tits had swollen to *twice* what they were before, either having swollen to engulf the whole of her chest muscles, her clit had thickened to a super-sized version of what it was before, to where it stood on end straight out of her body even in its relaxed state. Even it had become so strong. Even as she stood there, it was throbbing excitedly between a pair of labia that were immensely thick and bulging.

Her neck had risen atop a thickly wide and bulging neck and all its muscles, while a massive muscle hump rose between her shoulder blades, larger than the one she had before, but only to support...

"W-what are those?!" she said turning her back to the mirror and twisting her long, broad neck to look over her flaring shoulder muscles and bulging back at the strange and massive things folded there. Five spikes were radiating down along the lower edges of her flaring back, and there were definite grooves in her back that looked like they could be opened and unfolded.

She screwed up her eyes, trying to flex her back, and she managed to flex back muscles that she was already familiar with, but then with a twitch, she felt her back shudder, and she felt something like shoulder muscles flex over either shoulder blades. She stuck her tongue out between her lips as she concentrated on controlling the muscles in her back all the harder, and those grooves shuttered and spread apart, and she felt her eyes go wide as she watched them spread slightly, drawing webs of flesh and stretching them apart, briefly, and she gasped, losing control of the muscles as they snapped back into place with a series of clicks and a crunch.

But she'd already seen what it was.

"Wings? I have wings?" she said in awe, and began to spread them again, really trying now.

It took her some time, learning the muscle control to move them, the grooves unfolding as the fingers spread open, the spikes radiating along the base of her flaring back showing now that they were the fingernails at the ends of some very long fingers.

She managed to open first one – the wing spiraling open ever so slowly and then unfolding outward on an accordion fold – and she let that hang briefly before she expanded the other.

They were small and spindly at the moment, but as she watched, she could feel the muscles thickening, saw them tensing as they grew larger, the flesh between the fingers of the wing growing thicker each moment, all the while she flexed those wings, spreading them open like opening her arms, opening and stretching the fingers like opening her hands, and as she stretched, they uncoiled, telescoped outward and extended to a gossamer span across her back.

She laughed and turned, posed, spreading those wings open, fanning them about her body while she flexed and posed sexily. And then she posed powerfully, working her muscles, tensing them, seeing how far she could get them to expand about her bones, how far she could amass herself. Her bulging spine and tail lashed as she rocked from one foot to the other as she did this, turned and hefted her breasts, flexed, poised again and then laughed aloud at the sheer goddess-like power she felt. Just for fun she poised again, and then hugged herself, her overly massive arms folding together beneath a pair of primary breasts that folded solidly over either arm.

She purred to herself, the purr resonating from her chest, and as she took pleasure in her body, noting all the spiking brow ridges, the bony protrusions located here and there all over her body, and she sighed, folding her wings downward and lashing her tail.

All of a sudden she looked at her powerful wings as they throbbed and pulsed with growing power, thickening as if each muscle fiber were swelling with power.

Time, perhaps, for her first flying lesson.

Stage 9: Evolution

Due to a certain uncertainty the further along a gene-splicing subject is subjected to, there is just too much of an unknown of what will and won't happen in a body outside a laboratory. The bottom line is that without being able to control the stimuli, we cannot be sure as to exactly how the host organism will develop.

In the human body alone, the genome of a standard human being without some sort of prior genetic mutation, has a total of twelve times ten to the fiftieth power individual traits, and we are adding a myriad of hundreds of thousands more traits to the host's genome. The only thing we can promise is that the basic DNA structures from the retro-virus portion of the viral-hypernites will have added several traits to the body.

So, after thirty days of transformation, the following traits can be guaranteed to be in place... Provided of course that the original genetic strain of the human host is pure and unchanged:

- *Enhanced organs capable of working at three to five times output.*
- *Two endoskeletal layers of bio-metal laced bones to protect said organs and support the body structure.*
- *Supernatural muscle structure.*
- *Super enhanced sexual capacity.*
- *Digitigrade legs, a tail and wings, with a developing exoskeletal body armor and the possibility of some chitinous growths.*
- *A basic cybernetic enhancement wire system, complete with power source, control system and communications center for both direct and wireless communication.*
- *Psychokinetic and psychotelepathic abilities.*
- *Hyper-metabolism and regenerative abilities.*

Aside from these 'guaranteed' traits, whatever other traits that the host might develop are unknown.

It was at this stage that Lord Pseudodrake decided that it would be best to perhaps provide a guardian for our test subject as she slowly evolves and transforms. Most importantly since both Eve and myself have no idea when and where the serum will stop once all pre-programmed and pre-designed traits have all executed themselves... it is in agreement that the subject will need a chaperone.

- Emil "Kahn" Laio

The Dragon's Tower was the center of power for all of Dragonkind in existence. Once, hundreds of thousands of years ago, the seat of power had been Olympus Mons on Mars... But due to an 'accident' on Mars, that planet had become uninhabitable... Even for dragons. It's a wonderment, however, that after over a thousand years of development and perfecting the process, that humans have terraformed Mars to become habitable again... to the point where the once red planet was now a forest planet of towering trees...

Olympus Mons may yet become the home of Dragonkind yet again.

Nevertheless, Dragon's Tower was their current home, a mountain with deep, deep roots into the Earth where the Dragon Council remained and called home, a mountain that, as convenient as it was, formed one of the sloping walls of the famed Shangri-La Mountain valley. It was here that a young dragon, beautiful, with superb lean muscle that was just now starting to bulge from training an exertion, entered and bowed to one knee before Lord Pseudodrake.

"I come as commanded, Great Lord." Xilimyth stated as he bowed his head, his great, feathered, silvery wings folding about him like a cloak.

His back held the most elaborate and powerful bio-propulsion system of any of the Royal Dragons in creation... But Xilimyth wasn't a Royal... He was considered to be just a Nobel, a great of dragon that was greater than a Greater Dragon, but less than a Royal Dragon. He also had no clan and no tribe – and for that matter no surname – because he was a new type of dragon... A Guardian-Weapon, all thanks to the power of a weapon core radiating inside his chest.

A young World Tree – a millennium tree – located in Africa had made him her chosen weapon and guardian...

“Xilimyth,” Pseudo greeted and then gestured for him to get off his knees. Pseudo hated it when people debased themselves before him like that. “Thank you for...” Pseudo paused and smiled. “...coming so quickly.”

Xilimyth rose and bowed. “Thank you sir. But... What is it that you wish me for, Great Lord? Other than delivering sensitive packages and messages, I've never had an actual mission before.”

Pseudo towered over the smaller dragon... In all actuality he towered over nearly all dragons with very, very few exceptions, but Pseudo was also extremely gentle and kind, which offset his size any day of the week, making him very approachable.

“Xilimyth, I have an extra special assignment for you... As a guardian and a protector.” The two began to walk through the halls.

“Her name is Kirii La'fond...”

Kirii had only managed to glide at first, taking it easy, running into the wind like she were running with a kite, leaping off small hills and gliding forward, climbing up things and hopping off, and through the night, she managed to start off higher and higher, throwing herself off bridges and off skyscrapers through the din of the cold night, feeling herself transforming still, till at long last she found herself standing atop a tower atop a skyscraper, looking up at the towering black spire of the Starlight Tower.

She licked her lips, feeling her belly tightening, her chest pressing outward to overlap her abdominals as she held herself up, half by the tips of her toes and her tail wrapping about the spire she was standing on, and half by using her invisible muscles to hold herself aloft.

That was her next task... To reach the top of that tower.

Raising her wings, flaring them, she felt the winds against her ludicrously powerful body, her breasts massive and swollen and her arms like bundles of pistons and steel bridge cables, which were dwarfed in power only by the thickness and mass of her legs. Taking a deep breath, she tilted forward and glided into the wind, and began to beat her wings, climbing toward the top of the tower.

Flying was a great effort! Or at least with these unused muscles...

But amazingly, despite that she must weigh several metric tons; her wings were able to carry her through the sky in complete defiance of the physical laws of gravity! More of the fact that she was too strong for gravity to affect her and everything...

She flexed and sang, her voice coming out in a single symphonic note, and as she soared higher and higher she began to arch and turn, trying to reach the peak of the tower, and nearly had it...

But then her wind died and she faltered, and when it returned again it tumbled her backward, and with a pinched look on her face as her claws flailed for purchase, she began to tumble backward, and then she screamed as she fell away from the tower.

She looked down as she fell, trying to beat her wings, trying to keep herself aloft, and despite how strong she'd become, she didn't think that she could survive a fall from several thousand feet up!

She fell for hundreds of feet, overcoming the terminal velocity as she flared her wings, tried to gain control of herself, but she was nearing the massive, multi-tiered arcology surrounding the tower. She was about to do a back-plant on it, she knew it!

But then something grasped her hand, and pulled, and she was righted, turned and through the Grace of God, her wings filled with the wind, and she was snapped backward up into the sky with a jostling of her tits and a sudden breath of relief.

"Careful there." She heard someone say, and her deeply white-maned head snapped around to look at the speaker.

She paused, and saw a strange looking white fleshed and blue armored dragon glide into her view.

Her lips pursed – both pairs of them that were on her face and between her thighs – at the look of those beautiful blue eyes that stared at her.

"Hey... You all right?" the voice asked and more of Kirii realized that it was attached to the very lean, yet stocky in some places, male dragon, flying right beside her.

Kirii snapped awake as she realized he'd asked her something.

"O-oh... Yes! Yes! Thank you so much. I thought I was about to die there for a second..."

Her savior smiled, his wings were feathered, but he had a body that was very similar to hers.

"My pleasure. It's a gentledragon's duty to save fair dracas in trouble."

Kirii blinked.

He thinks I'm a draca? A female dragon? Have I changed that much? She thought.

"I don't think I've properly introduced myself, miss." He said suddenly. "My name's Xilimyth."

"K-Kirii." She replied, and reached to give him her hand, but then suddenly realized that there was about ten or so meters separating them in distance at the moment, so she retracted her hand.

"Forgive me for pointing this out... But... What are you doing flying about, in the middle of the night, stark naked?" Xili asked, and Kirii suddenly looked down her body, realized that her ten breasts were just dangling off her bodice, and she made a movement to cover her bodice and blushed deeply.

"S-sorry." She said quietly. "I've had a series of strange luck lately. I'm afraid I don't have any clothes to wear..."

Her benefactor nodded, but nonetheless smiled at her. She saw that he was wearing chaps and a loincloth at least, as well as a sort of black vest that covered his back but not his double layered chest.

He looked at her with a pair of kind eyes that she felt herself drawn to.

They were such... kind eyes, she thought.

Though she didn't realize it, he was teaching her how to fly simply by her trying to stay wing to wing to him. She reached out to him a little, but due to their wing spans, she obviously couldn't place her hand in his and quickly retracted her hand yet again. She felt as if she wanted to touch him, she wanted to feel him with her fingers. Regardless, she stayed as close to him as she could, practically wing-tip to wing-tip as they flew around the city.

"I see," he managed a smile. "I know that this must seem sudden, but I can provide a warm bath, some food, fresh clothing and a soft bed. You look like you could enjoy all three of them."

Kirii's mouth watered and each time he mentioned one of those things that she'd been missing for several weeks now, her eyes closed a little more in longing. She felt a micro orgasm surge through the lips of her sex between her legs with the remembered feelings of those things, and she wanted them. But she was a lady, and despite the inconvenience that her life was, she answered as a lady must...

"I-I... I would like to but I shouldn't impose." Kirii said, pressing her muscular thighs together. "And you've already done so much for me by saving my life..." She said hugging herself closer, her muscular arms barely covering her massive primaries. All her secondaries and tertiaries, though, were all naked and hung out into the cold night air with their nipples hard and aching with the cold wind sliding against the swollen mounds.

Xili nodded and turned, and flipping himself so that he slowly soared downward, his wings flaring to act like parachutes instead of wings, Kirii watched and flipped herself too, mimicking him and they both descended upon a walkway at the top of one of the small skyscrapers. Though he landed elegantly, she stumbled a little bit and collapsed forward against a wall, and he moved quickly to help her up.

Kirii turned and suddenly found herself in his arms, her massive breasts pressing firmly against his chest, and she found herself pausing, her breath halting, her heart pausing in her chest. Her nipples hardened, her clit and labia swelled; especially when she felt the massive bulge of his groin against her love mound.

She suddenly blushed, and stepping backward covered her breasts to hide her aching nipples... Or at least the largest of the ten as she turned slightly to cover herself.

"Th-thank you." She blushed deeper.

"You're welcome." He smiled, and then turned to a double sliding glass door and keyed in a password on a dragon-sized console by the door. Immediately the doors opened by sliding into the walls, and a breeze of warmth wafted over Kirii and she shuddered, realizing exactly how cold she was.

Xili stepped forward slightly into the hallway beyond and gestured toward her with an open clawed hand as he folded his wings about his shoulders.

"Are you sure you won't come in?" he asked. "New York can be quite unforgiving during the fall and winter."

"What is this place, Kirii asked, and folded her wings about her shoulders as well, covering her massive primaries, her secondaries and most of her tertiaries, but still displayed a few of the six nipples all down her hyper-muscled navel.

"One of my homes that I stay at when I'm in town." Xili smiled, and Kirii placed her hand in his as she stepped forward and joined him in the hall, the sliding doors closing behind her.

"One of them?!" she asked.

"Yes." He smiled. "I have business ventures all over the world. My real home is actually in Africa. Perhaps I can take you there someday." He smiled.

Kirii found herself drawing close to him as he led her to the interior of his home here.

“I'm glad that you changed your mind.” He smiled, and Kirii looked to him, saw that she was hanging on his muscular arm, and then she stepped back.

“Thank you.” She blushed again, folding her hands behind her back and looking sheepish.

“My pleasure.” He smiled again graciously. “But I believed I promised you a few things.”

“Y-you did?” she asked, blinking at him.

“Certainly. A bath, clean clothes, food, and a bed to sleep in.” Kirii's eyes went wide. “The bathroom is through that corridor, and by the time you're done I'll have a good meal for you and some fresh clothes ready.

“You are free, of course, to stay as long as you wish.”

Kirii passed through the double doors and walked down a corridor, passing large doorways on either side of her, and reaching another pair of double glass doors, glazed glass this time, they slid open for her automatically, revealing a domed chamber with thick, double-paned glass walls.

As she entered, the glazed doors closed behind her and locked with several clicks, and the glass held in their metal frames rapidly darkened and a soft red light lit within the chamber.

At the center of the tiled floor was a bowl of a pool, large enough where a human could dive into it. That bowl immediately began to fill with water from a plethora of fountains and exuding a froth of bubbles that filled the pool with a wonderful bubbly froth.

She murred and opened her wings, and looking down the length of her body as she arched her back, her breasts parting thanks to gravity, she looked down the length of her body to the layered plates over her sex. She smiled, and with a thought, those plates folded into each other and then slid into the base of her tail to reveal her broad and muscled vaginal mound and erect clit.

She was amazed at how powerful her femininity had become, the thick size of her clitoris, the bulging lips of her labia; her womanhood was truly powerful, her sexuality was intense, and as she folded a hand over it, sliding her fingers along the soft, velvety pad, her finger caressing the slit upward and downward she stepped forward and paused before the waters of the filling pool.

She was feeling warm all over, from the inside and outside now, and keeping her hand over her sex as she continued to caress the twin womanly muscles, her hand folding between her legs as she squatted, she reached over and tested the waters, her long, muscled fingers and ebon claws disturbing the waters and the bubbles. She purred as she drew her hand backward, sliding the hot waters from her finger tips over her large breasts, caressing the areola and her nipples while the finger that was caressing her sex slowly slid inside her. She murred as she teased her sexuality, coming to sit carefully at the water's edge, sliding both her legs into the water while her hand remained over her pussy, her juices rising and filling the pot between the thickening lips of her cunt, and she began to purr energetically in and out with every breath, and she slid another hand inside her loins, caressing her clit as it and all her nipples immediately began to erect.

She stepped fully into the waters, her hands kneading her vaginal lips until they swelled and blushed with sexual desire; she wading to the center of the pool, feeling the waters lap at the base of her bottom while her tail snaked into the water behind her before she stopped at the center. The waters were thigh-depth even to her, which meant that they could quite possibly submerge a human standing on their feet. Squatting, her body dispersing the waters, she then laid back, drawing her wings fully into the bowl of the water with her, she leaned back, dipped her head back into the hot water and brought it out again, purring

while her massive breasts cleaved outward into the water, floating marginally as she laid there, she laid back and relaxed pleasingly, closing her eyes as she continued to soothe and caress her loins, getting her body to exude the soft, slick juices of her body into the water.

The water was also filled with a perfumed oil – the substance that was causing the bubbles – and the water was likewise hot and steamy; the heat of the water so hot that it would've scalded her as a human, but now soothed her like never before, and the steam so arid that it felt as if it were settling thousands of kisses along her face, head, neck, upper shoulders and the tops of her breasts. The bubbles moistened, soothed and massaged her, and lying back even deeper into the water till the tip of her tail curled up the other side before lulling back into the water, she continued to cup her vivacious sex, massaging her labia gently with the tips of her fingers, her nipples steadily hardening till they stood out against her chest several inches, and that was before her areola slowly swelled and grew, pushing her nipples a few more inches outward till they ached.

The heat made her purr, her chest vibrating thanks to her heart pattering beneath her layered ribcage.

She soaked for what felt like hours... The tiles of the pool were heated and kept the waters the perfect temperature for all that time, and pleasingly, studiously, she felt her femininity swell and pinch her fingers whenever she experienced a micro orgasm, her pussy swollen into a thick pouch as she exuded minute jets into the water amidst gasps and sighs of pleasure as she soaked in the water and purred deeply.

It took some time for her muscles to work the kinks out of them, and she massaged herself a little before she began to clean herself. As if by magic, soaps, brushes, and a chamois cloth appeared beside her, one moment they weren't there, the next moment they were, so sliding into the pool, adjusting her tail and allowing her wings to droop from her back, she began to use the large chamois cloth all over her body, moving her body parts out of the way to get into every nook and cranny. Her wings were a job in and of themselves as she washed all the dirt, grime, sweat, and left over cum and pus from her flesh continually ripping off her body.

And then pulling all her hair over one shoulder she began to comb and brush it; getting weeks of twigs and dirt and bugs – ick – out of her hair, continuing till the long frost-white tresses that spilled past her bottom were all nice and straight.

She truly had allot of hair now; a veritable mane hanging from her head, thick and straight that fell all the way down to the floor beneath her wide hips and rounded bottom. She was amazed at all the grass shavings and twigs she pulled out of it with the comb before she brushed it ritualistically, making the long tresses soft and glossy. The oils in the water did much to revitalize her dull-colored skin that had been darkened with dirt, and now much of her absolutely shone beautifully.

She never knew that she could clean up so well...

And then she sat there, her legs still dipped into the water as she massaged her heavily muscled abs, sliding her fingers teasingly against her tertiary nipples. But then she stopped kneading her muscles, slid her hands up and down her long belly, her brows compressing and then she leaned back and looked down between her breasts and indeed found an eleventh and a twelfth pair of nipples there!

A wry quirk of her mouth came as she fondled those four new nipples, and then counted all her nipples to be sure that there were indeed twelve now.

They were.

But now as she was leaning back, she saw the recessed wedge at the base of her navel, compressed between her thighs.

She slowly spread her legs open, and fingered the thickened extended pad of her sex, with the thick powerful labia slowly swelling. Biting her lower lip, she slid her hand over her sex again, caressing her

labia, massaging her vaginal folds before she slid a pair of fingers inside her and began to caress her clitoris, getting it to swell and extend from her body, the pinkish pointed thing rapidly darkening to beet-red as her pussy swelled open like the wings of a butterfly.

As she fingered herself, she began to feel her innards compress and pinch about her fingers like they had when she'd been in the pool, her vaginal juices leaking from within her, sliding over her anus and tail before her nipples hardened all over again, but this time began to lactate subtle milk down her chest, her pussy expanding, and she felt a tingle of change inside her.

The bubbles of the pool had all expired by now, and stretching out her hand before her, her fingers spreading before the pool, she flexed her fingers and her strength – aided by the invisible muscles that surrounded her – suddenly flexed with her and touched the pool, making the whole thing ripple every time she flexed her hand. Then she looked at her hand and slowly turned it and wrist to look at the palm, and she murred as she slid another finger into her cunt as she felt her veins throbbing, and she murred as she flexed her arm slowly, tensing the muscles, and she gasped as she watched her labia ever so slowly begin to expand thicker...

She could feel power throbbing into her veins as she flexed her arm harder, biting her lower lip as her muscles flared and massed, growing larger and larger, her bicep parting and flaring, rapidly swelling to the size of her tits; her forearm flaring wide as her veins and arteries thickened and stood on end.

With a groan, an increased flow of her seminal juices slid from her loins, her legs spreading open wider before she sat up, and pulling her fingers from her, she began to flex her other arm, her muscles growing every bit as thick as her other arm.

She groaned and reveled in her strength, her back flaring, her hips broadening, her thighs growing larger as she moaned and climaxed a jet of her juices, and as she flexed, her muscles bubbled about her body, pressing her breasts up, right against the base of her chin as those too swelled with milk.

She flexed harder, gritting her teeth as her muscles bulged incredibly larger and larger still, seeming to have no end, and as she flexed more, the invisible power she also had that surrounded her flexed as well, and the tighter she flexed the more power she radiated from those arms; her veins thickening and throbbing, standing on end. And then as she flexed harder still, her power flared, and her invisible muscles flexed about her, radiating outward from her body, and at first an almost imperceptible vibration hit within the room. She flexed again, harder still, and gasped as more of her sexual juices flowed from her vivacious pussy while the room about her began to vibrate and tremble.

She gasped as her veins and arteries swelled, throbbing and pulsating with her heart beating, and in an orgasmic rush she ejected a jet of juices from her pulsating vaginal mound that splattered all over her inner thighs, and she gasped with the force of the orgasm. And then she relaxed, gasping as she felt her body slowing in its growth, her breasts larger, her muscles swollen thicker than before, and still swelling while her veins and arteries flattened and thinned.

She rubbed her cunt, murring as her heart vibrated inside her chest, the vibrating in the room lessening and stopping all together.

She never had more power in her life, and she flexed one arm again, though lightly this time, and massaged the firm, medicine ball mound that formed from her long, bulging pipes even with a subtle flex. She couldn't believe the size of that muscle, the twin halves of the bicep having bulged and flared apart from each other to press against her shoulder and her inner arm so massively that the harder she flexed, the less she was able to bend her arm!

A moment ago during that massing transformation she'd just experienced, her arms had both doubled in thickness...

She looked down the length of her body, seeing the milk trickling down her form, forming rivulets over her washboard stomach, trickling over all her breasts and sliding over her pussy and the glistening juices even now decorating her sex, she smiled, and taking up her chamois cloth, she began to caress her body, cleaning the new juices off her form before stepping fully out of the pool and drying herself.

It was amazing, but she dried most of herself by shaking and shivering her body, her tits jostling and spraying water all over the place all around her. She was mostly dry as she used a massive dragon-sized towel on body, drying her wings, her hair, her breasts and crotch – fondling her crotch – as well as her arms and legs.

She smiled and paused, fingering her erect clitoris with a small smile, and then with a subtle mental control, she extended the overlapping layered sheathe from within its pocket in her tail, and it slid from the base of her tail and flipped upward to cover the long and deep slit of her vaginal mound; folding over the still swollen lips to leave only a few scant centimeters open for one to see.

It was like wearing only the patch part of a G-string.

Then she looked down at her body, at her massive breasts, and thought of how to cover her nakedness more, the answer coming to her in the form of the deeply flowing, leathery folds of her wings. Lifting her arms, she moved either of the wing arms to fold over herself, the dual thumb claws on either wing hooking over her shoulders to keep it in place. As the other wing folded over the other, she found that it was like an evening dress, covering most of her body, leaving only a few of her tertiary nipples visible, but likewise left her legs and the power of her femininity covered by her crotch guard.

As a final touch, she pulled all her long white hair over one shoulder, and braided it in a long, complicated braid and tying it off before she promptly rose to leave the room.

The doors automatically unlocked themselves and slid open as she left, and as she stepped over the threshold from the bathroom and into the corridor, the pool immediately unplugged and began to drain before a horde of droids rushed out from their places in the walls and began to dance about the bathroom; cleaning the floors and washing the pool as it emptied.

She smiled as she watched the dance, covered her mouth to hide the smile of amazement, watching everything flit about her for a little while before she turned to leave.

Again she walked down the hallway, passing through the double sliding doors on the other side as she came to stand quietly in the reception area.

It was a place of business, with human-sized and dragon-sized couches and chairs, the human-sized ones arrayed on platforms so that dragons and humans could look at each other eye to eye.

She stood there for a moment, and then spied something lying on the back of a chair with a note on it.

Picking up the note, she saw it written in an elegant scrawl “These are for you...”

Intrigued, she looked down at the cloth, and lifted one, finding it to be a pleasantly designed bodycloth that fell to her fore and rear... Soft white and broad enough to cover not only all her many and massive breasts, but also her shoulders as well with an elegant frill. A soft smile crossed her features as she unfolded the gown-like thing and poked her head through the opened neck hole, settling the cloth over her massive tits, the elastic straps and ties compressing her chests together sweetly. Beneath the gown was a pair of loose-fitting white cotton chaps, which she pulled onto either leg.

Apparently this was the height of draconic fashion.

She turned about then, looking at her muscular and feminine body as she smoothed the sparkling gown-like cloth over her navel, the narrow strip of fabric that the gown was below her midriff of whatever the soft, silk-like cloth was, hid all her erect tertiary nipples completely, and compressed her primaries and secondaries sweetly. She only bothered buttoning up the front a couple of the available buttons to compress the cloth more, her primary nipples forming firm lumps against the white cloth. She murred and gave her tits a subtle squeeze, enjoying the feel of clothing again. She'd almost forgotten what it was like to even wear clothes over the preceding weeks she'd gone without even a strip of cloth to cover her growing bodice.

And then she looked at her wings, and at all the expensive things about her, and she tried to remember how they'd unfolded, and closing her eyes, she began to reverse the unfolding process to turn her wings back inside her back, making fists out of them, spiraling them as they compressed and layered over themselves, the spines crisscrossing this way and that about her form to jut out along her sides, her long, thick tail hanging over her firm and rounded buttocks till, with a series of clicks, her wings folded flat against her back and locked into place, and again she spun gracefully around before she settled herself with a soft laugh.

"Beautiful." A voice said, and she turned quickly, seeing Xilimyth standing there in the doorway.

Kirii blushed.

"It feels good to be wearing some decent clothes again." She sighed, smoothing the cloth over her thighs and navel as she stepped closer to him; her muscular arms folding before her as her hands clasped each other right before her thighs.

And then her nostrils flared at the end of her short muzzle of conjoined mouth and nose, and she spied a tray of covered food in one of his hands and her tummy growled.

"Excuse me..." she said pleasantly, blushing more and looking away, embarrassed.

"No need to be," he grinned. "This way... and we'll satisfy that roaring beast in your tummy."

Xili led the way, and Kirii found herself looking at his behind, and behind the vaginal sheathe, she felt her labia swelling in the sudden thought of... she shook her head. This was her host! And he was kind enough to pick her up off the street – or before she hit the street, as it were – and care for her like this.

But it was a nice tight butt, and a slick of her juices moistened the inside of the wedge of overlapping plates covering her sex.

Xili led her into a dinette place, and placed the silver tray at the center of the table and uncovered it to reveal a cow dressed up like a pig. She blinked at it, and then at all the other foods all around her. Whole fruits, like cored apples and peeled oranges, huge breads with jam... a feast.

Her mouth began to water.

And then she turned to her host to see that he was holding her chair out for her and she jumped forward.

"S-sorry... all this is just so... so overwhelming!" she said, and sat down as he pushed the chair in behind her; her tail fitting perfectly within a gap on the back of the chair.

"You're hungry. If you feel that you should leap on the table and devour everything in sight then I won't be insulted, my lady." He said, and spit at a candle between them, and a tiny ball of flame leapt from his mouth, hit the wick at its end and it lit for luminance as he dimmed the lights in the dining room.

She then sat as he dished her up her food, slicing the cow into huge steaks, and providing her a little of everything, and pouring her a sort of sparkling red wine from a frosty chilled bottle that must've been able to hold a gallon of the stuff before pouring for himself and dishing himself out food for himself.

He then sat and offered prayer over the food, and they commenced the meal.

Xilimyth was very interested in listening to her, and barely ate as she ate ravenously, he holding her in rapt attention as she described – as best she could – who she was and where she came from. There was a lot of vagueness in all that she said. Even she barely believed that she'd been a diminutive human girl... and now here she was being considered a dragoness; or at least in the loosest sense of the term.

She feared he'd think her crazy.

“I feel sorry that you're having such a problem, Kirii.” Xilimyth stated. “My home is of course open for you should you need it. I would be remiss should I just throw you out at first light right back into what you were experiencing before I found you. Naked and nary a credit to your name is no way for a draca of your poise to be out wandering the streets... especially with winter approaching.

“Why don't you stay with me?”

Kirii swallowed the morsel of food she'd been working on.

“A-are you sure? I've already asked for so much.”

“It is no problem at all, Miss La'fond. And it is not you who are asking... it is I who am offering.”

Kirii looked at the great circular bed laid in the floor... a warm and comfortable looking nest as she slowly removed all her clothing and went so far as to open the vaginal sheathe and lovingly caress her womanhood before she knelt and crawled into the soft covers, lying on her voluminous chest and using her breasts as oversized pillows. Drawing the blankets up to her waist before she unfolded her wings to let them drape over her body like a separate blanket, she sighed and hugged her breasts to her as they cradled her body and her head so gently.

She felt so wonderful...

She felt strong and sexy, especially in his eyes...

Strangely... she'd found herself agreeing to stay with him. And that was strange! She'd barely met him, and yet she felt as if she'd known him for ages...

Strange

She and he were going shopping tomorrow so that he could get her a wardrobe of her own. For the moment... she felt that she could trust him. He was a gentleman – er – gentledragon. She'd never known a gentle-anything... and perhaps this transformation of hers was a multitude of blessings.

Strength, beauty, more strength, sexiness, still more strength... and now... perhaps, even a boyfriend who regarded her as a woman ... and not as some little fetish.

Xili sat in his own bedroom, and drinking a glass of the wine – Dragini Wine – he tapped a space on his wall, seemingly having no purpose, but the windows suddenly darkened to black out the world beyond them, the door to his room immediately locked and the wall before him suddenly unfolded into a complex

computer workstation. He keyed in a few commands and waited, taking another drink of the wine before taking to swirling its contents in its glass, feeling the sensation of the wine vibrate marginally within his body with its latent power while he waited.

There was a beep and the image solidified into the face of Teran Draconoshi, Chief Executive Officer, Director and Owner of Starlight Industries.

“I found her, and have secured her, my lord.” Xili said softly, even despite that his room was sound-proofed and there were white noise generators about him to deaden sound. “I have convinced her to remain with me.”

“Good job Xilimyth. You are indeed worth your weight in gold. Continue to watch over her... keep a diary of your observations.”

“Yes my lord.” And the communication broke, and Xili drained his glass before the workstation closed behind him. He crawled into his own broad circular bed and lay on his back, staring at the ceiling.

After awhile he said aloud to the ceiling...

“Great Maker she's beautiful...”

Kirii lay in her nice warm bed, with central heating conditioning the large chamber with warmth, and having spent so much time living like an animal out in Central Park, she'd grown so relaxed while she laid naked beneath the sheets, using her enlarged breasts for pillows.

She sighed, trying to settle more into the silk-like sheets, feeling the fabric against her full and ripened crotch as she pressed it to the bedding. She was in perfect comfort as she laid there, so relaxed, so pleased with herself and her new circumstances that she didn't have a care in the world.

It was then that the mysterious things inside her began to move.

She murred in her sleep, her mouth opening as she licked her teeth. Her legs slowly spread open, her pussy swelling, her clit erecting, and a trickle of her nectar began to leak from her.

She sighed, her arms hugging her breasts sweetly as the juices inside her body dripped off her clit, her legs opening wider as her tail lifted a little, raising her blankets along its arching length to reveal her swelling and spreading love mound and the puckered anus beneath her tail. The reflex action in females was universal, her back arching, her hips rolling, with only one purpose in mind, and that was to allow a male to hump her from behind.

Females of every species on earth had it, even humans, and as she was now... even a dragoness had it.

Her heart began to quicken as she murred, set herself to purring as the juices leaking from her cunt trickled from within her and onto her bedding. She was dreaming, and as her body transformed, she dreamed of that beautifully blue and white male known as Xilimyth positioning himself behind her, his powerful manhood unsheathing and swelling, lengthening as he aimed himself to pierce her.

This was exactly like the dream she had in the cave, of where there was a beautiful male like her about to sex her from behind, but unlike that dream, where that male was shrouded in shadows and darkness, this time she could see his face, and his face was that of Xilimyth.

Her thighs bulged and her bottom swelled, and she imagined him soothing her thighs and spreading her butt cheeks open, his thumb parting her vaginal lips as he bent to kiss one of the rounded cheeks of her bottom. Her hips rocked in her sleep as she slowly raised her bottom even higher into the air, arching her tail

upward so that her blanket slid down the length of her back to fold into a jumble across her back. One of her hands slid down her body between her legs as she dipped her fingers subconsciously into her body, and she imagined him with his powerful, erect shaft pushing steadily in between her thighs as if for the first time, piercing her virgin womanhood, and she creamed so heavily that a wash of cum erupted over her fingers and slid down her arm.

She opened her mouth, her purr pattering inside her chest, rumbling inside her throat now, her hips rocking as she imagined him meeting with her, humping her from behind, and as she moaned in her sleep, grasping at the sheets with one hand, she imagined his hands over her body.

And as she dreamed, she began to grow.

Moment by moment, her body grew longer, her back bulging while the shoulder muscles holding her wings steadily thickened with her massing back muscles, and her chest muscles pushed forward, thickening while her mammarys swelled with milk and then leaked their excess all over the sheets beneath her. A short cry uttered from her as she orgasmed, a gasping moan as she bit her lower lip and a jet of her juices washed over her fingers, and with a shuddering lurch, her back separated behind her head, tearing open her flesh as her spine separated from her back muscles, her back muscles bulging so as to lift her spine higher along her back, her wings unfolding as her spines all lengthened one after the other from the peak of her neck to the tip of her tail. Her neck bulged as her arms thickened, her calves flaring, her throat and waist lengthening as her mouth and face pushed outward, her ears growing...

The monster inside her continued to grow, and her bowels orgasmed repeatedly as she dreamed that powerful shaft piercing her loins over and over again.

Swallowing and then gasping as she flopped onto her side, her back arched deeper, her thickening and thrashing tail rising heavily as she massaged one of her primaries with one hand and stroked her cunt with the other hand while she came again in yet another long jet of orgasmic might, wetting her bedding with her silky, sticky juices.

A moan later and her flesh was tearing open over her arms as her muscles flared wider, her flesh tearing over her thighs.

Her muscles were bulging everywhere, her claws lengthening as she gripped the sheets about her pillows, and then rolled onto her back, her legs spreading wide.

Her horns lengthened, her abdominal muscles creased deeper and the individual muscles all thickening one pair after the next, rolling down the length of her body and ending with her thick vaginal mound, her pussy swelling just as thickly as all her abdominals had; her lats hardening into long diagonal chords which feathering into her ribs, her ribs feathering into her flaring back muscles. Her chest muscles pushed forward as all her bones thickened. And then she flexed the whole of her body and orgasmed again, moaning in her pleasure as her back arching deeply as she convulsed with the pleasure, riding each orgasm as it rolled down her abdominals straight to her cunt, and at the end of each orgasm a lance of cum erupted from her, splattering over her inner thighs, over her butt cheeks and tail as legs, bottom and tail all bulged wider.

She moaned and began to flex harder, her muscles flaring larger and larger as yet another layer of flesh began to tear open beneath the first already shredding layer, spreading over her breasts, tearing open from off her strengthening form. But as her flesh tore off, it revealed a realm of scales, and then it revealed a series of subtle plates from the scales thickening and merging with themselves.

It was an erotic feeling, she recognized it, but her subconscious mind translated it to his claws tearing her shedding body open as if parting her shirt and blouse, and as her breasts slowly swelled and her nipples all erected with feminine power, his hands found them and caressed them, teasing her nipples and getting them to eject her milk.

In real life, her twelve tits began to energetically leak their vast stores of milk, her primaries and secondaries ejecting streams of her creamy milk all about her eight tertiaries grew flush and leaked their milk down in rivulets along the center of her body and over her abs, forming a wash over her pussy, bottom and tail while she began to sigh and moan with a nigh constant series of orgasms. Her breasts rippled as the glands grew inside the sacks of flesh that were her many tits, swelled, separated and grew again, milk filling her breasts heavier and heavier, the concentration of the milk growing higher and higher, sweeter, greater quality; her nipples swelling as they hardened till they ached and quivered with each beat of her hearts, her areola swelling thickly and reddening. Her sensually pristine flesh and pearly new scales became covered with her white milk, her milk glistening all over her bodice, its fluids nurturing her flesh, making her even more perfect as she rubbed all that cream into her flesh and scales.

She felt power rushing into her navel, her clit hardening and bulging upward, filling her labia open, and her dreams dreamt of the push, the push, the swelling of his fat, powerful shaft, the orgasmic rush, and with a gasp she awoke, arching her back as she orgasmed her most powerful orgasm yet, splattering her sheets and her body with her juices as her breasts squeezed milk out of her with her swelling pectoral muscles and her engorging mammaries.

And then she flexed her arms, her forearms flaring, her biceps bulging and engorging with muscle strength, her shoulders creasing and separating, and tiny little spines tore out of her flesh about her legs, her arms and her head as a third layer of her skin spread open and peeled off her body.

She sat up and clenched her fingers into her tearing flesh, tearing the long dead sheets of skin off her body, making herself vulnerable as she took to caressing her new flesh, caressing her huge, heaving breasts as more milk ejected and leaked from her, and hefting one massive tit, she shoved its thick, elongated nipple right into her mouth and sucked and sucked; caressing her other tits with her free hand as she cajoled them, squeezed them, getting them to cream and juice themselves. Her hand slowly moved down her body to her cunt then, before she pushed several fingers into her body and began to actively massage and caress her erect clit and wiggle her fingers along her insides.

She closed her eyes and purred more deeply, her muscles spasming as they grew, things tearing from her body. She continued to nurse from her body, getting herself to cum again, and when she opened her eyes again, slowly, she suddenly saw and realized what it was she was doing, and opening her mouth, her tit slipped from her lips and bounced heavily against her chest with a sloshing of milk, spraying her cream all over herself and her bed, she pulled her fingers from her swollen cunt and gasped.

"Oh no..." she said and rose, and like a cup being spilled, a wash of her cum slipped from her body and washed all over her thighs as her tits continued to drain and eject their milk.

Her flesh just slowly peeled off her, falling down to her bedding as she trembled, half in worry that she'd dirtied his nice clean bed like this, and half in orgasmic power as her muscles everywhere continued to thicken, most predominately being her chest and back muscles and now... Her wing muscles.

She looked at one of her wings as she trembled, flesh flaking from her wings even, and she could literally see her wing growing still.

And now that she was awake, she gasped as she felt her head begin to ache, and then pound, and with a rasping gasp she folded both her hands clasping into her mane, and strangely, she felt her skull spread wider, with strange things happening in her brain, nodes of bone growth happening here and there along her brows while new muscle formations coalesced beneath her flesh and transformed portions of her facial features, making her more beautiful, more sensually pleasing, while at the same time strengthening her jaw.

And her brain mutated inside her skull, and she gasped, trembling in her growth, spines tearing out of her shoulders, out of her back and elbows, her knees and thighs. Her teeth grew longer; her breasts heaved and distended, growing heavier with more glandular growth and more milk, sloshing yet again as they all heaved against her body. And when she opened her eyes, she gasped and blinked, and suddenly she could see her muscles... The invisible ones, and she flexed, seeing tremendous reddish orange muscles flexing

with her, a giant's body surrounding her in every direction, and as she flexed tighter, the outlines of those muscles flared, and she blinked, cleared her head and the sight of those muscles disappeared, but nonetheless, she felt them strengthening.

She gasped, huffing and puffing, her chest heaving as her mind filled with strange things, know-how's and how-to's, mostly on how to control her invisible muscles.

She growled; orgasming in a thick, heavy jet of cum... Her last orgasmic lance as she fell to her hands and knees, her breasts pressing against her still marginally thickening thighs, her chest still bulging, and her breasts still swelling thick, heavy and white-fleshed with milk. The transformation released her, setting her gasping for air as she grasped at her sheets with both hands, her large wings drooping from her back from the weakness of transforming.

When she rose and looked about her, her shredded layers of flesh, the sad state of her bedding sticking to her flesh, from all her milk and juices, she slowly rose again, sliding her hands against her body, and stopped.

Her flesh had changed. It was porcelain in coloring now, but in one direction, going down her body, her flesh was as smooth as a freshly shaved leg, but when she rubbed her hands in the other direction, she felt as if her flesh was like velvet. That was a more intense feeling than the shark's skin feeling her flesh had had. But then she looked at the bed that Xilimyth had provided her with again, and the sorry state she'd made of it, and she bit her lower lip in fear that she'd ruined it. But then she looked down at her body, and a half smile returned as she saw herself having grown larger and stronger. With a sigh, she stepped over to the attached bathroom and stopped, looking at her eyes for the first time in a long time, seeing her eyes shining beautifully, with their almond-shaped pupils widening slightly.

And then she saw something blinking in her eye sight, and when she looked at it, and leaning forward tried to find the source of it on the mirror before she turned and tried to find what was blinking, but as she turned, the blinking in her eyesight stayed in the exact same place in her sight. Which meant it was within her field of vision! She blinked and shook her head, and the blinking suddenly resembled a C-prompt from a computer BIOS before it was loaded with all the advanced operating software and support programs, the blinking "C/>>" appearing briefly before it disappeared.

