

Кoшкa (*Koshka*)

Book 1: The Power Within

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Warning: *This story contains elements that might not be suitable for younger readers. It contains several elements of a sexual nature, and elements of a violent nature and deals with mental psychoses. Reader discretion is advised.*

Rated: *R - restricted*

Author's Notes: *there is some information that must be shared prior to the telling of this story in regards to the Russian People. A Russian derives their name by using their first name followed by their father's first name, which is then combined with a postfix of -ovitch for men and -ova for women. When you reference a Russian properly by their name, their surname is left out.*

As an additional addendum, their society uses metric distances and weights such as centimeters and kilograms respectfully. For accuracy, I will use what many might find to be an unfamiliar measurement system, but for my readers around the world, this might be a more refreshing story due to the fact that only England and the U.S. utilize the Standard Measurement and Weights systems of inches and pounds.

This story is to honor the people of the Soviet Union, who, like we Americans did during the period between 1929 and 1939, are currently in a debilitating depression. At the time this story is being written, it takes forty rubles to equal one American Dollar. Like Canada, like England, I consider Russians to be among our closest of allies and friends... regardless of all the craziness that happened during the Cold War.

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

Day 1: *Location: abandoned secret paramilitary lab Omega-One, Doctor Ivan Ivanovitch reporting. Status: Expectant.*

Other than these logs, the dates in which they are in reference to shall be omitted... mostly upon instruction, but I'm no fool, that request was to help protect my benefactors, whoever they may be. I have my suspicions of course, but truthfully, in regards to what they're asking me to produce they can only be corporate.

Governments aren't this cruel.

Regardless, these records are to be stored entirely upon my PDA for safe convenient usage, and more importantly to keep everything for my eyes only.

I was approached by some individuals in fine black suits with fine black shoes wearing fine black coats and white shirts and they wore shaded glasses at all times, even while indoors. Everything they wore was pressed, neat and tidy, and in comparison to the majority of the people here in Mother Russia, or the Commonwealth of Independent States or whatever we're going by now, these individuals stick out like a sore thumb.

With a depression going on after our economic collapse at the close of Communism in our land, it has left the majority of the people of this great land impoverished. Some of us can't afford laundry detergents, deodorant and even toilet paper for God's sakes, and we often times wonder where our heat and our food will come from, so many of us looked dirty. Even scientists like me...

I should've moved to a new nation a long time ago.

But when these two men approached me, told me that they'd take care of my wife and my daughter, how could I refuse? It was the lap of luxury that they were offering me. Sure they offered it only after kidnapping me and throwing me in the back of a van with men with guns, but still they offered me a chance

to live happily, and for my family to live happily. They even offered to move them to whatever country of my choice, and all they asked me to produce was a new super soldier.

In all honesty, how could I refuse? I had the surreptitious thought that if I did refuse, then they'd execute me right then and there and toss me in a ditch.

They even spun patriotic tales of the old regime, when the Russian Army was one of the greatest militaries in the world! How we displayed our missiles and our tanks and our precision soldiers. I couldn't help but remember seeing a similar sight as a boy in Stalingrad, except that the man who led those troops was named Adolf Hitler.

So I agreed, told my wife and daughter that they were going to America as several men arrived in our cramped home that was shared with a dozen other families, collected our sparse things and then they collected me.

I didn't even get a chance to say goodbye. I was loaded into a shipping container the size of a small apartment, complete with a month's supply of food and waste removal and shower facilities, something that I thought was a might too advanced for Russian Military, so it narrowed down who my benefactors were to a handful of governments and organizations, with the United Nations, the United States and Great Britain topping the list of governments, but I still considered that this was a corporation of some sort.

I was then 'delivered' at this top-secret installation somewhere in Russia, I assumed by how cold it was here still, only Russia had this sort of chill, and I was tasked to begin making their super-soldier.

They had spies everywhere, it seemed, and had stocked my office with countless files and dossiers of plausible test subjects. Out of a thousand and nine different subjects both male and female, and after a process of elimination, we've narrowed the numbers down to Twenty-Five different individuals.

One such individual was to be 'acquired' today... the twenty-third of the Twenty-Five test subjects.

She's an average young woman in a sub-average world... an orphan thanks to her mother and father having died when she was very young. She's an heiress of many riches, but she cannot touch a single Ruble due to some sort of litigation process the firstly requires her to be of a certain age.

She won't be missed, she won't be noticed that she's gone... much like most of those in our once proud nation, now humbled by misfortune, and those who do know about her, like the banks, will conveniently forget that she exists due to greed.

Welcome to the new Russia.

My name is Tanya Ivanova Asimov, age nineteen.

I was your typical Russian teenager, a girl trying to be an American in style and in attitude, but still attempting to retain our national heritage as Russians! Patriotism has become king to Russia itself if not to the men who run it. What we did know, however, is that all of us were cold and hungry and dirty.

I was wearing the same underwear for the past two days because I didn't get the chance to clean anything this week. Damn I felt so dirty.

The Americans were trying to help us... help our people. I could see their sad pitying faces whenever they looked upon us, and they gave us smiles and food and blankets to help us get through the day. It was an odd existence though, living in this fair nation where the land itself demanded that her people be hard and tough and humble, but most of all we needed to be strong and resilient in order to survive here. But all that want of the land didn't stop the fact that toilet paper was as grand of a commodity as money was.

I was so hungry... and for a girl my age the best job that I could get was to find myself a nice little corner and whore myself out. I was still a virgin though, and only thoughts of finding a nice boy and giving myself to him on our marriage bed was keeping me from doing that, but in due time my stomach and its need for food would override my desire to be untried as a woman in bed for a future husband lest I get those damn banks to give up what they owe me.

And so it was that I envied the whores that I passed that night on my way to my home where I lived inside a closet, literally inside a closet. My jealousy toward a whore was in the measure that they were the ones who really ever had any money on the streets.

The streetlamps flickered as I walked on that lonely street, completely unaware of anything bad approaching me. The overwhelming cold of late winter made one numb to all but the most intense of emotions, and so I walked, till I found myself facing a large white van... with tinted windows.

In Russia, there were only three predominate styles of car, one truck and one van type, and none of those resembled the white van that was before me. This was a large unmarked van with tinted windows, where window tint was unheard of here. No one could afford such a commodity, so a van like this, despite how plain-looking it was, was about as strange and as odd as if a limousine were to suddenly appear in this neighborhood, and the fact that it had window tint only worsened the feeling of detecting something odd that was creeping up on me. Suddenly I wasn't cold anymore, suddenly I was frightened, for this sort of a set up had only one type of owner, and that owner was usually the mob, and with me a girl, then that meant kidnapping!

There were stories of chained whores of the mob, or people who kidnapped other people to harvest them for their organs, and with that fear I turned immediately, only to find two large men who weren't there a moment before wearing black wool caps and smoking cigarettes.

They were both looking right at me.

"Hey there, where you going little one?" one of the two said, though he was speaking in Russian, he had some sort of an accent to it that betrayed that he was a foreigner.

That left out the mob. Mob was local, and though they sometimes got foreign muscle, that muscle weren't usually allowed to speak unless spoken to.

With a squeak like a mouse I turned, only to see the back of that van open up, and when I tried to turn again I was instead grabbed by those two men so quickly that I didn't even get a chance to scream. I was pushed into the van even as it started its engine, and the doors slammed behind me even as it was taking off. Within moments there was tape over my eyes and mouth and about both hands and legs before I was dumped onto the floor.

And then there was silence.

A girl having been put into this sort of situation would be afraid for her life, or at least her virtue, but these men made nary a sound... they just smoked their cigarettes while I cried quietly to myself, thinking that any minute one of them was going to rape me. But they didn't, they didn't even touch me.

There we bounced and jostled along for goodness knows for how long, but despite that I was on the metal floor of a bouncing van it was getting quite warm in here, the warmest I've been in months even. It made me want to sleep. Maybe I did sleep for a time there, because when I was disturbed and grabbed again, I was hauled upward and dragged along by one arm across an unknown landscape since I still couldn't see anything. All I heard were the sounds of a prop-driven plane, and I was brought so close to a propeller that I felt the wind it was kicking up disturb my hair before I was hauled upward to stand on my own before the hands shifted, grabbed me by the belt and propelled me head first into the back of the plane.

The pilot or pilots didn't speak either as I soon felt the weightless feeling of flying as the plane took off, and there we flew in silence for a good hour or more before I felt us descending. Suffice it to say I was far, far away from my home now. They weren't going to rape me or else they'd've done it already, and they weren't going to chop me up, because it wasn't worth their while to drive me so far away and then put me in a plane and fly for so long to harvest organs, so what else was there?

Regardless, the plane landed, taxied and came to a stop. I heard voices and the door opening up as the prop to the plane halted, and then I was being grabbed again and hauled out before being dragged away. I was pulled across a gravel tarmac that was being blasted with a nipping cold wind, and I made sounds of protest before there was the sound of something mechanical followed by a blast of warm air before the wind was cut off. Now I was being dragged over smooth tile, through a multitude of automatic sliding doors, a few of which I heard the beep of a security badge or something similar and then finally a buzz followed by the sound of metal machinery opening, and the footsteps I heard suddenly started echoing off the walls, which meant this was a large open place.

Another door opened and I was thrown through it, and then the door closed with a slam behind me and then there was nothing.

After a time, I moved my arms from behind me by rolling myself into a ball and moving them beneath my bottom and legs, and once I had both bound hands before me, I managed to take off the tape over my eyes and mouth – carefully – and with a deep breath of air looked at my surroundings.

I was in a cell... with a bed and a sink and a toilet, with everything made of stainless steel. There was one window high up on the wall with bars across it, but it was warm here, and the bed looked inviting.

Biting off the tape around my hands I rose and walked around the padded room, ran water in the sink to check how clean it was, and unlike my apartment that I shared with so many others, the water here was actually clean and had a warm and hot setting to it instead of just cold. Then looking to the bed, I moved to it, smelling the crisp new smell of sanitized sheets, and laying down on it, I waited for someone to come and explain all this for awhile, but I was tired, and worn out, and after a moment or two, I just laid down and went to sleep.

Day 2: *What is the price of seeing your family safe and free? What is the price of your own life at the same time? Was it worth doing a little work in your chosen field? Well, what if the work included the genetic manipulation of a human being under criminal circumstances? For this truly would be criminal.*

No nation in the world was authorizing what I've been asked to do. Sure we could clone a sheep or make a rabbit and a cat glow in the dark, but those were animals and this was involving human beings. Not just one or two, but Twenty-Five separate counts. Twenty-Five separate men and women of varying ages between fifteen and thirty were about to be gene-spliced, augmented and enhanced chemically, most of whom would be taken against their will as well.

Today they were all to be processed, and though the official scientific term that we were about to do to them would be considered as 'achieving a base line' the act of obtaining that base line was something that if done to lab rats, certain world-wide activists would consider it cruelty to animals.

The door opened by sliding into the wall with a slam, and I'd just opened my eyes from being awoken by the sound to see two people, a man and a woman, both of whom were dressed within white form-fitting bodysuits with big white rubber gloves and rubber boots, heavy face masks with air filters and hoods that were finalized by a pair of green goggles.

Without a single word, upon entering both hurried over to me, hauled me to my feet and secured both my arms behind my back and then began pulling me along with them as if I were some little girl who was misbehaving with her parents. They hauled me down a long hallway of what felt like it was filled with stale old air that was neither hot nor cold, just neutral, led me out of the detention center and directly into a side room with what looked like an upright operating table right smack dab in the center of it.

"N-no... no!" I cried and began to struggle, fearing that this was some sort of elaborate chop shop, but the man beside me produced a device, he hit a button and it telescoped into a baton, the metal part of the baton electrifying before he lightly tapped my body with the tip of the device and I was electrocuted so badly I nearly bit my tongue off!

Regardless, this made me limp enough to where they lifted me up onto the table, rolled my sleeves and pants up enough to apply metal cuffs about both wrists and ankles before they secured a pair of metal bands across me about the ribs and hips.

"W-what are you doing?" I managed weakly as I recovered from the shock as one of them struck a button on a wall and the table began to tilt the feet upward and the head downward to make me horizontal.

Two flood lights turned on above me, but as I was made to lie instead of stand, I gasped at the array of things that were suspended from the ceiling. I looked at them all, trying to look for buzz saws and such, but all I saw were needles and things but nothing else that would really cut or sever me.

But then the man and the woman converged on me, and picking up tools that were close at hand, I heard the high-pitched buzzing sound of what sounded like hair clippers, but instead of cutting through my flesh, they instead began cutting my clothes off me!

The woman took to using her clippers to cut me nude, those automatic shears of hers going through the leather of the belt, thick knots of fabric like on my bra and jeans and shoes, while the man shaved my head bald. I made petty noises of worry and weeping as I watched these clothes peeled from me like they were shucking me like an ear of corn, and all the luxurious long blonde hair atop my head was shaved so close that it left my skin smooth and naked if not darkened where the hair follicles were.

Once he was done with my head he then shaved my pussy.

"Please... what's going on?" I asked, but neither of them answered.

But then putting their clippers away, they then reached upward and began drawing down the needles and such, with the very first one going into me, stinging me briefly, and I gasped as the long hypodermic needle was inserted into the hollow of my arm. But once the one holding this pulled the trigger on the gun behind that needle, I was injected with a long batch of some strange fluids that made me hot all over and then suddenly numb everywhere as the heat passed. I became so numb that I couldn't move so much as a finger, and my face felt like it was sliding off.

And then a dozen more different needles were poked into various parts of my body, and I became immediately grateful that I couldn't feel any of it. And there was even a degree of euphoria so that I didn't care either. They inserted stuff and withdrew stuff, taking skin samples, hair samples, blood samples, a vaginal scrub, a mouth and tonsil scrub and more, and injected who knew what else was in those needles that they put into me.

And then they lowered a device and pressed it in turn against my right thigh and left arm, the device clamping down and buzzing briefly. They then did the same on the nape of my neck through a hole in the table, and it wasn't until they pressed it against my left breast and chest muscle did I see what it was.

I'd just been tattooed four times with a bar code, with ones and zeros listed underneath the thin bars and wide bars of one-one-one-zero-one-zero-zero-zero, with a thin vertical bar over every one and a fat vertical bar over every zero.

And then the man returned with a huge clamp like thing that he slid around my neck, and clamping the thing downward, he pulled a lever on it and then removed the device, and in its place was a narrow gold collar with chrome studs strung about my neck. I was only able to see it out of the corner of one eye from the way I was laying. Using a similar device, only smaller, they added more of those same rings about both wrists and both ankles.

Then with a buzzing sound, the table made itself vertical again and I hung in my restraints briefly from how stupidly numb I was before the restraints opened and I fell into their waiting arms and they turned me, left the room even as another person was being dragged in by a separate team who immediately started shouting and struggling upon seeing the state that I was in only to be shocked like I'd been and was then pulled into the room I'd just vacated.

This room was all tile work, like a shower, and with my new bracelets and collars being hooked up to some sort of restraint that was hung from the ceiling, I was lifted by piano-like wires and dangled like a marionette before they washed me, deloused me, washed me again, sprayed me with some strange blue-green gelatin that burned even through the haze of euphoria and numbness before they washed it off and began drying me.

Then I was released from the marionette-like restraints and pulled into another room, and while the two people held me upright, someone dressed me in a blue bodysuit with the number Twenty-Three in black on it, zippered me up, checked my eyes with a flashlight and looked inside my mouth and ears and nose, and I was again on my way.

I was taken back to my cell then, where they dumped me on the bed and immediately left with the door slamming shut behind them.

For a time I simply laid there drooling.

My mind was in no state to even consider whether or not this was a good thing or not... but the bed was warm and comfortable and clean... it was an improvement on what I had before now, so what was the cost of comfort? Was it worth what might be mild discomfort from time to time and a loss of freedom? The Americans at the welfare installations helping to support our fair nation said that they were all doing that to a certain degree, like in the airports... sacrifice freedoms for comfort.

So was this worth it?

I didn't care at the moment, but since I was in a bed, and so damn tired, and since the bed felt all nice and comfortable and I was warm at long last, I decided to sleep.

It was a good dreamless sleep too.

Day 3: *The third day marked a loss of personal innocence for me.*

The first deed had been done. I was now apart of incarcerating Twenty-Five individuals who all didn't deserve to be locked up – save for maybe the raping murderer criminal we selected – and I spent this day reviewing the results of the base line.

I felt dirty...

My face was unshaven and I was pretty sure I had crusty things on the edges of my eyes and mouth, but I took one look at myself this morning to shave and suddenly I couldn't look at my own reflection anymore.

Every geneticist in the world dreams of practicing their arts on human beings, making us all stronger, faster, smarter, destroying diseases and such. The completion of the Human Genome Project is allowing us to do what we are endeavoring to do starting today ,but I'm certain why we aren't being allowed to do what we're doing is because people fear exactly what we're endeavoring to do:

We were creating super-soldiers.

Twenty women and five men were selected, primarily because the women are smaller, weaker and more docile, and the men were either in frail, weakened conditions, or were used to incarceration. One of the five men and one of the twenty women were volunteers even. It was the criminal that I didn't like doing this to. One just shouldn't empower a raping murderer like that.

I was taking extra precautions for that one, and I was only taking him into this project because he was selected by my... benefactors. And he was only taken after my protests and subsequent implications onto what would happen to me in return if I continued to refuse.

I was as much of a slave here as these specimens were

But all these specimens – no not specimens... they are people, best not to think of them in scientifically distant terms, it'd belittle who they are – these people after reading through their base lines were all standard every-day people... except for number Twenty-Three.

She's a nineteen year old woman, but her spectacular trait is that wherewith all human beings have twenty-four chromosomal pairs including two sexual genes, miss Twenty-Three had twenty-six chromosomal pairs, with the added pair being an X and a Y sexual chromosomes, making her sex XXXY, a hermaphrodite genetic trait more commonly referred to as a 'Chimera.'

A Chimera, in genetic terms, is a person who is born with the genetic traits of two sexes, with the sexes being both male, both female, or one male and one female. It's theorized that the latter of these traits would produce a fully breedable hermaphrodite. The best way of describing this genetic trait it is as a person born with their twin growing inside their own body.

But... never before had I have ever heard of this particular sexual chromosomal sequencing occurring within a female body. For usually that sort of gene-sequencing is limited to males. I had a more thorough physical ordered of her body while she slept, but after checking her body a second time it was discovered that other than a slightly enlarged clitoris, she had absolutely no male body parts.

Her breasts were small for a woman her age, but not noticeably so, and she appear to be amidst a menstruation cycle, which meant that she was indeed fertile. She was a Chimera of some sort or another, but not a super-female as such an odd sexual chromosome count might've produced, or a rather effeminate male as that chromosomal sequence should've produced.

There must be a key in her genome as to why this has produced an average female instead of an infertile effeminate male.

I'd originally decided to keep myself as an overseer of these operations lest my personal presence were required, but this subject... number Twenty-Three... she was unique in the world, I thought, and so I decided to keep her test results a secret by doing them myself.

But first... perhaps I should get to know her.

“Hello? Excuse me miss, but its morning, could you please wake up? Hello?”

I groaned and clutched the bed, feeling like I'd just been binge drinking like my friends and I had done on my sixteenth birthday.

“Go away!” I said feebly and stuffed my head beneath the pillow.

“I'm afraid that I cannot do that number Twenty-Three... I'll have to ask you to awaken and co-operate. We all have masters, and mine are rather unforgiving in regards to laziness.”

“Go away mister man... I'm... YOWICH!”

I sat bolt upright and slapped a hand to my neck, feeling the collar around it, and suddenly I realized where I was and everything from the past three days came rushing in on me. I was not in my bed in the closet in a dilapidated apartment in a building that was falling apart, I was in a cell, on a sort prison bed.

“That was a mild annoyance, number Twenty-Three. Your collars and bracelets can be made to do much, much more. Do bear in mind that your co-operation will be rewarded with food and comfort and courtesy, whereas disobedience is rewarded with the removal of such amenities and likewise punishments fitting your disobedience.”

I rubbed my throat and looked around for the speaker. The voice seemed to be coming from everywhere in the room like the sound of a god.

“Where am I, who are you and what do you want?” I bit out.

“I'm not at liberty to discuss exactly where you are, number Twenty-Three, but what I can tell you are that you are in the middle of the Asian northern interior, and you are surrounded on all directions by endless plains of grass and nipping snow. There are no roads to get here, and the only sure and easy access point is by the air, so understand that escape from this facility, even if you do manage to do so, I can assure you that the nearest bastion of civilization will be hundreds of kilometers away.

“That body suit that you are in has its benefits but I'm afraid that it's no wet suit, and it will not protect you from the cold for long.

“As to what we want, number Twenty-Three...

“My name is Tanya!”

“Not any longer. Your designation is now Twenty-Three, all prior semblances of an identity either real or implied are now irrelevant, and you'd be good to...”

“My name is Tanya Ivanova Asimov! I am the daughter of Ivan Peterovitch, and I... AH!!”

My collar hummed and then snapped me right on several nerve clusters, more powerful this time than the one that woke me, and the strength of the snaps were enough to make me collapse to the bed.

“Your designation is number Twenty-Three.” The voice said aloud to me with a tone of finality.

“I am... Tanya...” but I was cut off by an even more excruciating snap that made me scream.

“Your designation is what?” there was a pause as I didn’t answer. “I can assure you that I can make it far worse for you child. What is your designation?”

“T-Twenty-Three...” I whimpered.

“Very good. But continuing... what we want from you is information, information on how your body reacts to certain chemical, physical and psychological conditioning. Essentially all we need do is record your reactions to certain stimuli.”

“So I’m to be drugged, tortured and mentally and physically violated? What if I don’t want to do these things?” I responded while rubbing my neck again, but the necklace seemed to be attached right to my skin.

“Like I said, number Twenty-Three, we all have our masters. You have no choice in this matter.

“Now finally, to answer your last question, you may call me Ivan.”

“Ivan? Or Crazy Ivan, like the Americans say?”

There was a slight pause where I thought I would be shocked, but no.

“Under the circumstances, number Twenty-Three, I believe that such a name is most appropriate. By all means... call me ‘*Crazy Ivan.*’ It might help me to match my current disposition.”

“Why me?”

“Because you’re an unknown... someone who could be taken and no one would miss, or those who would miss you could either be silenced or would conveniently forget you. It allowed us to take you right out of Moscow off a city street and no one cared.”

I wanted to object but I knew he was right.

“I’m hungry.” I said instead. “Is there a time I get food here, or are you going to see how well I do underneath food deprivation and dealing with the psychology of the threat of starvation?”

“A meal will be provided during your personal orientation.”

“‘Personal Orientation?’ Then what do you call this that we’re having here now?”

“A meet and greet. Good day number Twenty-Three.”

And there was a click as the sound went off, and with a personal sigh I rose and strode over to the toilet.

It was bolted to the floor and made of stainless steel. Even the seat was steel. Looking up and around me, I knew there must be cameras everywhere in here but I needed to pee, and it wasn’t worth my time trying to hold it in and hope I could get to some place where it was private.

The blue bodysuit, which was made up of some strange polymer connected by a plethora of little hexagons, had a plastic tension zipper on it, where instead of metal tines it instead had a bulbous plastic part that was forced into a plastic channel that held it shut. Undoing that, I found that the bodysuit had to be pulled out of certain places – like the butt and crotch – before I could sit down.

Sighing and doing my business, I found that yet again I had no toilet paper... nothing more than a jet of water that shot me in the privates to clean me off.

Day 7: *One week has passed in this modern gulag, and I believe that I've not looked at my own face in about three days at this point.*

There were personal orientations and interviews with each of the twenty-five subjects, and though I supervised all the other interviews from behind a one-way mirror, I personally sat down with number Twenty-Three. She recognized my voice immediately. Her intuitiveness was remarkable.

To hide the features of the scientists and myself, we too, like the guards and technicians, wore protective gear such as a face mask and gloves to hide our age, our coloring and so on. The subjects rapidly became familiar with the difference between guards and scientists. Scientists had the masks with the hollow faces on them, and the guards wore the breath masks and goggles with protective suits.

But as part of these interviews, every subject learned that the rings in their wrists and legs could be magnetized with the power of two-hundred-and-fifty kilogram magnets, which being that the tables and chairs that everyone sat upon were bolted to the floor and made of stainless steel, it kept them immobile.

The functions of their collars and bracelets and bodysuits were explained to them, why they were dressed like that, and to a minor degree, what they were to expect while they were here. If they were to cooperate then they'd be rewarded, if they were to resist then they would be punished.

The convict would be a tough nut to crack. Despite that he had two-hundred-and-fifty kilograms on one arm, he nonetheless was able to lift his arm, grab one of the psychologists and let the magnetism pull the scientist right down to him, where he moved forward and proceeded to bite the psychologist's ear off. He didn't succeed, but we nearly electrocuted him to death for his punishment. Despite that, I now had one psychologist with a bloody ear.

We further took to additional restraints for him, which included shackles and a muzzle when we were moving him. I sent him to his room with no food for his insolence, to which my command was answered by a string of profanities from the subject.

Subject... whereas I had difficulties calling human beings as a subject, this... creature, was not a human being. He was an animal in human clothing, and just by the sheer way that his mind worked, I had no qualms to treating him like an animal.

In retrospect to number Twenty-Five, I also had two volunteers. I hated these two. After the first day, both the man and the woman, both of whom were in perfect physical shape and had military backgrounds who originally were given the freedom to walk around wherever they wanted to and eat whatever they willed, started to show a profound disregard for my scientists, who, I learned, were all in the same boat I was, with all of them being forced here in one way or another.

I immediately ordered the volunteers confined and to be treated just like the other subjects. I found myself becoming more inclined to break them than I was the convict.

We were beginning the training now along with chemical enzymes. It would be interesting to see who benefits the most from this first stage of treatment.

"Please place your arm into the receptacle." An automated voice said, waking me from a sound sleep, and rising out of my bed, I saw a panel system unfolding and a white medical device made of plastic and such extend from the wall. "Please place your arm into the receptacle." It repeated and I rubbed my eyes clear of sleep. "Please place your arm into the receptacle."

"All right, all right, keep your shirt on!" I groaned and turning my legs off the bed, smacked my lips, breathing deeply while I tried to wake up.

“Please place your arm into the receptacle. This is your first warning. Disobedience will be punished.” The voice lowered to a sterner one, no longer the kind and bouncy request from before.

I turned to look at it immediately, and with a sigh I rose and walked over to it, staring at it for a moment even as it chimed: “Place your arm into the receptacle. This is your second warning. Disobedience will be punished.”

I noticed that it'd dropped the word *'please'* just then, and lifting my arm I placed it into the receptacle, and it immediately enclosed about my arm, locking it inside by holding the wristband back inside it.

“Thank you. It will be noted that you were warned twice before submitting.”

“Will it be noted that you woke me up first, you rat bastard?” I said under my breath, even as the machine startled me by tugging my hand deeper, just before my wrist was forcibly turned upward. “Ow... hey! That's attached damn it!” and then something snapped against the inside of my wrist and I felt a nip of something stinging me before the receptacle released my arm, and pulling it back, I saw a octagonal mark of eight dots surrounding three dots surrounding another dot, with each dot being a bruise from whatever it'd just done to me.

My fingers felt numb.

“Thank you for your co-operation.” The machine intoned as it started folding downward back into the wall.

“Screw you, you dappy bastard.” I growled at it.

But then there was an unlocking of my door before it slid open, and one of those guards in the rubber suits appeared, clanging the edge of the door with his retracted shock rod.

“Please step into the corridor, number Twenty-Three.” The guard said, and I obediently moved forward, even as several others were walking into the hallway with me. Nearly all of them were also rubbing the insides of their wrists. “Stop.” My guard said then and I stopped at the center of the corridor. “Face me.” And I turned and waited as the others in blue suits were turned to face the same direction.

One, a man wearing an orange suit and wearing shackles, who smiled darkly at me as he saw me, wasn't paying attention to his guard's repeated requests to get him to turn and fall in line, and was rewarded by a snap of the stun baton.

The suits we wore were a conductive polymer. They enhanced any electrical shock aimed at it... all the better to enhance the power of those shock rods. The man in the orange suit fell straight to the ground with a loud thud, and with his hands and feet in shackles, he was unable to break that fall properly.

“Get up!” his guard said. “I said get up!” and the guard struck him again, only harder this time, which added clubbing damage to the shock.

“Leave him alone!” I shouted.

“Eyes front number Twenty-Three!” my guard shouted at me through his mask.

“But he'll kill him!” I protested, and my guard immediately extended his shock baton and raised it in a threatening manner.

“Eyes front, or I'll...”

“S'all right little darlin',” the man said, and forced himself to his feet, the shackle chain making even this motion more difficult. “These little men can't hurt a big old bear like me.” He grinned at me, though there was something dirty and implied in that grin.

“Bend over number Twenty-Five.” His guard commanded.

“Why? So’s you could stick me in the ass with your stick? Be careful, it might break off!” and he gave off a bark of laughter, which was cut short by a strike against his head, and I screamed from the spray of blood I saw.

As he was bent over, I watched him being fitted with a small muzzle, like in that movie with the lambs and the guy who ate people.

“You just like your beatings and intravenous meals, don’t you, number Twenty-Five?” his guard said, and once the one in the orange suit was fitted with the mask he was shoved forward to stand behind me and another woman in a blue suit that was in front of me. I noticed that there were other men, and amidst the other women, the majority of us were wearing blue, two were wearing white... only number Twenty-Five was the only one wearing orange.

We were forced forward, out of the sliding metal door and into that shower room from before.

“Disrobe!” someone commanded.

I hesitated, just for a moment being that I was surrounded by strangers, but I nonetheless began to pull my suit off, revealing my naked and shorn body, but then there were other’s here who were also getting naked, trying not to look at everyone else. All except the guy in orange, who had his eyes on me and only me, looking at my breasts and crotch as the shower heads all turned on. He was still behind me under the guard of four guards instead of just one now, but it still creeped me out that he kept looking at me.

When I chanced to look back at him he had such a wicked boner!

Gross! I thought and turned back as I washed myself.

“All right, you lot, to the far door. Collect your change of suits and dress.” A woman guard said, and the showers turned off, and like as it had been for the past four days, we marched forward like the prisoners we were, dried ourselves, dressed in our new garb, and passed through the far door for a meal.

We were treated to practically anything we liked that was out for our choices. Meats, fruits and vegetables, it was like an all-you-could-eat buffet where the servers were on the other side of steel bars and you didn’t have to pay for anything.

After collecting my meal and sitting down at one of the metal bolted tables, the door to the showers opened and the one in orange was let through. His eyes found me instantly and I shrunk from his gaze.

He got his food, and then came to sit immediately by me, whereas the other prisoners moved immediately out of the way.

“Gotta thank you. You stuck up for me. That’s... that’s just so...” he leaned in and smelled my neck. “...So delicious.” He moaned.