She didn't know much about computers, but she'd seen a basic DOS prompt before on the most basic of computer systems in high school during her basic computer learning classes...

She bit her lip again, thinking that she was seeing things, but looking down at the new grime and puss covering her recently clean body, mixed with sweat and milk, she knew immediately that she needed a shower.

Xilimyth lay awake in the room next door, listening to the sounds of the shower running, and suddenly he was imagining that fine, perfect female body he saw from the air, the rounded bottom framing her long tail, and the massive multitude of breasts that were more numerous than any female she knew! Even Leviathan's Daughter didn't have that many. And now he was imagining that water pouring down over her body, filtering between her breasts and the cheeks of her bottom, forming rivulets down her navel and back to drain off her crotch and bottom, over her tail and those firm, taut muscular arms and body...

His pelvic sheathe had folded open and he didn't even bother to control it, his thick phallus slowly extending from within the sheathe as it slowly folded open, disgorging his sack and swelling with masculine power. He imagined slipping that erect thing into her body, loving her, but then shook his head and rose, his erection bulging thicker and longer than he'd ever remembered it as a minute wet spot appeared at the peak of the tent he was pitching.

Throwing the blankets aside, revealing his powerful member as he rose to his feet, his stiff erection guiding his way as he rose before he took a moment to wipe the gathering bead of semen on the end off and walked to his own bathroom. Once there, he turned on the water and stepped into the shower himself and stood in the flow of all the multitude of shower heads before he realized one inalienable fact.

Her shower was directly next to his.

Less than six inches away was a powerful, vibrant female who was naked and wet, just like he was. He groaned as he stiffened more, his penis actually arching upward despite the usual weight of a male Dragon's erection, and he took hold of his erection to keep it from erupting, but that was only stalling the inevitable. He stood upright, puffing his chest outward, his fingers kneading his erection while six inches away, lying with her back against the wall even as Xili did the same thing, she suddenly realized that six inches away was a beautifully, azure blue and crystalline white male that was naked and wet just like her.

She didn't know why he was taking a shower at this hour, but as she stood there, back arching, she fingered her still ripened vaginal mound, and then slipped a pair of fingers into her cunt and began coaxing herself.

They both gasped simultaneously as the waters washed over them, he massaging himself, she caressing herself, both of them literally back to back till as one they both orgasmed, she spilling her cum over her bulging thighs, he erupting a steady stream of juices into the drain of his shower, several quarts on a side.

Xili looked down at his still erect penis as it quivered to release the last of his seed; Kirii looked at her cunt as she drained more of her nectar, her nipples all erecting and pressing milk out down her body into the hot steamy shower. Unbeknownst to either of them, they had both just imagined making love to one another.

And now they wanted more...

Kirii deposited the shavings of her skin into the garbage can beside a dresser, the thing opening up, swallowed her husk and sent it all down into an incinerator chute. The sheets she slowly peeled off the bed and deposited into the laundry chute. She just hoped it was automated so that no living being had to see the results of her dirty deed.

She stood upright through the rest of the night, hugging and holding herself as she looked out the window of her spacious room, purring softly to herself, her vaginal sheathe undone and opened to reveal her totally nude body, her wings dragging along the floor behind her shapely behind and thick tail.

Occasionally she would look down at her breasts and massage one or another, inserting one into her mouth and sucking on it a little to keep it soft and malleable while she waited for sunrise. Midway through the night, however, she opened her door to her room, and checking to see if the coast was clear, she stepped out to the kitchen, found a couple of five gallon milk jugs that Xilimyth was to use for recycling, and inserting her nipples into the jugs, closed her eyes and breathed, focusing before she slowly clenched her chest muscles, squeezing out her milk.

Fifteen minutes later, and twelve tits later, she had filled two five gallon jugs, capped them and placed them in the refrigerator without really thinking about it.

Xilimyth had come out to get some water, and stopped, flattening himself against a wall, feeling his own naked body stiffening. Then he used a chameleon ability of his and turned nigh invisible, his penis stiffening again as he watched this strangely intoxicating sight, saw her erect clitoris erect and throbbing, red as she relieved herself of her creamy juices before returning to her room.

He let loose a shuddering gasp as he became visible again, looking down at his penis as it throbbed fully erect again, his sack trying to generate more semen to erupt again...

He murred and then went to try to relax himself as dawn approached.

Inside her room, Kirii also waited for dawn, dressing in the clothes that she'd been given, re-engaging her vaginal sheathe before pulling on her chaps and folding her wings against her back again.

She stepped out and went to the kitchen and stopped, seeing Xilimyth enjoying a tall glass of milk. He greeted her with a nervous smile, but he'd missed her putting the jugs into the refrigerator again, and as he saw her blush deeply as she watched him drink the milk, his eyes went slightly wide as he suddenly realized what he was drinking.

It was delicious! He'd wondered why he'd gotten a better batch today in his usual delivery...

Xilimyth went back to cooking breakfast, and together... They enjoyed a good breakfast... With lots of milk.

Kirii found herself holding onto Xilimyth's arm as he took her all over New York, spoiling her rotten with all his attention.

No one could tell that she was once called the Beast of Central Park as she and Xilimyth walked amongst dragons and humans, she twice the size of any human, and also taller than most of the dragons by head, chest and shoulders height. She wondered about that. She was taller and more powerful than a lesser dragon, but she was also smaller than a greater dragon; which she saw walking about here and there, twenty and sometimes even thirty feet tall, but they were rare.

Xili took her about Dragon Town... A section of New York built around dragon-sized beings. Clothing stores, eateries and the like. Xili was her happy host, it seemed, and she tried on dresses and gowns, dragon chaps, body cloths, even some panties, which felt good to wear instead of using her pelvic sheathe. When all was done, she had a light blue and white gown on with a skirt that accented her hips, and was carrying several bags while Xili held several more.

In secret, Xili was admiring this lovely creature, her behind, the way her tail kept lifting to show off her behind, her many breasts – she had twelve after all – and found himself looking away from her to avoid the temptation, but then there was the way she kept hugging his arm, pressing her breasts against his arms and chest, pushing the wedge of her crotch against the bulge of his groin – checking it for fit perhaps, he smirked pleasingly when she did – and kissing him on the cheek; her kisses coming closer and closer to his lips, but did not yet reach his mouth.

The press of those tits was intoxicating... As was their size. Most hypnotic. He migrated toward her, played upon her every action, feeling quite mindless within her delicate power and her insistent urgings and playful ways, and the best thing of it all was that he didn't mind! He just loved being in her presence. She could wrap him around her little finger, and he'd enjoy every last minute of it. His expression was even dreamy as he followed her about, or she followed him into new and exciting things that only dragons got to do while at play. When they sat together at rest, she sat very close to his side, butt cheek to butt cheek, her long tail curling about his, her head against his shoulder, her hands holding onto his muscular arm and massaging his bicep, and occasionally sliding sideways to palm the flat of his chest. He looked down at her, and suddenly found himself looking into the swollen bulges of her cleavage that were barely being hemmed in by her gown, and felt his groin swell because of it.

For a very brief instant, he imagined himself straddling her ribs, sliding his prick in between those massive breasts while she sucked on it... and then he'd... he shook his head and blushed, but then found himself looking dreamily out of the corner of his broad field of draconic vision at her lovely face that was framed by those massive mammaries.

He wanted to suck on them, and... he shivered and closed his eyes, feeling his prick straining against the sheathe that contained his phallus and nads, all three trying to bulge simultaneously outward. And then as they rested and he looked down at her breasts yet again, he watched her nipples slowly swell, pushing out the fabric, and he blinked as he thought he saw her breasts all swelling right along with her nipples. She turned then, sighing as she rubbed her cheek against his creased shoulder as she rested half-asleep, and one of her hands slid down his arm to caress his thigh. He swallowed, and suddenly the bulge of his groin began to crack the overlapping plates of his pelvic guard open, and the peak of his shaft appeared at the very top and a bead of his seed swelled at the end.

And her scent... exhilarating, exciting and sensual, all at the same time. He felt as if his groin was about to explode. All day they moved around the city, watched a movie, ate lunch together, and then went back to his home, and all day he felt his groin growing steadily larger and larger.

He wanted her... that was the truth, but in his mind, he felt so... unworthy of such a beautiful creature.

Kirii took another bath that evening, and felt her form swell a little more, felt her muscles slowly bulging, but the power of the transformations she was experiencing appeared to be lessening. She laid back in the hot waters, watching her breasts bob like buoys in the water, she purring at the contented feeling she had, ultimately all the doing of her caretaker.

After her nice hot, relaxing bath, she dressed in a beautifully white glittering evening dress, and met with Xili, who was dressed like a handsome gentleman. They had a good meal together, with some strange wine called '*Dragini*' that made her feel tingly all over, and warm – very warm – and though she ate most of the fine meal that he'd prepared, he sat back and kept smiling at her, swirling his wine in one hand and ate a little of the food he'd prepared.

She'd been eating allot, though she did so as a lady, making sure to cut every morsel and chew every bit thoroughly, she nonetheless felt as if a pause had happened inside her for some reason or another and she was just eating and eating to make up for it...

And she was quite happy to be in his presence. She really loved the way that he smiled at her.

After dinner, they played a game before the fire, in which she slowly found herself moving around the table they both sat at, till she was actually leaning against him, and by then the rules of the game were completely thrown out and they were just moving pieces around trying to jump each other before they both fell back against the couch laughing, and suddenly she found herself in his arms, lying with her back against him as they both rested on the floor before the fire – bonfire – her breasts folding over his arms as she looked up at him; holding his arms lovingly around her.

For a moment, she felt something stir in her bosom, felt her nipples swell, felt her clitoris thicken, and then...

She looked away and sighed. *What am I thinking? I just met this guy...* She nonetheless settled against his body as he held her, and they both sat in front of the fire for a long time – neither of them could recall how long – before they both rose to retire for the night.

Emil 'Kahn' Laio had made a discovery that he'd kept from us until it was literally too late.

The subject at hand currently has a myriad of DNA types that are inside and now apart of her that has been implanted and will continue to update the subject with newer and newer transformations. At the present time, she'd be now absorbing the DNA of a Mantis.

However his discovery is that there is one thing that can alter the path of the serum's transformation process on the subject, and that is the addition of fresh DNA. Being that the subject was a human, and that the only possible way that it was thought that new fresh DNA can be obtained and entered into the system is in one of several ways:

The first is for the subject to consume fresh, raw and unprocessed meat, but with a human subject, an individual that would cook all meats that were consumed, then this wasn't typified to be a problem.

The second method to absorb fresh DNA is for it to be introduced through an exchange of the mucus membranes into the host body. There is only a select number of mucus membrane types, and through all the membranes, it would take gallons of the fluid generated by that membrane to allow the host of the Prometheus Serum to develop new traits of the species in which the mucus was obtained from. All mucus membranes, that is, save for one exception:

In the case of male on female sexual interaction, for example, for the basis of reproduction, though the seminal mucus generated by a male isn't necessarily a genetic source, but the billions of sperm that loads it does contain incredible levels of fresh DNA.

Being that the guardian, known as Lord Xilimyth – also known as The Messenger – is male, and our host was female... Then the possibility of sexual interaction existed.

Kahn Laio presented this report to Lord Pseudodrake only after several days of Lord Xilimyth's interaction with the subject, allowing Lord Xilimyth's long unrealized romantic tendencies to entrance a young woman whose history has literally been devoid of any meaningful relationship.

Sexual intercourse... Was inevitable.

- Lady Evelynn Runeblade-Fireheart

The next two days were much like the first, but Kirii felt no repetition to them, and ever so slowly she would change and grow, transform, and her clothing that was purchased two days ago was already tightening about her body, but despite that she *felt* like she was growing taller, Xili remained exact to her height the whole time, even though humans – her old race – seemed to keep growing smaller and smaller, and the confines of the place she was sharing with him was likewise growing smaller and smaller, she nonetheless held a sealing relationship with this beautiful blue and white male who'd entranced her so well.

The power and feminine glory of her body were growing vast, and secretly she'd taken to milking herself at least once every other day. But with the fullness of her chests and the thickness of her vaginal mound, she felt sexy, alluring and beautiful, and she wanted to share that sexiness with this wonderful male and his blue scales and armor combined with his white body and ever so soft dragon hide belly... So she wore tight revealing clothes, wore pants and chaps that showed off the delicate wedge of her vaginal mound, the cleft of her camel toe while she kept her vaginal sheathe retracted, and the firm and perfect roundness of her bottom.

Her sensuality was growing so powerful, that it was becoming a hunger inside her... and it was wearing off on Xili too. He showed her about on the town of New York, constantly within her presence, smelling her scent till his senses were filled with her, bringing her to places she'd never thought to go, places she never could go as a human, and she found that in those three short day she'd seen and had more joy than the whole of life as a human.

And yet, still she transformed through all this.

Already, long and full antennae had formed that swept backward and dangled against her bottom and the base of her tail – Xili brought no attention to them, though she was sure he'd noticed by now – and her

horns had all flared into a brilliant crown about her brows with her hairline having receded – or at least pushed itself back more – while that crown of horns, nodes of hardened flesh and little spikes lining her brow became more and more complex.

They went dancing, enjoyed exotic foods, walked in the rain, in which, as they hid underneath an awning in the dark, she pressed close to him for warmth, her white clothing transparent from all the moisture on her body, showing off all her beautiful curves and sexuality as she moved her crotch to compress into his groin, and her breasts pressing between them. She breathed and exhaled steam, a burning in her chest as her fingers knotted against his chest, and she felt his groin bulge into her crotch.

She wanted him, and she was beginning to feel, in that instant, that he wanted her right back.

"Hmm... Hold me." she murred and he smiled and held her like she asked as they stood in the rain.

She began to purr, picking open his white shirt that had also turned translucent, and she pressed her lips against the center of his chest and gave the groove between the solid packs of muscles a subtle lick.

"Let's go for a flight." she murred. "Let's fly in the rain."

"Are you sure?" He asked, and she gasped, exhaling another breath of steam.

She felt as if there was a fire inside her, and as she arched her back, her tail lifting, she lifted her hands to her blouse – also having turned translucent and was showing off her reddened nipples beautifully – she pulled her blouse open, not to reveal her naked nipples, but did nonetheless reveal her thick expanse of swollen woman flesh and the tremendous depth of her cleavage. Her labia began to swell between her thighs, her clitoris pitching a tent with the white fabric sticking about her pussy.

"Fly with me." she moaned, and creamed into her pants, but thanks to the cold rain water, it wasn't even noticeable.

"Ok." he smiled dumbly, her captivating presence, her voice, her smell taking him into her and making him hers as he lifted his clawed hands and took both of hers, and turning with her they both ran into the rain.

Xili led the way, spreading his feathered wings open to their fullest, and with a single flap, pulled them both into the air even while she was still unfolding hers. She stopped unfolding as she realized he was strong enough to carry them both, and she hung from his underbelly as he held her, she pressing her crotch against his groin as she hung from around his thick neck with both her hands, and he cradled her to him, and held her lovingly.

This... this one moment, for either of them – and Xili was over two thousand years old, was the most memorable of their existences.

Xili and Kirii landed at Xili's apartment in the sky, and she fell into him, Xili caressing her shoulders.

"Oh you're as cold as ice, Kirii." he said, massaging her shoulders. "A nice hot bath would do you well."

"A bath." she murred and pressed closer to him, her blouse pulling off one of her primaries and hanging off her muscled shoulder. "Hmm... I don't feel cold." she said, her tail lifting again as she stood with her legs straddling his. "I feel very, very warm."

"That could be my fire." Xili offered. "It burns in my chest, but... You should have it too."

Kirii absentmindedly undid the top button of her white pants, rubbing her pussy as she came a little, her camel toe thickening till the vaginal muscles were both steely hard and her clit stood on end.

"It feels as if I do." she murred. "Care to join me?" she offered and stepped back, not bothering to cover up her tit.

Xilimyth's hands trembled as he moved them to hold her, hold her body; feel her form.

"I... Don't think that would be right. It feels as if I would be taking advantage of you." he said and folded his hands about her face then instead, feeling her breasts cleaving. "Heaven forbid that I ever take advantage of you." he whispered into her ear, and both her ears turned away from his voice and flattened against her head.

Kirii groaned with want and desire. "Oh," she said in let-down.

"Go take a bath... I'll have dinner ready by the time you are done."

Kirii took a bath, eyes closed, fingers stroking her clit and cunt as she bit her lower lip, she was crying. Her hunger was growing, and her fingers weren't satisfying her any more. She needed that dick inside her.

She exhaled, feeling the warmth in her chest building slowly, but that warmth paled in comparison to the powerful fire erupting in her loins as she came a jet of juicy seminal fluids into the bath water before exiting, pulled on her new sleeping gown after drying herself. The odd thing was, was that as she left the pool; the water was just steaming off her body. She felt normal, but the water was just evaporating off her.

She looked down at herself, smoothing the layer of her soft silk-like sleeping gown – a large white silk-like thing, and made out of a polymer stronger than titanium to avoid tearing from a dragon's vigorous movements – she folded her wings about her like a cloak and walked to the kitchen to sit down across from Xili, who was wearing nothing but chaps and a loincloth.

His meals were once again filling, but this time, even she didn't eat much. Her naked pussy – her vaginal sheath wasn't engaged – leaked her juices onto her large metal chair as she straddled it, her twelve nipples so hard that they ached, and her clitoris throbbed uncomfortably between her legs. She ate absentmindedly as she faced him, looking into his eyes across the table, trying to will him to leap across the table, drag her onto it after throwing all the food off and ravage her right then and there.

Again after dinner, they sat before the fire, her pussy leaking more juices as she felt his strong arms about her. His hand had folded about the base of her belly, almost dangerously close to cupping her crotch. She could feel her muscles slowly swelling.

She snuggled against him; looked up at him as he looked down at her, and closing her eyes, she pursed her lips a little with a sigh. And then she opened her eyes as she felt his fingers caressing her lips. She kissed his fingers before he rose and helped her to rise along with him, and he held her for a moment as she half swooned in his arms.

Please... please Xili... take this body, she thought, opening her mouth, breathing in his masculine scent, wanting him, needing him...

"Perhaps its best we retire." he said at last, swallowing his libido down with extreme difficulty. "I'm getting a little dizzy with sleep."

"Yes... Tired..." she said disappointed yet again, but nonetheless moved close to kiss him, feeling more of her juices slide down her inner thigh. "I guess I'll see you in the morning."

Xili took a step back, but swallowed as he looked down at her, but nonetheless, he stepped back from her, set her on her own feet, and then walked away to distance himself.

"Yes." she repeated... "In the morning." and she retreated to her own – separate – room.

Kirii laid awake at night, her legs spread open and her hand covering her pussy as she rubbed the now hairless mound of her femininity. It was blushing red with the fullness of the blood within the muscles, her clitoris an nipples so hard that they ached solidly over her bodice, her pussy wet with moisture of her vaginal juices.

She couldn't stop thinking about him. She needed him. She wanted him, wanted him more than anything, and staring up at the ceiling, thinking about him, she made a decision, and rising from her bed, tugging her gown down as she felt her breasts swell with milk. Her nipples hardened all the more - she'd learned how to clench her nipples to keep them from lactating – as she stood for a moment in the center of her room, massaging her breasts briefly, getting the blood flowing in them before she left.

She decided that if she were to get what she wanted, what both of them must want, and then she'd have to make the first move. But she couldn't wait for the elaborate game to stem from that move. She wanted to make sure that she scored check and mate before he had a chance to make a counter move.

She quietly walked down the hall and stepped up to Xilimyth's bedroom. Lifting a clawed hand, she pushed on the door, one of her breasts pressing against the door to open it up along with her hand, and she swallowed with the enormity of the task she was pushing herself into, and immediately she saw Xilimyth in his circular bed set in an impression in the floor, his sheets splayed about him, and she began to purr softly, sliding her hands over her belly and thighs, her sleeping gown hanging heavily off her breasts.

She stepped forward lightly, purring softly as she knelt beside his bed, and looking down at him, she lifted a finger and slid it across the layered chords of his muscled chest and down his abdominals, and with a subtle movement of her hips, she moved to kneel over him.

Xilimyth awoke with her touch, his eyes opening, practically glowing in the dim light with the luminance inside them.

"Kirii? What are you...?" he began as he rose, but she subtly pushed him back down, and began to admire and caress his beautiful body with her fingertips while she purred.

She bent low, her primaries compressing against her thick thighs; and then straddling his lap now; she bent forward and kissed him.

She wasn't exactly sure what she was doing, but whatever it was it was working, and best of all... It felt good.

She licked his lips and kissed him again, and then steadily rose, her nipples hardening as she tugged her sleeping gown down over her breasts, the nipples swelling into thick towers, those towers pushing forward on the ends of a pair of puffing and swelling areola. Her labia swelled against his rock-hard abs, her tail lying out over his groin, and she felt her clitoris erect hard and massive.

She sighed, looking down at him, sliding back further and knelt instead between his legs now as she rose up on her knees, her tail lifting at her back side as she crossed her arms before her, her tits bunching up over her muscular arms and hard pectorals, and she slowly removed her white sleeping gown.

Xilimyth lay there, staring up at that supremely muscled body, decorated by several sets of heavy breasts topped with a face that captivated him and held him in her gaze, like a mouse held by the gaze of a hungry viper. Kirii was indeed hungry... but it wasn't food that she wanted. Xili knew better than that. He knew full well what was happening to her, what had caused her body to become as it was, and he felt a little guilty about taking advantage of her like this.

"Kirii... I don't think... I..."

"Xili..." she murred, and he immediately shut up as her thighs spread a little to show off the supremely shaped form of her pussy while her knees nudged his legs further open; her pussy now moistening as her hands spread wide over her navel just above it. "Shhh..."

And Xili suddenly found himself mute and dumb before her, unable to utter a thing as he just watched her as she then slid her hands over his navel, and then his groin, and inch by inch she peeled off the blankets off his waist, down onto his thighs, before she caressed the naked mound of his groin. Her hands repeated this motion as she peeled off his sleeping pants, and with her fingers, pulled all the cloth down off his legs, her breasts hanging heavily from her chest, her breasts distending as she relaxed her chest muscles, allowing them to wobble more... Twelve tits that hypnotized Xilimyth perfectly.

And then she folded her hands over his knees, purring louder, her hands applying subtle pressure, and he obediently parted his legs for her before she palmed his groin, or rather the plating over it. Her fingers spread across it, her other hand reaching forward, and she whimpered, trying to figure it out, and she began to pry it apart. Xilimyth knew that she might be able to break the plates off, so with a subtle mental control, the plates unhinged into three sections and began to retract, and she gave a quick yelp of pleasure.

"Wark!"

And her fingers again began to slide the barriers away from her goal... and the three sheathes collapsed and folded together, and like hers did, his folded into a pocket at the base of his tail. And then she purred louder, and the next time she reached outward with her delicate touch, one hand went to his unsheathing phallus, the other to cup his nads and subtly squeeze.

Xilimyth hadn't ever really had a female... Not since before he was just a plain old ordinary Cheetah Lycan. That had been centuries ago... and then it had been quick, in the dark, and he never knew who she was. An ancient ritual that was made to turn him into a man.

This young fem was at the moment pleasuring him, and so dumbstruck was he by the fact of that, that he didn't even move... Just watched as his prick ever so slowly unsheathed and erected within her fine capable fingers.

Without the pelvic sheathe, a grown male dragon's phallus was a monstrous affair. Thanks to the long body of a female, their womb penetrated deep inside their bodies, and so a male had to penetrate her just deeply for reproductive purposes. That same trait led to coupling dragons experiencing an enhanced level of pleasure than a human did... being that there was a much longer length that a male and a female had to traverse together in order to copulate. Kirii blinked in mild surprise as she began to grow more and more elated with the sight of his erection slowly sliding up along his abdominals, all the way up to his sternum while it slowly thickened, and thickened so hard that she could no longer fit the whole of one hand around it.

Her long tongue licked her lips as she saw the head flare about the scar of his circumcision, saw the pinkish shaft darken into a deep reddish color, and nonetheless she purred harder as she cradled the thing within her hand, feeling its remarkable growing strength, feeling the muscles in it tightening and compressing into hard ribs, the veins thickening all along its length to bulge and throb with every double-tap of his beating heart as they all led to the flaring head of that penis.

At the moment, she imagined it inside her, and she creamed and bit her lower lip with the thought.

And then she laid down against him, her tail arching higher into the air while her pussy moisten till it was wet, and she bent low and kissed his phallus while her breasts pressed forward onto his lap, swelling over his thighs, projecting her nipples forward, and kissing the bulging maleness again, her other hand left his sack and began to massage his phallus up and down along its underside that was facing her, her arms

compressing her tits between her biceps, and her tits compressing the hard swelling mass of his dick between them.

And then she opened her mouth and licked its length, her long tongue dragging along it as she tasted the flesh of his body, and balling herself on her knees between his legs, bringing that erect prick between her breasts that were already moist with sweat, she inserted the head into her mouth and began to suck.

Xili pushed his groin instinctively further into her mouth, and she opened her jaw wider, unconsciously unhinging it from her head to take its girth as his thickness widened, her tongue wrapping almost one whole turn around his prick as she began to push her head downward onto it, throating it deeply into her as her lips and tongue kneaded it, sucked on it.

Xilimyth, as a male Dragon, was built to please multiple females. Female Dragons were apparently... Far more common in his breed... But being that he was the only member of his breed in existence... No one knows what a female looks like.

Unbeknownst to Kirii, was that she was developing much like Xilimyth had, centuries ago.

Kirii felt his penis throbbing inside her mouth and bulging as far as it would grow, and drawing off his prick, she gasped for air now that her mouth was free; her breasts heaving as she arched her back, and the fully erect member flopped down onto his belly with a wet slap, and she opened her mouth, licking her muzzle with her long tongue before looking down at him; purring louder.

She bent forward, her breasts waddling against her chests, bulging as she slid her nipples over his body as she crawled forward to sit on his lap, and the lips of her labia compressing firmly against his prick, she focused on him, smiling at him as she began to rub her pussy back and forth along the entire length of his cock, repeatedly pawing at his chest with her velvety hands, kneading him like a cat would before she bent forward and kissed him. Xilimyth tasted her lips, and as she drew back to lick his lips, she inserted her tongue into his mouth, licking his tongue as she bunched up on him, compressing her breasts close to his body while she kissed him again before nuzzling and licking his neck. Her claws slid against his chest and arms then, and reflexively, as he began to return her kisses as she pressed her thighs against his sides, he lifted his hands to her bottom, cupping the rounded masses of her behind and held her there.

And then she slid forward, her thighs spreading open as she leaned back, he saw the bulging pads of her womanhood at the base of her navel as she sat atop his erection, the warmth of the cheeks of her behind preparing him further to enter her, and his nads rapidly began to fill with seed, bulging larger, thicker and heavier between his legs, all in preparation for climax.

She rubbed her sex against his chest, sliding it back and forth, creaming subtly, the crystal clear juices leaking from her pussy before she then slid forward completely, spread her legs wide open, and purred as the lips of her womanhood kissed the lips of his face.

Xilimyth found the scent exuding from her here filling his head with even more lavish desires and needs, and he swallowed as his lips moved around her sex, his nostrils becoming filled with her pheromones, and he nuzzled her pussy, and then licked it, licked it again, and then opening his mouth, slid his surprisingly long tongue inside her, probing deeper and deeper before he began to suck solidly on her sex.

Kirii massaged his head, moaning and gasping with what he was doing inside her body with that tongue, felt him suck on her clit, felt him suckle from her sex till she squealed and a rush of her nectar rushed from within her to cascade into his mouth.

His clawed hands gripped her bottom more firmly then, kneading the firm butt cheeks briefly as he withdrew his tongue and instead cleaned the sticky juices from off her cunt while she looked down at him, purring louder and louder.

Her long tail rose fully then as she rose off him, and his eyes opened lazily, and she bent forward, kissed him gently on the lips, tasting her own juices as he kissed her back, but then he felt her hands slide downward to take hold of his erect prick again with both hands before her thighs spread open, she balancing on her toes briefly before she pressed the head of his prick against the vertical slit of her now sopping set pussy.

Kirii had never had sex... She was a virgin. This would be her first time feeling a penis sheathing inside her. She closed her eyes and held her breath, wanting to feel this first experience for as long as possible, and as she sat back, his maleness pushed the lips of her cunt apart, and with a jolt of motion, she took the head inside her.

Arching her back spasmodically, she felt the massive thickness cause friction against her vaginal walls, and she grit her teeth, her face making a face of pain from the pleasure as she pushed backward, gasping and opening her eyes wide now as that thick, throbbing mass of his pushed deeper and deeper inside her. She bit her lower lip, spreading her legs wider yet as his thickness pushed her insides part, and as she rose, she clutched at her belly, feeling the mass slowly climb up inside her, pushing her belly outward, and she creamed, a heavy slick sliding down his cock to moisten him all the way up into her till at long last she sat on his lap, and she gasped as she felt the deep thump-thump-thump of his hearts beating in his cock as it practically vibrated inside her. Just the sheer fact that it was inside her pleased her, and without even gyrating on nothing, she was growing quite satisfied.

She looked down between her breasts and palmed a spot just below her sternum, where she felt the end of his long shaft throbbing and pulsating inside her. He was fully extended into her, she could feel her insides pushing out of the way of his massive thickness and length, and she giggled with ecstasy, and with her thighs spread open widely, she bent forward, rocking her hips as she positioned herself before him, and she ground his groin, still holding onto that spot beneath her sternum.

"Touch me." she purred. "Touch me in any way you like."

Her breasts swayed with every breath, her eyes lazily closing part way due to the drunken pleasure she was on.

Xili slowly elevated himself as she continued to ride his groin, her vaginal muscles squeezing and contracting, her abdominals rolling to briefly tighten the muscles about the sizeable penetration that was erected inside her, and she continued to cream around him, keeping his erection quite lubricated. She leaned back for him as he rose; her abdominal muscles and vaginal muscles, as powerful as they were, rhythmically kneading him like a multitude of hands.

Xili lifted a hand, and like he wanted to do when he first met her, he lowered a hand onto that firm breast, and Kirii giggled and then sighed as his erection suddenly stiffened and forced her to rise back up to him a little.

He massaged that tit, feeling the felt-like flesh of the large medicine ball like thing that was the size of a beach ball. She sighed as he played with her tit while keeping himself supported upward on one hand. His fingers then alighted on her areola as he gently squeezed them, and then on her nipple as he gently pressed the thick nib between thumb and forefinger.

Kirii lifted a hand to her mouth, her claws sliding gently over her lips, chin and nose before folding down over her breast, and she leaned back, leaned steadily, till his dick was strained backward as far and as hard as it could go, before he followed her forward, kneeling between her spread open thighs while he bent double over her and began to lick her body.

Kirii orgasmed and her body clenched tight around his prick as she felt his tongue tasting the sweat off her navel, and when Xili rose to the feeling of his dick being compressed, he gasped, seeing all twelve of her breasts suddenly push a white bead from each nipple and then begin to exude her milk from her multitude of breasts and leak it all over her body.

As if her bodice had suddenly become covered in milk and honey, Xilimyth began to lick her clean with his tongue, till he focused on one tit, and balancing himself with one hand beside her body while he rocked his manhood in and out of her, he continued to knead her tit with his other hand, just before he kissed her nipple, and then fastened his lips onto it and began to suck.

Kirii orgasmed again, and her body spasmed as all the muscles in her body literally rolled toward her sex, all so that she could compress the muscles of her body into her pussy and exude yet another orgasm that followed immediately by another and then yet another.

She cried out her elation as she pushed upward and onto him, her legs lifting up on tip toe as she thrust herself forward before erupting her juices all around the churning shaft inside her, and not to be left out, she hefted her other tit against her body and pressed its nipple into her mouth before she began to suckle as well.

Xilimyth spread his legs open as his cock and balls swelled larger still as he moved both hands to her belly and tertiary breasts, massaging all the milk out of each tit, his cock churning into her honey pot, sliding in and out, his lips drawing backward on her tit and swallowed mouthful after mouthful of creamy milk.

His hands smoothed over her muscular sides then, the thick muscles of her body seeming to thicken right beneath his fingers, and he drew back to look at her with eyes half open, and watched as her arms flexed, and watched her body literally thickening with more and more muscle than ever.

She's stronger than I was at this stage; he smiled, and felt a trembling in his erection that strummed suddenly down its entire length. He drew back, and thrust deeper, reached to her bottom and spread her butt cheeks open and thrust to the hilt, and gauging his depth in her body, feeling the thick powerful vaginal muscle tense in anticipation about his cock, he began to slide in and out of her repeatedly, slow at first, and then faster, and faster.

Kirii arched her back, spreading and closing her legs about his sides like the wings of a butterfly, compressing and widening her cunt in tune as she orgasmed again and came all about his cock.

It felt so good, her body reacted to him perfectly, and she moaned as he penetrated her deeper than before, and yet again Kirii came as she flexed her arms at her sides, her biceps swelling massively, flaring with her forearms, her body increasing in every direction as she flexed every muscle steadily, the full body flex enhancing the sexual feelings pounding into her pussy as that too swelled about his full and hardened cock. She felt every last muscled rib of his thick and powerful shaft rubbing her pussy lips while the thick throbbing veins pulsated against her vaginal walls; the top of his manhood sliding against the base of her clit rhythmically, and she reached upward to push her clit downward against his cock, squeezing her vaginal lips about that shaft of his as he gyrated into her over and over.

Kirii's body warmed up as her milk leaked from her body, sprayed from her primaries and secondaries while Xilimyth grew harder, and pushing inside her body as deep as he could, he began to tense, feeling his sack offload, feeling the force of his own juices pushing along his epididymis.

Kirii arched her body deeper, flexing hard as her new lover slowed and then stopped, gasping for air, and wrapping her tail about his body, she rose; her nipples all ejecting her cream between them as she rose close to his body, sharing the same breath as him, pawing at his chest. She purred for him, wondering what was wrong, and she licked his lips and kissed him, but then he began to arch his back, slowly pressing against her, and gasping, his own first orgasm began with a trembling, a droplet of seed pushing from the end of his dick deep, deep inside her. And then the trembling intensified, and like a howitzer slamming backward to discharge its load, Xili erupted several quarts of hot cum immediately into her body.

Kirii's eyes widened as she felt the first dull explosion inside her body and she gasped as her love pressed even deeper into her body, his body shuddering as he exploded inside her again, a deep thrusting lunge that exploded in her, and the orgasmic rush caused her vaginal walls to tremble against the force of the

explosions. She exhaled a low moan that soon erupted into a squeal as he ejected again and still again, his sticky seed filling her completely, leaking from inside her along with her own juices.

Xilimyth exhaled, as she rolled her hips and fell onto her back amidst the sopping wet covers of the bed beneath him, and his breath came out in a frosty exhale that blasted her body with the touch of an icy wind. Her flesh prickled because of it, goose bumps rising up on her flesh, her nipples hardening before she ejected milk all over herself and him.

It took five minutes for his climax to end...

A typical human male will eject several tablespoons of semen into a female during sexual intercourse, the seminal juices possessing anywhere between three to five billion sperm, each sperm containing one half of the adult male's total genetic package.

Among recessive and progressive genes, this semen contains the totality of the human genetic code.

Much goes the same for an adult lesser dragon – or in the case of Lord Xilimyth, a noble Dragon in the form of a lesser – but in this case, in a climax that can literally last up to fifteen minutes of repeating spasms, offload over a gallon of spontaneously created sperm and seminal juices and likewise seed the female with two to three trillion sperm.

Likewise, each dragon sperm is not only larger in size, but also holds hundreds of thousands more chromosomes, and likewise multiple sexual chromosomes, more than the previous two sexual chromosomes that Kirii La'fond previously had.

Suffice it to say, the viral-hypernites had quite a long time breaking down all the fresh DNA.

Being that the total progression of Kirii's genetic transformation is unknown at this point; the projected time that the MCPU and CPU will require to break down the entire genetic code will be approximately twelve to fourteen hours. Indeed much slower than the fifteen minutes it requires for us to break down a new genetic string of an advanced creature, but for a computer system that has developed hypernite by hypernite inside the subject's body, that is truly remarkable!

What will happen after those twelve to fourteen hours is unknown. But there is only one thing that we do know...

A Dragon is universally celebrated to be the most advanced and complicated species in existence, with innate magical and psychic powers that every last one can develop as a birthright so long as they spend the time to do so. As a side note, humans and a scant few extra-dimensional species are even remotely capable of this same trait.

Just add to that the precise control available from cybernetics... Something that, so far, only two other dragons – Lady Eve and Aysyx – are known to possess.

- Doctor Emil "Kahn" Laio

Xilimyth stood with his shaft hanging and swaying powerfully between his legs while his princess lay in his bed behind him, her body arrayed beautifully in a mild disarray, with her long mane of white hair spread beneath her head, her back arched slightly, one knee raised and folded over her sex to protect it instinctively and to keep it warm after their most recent love making. She was sleeping soundly, sated and purring softly with her muscular arms resting to either side of her head.

He'd just finished massaging her breasts and body, getting her so relaxed that she passed right off to sleep.

He smiled at her, feeling his unslung and freely hanging phallus swell thicker a little more as he picked up his palm top and depressed the power button on it before a holographic screen and a holographic keyboard appeared projected before him.

He keyed in his one hundred and twenty eight digit password and found that there was a message waiting for him.

Opening it up, there was nothing but gibberish, but he lowered his head and slid his third inner eye lids over his eyes, the distortion clearing up from a blurry screen to an actual message that was only viewable if and only if one looked through his specific inner eyelids; things that were designed to protect his eyes in a crystalline sheathe while he flew and were completely unique to him. It ensured that no one but him could view the image.

What he saw made him exhale in despair. The message read as follows:

Messenger,

Do not sex subject! Subject's serum can absorb genetic package and incorporate it into host.

Repeat, do not sex subject.

-PD

Xilimyth's brows beetled and he now agonized over what had happened as he looked back at his princess, biting his lower lip as he thought about what he should do. At last, he hit the holographic icon to reply to the message.

Master,

Too late. Please advise

-X

He keyed off the computer and rubbed a hand through his white mane.

And then he heard the gentle purring, and then a hand pawing at his phallus, and looking down the length of his body, he saw Kirii kneeling before him, purring loudly as her hands fondled his sack and his shaft, and a half smile crossed his face as he reached down and caressed her face with one hand, his eyes hinting at what he knew would happen to her.

"More?" she purred, and licked the portion of his body where his penis met his pelvis with the tip of her long tongue.

Despite his mood, he nonetheless began to stiffen as he smiled lovingly down at her, and right there she sucked on his newly growing erection as he leaned back, and she sucked the remaining sticky juices of their coupled love juices off his cock till he was stiff, erect and nigh vertical with a stiffy.

Rising up to him, she purred and kissed him and brought him back to the bed where she laid down on her back, drawing him down with her as her legs flopped open as wide as they could go, and arching her back deeply, she displayed her bulging love mound to him, and the red erect clitoris throbbing at the peak of the slit that led to the inside of her body.

Xili had descended with her, and sliding into her body, penetrated her deeply and began to sex her again.

Stage 9-A: Diverted Process – Convolutd Evolution

Kahn Laio was well familiar with draconic sexuality, being the world's most renown geneticist and genesplicer, his mind contained the most information about the species of human and dragon in the public's eye.

The only person who had an even greater knowledge of all these subjects was Lord Sage Preypacer, but being that he has been unavailable in another universe for the better part of a decade, his expertise was unavailable for this whole circumstance. Lord Pseudodrake however had seriously considered contacting Lord Sage; especially when Kahn Laio had let such a serious slip like this one happen on purpose.

Kahn Laio had been called into Draconoshi's office earlier that morning after receiving the messenger's return email, and though it was unknown – even to myself – of what had happened inside that office, but we were sure that Lord Pseudo – as Draconoshi – had given Kahn Laio an ultimatum:

All information, from this point forward, or you will be replaced...

Kahn Laio nonetheless left Lord Pseudo's office with a small smile. It was at that time, also, that Pseudo had Aysyx check into Kahn Laio's personal dealings.

The theory of why, was that Pseudodrake was seriously beginning to believe that Kahn Laio had orchestrated the theft of the Prometheus Serum... Quite possibly orchestrated the original theft that led to Lady Eve's subsequent evolution into her current state.

Nonetheless, a flow of information once again began to flow from Kahn Laio of, at the very least, about what we can expect.

-Aysyx

Being that the stages and procedures have been interrupted, we can expect a tremendous divergence from what was expected originally.

A fact to share at this moment is that Dragons are breeding super powers. A male dragon has enough semen generation ability to sex a dozen females, one right after the other. Whereas a dragon female has the ability to accept sperm from multiple males and generate multiple batches of eggs – either internally as kits or externally as hatchlings – to be fertilized by each possible father.

It is unknown as to whether or not the subject would become impregnated during this intercourse, though there is a ninety nine percent genetic compatibility between them, as well as the remote possibility of her body being ready to accept his seed and generate an egg to be fertilized. I suppose that that probability is incredibly low, being that the subject will still be on a menstrual cycle. It will take a great deal more transformation to make her able to generate new eggs like a full female dragoness.

Being that the subject has absorbed the DNA of a Noble Dragon, she now has the totality of Xilimyth's genetic code to reproduce another member of his exact clan and tribe of Dragon.

This time, however... That new breed of dragon... Will be a dragoness.

-Doctor Emil “Kahn” Laio

Kirii and Xilimyth had spent over eight hours making love to one another. She didn't think it was possible to make love twenty seven times, but nonetheless there she was with him settled on her ribcage, his cock

positioned between her massive mammaries while she sucked his seed straight from his sack and swallowed the last vestiges of it all, stroking his erection with her long tongue.