“Keep your distance, Twenty-Five.” A woman guard warned. “I’ve been dying to break your jaw since I knew you were coming here, and I assure you I’d consider it poetic justice to murder you where you stand. Now move away from number Twenty-Three.”

“Pity, might’ve been fun.” Twenty-Five said and simply sat up.

“I said *away*, Twenty-Five!” the female guard said, and smacked the table with her gloved hand.

“Fine, fine... I’m awaying, I’m awaying.” And he slid down to the edge of the table, where there was a buzz and his legs were immediately magnetized to the seat of the table, as was both arms before a guard arrived to unshackle one and untie his face mask before moving away, and the arm that was unshackled and only that arm was demagnetized so that he could eat.

“A word to the wise, child...” The woman guard said and I turned to look at her from staring at number Twenty-Five. “The male that you’ve been so worried about us beating is known as Ivan the Ripper.”

“The convict who stalked and raped women before murdering them?!” I gasped.

“That’s right... and so far he’s killed more women by far than that Englishman Jack the Ripper ever managed to do, so mind your distance. By God, I wish Ivan allowed us to just murder that sick bastard. I have a gun with a bullet with his name on it.”

The guard walked away, and I turned back to see The Ripper staring at me as he ate, and then I saw him make a victory sign with his fingers before he wagged his tongue between those two fingers, the world renowned hand-gesture for licking pussy, I openly shivered, regretting standing up for such a creature.

Looking promptly away and pressing both legs together, I proceeded to eat as best as I could. This would after all be my only meal for the day, so I had to eat it, but I wasn’t very hungry any more.

Day 10: *Nearly a fortnight has passed, and we were already seeing results... but those results were only with those who were considered to be overweight. We had a two hundred and thirty kilogram man and a two hundred kilogram woman, both of who were morbidly obese, and the woman has already lost over twenty kilograms and the man has already lost over thirty!*

Great... we have results that guarantee the best diet pill on the planet.

All others have lost weight as well to various degrees, cutting down on fat and leaving only the raw muscle... which would be good for when we introduced them all to the muscle-building process. Thank God that Twenty-Five was likewise loosing a great deal of body weight, some of it in muscle mass... even so, he was strong enough to break free of a two-hundred and fifty kilogram magnet, so I had his bracelets and anklets doubled. We'll see how well he can resist five-hundred kilograms of weight per limb then.

I've authorized all the guards to use brutal force against him for his punishment for all his actions he'd had since day one, and the guards, especially Hilda, the blond-haired Valkyrie that was employed as the captain of the guard, was more than willing to beat that raping, murdering bastard senseless at any indication of resistance.

But there is one anomaly that I'll add to this personal report:

Number Twenty-Three, instead of loosing weight, has actually gained weight. But the weight gained hasn't altered her physical proportions at all. The computer module in her bodysuit that is registering how her body has changed has shown that her proportions were virtually the same today as they were when she first joined us... the only thing we can determine is that her musculature had grown denser. As an additional happenstance, her personal body density has gone away recently and one would suspect that her menstruation cycle must've just ended with a period, but the samples collected from the automatic toilet and its analyzer equipment has shown no bio-mater associated with a menstrual purge.

Perhaps this is nothing but a reaction to the chemical given her unique genetics, but to test this hypothesis I've ordered a double dose of the chemical to reduce fat content for her for the next three days.

The machine snapped me in the same exact bruise points as before, but then snapped me again, and I actually cried tears as it released me. I felt like I'd just gotten an influenza immunization... I could feel a sick feeling sliding through me as the machine closed before me with a "Thank you."

And then suddenly I felt something fluid flush into my bowels, and I clapped a hand over the subtly smooth wedge of vaginal flesh between my legs as my labia started to throb. I felt like I was nearing a climax, felt the blush as a result from that sensation spread across my cheeks and nose, and then suffuse both breasts as my cunt heated up like a son of a bitch.

"Ah... Ha! Ha!" I breathed and then groaned as the feeling waned.

Goodness I really had to masturbate, but then the door opened up and my guard was there.

"Let's go, number Twenty-Three." He said, and I nodded stupidly and hobbled out with him, trying not to palm my sex.

Another day, another bout of following someone else's orders, but this day was different. I only stupidly did what they told me, working on automatic. I couldn't think of anything other than that heavy throbbing pair of feminine muscles between my thighs as I showered, ate my food of randomly collected things, and did their various exercises involving treadmills and heavy duty weight machines that were all calibrated to lift insane amounts of weight; more than any human should be able to lift which were in excess of two-hundred and fifty kilograms on some of them. I only stupidly remarked in my present mind-set that it took

a person decades of constant training to be strong enough to pick up more than two-hundred kilograms of weight by themselves.

But something strange started happening to me as they set me to lifting things. The burning in my muscles was tripping off a reaction in me, a sensual reaction that deepened my blush and made me perspire, and what was more was that I started leaking vaginal juices into that bodysuit as well with each pump of the bars attached to their pneumatics.

Pressure started building within me as I pulled on small bars with chords attached to them, and then really began to build as I pumped the large bars and lifted the weights with my legs, till half way through the leg lifts I had to massage my sex, fingering myself, feeling a power rising up inside me that was quite bestial, till at long last... I orgasmed.

Several repeating jets of ejaculate rushed from me, bursting over and over again, before the hot sticky fluids slid downward between both legs to slide in between both butt cheeks and down the legs of those thighs as I reveled in such a powerful eruption of erotic feeling that left my innards clenching and both labia pinching and throbbing.

And then the power waned and I was left there for a moment or two, idly unzipping the bodysuit I wore to reveal both heaving breasts and the length of belly leading to that shorn pussy of mine.

Two guards came and collected me then, and after washing me down once they'd removed the bodysuit from off me, they deposited me back into my cell on my bed where I promptly turned onto my back, let both legs flop open and proceeded to pleasure myself even more deeply; coaxing orgasm after sweet orgasm from those loins of mine till I passed out in a mass of sweat and ejaculate... more content at that moment than I'd ever been before.

Day 11: *Twenty-Three had displayed another remarkable change. For the few moments that she was physically aroused, right up to and including her orgasm, her bodysuit had measured an increase in height of five centimeters, an increase in body weight of six kilograms, and a physical output that allowed her to lift twelve kilograms more than her previous maximum.*

That sort of a change in statistics was usually attained only after weeks of solid working out, when you reached a crux that allowed one to jump tens of kilograms of weight lifting because all the supporting muscles were now at the weight-lifting capability of the major muscles.

But without any sort of preliminary weight training, and her profile states that she hadn't worked out a day in her life, she has a sexual reaction in relation to the weight reducing chemical inputted into her and she suddenly increases her weight capacity by more than a dozen kilograms.

Afterward, though, once the sexual high fell, her weight-lifting ability waned immediately back to its previous levels, and her increase in size also reduced to previous norms. The only difference was a minor increase of body weight in the form of what was later found to be increased bone and muscle density. Height and certain proportions were marginally taller and larger by a few centimeters... but...

It leaves one to question the sexual abnormality number Twenty-Three possesses. Perhaps if we can tweak this abnormality, then we might be able to unlock some secret human evolutionary trait and create a whole new race of man!

Or in the case of Jekyll and Hyde, release a terrible, terrible monster to which there is no escape from. In the case of Twenty-Five, that may just be so.

Regardless... it was time to test as to whether it was the drug contributing to this change in her system, or the sexual reactions.

I dreamed that night after I laid myself out due to sexual exertions. I dreamed that I was standing naked amidst the great planes of Mother Russia and it was snowing out. I had a body that was different than the one I had before I'd gone to sleep, primarily because my breasts were massive and bulbous, my hips were wide, as wide as both shoulders, and I had a waist that was slightly wider than the width of my head. There were muscles on this body, thick, powerful yet feminine muscles that arched about this body instead of chiseled it like a man's musculature would. I felt strong, and completely unaware of all the ice and snow around me.

In this dream though, I found that I was still tattooed with the bar codes as I twisted and turned myself to get a better look at that powerful body, though I no longer had the bracelets and collar on, though I was completely shorn of all body hair below the scalp, I was nonetheless strong, beautiful and powerful.

Then there was a growl nearby me, and turning I froze at the sight of an enigmatic white tigress sitting there, her body upright and even more powerful than my feminine form; the tigress bulging with incredible muscles as her long and thick tail coiled about her to rest over her feet. Its tip was wagging subtly as she leveled her green eyes and their almond-shaped pupils upon me.

I knew it was a she, knew that females didn't have the pronounced beard that male tigers had, and she radiated a raw sexual power that I craved and made me horny just looking at it. I felt both labia, both nipples and their areola and my clitoris erect.

I've been looking for you child. I've been looking for you for a long time.

I didn't think those thoughts, but they sounded like my thoughts. They were thought just a moment before the tigress rose to her haunches and shook her body free of snow before she moved close to me; exhaling her breath upon my breasts and making both nipples harden even more with arousal from her hot breath. I

looked down at those breasts only to see milk leaking from them both, slipping from the firm nipples a moment before she licked me across those breasts to drink of my milk.

I sighed and hugged her head to me as she licked me further, her body so massive and large that at her shoulder she was taller than me.

Long have I been dormant, but now that we found each other, I shall make you strong... stronger than any male, any female alive anywhere. The bear that hungers for you will be no match for you once I am done with you, and these fools who dare cage you know not what they are doing as they attempt to unlock your power, unknowing what that will bring.

“What... what must I do?”

Be innocent, be diligent, be patient, for soon they will unlock that which must remain hidden to human eyes.

And then with a mass of images... many, many sexual images involving me growing strong and powerful and erotic rushed through my senses, and then I awoke and then tensed immediately as this body of mine flushed a tantric orgasm that left my nipples quivering and both breasts wobbling from the exertion. I was pale at the moment save for a redness in that throbbing cunt of mine, as well as within my breasts and cheeks. Several micro-orgasms flushed from me right as the mechanical contraption opened up by the door.

“Please place your arm into the receptacle.” It commanded, and wiping both eyes clean of sleep, I surged naked to both feet, walked over to the contraption and gave it an arm. Again it tapped me twice, flushing something into me I now felt, and when it gave way, I looked at the bruise it’d made, and thought that it must be injecting me with something...

The door to my cell unlocked and was opened as it did whenever I took my ‘*medicine*,’ and the guard was standing there as usual, only this time he had a new bodysuit in his hands as he looked upon me naked as I was.

I smiled at the sight of the bulge in his loins swelling.

“I have a new body-suit for you number Twenty-Three. Please dress in it.” And he held it out.

I walked up to him and took the garment and holding it, let it unfold while the fingers of both hands gripped its rubbery fabric. Something made me pause though, and I smiled at this man, feeling the twin labia between either thigh clenching with desire. He was a man, after all, and by the looks of his suit he was a decently equipped man, and though I hadn’t planned on giving him a peep show a moment before, I started to now, taking all the time in the world to slide into the suit and dress and then zipper it up again.

“You know... I should’ve told you, that you still need to take a shower, number Twenty-Three.” the guard said.

“Then you’ll just have to watch me undress and dress again.” I said with a little groan under my breath, and stepping passed the guard, ran a finger along his chest as I stepped into the hall and followed his instructions.

But then I saw number Twenty-Five. Snow and cold air was coming from his room when they claimed him, and he was also naked and covered with snow... his skin pale from being so cold and he was shivering in his metal bindings and shackles. But that didn’t stop him from getting a steely hard on upon seeing me.

“You like having your window open, number Twenty-Five?” I asked.

“Feels just like the gulag.” Twenty-Five grinned behind his mask, and I gaped openly that he’d been sent to such a place. “All I needs now is a nice cushy but hole to stick my dick in so it doesn’t fall off... oh I forget, there are women here too. That opens the number of holes I can stick myself into.”

And then the female guard who looked after him struck him with her baton, driving Twenty-Five right to his knees right away.

“That’s right, hit me again. I like the pain...” he grunted and tried to rise.

“Eyes front, number Twenty-Three.” My guard said softly, and I immediately turned away from that sight as they started beating my neighbor.

They began moving us into the showers while the guards viciously beat Twenty-Five repeatedly, shouting at him. On the one side I was sorry for him, and on the other... I thought he deserved that treatment.

I disrobed again in the showers, enjoying the nice warm water, feeling myself reveling in such a comfort while my labia remained swollen and aroused.

Before coming here, my home’s heater was busted and there was no one who could afford to repair it, so everything was done in cold water lest it could be heated up with a space heater or a hot plate. Hot running water was in and of itself almost worth what I was going through, and the sensation... the sensation was so pleasurable it was making my nipples hard, was making my clit erect, and I caressed myself like my hands were a lover’s hands... that is until I noticed that everyone was watching me and I immediately stopped.

As always, the day progressed as it had since I arrived. I showered and dried myself with everyone else, dressed with everyone else and ate with everyone else before they took us into the training center of this place, where many doctors who wore face masks and lab coats watched us behind safety glass amidst the ever-watchful eye of the guards and the cameras. But as I worked out though, using the machines and such, that sexual feeling returned and I grew so hot that I had to unzip the suit to let the heat out, letting loose a wafting breath of steam.

“Zip your suit back up, number Twenty-Three.” My guard said as he came close.

“But it’s stifling in here!” I complained. “Please... I’m so hot... ngh!” I groaned and cupped my crotch even as it spit a minute squirt of ejaculate. “And so horny,” I moaned under my breath

“The Administrators want you to zip up your suit, number Twenty-Three. You’ll not be asked again.”

This translated into that they’d punish me for disobeying if I didn’t do it right now. So I zipped up the suit again, and began breathing heavily.

“You may rest for now.” The guard said and stepped back, letting me sit on the end of the workout bench, but I nonetheless tugged at the collar of my suit.

Was it me or was it feeling rather tight right now? I asked myself, and then hissing through my teeth, rubbed the crotch of this suit to help soothe the raging sexuality that seemed to be growing between my legs. *Especially between the legs,* I added. *This thing already invades my butt like a wedgie so why does it have to give me a front wedgie too?*

Day 12: *The results are promising. The fat content of all my subjects is definitely lowering and they're all nearly to a fully lean muscled body, with everyone loosing weight on a pretty calculable level. Those who are thin can be started on the muscle enhancing drugs soon.*

Everyone except number Twenty-Three,

I've decided to induce a sexual experience in number Twenty-Three over the night, a small injection of a chemical similar to the sexual drug known as 'Ecstasy.' My reasoning for this is that number Twenty-Three indeed does seem to encounter, albeit brief, physical enhancement whenever she's sexually aroused. The prior drug was only the catalyst to produce the sexual experience, and after two days on double rations of the chemical, Twenty-Three has had two fully recorded sexual experiences which have increased all her physical attributes by approximately three percent even after the short-lived physical enhancement has left her.

During her temporary growth spurts, all her physical proportions enhance, including muscle weight, skeletal weight, heart rate, body temperature, but also some more interesting sexual attributes such as thickening labia and clitoris and engorging breasts that swell more than just the usual engorgement of blood when a woman becomes aroused. She was recorded to grow an average of seven centimeters during these two recorded transformations, with the second one being significantly larger than the first.

When they went away, they left her subtly enhanced like a long week of constantly working out with weights would produce.

I only wished that my personal computer could process a genetic sequencing faster, but if I were to keep this off the official automated reports then I had to use a computer that wasn't linked to my benefactor's computers.

I dreamed again... but this time I dreamed of fire!

The plain of endless tundra grasses covered in snow with sparse trees suddenly caught aflame around me with me in the midst of it all. I writhed in pain, but it was a sexual pain of repeating orgasms and... of growing power! It surged into me, rushed up into my loins like a super-erect phallus to sex me and to throttle my pussy studiously, bringing for orgasm after sweet orgasm that numbed my mind. I'd never had intercourse before, but this certainly felt like I was being pleased as such, felt as if every time that invisible phallus climaxed into me I grew with its strength.