He then slid out of her, dragging his juices along her breasts, down her muscled abs, and finally to her pussy where he entered her again, and they rolled, she laying mostly on top of him, her massive tits rolling free on top of his chest, and he reached up and rolled her nipple to her mouth as he rocked his hips repeatedly into her sex; stirring her honey pot repeatedly, over and over while he sucked yet more of her seemingly unlimited milk from her chest.

And then there was her high-pitched purring that he so loved as he took a handful of her bottom and squeezed, rubbing the base of her cunt with his fingers as he continued to stroke her and lanced the last of his cum into her body, rubbing his leg against hers while he purred for her as well.

She loved that purr, a cackling, deep-throated purr from deep within his chest, she leaned her head against his chest, unaware of the things happening inside her body as trillions of sperm were met with trillions of trillions of viral-hypermites to break the DNA down, reassemble and then reincorporate it into her body.

Deep inside her belly, something gurgled, and she rubbed it, thinking it was the last of his cum lancing into her.

The Viral-Hypermites are noted for their speed. A genetic computer can break down even a dragon's DNA sequencing within a quarter of an hour, whereas the MCPU/CPU's/SPU's of the Hypernite mainframe inside the body, coupled with the host's own brain functions, allows the breakdown of all the DNA in Lord Xilimyth's genetic package within twelve to fourteen hours and then formulate a way to begin to alter the existing DNA in the host immediately after that.

The host might experience a pause in her transformations and evolutions, not even muscle and tissue growth continues due to the totality of the cybernetic network focusing on absorbing all the new genetic capability.

Hopefully, by this time, Lord Xilimyth would have added the desired tracking package to the host subject either by injection or ingestion.

Only time will tell

- Doctor Emil "Kahn" Laio.

Kirii leaned against the shower wall, her wings unfolded while her new lover was positioned right before her, his steely powerful erection penetrating her body yet again – *number twenty eight*, she thought as she wrapped one leg over and around his waist, rolling her head back while her massive mammaries compressed between them – and they rocked against one another to coax still more orgasms and climaxes.

She reached between all her heaving mammaries and palmed her sternum, feeling his erection moving against something directly beneath her sternum now being that he was penetrating so deep.

All this interaction in the shower had began simply...

He started by taking a shower alone to wash off all the grime from lovemaking off his body, and she entered into his shower stall soon after and began to shower with him. They began to search each other for loose grime, lifting this, moving that, and touches eventually gave way to massages with human towel-sized washcloths.

Massages turned into caresses, and a truly sensual session of embracing, kissing and caressing ensued, while she felt his penis unsheathed, unslung and dangle between his thighs, and then erect steadily along her inner thigh as she creamed onto its length in the hot shower. It erected till his prick rose so hard and steely that she actually could sit on it and it could hold her up – *what a man!* – The rounded bulges of her rear cleaving to its sides and her tail hanging over the thickened and flaring bulge of his penis.

Eventually they looked at one another, then kissed solidly, and the next thing Kirii knew, she was rolling her hips and inserting his shaft into her pussy, and as she rose on tiptoe and he squatted, he rose into her as she lowered herself, and with a hot and wet squelch they coupled each other and began making love right there in the shower.

He kept erupting into her while she erupted around him, the heavy water of their commingled juices draining around his extension, dripping off his sack and splattering onto the tile floor while he rose and fell with her rhythmically. This most recent lovemaking – *number twenty eight*, Kirii thought again disbelievingly with a deep purring rumbling within her chest – was the longest. A good half an hour of sexing each other before he climaxed again, and as they cleaned each other off of this new batch of love juices, touching each other's sexes, number twenty nine happened as they made each other aroused by this act... though number twenty nine was a quickie.

Afterwards, Kirii brushed her mane, purring happily to herself and humming as she worked the brush into her mane, and looking at the perfection of her body – *are those stripes of coloring coming back?* She thought and fingered the grayish interlacing marks all over her body – and as she looked at herself, and now thinking of her sweet love, she rose after braiding her mane into a long tail that brushed against her bottom, folded her wings and walked naked into the kitchen.

While he made breakfast, she reached down to his waist and cradled his groin, massaging the peak of the bulge and she felt it thicken as he turned over his shoulder to look at her. She purred happily, pressing her crotch against the bulge of his tail while her breasts cleaved against his back.

“More?” he asked, and stopping what he was doing, turned to face her and massaged one of her tits.

“Hmm... yes please.” She said and leaned against him, hugging him but thanks to her breasts and his thickness, her hands could only palm his sides. “But after breakfast.” She murred.

Xilimyth lifted a hand and slid it along her chest between her breasts, caressing the insides one of her tits with his claws and the soft pads of his fingers while the bulge in his pants grew larger. “I’ve been called into the office.” He said, and his eyes flickered a little in worry, but thankfully while she leaned against his chest, Kirii didn’t notice it. “I’d... Love to share a room with you tonight... possibly get number thirty off tonight.”

“Hmmm... that would be wonderful!” she purred.

“What would you like to do till I return? Anything you want.”

“I want to walk the city like a normal person again...” she said and leaned against him as she lifted her head to look at him in the eye.

Their breakfast was wonderful, or at least for Xilimyth it was. To have a beautiful female sitting on the other end of the table from you who was completely and totally naked, was a wonderful distraction. Neither of them really spoke or ate that much, they simply stared across the table at one another, smiling at each other's naked chests – again, Xilimyth thought he got the better half of that deal – till Kirii mentioned that Xili looked a little tense.

Xili did admit that he was at least a little tense, and without warning, Kirii slid from off her chair, and crawling under the table, massaged his groin, and began to undo the ties to his trousers. She then removed his unsheathing penis and immediately stuck it in her mouth, and closing her eyes, began to pleasantly suck on it as it erected steadily into her mouth.

"Oh..." he voiced, his head and eyes rolling backward. "Of course you know... This doesn't qualify as number thirty."

She rose up before him, leaning forward and pressing her breasts onto his lap and looked up at him before removing her mouth from off the head of his cock, and even then, it was to lick off the priming charge of his gathering seed.

And then she rose, like a mountain of muscle, a Titaness of virility and beauty, and with him sitting and her standing, she pulled his cock to her sex, just so that she could dribble a squirt of her nectar – her sexual juices – over the top of his cock.

"We could... You know... Do it right now..." she murred, her nipples all erecting.

Xilimyth looked up at her, and then quickly wiped some drool off his mouth.

"No matter how much I'd like to, right now, I can't keep my superior waiting." Kirii looked crestfallen, and Xili swallowed. "However... To seal a promise for later that you've already done for me..."

He took her bottom in both hands and pulled her forward, only so that his long tongue could slide out and lick her slit, and Kirii shivered, draining more of her juices before he probed his tongue into her, pressing it past her labia before he commenced sucking on her vaginal mound. Kirii purred and purred, groaning and actually orgasming a few more times as he did things inside her his cock was unable to do. But then... His tongue couldn't fill her so completely as that massive shaft could...

Xilimyth entered the obsidian tower of Starlight Industries, a towering edifice of black that cast a shadow over the whole of the city at any time of the day, and during the night, it was so black that it was like a hole in space, and additionally cast a shadow over the whole of the city.

Once inside, he transformed, taking on the form of an English gentleman in all his finest attire; a stylish black suit that was vaguely European in design. He greeted himself to the receptionist.

"Yes Mister Xilimyth, Mister Draconoshi is awaiting you. Please go right up."

Xilimyth had a hunch the receptionist was either a drone of Aysyx or was on his personal directive for how often the receptionist knew what he was going to say before he did.

He boarded a luxury turbolift, and sat down in a plush leather chair as he was elevated hundreds of stories upward, his ears even began to pop as he rose to the very top of the tallest edifice on Earth. Even Mount Everest didn't have a peak as tall as it.

Finally the doors to the turbolift opened, and swallowing, he rose and moved into the darkened vaulted corridor and walked several hundred feet to come to stand within a pillar of light before a massive wooden desk, behind which was one of the most powerful men in the Sol-Teran Alliance. Rather... He wasn't a man, but was instead the most powerful dragon in creation that was just short of the famed gods of Dragonkind Draco and Leviathan themselves, but in the guise of a man.

He seemed to be brooding.

"I come as summoned, my lord." Xilimyth said, bowing deeply, and when he rose, he trembled slightly with worry that Pseudo was upset with him.

"Please relax, Lord Xilimyth... I'm not upset at you. My ire is directed to another."

Xilimyth exhaled a breath of relief.

"I... I want to say... That I love her, my lord. I cannot believe it, but she and I... I mean we... Twenty nine times! I..."

"Calm yourself, Lord Xilimyth." Draconoshi said, and rose from his chair and both chair and desk sank into the floor as he walked across the point where the desk had been toward Xili.

"Have you delivered the package?" Draco asked, and focused on Xili with his bright eyes; his pupils suddenly compressing into almond-shaped pupils before the blue coloring flooded outward past the whites and proceeded to glow.

This was the gaze of the Lord Pseudodrake.

"I have, my lord. I slipped... The capsule into her food."

The capsule was a precaution. It contained a hypernite variant designed by Lady Eve that was designed to do only one thing, and that was to construct a simple transmitter... A homing device. It was specifically designed and tailored to match the viral-hypernites already inside her, and the existing hypernites would recognize the basic matrix of the new hypernites and not interfere with them. They'd even interact with the new device that they'd construct and continue to supply power to the device... perhaps even enhance the device.

"I am... Lax to take advantage of her like this, my lord."

"I'm leaving her to your care, Xili. You are one of a kind at the moment, but do you realize what will happen to her now that she has your DNA?"

"I do, my lord. She will transform... Just like I had."

There was a beep in the air.

"Master..." a voice said.

"Yes Aysyx." Pseudo stated in return, looking up to the vaulted ceiling that was shrouded in darkness.

"We are reaching the twelfth hour, my lord."

"The twelfth hour?" Xili repeated.

"Our subject is about to experience some mentally trying times, Xili... And our time is short. As soon as you are briefed, you are to collect her, and bring her to safety. You must protect the secrecy of the nobles. I will leave it up to you as to where you will bring her."

"Bring her? For what?" Xilimyth asked

Pseudo looked up.

"To transform, Lord Messenger..." Aysyx intoned, and Xilimyth swallowed deeply.

Kirii walked freely about the city, heads turning to watch her form as she walked gracefully through the crowds, head, shoulders and chest taller than every creature there save for the greater dragons. She felt sexy with breasts that were larger than her head, and her clothing compressed her six tertiary breasts flat against her belly, but did nothing to hide the hardened teats poking out of her abs, and hefted her secondaries beneath her primaries, hiding them away. Well... hiding them *mostly* away.

She felt how her tits jostled and bounced with every step, felt how her inner thighs compressed her labia with every step, her firm buttocks framing her sinuous tail as that waved behind her, and she walked with her wings tightly folded against her back. She was receiving cat calls again, whoops and hollers from males all around her. She even got a towering greater dragon, a twenty foot male, to ask her for her number. She smiled and said that she already had a sexy boyfriend. He still gave her his number though. She smiled as she held the piece of paper in her hand before sliding it into her pocket. Scales and chitin, porcelain hide and black stripes, antennae and horns, she was a beautiful goddess of sexual form and pleasure, and she loved her new body.

Xilimyth had something to do, a client or his boss to meet, and before he'd left, he'd given her a credit card with an unlimited line of credit, and, most importantly, a passkey that would allow her to reenter his home. She'd never lived with someone else before... And this sexy beast named Xilimyth was a wonderful new love for her. She murred, feeling warm on this cold fall day, remembering the twenty-nine times they'd made love last night as she walked wearing some warm clothes, but not that warm.

Thigh socks, a bodycloth and a jacket, and as she walked nimbly down the paths and walkways of Central Park; her old stomping grounds.

She found the tiger that had licked her pussy that one night, and he remembered her, reaching out with a paw, and she reached out and rubbed the back of his paw, squatting before the noble beast with her breasts pressing against her knees.

"Hey! Watch out miss... That beast can be dangerous!" a zoo keeper exclaimed rushing up to her.

Kirii's tail lifted, revealing the lump of soft white silk covering her sex as she turned to the keeper.

"You don't know this one well then." she said. "He has a gentle touch... He'll make many cubs with that female of his in there."

She rose to her feet, her tail still lifted slightly, and that lump of her sex suddenly cleaved, a budding nib forming from her erecting clitoris while Kirii slid her hands over her abs.

"Is there any way to buy these cats from the zoo?" she asked.

"I-I don't know." the man said, and stepped closer to her, the bulge of his groin swelling.

Kirii's body was reacting, her body was reacting, and though she felt her heart beating faster and faster, her breathing growing deeper and more constant. What she didn't realize, as a bead of her sexual juices squeezed out from between her swelling labia to wet her panties, was that she was exuding a cloud of pheromones. All around her, spontaneously, couples who'd been there with each other suddenly turned to one another, and immediately began kissing and groping each other, while others suddenly took each other's hands and rushed off to go make love amidst the trees and bushes surrounding the zoo.

"Could you find out for me? I'll return later."

The keeper nodded, and she turned, walking elegantly off, several people of the male persuasion following her a short while as if she were the pied piper. Her cunt swallowed some of the fabric of her panties as it swelled against her inner thighs, her twelve nipples steadily standing on end just before the areola beneath

them all swelled thick and firm, and suddenly Kirii had twelve disk-like lumps on each of her tits showing through the cloth of her gown.

She removed her jacket as she walked, feeling the warmth in her crotch as she creamed a little more, moistening her panties that were guarding her nakedness while her breasts grew warmer and warmer. She unbuttoned the blouse portion of her gown all the way, opening up the space covering her breasts to let some of the cool breezes waft into her clothing to cool her off, but despite that, she only seemed to be growing hotter.

And then, something she hadn't felt for awhile began to take over... Instinct. And she found herself heading for home... The one her beast self had made as home... A little hideaway in a warm sewer close to the docs.

Xilimyth stood on a landing at the top of the tower, taking a deep breath, and as he let it out, he suddenly transformed into the lesser dragon form he'd been using, his wings flaring about him while his clothing evaporated briefly and then reformed about him into something more becoming of a dragon.

Blue armor and white scale and porcelain flesh, he was a lithe, but supremely powerful example of Dragonkind. Stepping forward, he tipped off the precipice on top of the Starlight Tower and dove hundreds of feet downward. Lifting his wrist, he looked down at it and depressed a switch on his wrist comp, and suddenly a blip began to chime repeatedly, showing him a direction.

The homing beacon will remain active so long as the Hypernites don't see it as a danger, he thought, and followed the signal to his love. *Preserve the secret of the nobles,* his mind raced.

He swallowed, and thought that he could reveal something of the power of the nobles in this urgency... At least briefly... And suddenly his shirt shredded open against his back and a series of flaring, overlapping plates rose steadily upward, blazing with life and he rocketed downward with the speed of his acceleration jets.

Kirii hunched over in her den, her clean white clothes dirtied from her having squeezed through the porthole leading into it.

She groaned, her body twitching, her body spasming as she groaned, her pussy doing something it'd never done before and she came in a lance of cum that filtered through her panties, the soggy sticky fluids sliding up the straps of the thong leading to the base of her tail, wetting and moistening her anus as her tail lifted. She gasped, clawing at the concrete ground, kneeling on the blankets that'd still been here when she last left it, her breasts pressing against the ground before her knees as she gasped and groaned.

She was transforming, she knew it, *but it'd never been so intense as this,* she thought as she groaned; her mouth opening wide... And she could hear her bones creaking, her eyes widening as she could feel her powers growing. She flexed, and her invisible muscles flared about her, her head bowing as they did, and a bubble of force erupted all around her, slapping at the walls of the cistern around her.

“AHHH!!” she cried, clawing at the ground, her body sweating heavily while every muscle in her body steadily began to tighten. She was nearing the change, and she trembled on the verge of a climax as her vaginal fluids leaked from her in a sopping wet load into her panties over and over again.

She tensed, gritting her teeth, feeling her teeth lengthen and thicken as her mouth pushed forward, and gnashing her teeth her tongue licked the inside of her teeth as her tongue grew longer and more prehensile, and she orgasmed again, her body tightening harder till she heard her bones creaking beneath the strain. And then with another orgasmic shiver and a bellowing, screaming roar of ecstasy, Kirii La'fond began to transform.

“Lord Xilimyth...” a voice crackled in Xili's ear. “I believe she has retreated to her den. She was heading in its vicinity in a rush shortly after you left Draconoshi's office.”

“I hear you Aysyx. Do you know specifically where it is?”

“I do, my lord. Make haste, my sensors are detecting a tremendous flux in all her bio-systems, many times greater than previously recorded.”

Xili grit his teeth. He was well known for his speed, once having been a Cheetah Lycan, he was indeed quite swift of foot, but in this reduced dragon form, he was no where near as fast as he could be... but nonetheless, fast enough. A piece of wetware that he wore as a portable data assistant that one merely pushed into one's ear, extended a mike to his mouth and another fiber optic antennae extended to beam visual data straight onto his retina.

He followed a mini-map that the enigmatic Aysyx was projecting to him while viewing a series of life monitors of Kirii's life signs. Heart rate, respiration, bio energy... everything was far, far beyond any human or even lesser dragon ratings.

She looked like she was about to pop.

The rest of Xili's shirt shredded about him as he suddenly doubled in muscle mass to throw open a pair of solid steel gates as if they weren't there and dashed right down the sewer entrance, following right where Aysyx was leading him before his muscles thinned again and the flaring jets at his back folded and sealed shut again.

Kirii's body lurched as she flexed again, and yet again, her invisible muscles swelling harder and harder about her, so that each time that she flexed the sphere of forces pulsating around her from her invisible muscles – like a Titaness of her own body that was far larger than she was – tensing the confines of her cistern prison.

And as she flexed, Kirii felt all of her veins popping out in her neck, her temples, over her many breasts, her arms, forearms, inner thighs, over her pussy, across her anus and down the underside of her tail, as well as her calves and the soles of her feet. As all those veins puffed and pushed outward, she felt something strange feeding its way through all those veins, like little feelers tickling her flesh from the inside. She could feel her awareness of herself growing with these feelers, and as her awareness grew, so too was her sensuality as her pussy swelled larger and her nipples all erected harder and her areola pushing forward.

And then she flexed again, and her back began to spread, the spines that were the nails at the end of each wing fingers lengthening just before her spine arched outward, billowing upward just before each spine flared outward one spine after the other, her gown shredding open along her back as her flesh tore open in the same instant, revealing a realm of overlapping and hooking plates that began to lengthen steadily. Her back bristled as her muscle hump flared at the peak of this mass, the spine pulling her tail from between her butt cheeks while the whole length of it began to extend and broaden steadily. Her gown just exploded open to her arms and shoulders thickening as her back continued to flare and swell; pushing her arms further apart while the remnants of her gown fell off her front, her now naked mammaries swelling readily forward.

She gasped and moaned, her fingers growing thicker, the claws longer and sharper as they coiled at their ends into hooking talons of ebon coloring. But she gasped, looking down at her strengthening hands, seeing flashes of her invisible muscles pulsating in and out of her vision now and again while she flexed

her fingers and her claws grew longer and thicker, her finger pads bulging as she gasped with the sleeves of her gown shredding immediately about her arms and the cuffs popping open about her wrists.

“Mmm... More!” she groaned, her thighs spreading open as a thick syrupy slick slid from her cunt through her panties and onto her blankets. “Bigger!” she swallowed and lifted her chin as her neck and midsection lengthened with her spine growing larger. “Ngh... Bigger!” she moaned and she began to hump the ground, rubbing her pussy into the soft fabric of her misbegotten blankets, her silken panties tightening against her crotch, enhancing the camel toe while the straps cut into her sides and between her butt cheeks, giving her cunt a solid wedgie.

She roared like a powerful lioness, her claws carving gouges out of the stone as she began to hump the concrete.

Her back swelled even more, tearing the flesh open about her back as her back muscles thrust themselves outward in growth in every direction; her wing shoulders and wing arms shredding even more flesh off her body as they swelled over her flaring back muscles beneath them. She gasped, feeling the tightness in her wing arms, and she strained those arms against the tensing muscles, groaning as she began to unfold them from the knots they were becoming at her back. They began as two thick, stubby little things, as she stretched her wings open like stretching the fingers of a hand wide, and as she flexed the arms, they swelled massively, and as they swelled, the flapping skin between each thickening finger fanned wide; riddled with reddish veins that were puffing outward and throbbing in tune with her heart. Those wings then began to grow gossamer as they literally shattered a layer of flesh over them; the flecks of skin falling to the ground about her as she came another jet into her sopping wet panties.

She didn't notice it, but there were little gray things running all about those many veins and arteries, those gray things were fiber optic wires being spread rapidly by a sudden massive growth of hypernites that were growing right along with her. They'd learned to feed off her excess ethereal and psychic energy, and though her invisible muscles grew weaker briefly as they grew, her body nonetheless grew larger and larger. What she did notice, however, were the prickly little hairs of peach fuzz that erupted all over her wings on both front and back and on both sides of her, the peach fuzz turning into yellow down, and she saw out of the corner of one watering eye as she lifted her tail more and continued to hump the ground, that those wings were now growing feathered.

But then she gurgled as something seemed to thrust itself into her, piercing straight up from her pussy, sliding down the length of her whole body to press against her throat. She gasped and gurgled again as the thickness of what felt like Xili's cock inside her gave her more pleasure, and she actually looked over her shoulder, half expecting to see him there. But it was the transformation enticing her this time.

“More!” she cried, clawing at her head as her brow and muzzle thrust further forward, tearing more flesh from off her face while she heard the rushing splurt of her cum escaping her cunt. “MOAR!” she roared, and was granted with an added increase of growth.

“Aysyx... I can't understand this read out. This place is like a labyrinth!”

“My apologies, my lord... without a knowledge of your direction, I cannot lead you... all I have is an ever growing locator for you. The deeper you go, the harder it is for me to spot you. The same goes for Miss La'fond, though I surmise she has retreated to her previous lair.”

“Damn it!” Xili rubbed his head. “What am I supposed to...”

And then he heard the cries, and his ears twitched. Without thinking he ran off in that direction, following the sonic waves of the echo like a bat would.

“Yes, my lord. That is the correct general direction.”

“I saw her. The barest echo of her far away.” Xilimyth said into his mike. “Please Kirii, scream again for me...”

Kirii screamed again as her back suddenly lurched outward, flaring wide as her spines grew longer, some of her back plates simply shattering about her growing back only to be replaced with glistening fresh new ones. She moaned low in her throat as her body grew slightly longer, her forearms longer in proportion than her upper arms, her muscles being stretched out over her elongating body, and she'd already snapped the straps underneath her feet from her growing so much, her leggings straining tightly about her legs.

She began to wonder where her strength was all going as she made minute movements, her blankets sopping wet beneath her crotch from her repeatedly cumming onto it. Her mane was growing longer than ever, billowing about her head in long locks as she then looked down at her arms that were gripping at the stone before her with her hands, seeing how slender it looked comparatively while she gasped in and out, in and out, her chest heaving.

And then she saw the muscles tensing, felt them tensing, and swallowing and laughing low in her throat through her clenched teeth, she then choked off a gasp and cried out again, feeling the next stage of her change begin as her muscles began to grow, and directly behind that stage was her most favorite transformation...

Breast growth.

She clenched her teeth as her hips and shoulders broadened, the waist of her gown snapping open about her flaring hips while her body continually grew larger, but now as her back flared, her chest now began to push forward and upward; her tits so large that they were perpetually pressing against each other. And then she continued to flex, her breasts swelling forward beneath her pressing against the ground, while her secondaries swelled almost as fast as her primaries. Her tertiaries swelled into firm pads over all her broadening abdominals while she rocked her body, feeling her muscles tensing, her fists clenching, and she gasped and exhaled and suddenly her chest erupted forward as her chest barreled outward, carrying her tits forward with them as the massive primaries continued to enlarge.

Her shoulders flared then, rounding firmly all about her upper arms, her biceps swelling forward to press against her tits, her triceps cleaving and swelling backward, boiling with strength about the backs of her arms as each muscle striation of her shoulders and upper arms swelled outward along with her flaring forearms. Both of her arms studiously finished tearing what remained of her sleeves completely open. Down the length of her body with her broadening hips, deepening crotch, swelling pussy and the general enlarging of her pelvis, her panties soon snapped over each hip, and with the cool breath of air on her pussy being naked to the sewer air, she came hard in an orgasmic jet that splattered all behind her.

“Grrr... MORE!” she snarled, shivering just before her spread open thighs continued to thicken, burgeoning steadily against her leggings, and tore them open solidly.

She moved her position then, gasping as she clawed at the ground again, but now she inserted a pair of fingers probingly into her cunt with her long claws, caressing her thickening and quivering clit while she orgasmed about her hand.

“Ah!” she gasped, rolling onto her side, and then opening her eyes, watched her tits swell and swell forward, the massive mounds resting one on top of the other as she squeezed her thighs together about her probing hand, her nipples growing larger and larger, her areola fanning outward and bulging about the bases of her nipples.

Then she slid her hand out from within her and gasped, feeling strange things happening inside her that she couldn't describe, like her guts squirming around, stomachs separating, lungs filling, things breaking apart

and growing larger inside her. She could feel things cracking open inside her body, spreading and realigning, organs puffing outward and filling like airbags inside her tight body. What she didn't know was that her hearts and lungs were separating, her stomachs becoming multiple for various draconic purposes involving digestion and breath weapons, and above all, she felt that flaming sensation in her chest suddenly burn hot, so hot the fire shone from within her, and when she coughed around the sensation, she came in a rush that splattered her thighs and her blankets, even as a breath of gas erupted from her stomach, was electrified by glands in her mouth, and a puff of flame erupted from her.

Lucky for her that she didn't see that... it might've caused a panic in her that she couldn't control.

But then she cried out again and her arms flung themselves outward, one hand slamming into the ground and creating an impression as her claws dug into the concrete, the other holding onto the curving wall behind her. She quivered and then thrust out her chest as her chest grew longer, her pectorals laying one on top of the other swelling independently, carrying a set of tits separately from one another. Her back arched painfully and she cried out, her thighs creamy and sticky with her juices while her abdominals grew more numerous; those sinking beneath her ribcage while all her many breasts continued enlarging, and her chests swelled beneath those swelling mammaries into massive proportions. She swallowed, gasped and then moaned, coiling her legs upward against her thickening abdominals as her body spasmed, and she felt every last major muscle striation in her body swelling and bubbling so violently that they bounced all her tits.

The strain left her and then returned, and she thrust her body forward, gasping and groaning as the muscle growth redoubled itself, and she repeated this motion twice more before she collapsed to the ground of the cistern, one primary and secondary tit pressing firmly against the ground, swelling larger beneath her while her other tits simply swelled outward with more and more mammary goodness.

She shuddered, her hair growing longer still about her head, and then in a gasp, she bent her head inward, breathing heavily while her arms flared, her thighs burgeoned with her flaring hips, her calves widening with her feet broadening, her rear rounding outward to support her tail, and in a ripple, her flesh seemed to lighten all over her body, and then she began to grow so massive that she began to tear out of her own flesh all over again.

It began with a new realm of horns shredding her brows open...

Xilimyth arrived and stopped dead in his tracks as he stood right at a cracked open pressure door, and standing in the half-lit darkness of the pipe, he looked down at Kirii, watching her transform, watching in aw.

“Record.” He said, and with a beep, a micro camera in his earpiece began to record an image.

As he watched, his groin steadily began to swell with arousal.

Kirii cried outward as her fingers grasped some of the loose flesh over her breast and tore it open, the porcelain flesh giving way to porcelain hide and opal-like scales and plates. Muscles rippled as they carved new paths beneath her flesh, her breasts swelling larger as she rose up onto her toes, her hands gripping at her flesh and tearing it off her as she screamed in pleasure. Her flesh continued to tear open about her thickening body, layer after layer falling off and around her to litter the floor about her feet, the softer layers simply peeling off to reveal the soft, velvety-like dragon hide, the harder scales, and the layer after layer of heavier and heavier armor shattering open to reveal newer scales and plates.

She convulsed as spines tore from her flesh, beginning as little eruptions of nails as her flesh tore from her, but as she grew steadily larger, Kirii actually watched a spine on the outside of her flaring forearm steadily

grow longer and thicker as each bulging slice of her flesh tore from her, joined by scale and reinforced by plates, it was now a long hooking blade protecting over her elbows.

She was completely unaware of her watcher as Kirii flexed harder, moaning as her horns flared wide about her head, growing longer, thicker and larger, her pussy bulging between her thighs, her thighs themselves filling outward with the inner thighs sinking below the outer. Her quadriceps curved outward and creased, her body segmenting horizontally along major lines across her body, and the beginnings of a power pack forming between her large big-feathered and now white-feathered wings that were in the shape of a dragon's leathery wing, possessing burgeoning muscles of their own. Her chest jutted forward heavily, her breasts separating from one another at long last as bone ridges formed here and there to reinforce her strengthening body.

Xili watched her as she came all down her thighs in a sputtering explosion, and with a roar, her eyes widening as they began to shine, she dug her fingers into flesh again and tore it open to reveal newer tender flesh, with strings of some sticky fluid dripping from between her new flesh to her old flesh; her fingers knotting in the discarded remnants of her skin as she panted with exertion and came again.

He counted twenty four nipples on her swelling body as her body seemed to separate down the middle, from navel to the hollow of her throat and spread open slightly; separating the whole front of her body apart, separating her abdominals, her ribs, her pectorals, all so that they could swell larger than ever. A crackling sound brought forth her body lengthening longer still, separating muscles from one another so that they could swell larger in that direction, her muscles billowing with strength while the mutating muscles crisscrossed her form, her beautiful white body being stripped with beautiful and elegant stripes that overlaid, intersected and decorating her bodice in an exotic way that Xili's own spots did in his full dragon form.

Xili adjusted his groin, swallowing as he watched a female of his own tribe and clan forming right before his disbelieving eyes, and apparently she was a female that was going to be supremely strong! He swallowed again, knowing that within certain dragon tribes and clans, the female was the largest of the sub species! At the moment as he watched her change, he didn't care.

Her tail grew longer as spines erupted down the length of her back from the thickening and overlapping spinal plates; body plates cleaving as nodule-like growths of hardened flesh formed on the backs of her hands, along her lower abdominals, along her skull and on the tops of her feet. Then she lurched, her back thrusting further backward, and she rose to her full height, shuddering as her head came to the top of a twenty foot cistern, and with a shudder, her body lengthened more and Xili stepped back, gasping as she flexed, her arms swelling massively, riddling with thicker and thicker muscle while her clit jut out of her sex and dripped her hot steaming cum; her labia swelling and continually trying to swallow that bulging nib of her clit.

“More! I want more!!” Kirii groaned at her body, and was met with a minute spasm of more mutating muscle as she grew thicker in every direction, her neck flaring toward her bulging shoulders, little spines jutting off each muscle striation on her shoulder, and as she fingered her pussy, she grit her pearly white teeth, breathing hard as she again fingered herself with one hand, sliding two fingers inside her and coaxing another orgasm from her loins.

And then she began laughing through her teeth, trying to strain more growth from her body, and she began to flex her muscles, forcing them tighter and tighter as she did and her muscles answered by compressing and tightening, and with a click a chemical reaction flooded through her that very few species enjoyed:

Supernatural Strength – Strength that was many times greater than the muscles that output it.

As a result, Kirii's muscles began to bulge and bulge and swell and thicken continually all about her, growing and growing, her body swelling twice, thrice... five times over in every direction from her newly enhanced muscle power enhancing her strength as she flexed her muscles, her whole body puffing outward, and with her transformation slowing her invisible muscles suddenly flared about her, and a titaness of a

dragon, still larger than she herself was suddenly flared into existence as a ultra powerful fem of massive mammaries made of red and orange lines lacing about her form, and the whole of the cistern rumbled and cracked.

And then Kirii gasped and released the flex, her muscles soon returning to their already bulbous thickness. She was hungry... she needed... food... sex... And with a scream she squatted and leapt upward.

“Yes! Yes that’s right! She’s breaking upward out of the cistern!!” Xilimyth exclaimed into the mike of his ear bud as he watched Kirii pushing upward against the roof of the cistern. “She’s tearing through all the...” there was a crash and a flood of water, and Xilimyth quickly slammed the pressure door shut and turned the dial before running back down where he came.

“What was that noise Xilimyth?!” Draconoshi demanded.

“She must’ve broken through to the present water and sewage systems, my lord! She’ll break through to the surface in a matter of minutes. What should I do?”

“Calm yourself, Messenger. Is she still growing?!”

“No! But why is she trying so desperately to get out?”

“Pardon me,” a new voice chimed in. It was Aysyx. “A message from Kahn Laio. The subject may need to feed after having accomplished such a remarkable metamorphosis. Our previous observations on both her and lab environment subjects have all dictated that after every change, the subject must feed to replenish depleted caloric levels.”

“Stop calling her ‘subject’ Aysyx!” Xili screamed into his mike. “Her name is *Kirii!*”

“Forgiveness, my lord, I only...”

“Enough... both of you.” Lord Pseudodrake, in the guise of Draconoshi barked. “Lord Xilimyth... Here is what I want you to do...”

Kirii was so close to the surface as she bent pipes apart, her body getting splashed with water from a water main, and despite that there was a power main there as well, she somehow inhaled the electrical current and drew power off it. Steadily her body began to swell again, her muscles thickening more, and she groaned as her wings flared, her spine and tail enlarging in her cramped space, and as she transformed, she suddenly became very claustrophobic, and the chamber she was currently in was filling in with water very, very quickly.

She panicked and shoved with all her might against the roof, and the ceiling gave way above her, and with a scream she appeared on the edge of Central Park, her mouth opening wide, actually unhinging as she cried out, her horns flaring, and out in the open air, she took a deep, deep breath, filling her lungs to their brink, and her chest barreled outward further, her tits filling with creamy milk as she hauled herself out of her prison, her flesh glistening and slick with water, her body shining in the evening light. She looked about her, rising up onto her taloned toes as she tensed her body, feeling the warmth of her muscles flaring, more cum dribbling down her inner thigh as her muscles bulged larger, flaring wider, growing more and more numerous. She flexed one arm and then the other, feeling her biceps on either arm bunching up against the tit upon the pectoral supporting that arm, and then she smiled at the sight of one of the hotdog vendors she came to love leaving their food carts out and chained to metal pipes.

She lunged forward on all fours, her massive mammaries clenching tight against her chest to keep them from wobbling heavily and throwing her off balance, leaking several gouts of her cream as they did, and she assaulted the cart, ripping it open and dipping her head inside to get at all the condiments, meat and buns she could eat.

Xilimyth could already hear police sirens blaring about the city, and he mentally switched his wetware device stuck in his ear to monitor the police bands.

“What?! They're already calling out the Slayers?! Are they mad?! My lord did you...”

“I did... do not worry, Xili, they are being taken care of... just get her out of there.” Pseudo responded.

Xili nodded, and with a hop and a skip up a wall, he launched himself up into the air before spreading his wings wide and sailing toward the massive Central Park Arcology at the center of the city.

Kirii shuddered as she positioned herself on her hands and knees, her body growing stronger still. Twenty some feet, she gasped and moaned as every muscle in her body grew larger suddenly. Her forearms flared wider and wider, right along with her upper thighs, her belly compressing tighter. Biceps and triceps bulged along with her calves, her bottom rounding with spine and tail thickening; that alone strengthening into a series of overlapping ribs while she stepped naked through the park. Her thighs were splattered with her juices, glistening brightly already as she gasped and cried out, and then rubbing her tit, she began to cream into her hand, and with a gasp, her claws slid underneath yet another layer of flesh.

She began to tear yet another layer of her flesh off her body, shedding like a snake even as her existing chitinous plates grew thicker, and her spines and spikes and horns all over her body grew longer, thicker and harder. Her jaw grew broader, her teeth longer as she snarled with her pleasure, saliva filtering through her teeth and overlapping fangs; her back flaring and bulging, her chest thrusting further forward with a series of cracks and breaks from her overlapping ribs flaring wider and thickening.

Kirii hugged herself, stumbled forward a little, and her body swelled on all sides, swelling further out of her most recent layer of flesh as that shredded all across her body while old layers that hadn't completely shorn off her continued to shred all across her body. And then she heard the police sirens, and looking up, standing like a naked stick in the mud, she stood panting, staring at the flashing blue and white lights.

She thought she could hear the sounds of them talking to each other in her mind somehow, and she heard them talking about 'Slayers' or some such. But as she listened to the chatter, she stopped, forgetting about all her other needs at how the chatter she listened to unfolded.

I'm a monster again, she thought, knowing that they were about to come take her away.

But then...

"Kirii!" A voice said, and she turned, her massive feet slamming against the ground with each step, leaving imprints in the ground.

But then she saw who'd called her name.

"Xili! I-I..." she began as he came right up to her.

She was practically twice his size...

"Kirii... it's ok... We need to get you out of here, now!" he said, rushing forward and taking her hands.

Her hands were so much larger than his, and even while she stood there, his head so close to her navel, she thought upon how much smaller he was, how horny she was for him, how hungry and what a meal a load of his cum in her belly would make, she remarked upon the importance upon leaving, knew that they had to leave before everything else happened... But...

"W-where can we go?" she asked.

"I have a place, but we need to lie low for a short while, but we need to leave now... We don't have much time."

She began to follow him, but then stopped, and he jerked back to her as she suddenly became immovable to him.

"Wait! I need to do something first!" she said and began running in the opposite direction, hurtling herself to all fours as she rushed forward.

"Kirii! Kirii, we don't have time for this!" Xili said and ran on all fours in a scamper in comparison to her lunging long-bodied, four-legged run.

But Kirii continued, pausing a moment here and there as her body thickened spontaneously, her muscles growing spasmodically larger and larger every time she paused.

"Kirii! Come on we need to leave!" Xili complained, following behind her as she entered the zoo.

"No! Not without them!" she said, and she strode purposefully forward.

"Not without who?" Xili asked, eyeing the black and white flying patrol cars with their flashing reds and blues. Thankfully they were all heading toward where Kirii had emerged from the ground instead of where they were now.

"Them." she said, and Xili stopped dead as she stomped down a guard rail before one of the cages, and then knelt before the tigers.

"Kirii, what are you..." Xili began, but then she took hold of the bars, two of them at a time, and bent them together before thrusting them apart.

Xili just stood there dumbly, as she held out her hands, and coaxed the female and male tigers inside the cage out into her arms and hugged them both like a pair of house cats to her chest before she rose with them in her arms.

"Now we can go..." she said and turned to Xili.

Xili's face twitched a couple times and he swallowed before his face got a look of determination.

All right, the woman I love is nearly twice my size at the moment, can topple tall buildings in a single punch, the law wants her, and now she's stealing two rare Siberian white tigers from a zoo.

He groaned.

"Come on," and spread his wings, taking off and floating there as he beat his wings.

Kirii opened her own wings, the beautiful white feathers glistening before she slapped her wings down and rose suddenly up into the air, the tigers roaring as they rose up into the air suddenly, holding onto her with their claws, but even their claws were unable to pierce her skin. Xili took her to where she could be safe

for the moment, while Aysyx did his best impression as a police dispatcher to redirect their attentions away from where they were going.

Kirii had stopped growing larger and thicker, nearly at twenty-five feet, she laid on her side in Xili's bath chamber, the two cats she'd rescued resting about her as she pet the male with her large hand while Xili walked back and forth, pacing before her, the fingers of one hand moving rapidly against his thigh.

Kirii watched him, a cackling fully draconic purr erupting from her chest as she began to focus upon his thick groin. What she was unaware of, was that with that device in Xili's ear, he was moving his fingers against his thigh typing messages through his wetware data assistant.

"Xili..." she said, and she laid forward, scratching the back of the tiger she was petting. "Xili?" she managed again when he didn't answer. "Is everything ok?"

Xili looked at her, pressed his lips together and hit the *'send'* command before immediately removing the collapsing ear bud from his ear and pocketing it.

"Of course..." he said and sat at the edge of the pool section of the chamber, the windows had been darkened to keep her from being seen. "...Just a few problems... We can overcome them."

She reached forward and slid a finger into his loincloth, purring louder.

"Just a few more, I think..." she murred, licking her lips.

"One more, love..." he corrected. "We can't do that at the moment." and he held onto her finger as he pulled it out from the inside of his loincloth. "We have to wait here for a bit... And then I can take you from this place. Take you to my real home."

"Your real home? Where is that?" Kirii asked, purring.

"Africa." he smiled.

Kirii slept while Xili watched her, the two great cats settling close to her as he listened to her breathing; like a pair of bellows. She was exuding a cloud of pheromones that was giving him a boner... that, and she was just so beautiful. His hearts were beating very fast, and he lowered his head, looking at his growing groin as his penis thickened into a third leg between his thighs and began tracing a path down along one leg of his pants.

Now isn't the time to reveal anything about what she's becoming or even how she is becoming, Xili, he thought. You'll frighten her.

He lowered a hand to the bulge of his shaft as it thickened, ready to pierce her, and he stroked the cloth over its thickening length briefly before lifting a hand and rising to his feet. His nads were filling with seed again, and his groin projected off his pelvis like an industrial support holding him up. He began to pace quietly for a moment, and then reached into his pocket and pulled out his ear bud data assistant before activating it and inserting it in his ear; the mike and fiber optic projector extended to shine into his retina before he gestured to summon the holographic keyboard before him.

It was a unique keyboard... Containing the massive draconic alphabet and all its special characters, large enough to form a half circle around him with a second tier above him. Only he could see the keyboard as he began to key in a series of commands.

Master, he began typing and paused, rubbing his mouth and collecting his thoughts. Relocating to my home, ETA is unknown.