Both breasts enlarged, either arm and leg thickened with muscle while my chest barreled outward with its two pectorals bulging thickly with strength, all while my back flared and arched... and I grew.

When I awoke, I felt on fire, and I began climaxing in my suit repeatedly, offloading three rushes of sticky water into the suit one after the next right away, and it became a rush to rip that garment off me and get to the sink at the same time so that I could splash cold water all over my body.

Milk leaked from both tits marginally, and I felt both nipples quivering erotically while my clit surged outward from within me, dragging with it the vaginal flesh on the inside. I came again, splattering both thighs with sticky vaginal juices while my attempts to get myself cool failed horribly, and so I just stuck my head underneath the water of the faucet.

It was probably artesian water, but it wasn't cold enough!

But then there was a buzzing sound and lifting myself from the sink, I saw two guards rush in with a scientist; the scientist had a tank on his back and was holding a nozzle-like gun at me. At first I thought I'd done something wrong, but then that scientist pulled the trigger and a strange gelatinous paste splattered my

body. But what happened with that goo wasn't what I expected. It was cool, it was soothing, I think it even had aloe in it...

I squatted and held myself as the whole of me from head to toe was covered in the goo, and they even opened the window in the cell to allow the cold air in. They let me sit there for a moment till the heat in me died down and I started shivering before the guards strode forward, grabbed me under the arms and dragged me to the shower room where they turned the water on a lukewarm setting to wash me off. They just laid me there in the middle of the shower room, and for a while I felt too brain-dead to do anything. But after awhile, when my senses started returning, I looked up to see one of the scientists standing there with the usual facemask covering his features.

"The experiment has been completed. Dry her off, provide her with a new suit, dress her and return her to her quarters." The man said, and I vaguely recognized the voice as the voice of the man who spoke to me over the intercom and who later spoke to me through the security glass on the meet and greet and orientation.

Within a matter of minutes they'd dried me, dressed me and planted me into the same bed as before. I was so exhausted at the moment I just collapsed into the pillow, mattress and sheets and fell immediately asleep.

Day 12 – Supplemental: *Number Twenty-Three has responded the same as she'd done before: a sexual stimulus has created a brief physical growth. Once the affects of the drugs were fully in her system, the growth was more pronounced than before, the increase in weight was a good ten kilograms and her height was increased by fifteen centimeters.*

She instantly developed an athletic physical appearance wrought with superb musculature and enhanced sexuality. Likewise, with the affects of the drug in her system allowing for a prolonged sexual experience, she held these physical enhancements for the duration of the sexual high. My only fear was later confirmed though being that her body heat grew to dangerous levels, nearly to the point of brain fry had we not intervened and cooled her down.

The body heat will be difficult... if only I can learn how her body releases such a drastic elastic change in her skeletal system and a swelling of her musculature. Perhaps we can trigger it without sexual drugs.

As a side note:

Number Twenty-Three was able to shrug off the effects of the Ecstasy drug in half the projected time frame for a human female of her size and weight. I theorize that there is some metabolic effect in place that is allowing her to process toxins faster than a typical human being like that. More testing to the limits of her sexuality without drugs will be needed. Checking her history reports that she'd never been sent to a hospital in her life since being born, and a remarkable absence of doctor visits. This evidence only further supports my theory of a strong metabolism.

As such, I feel that she's ready for the next stage of the program, and that is to pump her full of the physical enhancement drugs. I have, however, decided to also implant her with the nanobots now. I feel that the nanobots will be able to produce some more desired effects and uncover more of her physiology all that much faster. If I can unlock this genetic key, whatever it is that has given her those two extra chromosomes, discover why she is a she with that particular sequencing, and why she experiences such physical enhancement when aroused, then perhaps I can implement the change in the other members of the test group.

But I question myself now. Am I accomplishing that which I'm required to accomplish or merely enhancing her for my own curiosity?

I awoke, took my medicine by the machine and was met at the door by my guard as usual the morning following that dream... the dream of fire, a dream I experienced again but only after the fire had raged and I was standing in snow again like before. Or what I thought was snow, maybe it was ash. But I saw the tiger again last night, and that made me feel safe and happy.

Today, however, when I was directed to leave my cell, there was a small desk and two chairs right in front of the doorway up against a wall, with a scientist occupying one of the chairs. There was a station like this opposite all the cell doors, and as each of my companions awoke, they were all directed to take their seats also.

I sat down opposite the one scientist who'd been assigned to me.

"Please place your arm on the table." He said, and half-expecting what was coming, I did so, and he immediately pushed back the sleeve of the suit I wore, pressed a hypo-spray gun to my wrist over the existing bruise that felt like it was scaring like that now, and pumped me full of something. Three times he did that, whereas I noticed that the others of this group only received one shot.

"Why did you shoot me three times and them only once?" I asked

“Yours is not to ask questions, only to do. We’re done now, number Twenty-Three.” The technician said, and I rose to my feet and followed the guard’s directions pending going into the showers. I noticed that Twenty-Five hadn’t been brought out, and instead there were two guards still standing in front of his door with automatic weapons in hand now.

Again we showered, we ate, but when I was done and went to go stand in line for the day’s exercises, I was instead palmed on the shoulder by the guard that watched over me.

“Not today, number Twenty-Three. You’ll follow me.”

“I’m not going with the others?” I asked as I followed him automatically.

“Negative. You are to receive a special session with the Administrator.”

I looked back over one shoulder at the others who were watching me as I was brought to a door no one had ever gone through yet save for the staff here, in which the guard turned to me and addressed me.

“You’re being given an extra privilege, number Twenty-Three. The Administrator has taken a personal interest in you and your progress. He will be conducting the next stage of your progress here. Once through this door, you will be in the hands of two armed guards. Any disobedience will be met with physical force, any resistance and you’ll be shot. Do you understand what I’ve just told you?”

“Ah... yes. Yes I do.”

And the door buzzed and was opened from the other side, and there I was met with two guards who were dressed similarly to my guard, except that they were both dressed in black instead of white, had a riot helmet on over their masks and goggles and were equipped with a set of flack vests and pants. A red torso harness with grenades and ammo clips on them adorned their torsos.

“Number Twenty-Three, you will come with us.” One of the like-garbed guards stated, and they turned and began walking, I had no choice but to follow.

The hallway I went into was long and featureless and was filled with doors. Coming to one such door, the door buzzed and they opened it and I was urged inside with a firm push that forced me to catch myself short of falling from. Inside was the same man from last night. His pants were even the same.

“Hello number Twenty-Three.” He greeted. “If you’ll please disrobe, we’ll get this underway.”

I looked at the two guards in here who were both armed with machine guns, hesitating only a moment more I lifted both hands and began to undo the plastic zipper down past my crotch where it ended between both legs before I pulled the garment open to reveal my naked body. Unshouldering the top half and pushing the bottom half off either leg, I then stepping out of the jumpsuit, picked it up and held onto it.

A technician appeared out of the darkness of this room to collect the suit, and the man who must’ve been the Administrator turned and touched a switch, and a light turned on to reveal an elevated metal bed like the one I’d been shaved and sheared out of my clothing on.

“Please step onto the table.” The Administrator said, and I did as was directed, but as soon as I’d turned around and lay on the bed, the bracelets and anklets and necklace all magnetized and they held me secure to the table before I started being elevated into a horizontal position.

“You’re a very unique woman, number Twenty-Three, do you know why?”

“Is it because I’ve been kidnapped by psychos and am now on a weird operating table pending God only knows what you’ll do to me?”

I got the impression that the Administrator had just smirked. “No... that isn’t it exactly.

“I’ll admit that when I selected you, number Twenty-Three, I had no idea of the secret that you held inside you. A person’s blood contains everything that they are, Twenty-Three, but in your case we discovered a small anomaly.”

“An anomaly? What sort of an anomaly?” I asked as the assistant technician from before started applying little pads to points on my body that had wires trailing off them.

“Do you know how many chromosomes are in an average human body?” the admin asked, and I shook my head. “Forty-six. Twenty-two chromosomal pairs with one sexual pair. Do you know how many chromosomes are in your body?”

“Forty-six?” I asked tentatively, and this time the admin shook his head.

“Forty-eight. You like every other human being in the world have twenty two chromosomal pairs that make up every little trait in your body, but unlike every other human in the world, you have not two but four sexual chromosomes. And in your case, you have three female chromosomes and one male. Despite what you might think on having three female and one male, that sort of a combination should make you a nearly infertile or totally infertile effeminate male. You should have a penis and no vagina, and you may’ve developed breasts.

“Instead, you are a perfectly normal female. You’re fertile, you have full mental facilities that are rated at slightly above average with general human proportions, which given your genetic make-up is definitely different than everything we know about human genetics and sexuality.

“So at the moment, number Twenty-Three, we don’t know what those two extra chromosomes do. That’s why you’re here.” He then looked to the technician when he’d finished hooking me up with more than a dozen of those little pasty things with the wires. “You’re dismissed.” And then to the two guards. “As are both of you.”

They all hesitated, but left by way of the door, and once it was closed, the admin began doing a checkup of me.

“W-why did you send them away? Are you going to do something to me? You sicko! You keep your penis out of me!”

“You misunderstand number Twenty-Three,” The admin said, and lifting a chart wrote a few things upon it. “My goal isn’t to rape you – I have a wife and a daughter to consider – but I do still nonetheless have something to test.”

“Th-then... what... what are you going to test?” I gasped, and the Administrator fixed me with a gaze with that featureless mask of his, and lifting a hand he hit a switch and the table began to realign. I couldn’t help but realize that it was spreading my legs apart, putting them into a position of a woman who was about to give birth, spreading both legs apart like in a pair of stirrups with the knees bent slightly.

And then he hit another switch and a device rose from the floor, and on its front was a multi-tiered dildo!

“You’ve *got* to be joking!” I gasped.

“No...” he said, and picked up a remote attached to a cable on the device, and it began to hum and vibrate. “You see, number Twenty-Three, we’ve discovered something that I’m going to impart to you, but I didn’t want anyone else to hear.” The dildo-ended device made of metal began to turn slowly and then extend toward my pussy. The moment I tried to get out of the way, a bar arched across my middle and held it down and in one place. “We’ve discovered that your body undergoes a certain level of physical enhancement when you’re sexually aroused. I’ve kept this information to myself, because though you’re a

person who thinks and feels, and I respect that, you still nonetheless possess a genetic trait that, if I can unlock it, could be the key to human evolution. But in order to unlock it, I need to explore you sexually, but since I won't allow anyone to do that physically with you, I will be testing these effects via machinery.

“To save your dignity... or at least your virtue.”

I gasped and tried to move away from the advancing pole, feeling the air vibrating around it as it drew near to me. Just then a series of lasers activated, and several points of those lasers were suddenly crossed horizontally and vertically, breaking me down into a red grid.

“Now what are those for?!” I almost screamed, tears in my eyes.

“To more accurately measure your proportions, number Twenty-Three. Now I assure you, you have nothing to be afraid of. You may even enjoy this.”

And then a thirty centimeter spinning piece of metal penetrated me.

I didn't care what he said... this still felt so remarkably wrong.

I felt numb, numb all over.

The machine penetrated and teased me both vaginally and anally and sometimes both at the same time. A pair of those little pads over my breasts tantalized me sexually by getting both nipples to erect via mild electro-shock treatment, and more electricity in key points on my body got me to orgasm harder than I'd ever done so before.

And it'd gone on for hours.

I had chemicals injected into me, all to make me first become aware that I could feel such incredible levels of sexuality, and then immediately make me experience them. But regardless, I found that the doctor, or Administrator, or whatever he was, was right, and looking down at myself was all that was necessary to see the truth in this.

I was taller and stronger, with two boobs that had swollen to more than twice their previous size. The bodysuit didn't even fit me anymore and I had to walk around with its front open and my nipples if not the whole of either breast remaining hidden only by sheer sake of friction.

Having been returned to my cell, I pulled that suit off me with the promise that a new one would be made available for me tomorrow, and discarding the thing, I strode to the bed here, sat down right on its edge and began touching myself. Not in a sexual way, not immediately. I wanted to feel the firm muscles, feel the bulbous fatty mammary that actually creamed and gave milk when it was squeezed – before it'd take intense emotions like fear or arousal to make me lactate – and only then did I begin to masturbate.

It began as a finger, it continued with two, then three, then the whole hand. That machine had continually upgraded itself, making the pole grow longer and thicker inside me, while more 'drill bits' were added to add to the thickness later, or to tantalize the clitoris and the labia on the outside.

Some point during that ordeal, there'd been a disk with little rubbery knobs that'd come in and began rotating clockwise and counterclockwise randomly for random lengths of time to tweak my clit and to rub the twin labia that served as the gates of my womanhood with its little knobs.

And then I stuck the whole of my hand inside myself, and coaxed myself into an orgasm that flushed a torrent of cum from me to splatter onto the cool tile floors. But I didn't stop there... no... the drugs in me were still making me horny.

But regardless, after awhile... as I continued pleasuring myself as a sliver of the moon's light rose up high within the window of this little cell, I found myself crying, hating what they'd done to me... but absolutely loving the power that was raging inside me.

A fire had been lit, the fire from my dreams... and it was growing in me.

Day 14: Officially, after two weeks of manipulating the subjects, we've gotten some fine production. So far I can safely say that the procedure has gone well for all involved. Fine results for both men and women, regardless as to age or weight or health conditions. The overweight man and woman are still in process of losing enough weight to get down to a lean body-type, and they've become absolutely helpful in any way to my guards or the technicians thanks to both having dropped nearly a hundred kilograms.

I theorize that it may be best to start those with a low self esteem, they seem to be the most apt to allow for cooperation with the program. I've submitted this observance and my keepers have solemnly agreed.

I'll have more on that subject later...

Number Twenty-Five, however, is a brick that will not break. Psychologically I believe he is unable to be broken because his psyche is already as broken as it'll get. Psychologists are being directed to attempt repairing psyche techniques, but so far the best we've gotten was for number Twenty-Five to erect himself and spontaneously ejaculate on a female technician. To her credit though, she used a shock rod on his manhood and had the guards beat him into submission.

Regardless, number Twenty-Five has been restrained into a metal apparatus, is intravenously nourished, and is presently being punished on a constant basis. Essentially, of all the twenty-five test subjects, he is the least responsive. I'm sending yet another request to my overseers to have the mongrel put down. He's less than a human, less than an animal... he's a monster, and why they're having me enhance this monster is beyond me.

As for what measures of his progress that I can report, he's become substantially more aggressive, craves meat and has gained back twenty-two kilograms in sheer muscle mass. His genetics appear to be highly appropriate for muscle gain, and strangely he is a genetic anomaly, just like number Twenty-Three.

Again, I see a sexual anomaly in the form of three sexual chromosomes instead of just two like the other members of the test group. His sexual traits are set at XYY, or what Geneticists call the 'Criminal Gene'; which is a common gene sequence found in criminals the world over. It can't be officially called the Criminal Gene simply because there isn't enough scientific evidence per se, but I find it poetic that it exists in our subject here.

Nonetheless, the XYY gene sequence tends to create a physically potent and rather aggressive male subject, with the added aggressions, if not held in check, leading the subject into varied acts of physical malice.

Once again, the poeticism of its presence in number Twenty-Five is sickening.

Nonetheless, I've isolated that muscle-building gene sequence found in number Twenty-Five and have implanted it into another of the subjects with no outward adverse effects other than, yet again, an increased craving for meat. But number Thirteen – a female – has gained twenty-two kilograms of muscle mass within only a few days. She's lost certain feminine aspects such as much of her mammary mass, and her aggressiveness has given rise for some corrective measures, but she's more or less calming down. I've since added an enhanced estrogen production to her body, which appears to be reducing her aggressiveness and likewise slowly returning objects of her femininity, though I doubt she'll support any mammary mass worthy of her former glory.

I feel safe that now is the time to implant the remaining subjects with number Twenty-Five's contribution to the program.

On a more personal note, however, is that number Twenty-Three has shown no further progress other than a sudden maturation increase.

Probing her sexually over the past few days has triggered her latent maturation genes, and after transforming and returning to her prior size and mass, has also allowed her to retain more and more of a highly-feminine form without any reversion. The only side-note regarding this is that she hasn't grown any

more either. Her proportions, even when sexually stimulated, have shown no increased benefits greater than marginal enhancements.

I'll know more in the long term.

But as such, she's become a favorite of the male guards, and I constantly catch them watching her in the closed circuit camera rooms. I'll admit that I'd've been a far happier man in life if my wife were possessing of a form like number Twenty-Three now possessed, but a wise man says to be content with what you've been given or else what you've been given might be taken away.

But then again... I was content with my wife, and they took her away from me, so what does that wise man say now?

Number Twenty-Three, from the time that she's arrived here, has grown a total of twelve centimeters and gained approximately ten kilograms between loss of fat and increase in bone and muscle weight, and an increase in certain proportions such as breast size, hip breadth and various other measurements.

Her hips are wider, her waist narrower, her shoulders more slender and her breasts have increased a half a dozen cup sizes in the two weeks since coming here, some of which appears to be in a spontaneous milk production, to which she produces a decent amount to feed a pair of suckling children fully per feeding.

We catch her often nursing from her own breasts, a sight, to which I must admit, even gets me aroused.

As a note upon this trait, though... I've not indoctrinated such genetic traits in her, which means that the ability to lactate either existed prior to her coming here or someone is supplementing her diet of drugs with enzymes. I'll have to check the machine in her room to see if this is true. If it existed in her make up naturally, it should be noted that few mammalian females in nature will produce milk lest they've produced young, and since Twenty-Three is not only childless but also a virgin, how she is able to produce so much milk is a mystery. Yes it is possible for a woman and even some men to lactate slightly, but not in such a mass as she is capable of.

It's disturbing though, that other than obtaining a lean feminine body of enhanced beauty, number Twenty-Three hasn't responded to any of the other treatments. No additional muscle mass, though she does show a great deal of increased flexibility, agility and hand-to-eye coordination. She's become graceful, beautiful...

But I digress.

I'll be starting her on stage three this week, along with number Twenty-Five, Thirteen, Ten and Two.

As a final note... I am exceedingly pleased that the two volunteers to this program, formerly trained military personnel are actually falling behind in the development of the other subjects. Hopefully such an experience will take them down a notch, but additionally it shows that an already militarily trained person with prideful ambitions and willpower training will have to have additional psychological break downs to make them more able to receive other treatments. Essentially they have to be untrained and then retrained again in order to benefit from this program.

The psychosomatic ramifications are being proven in full with them.

With their results so shady, I will suggest in my report to the benefactors that this process cannot be done as an upgrade to existing forces, but instead will need to be done to those individuals from a basic military level and brought into an advanced one.

Either the two volunteers will be flushed from the program from the benefactors, or else they'll command me to totally break them using psychological methods which can easily be considered inhumane. I'd pity

these two for that measure if I'm told to use them, but if I'm authorized to use them with their volunteers, then maybe I can use them on number Twenty-Five and truly break his will.

Only time will tell.

I'll have to admit that I've been growing self conscious. I've begun to show myself as the most sexually advanced member in these halls, while everyone else, even the two fat people, were starting to bulge with increasingly sizeable amounts of muscle. Number Thirteen has turned into a butch tank! I mean she had so much muscle now that her boobs had all but disappeared and even her pussy lips were so thick that she had a camel toe even in these suits that were supposed to *not* show off that sort of thing.

But nonetheless, there was a certain craving in their eyes as I walked by. Perhaps it was because they knew that they were being drawn away from their normal forms and made into something grotesque and they liked the beauty I was projecting, but they might not want that sort of thing if they had any idea what I went through to get it. They'd hate this if they knew that I felt like I was being transformed into some high-grade whore.

"Number Twenty-Three..." someone said, and I turned around to see my guard there.

"Yes sir?" I intoned and curtsied.

"Come with me." He said and I followed... but I followed him through the *'other'* door, the one that I'd not seen anyone else go through yet, and he led me into a new room other than all the others. This room was simple and was locked from the inside of the door instead of the outside, and was rather simple.

"Number Twenty-Three... I... I had to ask permission, and the Administrator gave it so long as you acquiesced but..." he looked nervous, and for a moment, I felt normal all of a sudden.

"But what?" I asked.

"I... want to sleep with you number Twenty-Three. This is totally your decision. The Administrator made me aware that you are a virgin."

"Technically..." I said, and then moved closer to him, biting my lower lip. "...Why do you want this, sir?" I asked him, peering up into his goggles.

"B-because... because you're the most beautiful woman I've ever met." He looked nervous as he stood there with his utility belt holding down a raging hard on.

"Have you ever been with a woman, sir?" I asked him and he vigorously shook his head.

And then I thought, and then I sighed and slid a hand through a wave of hair that was growing back rather rapidly since they shaved it all off, and was now longer than it had been. It was thrice the length anyone else had. Hair tended to grow quickly with me, even though the hair on the rest of my body hadn't grown back. Also, the once blond hair was growing back much lighter than before... like a golden-white.

"That's quite a decision, sir... especially since I don't know what you look like underneath all that gear. What if I say yes and you're some pimply disgusting, sweaty guy underneath all that. What if you have a really small penis? After... after what they've done to me here, sir... it'll take a rather large penis to sate me I'm afraid."

"S-so... what do you wish of me?" he asked.

“Disrobe.” I said and sat down on a desk in this darkened room. “That’s the first step. You’ve been nice to me, and I like your voice... but I must ask you to show me some trust.”

It occurred to me that he was a guard. He had a weapon and he had keys and other tools on his belt. I could’ve escaped, but it irked me that even the Administrator said that even he had superiors. I began to believe that we were all prisoners here, and that in an of itself was what was getting me to consider this... that... and I’ve had such an incredible craving to have a dick inside me lately, my previous desires to wait till marriage be damned in this place.

I had the feeling that’d never happen anyways, and I didn’t want to die a virgin.

“I... I can’t remove my head gear in front of you.” He said.

“Not even your face mask?” I gasped.

“I... well... maybe.” He managed, and I smiled at him.

“Then proceed, show me as much trust as you’re able to show then.” I asked, and after a moment’s pause and hearing him take a breath of steady air through his mask, he began to undress.

I became surprised as to the level in which the guards were protected. There were boots and gloves, a set of coveralls followed by what looked like an armored shirt and pants... not as heavy as the ones the black guards had, but still offered some protection. There was a white body suit underneath all that that he finally unzipped and shouldered himself out of, and suddenly I had a man standing naked before me. After a moment or two of pause after all that, he then reached up, and removed only his face mask from off his mouth and nose.

I’ve seen the few men in the group naked, the lot of them were all built differently and one of them wasn’t circumcised, and I’ve seen number Twenty-Five’s naked penis too, but sir here...

He was fit, he was strong, hairless below the neck, maybe as part of whatever decontamination procedure they all went through, but glancing at his circumcised penis, and how thick it was even in its limp position, I smiled and imagined that penetrating me.

“You have a wonderful smile.” I said at last, and then rising off the desk, I stood before him in the middle of the floor.

“Now, one final moment of trust, sir: I want you to undress me.” I said and faced him as openly as I could.

He approached, lifted a hand to the zipper and flexed his fingers inside the ring. He was so bashful, and I could see him blushing as he fingered the zipper for a moment more before he began pulling down on it to unzip me to the crotch.

“Careful now... touch only the suit.” I said in a breathy tone. “You may only have the sweet center once you’ve unwrapped the treat.”

He lifted his head momentarily toward me, and then began picking at the suit, peeling me out of it. By the time he’d ended, he’d grown completely erect and were lactating a little, creaming heavily between my legs even. His bare hands cupped one of my butt cheeks then... just before he slid forward and began to lick and suck upon my shorn pussy. Kneeling there, sucking on me, he got my breathing to quicken and deepen, and when he reached up with his long arms to cup a breast, I bent my head and kissed his fingers as my cream slid into his mouth and my milk slid between his fingers and down the back of his hand.

I was nearly to orgasm when I stepped back from him, and he looked up at me as I moved to the bed and sat down on its edge, caressing the sex between my thighs to keep me ready, and I held out both hands for him.

He rose, eagerly and readily, and taking his penis like I'd always wanted to do to my future lover, I gripped it, kissed its length and then its head, licked it with the whole of my tongue, and then began to suck on its broadening head. I tasted his flesh, I tasted the sweat that was sliding from his skin, and after a moment or two I also felt his prick spasm before he erupted two testicles full of semen into my mouth. I swallowed what I could instinctively while the rest spilled out onto my breasts and a blast or two erupted onto my face and breasts.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" he blushed, but sighing to myself, I merely licked it all off right before him, and though after climax he'd been diminishing and drawing limp again but as he watched me lift my breasts to lick his seed of while wiping the rest and eating it – it was so sweet and tangy at the same time – he started to erect all over again.

I merely smiled up at him.

"Now then," I said, and fingering a knee with either hand, I spread both legs open as wide as they could go. "That first one was all for you. The rest, is all for me." And taking his hands, I pulled him into the bed with me. It took some doing, but soon I really did have a big, throbbing cock in me.

At last!

Day 28: *I'll have to admit that I was disappointed with number Twenty-Three; a second fortnight has passed and she'd yet to show any sign of further enhancement. She's currently on five times the dosage that everyone else is on for their supplements, the inside of both her wrists are undoubtedly scarred for life with hypo-spray marks, and yet she hasn't changed a single degree physically in fourteen days.*

I'd hoped that her handler desiring sex from her and receiving it – several times even according to the camera in the room – might've increased her level of sexuality and therefore start another enhancement string, but still, nonetheless, she remains unchanged physically.

No discernable additional weight in muscle or skeletal mass, and the only thing that she's received physically is another two cup sizes in breast size, a more defined pair of labia – though I can theorize that that is more from usage than from labial muscle growth – and increased muscle tension in her tendons only... true she is sexual, true she is far more graceful than any other subject, but...

The purpose of these trials and the program isn't to make a graceful dancer, but a raging muscular killing machine.

Like Twenty-Five is... I'd hoped they'd allow me to euthanize that bastard, but no... they said that that was their target demographic! That's what they wanted! My god! They want me to produce more monsters like that?!

But what choice do I have? If it was only me, then I'd tell them to go to hell, but they have my wife and my daughter...

As such, their target demographic has swollen by a hundred and thirty-six kilograms. Every muscle in his body has enhanced itself to the point where we've had to increase his restraints. His muscular output has become so great that he's been able to marginally bend the steel girders that we have him restrained with, and he's only getting stronger. By god, he has a penis that'll tear a woman in half if he ever used it on one of them...

I've loaded the – pardon the expression – sick fuck with the strongest restraints I have, several hundred kilograms of magnetic weight per limb, enough to where even he would be helpless against a wall. The weight was the equivalent of trying to push a tractor back if we ever did have to restrain him. And if that doesn't stop him, then several explosives in key areas on his body will have him dead instantly should we want it. We've even surgically implanted a neural plug into him... a device that is plugged right into the base of his brain where it meets the brain stem.

Take a jolt of electricity there and I don't care what you are or how big and tough and strong you can be, it'll interfere with your whole nervous system, and if that doesn't stop him, then a tenth of a kilogram of C-twenty-four explosive implanted along with it will turn his skull into a canoe.

The Administrators liked my designs for restraints for their soldiers, and so not only required all the subjects to be implanted with them, but also sent along some additions to add along with it... real technology that I didn't think was possible really, but nonetheless fascinating.

The bodysuits were all upgraded so that they were now physically attached to the dermal layer of the body, each octagonal point having billions of receptors on it to measure nervous impulses and likewise to implement more stringent and even torturous punishments if need be. Each suit could stretch to ten times their previous size before the strands would detach, and the nannite hive implanted into each suit could repair the suit by using cast off bio waste such as the skin flakes and hairs found on the subject's bodies.

All subjects were surgically implanted with a neural plug like number Twenty-Five's, with the addition of a micro computer and homing device with a bio-monitor. There were even satellite uplinks on them so that the kill switch could be activated at a moment's notice and the tracking device was accurate to about six meters.

All the subjects were likewise implanted with heart monitors that also had an explosive in them, but the greatest addition of the technology they sent me was something called a nerve staple.

I'd heard of this technology in theory only, and feared it ever coming to light. Implanted right along with the neural plug, this device allowed us to clamp off any of the nerves in the spinal column at the base of the skull... shutting off motor-functions and even involuntary nerve impulses that regulate balance, or, God save us, the vital organs such as the heart and lungs.

The only benefit to all these additions was being able to show Twenty-Five how well we controlled him now. Heart-attacks, stopped his breathing, deadened his arms and legs... the loss of self-control was more detrimental to him than any previous punishment it would seem. With him it was a matter of control, and when he didn't have that control then he feared those who did and did his best to exert himself over them.

That psychological thought in mind, we'd assume that there was a matter in regards to women having control over him that made him hate them so. Unfortunately his file was unclear as to this because much of his earlier records were lost.

The others weren't told of these additions in the slightest. There was no reason to share such information with subjects that were obedient. They only knew they went in for surgery and came out with several healing cuts and a lump in the backs of their skulls.

But back to the subject of number Twenty-Three... Her genome of forty-eight genes has been completed via my personal computer.

For clarification, that personal computer isn't some tinker-toy like a Cray or a Gibson, but is rather two generations of enhanced computer logic that I was able to get my hands upon prior to the collapse of our economy.

A standard computer, the super computers like the Gibson and the Cray among them, think only in binary code made up entirely of ones and zeros. All the computers in this installation are binary like that.

The next logical evolution in computer thinking is changing the base numbers that a computer thinks in from binary code to a quantum code. The difference between the two is that instead of having just one's and zeros you now had ten digits per bit between zero and nine. It vastly increased the amount of information a computer could compute within a single eight-bit stream.

But my personal computer wasn't a quantum computer; it was the next stage beyond that. A hexmidecimal computer or a Hex Computer for short as its creator designated it. It was like a quantum computer; only that it not only had the numerical values of zero through nine, but also had the additional English characters of A through F. This allowed for still more logic, of sixteen variances, to be processed per bit instead of the ten or two of the previous computer logic forms.

It was amazing on how easy it was to create a computer using current hardware that could accomplish this task. Essentially, my personal computer, which was no larger than a large PDA, was capable of running millions of hex-bits per second, or millions of data that was nearly four-point-three billion bits of information wide in its complexity per byte.

As such, a computer of this complexity is needed to be able to process a standard human genome, being that said genome contains ten times twelve to the fiftieth individual genetic traits therein, and number Twenty-Three's genome was even larger than that. It took some time to catalog her genome, but not nearly as long as it took for the human genome project to be completed. The Americans largely completed the Genome Project with several international partners in just under thirteen years... two years ahead of schedule.

Number Twenty-Three's genetics were completed, even with the additional sexual pair of genes, in just under twenty-eight days...