Request... Permission to introduce Kirii to the nobles. My interest has grown considerably for her, my lord. He smirked and looked down at his groin again as it pulsated and throbbed, needing to offload all its batch of swelling cum. He depressed the send command and then accessed his journal... For a person who lives as long as a dragon, a journal was a necessary thing in order to remember things that happened on a day to day basis. He wasn't necessarily a writer... But his experiences as of late were bringing the novelist out of him, and sitting down at the edge of the pool, he began by describing her body at how it appeared to him, imbedding in images now thanks to the camera projecting from a fiber optic antennae, and how looking at her made him feel.

He wrote several feet of scroll in the draconic tongue, while Kirii slept before him... And continued to transform.

The Dragon Genome Project was the most impressive medical accomplishment to the combined medical power of Sol-Teran Alliance in its day. Where a human being has twenty three chromosomal pairs, a dragon has over one-hundred thousand chromosomal pairs.

In the late twentieth century, to accomplish the Human Genome Project required hundreds of schools, organizations and hospitals working on a multitude of DNA sequences to categorize every trait and aspect of humanity. It opened humankind for the Genesplacers, and gene-therapists, and all-in-all, has allowed humankind to make several very long leaps in self-made evolution. After over a decade of work, the twelve times ten to the fiftieth power traits in the human body were identified and categorized.

The Dragon Genome Project was an even greater undertaking.

Over a million schools, organizations and hospitals all across three species, three universes, spent several decades categorizing the multitude of Dragon DNA sequences, till Dragonkind was at long last identified completely down to the last genetic trait.

As such, some very remarkable things were found about dragons.

Firstly, in the Dragon DNA sequencing contains the traits of every last possible species imaginable. Mammalian, Reptilian, Amphibian, Avian... Even plants.

It makes them to be the most diverse species in existence. It also hints at the sheer, unmitigated power that the Dragons can hold.

It hints at the possibility of Dragons growing greater, identifies the sheer power of the Bahumat Universe Dragons. It gives evidence of the Nobles, the Royals, and even the Emperor-grade dragons.

Thanks to Starlight Industries, a great deal of all that information was controlled, and so most of the populace of the Sol-Teran Alliance, even the Lesser and Greater Dragons of the Prime Universe itself, are unaware of the existence of the noble dragons. So then the question arises as to what exactly happens to a human being... As she transforms into a noble like Lord Xilimyth?

With the transformation of Lady Eve from a lesser to a greater, and then to a royal, we have some ideas...

But then, what goes through the body of a human woman who has absorbed several chromosomal pairs from a half dozen species, and though she has over fifty chromosomal pairs at the time, over fifty is still the barest of a fraction of one hundred thousand chromosomal pairs that suddenly gets slapped in on her.

But on top of that, what will happen to the viral-hypernite network inside her body?

- Doctor Emil "Kahn" Laio

Kirii rolled onto her back as she slept, her great wings folded beneath her felt like a down feather bed, and she sighed, her nostrils flaring as her blood pumped steadily through her... pulsating repeatedly, pumping harder and harder, swelling her areola, erecting her nipples and clitoris, swelling her labia as a trickle of her love juices slid from her, slid over her anus, filling the air with her pheromones as the fluids evaporated.

Every time that she breathed in, she drew in oxygen which fueled the change.

Inside her as she slept, magical things were happening as her body filled with power, and her invisible muscles began to swell and thicken, while her physical ones mutated. With every breath... She grew more powerful.

In her sleep, she tensed her arms, moaning softly to herself, the chords in her muscles bouncing as her ribs and bones swelled almost imperceptibly over time, thickened and flared, making her larger, thicker, and stronger. With a sigh her hearts bulged in her chest, her mammaries swelling thicker minutely with every breath as the glands swelled and her milk filled the heavy sacks of flesh. With a crack and a crunch, her chest thrust upward and forward, her spine and tail thickening, her thighs and forearms flaring, her biceps and calves bulging ever larger. She pushed her pelvis upward into the air, her love juices pooling within the sunken wedge formed between her cunt and both of her thick, thick thighs. Her tits swelled even larger, her chest thrusting upward, her hips widening. Her ribs flared, her back flared wider to hug her sides, her neck lengthening, her throat bulging wider, her body thickening larger and larger, and all this over the course of a single hour

But inside her body, the transformations that underwent were a miraculous thing.

Inside her body, the viral-hypermites were spreading their network through her body, connecting to stimulators, muscle actuators. Every nerve in her body was being traced with a fiber optic. But there were new nodes forming... forming at every joint. They were large spheres and nodules as they formed, and then with a snap, these spheres all opened large and wide where they resided inside her body, attaching themselves to the bone. Those were servos. More fibers inside her body were forming, lacing her muscles, and simultaneously building new muscle tissue while also creating bundles of metallic fibers overlaying her muscles that could expand and contract – cybernetic muscles – while long tubes formed down her bones beneath the muscles – pistons – to increase her strength by leaps and bounds as each product completed themselves.

Kirii moaned, a hand moving to finger her cunt as she rolled her hips again, feeling herself growing stronger and stronger in her sleep, her power supplies growing thicker, spreading inside her, the MCPUs and CPUs spreading wider inside her head and body, increasing her intelligence steadily, making her smarter, opening her to more of the ethereal powers that the hypermites had come to enjoy and use.

But above all, her blood pumped through her body... Every blood cell now becoming cybernetic and metal weaved itself into every new cell, and every new cell was rewritten with trillions upon trillions of genetic traits, new bones forming inside her body, protecting her internal organs, and above all, she felt the fire... She felt the weapons forming inside her... Flaring brightly in her chest, warming her.

She was no longer weak, she was no longer a thing to be ignored or paid attention to as a fetish, and she was now a goddess of strength, beauty and sexuality.

She moaned, and as the few hours passed by, she felt less and less human... And more... Like a dragon.

Xilimyth stood before Kirii, seeing how large she'd grown.

She was absolutely massive, a beautiful female as she now lay on her belly, her massive mammarys resting like oversized pillows as she folded her arms about them, rested her head atop them and nestled her nose inside the crook of her arm facing him. Her broad hips were resting on their sides, broad and rounded, holding two powerfully thick legs that framed her bulging, fleshy womanhood that was pressed between her absolutely massively chorded inner thighs as she leaked her soft, viscous juices.

He stood there, with his cock firm and bulging, hanging between his legs with his nads full and straining with seed. He so wanted to offload it all into that body... But out of respect... And out of a need greater than the one throbbing between his pants, he stepped forward, paused, and closing his eyes, his body thickening almost imperceptibly out of his own control, his muscles bulging thicker, his height increasing while his manhood grew ever larger. His horns flared, and the details of the plates and bones on his back grew more impressive, flaring open, spreading, as devices unhinged from his back and locked into place, and he rose higher up onto his toes, his horns flaring outward a little more yet and growing more in number.

He then reached out and touched her arm, and gave it a slight squeeze. Kirii murred and then opened her green eyes and lifted her head to smile at him.

"Hello." she purred immediately, her purr rumbling inside her massive chest, and Xili felt something nudge his hand, and he turned his head and looked down to see one of the white great cats begin to lick his hand.

"It's time to leave, beloved." Xilimyth said, smiling at the tiger before looking up at her. "No one is watching us now."

"To Africa?" she asked, rubbing her eyes and rising, coiling into more of a ball as she did... Her sexual juices leaking from over her thigh.

"Yes." he smiled at her and Kirii lowered her arms and picked up one of the tigers and snuggled the large beast between her breasts. The tiger turned his head to lick her cheek.

"How will we get there?" she asked, and snuggled with the cat.

Xili walked over to one wall and opened a panel that looked like a circuit breaker panel, and instead revealed a keypad. He typed in a quick code, and Kirii heard a snap-hiss above her, and looking up, she saw the roof of the bathhouse begin to open up, several large triangular sections rotating downward to reveal a cloud covered sky, and likewise blasted her with cold, cold fall air.

"We fly." Xili said.

"But it's so cold..." Kirii shivered.

"It'll be ok," Xili grinned, and unfurled his wings as Kirii gathered up the other tiger in her arms. "Because in Africa... It's spring."

Xili stood quietly, sitting on a large boulder, seeing Kirii laying backward, her body being bathed by the cool evening ocean sea breezes. They'd flown for a very, very long time, but Kirii – despite her growing strength – was using untested new muscles she'd never really used before. It'd been tiring, and all in all, she had to rest for awhile...

Immediately upon landing, Kirii had laid back, and within minutes had gone to sleep, coddling with her new pet tigers to either side of her. One of them was even now suckling from her tit like a kitten, getting some of her milk while the other was curled up close to her body, purring.

Xilimyth was watching her body as she slept nude on the sandy beach. He watched as her nipples erected, her areola growing taller and thicker and her labia swelling pleasingly thicker between her thighs. He watched the way she slept, it offered him a beautiful view of her body as he watched her flesh tearing open, revealing more porcelain hide beneath, newer scales, thicker armor as she continually grew larger, thicker, stronger...

She was so beautiful, and while he sat there, he felt his nads swelling with more of his juices, his erection still stiffening. He wanted her... He wanted her so bad... And it was beginning to become a madness in his mind, but his respect for her kept him from doing anything against her will.

She's so... So beautiful... He thought, rising to his feet and walking over to her. Her transformation into a full dragoness was nearly complete... So beautiful... So perfect. He slid his hand along her thigh, his erection stiffening and beginning to rise as he caressed her ribs, caressed her tit, and she sighed, beginning to purr, her labia swelling while her clitoris erected. *So... perfect...*

She sighed as Xili knelt beside her, some of his aggressions and testosterone back-feeding, making his own body swell, his forearms parting, his biceps and triceps bulging, his thighs and back spreading, his tail and spine bulging before he bent over her. He caressed her face, and then bending low, he kissed her on the lips as his body enlarged still more... More of the blood of the nobles seeping into his form as his state of mind slipped more and more toward his feelings and emotions. Only the fear of losing total control kept his growth in check.

But as he kissed her, Kirii moaned, and as she woke up, feeling his lips upon hers, she turned her head and returned it, lifting a hand to touch his face, and opening her eyes, she looked up at his face.

"You look different." she purred.

"I feel different." he smiled, and bent forward to kiss her again, his chest rumbling as he suddenly bulked up.

This time... Kirii saw it.

"X-Xili!" she gasped, rising. "W-what's happening to you?" she gasped, the tiger falling off her and the other waking up with a start.

Kirii looked down at him as she turned him onto his back, hovering over him as he thickened right before her very eyes, his loincloth unlacing as he looked up at her, breathing heavily, and his cock sprung upward.

"A... Condition I have." he admitted as Kirii spied his cock swelling, his nads already bulging and straining his flesh, his thick, thick veins throbbing about his nads. "Certain things... Make me puff out physically... I... I don't want to put this on you... But my erection, when it back feeds... Adds to the condition."

"You're so thick..." she purred... "What's causing such an erection?"

Xili looked up at her... And let more of his muscles engorge as he grew larger, thicker, more advanced

"You are." he purred. "But don't worry about it, Kirii... I don't want to..."

But he never got to finish what he was saying when Kirii bent over, pulled the remnants of his loincloth off and opened her mouth before she inserted his stiff erection into her mouth and began to suck.

"Goo..." he groaned, his pelvis thrusting involuntarily upward as she moistened it with her saliva, dipping her head and sucking hard on his head, deep-throating the bulging mass, licking his nads briefly before she rose enough to lay between his legs and push her massive breasts onto his lap around his erect dick.

Her arms moved forward, her biceps pressing about her tits, her tits pressing about his mass as he stiffened harder, his head rolling back as his fingers gripped at the sand, and exhaling sharply, steam and smoke escaped his mouth as Kirii drew back, right to the tip and then rose.

He was throbbing hard, his veins standing on end all over his body, his shaft bulging massively, the ribs chording the length of his manhood, the head flared wide. Kirii squatted above him, her massive size, weight and mass casting a shadow over him from the rising sunlight on the horizon, and maneuvering his shaft toward her, she aimed it for the bulging slit of her crotch, rubbing the head of his cock about her wet pussy, and then she slid onto him, her powerful vaginal muscles loosening briefly so that she could take his mass inside her till she sat right on his lap, and then her cunt clamped tightly about him as she bent over herself to kiss him.

"Ah! Great Maker... Ah!" he groaned as Kirii lifted a leg, and focused on the control of her vaginal muscles to massage and cajole Xili.

"Oh you poor baby... You should've said something..." she purred, and pushed her breasts against his body tighter as she clawed at his shoulders and his thickening biceps. "Release into me... Let it go." she murred, she cumming around his extension, moistening him with a slosh.

"G-gah!" He groaned, thrusting deeper into her... Harder "I can't. Y-you're too beautiful... It's got me too tense... Ah..."

He stopped as Kirii pushed a large finger against his lips as she rose, rolling her hips, rocking her body as she rose and fell onto him.

"Enough talk, beloved." she purred, rolling her body about his groin... It was so powerful, and it filled her. "Just try to relax... Try to... Enjoy yourself." she murred, kneeling there, straddling his body. "Do you want to touch my breasts?" she asked, smiling.

Xili looked up at her, nodding in disbelief that she was doing this so readily. It'd been a lame cover as to what was really happening to him... The backwash of testosterone was only apart of it. But she couldn't know about the noble dragons yet and... Ah!

She took his hands and placed them against her tits, his hands sinking into the fatty flesh, which were soft and full like a human's. Her belly was like that of a nurse dragon... With a massive cunt, and a fully massive chest made for nursing. That made him stiffer, and it was making his climax more and more delayed the stiffer he got. She purred softer, reaching down between her legs, cajoling his shaft with her hand as she juiced around him, leaking about him, tightening her vaginal muscles rhythmically as she rose and fell onto him, feeling her new love's hands against her body, fondling her breasts one after the other, while she continued doing some growing herself.

At the moment, her breasts were firming up, swelling outward, growing larger and larger inch by inch as they filled with milk. And then she leaned forward, dangling her tits before him, the heavy laden sacks of mammary firming up with even more milk, and Xili lifted himself, fastening his lips about her teat, his wood stiffening even more as he finally got to experience one of his fantasies... and this fem possessed so many of his fantasies... as he sucked the milk from the tit of a massively powerful fem that was so much like a goddess of perfection of everything he'd ever even dreamed of in a female. She was smart, sexy, muscular, and with what appeared to be a third of her body weight being in her chest and mammaries. And as he sucked... her milky cream was warm, sweet, and creamy.

Kirii smiled and moved onto her side, wrapping herself around him, holding him, feeling his strengthening body swelling against her... and into her.

As he grew, that powerful shaft of his swelled, his seed filled his nads till they were red and blue, throbbing with the double-tap of his hearts beating. He laid, thrusting occasionally into her, against her belly, sucking from her tit, making a meal of her milk like she used to, and she purred louder, closing her eyes and

moaning whenever he thrust into her, and then ever so slowly he maneuvered her onto her back, and then swallowing, her milk decorating his upper lip when he rose, Kirii giggled at him, and then reached out to feel his growing strength steeling his body while he throbbed continually into her.

Xilimyth licked his upper lip, his bones cracking and realigning as his increased strength returned to him from where he'd packed it in using his powers, and he watched Kirii's hands caress the lines of his hardening body.

"I've heard of men not getting it up, but not shooting it off..." she murred, rocking her hips and Xili swallowed.

"I've... been trying to resist you for so long... I might be plugged." He laughed. "That's partly of what's making me stronger." He answered, I just need... I just need to relax.

"Anything I can do?" she asked, laying there, palming his muscled belly with both hands.

Xilimyth breathed softly.

"I don't know." He said, and then twitched as an orgasmic lance slid down his body toward his pelvis to lance up his shaft and into her body... but still no release. He quivered briefly like a tuning fork because of it "I feel like I'm wearing a cock ring!" he groaned, and closing his eyes, leaned forward, planting his hands on a few of her tertiaryaries as he continued to rock into her.

"Ngh!" she moaned, and then gasped as she felt that thickness from him in her grow, seeing her Xili suffering... because of her.

It was troubling and flattering all at the same time... but she needed to help him to release. Opening her mouth, she began to sing.

Xilimyth opened his eyes as he listened to her sing... the... the most perfect Dragon Song he'd ever heard in his life. It was free form, like a siren's song mixed with whale song, and he felt the song in his head before it even passed his ears, he feeling her fingers caressing him, her vaginal muscles rolling about his shaft, and a stupid smile crossed his face as she folded him to her chest, her mammaries like a series of firm pillows, and he listened to a hypnotic combination of her song and her purring. And then he felt the muscles relax, felt his phallus unclench and then his eyes slowly opened. He felt the pressure sliding up the length of his cock, a roiling pressure back-building along the base, extending upward toward the head, and a priming charge formed, a slick of his juices slipping off the end... and he slowly rose from her, her folding arms unfolding.

"Xili?" she asked as he hunched over himself, his mass inside her swelling and thickening, the muscles tensing. "A-are you ok?"

And then Xilimyth grit his teeth, his climax coming, and his hands gripped her hips before he suddenly thrust deep into her body, spasming as his shaft slammed backward, and offloaded about a gallon of his heavy water into her body in a single long explosion that Kirii immediately orgasmed around. He offloaded another and a sputtering explosion of their love juices erupted from within her, and he offloaded climax after climax... proving that in exceptional circumstances... males really could have multiple orgasms.

He growled as he arched into her, thrusting now as he offloaded gallons into her over several very long minutes, Kirii moaning as she arched her back, her orgasm tightening around his shaft and squeezing more and more of their juices out of her.

Xili began drooling as he began to slow, his spasmodic releases slowing as well, offloading less and less till he gave off a full-bodied shudder and lanced a climax one last time into her body and then began to slide slowly out of her.

“Oh... oh Great Maker.” She cried, her inner thighs splattered with their juices, and when he pulled his length out of her, he fell backward, his phallus still thick and evacuating his juices, which thusly sprayed over both their thighs and sexes. He was breathing heavily in and out. It would take half an hour for his body to retract that thing now.

“A-are you ok?” Kirii asked as she suddenly let off a micro orgasm and shivered, and some of their shared juices leaked out of her as she rolled forward, lying against his side. Her massive breasts bunched over his chest and against his side as she continued to leak over his thigh.

“F-fine.” He groaned, and smiled up at her. I just need... I just need rest. And then he began to purr. “Thank you. I don't think I could've ever erupted so powerfully if not for you.

She giggled and lay against him.

“Can you fly?” she asked “I could perhaps carry you.”

“I'll be fine... just let me rest here... a little longer. And then we can fly... to my home.”

Kirii watched him close his eyes as she settled against him, three of her full and rounded breasts coming to lie over his body, and soon afterward he'd fallen asleep. She smiled at the fact that she could do such a thing to a male, and leaning forward, kissed his lips and then laid against him... purring still, feeling the double-tap of two hearts beneath his velvety chest while their love juices leaked from their bodies and her breasts... she rested against him and fell asleep.

Resting for a little while finally became noon by the time that they both awoke, finding one of the tigers lapping up the milk that had pooled on Xili's chest that was leaking from Kirii's tit. Xili rubbed the head of the cat as it finished its meal and sat up, Kirii sighing as she rose beside him, her mammaries heavy with milk and water weight as she tucked her legs beneath her.

They kissed each other hello after a moment or two of stretching and yawning, and took a few minutes to grope each other.

They made a meal of cocoanuts, and Kirii actually saw Xili eating a rock! “For the minerals.” He said when she looked at him strange, and then she tried eating a rock. The taste was bland... but she ate it! She was so fascinated that she ate another, this time with mica in it. That tasted sweet to her... like candy.

And then they topped off the meal with her breast milk.

She giggled as he laid against her, fastening on one of her tits, and they laughed while he tried to drink, and then Xili watched as she drank from her own tit, and he began to erect again. She noticed this and then moved forward, her massive body leaning before him as she sucked him off, swallowing several mouthfuls of his seed, and she lay back as he shot himself all over her abs. Kirii then laid back, rubbing the shot off with sand and then spread her legs open wide and prompting him to enter her. They spent another hour, maybe two, making love before going for a swim. They were, after all, very sticky and dirty, and it was late afternoon before they gathered up the tigers – Xili took one this time now that he'd allowed himself to grow some – and they continued on their flight to Africa.

Xilimyth was amazed as he flew around Kirii, making sure that she was ok as she tensed her wing muscles, learning to fly with ever increasing skill and now grace.

She held one of her tigers between her breasts, her breasts growing ever larger, thicker and heavier with pent up milk and continually swelling glands, her spine thrusting outward and lengthening her tail, and her sensuous body growing ever sexier and erotic to him. Muscle piles formed on every square inch of her body, her opal scales glistening in the sun, her pearly white armor continuing to mature and grow outward even as she flew. He saw the formation of bio-veneers on her back that she was not yet aware of while he carried the other tiger that was remarkably docile as the tigress let herself remain in his arms.

As soon as they hit the African shore, they turned southeast over immediate green lands, and then over endless savannah as they soared right toward the interior of the continent.

The world of Earth had changed a great deal in a very short period of time. The melting of the ice caps, the Ring of Fire – the Pacific Oceanic Plate – having suddenly gone active in a week of utter violence, the Yellowstone volcano blowing its top, and all almost one right after the next, the world transformed severely. Tectonic stresses had changed the whole of the world, and an added forty or so feet to the global sea level likewise drowned out vast areas of the world, and likewise widened the bands of the rain forests around the world. The resulting deaths and spiritual outflow from the cataclysm allowed for the spark that enabled magic, and thusly dragons, to reappear on Earth.

That was over a thousand years ago.

A couple millennia prior to the Great Cataclysm, Xilimyth had been a simple Lycan – a werecreature – of the Frost Cheetah Clan. On his test of manhood, he went on his Spirit Quest and never returned. Or at least... He didn't return as a Lycan. His Spirit Quest had led him to his new home, a vast valley surrounded by towering shard-like rocks, and in its center was a tree. A Millennium Tree. This tree was very young, and it needed a guardian and a weapon... And so it chose Xilimyth. It transformed him into a full-blooded dragon and then into a noble, and then finally imbedded him with a weapon core.

Xilimyth changed... That was an understatement, and what he was showing to Kirii in the shape and form he inhabited now was a bare fraction of what he was capable of. But then... Kirii was still growing passed what he himself had gone through over three thousand years ago.

She was growing stronger than he had...

He watched her as they neared his valley surrounded by a dense tropical forest that had sprung up over the past few hundred years. The stone walls of the mountain surrounding the tree were too high to fly over, even for Xilimyth in his fully unlocked form being that the wind sheers climbing up the mountain slopes were all hurricane force winds...

But there was a hidden way in... On foot... A secret avenue in the walls. Xili led the way to this place, and landed, and they walked through the mountain on foot. They put down the New York tigers on the ground, and the great beasts followed them as if they always belonged to them. Kirii wasn't as massive in comparison to him anymore from his body growing larger thanks to his lack of control when he was horny. He now came up to her chest... and this suited him just fine. It allowed him to pillow himself on her mammaries as they slept. She followed behind him as they traversed nearly a mile through walking sideways, her breasts sliding up over rocks as she ducked and squeezed her way through the narrow rocky corridor. It was tight for him too, so he was sure that it was insanely so for her, but at long last they passed through the final barrier, and stood near the peak of a high valley wall, and looked down upon a massive tree growing out of its center; its leaves pristine, white and glittering, and the whole of the valley under it was green, lush and beautiful.

The world did not know about Millennium Trees or how important they were, and because of how important they were to the planet, they were protected better than the existence of the hidden races, more than even the knowledge that Nobel Dragons existed... But Lord Pseudodrake had commanded that he bring her here.

Xilimyth looked down at his home as she stood beside Kirii as she looked upon the majesty of a Millennium Tree for the first time.

"This is your home?" She gasped.

"It is. I live near the top of the tree, nestled within all its branches." and he pointed.

Come... I'm sure you can use a nice long rest after such a long trip.

"Oh yes please!" she gasped, and bent low to pick up one of the tigers that was rubbing against her leg, and Xilimyth picked up the other as he led the way up to his home.

It was one of the safest places in the world. If the tree didn't want you into her valley, then you would not enter it. She protected herself for several thousand years this way, her valley one of the bastions of magic when magic faded from Earth. Her name is Leaf, and she is the daughter of the eldest of the Millennium trees in existence, Tre'ent, and she was the older sister of Ent, who was planted on another world in another dimension. Xilimyth had made his home in her branches, and she watched over him like a loving mother, and for the longest time, she was the only female in Xilimyth's life. She shivered in joy at the sight of the female coming with him to his home, and Leaf reached out and controlled the winds to make this maiden's journey to her easier. Kirii was unaware of the help as she saw the sprawling multi-tiered home as they approached, all its many sides and edges open to the clean smelling air of this valley. It wasn't as if Xili feared thieves in this valley. If they happened to get over or through the valley wall of sharp rocks, they would have to then scale a trunk that was over a thousand feet high, or perhaps fly up to his home. This was one of the safest places to be.

They settled down on an open platform and then walked inside, the high wooden ceilings and stone blocks here were absolutely beautiful, ornate and carved intricately, and everything here was precisely made and preserved, protected against fire. Xilimyth opened a panel upon landing and flipped a heavy electrical switch inside it, and power came on in the house, and Kirii gasped as she walked inside, putting her cat down as she paced forward, climbing the stairs that were made for a dragon larger than her, perhaps, into the main chamber of his home.

"Oh thank goodness, a bed!" Kirii sighed, and rushed over to it and flopped down on a large inlaid bed at the center of the open air home.

Xili approached her, smiling down at her as she laid back, her twelve breasts that were all fat and full and needing a milking cleaving to the sides of her body as she snuggled in the full fluffy sheets, one leg raised with the other projecting before her. One of the cats came to snuggle with her as she made herself comfortable, and she raised an arm to pull the cat to her, and then spied Xilimyth standing there before her.

She saw him smiling at her, smiling in a way that was more than mere pleasure at the sight of her. *Was that love in his eyes*, she smiled back at him pleasingly, immediately liking the way he smiled at her.

"You're looking at me." she purred, and then arched her back, knowing that he loved the sight of her breasts and her muscular body, her muscles all tightening briefly as they suddenly strengthened with the movement.

Xilimyth removed his loincloth and peeled open his leggings – which were both about to snap off his thickening legs – by pulling on a pair of draw strings so that he now stood naked before her. Kirii parted her legs for him as he then stepped lithely toward her with his muscular yet comparatively slender body to hers came to kneel between her thighs before he expertly slid into her, came to lie against her body and embrace her as he began to slide gently in and out of her voluminous pussy. She sighed as he leaned forward, kissed her breasts, massaging one of her secondaries, and then sliding in all the way, and rose enough to kiss her lips.

She was the first woman to be in his bed, and he didn't know why he suddenly moved to sex her like this, but to him and to her, it felt right. He didn't know why she so readily accepted him, or so thoroughly, but he surmised that Leaf had something to do with it now that they were both in her care.

She murred as they loved each other softly, lovingly, pleasingly, taking their time, moving slow, doing it all for pleasure and trying to keep the pleasure going as long as possible. Kirii was so surprised that she was in this position, but nonetheless comfortably pleased as she pet her tiger with one hand, the other tiger coming to lounge in a sun beam while she kissed Xili's neck, holding his body to hers as she swelled larger and thicker, her body cumming around him.

"Love you..." he purred for her.

"Love you too." she murred and continued to love him, accepting more of his lancings into her body, even as her own lover grew larger and larger.

Stage 9-B: Diverted Process - Advanced Evolution and Cybernetic Modification

Conjecture is all that I can offer at this moment about what the subject will do as she continues to transform. With her body having completely absorbed the dragon genes and DNA after only a matter of hours, she would now only have her viral hypernites with no new genes to advance her. But likewise, she would be considered as a full-blooded Dragoness!

The hypothesis as to what will happen to the host is limited only with what we know of the hypernites and with draconic genetics. With Lady Eve and the hypernites in her body, they were designed to rebuild muscle tissue, and that is what they did, but after her muscle tissue had been developed as far as the hypernites could manage, they then began to collect together and advance each other, and as they advanced each other, they began to advance the host.

Lady Eve herself is beginning to achieve Technomancer powers thanks to her invention, one could only assume that in time, so too would Kirii.

Kirii La'fond, however, has had no such growth program to increase her prowess like Eve had with her original experiment, though, ideally, the directive Kirii's Viral-hypernites are following are simply 'advance the host.' I've asked Lord Pseudodrake if I could load the growth program that had made Lady Eve what she was into Kirii, but then his eyes shifted to my throat, and the discomfort that I felt was so absolute that I decided to leave his office before I wore out my welcome.

But regardless, Kirii's Hypernite Cybernetics would continue to develop and integrate themselves with the host... With their only program to discern traits and strengthen those traits she has the possibility to rival Lady Eve's Cybernetic Network in no time flat. It would be wonderful to see what would happen from their own natural capacity to evolve themselves.

- Doctor Emil "Kahn" Laio

Xili stood naked after having cleaned himself from their most recent lovemaking. He tipped a sampling device against Kirii's finger tip, and it chewed a quick piece of her flesh off and sucked a droplet of blood into the device before it released a chemical to seal the poke hole that it'd created to obtain the sample. The experience for her while she slept was less than a pin prick. Kirii did, however, stir a little in her sleep before she rubbed her sex with one hand and took to purring, and Xili smiled at her moved to a panel, depressed a switch, and a high tech computer console with multiple screens – a mainframe workstation – unfolded itself from the wall. Creating a burst transmission email, he plugged the sample into a receptacle and it quickly analyzed it, attached the analysis into a file and then emailed it to Kahn Laio and Lady Eve for them to observe their child changing. Kirii sighed behind him, rolling slightly with her cats sleeping beside her, and she laid a large clawed hand on the female, and the tiger began to purr along with her.

Xilimyth began to watch her for a short while, and then turned back to his computer.

Keying up his own genetics, he compared them with hers, finding that she was now a one hundred percent genetic compatibility with him that all in all the only things that separated him from her was the breed of cat used to make her – hers was a great white Siberian tiger instead of a snow cheetah with him – and her gender Chromosomal count was now XXXX instead of his XXYY.

Even his computer identified her as a dragoness, but not only that, it identified her as a noble grade of his own tribe and clan.

Circumstances are too perfect, he thought.

"Hmmm... Xili?" he heard, and he quickly keyed in a series of sequences and his computer shut down and immediately began to close before she was fully awake, and he rose to his feet and the seat retracted into the wall.

"I'm here." he said, and quickly came to her side, lying down against her and palming her sternum with his clawed hand.

"Hmm... What were you doing?"

"Just checking my email."

"You look bigger." she murred, and turned enough so that she could palm his face.

"And you look more beautiful." he smiled at her.

"Flirt." she accused and kissed him, and Xili embraced her, his fingers sliding against her body as he fingered her cheek and lips between kisses.

"Tease." he smiled back at her, and as he leaned against her, his hand slid down all the muscled layers of her abs and cupped her crotch, his fingers massaging her labia while her clit began to extend. She moistened immediately.

"Mmm... Hungry..." she said, rolling toward him now, fanning her thighs open.

"For food... or for something else?" he smiled at her, his prick unsheathing a little.

"At the moment, what I want is in this order: You, food, a bath, you again, some clean clothes if you got em, you yet again, and this bed with you in it." she rolled her hips to press her sex against his thickening groin."

Xilimyth smiled. "I am at your command."

Kirii walked nude after her bath with Xilimyth, her muscles bulging and rippling with every step, her tits enormous, and she lifted an arm to kiss the top of her bicep as she felt it swell and grow so massive that its peak brushed against the knuckles of her hand attached to it... and her forearm had lengthened as of late, so her biceps have become truly massive. She flexed as she moved, feeling the power in her body, tightening her body into poses of weightlifters and porn stars and taking sheer pleasure of the burn in her muscles as she turned and grew thicker by the sheer act of flexing her body. She was an easy gainer now, that was for sure, and she wondered what would happen to her if she should start weight lifting. When she finally relaxed, her body didn't compress again save for a subtle lessening in size of her major muscle masses to a more relaxed state.

Xilimyth looked at her, watching her swelling and flexing and he swallowed, a dumb look on his face as he looked at her perfect body before he rose to his feet, seeing his Kirii folding her hands over her navel and cupping her crotch, fingering her labia with her fingertips. He smiled as she looked up at him. Kirii then moved forward seductively, rocking her hips and pressing her breasts firmly against the kitchen counter that was between them as she leaned against it and pressed her mouth against his in order to kiss him solidly.

"You... Are such a sweet lover." she murred as she rose to her feet, arching her back to display her breasts to him before she ruffled her wings in a micro-orgasmic shiver.

"And you are very hungry." Xilimyth murred, his manhood was still unslung, and had been for days. This marked the longest he hadn't sheathed, his length and girth hidden behind a kilt-like wrapping that fell down to his ankles.

Then he saw Kirii bending down as her two cats came to her, nuzzling her nipples and licking her breasts, but it gave him a wonderful look of her anus and crotch between the full and rounded swells of her behind as she lifted her tail.

"Xili..." she prompted suddenly, looking over her massive and muscular shoulder and wing shoulder at him, and Xilimyth promptly looked from her rear to her face. Kirii laughed at him. "Do you have a couple of large bowls?"

Xili had achieved a stiffy while he watched Kirii milk herself, rapidly filling two bowls with her cream, kneading her breasts, massaging her nipples as she squatted elegantly with the two filled bowls in her hands, and then she placed them on the floor for the two tigers to drink.

"You poor things, I bet this is the first time you ever got to have something so sweet." she purred, scratching them behind the ears as they lapped up her cream quickly. "And I bet you're both starving too." she said, rising to her feet, her nipples still leaking her cream down the length of her bodice which she smeared into her supple and smooth flesh.

Just then she hissed, rubbing her tit.

"Oh... I gotta lot of milk in me." Kirii soothed her breasts. "All of my tits ache."

Great Maker! She's a Nurse Dragon too! Xilimyth thought.

A nurse dragon was a very special sub-breed of female dragon. Heavy back armor, and oh so soft chest and belly hide, with more mammaries than any other breed of dragoness. The Panzers, with their need to produce young, lots of young during the first and second dragon wars, had trained several of their females to grow and advance into highly fertile females built to carry, wean and raise a multitude of young.

Kirii was developing as such a dragoness.

Xilimyth began to get wood from the very thought that he had one for a lovemate. Females of their characteristics hadn't been born in generations, which for dragons meant many thousands of years. There was no need to. Yet again, the coincidence that she was developing into one was too perfect.

"Then there's only one thing we can do to help you," Xilimyth said, stepping up to her, lifting his hand to stroke the inside of her breasts.

She was full, her mammaries were firm, tight and the veins were standing on end all about the massive feminine orbs capped with their erect nipples and areola, and even her tertiaries were full DD-cups with their nipples standing on end.

"What's that?" Kirii asked, and Xilimyth smiled pleasantly.

Kirii couldn't believe what was happening to her. And she was loving every minute of it.

They'd retreated to his bathhouse, a stone and wood place with open walls all around to the open warm air of this valley. It started to rain just then, torrentially, as rain forests were want to do. Kirii laid in the bowl of Xili's much larger bath here, sprawling wide within the bowl as Xili moved forward and sat at the edge

of the great bowl as he removed his wrappings from about his waist and legs, and then entered the emptied pool with her.

"What does this all entail?" Kirii asked, smiling at him as she watched his lands land upon her breasts.

"Very simple... You just need to be milked." Xilimyth said, and moving his hands, he took hold of her nipples and began to massage them within his hands and fingers, rolling them, coaxing them, teasing the nipple and areola till they hardened and ached, till they felt hot to her.

Kirii groaned as she felt the pressure in her breasts intensify, pressure that had made her nipples oh so hard now began to push up the length of her nipples, the pressure building and building while her pussy began to thicken, firm up and bulge as it distended outward and swelled to press against her inner thighs, and within a few moments later of his teasing fingers, she felt her milk begin to flow from her breasts steadily, starting in a slow leak, and then quickly building up in pressure till it squirted gouts from her nipples.

Kirii sighed as Xilimyth worked on her secondaries then, moving right down the length of her body, getting each tit to begin to leak her milk before he proceeded to massage the muscles of her body that were supporting all those tits, and likewise, massaged her tits themselves.

Kirii arched her back as her tits were all drained simultaneously. She felt her body groan as her muscles thickened, pressing more of her milk out as she felt her breasts continually producing more and more milk even as they drained, splattering against Xili's chest, his abs, and all over his bulging thighs and penis. She felt so good, felt so wonderful, that she didn't even realize that her milk was beginning to pool around her body, and fill the pool she was within.

And then Xilimyth was lying against her and she opened her eyes, and she looked lazily up at him before he palmed her head, his fingers sliding into the long tresses of her mane, and he bent forward to kiss her; licking her lips as she felt his penis beginning to erect upward along all her abdominals. She felt his thick erection pressing against her navel, slowly sliding up her bodice, pressing between her many breasts as he leaned forward to kiss her. She tasted his lips, feeling his hands on her breasts, kneading them, cajoling them, getting her to cream more and more, her own milk lapping at her sides and thighs as she filled the pool, and she felt the milk slide up to lap at her pussy.

She returned his kisses, held his phallus close to her body with one of her hands sliding between them, groaning in desire for him. He rose and his erecting penis now drooped to point downward along her abdominals, and his hands got absolutely erotic as she held him to her chest, her milk getting squeezed between their bodies, moistening both of them as the milk formed rivulets now down between her ribs, her abdominals, all over her front and his front, while she felt his manhood growing and growing, his nads swelling and firming up, and all the while they attempted to suck each other's marrow out through their love's mouth.

Xili withdrew and exhaled a breath of air, his eyes closing as his length bulged down to press against the tip of her crotch, and he proceeded to rise and fall steadily, up and down, his thickness sliding along the crevice between her labia, rubbing against her clit as she began to moan and groan, her back arching deeper, and her insides lurching in preparation of an orgasmic release.

"Ngh... Put it in..." she licked her lips as she squeezed both of her primary breasts, forcing twin gouts of her milk out of her tits to splash against Xilimyth. "Q-quit teasing..." she murred and lifted her body, milk draining off her luscious form, and Xili slid back, seeing her pussy straining the milky cream while her cum mixed with it, enhancing the liquid into a firm coagulation that strained between her thighs even as she ejaculated a wash of her nectar of vaginal juices that splashed against her open thighs and against his chest and abs.

Sitting in the pool, purring unconsciously in the deep vibrato cackling-purr of his, Xilimyth supported her bottom with one hand, and bent forward, licked her pussy clean, tasting the sweet, nectar formed from the combination of her cum and milk, and suddenly his arousal became absolute, and his cock hardened and

muscled up excitedly, his body thickening as his muscles popped outward and even exploded outward with sudden growth, his cock becoming absolutely riddled with a torrent of throbbing veins and arteries as the head of his prick flared.

"Put it... In~n..." she moaned, spraying her milk everywhere about her as another eruption of her nectar sped from her.

And then Xili rose, his wings flaring powerfully behind him as his body absorbed the sexual masterpiece that she'd produced... A form of Royal Jelly... And he grew stronger off it, not by sheer presence of his own capabilities releasing themselves aside from his self control... But *she* made him stronger. And just like it had done for her, the increase of strength for him was intoxicating.

Xilimyth felt like a lord again, felt the once-forgotten feeling of growing more powerful than he could've ever imagined, and his phallus actually rose to stand straight up and down his muscling body, lining his abs as it swelled and puffed outward; its mass arching as it flared. It hadn't done that in a long, long time, hadn't become fully erect like that, and rising, taking his new queen by the hips and rear with his long and strong fingers, he arched his body, pressed his head against her swollen labia, and as she commanded began to press ever so slowly into her.

It wasn't as easy or as smooth as before, and Kirii moaned even as his head slid inside her, the thick muscles of his phallus sliding studiously against the swollen lips of her labia one muscle rib at a time, her vaginal muscles swelling and contracting around one rib after the next, and she began to orgasm repeatedly after each every last rib that entered her. His nads swelled as he began to hump her body, and growling, he suddenly grew thicker inside her, he began to do something he never felt like doing...

He dominated.

Kirii looked up at him, her mind slipping into the animalistic mentality she now had as he spread his wings over her, taking her breasts in his hands softly, hefting them higher as he stiffened slowly down the length of his cock into her. Kirii moaned as she lay back more in the pool of milk, completely submerging her wings as he humped into her, throttling himself between her legs, gripping his cock with one hand to keep himself from spraying too early into her as he strummed her insides, exhaling a frosty breath against her throat before he bent forward and licked her throat clean of her milk, and Kirii rocked her hips and pushed all the way up to his hilt, burying his sword and causing a dull explosion of his seed to erupt inside her.

She screamed as a bolt of lightning erupted overhead followed by an immediate rumbling of lightning, orgasming so hard that a froth formed about their coupled sexes, her cum and his cum mixing with her milk as he griped her bottom, spreading her cheeks, pressing deeper into her, and cumming harder. Kirii, her nipples and clit as hard as her Xilimyth's erection was, cried out a low moaning dragon song that vibrated her whole body, and Xili continuing to holding onto her as that massive manhood of his began to spasm, offloading gallons of seed into her body, filling her, forcing her belly to distend around the thickness and all the jizm he was offloading into her as quarts of their cum erupted from about her sex in a spray as the pressure built up and built up within her.

And then even Xili's grip couldn't hold onto her as she slipped free and off him, and his powerful manhood offloaded all his seed in a powerful rush that splattered her and offloaded a fire hose like spray all over her and the pool, their sexual juices all mixing together as Kirii lurched orgasmically within the pool. He continued to offload as if his whole body was a reservoir and his prick were a hose, spraying his cum in a splattering gush that Kirii bent over herself and opening her mouth to get a little of.

With their combined movements, the mixture of their juices splashed all around them, lacing their bodies with a film of the creamy white juices, sloshing over the stone tiled floors. He collapsed backward, gasping for his air as he held his prick with one hand and balanced with the other, he still ejecting load after load of his creamy seed while Kirii rose from her bath as her cream and nectar continued to leak from her breasts and her sex into the pool, saw her lord's erection still flaring, and she assaulted it with both hands, placing her mouth about the head of his prick and then began drinking off it the strange mixture of their cum and

her milk, sampling the royal jelly for herself, as she thrust her breasts around his length, massaging his nads with one hand and caressing his erection with the other, swallowing mouthful after mouthful.

Kirii's back swelled as she came in a jet of cum from between her legs, her breasts dipping into the pool as they swelled larger with glands and generating even more milk, her chest thrusting forward with a lurch that caused a splash in the pool of jelly that splashed them both, her brilliantly white feathered wings spreading stickily above her, her neck flaring, her throat thickening, her muscles bulging larger and larger, her pussy tightening and flaring larger as it distended all the more between her legs as she swallowed more of him, draining his penis as he gasped and exhaled with each breath from the feelings he experienced from her mouth and fingers working on him.

"Oh..." he groaned, rolling his head back as she slid forward onto him, her mouth opening wide as she pushed his penis into her throat, her neck muscles rolling while her lengthened tongue extended outward between her lower teeth and lip and his cock to lick his balls, and with a shiver Xili came straight into her mouth and into her first stomach. She lifted her head off him, sucking fiercely as she arched her back, and she held his extension with one hand, swallowing heavily as he came between her breasts; offloading several more quarts against her body.

"More!" she licked her mouth and teeth clean, and rose further, his cock offloading onto her abs, splattering with several goutts and blasts as she took hold of him, inserted him back into her, and rolled her hips to slide him all the way into her in one go before he leapt on her again, and with a splash the milk mixture erupted around them to splatter more onto the tiled floors, and they continued to licks and suck their combined juices off each other's bodies, becoming all the more aroused.

The tigers found their way into the room just then, wondering what was going on, and found all the cream all over the floor.

While Kirii and Xilimyth continued to hump each other fiercely, Xilimyth went quadruped with his legs and wing arms while he played with her breasts with his hands and they began to lap up the Royal Jelly their owners had made, and before either Dragon or Dragoness knew it, those two cats began to engorge and thicken, growing larger with muscle and skeletal mass, growing larger, more powerful and more massive... Slowly evolving...

"They grew big!" Kirii said as she settled in a simple poncho-like silk wrap that closed about her primary and secondary breasts, while her sex remained hidden by her pelvic sheathe.

"Yeah." Xilimyth agreed while Kirii scratched the tiger that had literally doubled in size and increased in mass by a factor of ten.

The male and female tigers were truly massive, with chorded levels of muscle that slid about their flaring bodies, but despite how large they were – at Xili's hip at their shoulder height, which was at least eight feet at the moment – they were truly beautiful creatures. No Bengal or Siberian tiger ever looked so large!

"There's no returning them now!" Kirii murred happily. "They're ours. Isn't that right Kahn, my lovely little kitten." she murred and nuzzled the powerful male tiger.

"Kahn?" Xilimyth asked bemused.

"And her name is Kismet! Can we get some nice collars for them to make them look pretty Xilimyth?"

Xili smirked. She was bending him to her will, and she didn't even realize that she was doing it. That in itself made him so willing to do as she asked; to satisfy her ever desire... that and she was so damned sexy and beautiful!

"Sure. There's a city nearby, I can pick up a pair of collars to make these two look like royalty." he said, and then rose to his feet. "Love... I hope you don't mind, but I have a little bit of work that I need to do. You don't mind if I join you in bed in a little bit, do you?"

"Aw... Can you rest with me at least till I go to sleep?" she pouted.

Xilimyth stopped and turned, and smiled at her as she rested there, her eighteen nipples atop her flattened secondaries lining her belly that were all emptied of milk but were nonetheless erect, and two large lumps formed in the warp about her chest and primary breasts drew him to her. He smiled wanly, and stepped back toward her.

"Sure." he smiled, and stepped over to her, and bending low, picked her up, swinging her massive body up in her arms.

She giggled and palmed his face, kissing him fully on the mouth and then hanging around his neck and pressing her breasts up underneath his chin as he carried her to his large bed and all its soft pillows, blankets and silken sheets.

Master, I've come to find a greater identity of myself in the care of this... Beautiful creature.

I do hereby refuse to call Kirii a 'Subject' any longer, for I've come to care for her greatly, and I am... honestly impressed that the circumstances that are making her what she is are identical to what has made me what I am now. I suspect that Leaf is altering fate for my benefit and hers to make her like me. Leaf has cared for me so deeply before, I can only suppose that she is providing a mate for me as well.

Kirii La'fond has been absorbing the same combination of animal elements to make her the first female of my clan and tribe, and I'm almost compelled to make her my mate at this very moment but there is still a little bit of doubt, so I must hold off.

Should, however, that she suddenly conceive from my seed, I will make her my lifemate, master, provided she will have me as the father of her children.

Attached, is a sample of something that I can only call 'Royal Jelly,' similar to the substance provided by hive insects, to which both of us now possess. The concoction of our seminal juices mixed with her milk, has made me, her, and the two tigers we rescued from the New York Central Park Zoo eminently stronger.

I am sorry, master, but I do not believe that the animals can be safely returned to New York's care under the circumstances.

By now, you'll have received a report of Kirii's development. She's a replica of me, with certain exceptions of course, with her felis-type being different, and of course her gender is different, but I'm seeing that she's developing the qualities of a nurse dragon:

Superior physical strength qualities, enhanced feminine attributes, and an ultra-heavy back armor. She hasn't seen her own back, of course, but she is developing back armor that I can only typify as that belonging to a nurse dragon. That and her belly region are oh so soft.

**ahem* excuse me for stating that observation, master.*

She is still changing, just a little, but I believe that her transformations and mutations are slowing. As a final word, however, she is too dangerous to return to civilization uneducated in how to control herself and her sexual potency. I request again, my lord... That you allow me to educate her in the existence of the Noble Dragons.

Kirii laid back, and inside her head, a developing modem that had begun as a fourteen-four fax modem, had rapidly developed into an advanced cellular device with multiple contact points. This device sometimes gave Kirii a bit of a headache as it constantly downloaded information in order to increase the Hypernite cybernetic network inside her, and the hypernites have achieved connectivity to the Matrix. With that connection, their capacity of finding ways to advance themselves can grow exponentially over time. At present, it was downloading schematic after schematic, increasing its knowledge of itself, developing, and as Kirii slept with her tigers, her hand in the place where Xili had been before leaving her to go do work, it was advancing the network inside her.

Her servos were all advancing, growing stronger and larger, the network of fiber optics growing more advanced, the Sub Processing Units in her brain and body developing further to help control her body better, while her consciousness continued to advance even while at rest.

Kirii dreamed as she walked naked in darkness along a dirt path, the path the only thing that she could see aside from her superbly powerful dragoness's body, feeling her bones thickening, felt strange things inside her as numbers from zero to nine kept rushing into her head from all directions, surrounding her like a halo as she continued to grow and grow stronger. She saw things weaving through her flesh, metal things, and those metal things made her stronger and tougher.

But then she dreamed that she was becoming a cyborg, strange metal devices erupting out of her flesh, tearing her body open to disgorge metal plates, and she awoke with a start, and winced with pain from the sharp pounding headache she felt. She rose to her feet, wrapping her wings around her to protect her from the cool chill of the night just after the rain, the white feathers warming her as she stepped out onto the veranda to look out at a sky that had been made perfectly clear from the rains having passed by.

Looking down at her hand, she saw the strong tendons attached to each of her fingers, her ebon claws hanging off the ends of her fingers, and she looked carefully, trying to see the strange things weaving into her flesh. And then she blinked as a hollow square suddenly formed in her vision, and the box immediately magnified her flesh, showing her a display in the lower right corner of the box, of a number following a small X showing her a magnification ratio, and she did indeed see things weaving in her flesh, and she gasped, looking sharply away, but the box moved down to the corner of her vision and continued to analyze, and she saw text being written in English before her very eyes, identifying her cellular compounds, her DNA, and identifying the objects weaving through her skin as a combination of fiber optics and tritanium steel weave. Purpose was to increase communications to a developing SPU node growing on the back of her hand to control future ligament functions, and strengthen the tensile strength of her flesh which was presently prone to damage.

"Oh... Go away..." she moaned, holding her head with both hands, and staring at the strange things before her vision, as they all slowly faded away, but she nonetheless saw something before her vision, a blinking prompt in the corner of her gaze.

She could feel synapses in her brain firing, could feel something pulsating inside her skull.

"What is this?" she whimpered, pressing the knuckles of her fingers against her mouth, her eyes wide in horror at what she'd just seen.

<<Internal cybernetic operating system, developed by Kirii La'fond for the control of existing and acquisition of new cybernetic and wetware constructs for the advancement of the host organism, version Three-point-zero-two>>

<<Command?>> ...

Kirii blinked as this scrolled rapidly across her vision.

"How are you doing this to me?" she asked.

Unaware to her, the hypernite network inside her read her mind, discerned what exactly it was she meant, formulated a response, and then showed a cut away of her head, showing her vision, her brain and all the wires inside it, showing the cybernetic to biological combination of her head, showing her how it was displaying information to her via a pair of fiber optic display cables in the backs of both her eyes that were shining on her retinas.

Kirii shook her head, her eyes watering with tears though the images remained perfectly clear as she panicked, collapsing to her knees, sobbing suddenly as she smacked her head repeatedly.

"Get out of my head!" she cried.

<<**Error: Unable to process command.**>>

Kirii sobbed, and since she didn't give the command to stop growing, so they continued to spread in her body.

Her flesh gained a steady increase of wire fibers meshing beneath her skin and body armor, metallic bone continued to form to protect her vital organs, and it continued to advance her body, swelling inside her, adding more and more components, tearing open her flesh and forcing her to evolve against her will.

Kirii sobbed as she knelt there... Feeling violated inside as she gripped at her sternum beneath her secondaries, her body ever so slowly shredding apart again, revealing sections along her bosoms that glowed with a soft blue light.

"Xilimyth!" she shrieked, even as another layer of her flesh beneath the first began to strip open as well.

Xilimyth, rushed in, finding his Kirii remarkably distraught. It took him half an hour to figure out what was wrong.

"There are... Things! Inside my head!!!" she shrieked.

Xilimyth calmed her down, wrapped her up in a blanket after she'd shredded through her shirt in her panic, her breasts undulating as her muscles flexed, and she cried as she watched her arm bulging right before her very eyes.

"What's happening to me?" she whimpered, and Xilimyth brought her to a chamber he'd constructed for himself in emergencies.

The chamber was chock full of the most advanced medical equipment known to the Sol-Teran Alliance. He used it to keep track of any mutations he may develop the stronger he got, and now that he was testing his strength, he was developing more abilities.

But for Kirii...

"I'm going to do something called a Full Spectrum Scan. It's going to feel a little weird."

She nodded, and he Laid her down on the large padded white couch, which automatically maneuvered and changed to make her more comfortable, cradling her inside it as he then moved to a control console and activated a computer sequence after building a profile for her, and she rose up off the bed she'd been laying on as a magnetic field claimed her, lifted her up, and three huge rings began to move back and forth about

her.

"Xilimyth..." she whimpered, "This thing in me is learning what this is...I-it's learning how to control the very magnetic fields around me from this device..." Kirii said, as her eyes, ears and all her senses were used in the process of learning how to control magnetism.

"Be still." Xili said. "It's all right for now."

Kirii nodded, and she felt her body changing from the inside out.

Even while Xili watched her, he watched her growing longer and thicker, her femininity bulging. Even another two sets of nipples began forming along her abdominals. It took an hour, but Xili remained with her the whole time, holding her hand from between the rings, and when it was all done...

Kirii sat with her beautiful wings wrapped about her, drinking some cocoa, while she and Xili looked at a multitude of schematics and bio forms of her many bodily layers. Muscle system, digestive, reproductive, nervous, skeletal, exoskeletal, bio-ethereal, and now cybernetic to name a few. This was an exacting diagram of everything that she was.

Her muscles were as dense as insect muscles; every last one of them more than five hundred times stronger than any human being's, and were likewise enhanced by a supernatural ability to make her even stronger than that. If only she learned to use the surrounding fields of psychic and magical energies, then she'd hold a nigh unparalleled strength level that very few dragons AND dragonesses – so few that Xili could count them all off on one hand – could even claim to possess. Every fiber of muscle in her body was stronger than an adult human male Olympian because of the already existing combination of strength enhancements.

She was stronger than legions of human super soldiers.

Her bones, or rather all three layers of her bones, a typical endoskeletal bone layer, and an internal bone layer attached to that like a second internal rib cage closed firmly about her vital organs. On top of that, she had a fully changed skeletal system that didn't even marginally resemble that of a human's. The bones were mostly hollow, and thanks to the little '*spiders*' in her body as Kirii explained them, the hypernites, every last bone in her body had been completely ensnared in a mesh work of tritanium steel metal; the basis of metallic and stone content in all dragons. This mesh made her bones almost indestructible with all the other supports and things on her.

Xilimyth reflected that they were the most beautiful bones he'd ever seen, and they were in a similar configuration to his own. Just wider hips for obvious reasons.

The outer most layer, an exoskeleton, was still growing... In the form of her chitinous body armor.

Her sexual reproductive system was a surprise to her. All the eggs that human females are all born with had been all cannibalized, and instead, her ovaries, which had grown thick and large in comparison to the rest of her body, the size of her kidneys, actually generated eggs – the female reproductive cell – on a piecemeal basis. But in addition to her sexual reproductive abilities were the obvious levels of feminine sexuality that she already possessed and openly displayed. Even during the course of the scan, this had been enhancing and growing. Her pussy formed a thick pouch of muscle designed to squeeze and cajole the penis of a man and hold firmly onto it till he'd offloaded several of his loads of semen into her body. She had sixteen breasts at the moment, with two immensely large ones as her primaries, and now four secondaries just below those, as well as ten tertiary ones that rested along her abs on a body of so much muscle surrounded by even more muscle from her sides and back that her entire body seemed designed around support the sheer unmitigated and undeniable power of her sexuality.

It was ultimate! Xilimyth could not require a more sexually pleasing or endowed dragoness in all of creation. Not even Lady Eve and Lady Leviathan possessed such wonderful assets! And that was saying a lot!

Her soft flesh had a mesh of metal weaving through it, making it stronger than even battleship armor, which was a trait that was so utterly surprising for a rounded behind and breasts that felt so, so soft to the touch. The perfect things to kiss and caress and snuggle into and lose oneself in. And then her exoarmor was even tougher than that... perhaps dreadnaught armor.

She had an internal level of ethereal power that could be used for magic and Psionics that was literally vast, but of course, she also had a series of power cells in her, five at the moment, all of which held the power levels of at least micro-fusion reactors, with the largest of these centered in her chest.

And then was the strange formation of an advanced cybernetics network inside her body, for, as far as Xili knew: only Lady Eve maintained a cybernetic network that her body didn't immediately expel. It was a trait of dragons that their regenerative abilities were so vastly powerful, that cybernetic implants didn't last longer than a few days before their bodies literally spit them out. These Hypernites, due to their regenerative abilities and their capacity of working faster than a Dragon's Healing Factor allowed them to exist long enough till they could advance themselves to the point where the Dragon's body treated them as a part of the body! The advanced form of Kirii's cybernetics were actually bonding right into and merging with her flesh, tissue and bones. Even her very blood and skin cells were cybernetic and at least twenty five percent metallic. Her bones, however, held a higher metallic level than nearly every dragon in existence with very few exceptions.

Only the Dragon Lords – Pseudodrake, Aries, and Leviathan's Daughter, Neo Bahumat, Lady Even, Blind IO and a few others – held such a high level of metallics in their bodies. Kirii was classified by the computer as a Partial-Conversion Cyborg because of her cybernetics.

"I'm becoming a monster." Kirii wept as she looked over all her diagnostics, her internal computer memorizing all the diagnostics and designing ways to diagnose her internally as well. It advanced the medical Sub Processing Unit that was developing beside the Core Factory unit beneath her hearts, adhering itself to the tiny ribcage that ensnared her hearts and protected them.

Xilimyth immediately deactivated all the images and rushed to her.

"No... No!" he said, taking her hands and drawing her attention so that she looked right into his eyes. "You are becoming more than what you were. I don't exactly know how," That was the truth. He wouldn't even begin to understand how on Earth the Viral-Hypernites worked. "But you are growing stronger, more beautiful, and more powerful than you were."

"How can anything love something like me?" she asked, covering her face with both hands.

Xilimyth swallowed, and lifting a hand, he pulled her hands away and wiped her tears free with his fingers.

"I do." he said, and she swallowed, looking at him, and he stepped around her to kneel before her. "I love you... If you'll let me." he said. "I really care for you, Kirii. I want to be with you."

"Y-you do?" she asked.

Xilimyth knew she was vulnerable, and bending slightly, he lifted her up in his arms, smiled at her and then kissed her firmly. "No more work for me." He smiled at her. "I want you to accept these changes... I want you to accept yourself, because you are a beautiful, goddess of a creature... And I love you."

He brought her back to his bed, and laying her down in the center of it, he stripped off his clothes and cuddled her. She turned, clutching to his chest, weeping quietly.

"I'm afraid." she whispered.

"That's ok... I'm here. So long as I'm with you... I promise... You need not fear any nightmares. Just rest,

everything will be ok. I'm, here."

Kirii turned as the rain pouring down outside fell in a strait steady rush now. Kirii whimpered and pressed herself tightly against her new love, holding tightly onto him, and felt him embracing her. She fell asleep in a fitful sleep, her body shivering. And inside Xilimyth's arms... She grew larger, she grew stronger, and she grew ever more sexier.

Xilimyth awoke the next day, the rain had stopped falling, and lifting his head, wiping the sleep from his eyes with one hand, he immediately found that Kirii wasn't there beside him anymore. Rising quickly with a start, he saw Kirii immediately before him, standing in the nude as her body made slight quivering motions here and there, spasms of muscle growth, her bones mutating her muscles thickening, her body growing with each little quiver of motion. Her tail was wrapped about her supremely muscular legs, her gossamer wings draping along the ground behind her like a massive feathered cloak, an object of strength and beauty she was, especially the way she stood in the sunlight just now.

Xilimyth rose to his feet, stepping over to her, his hands raising to her shoulders as he pressed into her back, and she turned suddenly, her breasts wobbling and undulating with the motion before she turned fully around, palming his chest, and lifting one leg slightly as she balanced it on the tips of her toes.

"Xilimyth... You said last night that you loved me. Did you really, really mean it?" she asked.

"Absolutely." Xili said immediately. "I can't help not to." he smiled at her, and focused on her eyes as he cupped her face in his hands.

"I-I'm confused..." she murred, closing her eyes tightly as she arched her back, pressing her breasts against his broad chest. "I don't know what to think anymore... I want to think that I love you back... but my body... I'm so aroused! I need sex!!" she groaned, and Xili immediately took a deep breath of her body, checking to see if she were in heat, but smelt none of the usually sweet smelling pheromones a female exuded when she was aroused from a heat.

"D-do I love you... Or do I just need you to satisfy some... Stupid... Animalistic desire?"

She caressed her cunt with one hand, sliding a finger up and down her slit while she allowed a slick of her juices to slide from her and slide down her thigh before she smeared some of those juices all over her sex, her pelvis and her inner thighs in preparation to be loved and sexed, her erotic sensations enhanced as her clitoris and nipples all erected hard as could be.

Xili looked down the length of her body, seeing this, and moving his hands and eyes back to her face, he bent forward and kissed her gently on the lips.

"You don't know if you want me... or my manhood throttling your innards over and over again." he stated, and sighed. "Then I propose a test. If you truly, truly love me back, then we will not make love to each other until the sun sets."

Kirii looked up at him; her eyes already wildly mad with her need for pleasure.

"O-ok..." she swallowed. "Not... Until sundown." she murred, still rubbing her cunt. "A-and if I can't?"

"You can." he smiled and kissed her on the forehead. "I believe in you."

Kirii sat pleasantly at the breakfast table, both hands pressed over her crotch with two of her fingers pressed inside her cunt as she suddenly burst her juices all over her hands and inner thighs. She was wearing a new

wrap, a poncho-like thing that covered her to her navel and the small of her back on either side, but she'd neglected to activate her pelvic sheathe and her pussy was throbbing, and her clit and nipples were all so hard that she could feel them ache.

She moaned as Xili came close to her, and placed a plate of food before her. She raised her hands to begin to grab for her food, but her juices spread wide about her clawed fingers, and with her hands removed, she moaned as she suddenly orgasmed in a jet of hard throbbing cum that erupted all over the great chair she sat in. Her tigers came over quickly to lap up the juices, the male tiger actually nosing her crotch and licking her free, before she smiled embarrassingly to Xili, sitting there for a moment with her legs spread wide open before she rose and walked away from the tiger's loving tongue.

"Oh... I need a cold shower." she moaned, taking her food and downing it all in one gulp, drinking all her juice, and turning her back on Xili, hefted a tit and began to suck heavily from it.

Xili watched this, feeling his erection steel firmly in its thickness down the length of one of his legs, and he swallowed.

"Me too." he sighed, and he stepped up to her, taking her shoulders.

"I got an idea."

Kirii was briefly taken by the thrill of flight as they flew, her pristine white wings flapping at her back, the powerful muscles having doubled in thickness since last night, and her wingspan had increased by an additional ten feet. Her tail was half again as wide, and half again as long.

Xili, as he flew just above her, directing her where to fly, saw her broad hips and rounded bottom, and he licked his lips in his desire to fly right behind her and sex her while in mid-flight. His desire to pierce her loins was so incredibly insane for him, that his eyes boggled and he shook his head to clear it, but nonetheless, he was fully unsheathed and bulging all ready. But, nonetheless, he brought her to a place in the valley where there was a towering waterfall, surrounded by several other waterfalls, and a crystal pool of water that fed a stream that snaked through the valley and out on the other side into a subterranean cave system that led deep into the Earth.

Leaf, as a tree, has to have her water after all...

There at the pool's edge, they both undressed after placing the two tigers on the ground to roam and identify with the land, and the two of them bathed in some strikingly cool waters. Enough where the cool water could help with their raging desires for each other. That was until Xili saw Kirii moving waist deep in the water, her long tail waving serpentine behind her and her wings dragging along in the water behind her with her tail as she entered the shower created by the waterfall, turned, and began to caress and wash herself clean of all her sexual juices; the waterfall filtering between her breasts and over her head, her massive mammarys poking out of the water as she lifted her face to the waterfall and stood with her thickly powerful legs shoulder width apart.

Xili's eyes went straight to her powerful love mound caught at the base of her pelvis, the sexual muscles of her womanhood so strong that they alone seemed to support her massive legs, the center of twin knots of her inner thighs as the chorded muscles radiated from the firm, tight and powerfully arousing pussy. And at the peak of the deep vaginal slit was a thick clitoris that was beat red and throbbing.

Within moments, Xili had such a powerful erection that he was groaning from the pain of the steely thing as it began to arch upward and outward. He needed her so badly... Why on earth did he have to suggest this? Why did he have to think up a stupid idea that got them both naked and wet?!

He knelt in the waters and began to massage his temples, tried not to look at her, but then Kirii was looking

at him. She felt her nipples hardening as they and their supporting areola swelled and extended till they ached, and lifting a hand, she rubbed her areola and milked herself, gallons of her cream falling into the water over the next few seconds to float straight to the bottom while her crystalline seminal juices leaked hotly her pussy even as the twin folds swelled, distended and spread open.

She so wanted him in her... Why did she have to agree to his suggestion? She wanted to proclaim her love to him and hump him good right then and there. She immediately looked up at the sun filtering through the leaves of the great towering millennium tree, and she groaned at the sight of the sun not even having reached its zenith at noon yet. She stepped out of the waterfall, fluttering her wings to clear them of water, sending a spray of glittering light all around her that created a minute rainbow that arched across her shoulders, her pussy throbbing and leaking her juices down her thighs as she waded through the water; her thighs crossing to compress the folds of her vaginal mound with every step.

Xilimyth wasn't doing much better. He swallowed and groaned, trying to push his cock back down, his sack filling with his heavy water, while he mentally began thinking of un-sexy thoughts. And then he opened his eyes and there she was: big, strong, and beautiful, right there before him.

Her tits hung heavily from her chest, swelling noticeably right before his very eyes, filling with milk, while the chords of her every muscle fiber thickened, grew harder, and while she stood there looking at him, her flesh began to peel, and lifting her hands, she peeled yet another layer of her flesh from off her body.

Xili groaned, clearing his throat, feeling his own body swelling from the backload of his testosterone flowing into his muscles, his sack heaving and drooping to the sandy bottom of the pool where he knelt as the veins throbbed all up and down his erect penis, and as she turned, growing subtly as her sex slowly slid out of the water, throbbing, pulsating, her clitoris poking out of the water, he and she suddenly found each other's gazes and stared at each other, her nipples hardening, his cock swelling...

And then he rose to his feet and turned abruptly, his erect shaft whipping about in a half circle, spraying water and a little of his seed about him as he rose and left the pool.

"I'll be right back, Kirii." he said hastily and scrambled up the bank, but not before Kirii saw the swollen state of his sack between his legs.

"Will you be all right?" she murred, wondering how big he'd gotten, but Xili didn't hear... He'd already rushed away.

Xilimyth had never remembered having any problem so great as the fact of what his manhood did to him when he was aroused. It was one of the things that had kept him from seeking a female before... He'd been afraid that his... blessing... would frighten them off.

"Great maker... Why does she have to shed right in front of me?" he asked himself aloud as his penis hardened and erected longer yet while flaring outward to encompass the whole of his pelvis.

His phallus was harder than it'd ever been, curving and projecting upward now, throbbing hard as he swallowed, and the entire length of the throbbing unit tensed. He grit his teeth as he settled backward against a rock face of the sheer cliffs of the valley, feeling that prick of his pulsating with every beat of his two hearts; his hearts helping the muscles swell as the muscles in his chest pumping his cock full of strengthening blood till a lance of his seed suddenly erupted from him right off his tip, spraying a good distance away from him as his hearts pulsated and hammered heavily inside his chests.

He closed his eyes, feeling the power of his whole body that he was holding back begin to focus into his cock, throbbing it, his seed filling his nads, pumping, pulsating, and now a gush of cum lanced from him that was thicker than the first, sprayed farther and lasted longer.

"Ah..." he moaned, and planted one hand along his shaft, feeling it vibrate and tense briefly. "Here it comes..." he groaned, and openly thought of Kirii now, her body straddling his hips, grabbing his behind as she humped him fiercely as his climax came, and when it did, he literally erupted like a firehouse, all the muscles in his dick swelling and thickening to enhance the force of the eruption as he sprayed his batch before him, gritting his teeth and forcing himself to breathe as gallons erupted from inside him; his claws gripping tightly into the large boulder he was leaning against.

His prick lowered a little once the climax completed itself but then it immediately began to rise again; building up power enough to erupt again.

"Oh... Damn..." he gasped, panting as he felt yet another climax approaching him. "Why did I have to suggest that challenge?!" he grit out, and came again, harder than the last.

Kirii moaned solidly as she palmed her cunt, sliding a pair of fingers inside her, her body bulging ever so slowly, her tits engorging larger than ever as they swelled with milk, her muscles engorging and heaving, and she came in a jet of cum that lanced from her body and right into the pool. Her chest was pushing forward, pushing her tits forward with it as her muscles thickened and hardened all about her, her body growing taller, her shoulders broadening and thickening, her neck and middle lengthening as her pussy clenched and unclenched repeatedly between her thighs, pinching her fingers each time.

She was so horny! And she could smell Xilimyth's climax in her nostrils, and that was making her even more horny! Groaning, she stepped forward, stepped out of the waters, still sliding her fingers into her pussy as she pressed her thighs together and bent her knees a little bit, vigorously pounding at her sex with her fingers while she paused at the water's shore, coaxing an orgasm out of her even as she collapsed right to her knees and then began to rock as she rocked onto her fingers briefly.

"Xili..." she moaned, forcing herself to rise after another orgasm as she looked up at the sun. Still not even at its zenith.

A wash of her nectar lanced from between her thighs, and she bent over herself as the wash filtered between her fingers and all over her inner thighs; her tail lifting high as she moaned for a penis to pierce her vagina.

"Xili..." she moaned and stumbled forward into the forest, her breasts bouncing and leaking milk before she pressed against one of the towering trees of the forest surrounding the great tree at its center, her pussy lancing another orgasmic rush while the strange things in her body continued to grow and build.

"Ahhh..." she wept, needing her womanhood to be lanced, and straddling the tree, her breasts all cleaving to either side, her hands lifting above her head to hold onto the tree as she began to rub her sex against the trunk, her head arching around the trunk to call out her love's name. "Xili..." she managed weakly. "I need you!" and then she moaned and erupted another jet of cum over the tree, taking to humping it for a few moments as she waited for her lord to come.

It was unknown as to exactly what happened to Kirii and Xilimyth as they underwent nearly twelve hours of waiting out the most extreme torture of sexual tension in their lives. After it, there was absolutely no doubt that there was genuine love between the two of them.

In regards to Lord Xilimyth, he simply continued to release more and more of his strength as his body continued to mutate with the addition of the strange chemical concoction their combined bodily fluids had produced, the substance that Lord Xilimyth typified as "Royal Jelly."

As a matter of course, for those who are not familiar with the terminology of "Royal Jelly," it is a substance

provided by certain hive insects that allow their lesser breeds to evolve into their subsequent Queen or King forms that have the capability and strength to govern over the whole of their hive. The fact that there are insectid qualities in both Xilimyth and Kirii, the fact that together they were able to create "Royal Jelly" and then ingest it is indeed a remarkable trait.

Lord Xilimyth grew larger and more powerful, and with such an already well-endowed person, his endowment only grew more enhanced as his muscle density increased in strength thanks to the mutations provided by the jelly.

As for Kirii La'fond, however, not only was her body mutating and growing stronger, but additionally, her Viral-Hypernites had taken in the chemical and had begun to actually produce the chemical and apply it to the biological portion of all the cells in her body. The enhancement to her sexuality and her muscularity became even more intense than that of Xilimyth's.

Additionally, there became an enhancement of the Hypernite network inside Kirii's body.

As her body mutated, so too did the network, and strangely, the chemical compound allowed the Hypernites to go from purely mechanical and metallic, into the advanced cybernetic construct designed by Lady Eve called "Wetware."

Wetware is the most advanced form of cybernetics that we possess. In essence, Wetware is biological cybernetics...

By this time, two months upon injection of the Prometheus Serum, thanks to the bio-chemistry and the biological portion of the viral-hypernites, the Hypernite network will now be evolving into this wetware.

A note to make at this moment is that it took years for Lady Eve's Hypernites to evolve into wetware... It took only two months of continuing transformation for Kirii La'fond's network to achieve the same transformation. Additionally, as the hypernites evolve into wetware, their capabilities will become more directly compatible with the already existing biological component of Kirii's body. With this increased capability, also comes an enhancement to all hypernite constructs. Within these twelve hours, all Hypernite constructs will have fully evolved to twice their previous capabilities.

*- Teran Draconoshi "High Lord Pseudodrake"
President, CEO, and Director of Starlight Industries
Archdragon of Terra*

Xilimyth squatted on his hands and knees, his penis throbbing painfully as it continued to enlarge while the sun began to descend from its zenith.

His cock was enlarging, and the erotic feelings he was experiencing from his manly lance projecting from his underside forced him to gasp and sigh every last breath of air he was taking at the moment. He knew and had seen it growing thicker; the thing wrought with veins as it had become a more powerful and impressive symbol of his manhood. His lithe, slender body was bulking up now, but he was barely releasing any of his stored up power yet... This was new power, and it was making him stronger than ever!

The head of his shaft was flaring, the thickened mass of his penis projecting inside his body between his legs, the inner length swelling and forcing his thighs open while his nads bulged thicker and heavier as they dangled between his legs. Veins swelled all around his nads and all along his shaft as it throbbed and bulged, his whole body strengthening, all so as to support the weight of this massive member.

The weight of his growing phallus required for all his abs to be strengthened in order to support it, and to keep the increased muscle weight of his body up, his thighs, calves and feet had to flare with added muscularity in order to hold him up. His strengthened abs required stronger bones to protect his heart, and

the stronger bones needed stronger chest muscles in order to move them. Stronger chest muscles meant a stronger back and stronger arms. The overall increased body weight required stronger and larger wings to support him in the air, and a stronger tail to counterbalance his growing mass, and so while he began setting himself up for another eruption of cum, Xilimyth actually doubled in body weight as the Royal Jelly he'd consumed the other night continued to do its wonder on him.

All his nipples were hardened and erect, and as he balanced himself on his wing tips and toes, his hands stroking himself, he began to desire with an animalistic need, the woman he sought for so long this day and approaching night. And then he rose to his feet, puffed his thickening and barreling chest out as his cock drew fully erect, actually pointing upward, he inhaled and roared with bestial vigor to summon his mate to him even as he ejected a stream of cum from the end of his dick that sailed for dozens of yards before he leapt outward, and hunted for his mate.

Kirri moaned as her claws cut rends into a tree. Cum was streaming between her legs, moistening her pussy as she continued to strengthen, grow more massive, and pile on with muscle. Three successive layers of her flesh had stripped away, revealing more armor, more scale, thicker yet softer porcelain hide, and increased mammary goodness.

Twenty four nipples in total had now formed down the length of her front, every nipple hard and erect, the pad of flesh or mound of flesh behind them swelling with mammary glands and those glands swelling continually with milk that was creamy and sweet to the taste. She knew... she spent a lot of time sucking from her own breasts.

Her clitoris actually pushed outside her body and had erected straight upward along her pelvis that she was so horny and of need of a solid humping, her labia spread fully open, showing off the glistening wetness inside her body as muscle chords beneath her flesh swelled and thickened, cutting thickening lines beneath her flesh as she steadily grew larger and more powerful. She cried out, screaming a high-pitched screaming-roar of bestial vigor in answer to the one she'd heard moments ago as she came again, a jet of fluids that was gallons in weight while her milk leaked from twenty-four different breasts or ejected from her primary or secondary tits while her horns flared, her long mane of white hair flitted about her in the wind, and her crystal-like armor and opal-like scales glittered in rainbow colors about her.

Flopping down on the ground, she heaved and panted, her thighs pressing together briefly before she lifted a leg and rolled over her body, more milk squeezing from her breasts as she coiled over herself and began to lick her pussy, probing it with her long tongue and caressing it and holding it open with one hand.

Oh Great Maker, she was so horny...

She continued to lick herself, began to rise after a few minutes but then flopped down as the raging eroticism burning at her pussy paralyzed her legs, and she again coiled over herself and licked her cunt, shivering with orgasmic might and with increasing muscle mass before she was able to kneel and then rise to her feet again. She flared her wings then atop her swelling muscle hump as her body thickened yet more, her flesh spasming with continued explosions of muscle growth, and in such a need of a man, she dashed away, and began to hunt for her mate, her body continuing to transform inside and outside, with the computer network she had inside her currently at a loss as to how to process the odd information of an animalistic mind.

Xilimyth snarled, smelling all the feminine juices on the ground while his erection lanced right along his under belly as he walked on his wing tips and toes.

He licked a tree where she'd been; tasting her juices, and then began to track her overpowering scent. The scent grew heavy and powerful within his nostrils as he hunted.

Kirii had found where Xilimyth had been, and was humping the Earth where all his seed was, trying to stuff some of the pooled seed inside her womanhood as she fingered herself, her milk escaping her as she ejaculated all over the rocks beside the stream he'd been at. She moaned and then rose; her body painted with sweat, milk, cum and ejaculate from their bodies, a film of Royal Jelly forming along her belly as she paused, grew thicker, larger, more massive and hornier.

She then dashed away following the scent her love, mate and lord had left from his draining penis ready to pierce her draining pussy.

For hours the two of them tracked each other around the tree, late afternoon passing and evening approaching as they finally found one another, Kirii turning as Xilimyth appeared out of a stand of trees.

Both their eyes glowed red with a thing called the Blood Lust... A biological imperative in dragons.

Xilimyth rose to his feet, the sheer weight of his swollen cock projecting its mass straight forward, his sack bulging massively with seed as he growled at her with all his sexual tension, and Kirii turned abruptly to face him, her breasts undulating on all her abdominals and chests, each one straining with milk, and she screamed at him as his penis shot off a lance of cum that landed near her feet. Xilimyth had swollen in a combination of his transformation from the Royal Jelly their bodies had made, while Kirii had thickened mainly all across her back and thickened even more with her armor back there. Every last one of her tits were hyper-engorged as she straightened her bodice, arching her back while her wings spread gossamer-like at her back, her wings feathering as they glittered in the failing light; her powerful belly and chest undulating with all her sexuality. Her labia had swollen and flared open, her clitoris thick and massive and standing on end, throbbing readily as she ejected a jet of her cum all over her inner thighs; her nipples leaking down the length of her body.

She screamed at him again, her voice combined with a guttural roar that lanced from her body as Xilimyth attacked her immediately, leaping onto her, thrusting her backward before she regained her balance, Xilimyth's jaws snapping for her neck while she threw him off her, screamed at him again as flipped and landed on the Millennium tree he clinging to it with his hand and toe claws as he growled back at her for denying him.

His immense maleness throbbed in preparation as he leapt on her again, and with her slightly larger size now, she tried to catch him as they wrestled with each other and then fell to the ground. The sun continued to descend as Xilimyth beat his wings, and then folded them to plant against the ground behind him while he grappled with Kirii, his cock against her back, erupting a burst of seed between her wing shoulders as she pinched his hands and tried to pry his clinging claws in her flesh off her, but Xilimyth's combat experience was far greater than hers.

At the moment, she feared being raped, despite how much she needed to be pierced, and her back arched as she cried out, and even as the sun's light fell beneath the edge of the towering walls of the valley, Xilimyth opened his mouth, his teeth and fangs lengthening, till he sank his teeth into her tracheal artery, puncturing it, and he began to drink her blood. Immediately, the fear of being raped left her as they both settled to the ground, and Xilimyth drank several quarts of her blood.

Dragons are the eldest of all species in existence. Their blood lines predate the very universe in which they reside within. The power of the blood, like with all ancient species, dictates a great deal of power in them. Blood Magic, was an utmost powerful part of their lives and existences, and defined them...

An animalistic tendency that happened during a Blood Lust was the tasting of the blood of one's mate. This did something immediately to Xilimyth, and that was to ingram Kirii La'fond in his mind as his mate. To

them both, it sealed them both to each other in one direction, from man to woman, and was a holy marriage of bodies and souls that stemmed from when dragons were little more than animals.

But also, to Xilimyth, it likewise flooded his body with several quarts of the Viral-Hypermites, containing all of the advanced variants that were currently in Kirii's blood stream.

Kirii gasped as she knelt placatingly, his hands fondling her tits and palming her throat, and when he reared away from her, his teeth glistening crimson, he roared to all who could hear, that he'd chosen his mate. He then stepped around her, his cock throbbing powerfully as he lanced another jet of his seed all over her throat and breasts now, Kirii panting heavily as she looked up at him, panting as the wound in her neck and shoulder from his bite sealed itself within seconds, looking at her own blood draining from the corners of Xili's mouth as he possessively palmed her head, and she nodded up at him and obediently laid back, spread her legs and arched her body, shivering her body in preparation as she rose up onto her toes to arch her love mound toward him.

Xili collapsed to his knees before her, pushing her thighs further apart as he fingered her swollen pussy briefly, getting her to cum solidly into his hand as he rubbed her juices over her sex to moisten her, fingering her with two of his fingers to get her to cum again and she orgasmed even harder than the last as a jet of her nectar erupted all over his throbbing dick and his thighs. Xilimyth then pressed himself into her, and she moaned, deep in her throat as the extra girth of his cock actually had to force her flesh open, her sopping innards gushing as he pierced her; and grabbing her hips and thrusting deeper, wrapping his hands over her bottom, spreading her buttocks open and setting his feet against the ground, penetrated deeper still, and it took several thrusts until he gasped, finally driving his mass inside her to the hilt.

And then Kirii looked up at him as he began to hump her, and though she made herself more willing, she took hold of his head, turned it, and opening her mouth, she licked his throat with her long tongue, and then chomped down on his neck. Xilimyth hissed as she licked the wound she'd caused with her tongue while still biting on his broad neck, her saliva helping in the healing process, but she nonetheless drank his blood, her claws hooking into his back as he repeatedly and mindlessly humped her over and over, and harder now while she drank several quarts of his blood, imprinting him like he did her onto her mind.

As far as dragon society would feel, they were married now.

Kirii finally let go of him, and then moaned as she let him take her, harder and harder, her innards spasming as his cock flared in her body, and he began to ejaculate, offloading dozens of gallons of his seed and heavy water into her body that then exploded from her along with her own cum from between the narrow gap between their coupled sexes, all while he fastened himself onto her tit with his lips and sucking his splattered seed off her nipple and her milk from within her tits, suckling firmly off one tit and then the other, squeezing milk out of her other tits with his hands, humping her.

Kirii began to turn after awhile, lifting her tail, and after some maneuvering without even breaking the coupling motion, Xilimyth found himself pile-driving her from behind, and holding tight onto her body as he laid against her back, he used his legs in a motion that thrust himself into her throbbing, swollen pussy, the force of his mass in her actually pushing her muscled navel outward, her cunt squeezing him as she whimpered and wined against the pain of the pleasure of lovemaking that she was experiencing while she rested on her tits, moving one so that she could suck on it, drawing out her cream while he laid upon her belly. Her milk leaked outward from beneath her, forming a great puddle of creamy mud all about her as hours passed by from the solid humping her pussy was getting.

She kept feeling eruptions of his climaxes erupting inside her, over and over, throbbing inside her body and leaking the mixture of her nectar and his seed all about and behind them, and then with a growl, her mind thought that it was now time to dominate him, and rising, sliding off him, pushing him back onto his back, she took firm hold of his cock in one of her hands, her clawed fingers not even being able to surround his girth, as he snarled at her for ruining his fun, and she snarled back, and then lying before him, forcing her breasts over his lap, she reached with one hand, began to fondle and cajole his balls as she took his cock in her mouth, and tilting her chin she forced herself to deep-throat his length; licking his nads with her long

tongue, and as she purred, vibrating his maleness, she got him to cum directly into her belly, over and over.