But with this new information that I intend to go over the next few days in private, perhaps I can now discover as to why my prize has yet to blossom like I'd hope she would. I must thank Igor for sharing his computer technology with me before he went missing. This PDA was now priceless to me.

Especially now.

Luckily, my overseers believe I'm only using it to take notes, to which I do with the PDA's screen conveniently pointed away from any cameras.

Something was stirring inside me. This night I couldn't sleep.

My cell has always been comfortable. It was warm, it was dry, it didn't smell of mothballs and mold and it wasn't humid from all the cooking and it was quiet and free of all the screaming kids at night. The bed was ample for me, the sheets were always changed and kept clean and neat for me, even after certain nights where I awoke caked in sweat and ejaculate and creamy milk.

For whatever reason, the frequency of those experiences were growing ever the more intense and more drawn out, and I kept dreaming of the tigress and of fire and snow and lightning. Even now I felt ejaculate slipping from between the taut bands of feminine muscle between my legs, the twin lips firm and throbbing in tune with the nipples capping either breast atop my chest, as well as the overly large clitoris that was being pinched between those two vaginal folds.

I was sweating currently... sweating quite profusely even... and I so needed a man right now that I was humping my pillow rhythmically while the fingers of one hand caressed me like I wished a lover of mine would do.

But I was staring at a shaft of moonlight that was slowly creeping through the small and narrow cell. It was a full moon outside tonight, and a very, very clear night as well. The moon has never interested me so, never drew my attention or set so deeply within my mind. But combined with that was the terrible premonition that I was late in my menstrual cycle.

I'd not had a period for more than a month, and since I'd been pleasuring my guard now and again for over a week now, I feared that right now my body might be churning to make a baby. That's all I needed... to bring an illegitimate child into this terrible place. I doubted that they'd even let me keep it if it did happen. I feared an abortion coming.

But then there was another thought, and that thought was that with whatever they'd pumped into me, that perhaps I'd been made infertile from it. The thought of never having a baby at all weighed heavily on my mind. It'd always been a dream of mine, like many girls did from when they were young; the story of Cinderella was the one that I'd typically place myself in given the impoverished circumstances of our proud Russia. I dreamed that I'd be turned from rags to riches; my very own Prince Charming would come along... maybe the young Prince William of England, take me to his castle and make me his wife and the mother of his children. But regardless as to who sweeps me off my feet, I'd always thought about the *'happily ever after'* portion of those stories, where I'd often dream of becoming a mother and have many babies.

But since such a terrible thing to happen to me... I now no longer dreamed that dream. I couldn't. I dared not dream that dream so long as I was a prisoner here.

A terrible thing that, to oh so suddenly find your dreams crumble to dust within your hands.

With a sumptuous moan as my body heat grew, I unzipped my bodysuit and pulled it open, letting both tits flop outward and engorge out in the open air from having been compressed so inside that suit that I wore

morning day and night, and unshouldering the top portion of it, I stuffed both hands down its crotch to coax myself through masturbation toward orgasm while I stared at the little square of moonlight that was bisected by the bars in the window creep across the floor of this place.

Soon I was moaning and sighing, feeling milk leak from my breasts as something burned in me, and looking at that moonlight, I even rose and took a step toward it. I wanted to bathe myself in it and get naked and rub its light into my flesh, but something else inside me feared that light... feared the light and craved the sun.

I edged closer to it, oh so close to an orgasm now.

It took so much for me to orgasm now. Before coming here I could get myself to orgasm within a minute of pleasuring the right place, but now it took endless minutes for even me to get myself to plateau and release all that sticky ejaculate. And it came from the simple fact of what the Administrator did to me with his machines and his drugs. He'd enhanced my perception of pleasure! But at the cost of raping me with machines and drugs.

And to what end?! Why do that to me? What purpose was it to stick things in my mouth and my pussy and anus and rub me till I was raw? Why did he even give someone permission to sex me physically, take the virginity away from me?

But then I had to wonder what they were changing me into. A single look at the engorged, firm and bouncy boobs that were jostling as they pressed against either arm as I pleased myself was all that I needed to know. Either hip had widened, both breasts were many times larger, the vaginal lips and even the muscles inside me had become very strong, and I'd sometimes even pinch my fingers within those clenching folds of woman-flesh.

There was the enhanced sexuality, the improved sensitivity, the clearing of all the blemishes on my skin, the removal of all body hair beneath the scalp, the enhancement to my clit and the torrents of ejaculate, sweat and milk this body could somehow now produce.

I was being changed into a high-class whore! I was being turned into both what I feared becoming and envied on the streets of Moscow, whereas everyone else was being changed into super-humans.

So why was I different?

Tears sped from my eyes as the moonlight began to fade as the moon rose high enough where it could no longer directly shine through the window of my cell, and with a sob I hurried back to my bed and laid down again, one hand still pressed between either thigh while I continued coaxing myself toward orgasm as my other hand clenched the pillow beside my head.

This was so unfair!

Day 30: *I have discovered the missing link...*

Number Twenty-Three is more than just a simple anomaly! It's more than just a pair of additional sexual chromosomes, the usual twenty-two genetic pairs and the two sexual pairs of chromosomes in her system are fat with latent genes. Nineteen pairs of the Twenty-Three cells are twice as long as they should be for a typical human being! All four of her sexual chromosomes, the XXXY gender set that should be producing an infertile effeminate male are likewise twice as long as they should be, containing at least twice the number of genes that should be in a human body.

All in all, and as fitting of a number for her as it is, she contains twenty-three, times ten to the fiftieth power genetic traits.

I find myself shaking my head and indeed admitting to the fact that I don't understand why.

Why would God place such a creature on the Earth like this? What sort of a creature is this? I must do additional research, delve into her family tree. I know from her file that her father was military... there is the possibility that that is where this mutation has come from.. There may be something else at hand, but already I'm suspecting Chernobyl or perhaps work at a nuclear plant or a nuclear missile construction position for the government.

It's like the cellular mitosis of typical human reproduction didn't happen, and it absorbed all the additional genes of the other parent. But then why are only nineteen standard chromosomes of double thickness and the remaining three pairs are only half again as thick? Why are the sexual genes doubled not only in thickness but in number?

This bears identifying the functions of active and inactive genes within her genetic code. Regardless... I need to act quickly... the next stage is about to begin, and that is manipulation of the genetic code through retroviruses and gene-splicing.

I'm saving her current genetic structure as it is for reference later. I'll have to keep track of any and all changes to her genetic structure as it is.

Theoretically, as it is, number Twenty-Three already has the potential for super-human capabilities... I only just need to unlock that code.

The landscape was massive and broad, it was endless. Mountains rose up all about me in a bowl that was tens of kilometers across, and there was a porcelain moon high up in the sky that was shining through one of many holes of a gathering thunderstorm. Lightning strikes lanced against the ground all around me with rolling thunder.

I was always naked in these dreams and so far the only change in my physical body that I could see were the existence of long fingernails, and a pair of breasts that were at least thrice the size they were when I didn't dream. There was that and the fact that I was maybe a bit longer of body, arms and legs, narrower of waist and wider of hip, and my pussy was thick and distended from me with two supremely powerful labia and one thick clitoris.

These dreams were so real to me... certain colors didn't show up perfectly... which was really anything that wasn't me, and the further away from me it got the more monochromatic everything got.

Always on the edge of the horizon I saw terrain other than the endless tundra, and now the once charred plains had grown back a bit and were dotted with blotches of partially melted snow. I stood waiting, ignoring the cold from how warm I felt. I stood and waited, waited for her to appear, and eventually, like always, she did.

She was a tigress, taller than I was at the crown of my head at her shoulder, powerful and as white as the moon save for stripes that were as dark and as black as the roiling thunderheads above me. She regarded me with green eyes for a moment when she appeared, and then walking toward me I hugged her head to my breasts and she licked those swollen mammaries with her long tongue. Even her tongue comb felt radically real to me, and I felt its saliva as well.

The time draws near. You and I are becoming one. Soon there will be no you or I, just us, and soon after that there will only be a newborn child that is neither I nor you.

Does that frighten you?

“No.” I answered her and kissed her black lips.

Even if you know not what that means?

“No.” I said decidedly. I felt remarkably distant at the moment... like I wasn't in control of myself.

You are a choice vessel. I know that for certain. Receive more of my strength.

And then I was driven into a whole-hearted sexual experience that felt like I was making love to myself, just before I awoke with a snap.

My guard was there looking down at me in his hazard gear and his clothes, a quick glance out the window noted that the sun hadn't risen yet. As I looked at him, he removed his breath mask and his gloves and caressed one of the large tits that rose from my chest like a mountain.

I'd disrobed again during the night, and I was laying there totally naked before him now. For whatever reason, maybe it was instinctual now, maybe programmed, but regardless, I spread open my thighs and arched myself invitingly for him. I wanted his cock in me so badly now, I had no idea why, but it seemed like a good idea at the moment. A minute later we were making love to each other, and a dozen minutes later, I received his genetic donation to my body.

I was a dwarf among giants. Every day saw me drawing further and further away from the others in the group as I watched them all growing taller, leaner, and after they grew leaner they simply grew thicker and thicker with muscle. Even the women were Olympian by now, with raging chest muscles and thick biceps with bulbous thighs and calves. Nipples and camel toes were displayed on the lot of them, and every man had a thick powerful surging groin with – with few exceptions – more muscles than the women did.

What was starting to make me frightened was that the aggressiveness amongst them was steadily climbing. As were some of their attentions toward me, and after having been here for a whole month, the lot of them were starting to get sexually pent up, and with me the only one getting any, with me being the only relaxed one, as each day passed I started fearing more and more as to what one of them might do to me.

Till at last one day it happened...

“Number Twenty-Three,” someone called, and I was turned around and pressed against the lunch line, only to find one of the four males who'd remained with us – Twenty-Five hadn't been seen in over a week – leaning over me before he actually pressed against me... pressed so closely that I could feel his penis erecting between my thighs and his powerful chest muscles compressing my boobs. He was one of the exceedingly few – I was quite sure there was only two, him and a woman – who were dressed in white instead of blue like the rest of us were or orange like Twenty-Five was. To make matters worse, his designation was Zero-One.

There was something elitist about him and the woman companion he always sat with at meals.

“You and me need to,” he chuckled. “...Talk.”

He had hard, firm balls, his rod was thick and climbing, and I felt the hairs on the nape of my neck stand on end as without any additional preamble, he grabbed one of my boobs and its opposing ass cheek with his other hand and drew me in closer to him.

“You are a fine, fine piece of ass. And I’m going to stick my dick in you.” He said.

“No you most certainly are *not!*” I shouted back, starting to hyperventilate.

But something strange was happening to me. My body wasn’t reacting like it should. I wasn’t sure exactly what it’d normally do in a situation like this, but a measure of arousal wasn’t one of them. Hardening nipples, firming up labia, puckering anus... the muscles in me were trembling and I was feeling something maddening rising up inside me, and I actually began to growl just under my breath. The hairs on the nape of my neck were standing on end as I clenched all my teeth together and I had the distinct sensation of feeling the pupils of my eyes dilating or contracting, I wasn’t sure which.

“There’s a problem though,” he smiled and groped that tit he was fondling, squeezing it harder and harder till it began to ache. “I’ve noticed, and everyone else has noticed, that you aren’t developing like the rest of us. Other than a mild strength increase, you’ve not gone beyond the slender athletic body type. Whereas myself,” he smirked at me, and suddenly he grabbed both my shoulders and slid both hands up to my neck. “Am of Olympian body strength.

“And I can assure you, every muscle in me has thickened and strengthened, and I do mean... *every* muscle.” He smirked and ground his groin against my crotch, and I felt utter terror slide through me as I truly did feel the thickness of his member.

Why weren’t the guards doing anything?!

Tears rose up inside my eyes, and I felt the muscles of this body of mine tensing as his hands slid up to my neck, his thumbs caressing my throat a moment before his hands jerked downward, grabbed the collar of my bodysuit and tore it open. The tension zipper gave way without a single problem.

I looked pleadingly to the others but they dared not move, or they were actually cheering on the show.

Both boobs flopped outward, undulating from how engorged they were, with the areola puffed out and the nipples fully erect now. I hissed, actually hissed through my teeth at this man, and he looked at me to laugh, but then something in his expression changed immediately at whatever he saw just before I lifted a hand and acted,

The fingernails of every finger of that hand dug easily into his flesh and I tore downward and sideways, and with a splatter of blood over my face, breasts and bodice, I left five gouging fingernail marks in his face a moment before I lurched forward and drove the bony part of my knee right into his groin.

What I did next surprised everyone, most especially me, and opening my jaws I sunk a full hemisphere of teeth into his neck and bit down hard. Those teeth broke skin, and in a tantalizing burst his blood flooded into my mouth, hot and wrought with iron, and... and I swallowed.

I swallowed again, and again, drawing on something that was in there, a moment before...

A scream bellowed out from within me as I was suddenly electrocuted, the collars and bracelets about neck, wrists and ankles suddenly blazing alive with electricity. I screamed, wild-eyed and writhing, stunned completely from head to toe as electricity snapped off both nipples and through every tooth in my mouth just before two guards with their pain sticks of electro-death struck me in the sides and the current from their weapons was carried right through the suit I wore and into my flesh.

They attacked me! Why did they attack me? They should've let me tear that bastard to shreds.

But then a guard was hauling me to my feet, his pain stick as we'd begun calling them, wedged beneath my chin but thankfully not electrified as he hauled me up and held me back.

My tits wobbled heavily as I was brought upward, the suit catching about both arms and keeping me from raising them as I snarled at a person who was right in front of me, till I realized that I was staring at the Administrator himself!

He was looking me straight in the face, and I saw... I saw his eyes through the crystalline eye sockets of his mask, saw the sad look in his eyes through his goggles as he looked down at my naked chest and slid a finger from the underside of my boob to the nipple to cause the thing to bounce.

"Guard Twenty-Three... clean her up, see to any wounds she may have, and then bring her unclothed to my examination room."

"Yes sir." I heard the familiar voice of the guard who'd been screwing me lately... the voice coming from the same man who was now holding me in a choke hold even now.

"Sir! I demand that you execute this rodent." Zero-One choked, and rising from the table coughing, holding his wound, he shot daggers at me. "I demand..."

But then the Administrator lifted a hand, showing all a device that was attached to his hand, and with two quick taps with his fingers, he then hit a button on the thumb of the unit, and Zero-One was immediately electrocuted for as long as the Administrator held down the button.

A whole minute and a half passed before the admin released the switch.

"See how easily you are punished?" he said, and finally turned to face Zero-One with his obscure-faced mask that had only the semblance of human features on it. "I'll share some information with everyone... the capacitors in the collars and the rings that you all wear around your wrists and ankles can be used for a total of five solid minutes of raw electrocution. The bodysuits that you wear amplify that electrical current and drive the current directly into nerve endings all over your body. This was a mere ninety seconds, in which I can imagine that your body was in the most torturous and most excruciating pain of your life.

"Understand that these aren't the only punishments that we've implanted within your bodies.

"If I so choose, I will make the last five minutes of your life an absolute misery before I execute you, and before then I think you'll live through a pain that only the Lord Jesus Christ may ever be able to state that he's felt worse."

The admin stepped forward, and looked down at Zero-One.

"You do not demand of me." The Admin said in a very low warning tone. "Though you and your counterpart volunteered for this program," there was a collective gasp from all of those who were in the room, even me. "That trait doesn't give you additional privileges, nor does it mean that you can just go rape one of your fellow companions, and make no mistake... you better start treating them as a companion instead of rubbish and rodents, else wise I cannot guarantee yours or your partner's lives."