It was a slow process, for every second that they spent in their animalistic lusts searching for each other, they spent the exact amount of time humping, working off the animalistic lusts; their minds working backwards in time for them to even remember who *they* were let alone each other. But the entire area around them, for dozens of yards in every direction, was splattered with their fluids as they made love, working off the fire in their loins.

Kirii's pet tigers had a little lovemaking too, their overly-powerful muscles strumming as the male tiger mounted his female, and pumped her full of seed.

In only a few days, and some Royal Jelly from their new handlers, the two tigers finally did what the keepers of the Central Park Zoo had been trying to get them to do for months... And that was to get their female to conceive.

Kirii was beginning to purr, and as she closed her eyes, she moaned as she arched her back while a micro orgasm struck her; and when her eyes fluttered open again, her eyes were normal once again.

She palmed her pussy as it throbbed with her rapidly beating heartbeat, and lifting herself up, her swollen mammaries falling down along her bodice, her tertiaries all flattened pads again, she looked to where Xilimyth sat atop a rock, his massive wang drooping from the base of his abdomen, firm and swollen, but no longer strong enough to remain upright.

He looked like he was pulling a thinker pose as he wiped his mouth off, and looking around him, Kirii saw that she was, he was, and everything around them was absolutely covered in their love juices.

She rolled onto her side, and then rose, shivering, her eyes fluttering again as she leaked a jet of juices that splattered about her inner thighs, before she walked to her sweet lover. Xili looked up at her as she squatted and then rose up into his arms, one knee against the boulder he sat on, one hand massaging his cock, her breasts compressing firmly against his chest as she hung around his neck with one massive arm, and she paused as memories began to flood into her head, and suddenly she was reliving the entirety of their recent lovemaking in a rush.

As she relived some of the more energetic moments, she came in a rush all over his unit. She felt his hand grope her butt, another palming her lower breasts as she felt him thicken beneath his hand, his penis hardening yet again, while above them, a peal of thunder sounded.

"Love you... I love you... I love you..." she moaned. "I know that with assurance now. I don't... know whatever that was just now, but I love you. I don't doubt it now. I'm yours... Do with me as you will dear heart." she said and licked his neck.

Xilimyth began to purr, and she moved to him, listening to the rumbling, cackling sound of his twin hearts vibrating.

"Kirii... There is something I need to explain to you." he said, and she slowly rose, but a series of streamers of their love juices strung between their bodies. "But first... We need a bath."

And he rose with her, clamping both hands onto her bottom as she gripped his rear as well, his shaft firming again against her cunt.

At that moment, it began to rain, washing all their juices away, making the plants grow spontaneously as those juices filtered into the ground.

Kirii and Xilimyth bathed each other, playing with each other's sexes, getting each other firm and hard again as they cleaned each other amidst the rain, Kirii's beautiful tigers resting in the rain by the pool of water.

"We're married?" she asked as she laid against him at the pool's edge, clutching firmly to his chest as she took to kissing his chest repeatedly.

"In the loosest sense of the term," Xili smiled as she rode his jock again, his hands holding her butt cheeks open so that she could go deeper on him. She moaned every now and again in pleasure of his thickness thrusting into her as she rocked, his mass so much larger than what she was used to, and she was getting immense pleasure riding something that filled her so thoroughly now. "It's an ancient marriage ceremony..." he continued. "The drinking of the other's blood... Imprinting each other. It's hard to ignore, but isn't as strong of a bonding as the ceremony that we use now."

"I have a husband." Kirii murred and balled herself up against him and continued to rock and grind that cock into her, her wings and tail floating in the water behind her as the rains pelted her back.

Xilimyth smiled, his chest puffing out that she was so pleased at the idea. *And I have a wife*, he thought inwardly.

"Then, there is only one other thing to do Kirii." he said quietly.

"What's that?" she asked looking up at him, and he bent his head to kiss her ever so gently, full of affection, on her lips.

"Get married..."

Stage 9-C: Diverted Process - Royal Fruit

Master,

The situation has elevated...

I cannot... keep lying to her any more, Master... she is rapidly evolving far, far beyond what we originally thought that the Serum was even capable of. Kahn Laio's program has ended, and Lady Eve's technology is now taking over, and even now, Kirii La'fond is in the process of outgrowing even that technology. Even now... she is mutating into a Nurse Dragon, Master... I cannot believe in the rapid state of circumstances that are happening concerning her, even you are not this apt at constructing serendipity.

Because she is transforming into a Nurse Dragon, and a Nurse Dragon of my own clan and tribe, Master, I don't believe I need to tell you of the implications of what this means to me. Leaf also favors her... the conditions are too perfect, and though the old sayings of "too good to be true" come to mind, I am still more than willing to believe.

Finally, Master, she and I... have mated through the use of the Blood Bond. She is imprinted to me already, and I to her. I request the Rite of Marriage if Blind IO is willing to leave Lady Eve for a short while.

Finally... I have a strange statement to make. By ingesting Kirii's blood, I have contracted a large assortment of the existing Viral-Hypernites in Kirii's blood. They are already attempting to assimilate me.

We need to tell her about the nobles, Master, please advise.

- Xilimyth

Messenger,

Come see me.

-P.

Kirii walked into their bedroom after her morning shower, her sexily muscular body glistening from moisture as she immediately saw her beloved laying sexily, naked within their bedding, his strong, beautiful blue and white body laying with one knee raised and its leg spread open to cradle the massive manhood he now possessed; the thing deflated and resting heavily along his inner thigh from after their lovemaking last night... But she knew how to fix that.

She lowered to her hands and toes, going quadrupedal as she crawled up to him, and kneeling, she pushed his other leg open, and cradled his groin with one hand, while she fingered the thick phallus in one hand and began to massage it.

Xilimyth groaned as he repositioned himself, and Kirii smiled as she opened her mouth and began to suck on the head of his phallus, keeping her head in his lap as she laid on her massive mammaries that swelled about his groin, her sexy body laying pleasingly and elegantly between his legs, her hips on their sides as the tip of her tail began to lull pleasantly.

And then Xilimyth opened one eye, and then the other as his body awoke from his penis suddenly hardening, and he smiled down at her as she sucked on him, and seeing what the warmth about his groin is, he suddenly began to grow longer, thicker and harder for her. He smiled at Kirii as she began to get

enthusiastic in her attempt to wake him up, and lowering a hand, he caressed her cheek, and she looked up at him, and suddenly smiled before she sucked harder, drew backward off him and swallowing, some of her spit clinging to his tip as she removed it from her mouth and then rose her body up its length; cradling it to her as she did. Soon she was climbing up on top of him, pushing her crotch along the underside of his long and swelling phallus, purring loudly, licking her teeth as she snuggled.

"What a pleasant way to wake up." he smiled.

She purred and licked his throat as he lifted his chin, and smiling, she maneuvered herself, and slid her bodice against him, moving his phallus to press against her thick labia with one hand, and she pushed herself onto it till she knelt straddling his lap, and his huge erecting mass projecting up into the swollen lips of her pussy. With her breasts bunching over and between her superbly muscular arms as he lay back in the bedding and the pillows, he smiled up at her as she continued to caress and cajole his body, pawing rhythmically with her hands and finger tips while she rocked in his lap.

"You got bigger." She sighed and then squeezed her vaginal muscles tightly around him. "In more ways than one." She murred and then bent forward to hook her arms beneath his arms and press firmly against him as she rolled her hips up and down to stroke him with her sex, and Xilimyth folded her in his arms, cupping her behind with one hand right beside her thick bulging tail laying over her rear as she continued to rise and fall on his erection minutely every few seconds; she thoroughly enjoying her morning loving.

"I need to leave today beloved..." Xilimyth said, lifting a hand to cup her face while gripping her behind still. "Just for a short while. I wouldn't dream of leaving such a beauty as you just lying about with nothing to do."

"Hmm..." she murred as his hand slid down her face, about her muscled neck, then over her breasts before sliding in between her breasts as he rubbed his hand up and down her bodice, feeling the firm yet soft flesh of her chest. "More work?" she asked, clenching her abdominals and her vaginal muscles about his prick inside her even as Xili offloaded the first minute eruption of his seed into his beautiful queen.

"The boss wants to see me." Xilimyth smiled as Kirii began rocking on him again. "While I'm out, I'll see about bringing home some nice things for you and the kitties. Maybe secure the aide of a priest."

"Marry me?" she asked, and he smiled as she continued to rock, and Xilimyth nodded.

"Properly, this time." He said. "Though for now..." and he suddenly took hold of her rear with both hands, gripping her bottom, spreading her cheeks apart as he thrust up into her body as deep as he could go, only to erupt a spasm of his cum into her body, getting her to sigh and then moan as the explosion caused her heart to pause. "You'll officially become my legal mate."

Xilimyth left through the narrow breach in the mountains, leaving Kirii alone within the great tree house with her kitties. Kitties. Quite a name for a pair of large hyper-muscled and hypertrophic white tigers that were over seven feet tall at the shoulder apiece. She snuggled with them and hugged them, and then fixed herself some breakfast, walking totally in the nude all the time. She didn't think that clothing was necessary anymore, especially since she kept shredding them all to pieces, and also since she didn't think that anyone would care with her the only one there at the moment.

Besides... who would want to cover a body like this? She thought as she flexed, tensed and cajoled her supremely muscular body.

As she poised and flexed, feeling her muscles swell and tense more with her motions, she felt her body growing more massive while she could feel her invisible muscles flexing closer about her body now that she'd grown so much. They nearly overlapped with her physical muscles now. Her body vibrated as she bulged and flexed, and biting her lower lip as she enjoyed the heat in her body from tensing and flexing,

she began to purr pleasingly with the strength she possessed.

Relaxing her body and smoothing her hands over her belly, she murred and then explored the house. It was fully packed and open to the air on all sides, though there were panels that appeared to be able to close down and enclose everything; sliding doors and rising panels that could close the house off. Xilimyth loved his gadgets and toys apparently, with loads and loads of computer gear that looked pretty advanced. She giggled, fingering some of the gear but not daring to turn it on. She was afraid with her muscular body that she'd break something...

But what to do?

He had quite a library, but most of the books in it were of a language she didn't recognize immediately, so she didn't bother, and striding to the edge of the house, she looked around, and smiling, she spread her wings and arms wide, feeling the warm air blowing against her naked body, between her legs to lick and lap at her pussy, between her butt cheeks and along the base of her tail, blast against her chest, through her wings and around her arms...

She felt as if she were standing on the precipice of forever before she lowered her gaze and looked around her. Then tipping forward, she leapt off the house awning and flew forward into the sky to go for a brisk fly around the valley, her gossamer wings flapping and fanning as she arched about the valley, feeling the succulent caress of the wind against her nude form, and she exhilarated in this thrill of flying.

Xili transformed into his full dragon form, his body swelling thicker than it had before, and when he unfolded his bio-veneers and hyper jets, the thrust he produced caught him off guard as he was jolted forward, flying northeast from his home to The Tower, the hidden mountain in the Himalayas where the Dragon's secret home laid...

Looking down, he bit his lip, definitely noticing that he was moving faster, and looking down at his arms, he flexed them, feeling the increased strength and power as he launched forward, and swallowing, he pushed himself as fast as he could, definitely moving noticeably faster than he'd been able to do before.

And he hadn't even extended all his jets yet!

He needed things explained to him, and he hoped beyond hope that Lord Pseudodrake could explain to him what was going on.

Kirri landed on the ground at the base of the tree and began to walk as her pristine white wings folded at her back.

She found her way back to the waterfall and its river and pool and took a shower and a swim for awhile before continuing in her walk.

Her breasts bounced and wobbled as she slid her hands up along her bodice, fondling every last tit on her body, twenty four individual tits, so many more than tiny two flattened mounds she had as a human woman no more than two months ago. And she felt so sexy now, felt so powerful and confident in her femininity and sexuality as she leaked some of her sexual juices down her inner thigh.

She wandered quietly through the forest surrounding the great tree in the center of the valley, the trees seeming like they were something straight out of some Neolithic book. Everything was stunningly green, even the usual brown bark of the trees was covered in mosses, with even the great white barked and white leafed millennium tree covered in green mosses, creeper vines and trailers that crept a third of the way up its base. The walls of the mountain valley were green as well, with the lush color hanging off the shard-

like rock walls to nearly the very top of the hooking caldera-like edifice that the tree was with. The forest valley positively glowed with natural power. She felt vibrant, sexy, beautiful and alive within this valley, and just because she was struck with the sudden desire, she stepped up to one of the thick trees, slid her pussy along the silken edge of the wood, leaking her juices over it before she tipped forward and hugged it; her many breasts cleaving to its sides while she purred.

Strangely... She felt as if she were being embraced back as she did this.

Xilimyth took a deep breath as he faced the towering double doors, where the most powerful of dragons in existence met. He never considered himself much, but nonetheless he'd been given a position in which Lord Pseudodrake himself had deemed "The most important position in our society."

The role of The Messenger. Secrets that were too sensitive to allow even Aysyx to transmit over his impressive information network were placed in his capable hands to deliver to The Vault, the most secretive of information sites in the Sol-Teran Alliance. And now he was being summoned before Lord Pseudodrake for something that was obviously not a mission, but definitely had something to do with his current predicament. It was... unnerving, to say the least.

Lifting his hands, he was about to knock when the double doors slowly parted, and his eyes went wide as he saw not Lord Pseudodrake... But rather the last dragon anyone ever wanted to see... Or even meet in the first place:

Aries.

"Lord Xilimyth... What a wonderful surprise..." Aries gravely voice – like stones grinding against each other to grind and splinter bones between them – echoed through the whole of the chamber.

Aries was a destroyer, an undead dragon of the highest order of demonic power. He was in a very real and literal sense, the Harbinger of the Apocalypse. One Part Dragon Litch, one part Wraith Dragon, one part Vampiric Blood Dragon, and one part Mummy Dragon; Famine, Pestilence, War and Death all rolled up into one singular undead killing machine. He put nearly every creature in existence on edge by his sheer presence. He even looked frighteningly scary.

"L-Lord Aries!" Xilimyth exclaimed in surprise and nervousness at seeing him. "I... I was summoned by Lord Pseudo..."

"I am here, Xilimyth." A voice said then, breaking into his explanation to the undead dragon. This voice was pleasant, a dual voiced pair of male voices that complimented each other perfectly as it spoke, and Lord Pseudodrake appeared out of the shadows as if the darkness just up and coughed the First King of Dragons up as he came to stand beside Aries, Pseudo lifting a massive hand to palm Aries shoulder.

Lord Pseudo was the only one who didn't flinch or even fear Aries.

"Thank you for coming, Messenger." another voice said, and a third Dragon, Neo Bahumat, approached out of the darkness into the pillar of light at the center of the great council chamber.

Xilimyth looked to the three greatest dragons in existence, and then to Pseudo directly.

"I-I don't understand, my lord... Why have I been summoned before a tribunal?"

"Because the news you've brought me, Lord Xilimyth, is very important." Pseudodrake stated. "I require the voices of more in order to address it."

Kirii walked along in a half daze, singing pleasantly to herself. It was kind of refreshing hugging – and humping – a tree like she'd just done. She chocked it up to that she already missed her Xili and that she wanted him there with her – and in her for that matter – at that very moment.

She lifted her hands, her ears and horns flaring wide as she slid her fingers through her hair, fluffing it outward before sliding her hands over her swelling breasts.

She produced milk very, very quickly, and if she increased in her milk production anymore than she did now, then she'd have to invest in a milking station. As it was, however, she was getting very hungry, and looking at her swelling areola and nipple at the end of one of her soft tits, she hefted it, tested its growing weight but not really feeling its weight thanks to her incredibly powerful arm and body, and then inserted its nipple into her mouth and immediately moaned with pleasure as she sucked the super rich, super creamy milk from herself, and immediately she pressed a hand to her crotch, sliding a pair of fingers into her labia and caressing herself as her warm cream entered her mouth and slid down her throat, and she sighed in ecstasy as it warmed her from the inside.

And then she saw something peculiar, and her tit slid from her mouth, the massive undulating thing bouncing heavily as she came about her fingers.

At the base of a tree a green pod was rapidly growing right before her eyes, the thing swelling and throbbing, pulsating with reddened veins in the leaves before tri-folded leaves wrapped open, the petals of a pink flower grew luscious and full on the inside of the leaves before it pushed forward along the end of a bulging piece of hot red fruit; the petals shrinking and falling off, revealing a lusciously delicious looking and bulbous red fruit before her.

There were dozens of fruit here just like it all ready, all of them looking warm and juicy, and she bent low, fingering the fruit before she picked it.

"You've changed, Xilimyth." Pseudo noted, standing before him. "You're taller, stronger... Your wingspan has increased... And you've changed into a breeder, haven't you?"

Xilimyth looked down the length of his body to the positively bulging phallus he now possessed, sheathed now within a series of overlapping plates currently. A breeder, as the King of Dragons put it, was the male version of a Nurse Dragon. As a breeder, Xilimyth now possessed a manhood that could generate seed spontaneously, enough seed to impregnate dozens of females or a whole field of eggs at a time.

When a Breeder Dragon and a Nurse Dragon got together though...

"Master... please forgive me for restating my earlier comment, but her arrival into my life is far, far too convenient to simply dismiss as just circumstance." Xilimyth swallowed. "I'll not abandon her. And I... I *demand* that you allow me to make her my wife and lifemate."

"You *demand*?" Aries repeated. "What right do you have to demand anything you insolent little..."

"Aries... please." Bahumat stated. "You're not so important as to be anyone's bully."

"Say that again you self righteous..."

"Aries..." Pseudo said quietly, and Aries looked back at Pseudo, and respectfully, and humbly, bowed his head and backed off. Pseudodrake was the only being that Aries feared and respected.

"Xilimyth... Answer me one question." Pseudo said.

"Anything, my lord."

"Do you love her?"

Xilimyth was silent, quiet for a moment as he breathed in sharply, and then answered decidedly.

"Yes... I do love her."

Kirii held the fruit in both her hands, sniffing it, tasting its exterior by licking it with her tongue, and she smacked her lips at the tingling taste that made her shiver with delight. She didn't think that anything in the valley could be harmful, so opening her mouth; she took a huge bite out of it.

It crunched like an apple, tasted like a mixture of tropical fruits, and as it slid down her throat, she began to feel sexual, her nipples hardening, her clitoris hardening, her labia swelling, and she palmed her sex immediately as she felt the folds of her pussy swelling immediately larger even as the fruit slid down her throat still. Her love mound moistened pleasantly as she murred in satisfaction, and opening her mouth she bit into the fruit again and again, trying to consume all of the fruit all at once now. Its flesh was like a peach, and she ate, she chewed, bite after sumptuous bite, she moaned and caressed her pussy, sliding her thick fingers inside her now as she ate more and more of it, feeling like Eve partaking of the forbidden fruit.

Unbeknownst to Kirii La'fond, however... She wasn't too far from the fact.

"Your requests have been granted, Lord Xilimyth... Save for the telling her of Kirii about the noble breeds. We have no idea as to whether or not she is to evolve into one yet."

"But..." Xilimyth prompted.

"You've received your answer, Messenger." Bahumat stated simply.

"Forgive me my lords... For I believe you underestimate her. And I'm a noble, what happens... What happens when she discovers that I'm a noble, and she discovers what that means?"

Pseudodrake stepped forward, towering over Xilimyth, and Xilimyth swallowed.

"Messenger... Should your lady prove to be worthy of the nobles... Then by all means... Update us on the situation. I for one would be very, very happy to meet another female of the noble breed and welcome her to our very limited numbers."

Kirii had dropped to her knees, rubbing her sex with both hands, cumming hard and moaning low in her throat, her eyes closing tightly as she came in a rush between her fingers. Kirii cried out again, screaming in her need for her lover as her sopping wet pussy erupted yet again in a rush even as she heard her bones groaning, creaking, her muscles tensing.

"Xili!" she cried out, barely able to open her eyes, her mind wavering as if she were tripping out on some drug, her body creaking...

Her flesh strained about her body as one hand palmed her belly, and she felt her innards compressing and squirming.

She immediately tried to make herself throw up, get rid of the fruit she'd just ate, but even as she thought to do so she heard several of her bones crack suddenly in her body, and arching her body backward, screaming in another spastic jet as her arms reset themselves behind her to support her weight, she cried out as her whole body lurched with an orgasm, an explosion of her juices erupting from her loins as she looked down at her chest.

And then with a creak, her ribs all began to flare one at a time, pushing her chest forward, stretching her flesh and tearing it open, and hooking her hands into her own flesh, knotting her fingers and claws in it all, she tore her flesh open and screamed ferally; feeling her muscles all tightening before they exploded outward; billowing, erupting, engorging with power as her veins all stood on end.

Her chest muscles billowed, erupting, thickening, swelling, empowering cell by cell, fiber by fiber, her tits bouncing as her chest pushed forward and her breasts all began to swell. She groaned as her hips flared, just before her navel lengthened and stretched, sinking deeper beneath her ribs as those ribs thickened and flared, her neck lengthening, her head being pushed forward as her neck swelled straight to her shoulders and her throat bulged into a bundle of chords that attached her head to various portions of her clavicle bones and spine.

And then her body began to segment, and then the segments separated, spreading her body apart as she then fell forward onto her hands and knees.

She moaned as her sexual juices slipped steadily from her, her chest lurching forward as her back spread apart, bulging upward, hoisting her muscle hump higher while her spine turned outward, thickening, pulling her tail completely from between her butt cheeks and stretching the span of flesh that held her pussy, deepening the slit of her cunt as the lips of her pussy swelled thicker than ever. Her spine ripped open then and a multitude of hooking blades slid out of her back and out into the air, the largest of which extended like huge hooking scythe blades that all overlapped along her back and down the top of her tail. There her tail swelled and bulged, growing larger as her hips spread even further apart, broadening her hips and thickening the muscles of her bottom while her middle compressed tightly; compressing her guts before all the muscles round about her midsection all swelled. Her abs and her lats, her gluts and her lower back muscles all thickened and became chorded with overlapping layers of muscle encased in her soft dragon hide and a realm of sparkling scales.

Her pussy grew and flared open at her back side as she leaned over then, pushing her rear high up into the air and lifting her tail as her breasts compressed between her and the ground; her juices dripping and streaming off her erect clitoris, her anus puckering tightly as her rounding and bulging butt cheeks suddenly began to inflate with even more chorded muscle in order to support a pair of spread open thighs that were growing larger and larger by the second.

Nearly down the entire length of her spine, into her flaring and lengthening tail, hooking spines erupted like daggers, the tip of her tail bulging and flaring like a massive bony bulb before its flesh tore open, splitting down the entire length of her body as her chest pushed forward – her breasts continued to engorge and swell into the crooks of her armpits beneath her, all of them growing larger, thicker, more enormous, just before they pushed right into the ground, pushing the earth out of the way while they billowed and swelled, all twenty-four tits increasing in water weight with her milk while her back flared wider and her chest jut further forward.

More of her flesh, a second layer, tore open, and bony protrusions tore outward down the center of her chest, her thighs spreading wide and tearing her hide open as she moaned deeper, and she pushed the bulging mound of her pussy against the mossy ground as she ejected another juicy mass of her sticky nectar all about her, and she moaned again for her lover, her shoulders rolling as she settled backward, feeling eruptions of strength in her back as her back piled high with growing masses of strength, stretching muscles and tendons, and she felt her muscle mass enhancing rapidly.

A third layer of muscle exploded all around her, rounding her body out, bulging this and enhancing that while her tits distended to twice their most previous size, and yet as she rose and arched her back again, the

twenty four incredibly sized masses of mammaries simply jut high atop her chest, engulfing nearly the whole of the chest muscles attached to them, while her secondaries – all four of them – bulged and massed at the top of her chest and abs as her pectorals cleaved for the third time in her life with this new growing layer of flesh, and three layers of chest muscles holding her first six tits and supporting her truly massive arms engorged with muscle mass till they were nothing but heaving bundles of chords.

Her abdominals continued to crease and re-crease, increasing in number to thirty individual muscle striations, surrounded by a dozen laterals that feathered right into her rippling and layered ribs, and thusly into her flaring sides as her back spread like a hand in a glove about her body.

And then she lifted her hands, crying with the pain of the immense pleasure as her body continued to shed and grow, her armor growing heavier as new plates tore out of her flesh and feathered with her old ones, all of them growing thicker while harder realms of scales decorated her already existing scales, and she watched as her arms began to bubble and inflate.

She dared to flex one arm, and she cried as it suddenly began to pop with muscles, her long muscle striations shredding beneath her flesh, hardening, lengthening, and billowing outward. Her biceps and then her triceps suddenly bulged like air bags exploding, and then tensed as the individual muscle striations in then rippled outward. She looked to her other hand and its attached arm as it riddled itself with an equal explosion of muscle, engorging, swelling, erupting harder and harder, spreading her chest and back muscles, strengthening them in the need to hold these arms, her forearms flaring wide and lengthening as her navel lengthened more, her neck pushed forward, and her legs bulged and lengthened as well.

Her fingers and toes grew massive as she raised her hands to her head, her mouth and nose pushing forward, her face pushing outward at the same time, and all about her head a plethora of horns erupted with the splattering of blood about her skull, the horns growing into a crown fit for an empress atop her head.

And then blisters formed...

These blisters appeared along her brow, the backs of her hands, the tops of her feet, the hollow of her throat, the center of her chest and the base of her navel. In short order these blisters all erupted before more began to boil outward, and from within the blisters, green crystals began to bulge in her body while her tits all inflated larger, her back spreading wider, tearing her flesh apart further and further, shredding the skin open, and she screamed as she came, and then dug her hands into her voluminous pussy again.

She moaned low, moaned again as she hyperventilated, feeling her form growing severely top heavy till her calves and thighs bulged to support her upper body, her feet flaring, her claws growing longer and thicker, and cumming repeatedly every other breath she laid her sticky moisture all about her as she increased in size in every direction now.

Patches of glowing light broke out about her body, these lights on her breasts, her biceps and thighs, along her bulging and erupting back as her spine hefted further outward, her arms growing thicker, harder, larger, her every muscle popping all about her while even her jaw strengthened. Her eyes turned blood red as the blood lust took her again, and her antennae lifted as she sought her beloved, but couldn't find him. And then her wings lifted, shredding and molting their feathers, replacing themselves with newer and larger ones as they grew gossamer and white about her body; the new feathers crystalline-like, thick and hard like scales and glistening wetly with a creamy puss-like slick about her body as she took to tearing yet another layer of skin off her body and tossing fragments away. Her back hardened with armor, and her thighs bulged, creased, and erupted; her calves growing wider, armor tearing or shattering off her body and newer heavier armor grew in their place while more, smaller crystals boiled out of blisters all about her body and head.

Her mane of white hair grew longer as jagged blades tore out of her feet, her arms, her shoulders and shoulder blades, hooking and powerful while her flesh suddenly compressed and tightened about her every curve and angle.

And then the process started all over again... and again... and again...

Xilimyth had been dismissed, and had made a brief pause in Hong Kong before returning to his love.

Blind IO had agreed to marry them, despite how protective he'd become for Lady Eve in her pregnancy. IO was kind enough to take an hour out of his day someday soon to do the ceremony.

Xilimyth was happy that the Dragon Lords had granted him most of his wishes, if not a little concerned that he was to continue hiding the fact that the Noble Dragons existed from Kirii. He hated lying to her, but duty kept his mouth shut. He sighed as he landed and converted into the last form he'd inhabited before leaving his beautiful mate, and he stepped through the narrow pathway into Leaf's Valley, and then once through, spread his wings and flew up to the tree house, carrying the twin large bags of the things he'd bought.

"Kirii?" he asked as he landed, folding his wings behind him. The tigers came up to him immediately, purring and moving against his legs, and his brows crinkled. Kirii should've fed them by now...

He scratched them both and fed them both a nice juicy steak apiece before he went to search for Kirii.

He searched the whole of the house from top to bottom, and then flew down to the ground in order to continue his search, smelling her out, tracking her scent and the strength of her pheromones that was like sweet essence in his nostrils. He could smell her sexual juices here, and they were powerful in his senses. She'd been growing stronger in her sexuality, and as he followed the smell, he suddenly stopped on a strange scene.

In a clearing were strips of her cast off flesh, and loads of feathers along with gouts of splattered milk and cum all about a trampled down section of the foliage.

"Kirii?!" he cried out then, but received no answer.

He walked forward, his nostrils flaring as he smelled her seminal juices all over the place, hot and electrified with her pheromones, a cloud of more of her pheromones in the area, radiating as hot pink in his senses as he felt his groin plates swelling as his manly cluster swelled at the base of his abdomen.

"Kirii." he said and sat back on a large boulder, looking around himself. Then he closed his eyes. "Beloved where are you?" he whispered out loud.

And then he opened his eyes and spied something out of place, and rising, he went over to it, and picked up a fruit core, his lips parting as he recognized it, and then spying around him, found more of the fruit he dreaded her eating.

Great Maker! He thought. She ate a whole Dragini fruit!!

"Kirii!!" he cried out, and then began to panic for his love.

Dragini, to place it simply, is a fruit that has somehow linked itself to dragonkind.

In a pressed and distilled form, the fruit produces a drink that dragons call Dragini Wine. In its liquid form, without the pulp, this usually carbonated substance is strong enough to give a dragon a buzz

In its pure form, as a fruit, however, then its magical properties become known. For a dragon to consume a single fruit causes massive levels of muscular and power growth, as well as mutation, literally evolving

the dragon into a greater form. Provided of course that they can survive the transformation...

As such, many of the existing Royals have all survived the consumption at least one Dragini Fruit. Lord Pseudodrake himself has survived three simultaneously, even Lord Xilimyth, a mere noble presently, has survived only one.

Failing to survive the transformation involves dying in one of the worst possible ways as one's own muscles crush your ribcage and pop both lungs and the hearts. In extreme cases... A subject will ball into a solid wad of crumpled up bone and muscle.

The fact that Kirii La'fond did consume and transform from a Dragini proves that she is now a full-blooded dragon, for any non-dragon to consume a Dragini means nothing, for they are unaffected either by the fruit or the wine.

As a side note, Dragini is the only other place in nature, other than dragons, in which the substance of Tritanium can be found, in the case of the plants, the natural bio-metal is found in its leaves

- Aysyx, Dragon Council Archivist.

Kirii La'fond heard Xilimyth's cries, and she gasped before rising to her new and tremendous full height, and she quickly hid from him as he burst into the clearing she'd just been in. He looked taller, stronger, beefier to her, but then she looked down at her body and whimpered quietly, closing her eyes.

"Kirii!!" he cried out. "Please answer me!"

"Go away." she cowered, her eyes tearing up, and he wheeled around to the sound of her voice.

"Kirii..." he gasped, looking overjoyed and relieved. "Kirii... A-are you all right? Is everything all right?" he asked and started moving closer, but she immediately slunk behind the boulders and trees she was hiding behind.

"Don't come any closer!" she cried out, her eyes tearing up, and Xili saw her piercing green eyes glowing as she cowered from him. They were actually glowing now, which meant she'd become so saturated with ethereal power that her eyes glowed from it. "Please... I don't want you to see me like this."

Xilimyth stared at her, seeing her tears, seeing her glowing eyes, knowing what she was afraid of. She'd changed.

"I secured a priest, beloved." he smiled calmly as if nothing was wrong. "He'll be here tomorrow."

Kirii pulled back behind the rock and sobbed harder.

"What's wrong?" Xilimyth asked, knowing full well the extent of what she must've changed through.

"N-no!" She cried as he tried coming closer. "You can't see me like this. T-The marriage is off!"

Xilimyth swallowed hard but stood his ground. He never felt so brave in his life at that moment.

"I refuse to, Kirii." he said. "I refuse to let you go."

Kirii began to cry harder.

"Xilimyth..." she whimpered, wanting to rush to him right now.

"Kirii... I know you've just changed." Xilimyth said, and she peaked from around her boulder.

"H-How do you know that?" she asked.

"Because I saw the fruit you ate." Xilimyth said. "The fruit changes dragons." he added. "It makes them stronger, more powerful, and larger."

"Y-you know?"

"I do..." Xilimyth said, and walked several steps closer and stopped when she slunk back behind the boulder and trees again, afraid of what he'd think, afraid of what he'd do. "I also know Kirii that I don't care what you look like. I love you... I want to be with you. Please come out of there and let me see you."

"No." she moaned, wiping her eyes with a tremendous claw.

"I'm not leaving." Xilimyth said. "Come out of there." he smiled genuinely for her. "Come out of there... I want to see my future lifemate..."

Kirii made a soft hiccup, weeping quietly before she set herself, and then she began to rise, and Xilimyth saw her wing rise far and away from where she used to be able to stretch it, and the feathered, glittering wing that rose, fanned gossamer like as she rose to her feet slowly, arching sexily, powerfully, and then set one foot and then the other, and stepped timidly out from behind her cover. Fresh in her mind was all the changes she went through, the superb massive growth in her body and sexuality, her mass nearly doubling from what she had been before, and she stepped forward lightly, feeling very fragile despite how massive and how powerful she felt.

She didn't feel the force of gravity, she felt completely immune to the natural forces of the world. And she was now twice her Xilimyth's size, with faint colors of blue now creping into her coloring, her scales glittering mostly blue now while her armor plates had a wash of light blue in them now. She hunched her shoulders and looked down at him, her thighs compressing around the bulging pocket of flesh that was her womanhood between her legs.

She gave a soft, worried hiccup again as she stood before him, completely vulnerable despite how utterly powerful she was now, and she wiped her eyes and whimpered as she stood before him.

"Great Maker... You're beautiful." he said, and her features gaped, she didn't expect that reaction. She felt as if she was a monstrous deformity, but in her Xili's eyes... She wasn't.

She was thirty two feet tall now, with a chest that absolutely hung over her navel and cast sizeable shadows beneath her, with her massive tits distending even further than that to create twin rounded orbs that were fat and engorged with milk... gallons of milk per tit. Muscle rippled all over her body, her sex a thick pouch between her legs, her wings so huge that even when they were folded they were being dragged along the ground by their tips.

"Y-you really mean that? You're not just saying that?" she whimpered, and Xilimyth moved up to her, cupping the back of her massive thigh and slid his taloned hand up to her bottom to feel its firmness and then around her hip down over the front of her thigh to feel that too.

"I mean that." he smiled, "I also have a thing for large women." He smiled looking up at her as she looked down at him from between her truly, truly massive mammaries, and Kirii began to cry harder in her happiness. "I truly, truly mean that my sweet love... And I still would be more than honored if you were to bond with me."

Kirii knelt down so that she could look him in the eye, and she placed her huge hands, attached to her massively muscular arms on his shoulders, and he stepped forward, cupped her now armored face, and bent forward to lick and then kiss her lips.

"I love you, Kirii... Never scare me like that ever again."

Just then she pulled him in close and hugged him, her massive breasts cleaving to either side of his body, and she sobbed, rubbing her cheek against his, tears flowing from her wide angling eyes as he landed kisses all over her face and neck, and immediately enjoyed the situation that he was in as he was compressed between her mammaries and held within a pair of arms that were nearly as long as he was tall!!

It'd always been a great fantasy of his to be loved by a super-muscular fem with massive tits that were so large that he could fit his whole body between them. Now he had a dream come true!

Kirii purred as she rose out of the waters of the pool with the river and the waterfall, rising like an elegant goddess of power and fertility being born from the liquid of the pool; Xilimyth having already left and had been lounging and drying himself on a large rock that reflected the heat, his shaft already unsheathed and laying over his engorged testes as she rose sopping wet and happy again. He loved seeing her happy... for it made him happy...

She came to stand before him and he looked up at her as the setting sun glanced directly off the top of the mountain ring, right off her armored and bladed shoulder and also the massive rounded top of one of her primaries, and she glistened.

His shaft began to stiffen as he rose up off his rock and onto his feet, looking up at his lovemate, soon to be his lifemate, and he stepped close to her, cupping her behind, groping the superbly firm and rounded buttock, and stepping forward he fingered her sex with one hand, spread her pussy lips open with his fingertips, tipped his head forward and kissed those vaginal lips, nuzzled her there with his lips and nose and then began to lick her. Kirii opened her mouth and gasped, creaming immediately as he probed her with his long tongue, and she shivered, moaning as he worked on her sex.

He stepped forward, turning as his penis began to rise incredibly, flaring and bulging readily as he wrapped his hands about her waist, palming her powerfully feminine bottom and going to work on her sex with his mouth and tongue.

Kirii's legs sagged and she settled backward, and Xili lowered with her, and she arched her back as she laid on the sand, the sand caking onto her wet body and wings and she came in a jet that splattered about his face and chest, and swallowing some of her sweet nectar, he continued working on her sex till she moaned.

"Oh! Quit teasing and put it in~n!" she moaned, lifting her pelvis higher, her favorite thing to say to him now as they made love.

Xili rose, wiping his mouth clean as his mate began to breathe quicker, her hips gyrating already as she licked her lips, and Xili climbed the mountain of her body, angled himself as he pushed her legs till they rolled open, and he pierced her. He had doubted that he was going to be able to satisfy her, but her innards were so tight that he did fill her completely. Kirii flexed her muscles, tightening her boobs along her body in order to squirt her milk all over him and her, forcing them to swell more as her muscles tensed beneath them, and Xili found himself upon a bed of twenty-four firm and well-rounded tits as he fondled and massaged her, thrusting repeatedly into her and then finding himself looking down at her.

He smiled and she coiled over herself and the two of them kissed each other, and then proceeded to make solid love well into the morning.

As their new owners explored each other's sexuality, Kahn and Kismet, the transformed tigers, were growling and shuddering, their bodies pulsating. The Royal Jelly that they'd both lapped up had been

having some increased changes on them, and as they shuddered, their backs split open as they yowled in sexual tension, trying to bite themselves as glittering armor plates erupted from their flesh, their fur growing thicker, their bodies enlarging slightly as horns billowed out of their heads.

Their backs arched, armoring up as long fanning plates erupted out of the shoulders of their forward haunches. They were evolving thousands and thousands of years, becoming a completely new species thanks to the draconic power they'd both absorbed. A sort of pseudo-dragon they were becoming... Dragonnes were the name for the long forgotten species.

They became the first reborn members of their kind, while the many kittens – only days conceived now – that were inside Kismet evolved right along with their mother and father.

Kirii and Xilimyth would find a surprise waiting for them when they returned home.

Stage 9-D: Diverted Process - The Aile Dragoness

When Xilimyth was born, he was born during the age of Imperialism, when Great Britain's hold on the world was so vast, that the saying "The sun never sets on the British Empire" was coined. He was born of a mother that had been a quarter Negro from constant inbreeding with British citizen and soldier stock, but was also born as a Cheetah Lycan, though as a white-skinned Cheetah Lycan thanks to all the English cross breeding in Africa. His pride that he had been apart of had kidnapped him when he was just a boy in order to raise him among them just over three millennia ago, taught him about who and what he was, brought him up, raised him and then sent him on a Spirit Quest for manhood.

Through a long, in-depth process, Xilimyth was transformed and changed repeatedly, through the powers of a Weapon Core and a Dragini fruit, and likewise the changing powers of a Millennium tree into the form that he'd possessed whenever he was summoned before the Lord of all Dragons and given the assignment to watch over Kirii La'fond.

In Kirii La'fond's case, she was born a human, and thanks to the science that transformed her into a creature that mimicked a dragon, she nonetheless developed in the exact same way that Xilimyth had. She became a cat-person – though not a Lycan were-cat – who then became a dragoness, who then became a true dragoness, and then consumed a Dragini fruit to grow in strength and in power into something just short of a noble.

A different thing that had affected them both, however, was the addition of the Royal Jelly evolving and mutating not only their bodies, but the bodies of two Siberian Tigers that had been rescued from the New York Central Park Zoo.

The only thing thus far that separated Kirii and Xilimyth from each other now was that Kirii now lacked what we call a Weapon Core. A weapon core, simply put... is the power of the world. It transforms whoever can contain it into a guardian or a weapon of Earth... sometimes both.

To define the difference between Guardians and Weapons, Guardians are free to act for themselves, but have an overwhelming need to protect the planet and the tree that had given them their core. In the case of a Weapon, a Weapon is an entity that is controlled directly by the tree and has little if any will of its own. Little more than an animal intelligence. Weapons are typically more powerful than Guardians because of their connection to the world that they support, also because Weapons have a direct link to the ether of the world they are attached to that empowers them with a nigh unlimited power source, with their only limits being the Weapon's power Output.

A third variant of someone who has been given a Weapon Core is the Guardian-Weapon. These are exceptional Guardian class individuals who have the power of a weapon... so long as they remain upon the world that gave them that power. Guardians can actually leave the world in their need to protect the world if necessary. Very, very few individuals are classified as Guardian-Weapons. Lord Pseudodrake is of course the most prime example of these beings, especially since he is so trusted by the Earth that all thirteen of the Earth's present Millennium Tree's have gifted him with a Weapon Core. Even Tre'ent, eldest of the trees, has given up a core to Lord Pseudodrake... the only core the present World Tree has ever given up in its lifetime of tens of billions of years.

The remarkable transformation that Xilimyth himself had gone through when he earned his weapon core and became the Guardian of the Millennium Tree known as Leaf, now gives him the powers of a Noble Dragon... Practically a Royal.

To possess a weapon core... Is to become power.

If Lord Xilimyth's hypothesis is correct that his love is indeed following along in his footsteps to becoming the female counterpart to himself, then Kirii La'fond is soon to be surprised and severely changed as she gains the addition of a Weapon Core herself.

Kirii secured the leather collar around Kan's neck as the affectionate tiger... thing... licked her tits hanging out, trying to get some of her milk that he knew she gave so readily. Kirii favored him with a tit and he readily sucked from it, lifting a paw to press rhythmically against her tit like a kitten would as she scratched his short-maned head.

Xilimyth leaned back, dressed in his ankle-length kilt garb again, the bulge of his cock thrusting the front of the garment forward in a massively long and arching bulge as he watched his naked lovemate lay back against the blankets of her bed as Kismet – already collared – saddled right up next to Kahn and the two of them set themselves to nursing from her secondary breasts.

Xilimyth smirked at the sight of this, wincing at the sight of the razor-like claws that those tiger-like creatures possessed hurting his Kirii, but then looking at how supremely strong that she was, he dismissed that these tigers could ever harm her in a million years.

"I think they're beautiful." Kirii said as she scratched them both behind the ears, enjoying the feeling of them suckling from her.

She generated so much milk now that this was just faster than simply nursing herself in order to feed them.

"They are pretty." He said, and he slid his hand along Kismet's armor plated back as she suckled.

"But we really need to make a house for them, Xili. Kismet is pregnant now, and she'll have special needs."

Xili blinked.

"How do you know she's pregnant?"

"The machines in my head told me." Kirii said, smiling wanly at the thought that she had metal things building things in her head and body. "She's going to have a huge litter."

Xili nodded and then stood up, looking down at Kirii and smiling.

Today was the day...

After a good feeding from her kitties, Xilimyth and Kirii enjoyed a thorough romp in the bed till they'd both exhausted each other. And then while they lay in bed while the sun continued to rise, Xili told his future lifemate about their soon to be arriving guest: Blind IO... the Dragon Priest who was to seal and bond them to each other...

Blind IO was an individual in whom Kirii didn't ever expect when she finally met him, and despite that his name contained the word '*Blind*' she still didn't expect the individual who arrived to marry them.

Blind IO was a young looking dragon that was about Xilimyth's height, with long antennae that rose upward and down his back that brushed against his calves. His head was surrounded by a decoration of an ornate white crown of horns, but greatest of all was a massive visor like thing covering the place where his eyes would be, and at the very center of that visor was a great white gem like a clear, smooth-cut moonstone.

Long ears folded against the back of his head, and he walked in pristine white robes and carried a beautiful

white staff when he arrived.

Kirii had to squat and crawl through the house, and since she was too big for any clothes she was quite naked, yet happy that he was blind. What Kirii didn't know, is that Blind IO had a vision quality made up of hearing and extra sensual perceptions that allowed him to see someone in a greater quality than the visual spectrum just didn't do justice for. Not only did he see absolutely every last nuance of her bulging pecs and the undulating breasts and towering nipples those pectorals held, but he saw the tight vaginal mound caught between her legs as well. On top of that, his ability to see sound also allowed him to see her muscled back and tight behind... a complete three hundred and sixty view of her bodice.

As a matter of fact, with the myriad of visions he *did* have, even if one were wearing clothing, he could see right through them as well. Only the fact that he was a true and chaste priest, and the lifemate of Lady Evelynn, did he shrug off the superbly sexual maiden that greeted him.

"A beautiful maiden you've chosen, Xilimyth." IO said; his voice very soft and very kind as he smiled at Kirii. She blushed. "Forgive me for the rush, but I do wish to begin this bonding ceremony soon. My love is beginning to get very pregnant and I don't wish to leave her alone for a prolonged period of time."

"Of course, of course." Xilimyth greeted. "We'll wait for you down below by the pool, IO."

He bowed, and Xilimyth led Kirii by the hand as she crawled forward, her breasts dragging along the floor before they both leapt out into the air, soaring briefly before landing.

"W-what do we do?" Kirii asked as she knelt before Xilimyth so that she could be eye-level with him.

"First of all... I need to get naked." Xilimyth smirked as he began pulling off his clothes.

"Not that I'm complaining, but shouldn't we be holding that off till *after* the wedding?" she giggled and palmed his recently naked chest.

Xilimyth chuckled and then climbed up to stand on her thighs to kiss her.

"Yes... but apart of the ceremony is that we both approach the priest naked." Xilimyth smiled.

Kirii returned his kiss and nuzzled him. "Really? Or is this just another attempt to see me naked?"

"Love... you're always naked." Xilimyth chuckled and then settled backward. "We need to approach him separately... so go find a quiet place to hide, and when you hear the horn, come to the pool."

"Hide and go get married? I like this game." Kirii chuckled as he climbed off, and rising, she began to walk off. Xilimyth watched the swing of her hips in her walk as she moved off into the forest, and then finished sliding out of his clothes.

Kirii however, stepped deep into the forest, moving quickly thanks to her size till she suddenly found herself right at the base of the great tree. She blinked up at it as the wind blew through the leaves far, far above her. She moved up to the tree and leaned against it, and then looking down at her superbly muscular body, and the intense sexiness of her body, she began to smile as she watched her nipples begin to stand on end in excitement as to what she was about to enter into, and lifting a hand, she began to caress her soft breasts, feeling the felt-like feeling of her dragon's hide, her labia clenching and swelling while she began to purr. She then slid her hand pleasingly down her body and rubbed her crotch, getting it to moisten, getting her clit to harden; her pussy firming up and distending from her pelvis energetically.

She had plans with that male of hers after they were married. She was going to occupy his attentions for hours and hours.

But as she leaned up against the Millennium tree, trying to arouse herself into an erotic high, she was

unaware of the strange vines, creepers and trailers that were growing to either side of her inside the wood of the tree, the growing plants blooming with flowers and berries of all sorts as they grew, creeping upward about her, curving slowly high above her, and as soon as they met each other above her, forming an archway...

Kirii cried out as the tree suddenly sunk away behind her, and she fell through an open portal and disappeared inside the tree.

Xilimyth approached at the sound of the horn, arrived before IO as he stood patiently for his Kirii. And waited... And waited...

"Kirii?" he whispered, his face sinking.

He looked to the forest and waited, IO trying the horn again in case she hadn't heard.

And he waited...

Kirii lifted her eyes as she stood in an endless field of white, and rolling onto her belly and rising to her feet, she stepped forward, looking about her into a chamber that was white on all sides with no apparent walls or ceiling. She had no idea where she was, and when she turned to look backward, there was an archway shaped like an arbor, and she passed her hand through it repeatedly, looking for some way to return from the way she'd come, but there was nothing there...

Whatever gateway that she'd passed through had disappeared as soon as she fell in here.

Then she heard a girl giggling.

"Hello?" she managed and started walking forward toward the voice, finding an odd thing off in the distance in the direction of giggling, and she walked toward it, her long steps bringing her a great distance in a short period of time. "Is someone there?" she asked, her voice echoing strangely in this world she was in. "Please. I need help... I need to get back to my wedding!"

After a good while of walking, she came to stand before an odd thing. It was like a stalactite and a stalagmite had met together, and there was a throbbing spheroid looking thing that pulsed and beat like a heart beat, like a seed pod at where they met, the thing being at about her chest level. The stalagmite and the stalactite both seemed to be made of piles of moss and curling trailers

Kirii walked about it, wondering about the strange, strange thing.

"Hello?" she tried again, hoping that whoever was giggling at her would speak out again. "Is anyone there?"

No one answered.

Kirii was getting disappointed. She should be tying the knot right now... But thanks to whatever was going on here...

She was hoping that her Xili didn't think that she was abandoning her...

"She wouldn't abandon me, IO... Something's wrong." Xilimyth said, feeling a bit of a panic.

"Messenger, why did you say that just now?" IO said and Xili turned to him. "Why would you think she abandoned you?"

"I-I... I don't know. IO... Can you see anything; do you know where she is? Is she in danger?"

"Messenger, we are in the valley of a Millennium tree to which you are the guardian of. If there were danger, you'd know before me. But I nonetheless do not detect anything wrong."

Xilimyth was nonetheless thinking.

Kirii was becoming just like him: a perfect mate it seemed; Fate itself was forming her to be perfect for him... There was only one thing more for Kirii to go through in order to be just like him... And it was that thing that he feared right now.

A Weapon Core.

Kirii wanted to shout out. She wanted to shout out in utter frustration, and after awhile... She did.

"I'M SUPPOSED TO BE GETTING MARRIED!!!" she screamed, and then hit her fist against her muscular and massively thick thigh, before folding her arms beneath her primary breasts, the pair jostling firmly as they hefted high over both her powerful arms.

And then she heard something.

It wasn't giggling... No... This time it sounded more like wood creaking, and blinking, she turned to look at the strange bulbous thing at the center of the stalagmite and the stalactite begin to turn, and she suddenly saw that it was a knot in the wood. She blinked and unfolded her arms, amazed at this thing, and just then the knot in the wood broke open, and an eye stared right at her, and she gasped as her head filled with voices. Kirii immediately felt a headache, and then a piercing pain in her skull, and she screamed as the strange crawling things inside her body reacted, trying to block the voices out.

She saw lines of code rush across her vision, millions of lines of code amidst the voices and now the visions as her mind began to become programmed and the computer things in her head tried to fight the attack. It made the experience painful, as if her head were bursting open, and she shrieked as she fell to her knees, pressing her legs together and clutching her hands to her head as the computer in her tried to shut her body down in order to keep the attack from happening. But the attack, whatever it was that was assaulting her mind kept her awake, overriding the override, and she screamed amidst the turmoil, even as the ground around her began to rapidly grow with rocks and moss in a vast radius about this pillar, and long green tendrils lifted all about her, wrapping about her arms and her legs, and in her state, she was unable to fight it before she was lifted up off the ground.

More tendrils rose as the eye focused on her, and she began to feel the tips of those tendrils cutting in her, but the machines repaired her, and more pain assaulted her.

Whatever it was that was in her that was trying to knock her out and repair her, was battling the thing that was trying to keep her awake and cut her. Kirii screamed in pain as she was pulled apart spread eagle, and more tendrils assaulted her, wrapping about her body, her arms and legs, her breasts, her arms, her neck... Tendrils that were like thick vines invaded her, one up her anus, three up her pussy, two into her mouth, one in either ear and in either nostril. And then she felt herself segmenting, being pulled apart, and the machines in her electrocuted her body, feeding back power, which hurt her, trying to ward off the attack...

But then Kirii's blood spilt and she was opened up, bisected and separated while awake and alive.

Xilimyth collapsed to his hands and toes, breathing hard as something strange ran through his body. It collected in his heart, made it grow cold, and with a tremor and then a lurch, he was forced to his knees as he grasped his gut, and held himself up with one hand.

"Lord Xilimyth!" IO exclaimed as he lowered himself beside Xilimyth. "What's wrong?"

"I don't... Know..." he groaned, his groan ending in a guttural growl that then became a roar of pain as he collapsed over himself. "I feel... I feel..." he groaned again as his body suddenly began to swell with the sounds of cracking and breaking, portions of his body swelling outward, his wings unfolding with a shiver while the claws on his hand bulged.

"Xilimyth... I'll get a healer!"

"No!" Xilimyth growled, his hand lancing upward to take hold of IO's robes to keep him in place beside him. "Something'sss... Forcing me... To transform!" he gasped, his back separating just prior to his back shattering open, his propulsion pack forming as two massively long and flattened pylons lanced upward, just before they were pushed even further upward with his flaring bio-veneers, which were then pushed apart again. Xilimyth's eyes widened at this... his back unfolding a second time, disgorging something new, and he watched as a pair of fanning jets arched out of his back and separated, and he blinked in amazement as he gasped for breath in and out even as a mass of images, schematics it looked like, went rapidly through his mind, his guts changing and shifting inside his body to support these things, and he recognized programming code flaring before his eyesight in a rush.

The Hypernites! He thought, and then clenched his jaw as those bulging and rounded things extended and then opened into twin directional fans while his wings flaring to his sides as he grew larger and larger. Those were hyper jets his body was disgorging! He was never able to create hyper jets before!

The most elaborate propulsion pack of any dragon in existence continued to tear its way out of Xili's armor as he reformed, and as it were, also seemed to be growing more advanced than it'd been before as he continued to grow larger and thicker repeatedly, his muscles flaring, his manhood disgorging out of his tightened groin plates as he hissed with erotic pain and pleasure.

"Are you sure you don't need any aide, Lord Xilimyth?" IO asked; transforming himself within a matter of seconds to a full Royal as Xilimyth slowly and agonizingly grew into his Noble Form.

Spines and heavier armor formed about his body as his back flared wider, his wings disgorging and growing more massive, guide fins fanning outward, maneuvering jets and fins all over his body, and upon assuming his full form, a towering thirty four foot dragon with an impressive Crown of Horns, though presently not nearly as impressive as the one that now encircled IO's head, his head continued to crack open as more spines began to bulge from out of his head.

Xilimyth began panting as he steadied himself, fully changed, and then looked at his hand.

The claws were longer, his muscles thicker.

"What happened?" IO asked.

"Something's inside me... Forcing me to change... I."

And then something else began. Xili screamed as he grabbed his head, feeling as if his skull was about to split open.

"AHHHH!!!" he cried out, and then banged his head against the ground, his eyes widening further as he realized that he was changing again.

"Xilimyth!" IO exclaimed.

"Kirii!" Xilimyth cried out in return.

"What?" IO started in surprise as he rose from Xilimyth's body, even as his back exploded outward, erupting long hooking things made of bone, splattering blood all over his back just before the blood bubbled and boiled, forming muscle tissue around rising bones, and dragging pieces of armor up with them while his muscles steeled outward, his body thickening and growing taller, more bones erupting outward all over his body, out of his skull, his arms and legs... everywhere.

But regardless of the pain, he began crawling forward.

"I don't understand! Kirii is in pain... Leaf is in pain... Kirii's body is attacking Leaf... She's attacking Leaf's CORE! B-but... But Leaf is not asking for my presence... Why?"

"Lord Xilimyth..." IO started, and helped Xilimyth to rise as Xili clutched at his head even as his Rai Stone – The Dragon's Eye, the source of his psychic powers – swelled and extended forward on his skull. "...W-what are you talking about?"

"Lord IO..." Xilimyth said as he turned, his body transforming still, and spit frothed from his mouth over his lips from between his teeth while his body cracked open everywhere, spreading apart, lighting up from underneath his flesh with brilliantly blue light as metal bits and pieces erupted outward from the cracks in his flesh, lacing themselves over his flesh, forming circuitry, projecting biological transport tubes. "Listen to me." Xili continued and took hold of IO's chest plates with his claws as he turned on the dragon priest. "I need – AH! – I need... You to return to Lord Pseudodrake. Tell him... Tell him what you see here. Tell him – AHHH! – Tell him that Leaf has my Kirii!

"Leaf is imbedding Kirii with a Weapon Core!"

Kirii's head lulled about as she looked down at her body, held together only by a network of metallic cables and circuits that were in the barest of humanoid forms, but nonetheless held together. Her bones had been detached and dislocated, her body pulled open, her living hearts throbbing in the ensnared hand of a tendrill with the secondary rib cage holding those hearts pried open by a dozen more tendrils, and she was breathing slowly...

Before her, she saw two tendrils, energizing a ball of brilliant white light.

She was being held apart, her body constantly trying to reform thanks to the machines, the machines still trying to defend her, tried to repair her against a process that was trillions of years old that was being defied by the incredible power that was technology...

But those tendrils forming the ball moved forward now into her body as Kirii drooled stupidly, and she felt power... Unparalleled power... Being force fed into her in streamers of light from the tendrils holding her body. She looked up at the eye as it pushed outward on a stalk, looking at her kindly, it seemed, as it looked at the ball of energy it was putting inside her. And as soon as it flared and burned about her heart, the then tendrils began to push her closed again, the energy flooding into every part of her as the tendrils resealed every last cut and scrape they'd made to open her up, a form of surgery, as it were, closing her up and gently sewed the seams shut flawlessly, leaving not even a single mark on her body as they did. The tendrils reattached blood and bone, making seamless attachments, and the machines in her body saw this, saw that the tendrils were repairing the damage, and they asked her why, but her mind was too loose in order to answer.

Kirii was lowered to the ground as the tendrils let go of her, and she was laid on the ground, where she

collapsed, her breathing quickening as she felt the insurmountable power radiating in her, spreading to her fingertips, infusing her mind, her hearts pumping harder as she then closed her eyes and swallowed.

"Xili!!!" she groaned. "Xili!!!" she shrieked then, her voice coming out in an echoing cry that radiated in every direction and shook this world that she was in, and palming her belly, she rolled onto her back, her eyes tightening shut briefly before she opened them and looked up, and suddenly her eyes glowed brightly a solid color of green, her pussy swelling as her clit and nipples hardened till they ached.

"Xili help me!" she cried out, her eyes closing again, and inside her... she began to change.

"Kirii!" Xilimyth groaned, somehow feeling her suffer inside him, and he tried to rise to go to her but collapsed again. "Leaf! What are you doing to her?!" he cried out, crawling forward, coughing before the strange machines in him erupted inside him, and he felt things probing into the backs of his eyes, felt the new organs and devices mass growing inside him, attaching to his already existing powers, making him stronger, making his power more efficient, and then he felt a hand against his back and his head jerked up to look at its owner.

Pseudodrake himself with Blind IO standing behind him crouched over Xilimyth's changing body as Xili thickened physically, his body changing, even as a second pair of arms erupted out of his lengthening body and unfolded weakly as a pair of spindly arms that immediately began to thicken and bulk up.

"M-my lord." Xilimyth choked. "I'm on fire... Kirii... Someone has got to..."

"I know, Xili..." Pseudo said. "I asked Leaf's father, Tre'ent, and Tre'ent asked Leaf. Leaf... Took Kirii inside her... Leaf is responsible for everything that has happened to Kirii thus far. She is making another you."

Xilimyth stared up at him in shock. He expected as much, but wasn't too sure how to respond to the truth once it was verified. But then Xilimyth suddenly swelled thicker, definitely becoming top heavy as his muscles realigned and reformed, and the weapons and the equipment attached to his back and body grew more and more numerous while he groaned through his teeth. His shoulders rose, flaring, bulging with heavy armor, his horns thickening, his teeth lengthening, and he felt those strange machines in his body advancing rapidly inside him.

Heavier weapons and sensors broke out of his back, and his armor grew heavier and heavier all around his body.

He was turning into a war machine!

"T-then what's happening to me?!" he gasped, rubbing his head against the ground, tears escaping from his eyes.

"My lifemate states that when you ingested Kirii's blood and got a healthy dose of the hypermites in her system." IO said behind Pseudo. "Since they're in you now, they are advancing you like they are to Kirii, and like they are to Eve."

"T-that must be more than just a coincidence..." Xilimyth gasped, and then tensed as his muscles swelled suddenly in every direction... even his phallus was engorging larger and larger as it erected from between his thighs. He tried to hide his erecting phallus from two of the lords of the council, and then spasmed as two more sets of bio-veneers erupted and fanned out of his back, his wings expanding, and a pair of massive pylons rose from his back, thickening and transforming while more circuitry and bio tubes erupted about his body to link components.

And inside him, his weapon core was elevating in power, and remarkably... it was linking to the core in his

beloved's chest!

"I need to get to her!" he said and tried to crawl forward, now using his still growing second pair of arms to aid him, but another spasm took him, and he screamed out as his ribs all erupted outward, his abs thickening and growing more numerous, heavier armor, heavier muscle, but adversely, more than satisfactory flight systems to compensate.

"No Xilimyth... rest. Leaf will take care of her. She's promised that Kirii will not be harmed permanently, but something in her – we assume the hypernites – are making it difficult."

"No... I must be there... Kirii's frightened!"

"There's nothing you can do." Pseudo said, and sat down beside Xili and placed a powerful, calming hand on Xili's head as his horns and ears all flared, his antenna rising upward and drooping forward as Xilimyth looked up at the First King of Dragons.

"B-but... she needs me." Xili cried, now feeling the hardest pain in his chest as his hearts broke with his need to go to her, but being unable to...

Kirii stared up in the air, her eyes wide as she cried, her body convulsing while her pussy throbbed between her legs. She shuddered and her body lurched upward, her back spasming so hard she thought her spines must've just shattered, her back arching deeply while all down the length of her body, her body split apart and then segmented at her chest and all across her back, white lights tracing all about her form and peaking out the cracks, following the surgical edges that the tendrils had cut in her just before those edges began to erupt outward, thickening, tightening, and then bulging in explosions of muscle that jostled and throttled her bodice jerking her in varying directions with each exploding muscle mass.

She moaned as she rolled onto her side, her hips gyrating in an odd feeling of pleasure, panic and pain as her body continued to segment, her muscles separating before they began to engorge with massive levels of muscle might. She cried out, moaning as she felt an explosion of cum erupt from between her folded and curled legs; splattering her juices against the undersides of her thighs and all over her bottom; her cum erupting in a jet while her body steadily grew. Her muscles continued separating, swelling, firming up, and then separating again even as she rolled her back outward; her tail thickening and growing longer, broadening to swell about her back wide enough to cover nearly the whole of her butt cheeks as the whole of her spine right down to the tip of her tail engorged three times in thickness and half again in length.

The blades of her spines lanced backward as her back arched, her thighs rounding, her bottom swelling and firming up, and she felt odd things pushing about her body as the computer in her mind enhanced, and the metallics in her body grew stronger, thicker and stronger.

With a groan and an additional eruption of cum, she felt her primaries and secondaries swelling, pressing against the ground while her spread wider and wider, flaring about her body and drooping along the ground, and she moaned as her back arched and grew heavier and heavier with hide, scale and plates, her head lifting as she cried out, her claws lengthening, her hands strengthening, her forearms flaring, and her triceps and biceps bulging while her arms separated from her body and settled backward more. Her breasts distended from her chest, rapidly doubling in size as her body lengthening some and her neck grew longer, but unlike her love, as she lengthened, she also thickened in every proportion, especially her breasts, which engorged, thickened and massed with mammary glands which immediately all grew heavy with her milk. As her tits filled with milk, her areola and nipples swelled and hardened, and rolling onto her back, she gasped and gaped at her thickening chest and belly while her back continued to amass along her back, flaring about her body, cradling her as all those tits swelled outward, crowning and amassing into a multitude of feminine glory apiece. Each chest muscle and abdominal swelled and tightened, her body separating down her middle a whole inch, all so that her pectorals and abdominals could swell all that much larger, and as her body spread apart for this, her flesh yet again began to shred open.

She moaned as she orgasmed again, lifting her hands to tear her flesh open and off her body, peeling it open like one would do to a body suit, her flesh pulling out of the tightened slit of her pussy, out from her anus, and her tail lifted as she pressed both hands between her legs to rub her sex and moaning in a myriad of sensations, the most spectacular was the pain of her pleasure.

Her back erupted open then, her armor shattering off to reveal new plates and devices which thickened and disgorged nodes that rapidly unfolded into fins and bio-veneers. Her calves flared apart and disgorged rocket jets, her armor growing harder and more plentiful while her muscles filled that armor to its fullest, and even then swelling so heavily that her back flared and hunched with her every convulsion, her wings flaring and growing gossamer-like with their glittering feathers. But then something happened to her wings, the feathers lengthening and hardening, the bristles of each feather fanning as the bristles of each feather merged till it was one solid heavy plate hanging from her wings. Her wings shivered as each feather began to harden into armored feathers, the elaborate formation of her wings growing longer and harder, overlapping repeatedly.

More gems erupted from her body, her brows erupting with more horns as her teeth lengthened, her face pushed forward, and her tits engorging firmly.

“Xili!!” she cried out, and then orgasmed.

Xilimyth ejected a lance of seed from his erect phallus as it waved beneath his body.

“Kirii!” he screamed, shuddered, and then his back exploded with more and more complex things erupting out of him, electrical bolts cascading about him, and wherever those electrical bolts touched his body, his armor thickened and hardened, and newer physical abilities formed as existing ones grew larger and more complex. He could feel his powers growing, almost to the edge of his ability to contain, but as he grew, the edge moved further and further out.

His wings were beginning to feather the feathers forming into plates, more gems erupting outward of his body as he glowed from the inside a soft haze of blue, the light shining through cracks in his armor as he grew heavier, the density of his muscles increasing as he grew larger, but maintaining that lithe flexible look he always held.

As he breathed, feeling Kirii in his head, frightened and in the same mixture of sensations as he was, he felt his prick wiggle beneath his body before he ejected another lancing jet of cum. His loins were doing something to him that he'd never felt before but Breeder Dragons had the capability to feel, which was a multiple orgasm.

To a male, this sensation was a mind-boggling and truly alien experience that made his mind shudder as he drooled stupidly with the changes and transformations happening to him.

Kirii spread her legs wide as more armor and scales erupted about her body, her swollen labia pressing against the ground as she came hard, forming a puddle of her nectar beneath her as her chest lurched forward, her breasts jostling as her muscles tightened harder and harder beneath her ever so soft dragon hide. She murred as she rubbed her sex against the ground, moaning hard as her shoulders rolled, long blades escaping from her shoulders as her pristine and white wings flared at her back, folding downward over her shoulders like a feathered cloak, her back jutting outward, and massive arching things flared wide, her eyes glowing a leafy green as she felt a power... a sheer, wondrous, feminine power settle in her bowls just behind her pussy... it was a power over males.

She moaned as her knowledge of her feminine powers grew with her bulging mammaries and the swelling

pocket of flesh of her cunt, her labia spreading open and swelling, her clitoris engorging.

She looked like a glittering white angel now, highlighted with blue as her chest thrust even further outward, armed with six massive breasts between her primaries and secondaries that undulated heavily, supported by chorded pectorals which was likewise supported by a cage of powerful ribs.

She orgasmed again, rearing her powerful body as she grew only a couple more feet, but her arms engorged, thickening, growing more massive, her pussy vibrating repeatedly as she ejected several bursts of her sexual juices all over the ground, her back flaring and her chest muscles, a repeating series of overlapping chords bulging thicker; each individual chord of her chest radiating outward from her arms as they all swelled heavier and heavier. She gasped as she flexed her arms tighter, feeling her arms thickening as her chest thrust further forward, her back further backward, her back flaring wider about her sides and front, spreading her shoulders into sexy masses of bulging muscle.

And then she gasped as she felt something cracking along the forward ridge of her abdominals and suddenly Kirii felt added feeling rolling along her ribs just beneath her secondary sets of breasts, and as her flesh began to shred off her again, two new arms unfolded, spindly little things, just before they began to expand, fill and strengthen.

Xilimyth gasped as those new arms on his body tensed and flexed, thickening, growing larger, his chest muscles swelling, his back flaring while an array of fins fanned along his back, his crown of horns becoming more elaborate, his features more noble.

He looked down at his new arms as they lengthened, bulged and increased his sack swelling between his legs, while the hard, arching and lengthened stalk of his cock became riddled with muscle ribs and a webbing of bulging veins. He reached down with one of his new arms and felt the power in his cock... a massive power in his loins that gave him a power over females... the power of a Breeder. He was learning to control that power now, his eyes closed tightly as he focused on the throbbing power in his pulsating manhood, not believing the excitement escalating down its length as his new arms thickened with biceps, his triceps flared and bulged backward, and his new forearms flaring...

And Kirii orgasmed again, feeling Xilimyth in her it seemed, she feeling him not only inside her chest, trying to reach out and hold her, she moving into that embrace and moving into him, but she felt as if his cock were pushing her labia apart and throttling her insides, humping her hard and studiously, calming her as she knelt there, massaging her sopping wet pussy with her new hands as the fingers went from three fingers on her new hands to five as two of the fingers separated and thickened independently of each other; her arms billowing and bulging while her original pair of arms massaged and cajoled her breasts, squeezing gushing rushes of milk out of her.

Her back was a *massive* edifice, built to absolutely protect her completely from the rear, the massive flaring back also supporting her gossamer wings that flared beautifully and crystal-like at her back. Her chest jut outward along her sensually curving bodice, her hips wide and her bottom thick and rounded, and she breathed in and out carefully as her nipples quivered, twenty four nipples erect and hard, and leaking her milk as she coaxed her womanhood into new levels of sexuality.

She was beginning to feel herself returning... she could think again at least now... she knew who she was again and what had happened, and opening her eyes, she lifted her four arms and looked at her arms, feeling the invisible muscles flaring about her body before she rose to her feet, her gossamer wings still folded against the ground before she weakly raised those as well, folding them against her back, listening to the feathers clack together. The computer in her head was expanding in her skull, the mass of wires lining all her nerves and the muscular chords and pistons about her muscles made grinding sounds as she flexed, her flesh actually glowing with power as she tightened her arm muscles, hearing her armor plates rub

against each other with a series of clacking sounds.

She was growing stronger, feeling power in her head, in her heart, in her loins, in her arms, in her back and wings. She could see data scrolling rapidly across her eyesight as programs for utilizing all her new powers were made and instantly uploaded to her brain, and she clenched all her fists feeling her muscles bulging unnaturally massive, and unbeknownst to her... they were unnaturally massive even for a dragoness. She stepped forward a bit awkwardly, learning spontaneously everything about her as panels against her bare flesh glowed from power receptors, built by the machines in her, absorbing all the background radiation in the environment around her in order to gain even more power for those machines ...

She walked unsteadily for a few steps, looking great and beautiful and then palmed her head with one hand, two more hands folding about her middle; hefting four of her tits up over the meaty, muscular and lightly armored arms as she teetered there. As if it were an automatic thing, she walked forward, like being shunted off of a production line, and approached the green archway that opened once again by lighting a field of brilliant, radiant white light beneath it like a cascade of sunlight, and she stepped forward out into the real world, and with a click, her mind awoke to what she was now, and she gasped, and then looked down at her hands, counted first one then two, then three and four hands, and rolling her eyes back into her skull, she fainted.

Kirii opened her eyes slowly, finding herself in a chamber that was no where in Xili's home in the branches of the great tree. She was surrounded by stone, and lying in a bed that was large enough, and lavished enough, to hold a thirty four foot tall dragoness.

She sat up, finding herself naked with some form of soft hide blanket covering her mid section. She folded two arms over her middle and propped herself up on the other two without even thinking about it, and when she did, she gasped and then counted her hands again, but this time she didn't faint.

At the moment... she didn't know what to think about this.

Two months ago, she was a scrawny, lithe, flat-chested fem, and now she was an Über powerful dragoness, with twenty four tits, and more muscle than maybe the entire human race on the planet Earth combined.

She pulled her blanket aside, tucking her legs elegantly beneath her as she found that there was a silky blanket beneath that before she rose to her feet in a chamber that was somewhat dark. There was a band of soft blue light around the base of the chamber, emanating from a recessed groove, and a pair of great doors set against one side of the circular room.

The bed was done with silken draperies, and there were works of art about the room with books and such in rounded shelves that lined the walls and a large desk on one side of the chamber. And then she found a stand with a very large white gown on it near the bed. The gown was just her size too, with more than ample fabric for her more than ample chest. She picked up a corner of the gown and half smiled, finding that it was silken and glittering, and then her eyesight somehow magnified on the fabric, and she saw actual strings of silver woven into it.

It was so exceedingly fine.

She picked it up, and then dressed in it, finding ties at her hips, with the top like a great poncho that hung over only one side of her body, with a deep, heavy sleeve over her right side, but had a string strap that climbed over one of her shoulders and left her whole left side open. Her nipples were barely covered, with the rest of the long cloth hanging all the way down to her ankles, with elegant cuts along her sides. The whole of it was embroidered with intricate and precisely made decorations that covered the whole of the large cloth, with darker white cloth inside the embroidery to set it apart, while across the shoulders and down the deep arm sleeve were more designs embroidered in soft blue. More strings and straps, that were like steel cables surrounded in titan-silk cloth so that they didn't rub her body raw or saw her armor and

scales open, crisscrossed along her left side and left hip, as well as arching up over her left shoulder. It was the most elegant thing she'd ever worn.

She dressed and folded three of her hands over her bodice, feeling the fabric over her enormous breasts, the front cut low to reveal her cleavage, and suddenly wishing to know what she looked like, she turned and suddenly found a mirror right before her, and she blinked, not really remembering seeing that there a moment ago.

But she nonetheless stepped up to it and looked at herself, enjoying the way she looked, and then she flexed her arms and body, and smiled at the feeling of the sheer unmitigated physical strength her body held... and then she heard a click.

Turning, she saw the door handle of the room opening, and a small female dragoness with small wings and only two arms entering with a large porcelain bowl.

"Oh! Forgive me... I didn't know that you'd awaken, my lady." She curtsied and then entered.

"W-who are you?" Kirii asked and folded a pair of her arms together beneath her sizeable mammaries, shifting her weight onto one foot as she looked at the young dragoness who appeared to look like a teenager.

"My name is Kristina, miss." She curtsied again. "I came to deliver some food for you, Mistress, and attend to your needs." And she turned and waved her hand before a crystal in the wall by the door and the light in the chamber slowly climbed from a very dull blue to a comfortable white light, and as the light climbed, the walls seemed to illuminate as well, and soon she had the impression that she was standing on a platform in the middle of an open air stand.

"Mistress?" Kirii repeated, blinking as she stood there in her gown, seeing this young dragoness dressed in subtle linens and silks, but they were very colorful.

"Yes, my lady. It's only proper to call you that. A title of respect." Again she curtsied.

"Hm... Kristina I really like all of the titles and curtsies, but please..." and Kirii stepped forward, taking the porcelain bowl from her hands, set it on a table and then took her shoulders and her hands with the four of her hands. "But you shouldn't feel that you need to. I'm just a regular girl... just like you."

She blushed.

"Thank you... but I'm not developed enough to count myself as a royal like you, Mistress."

"A royal?"

"Certainly. By your crown." And she indicated the elaborate horns decorating Kirii's brow.

A crown? Kirii thought, and turned and looked at her features in the mirror, seeing three gems in her brow, and an elaborate bristle and hodgepodge of horns and spikes decorating her brows and scalp that were all framing her mane of long white hair beautifully. It looked like the crown an empress would wear.

Kirii turned back and looked at the young girl who began removing things from the bowl and setting them on a table that had suddenly appeared out of nowhere that was long enough for one person and had a high-backed chair situated before it already. Kirii blinked, as she watched the girl produce things from the bowl, like a crystal carafe filled with ice water, a glass, a wine bottle, a second glass but a flute glass, many eating utensils, two plates that she set the smaller on top of the larger, a bowl that she set in its proper place above the plates, and began dishing out foods from the porcelain bowl like magic.

"Excuse me... but could you tell me where I am?"

“Where you are, Mistress?” Kristina asked, turning to Kirii and Kirii nodded, showing the young dragoness that Kirii really didn’t know where she was. “You’re at the Dragon’s Tower, Mistress. They brought you here and said that you’d fainted from exertion... and Lord Xilimyth said that you were to be cared for at all costs, so...”

“Xili’s here?!” Kirii gasped.

“He is, Mistress. The Messenger wanted you to be as comfortable as possible. Lord Pseudodrake,” she curtsied to that name. “Said that you were to receive the finest guest room.”

Kirii sat down. *'The Messenger?' A lord? But there were no lords or royalty on Earth. At least... not with humans and the dragons she knew.*

“A-am I allowed to leave?” Kirii ventured.

“I should say that you can, Mistress. If you so wanted to.”

“I want to see Xili...” Kirii said immediately.

“He is in council now, Mistress. You are to be brought before them once you’ve rested and had a good meal. Now eat up,” she said and poured some water and some of the wine from the carafe and from the large bottle that she had to hold with both hands. “You don’t want your meal to get cold...”

Kirii ate slowly and carefully... feeling normal for once in a couple of months... if one could call having four arms normal...

Kristina took to brushing and then styling Kirii’s hair while Kirii ate, setting her with decorations made of fine silver and jewels, even studded her horn tips with gold, the jewelry decorated in fine gems and jewels as well. Kirii felt as if she were wearing a nation’s crown jewels with all the little silver chains, the hair stays and the elaborate array of fine metals. After Kirii was finished eating, Kristina opened a wall where literally hundreds of fine gowns and dresses could be found, selected one, and helped Kirii into it over her present gown, adding two more layers of tapestry like clothes over her body, with supports for her sizeable bosom to heft it up higher, complete with a sheer blue cloth and a heavy white linen bodycloth decorated with supple brown leathers and trimmed with gold and jewels, Kristina fastening the two layers to her expertly, brushing it down and making sure that all was in order about her.

She then began to artfully array her mane of hair, pulling out and reading the hair stays, with more gems and jewels.

“Are you to be my handmaiden then, Kristina?” Kirii asked suddenly after a subtle decoration of makeup was applied to her face of soft accenting greens and a red berry stain to her lips highlighted with black.

“That is one of my functions, Mistress.” Kristina curtsied again.

“Then stop calling me Mistress, stop curtsying and look me in the eye.” Kirii smiled, and then rose to her feet.

Kirii looked at herself in the mirror, and felt her breath catch. She looked elegant and beautiful... like a goddess, which was a feat for a fem with so much muscle mass and mammary goodness.

“As you wish.” She nodded, and then smiled. “I think I like you all ready... Kirii.”

“Much better.” Kirii paused, folding two hands over her heart, the other two over her loins. “Kristina...

may I see Xili now?"

"I shall inquire... please wait here a moment."

And Kristina left through the door, and Kirii, after a moment of pause, followed.

She stepped just out of her room onto a porch like thing that overlooked a valley, the porch so large that it was larger than some homes she'd been in. Apparently her room was one of many surrounding a communal room, like an elegant mansion built for dragons that were just her size. Which meant there were other dragons in the world that were just her size? Stepping over to the edge of the porch, to several huge open bay windows overlooking the valley at the edge of a sunken area where there were many large soft couches and chairs, Kirii lifted two of her hands to the stone railing about the windows and gasped at what she saw.

It was like looking down into a more perfect version of the Valley in which the Millennium Tree that Xili built his house atop of, only much, much larger. And at one side of the valley was a tree. This tree, which as white as the last one where Xili made his home within, nonetheless towered several times that tree's size. It's base was much thicker, looking to be several miles wide, and its roots radiated through the whole valley up the mountain slopes, and burrowing right into the mountain itself!

And there were people here!

It was cool up here where she stood, but not as cool as she thought it would be at the top of a mountain. Keeping two hands folded before herself, the other two lowered to a railing as she looked out into the valley, and smiled, feeling herself at peace.

Everything was so green and beautiful, with towering shards of rock that were un-scalable. With the tree and its massive branches and leaves spreading miles up into the air, and the leaves being white, she could understand how this place has remained hidden. From a satellite's view, the white leaves must've looked like snow. The same would've been true for the tree in which Xili made his home within.

Also, like the valley she hoped to make a home with Xili in, the very walls, nearly up to the peak of the mountains, were covered in green mosses, trailers and vines with sporadic grasses. The edge of the mountain were decorated with rice patties, there were huge lakes, two rivers, towering waterfalls, and around the great tree was a city of homes and shops built one layer on top of the next, and within the towering tree itself were holes cut in its sides for more homes.

Kirii smiled as she stood there, but then suddenly a door open and Kirii turned and blinked as her handmaiden entered and curtsied promptly.

"They will see you now, Kirii." Kristina said.

Kirii beamed. "Finally..."

The Dragon's Tower was, as Kirii found, a mountain. It was a mountain whose roots went very, very deep into the Earth... *miles* into the earth. Kristina actually took Kirii through a short cut, which meant flying across the core of the mountain, which was a shaft that was miles wide, and tens of miles from top to bottom. Far below glowed the red glow of magma and lava.

Kirii's wings spread like glittering angel's wings, and they were massive and gossamer, easily dwarfing the relatively tiny ones that Kristina had, and after Kristina landed and turned, she ooded and ached at the majesty of her new lady before Kirii landed behind her, though a bit awkwardly.

"You are so beautiful, Kirii." Kristina said, helping Kirii to rise by one arm as Kirii held onto the pillars of

the landing platform with three arms, and looked over her head in order to consciously figure out how to fold her wings back up into those plates on her back again.

“T-thank you.” Kirii blushed, and then lurched forward once her wings had folded. Kristina helped smooth out her gown again.

“You must be the most beautiful dragoness alive. I hope I'm like you when I grow older.”

“How old are you?” Kirii asked with a wan smile.

“I'll be three hundred and two this July.” She beamed, but Kirii suddenly developed a brief eye twitch at hearing that this young fem was many times her elder.

Kirii passed other dragons and dragonesses on the way, though they were all smaller and not as developed as she was. They looked at best like the greater dragons and dragonesses that she knew of where she came from, those that were bigger than the lessers by two maybe three times the height. She towered over even them by head, chest and shoulders distance.

The further that Kristina led her, the more elaborate the hallways became, and also the more traffic there was. She also saw humans both males and females walking along special walkways along the side of the halls so as to keep from being underfoot. The halls were decorated with massive murals and hanging tapestries, and a good large amount of precious stones and minerals. A small section of some of the metal and gemmed artwork could've kept one living comfortably for the rest of their lives!

And then they came to a pair of truly massive and ornate double doors, done in heavy wood, carved intricately and made to be beautifully ornate, gilded, speckled with gems, and wrought in heavy iron.

“I cannot go any further, Kirii.” Kristina said. “I may not enter the council chambers unless I'm summoned.

“Is Xili inside?” Kirii asked.

“He is. Good luck.” And just then, the doors shuddered, surprising Kirii with a start, and then began to swing open.

Kirii suddenly felt frightened as she stepped forward across the threshold of the doorway, feeling like Dorothy entering into the lair of the Wizard, but this time Dorothy didn't have the Scarecrow, Cowardly Lion or the Tin Man to accompany her. She didn't even have a little dog nipping at her heels. She crossed over the threshold and into the chamber beyond, and the doorway immediately closed behind her. The chamber was dark, save for a single pillar of light at the very center that was dozens of yards away, and as she walked forward, looking timid, she came to stand at the center of the pillar.

She stood there for a short while, and the longer she stood there, her shoulders ever so slowly began to hunch about her head. She could feel many eyes on her at the moment.

“Are you uncomfortable, Kirii La'fond?” a pair of voices seemed to say... sounding incredibly gentle.