He turned to another guard, one of the black ones with the sub-machine gun held in combat readiness with both hands.

"Zero-One is grounded." The Admin stated shortly, and the guard nodded before walking forward with a drawn pain stick and tapped Zero-One to get him to move. "Perhaps a day in the life of a convict in a gulag

might make you more pleasant to be with. And just because they came here as partners, take Zero-Two with you.”

“Yes sir!” the other guard said, with some excitement I noted and drew his pain stick and prodded the woman in the white suit and got her to move.

“As for the rest of you. Though I have a raping murderer to look after, I am in no mood to deal with a second. Is that understood?”

There was some mutterings from everyone before the admin lifted his hand again, depressed all the buttons and thumbed the thumb-trigger a tap, and everyone, including me, was given a snap of electricity. The admin turned and looked at me directly for some reason before looking back at everyone else.

“I said... *is that clear?*”

“Yes sir!” everyone said loudly in unison.

“Much better. Remember that I am hard of hearing.” And then he turned to my guard and nodded to him, and I was hauled away to the showers.

Day 30 – Supplemental: *I... do not like things I cannot explain.*

As a precautionary measure, I've set the computers to monitor certain subjects. Twenty-Five was top of the list, and though I don't like a mad-man like him being in my care, and like it even less that he's taking to the procedures far better than anyone else, I've had several others watched as well. Zero-One and Zero-Two because they were the 'volunteers' and the best producing man and woman of the subjects were also but on watch. But also, of course, was number Twenty-Three being watched.

My reports to my caretakers state that she's taking well to the sexual enhancements, but not to any other physical enhancement. My reason for watching her that I reported to them was the same reason why I watched them now: to watch for any sign of physical growth.

Today I found one.

Twenty-Three experienced a spike in physical growth. It began when she reacted to being made afraid to the threat of rape, but strangely enough, it was further enhanced radically when she was electrocuted, and again when she was struck with the shock rods issued to the guards. Again when I shocked everyone, including her, I saw a minute enhancement to her physical form, a swelling of a few centimeters upon every proportion, and unfortunately her suit wasn't completely on for full readings, but the enhancements on her thighs, calves and forelegs were noticeable.

There is a drawback however...

This growth spike is unfortunately temporary. Once the electrical charge ended, there was a pretty predictable rate of shrinkage to the breadth of her legs, and with the loss of physical mass, likewise there is a loss of physical strength.

The conundrum behind that, however, is that humans don't experience rapid muscle growth and muscle decay like this when subjected to certain stimuli. The only explanation that I have to this is something 'unnatural'. But then Twenty-Three's genome is no where near human.

While she was being cleaned, I ran a simulation as to what would happen if electricity were introduced to her body tissues on my PDA. As it was, it appeared that there is an electro-receptor in her genetics that was triggered which activated a domino effect and actually switched genes that were recessive and dormant to dominant and active. At the same time, other genes switched in the opposite direction to allow for the new genes to activate... some of these traits being amongst the additional traits that don't normally appear in a human genome but do appear in hers. It appears as if these 'Fat Traits' as I've taken to designating them being that they are excessive additional traits in her DNA, are housed within the sections of her DNA that are beyond the normal scope of a typical human's DNA.

Running similar simulations while I waited for her to be brought to me with fear-inducing chemicals produced an identical affect, and a simulation of running both at the same time created a quickened reaction.

So then in order to get her to release her pent up and dormant power... I need to find a way to keep her in an enhanced state. The receptors in her genetics that cause this growth are the key... I just need a switch that will keep them on.

But then there is something confusing also concerning number Twenty-Three.

I was quite positive that the gene-splicing with animal characteristics had yet to be started with anyone other than number Twenty-Five, but I nonetheless had to check from what I saw today.

In her stressed state, number Twenty-Three had two very beautiful and very green cat's eyes. When she blinked amidst being held by her assigned guard, I even saw a third eyelid flip over her eyes before the trait

somehow disappeared. The snap of electrocution brought the almond-shaped pupils back for a fraction of a second, but they were nonetheless there.

There-in lays the enigma. If we didn't introduce feline characteristics into her genetic structure, then who did? I'm admittedly beginning to believe in aliens at the moment. I've never been much of a god-fearing man... I don't know if there is anyone who talks to God in Mother-Russia anymore... the Americans say it was like that with them during their Great Depression, but the only other entity that I can think of other than extraterrestrials is something divine... or possibly worse, something hellish.

At the moment... I am beginning to fear number Twenty-Three more than I am Twenty-Five...

I leaned against one of the walls in the showers as hot water rushed down my naked body. Spitting again, getting that taste of blood out of my mouth, I rinsed with water again, but no matter what I did I couldn't get it out. I felt unclean and dirty... all for one reason:

I liked the taste of blood.

"Aren't you going to say something?" I asked quietly to my guard.

"What do you want me to say?"

I was quiet for a moment before I uncoiled from the wall and turned to face him with both shoulders square and both tits projecting apart from each other from off my chest, and I spat again off to one side before I stepped toward him and leaned against him instead.

"Like... I'm sorry for hitting you with my pain stick, I'm sorry that you're in this place, I'm sorry that you had to endure the thought of being raped..."

"And how hollow do you think that will be for me to say that, Twenty-Three?" he asked, and I looked up at those goggles and his face mask and helmet and saw his eyes just beyond the tinted goggles. "We're all prisoners here, Twenty-Three, I simply wear a different uniform and I get the word 'guard' in front of my numerical designation. I'm not allowed to even say my own name here. No one knows my face but me, and every time I look in the mirror I want to take my gun to my head.

"I have walls and I have an overseer... they just happen to be hundreds of kilometers away and are controlling me and everyone else in this facility by means of remote access.

"They're listening to us at all times. There are cameras and voice recorders even here in this shower room. It all makes me wonder how often they jerk off to all your naked bodies..."

"No, I won't apologize for what happened to you, I won't apologize that you're here and I won't apologize for hitting you either. Apologies aren't a privilege that I'm allowed to give."

I sighed, and my guard reached over and turned off the showers.

"Come on now..." he said. "The Administrator is a patient and understanding man... till he's crossed, and I'm not a good gauge as to knowing when he loses his temper."

And I was led out of the shower room into the lunch room butt-naked, and out of the lunch room through the same secure door that no one else other than the guards went through, down the hall and into the same room as before.

The Administrator was already there, sitting back behind a desk with a screen when I entered.

“Twenty-Three, have a seat. Guard, wait outside.” He said and hit a button on his desk and the computer he was looking at folded down into it.

I sat down on a cold metal chair welded to the floor on a platform that was surrounded by wires. I’d barely begun wondering what was going on when clamps circled from the legs and the arm rests and held me tight while the bracelets, anklets and collar that I wore all magnetized to hold me in place.

“We’re going to conduct a test, number Twenty-Three. Please grab the hand holds you see before you.” And two metallic hand holds rose up out of the arms of the chair, right in line for my hands to grip. I immediately gripped them knowing what it’d mean if I disobeyed an order. “I have a question that I’d like to ask you now, Twenty-Three. Was there anything in your past that you’d call strange? Either you doing any sort of strange behaviors that a normal human being wouldn’t do, or having something physically change inside you?”

“Physically? My first period felt real strange. Psychologically, I think leaping at a guy’s throat and biting on it was pretty strange right there.” I chuckled with a nervous laugh.

I was naked, I was on a metal chair holding metal handles, and I could easily be electrocuted. It seemed to be a theme here after all, so a chair also hooked up with lots and lots of wires was something else I was sure was all leading to a logical conclusion that I was about to be electrocuted.

But the Administrator simply chuckled back. “Yes, I hear that a first period is pretty frightening. It was for my daughter when she had hers. It was one of the few times in my life when I really felt that I didn’t have any of the right answers. Thankfully my wife was able to front those questions. It was times like that that made me glad I wasn’t a woman.

“No... I mean something else strange. Something that a woman normally shouldn’t experience before you came to us, not after.”

I thought, and then tried shaking my head, but found that the collar was adhered to my throat, and since I couldn’t shake my head without moving my neck, I finally answered “No.”

“I see. And other than just today, would you say that there was any psychological behavior that you’ve experienced that a human normally wouldn’t?”

I thought about that. I... had a fear and a desire of the moon at the same time, but that was confusing for me to think about so I didn’t want to admit it. “No.”

“Anything you can think that your parents may have said or done that might seem strange?”

“They both died when I was young.” I said quietly. “I... don’t remember much of them anymore... not enough where I could remember anything strange.”

“I see.” He paused, rubbing the chin of his mask before he sat down on the edge of the desk here. “Twenty-Three... I’m going to give you a measure of a choice now. I’m going to conduct an experiment in which I will conduct electricity through you by means of the handlebars you are holding onto. I’m going to ask only that you attempt to hold a five second burst. I encourage you to hold on for longer, to test your resilience to punishment, but five seconds is all I ask. You will feel a steadily increasing charge, but the charge will stop immediately when you let go of those hand holds.

“Do you understand?”

I began to tremble, but presented this way, I could take pain like this and nodded. At least that I could do.

“Then let’s begin. And in payment for this, and for experiencing such a fright with number Zero-One, I have a gift to make up for it in the morning.”

And the hand grips energized.

Day 31: *I'm often times pleased when I discover the key to a puzzle. Though now I have a pair of keys, actually, with my time with Twenty-Three – she was a very beautiful woman, and was quite pleasing to look at naked, she reminded me of my wife – I was able to confirm two things:*

First, she reacts to electrical current and grows stronger and mutates – at least temporarily – to a certain point measured in a caloric value released by the electrical surge.

Second, she reacts to fear by growing stronger and more feral along the same lines as electrical and even sexual enhancements seem to produce. Because two emotions of two separate extremes seem to create the same prolonged effect, I'll have to state that she doesn't react to the emotions themselves, but instead reacts to intense emotional states no matter what sort it is. Fear, anger, pleasure, calm... all of her emotions have an equal chance to affect her. I believe now that her body grew into its current state from actual results from the treatment instead of arriving to a point from sexual activity and stopping. The reason why sexual activity doesn't affect her anymore is that I've worn her out.

Guard number Twenty-Three, the man we've assigned to watch her personally, apparently isn't driving her to any new sexual heights for us to record any new changes, or if they are like all the other changes in her, they simply go away after awhile.

An all-night search of her DNA has drug up the truth that it contains, in-fact I've discovered feline traits. It is these traits that are activating with enhanced human traits whenever she experiences intense emotion or is electrified.

As a side note, Twenty-Three appears to have abandoned any sort of human menstruation process. She's passed to a point just prior to the build up of her uterine walls prior to a fertilized zygote imbedding itself into the fleshy walls to start a pregnancy. It has not progressed from that point, and I'd almost state that we've inadvertently created an artificial menopause, only that after menopause there is no activity... not paused activity, and she still seems to experience mild mood swings.

Though now that I think of it, this is more indicative of a different form of menstruation cycle in female animals, the sort that breed only once or twice a year. Those are female animals that experience a heat instead of a menstrual cycle. Theoretically, especially if we're creating soldiers with enhanced sense of smell, I must either implement all female subjects to enter into a menstruation cycle like that, or else menstruation will produce a scent that the other super-soldiers like them can easily track by smell whenever they bleed.

But these feline traits already existing in Twenty-Three are a problem.

Essentially, I must start her on the gene splicing immediately in which to hide from my benefactors that she's like this naturally.

To help speed along her growth, I've chosen a rare breed of white tiger, and if she undergoes the same sorts of transformations that Twenty-Five is, then quite possibly she can yet be a standard of super-soldier like he is, and God be willing, a superior one.

But as for Zero-One and Zero-Two... hm... I've taken great privilege watching them both shackled and set in a room open to the air outside and given them a night of experiencing what Twenty-Five typically does. I told them and compared them to that monster, like in a first is the last and the last is first sort of thing. Of all the subjects that I have, these two needed to be brought down a few pegs.

Now perhaps those two dogs will stop barking.

Exhaustion wasn't normally something that I experienced here. They pumped me so full of drugs that I always had energy. I wouldn't doubt it if I were one of those one or two percent body fat super-models by now with the big boobs... only my boobs were real.

Normally I'd have difficulty getting to sleep, but this time I'd simply fallen into the bed they gave me, naked since I hadn't gotten a change of clothes and just laid there for about a minute drooling before my mind simply shut off.

I became aware of a reflex action that was associated with electricity. When you are being radiated with it, your muscles clench and hold on tightly. I got more than just five seconds of a jolt, but thankfully, that jolt wasn't nearly as bad as I've felt here. It was like placing my hand through arching current that you can't see. A strong electrical field that arched between two metal toggles where a circuit breaker should be but isn't and the power was turned on without it there. You get strong enough of a current between two posts, and you stick your finger in there and you'll know what I felt.

But unfortunately, for that clenching reflex, I was unable to let go for forty-five seconds, and by that time there was live current snapping about me.

There was something strange about that though...

I... I became aroused again. I know it's strange to admit that being electrocuted made you horny... maybe I was some deep-down masochistic bitch, but I didn't think I was. And another thing that I brought back from that experience... I found that there was something inside me was... *growing* from that electricity. I liked it. It made me feel strong, powerful.

After everything was done, the admin, a doctor I assumed, did something peculiar.

He reached in his pocket and pulled out what looked like a large cell phone and used its camera function to photograph me from several angles. I'd say that it was him getting his jollies, but he also took several pictures of my face, especially a front on shot. Then there was my lap, my boobs, my hands and feet, the usual things, and there I remained for awhile while the admin opened up his phone and rapidly started keying things into its slide-out keyboard.

Hell, one of those things could've bought a year or two of rent where I'd been staying at. Black market was a big thing in my neighborhood, and the mob ran it almost like an open-air flea market they were so unconcerned with police or soldiers stopping them. A thing like that there could've made a lot of money.

A few thousand rubles to say the least.

After some time questioning me on how I felt, if I felt anything other than numbness, if I noticed a change in thinking, I just said no to all his questions, I was too damn tired to care! Finally my guard, the one who watched over me and I occasionally knocked boots with was called in to retrieve me, and after unlocking me from the chair I was brought to my cell for the night.

And now here I was, face down drooling into my pillow.

There was screaming from Twenty-Five's cell... well screaming wasn't right, roaring would've been a better term for it. What was more was that there were sparks of light coming through the peep hole window, and there were four armed guards in their armored suits outside his door.

Usually I'd wonder about this sort of thing, state that they shouldn't treat him like that, even if he was a raping murderer... I honestly didn't know why I cared so much, and tonight I didn't care enough to say anything about it though.

Once in bed I went to sleep, and awoke several hours later to the sound of that automatic dispensing unit waking me up and telling me to put my arm in it.

I rubbed the detailed scar in my wrist with all its little dots, and this time inserted my right wrist and let it chew on that for a moment. But this time the machine took hold of my arm and injected something that took longer than the little snap from before. This time it felt like there was a dozen injection points of them squeezing raw peanut butter into me, and it lasted for more than five seconds. Right after that I felt a little sick, as if I'd just been given an influenza booster shot.

That day I followed my guard naked for the second time to the showers, and after showering with so many power houses, all of whom were avoiding eye-contact with me now, we all went to retrieve our daily change of bodysuits, but I paused as I was handed not a blue bodysuit but a white one.

“Ah... is this right?”

“Admin’s orders.” My guard said, and at that moment Zero-One and Zero-Two were brought in, both in shackles and naked, and once they were shoved into the middle of the room with the butt ends of a pair of night sticks in their spines, both of them baring electrical burn marks all over their bodies, I quickly dressed and slid into the lunch room to eat.