“A little...” she said. “All this is so very unfamiliar. Who are you?”

And a light illuminated from above, and Kirii gasped as she saw the creature before her, a towering forty foot dragon with four arms, and a crown of horns even more elaborate than her own. He stood regally, beautifully... a perfect paragon.

“Please do not be frightened. You are in absolutely no danger here, Kirii. My name is Pseudodrake.”

"I've heard your name." Kirii replied. "You're the Lord of this place." Kirii said, and this towering Dragon with the center of a tank smiled.

"Some like to think that I am the one and only lord of this place, Kirii, but it's just not true. They offer me much respect in that way."

Kirii hugged herself with all four arms. "Where's Xili..." she whimpered, feeling afraid despite the kind demeanor of her host.

"He's in these chambers, Kirii... but I must warn you... he is not as you remember him on the outside, though his heart and mind remains very much the same as the dragon that you are already familiar with."

"Please," Kirii hugged herself tighter. "I want to see him."

Pseudo nodded, and then looked to his side, and indeed, a tall, white and blue dragon stepped into the pillar of light Pseudo stood within, only to have Pseudo's strong and powerful hand lower onto this dragon's double shoulder.

Kirii stared at him, her antenna raising with her eyebrows, her ears lifting and her horns fanning as she saw the stylized, gorgeous looking dragon that stood before her, wrapped like some young knight with feathered wings that were just like hers, glittering and white, though his back held two massive slats that dangled down to his ankles.

"Kirii," this new dragon breathed, and stumbled forward a little. "Kirii it's me. Please try to believe me..."

He stepped forward again and she backed up.

"I... I don't know." She suddenly cried. "How do I know you're Xili?" she whimpered.

"Heh... she's so worthless to us, my lord." A third voice said, and a pillar of red light fell upon something that made Kirii squeal.

Where Pseudodrake was a paragon of power and love, this creature was a nightmare of hate. She looked away and cowered in the light she herself was in, not moving to Xilimyth.

"Aries, these are very unfamiliar surroundings for her." Yet another voice said, and another white light formed around yet another dragon, this one primarily blue with black highlights. He was practically built up and as ornate as Pseudodrake and Aries were. "She was once a human who has been made into a dragon, I think that even you would find difficulty in these surroundings."

"Not likely. Look at all the blessings she's been given, and here she is, cowering before us. She cannot even stand up straight. She's worthless... best to destroy her now, and..."

"Aries!" Pseudodrake suddenly said, his voice flaring with power that washed over Kirii and made her even more frightened. "You're frightening her."

Kirii didn't notice it amidst her tears, but Pseudo suddenly began applying pressure on Xili's shoulder to tell him to move forward to comfort her while he locked eyes with Aries. Xilimyth looked up at him, and then began moving forward, but Kirii collapsed to her knees and shied away from him.

"No..." she moaned, and Xilimyth agonized that she was shying away from him like that. His beautiful Kirii was shying away from him! "I don't know where I am. I want to go home! Xili! Please take me home!" she sobbed.

"Fah!" Aries scoffed. "Weak... weak and decadent, just like a human. Let me, my lords... I shall destroy this vagabond of a genetic throwback who dared to consider herself worthy of becoming a dragon."

“No! Kirii!!” And Xilimyth moved to protect her, rushing to her side to protect her from even Aries.

But Kirii squealed as she saw him approaching, and then screamed, her lower jaw cleaving open into a pair of jagged mandibles as she did and a second jaw lowering as electricity sparked all about her mouth, just before vents in her neck opened and lit up with burning fire. It was defensive and involuntary, and her chest billowed with light as she blew a breath of atomic-grade fire from her mouth that caught Xilimyth full in the chest, and if not for erecting spell shields and the use of his new electromagnetic shields, he would've been consumed within the fire as he was hurled backward right into Pseudo, who caught him and held him, swinging his massive wings around Xili to protect him amidst the force of what was undoubtedly a Mega-Flare breath weapon.

The coveted breath weapon of the most powerful of Dragons was hers to command.

Kirii's saliva dripped from her mouth, hissing like acid against the ground of the chamber as she stared at what she'd done, and suddenly, she felt Xilimyth's heart stop inside her, and thinking that they'd just killed him, she bawled as she screamed out in horror, rose to her feet and surged toward the barely visible door, and lifting her muscled four arms, she assailed the door, her invisible muscles flaring with a pulse that warped the air around her, and likewise warped the door, her real muscles glowing brightly as her claws slid into the wood, and she tore the doors off their hinges and rushed away with a flurry of skirts and her long tail, disappearing from their presence with a shrieking wail like a banshee.

She found an open window after many long minutes of searching for a way out and threw herself out of it, and spreading her wings immediately, tried to find where she was. She had to get back to her Xili!

They were going to be married...

This is a nightmare... this is a nightmare... where are you Xili! Wake me up!

With a gentle touch, Pseudodrake healed the shattered chest plates of Xilimyth's shattered body and Xili gasped as he became immediately awake.

“KIRII!!” he shouted, his wings unfolding.

“Good riddance.” Aries said. “Now can we get along with more important measures that actually pertain to us...”

And Xilimyth snapped.

In the blink of an eye, with speeds that no dragon in known existence was thought to be able to duplicate, Xilimyth was on top of the most deadly of dragons in existence, his claws tightening into the muzzle of that demonic dragon, who was about to end Xilimyth's life, if not for the sudden appearance of two long pylons that rose from Xili's back, locked into place, opened up with a snap and a hiss of electrical fire, and suddenly began to sparkle with building energy till its lines and grooves burned bluish-white with power.

“You... SCARED HER!” Xilimyth screamed; his glowing eyes wide and turned red with rage.

“Get off...”

“SHUT UP!!” Xilimyth shouted, and suddenly the whole chamber rumbled as every line on his body flared with blue-white light. “You bullied me and insulted me for as long as I could remember... because in your mind, I'm not a *'true'* dragon. Well you forget...”

“NEITHER ARE YOU!!” And the entire chamber rumbled with the eruption of power that lanced from

Xilimyth's body.

"You can mock me, call me names, insult me all you want... but you... frightened her! You frightened the one and only creature who'd dared love me, you frightened the one and only treasure I ever had, and if I loose her because of you, then you and I are going to see what a pair of one and a half terawatt particle beam cannons to your eyeballs will do!

"Call me crazy... but I think that it'll blow your whole head off! And we'll see how well you can heal yourself with no freaking head!" And Xilimyth got to his feet and whirled, already unfolding his wings as he hurried after Kirii as those massive pylons retracted and locked back into his back.

Aries suddenly rose; the look in his eyes murderous.

"Aries..." the voice was calm and direct, and Aries stopped immediately as if the voice were a word of command. "You've done enough damage for today, Harbinger... you leave them alone."

Lord Pseudodrake was the only dragon in existence in which Aries showed any allegiance or respect to. There was another... but she was a dragoness... the female who'd replaced him in the council, and allowed him to go his way.

The Lady Eve...

"And he did have a point, Aries." Bahumat said. "You do show a bit of hypocrisy in the way that you belittle those elevated dragons."

Neo Bahumat, present Emperor Dragon of the Prime Universe, and Aries tended to butt heads a lot.

"No bickering..." Pseudo said, and lifting a hand, the great towering doors to the council chambers reshaped themselves, reattached and closed themselves before the portal leading here with but a gesture.

The lights in the council chamber began to rise, showing a good hundred dragons all about the chamber, some from this universe, most from others...

"The Messenger has been invaluable to us." Pseudo said. "For the longest time, he's been completely alone, till now. The Millennium Tree Leaf has engineered Fate for him, to elevate a pure heart – a human woman – to the level of power that we dragons hold, and as she surpassed him, but she also raised him so that together, they became, in a word, perfect for each other.

"Though this introduction for Kirii didn't go as well as I'd hoped it would," there was some murmuring, and Aries ignored all the looks. "It nonetheless must be recognized that Lord Xilimyth is no longer alone. Her markings are identical to his, save for the spots versus stripes, which marks her as the same tribe and clan as Lord Xilimyth. Though they've yet to be bonded, they are nonetheless sealed by the Blood Bond.

"The apparent level of power that Xilimyth possesses, and that of his new lovmate, can no longer be restricted to that of a Noble... they must now likewise be reclassified as royals."

"But my lord!" Aries gasped.

"Furthermore," Pseudo continued over Aries' outburst. "They're no longer classified as a mere Protean Dragon, or a dragon of no specific classification. They shall now find themselves amidst the Clan of the Ikari and the Tribe of the Aile, which means '*Wing*,' and I wish to acknowledge the Messenger's exploits and all that he's done for this council by giving him right to form his own house, and allow him to choose a surname."

"B-but my lord! Certainly he doesn't warrant that much of a..." Aries began, but Pseudo turned and with but a gaze, Aries silenced himself.

"Lord Aries... who was it... who located that precious medallion of your long dead wife so that you might begin to narrow your search for her?"

Aries immediately fell silent. Xilimyth had.

"You, of all people, Aries... should know better upon how precious a female is to the male who loves her with all his heart." Pseudo said under his breath, loud enough for Ares to hear.

Aries hung his head. His wife was murdered nearly a hundred thousand years ago. He literally rose up out of hell, and found that she hadn't followed him. So he goes back into hell... searching for her... till he is sure that the nine planes of hell were free of her soul, before he allowed himself to go onward.

"I ask that it is put to a vote... shall we grant The Messenger these blessings of the Council of Dragons?"

The vote was later reported as unanimous.

Kirii flew through the cold, cold air of whatever mountain range she was over... The mountain range was all towering and vast, and spread out in every direction below her.

She was crying, she wanted to go home, she wanted her Xili. She wanted...

And then she heard a sonic boom, and suddenly there was a large blue and white dragon flying upside down beneath her as something akin to after burners cut out beneath him.

"Hi!" he smiled and waved at her with one hand.

Kirii screamed, and then dipped, trying to punch him, and he took the full force of her muscular arm, knocking him right out of the air and sending him tumbling before she spread the jets on her own back instinctively, swept her wings backward and she rocketed off into the bright blue yonder, flying so fast that her clothing actually tore off her body as it billowed about her and she breathed through her nostrils, finding that a second pair of crystalline eyelids closed over her eyes to keep her eyes from drying out.

But then there was someone tapping her on her back, and she turned her head around in shock and looked above her.

"Hi again." he waved. "Look could you..." but she screamed and kicked in her after burners and rocketed away, blasting him in the face with all that fire, blackening his face briefly before he shook his head to get all the char off. "...Stop?" Xili sighed.

Kirii flew and flew, weeping heavily till she flew down into a valley, and sitting down on a rock outcropping, breaking her freezing tears off her cheeks, she whimpered.

"Hey there yet again." a voice said and she turned to see that same dragon standing beside her, and he lowered a hand onto her shoulder as he smiled happily at her. "I know you don't believe me... But I really am..."

She screamed, took his wrist and threw him off her, and sweeping her wings outward, rocketed up into the air, the fire blaring from her thighs, her calves and her back, melting the snow all around her, and she flew and she flew, right into a mountain storm, and then lowered herself onto a mountain peak, feeling the cold biting against her nipples and her naked pussy, but the fire in her kept her warm and snugly.

"I think this is a much better hiding spot than the last one! They'll never find us here!" she heard a voice, and looked up and gaped at that smiling blue and white dragon as he perched on the very tip of the

mountain above her, shining with burning light in his body. He grinned at her for a moment and then nodded his head heavily for a moment. "Scream and run..." he said, and she did just that, heaving off the mountain top and hurtling away. "Damn it..." he said aloud and followed.

He appeared beneath her again, flying upside down.

"Leave me alone!" she screamed at him.

"I won't!" he shouted back. "Not till you listen to me. And I'm the fastest dragon in existence, Kirii La'fond... You can't outrun me, so let's just calmly land in a nice warm place, and..." And she tried to deck him again.

Xilimyth dodged... Or at least that's what he thought he did, but he moved so fast as she rolled her body to strike him that he literally blurred, appearing as if his body had convulsed into three separate locations, before he simply chose one to avoid getting hurt, and then he moved into that position to dodge before circling around her, taking her wings in his hands and arms, folding them together, and she screamed as they plummeted to the ground. She tried to fire her engines to blow him off, tried to beat her powerful wing arms, but his four arms ensnaring those wing arms kept her from flying, and as they fell, she saw the ground coming up to her quickly, and she cried out in fear of being ploughed right into the ground, and then he left her back, and then she found herself falling into two sets of arms and gently lowered to the ground.

Xilimyth let go of her and stepped back as she pushed herself away from him, the heat of her body immediately melting the snow about her as a storm raged about them. She began to cry immediately, and Xilimyth agonized as he stood there before her.

"Why can't you all just leave me alone?!" she sobbed, and swung at him, and again he dodged out of the way and then pushed her arm out of the way, throwing her off balance.

Kirii saw schematics of his and her actions, programming her mind with a counteraction, and she moved and uppercut him fiercely, her fist lancing up his armored body as he was thrown backward several dozen yards, before he flipped and landed on all his hands and feet; his tail whipping at his backside to recover his balance.

"I can't do that, Kirii. You're apart of me... I can never leave you alone." Xilimyth said rising slowly to his feet.

"Go away or I'll make you go away!" she screamed, bringing her four hands up, and she saw text loading in the upper left hand corner of her vision, beginning macro programming for combative stances.

"I won't!" Xili hollered back. "Kirii I love you. Please believe me... it's..."

"Shut up!" she screamed so loud as her body flared with power, avalanches occurring off of distant peaks of the mountains as she rushed at him, tromping through the snow, swinging at him, trying to knock him out with her powerful arms and the power supporting those arms both internally and externally, and as she fought this other dragon, her computer developed a whole new Sub Processing Unit – the Tactical SPU – programming this ever enlarging node, like a cancerous growth as it spread about one of her spine beneath all her armor in her back.

But then Xilimyth's hypernites, in an attempt to read all the stored thoughts and knowledges that were within him, had already created something akin to this, and already had personal knowledge to help him as he defended Kirii's hands and kicks, her tail lashes and her wing buffets. But then he attacked, and his fist came crashing down on her face, and Kirii cried out in pain as her nude form convulsed, and she was sent spinning, Xili hopping back and bouncing on his toes, his hands rising up into guards before he realized what he'd done.

“Oh Kirii! I’m sorry! I’m sorry! I’m sorry!” he cried, biting his talons as she flumped into the snow.

Kirii rose, crying heavily as her breasts formed deep rounded compressions in the snow, and she sobbed, feeling her cheek, and right before her gaze, she saw something scroll across her gaze.

<<Opponent Analysis: Superior combatant>>

<<Reconfiguring body systems for Combative Advantage>>

<<Processing...>>

<<Processing...>>

<<Combative Advantage created. Deploy?>>

And Kirii saw in her vision a series of schematics, showing her body as it was, and the device that her body had just created... or rather... the weapon her body had just forged out of her own blood, muscles and bones.

Yes! She thought, and she began to rise, and suddenly a knot that had formed in the top of her back, right at where her spine was, suddenly extended on a telescoping shaft that snapped upward about a dozen feet. She lifted her hand and grabbed the haft, and Xilimyth’s eyes widened as she rose to her feet, snarling as she pulled on that rod out of her back, pulling a bulbous, flattened thing with many grooves out of her back, the orifice that it was in cumming with lubricants before the spot it’s been in closed immediately and she held it in her upper left and lower right hands, snarling at him as she sobbed, afraid for her life. The bulbous thing then fanned open, revealing something on the inside of the device that suddenly telescoped into a sword like thing that was a dozen feet long.

And then a crystal like blade began to form around that sword blade, and with a snap, a sword edge that was taller than she was, and several feet wide formed as she growled at him.

Oh crap... Xilimyth managed.

“Now Kirii... don’t overreact...” Xilimyth said, which became a great blunder.

The first thing was that Kirii was already very upset, being both angry and afraid, and full of sorrow, and also the phrase *‘Don’t overreact’* is the last thing that one should ever say to a female.

Kirii screamed and swung that sword, the weightless crystal moving as if it wasn’t there, but nonetheless could’ve chopped Xili in half, and he leapt, dodged, leapt out of the way as her sword cleaved a boulder in half. He tried to get closer to her, tried to get inside her swinging radius to try to subdue her, but when he got neared, she hit him in the face and kicked him away, and when Xili landed, he gasped and rolled out of the way as her massive sword came slashing down with a thundering slash, the crystal blade energizing bright blue when it landed, and it sent a charged bolt along the ground that erupted against the ground, blasting an arching lance of destruction that continued forward for hundreds of feet.

Xili righted himself, breathing heavily as she turned the sword, huffing and puffing, standing there furious and naked, her breasts wobbling as she lunged forward a little and then swung her blade up. Xili hopped over the sword, using his jets and engines to propel himself backward, even as panels at his sides and shoulders opened, and four poles lanced out of orifices in his body with a spluttering eruption of crystalline mucus, and all four of his hands rose to take those poles from his body, and moved them to deflect her sword, parrying it, parrying it, blocking, and then sliding forward rapidly down the length of the blade to strike at her to try to knock the sword out of her hand or to knock her out.

Kirii body checked him backward, and he caught himself.

“Kirii! Stop this! Please!” Xilimyth cried, knocked her off balance, but Kirii turned, reset herself, propped her tail against the ground and flapped her wings as he tried for her temple with one of the hafts of his sword like poles, but she swung the haft of her sword backward into his solar plexus, knocking the air out of him, before she swung her sword upward, readying it to come crashing down onto him as she screamed in her rage.

Xili rose quickly, catching her blade in two of the jagged poles crossed above his head, while his lower two hands combined two of the hafts of the spears together, and the two poles lengthened before he thrust the pole forward into her body, and then lightly kicked her in the stomach with his broad foot, knocking her to the ground.

Or so he thought...

Kirii’s tail came down, and she rocked on it, and rocked right back, and this time Xili knocked her sword out of the way, slapping her blade away from him as he immediately combined the hafts of his other two javelins into another double headed spear.

“Kirii!” he exclaimed, and she snarled, and suddenly her sword was coming up at him, and Xili blocked with both of his spears, both poles rattling with the strength of the blow as his teeth clattered, and he brought his spears back into place, as she brought her sword back and thrust forward and he parried, she moved forward and thrust again and he parried again and turned, bringing his spears together till they formed one blade, the ends opening up as the hafts of the poles twisted together, and suddenly a beam of energy ejected out of either side and crystallized into a pair of long blue blades.

When she hefted her blade to strike at him again, tears erupting from her eyes, he surged forward and thrust the pole of his spear up against the weapon, forcing it backward before he lanced his pole into her mid section, knocking her back, before he arched himself and kicked her.

Kirii’s hands opened as her sword fell point down into the ground and stuck there, the snow melting from the electrical power cascading up and down the crystal blade, and Xili moved, rushing around her body as if she were falling in slow motion, and thrusting his weapon into the ground, he came up behind her and caught her, his four arms coiling around hers, restraining her.

“No!” she cried, “Let me go!” she cried, tears falling from her eyes, her wings and tail thrashing as Xili held her there within his arms.

“No! I won’t! You need to listen to me Kirii!”

“Xili! Xili where are you?!” she bawled, and struggled.

“Kirii!! I’m Xilimyth!” Xilimyth said, his eyes watering with tears of his own. “You need to believe me!”

But Kirii continued to restrain, and then Xilimyth realized something he didn’t quite understand until that moment, and that was that Kirii was far, far stronger than he was. Her arms strained, and her mechanical muscles, her physical muscles and her invisible muscles all began to move, and Xili found her overpowering him remarkably fast, and gritting her teeth, her muscles glowing as she pulled herself out of his grasp, she thrust her body forward, her breasts all waddling as she broke free, and then arching backward, she thrust her elbow backward right into his face, his nose splattering with a spray of blood as he was knocked immediately back into the ground, erupting an impact crater all around his form as Kirii bawled with tears.

She then rushed to her sword and pulled it easily from the ground, and with all four arms she took it up and held it before her.

It took a long time for him to clear his mind, and when he did, he lifted his head, sniffing in his blood as his body immediately healed the damage. He looked up at his love as she held her sword before him, and with

a sigh, he looked away, and then began to change. Rapidly, very rapidly, he shrunk to less than half his size, a naked dragon sitting in the snow, and Kirii gasped as he assumed a form that was exactly like the one he'd possessed when he'd first rescued her from that fall.

"What is this?!" she sobbed, lowering her sword. "Is this a trick?!"

Xili assumed his full form again and rose to his feet, standing there before her and shaking his head. "I've lied to you Kirii." He said, and lifted his hand, and suddenly a bubble of force formed around them both, and the blowing wind was snuffed out as the interior of the dome heated up to melt all the snow and dry out their interior. Suddenly, they were both standing on fresh, green tundra grass.

She stared at him, blinking her tears away to look at him, seeing him so dejected.

"The truth of the matter was that when you and I first met, I wasn't even my true self. This," and he gestured to himself. "Is the real me... though as of late, you've had a hand in helping me to become more than I was.

"They call me The Messenger, Kirii. I was The Messenger even when I found you as a diminutive fem flying naked through the night skies of New York, and it was I who saved you when you fell into that tailspin by the Starlight Tower.

"I am... or at least was what is called a Noble Dragon. There are more dragons in creation than just the greater and the lesser that you are familiar with, Kirii... There are Nobles, there are Royals and there are Emperors and Arch Dragons. You saw before you today examples of all of them."

Kirii lowered her sword, grounding its edge against the ground as she held onto the towering great sword with one hand, and lifting one of her other hands; she wiped her eyes free of tears and took to staring at him.

"You... made me more than I was. I found myself growing with you, when I consumed the combination of our juices and your milk, I evolved with you..."

"I... lied to you... Since the day I met you, Kirii. I am not a diminutive blue dragon like you thought when you grew to twice my size and I was able to kiss your love mound as if I were kissing your lips."

Kirii gasped as he said that. How one could've known such private things.

"I so... wanted to tell you everything, but Lord Pseudodrake stated that I could not. The existence of the noble breeds of dragon is a secret that is incredibly important, Kirii... and we... didn't know if we could trust you. It burned in me to tell you, and because I wasn't brave enough to do so before... now I must agonize with you looking at me with those... beautiful green eyes... and see that you don't even recognize me."

Kirii didn't recognize this sexy, chivalrous and armored dragon before her, with all the armor covering him from head to toe, but she drew closer to him by a step or two.

"My God... I so wanted to marry you." He said then. "Blind IO was supposed to marry us when the tree took you.

"H-how do you know these things?" she whimpered.

"Because... I was the one who saw them, my beautiful Kirii. I don't blame you for not recognizing me." and he opened his arms, looking down at his four taloned hands. "I don't even recognize me."

"If you changed... Then how did you change?" she asked wearily.

"You went into what we call the Blood Lust." He smiled at her, and he stepped closer to her. "It was the day we bargained not to make love to each other for one whole day. To prove if we really loved each other." Kirii gasped as he said that. "We both grew so aroused and lustful that our bodies overrode our minds' capability to control... And we... Loved each other." he smiled impishly. "But after we bit each other and feasted on each others blood."

Kirii remembered that, she remembered every last detail of it, feeling herself not in control of her body, of Xilimyth mounting her, and then biting her.

"It was when I bit you." he said. "I ingested some of you blood... and your blood..." he paused and scratched at the back of his head. "Has something in it."

"My blood?" she repeated. "Something in it?!"

"It's called the Prometheus Serum.

"It was a highly experimental serum combining advanced genesplicing with a new type of super-fast nanites called hypernites. Like those hypernites changed you... they also changed me. When I loved you, they changed you, and when you loved me, I changed thanks to your power.

"Look at us, Kirii." he said and opened his arms. "The white body, the blue armor, the feathered wings, the four arms. You and I grew with each other, till we are what we now are."

He sighed, and Kirii slid forward, dropping her sword as she approached, and lifting one of her four hands to his cheek and turned his head so that he looked her into his eyes, looking solidly into her gaze. Then rearing her same hand backward, she slapped him hard enough to slam him to the ground.

Xilimyth's eyes were wide and his mind was numb, but then he was being rolled onto his back, and he felt such a wonderfully pleasing body against his before his head was turned upward and he felt several of her enormous and numerous naked tits conforming against his chest; her crotch settling right over his groin as she straddled him, her massively thick tail running right between his legs.

And she began to purr.

"That was for lying to me..." she said, and then smiled as she palmed his chest with two hands and held his face with two others. "And this... Is for having faith in me." and she bent downward and kissed him solidly, licking his lips and he purred in return for her. "And this... Is to beg for forgiveness for doubting you... And not recognizing you. And for hitting you..."

Kirii was certain that it was him now.

The sight, the scent upon him now that they were in a warm environment was the same that she recognized, and settling backward, she began to pry her fingers into the tight seal of his pelvic armor covering his groin, and Xilimyth laid there, supporting himself on a pair of arms as he looked at her do this amazing thing so suddenly happening between his legs, and with a wry smile as she raised her tail, he flexed invisible muscles, and his whole front, all of his armor from his throat all the way down to his inner thighs unfolded and slid into catcher pockets, disgoring his groin so that she could paw at it.

She immediately focused upon his swelling nads, his penis unsheathing and telescoping steadily as she moaned, and taking up the swelling thing, she sucked on it, and sucked on it steadily as she hunched backward, pressing her fattened breasts around his groin, quickly getting him to erect and spill a priming charge as she swallowed a mouthful of his seed. Then crawling up on top of him, she lifted her tail high, rolled her hips, smished his face between her breasts, and then descended upon him.

With a loving mur and a growl, Xili rolled onto his queen, and the two of them proceeded to make love like never before, being sure to solidify their relationship by taking a new sample of blood with a simple love

bite to each other, and continued to sex each other for hours on end.

Kirii was *really* sorry...

Stage 10: Completed Process

The subject, Kirii La'fond, has evolved further than we could've possibly imagined. She converted from a rather unimpressive human female, to a full fledged royal-grade dragoness with nurse dragon capabilities within a matter of two months of changing and transformation, fully capable of consuming a Dragini fruit and gaining the benefits of such a fruit, and likewise, able to take a Weapon Core inside herself.

The Prometheus Project is considered a success.

I must admit that I had my doubts that Gargoyle would've been able to steal the Serum, even when I gave him ways in to do so, but he escaped, and he injected the serum. So I was able to have a test subject. Though he failed to obtain the hypernites the first time I hired him, he at least got out with the product this time.

Thanks to my connections, the blood culture taken when Kirii La'fond went to the hospital after first being injected, allowed me to obtain the sample, and luckily retrieve a single Viral-Hypernite from the sample and cultivate it into a new serum outside of the records of Starlight Incorporated.

So then I, Kahn Laio, will hereby inject myself with the serum this day, at long last able to become what I've always sought to be.

- Doctor "Kahn" Laio

Today was a day of days...

Kahn Laio walked through the hallways of the Starlight tower, his towering twelve foot tall form stepping past smaller humans and lesser dragons that in most cases were little more than half his height. He was powerful, and soon he would be even more powerful.

He smiled like a Cheshire Cat.

But then he keyed in the pass code to his own private lab, and pressed his thumb to the DNA reader, and suddenly his smile left his face as he saw someone sitting at his computers.

"Who are you?!" he shouted and stormed in. "This is a private facility and is off limits to... *you?!?*" he gasped as the person in the chair stopped what he was doing and turned fully around in the swivel chair he was in, to reveal a face Kahn Laio knew all too well... especially since this man, this Lycan, was Kahn's own teacher.

Lord Sage Preypacer, Lord of the Inner Circle of Sages amongst the Frost Clan's ruling body rose to his feet, folding his hands behind him as his green-eyed gaze focused on his old student.

"My apologies for invading your space, Kahn, but I've been hired on a consulting work to verify data regarding a high level experiment you were conducting, so I was given access to these facilities."

Kahn stepped sideways, rounding Sage.

"Consulting? Doing what?" Kahn growled.

"Double checks, verifying all data and its consistency."

Kahn's eyes narrowed and his jaw set. Sage was hired to double check his own work?

"Whatever... *teacher*. But this is my lab... just remember to stay out of my way."

Kahn stepped away toward one of his security lockers, remembering the thousands of hours he spent underneath Sage's tutelage, learning his skills, learning how to use his technology to make himself stronger and stronger, transforming him slowly from a runt into a super power.

And now I will surpass you, Kahn thought with a small smile, keyed in an unlock code and open command to his security locker, and a drawer slid open, and again his smile slid off his face, and this time was replaced with a gape.

His serum was gone!

He slammed the drawer and rounded on Sage with a snarl, seeing him still standing there, only having turned to face him.

"Where is it?!" Kahn demanded.

"Confiscated." Sage replied simply, and in three steps Kahn was huffing and puffing directly in Sage's face.

"Give it back! I went through too much to get that!" Kahn snarled.

"It isn't within my power to do so, Kahn." Sage said. "When I was contacted by the First King of Dragons and asked to do this consultation, I agreed as a curtesy. I am shocked and surprised at what I found in your personal records, Kahn." And Kahn's eyes suddenly widened. "You always were an ambitious child, Kahn... I gave you a treasure, gave you a way to help others, and you twisted it only so that you can help yourself and give yourself shortcuts to strength and power."

"Regardless... *teacher*... I've grown beyond you!" Kahn said, and Sage lifted an eyebrow. "Now get out of my lab!"

"I'm sorry Kahn, but I have a job that I've been asked to do. I cannot leave until it's completed."

"Get out! Get out or I'll force you out!" Kahn shouted loud enough to rattle beakers and test tubes around the room.

"I cannot Kahn... I..." and then Kahn reeled backward, and stuck with his massive fist, snarling as his fist came down.

But then it hit something and stopped, that something not even moving a single micrometer... it was like Kahn had just hit an immovable surface, and his muscles in his arm tensed and hyper extended himself, and when he looked up, he found that Sage had lifted a single hand and palmed Kahn's fist, stopping it right there and then.

Sage then lifted his head to look up at Kahn, and when he opened his eyes, his eyes suddenly flashed green and glowed with a dark green light. Kahn backed up, knowing that glowing eyes meant an unusually high level of Ethereal power, and then watched as Sage shifted forms, growing into a towering eight foot tall form, but gone were all the fur, and he was replaced with hide, scales and plates, with draconic features.

Sage stepped forward into Kahn's personal space, and Kahn backed up in disbelief.

"Y-you're a Dra'Con?!" Kahn gasped.

"Kahn... I can bench press several hundred planet tons." Sage said simply. "I hold more power in me than a million suns. I could destroy you with a thought." Kahn shrank back from Sage's gaze as the light in his eyes burned. "You are very bright, Kahn, you are very ambitious, but you don't know when to stop. And did you honestly think that you could hide something as bold as swiping that research within Pseudodrake's

own tower?" Sage shook his head.

"You've been reprioritized, Kahn Laio." Sage said. "A forced vacation of no less than twelve months... go wherever you want to, and depending upon your cooperation, what Aysyx and I discover amidst your files will dictate as to whether or not you'll continue to have a job with Starlight Industries... or just have your name ruined in the Human world forever and you sent back to all the snow you hate so much to live out the rest of your days."

Kahn stood there, in all his strength and power, fidgeting, trying to think a way out of this, but finally turned on his heel and left.

"And if you somehow... someday redeem yourself, Kahn... then mayhap I can teach you as to why all your data is flawed..." Sage said to his back, and Kahn paused, on the verge of shouting back at Sage, but then left to go take his vacation.

Kirii met her new surrogate mother, a red dragoness by the name of Lady Evelynn; the dragoness who held the position of The Aspect of Fire of the Dragon Council, and was a supremely physically powerful dragoness. The strongest Dragoness in creation...

Kirii herself was almost as strong she felt, but she was quite satisfied to have a sexy body like this dragoness did.

Lady Eve was the fem who designed the Hypernites, and looking upon the red armored dragoness with the white and black flowing mane, Kirii saw some of the things that happened with a dragon who'd taken into themselves her hypernites. Her body glowed in places as Kirii's did with luminescent patches of flesh that came from the piezoelectric receptors all about her body to feed a truly advanced hypernite network that was even now evolving inside her into wetware. Also... And this was something Kirii immediately became jealous of Eve, was that Eve was *VERY* pregnant, with an entire litter of babies inside her.

Kirii learned a couple things from this meeting. The first was that Female Dragonesses, though they didn't have a menstrual cycle, they did have a Heat cycle that could be months, years, decades... possibly even centuries apart, but also, female dragonesses also always gave birth to multiple kitlings – dragon live birthed young – and being that Kirii was a Nurse Dragon, it meant that Kirii could quite possibly be on a heat cycle that was months apart, and she could literally conceive multiple times over from separate sexings from her mate.

That's what happened with Eve after all... she conceived her growing brood over five separate couplings with her mate, Blind IO, the very same dragon who'd agreed to marry she to Xili. Once everything could be rearranged again, IO promised to marry she and Xilimyth immediately!

Promptly a week later, Kirii La'fond, became missus Xilimyth. His first name became the name of their newly forged house – or family name – amidst the dragons... so... Kirii Xilimyth wasn't a bad name for her! But Xilimyth Xilimyth was kinda silly, so he was just known by his first name.

She was certain that no male or female in all the world had ever made love as hard or as often as the two of them did... And they spent a whole year as the changes to their bodies finished themselves, and she was taught the ways of the dragons... Of magic, of Psionics and dragon lores.

Amidst all that, she loved working out, testing her muscles, finding heavier and heavier things to lift, and even paired with Eve whenever she tried to work out what muscles that she was able to while pregnant, and Kirii immediately fell in love with the mega ton weight machine Eve possessed. Xilimyth wasn't sure how it was possible that Kirii could grow even more muscular than she already was, but nonetheless, Kirii did.

And the most lovely thing was that Kirii loved walking around naked, without even her pelvic sheathe in

place. Within their own quarters within the Dragon's tower, or back at their home, she was always perpetually naked. When she worked out, she worked out nude, and as she was bench pressing, she actually sat with her legs wide while Xilimyth sexed her at the same time as spotting her.

She was so satisfied with this wonderful man of hers...

Her kitties, the two powerful Dragonnes, had their kittens four months after they were married, and those kittens were now growing up. Several other dragons had expressed desire to buy some of the kittens from she and Xilimyth, but she wanted to let them breed for a few generations first.

During the day, she learned, she worked out, she sexed or was sexed by her now lifemate many times, and played with her kitties and their kittens. During the night she snuggled her mate and of course sexed and was sexed by her mate many more times...

One year later after their marriage, she went under the final test of her training and teachings as a dragoness, and she was allowed to return to civilization.

Kirii stood as a human, having learned the art of polymorphing her form. She'd learned that there were literally tens of thousands of noble dragons walking as humans – as well as lesser and greater dragons – and she needed to learn how to walk as she had before.

And so she returned to the form of what she looked like, an age ago

“This is what I used to look like.” She said, standing before a mirror in a sprawling condo within the New York Central Park Arcology.

She had money... more than she ever thought she'd have, and it was her own money, not just Xilimyth's. As a joint guardian of a 'Sacred' Millennium Tree, she had an occupation that was literally billions of years old. Dragons were that old of a species, and as a race, they'd accumulated *vast* wealth. More than all the nations of the world as it were. The literal horde she was given was less than chump's change to them... a mere pittance, and so she bought a place close to where her changes began where she and Xilimyth could be human if need be and not just dragons all the time.

Xilimyth was quite gorgeous as a human, with demure English gentlemanly ways as he dressed in a luxurious suit while she stood in some of her old clothes that had been rescued for her... some of the last things that she'd bought with her measly earnings as a woman. They were elegant and made her beautiful, something she'd bought for formal engagements.

“Very cute, beloved.” Xilimyth said; his eyes upon her behind.

“Yes... I hated this body.”

“You did? Why was that?” he asked and looked up at her

“Because of what you just said. I was cute. Men looked on me as if I were a girl, and the only male companionship I could hope to date were those who were half my age, and even then, they were nothing more than post pubescent, high-strung boys who thought they were men who were looking for nothing more than a quick one-minute stand.” She smirked and then looked at herself.

“I don't like this body.” She said in frustration, and she began to change.

Kirii closed her eyes, feeling her body expanding, feeling the rush of tissue forming in her, felt her flesh expanding as a well of stored power that allowed her to change from a thirty four foot tall dragoness into a measly five foot six inch fem began to flood into her. Her muscles began to expand as she slowly grew in

height, her mind's eye picturing herself while she grew stronger, and she moaned as her panties tightened about her middle, caressing her pussy, tightening about her hips as the seat slid more in between her thickening buttocks, her thighs bulging, her hips broadening with her shoulders.

She clenched her hands and flexed her arms as the short sleeves of her blouse tightened about her arms with her flaring forearms and her bulging biceps, her back arching more as her spine folded outward, her chest thrust forward, her ribs flaring and her abs creasing into a beautiful eight pack in an hourglass shape, surrounded by four lats while her sex sunk between her legs.

And her breasts! Her breasts swelled and swelled, rapidly climbing the alphabet in sizes past A-cups, her nipples hardening, her areola swelling, her middle lengthening, her legs lengthening, her arms lengthening, her neck and throat bulging with greater muscles, her pectorals strengthening.

She gasped as her clothes grew tight about her, skirts that had once conformed loosely about her ankles now caressed tightly about her calves, her underwear turning into a thong – she didn't wear a bra, didn't even bother with it – while her blouse had gone from loose to a tightened buttoned bra with her nipples standing on end, appearing as broad disks atop her mighty mammarys.

She smiled as she then picked up a matching jacket and folded it about her body...

She increased her breasts to things larger than the alphabet of the Common Language could contain – past a Z-cup – with her height a good six foot nine, and the jacket she donned didn't even bother to contain her breasts, which just jutted outward from between the two folds of the double-breasted jacket she now buttoned about her middle, looking trim and proper about her beautiful form. A frill beneath her neck decorated the tops of the heaving shelf of her breasts, and she smiled at the look at herself as Xili came to stand behind her, a seven foot tall gorgeous man as he gestured over her, and the length of her jacket and blouse sleeves at least came down to her wrists while the rest of her clothes loosened at the joins to keep her clothes from tearing.

Kirii lifted her hands to her breasts... they were very large breasts, and their swells covered the tops of her abs and pressed against her thick biceps. Looking down, she actually had to tighten the belt of her dress turned skirt being that her middle had actually tightened and grew narrower than her previous measurements.

"This is my new human form from now on." Kirii said; looking at herself in the mirror as Xili embraced her from behind, her breasts resting over his own thick, strong arms – though not as strong as hers – as he held her. "I'm going to completely forget about how I looked."

"So long as you like it, I do." Xili smiled, but then lifted a hand to heft the weight of one of her tits. "Hmm... nice heft and weight you've chosen."

Kirii smiled and then turned and pressed against him so that he could feel the full press of her chest.

"After this dinner party... I want to test something out." She nearly purred, not able to do so in this form.

"What's that?" Xili smiled down at her, looking quite debonair and beautiful to her.

"To see how well you fit inside me." She sighed nasally as she hitched her skirts up using nothing but her fingers to inch them upward, and then pressed her panty-covered sex over his groin before wrapping a leg around his.

"Heh. For how often you and I have sex... one would be amazed you aren't pregnant yet."

Kirii opened her eyes and smiled, and snuggled with him.

"Yes..." she mused, and then lifted her eyes to him. "Xili, my wetworks," that was the terminology for the

hypernite wetware network inside her. “Informed me of something today... I learned of it while checking my body system notices this morning.”

“Really? Anything I should be worried about?”

“No... maybe even excited about,” she murred, and she maneuvered him backward till he was sitting in the same chair he’d occupied when she’d assumed this form, and reaching between them, was already unbuttoning his pants, getting to the zipper before she started rooting around for his penis as they kissed.

“Can’t wait to see if I fit eh?” he smiled, and then lifted his hands to open her blouse and jacket to disgorge her massive breasts, the pair already lactating. “But what should I be more excited about than having my beautiful lifemate about to ride my jock for the twelfth time today?”

Kirii waited till she’d inserted him inside her, and she groaned as she began to ride him. Lovemaking between them was often, energetic, and done at the drop of a hat.

“That it’d detected an anomaly... inside my navel... or more specifically my womb.”

Xilimyth was already smiling stupidly as she rode him, but then his eyes narrowed, and in a double take he looked up at her, stopping his motions and gaping as she bent forward onto him, her blouse and jacket gathered about her arms.

“That’s right... I’m pregnant,” She murred. “With twelve little Xili’s inside me!” she laughed. “From three separate sexings. Apparently I can breed like a cat with you sweet lover, so long as I’m still in heat. Eve told me it could be more...”

Xili looked down to where they were coupled. “Do you want more?” he asked, and then looked up to her.

“I think twelve is just enough for now,” she murred, and pressed her tits underneath his chin, her hands lifting to soothe his chin and jaw with both hands before she kissed him.

“Must be nice... to know the moment you become pregnant.” Xilimyth said, returning her kisses. “You’re in for a ride, Kirii... dragonesses remain pregnant for eighteen months.”

“I know... but that’s all the good part.”

“How’s that?”

“Well first... it gives me a reason to do a lot of shopping,” Xili rolled his eyes, even as Kirii began to undo his jacket and the white shirt beneath it, leaving his tie in place as she continued to ride him. “And second... well... we need a much bigger place now.”

Xili reached down and actuated the lazy boy lever, propping his feet up on the footrest as he settled backward, and Kirii pressed against him happily before he took a double-fisted grope of her firm behind.

“Well then we need to get started.” He said, thrusting inside her repeatedly. “But we’re going to be late for the party.”

Kirii murred. “Nonsense... my husband is the fastest dragon in existence!”

“True... true...” Xili smiled and she settled down to snuggle with him, feeling him love her as thoroughly back as she loved him.

And there they cuddled each other for many long minutes, making love and falling deeper in love for awhile.

As Kirii said... she was married to the fastest dragon in existence. So they arrived at their dinner party in a blink of an eye... right on time...

<End>