I tried sitting down with some of the others, but they quickly eyed me, collected their meals and left to sit elsewhere. Then suddenly I wasn’t very hungry.

Zero-One and Zero-Two were brought in shortly thereafter, both of whom were no longer wearing white suits, but rather orange ones!

There seemed to be a hierarchy here... white came before blue, blue came before orange, what it meant we could only guess, but with the whites being volunteers and the prior one and only orange suit having once been a convict of violent crimes who’d been sent to a gulag, we could only assume that orange meant that you were on the shit-list, and white was the goody-goody.

Despite that it was the volunteers who’d been wearing this color suit, I didn’t care any more. Now I was the only white, and if they were going to ostracize me for this, and if that’s what I got after doing nothing more than defend myself then screw them!

And then I took a good look at Zero-One’s face, saw the deep cuts I’d caused to him, and looking down at my stubby little fingernails that were kept trim at all times, I wondered immediately how I could’ve cut him so badly with these things.

Taking a deep breath, I decided to forget about it and tore into my almost all-meat meal.

Day 38: *Subject Twenty-Three has shown no additional physical enhancements other than enhancements to sexual traits. She currently has the largest mammary pair of all the females, the basic mass being supplemented by an enhanced milk production. Her skin has grown taut and supple, almost hide-like, yet soft...*

Like a cat's when it's shaved.

Twenty-Three's milk production has grown to a point where she must be milked once a night, a trait that seems to have profound relaxation traits to her psyche. I'd have to say that she enjoys it. Other behavior traits include an enhanced taste for meat as well, a trait that admittedly she is the last to develop out of the group for whatever reason. She appears to be going for the cuts of beef that are the least cooked as well.

There has been an enhancement to her physical body thanks to the gene-splicing. She is more agile despite the offsetting weight attached to her chest, and likewise she's become quite precise and careful, though this may be augmented by a growing obsessive compulsive disorder by means of attempting to control something in an uncontrollable environment. Other subjects are likewise displaying this, but theirs is appearing as a tendency to count things or straighten and order things, so I'm tending toward a uniqueness arising with her.

Other than her sexuality and her lithe grace, the only other example of outward physical change is the coloring of her hair and the coloring of her eyes. When she arrived here, she was a golden blonde, and now she's progressing nicely toward a white gold coloring. Her eyes were always green, but now they were a darker green, and the optometrist states that there is a decided increase in the number of facets inside her eyes, stating that her vision clarity has improved as has her night vision. Twenty-Three scored the highest in a vision exam – she was actually able to read the legal jargon at the bottom of the eye chart from three meters away, which I must admit I couldn't even duplicate with a pair of binoculars – and she was nearly able to do the same with the lights in the room off.

Typical feline traits and psychological changes.

In regards to the feline traits already having been there before we began the gene-splicing:

Twenty-Three bears no evidence of being genetically tampered with. There are no viruses in her bloodstream that have not been cataloged as common colds or immunizations, and there is no evidence or presences of any of the usual gene-therapies, such as nanomachines, retro-viruses and the like.

Being that humans and felines are not genetically compatible, that rules out that someone in her family has been breeding with animals, and there are no increased radiation levels, no radiation damage that would denote mutations and the like.

This leads me to several conclusions:

Firstly, as ludicrous as this may sound, I believe that this is a natural occurrence; that she is some sort of Gift from God, or some such rot, but given the alternatives this makes the most sense.

The second theory is that number Twenty-Three was a genetic experiment in which she was made from the Zygote up by modifying genes prior to the fertilization of the egg. Being that she's nineteen years old, and since that technology is still considered to be science fiction even now, the probability of this being true would lead me to believe that one of only three countries made her: Russia, the United States, and China, with a fourth possibility being with the United Kingdoms. Being that this is Russia, they are the most logical sense, next would be the United States. China is unlikely, because deep down, why would they... especially when a psychiatric profile and regression through hypnotism didn't discover any psychological tampering to make her into a latent weapon. I'm loathe to suggest Great Britain, not because I don't think they're not capable, but once again we come to the question of: "Why would they?"

As a side note to this hypothesis, psycho-analysis has encountered a blockage in her psyche at about the age of six. The psychiatrist doesn't believe that this is tampering, but more along the lines of a bona fide psychological block induced by her own mind's refusal to face something in her past. It did come out that she was both attracted to and repulsed by the light of the moon. Perhaps forcing her to face that may help break that, but without knowing the inner workings of the human mind better, I dare not break her that way, and the psychologist states that we just don't have the equipment or the drugs here to allow him to do that sort of psychological research.

I've sent to our benefactors for an upgrade to the psychological support we have here. If they ask why then I'll tell them a different concern regarding several of the subjects, number Twenty-Five included.

For the love of God, I just want to lobotomize that sick fuck... preferably with an impact drill.

Regardless, tampering at the fetal stages are the only way that something like this can be done artificially and not be detected.

As for the final theory of Twenty-Three's unique genetics, as of yet I cannot rule out aliens, though there is something else that is nagging at me at the back of my mind that there may be some fourth cause, an obvious one that I'm overlooking.

Talking about need for psychiatric help... I could use some myself.

...

As a bottom line... why isn't Twenty-Three responding to any of the physical treatments and enhancements?

I was awoken by a bright light suddenly being turned on right in my face, and I opened both eyes to it only to be partially blinded and rewarded with a skull-splitting pain.

"Oh my head. Where am I?" I asked aloud and then tried to move only finding that I couldn't, and a quick glance about me showed my arms and legs were secured by their magnetized bracelets as was my neck, and my head was being held further in place by specially designed clamps that likewise held some sort of contraction with lots and lots of wires attached to it to various parts of my skull.

"Good morning number Twenty-Three," someone said, and one of the technicians with their basic facemask, like some sick theatre icon that wasn't either laughing or sobbing, just a blank face. "We hope you slept well."

"As much as can be expected given my circumstances." I said and laughed a little bit. There was a bit of a panic rising up in me and I struggled within my restraints.

"Please don't exert yourself number Twenty-Three. Given your present physical output, you are incapable of breaking from your restraints, so please just try to relax."

"W-what is this? What are you going to do to me?" I asked, almost begged as this technician sat on a stool beside me and using his sterilized rubber glove covered hands, he began to do basic medical tests on me like checking pupil dilation, tonsils, and the like.

"We're progressing you into the next stage of the program number Twenty-Three. Despite that you lack any prominent physical growth like your fellow subjects; you nonetheless have developed along a different physical track that has deemed you a special diverse subject by the Administrator."

"A-and what is the next stage?" I trembled sheepishly.

It was then that the tech suddenly gripped both my breasts, squeezing them and then pressing on the chest muscles, each abdominal and then finally both the swollen labia between my thighs. “Cough please.” And out of reflex of what he was doing I did before he wrote a few things in an electronic tablet before actually addressing the question I’d asked.

“What this stage of development entails is psychological programming.” The tech said. “We’re going to program you with certain skills that you may need in your future.”

“Program me... like a computer?”

“Nothing so inane or simple, number Twenty-Three. The process we are about to initiate would take ten years to explain to instill the necessary information where you could understand it all, so I won’t bother you with that. Instead you may utilize your analogy, and just think we’re downloading programs into you.

“But in this case, the programs so happen to be language files, skill files and programmed reflexes and so on.”

“W-will it hurt?” I asked sheepishly and the technician paused for a moment and then wrote something down on that electronic pad of his before continuing.

“That all depends upon how receptive you are, number Twenty-Three.” He said, and with a click around me, the hairs on the nape of my neck stood on end from an electrical charge that was beginning. “Some feel nothing but a mind numbing sensation on all your various temples. Others... well...” he wrote a few more things and didn’t finish what he was saying.

“Well what?!” I cried out when he didn’t say any more.

The technician addressed me after lowering his data pad. “Number Zero-Six was rendered a vegetable this morning, and then that was only because her mind decided to shut itself down. We’ve had to euthanize her. She did provide us with some wonderful data however as to what psycho-profiles are incompatible with this process.” He scribbled something and then tapped the screen before nodding to me. “And now number Twenty-Three, we’ll begin.”

And with the clunk of a large electric switch being thrown, and a metal visor being lowered over my eyes, electricity was thrown through my skull while images danced before my eyes and sounds rapidly squealed in my ears.

Day 38 – Supplemental: *I read Tech Eighty-Four's reports regarding number Twenty-Three's initial introduction to the programming process. Though Tech Eighty-Four's notes were rather pretentious and his concerns that Twenty-Three wasn't a psychologically viable individual to receive the process, I was able to delete that portion of his report before it was sent to our overseers.*

I am surprised, however, at how well Twenty-Three began taking to the procedure of being programmed with her skills... especially after we lost one of the female subjects who couldn't take the process. Her mind just wouldn't imprint, and we take that for an identified psychological issue. As opposed to number Zero-Six's failure, Twenty-Three's success is a pleasant parallel that none of the other subjects have yet to duplicate.

Twenty-Three absorbs the programming in a tenth of the time of the next best speed of the other subjects. This trait, I believe, is due to her electro-receptive genetic qualities, so her ability to take this style of programming only makes sense.

The method being used in this facility is a pinpoint focus upon the brain mater by focused electricity, where neurons are 'encouraged' to create new synapses while proteins are strung together and new memory storing chemicals are written with these memories. Knowing how the brain does it naturally allows us to do it artificially.

In this way, skills and knowledges are written to the brain, and certain synapses that control motor functions are likewise improved upon, thereby allowing the central nervous system to grow faster. The use of flashing images and ultra-sonic frequencies being fed through the ears allows us to feed a subject information and force their minds to absorb the images and the sounds and store them as memories as if they'd learned them. They aren't aware that they know these skills and knowledges, and only handle this knowledge in a subconscious sort of way, and are only able to use the skills in reflex at first till they learn to actively access them through experience. For instance, being that English is one of the skills that are being instilled, the subject will possess the skill, but until someone speaks to the person in English and forces a response, the subject will not know that they know it. Or if someone is shot at then they will know how to dodge the bullet accurately, but until they receive said experience, these traits cannot be actively used by the brain.

Sadly, experience isn't something we can instill yet.

The rate at which Twenty-Three was able to absorb her new skills, however, was staggering. So staggering that I had to go down to the programming facility and watch her progress.

I believed that I'd just found her power then as I watched her in the chair... in a state of utter most sexual expression. Her body absorbed electricity and then stored what it could, and if that electricity were being presented in a form like it was now, in the writing of skills, then she absorbed it all that much faster. But with the constant and minute levels of electricity that she was constantly receiving, her body had begun to swell and engorge itself, so much so that the friction of her growing body had parted open the plastic friction zipper of her body suit to reveal her chest and belly and the space between her almost naked breasts as she heaved for her air.

So much for the fabric's ability to stretch over ten times over if the zipper can't even hold onto that much stress. The garments would need to be updated.

Her nipples and areola were swollen, her labia were both fully engorged and her clitoris was fully erect. Her body glistened with sweat, and I'll admit... I was aroused at the sight of it.

But her white body suit had likewise recorded an increase of body mass from all the electrical insurgence. She'd stored as much of the electricity as she could and was now experiencing her cells engorging from that energy as she grew smarter and more skilled.

But the way her mind was receiving all that electrical discharge was translating it to her as an erotic expression of pleasure. Other than sweat, her bodysuit was also registering a good deal of feminine climax. Increased heart rate and respiration... it made me want to forget my vows to my wife, but then I felt the ring on my finger and decided to leave.

I'd sacrificed too much for my wife and daughter, it wasn't right for me to forget them both now.

Instead I returned to my office and simply watched the ratings of her body dimensions grow while I viewed her through a camera.

Eighteen hours she continued this... well beyond the point where others were begging for mercy. What was more was that she was enjoying all this, and when we finally removed her restraints, we noticed something else remarkable.

There were no electrical burns on her skull.

After a quick verification, I discovered something else that was remarkable:

While under the influence of electrical current, number Twenty-Three's cellular division increased by a factor of sixty!

A later inspection of her body revealed that there wasn't a single blemish on her body. No freckles, no scars, and even a reported broken arm when she was little had almost but disappeared.

This was a new enigma... something new to unlock. Why was a woman as simple and pleasant as this hiding so many wondrous secrets?!

They lifted the visor from my eyes, and the braces demagnetized, leaving me free again, but once they let me loose, I simply slumped to one side of the chair I was in. My butt was numb from sitting for so long, and I had something remarkably soggy about my loins... and it was hot and sticky.

At that moment I sighed, feeling my breasts atop their chest muscles over their ribs expand from my lungs breathing in, and both boobs fell out from within the folds of the clothing I wore and surged out into the open air. They undulated and heaved with each breath, their super-erect nipples throbbing and pulsating with every beat of the heart that was beneath them even as a creamy milk leaked from their ends. I came just then, flushing my loins with more ejaculate before I was lifted from my chair and dragged out of the room by a pair of guards.

My head swam, my body ached from arousal, and I leaked more milk and nectar from all those pleasing erotic sensations that'd tingled my body for so many long hours. I was aware of a sexuality no human had ever known before, and when they stood me up in the showers and turned the water on after stripping me bare of my bodysuit, I immediately collapsed to both knees and dug in between my silken thighs to masturbate.

The feeling of both fingers inside me, rubbing up against the ridges of pink flesh deep inside me got me to bite upon my lower lip enough to actually draw blood! But I didn't care. There was a power raging inside me, a power that wanted out... and it was feral and it was feminine and it was primordial!

Later when I'd thrown myself to the floor and quivered repeatedly with three fingers piercing my loins, the shower spray ended and I was lifted yet again, sat down and dried off before I was hauled up and dragged away again. It was night, I somehow knew, and looking beside me I saw the guard who was carrying me. He was a he, and so far that was all I cared about, and reaching across myself, disturbing the fat, firm and distended mammaries decorating my chest, squeezing some milk out of one as it pinched between bicep and forearm, I fingered the black "Twenty-Three" on his chest.

I didn't know what his face was like, but he was familiar to my numbed mind somehow, and once we were inside the cell they housed me in and he put me onto the bed I slept in, I immediately made a grab for him, knotting both hands into his belt and licking the rubbery front of his groin.

It stiffened immediately.

"Stay." I said quietly and spread both legs wide as I began to undo his fly. "Stay with me... don't leave me alone here with this pain." I cried and pleaded and whimpered all at once, and bending forward pressed my breasts against his groin as I fished his lengthy cock from inside his pants, pulled his shaft firmly between my breasts and immediately began to suck on it.

He didn't answer me, but he did stay as I pushed his pants down and deep-throated him, grabbing his butt and gripping it, smelling the scent of his body and licking his shaft and balls with my tongue till he was nice and hard. Then with some throbbing, a pulsating and a stiffening, he climaxed inside my mouth and I started swallowing.

The taste was bitter-sweet like everything else I knew now, like Russia herself; the cold-hearted bitch of a mother that she was.

And then I took my guard... *I took him!* Planting him onto my bed and mounting him, I opened his garb, removed his facemask and again tried for the goggles and head wrap, but he stopped me there so I left it alone and instead took to riding him like a slow walking pony. I lay against his chest to lick and suck on his erect nipples, leaking my creamy milk onto his hard firm body and rubbing that milk into his flesh with my breasts, erupting thick, heady ejaculate from within me as I expertly massaged his cock with my vaginal muscles, rubbing my moist, sweaty body against his.

I was starting to love the way his scent and my scent combined so sweetly.

Day 42: *We lost another of our subjects today... as well as two guards.*

This time I can conveniently blame our benefactors on this one, but the more I think about it, the more I believe that it was planned. Number Twenty-Five was to be reintroduced to the rest of the subjects slowly at first, and so he was brought in after the others were for their showers. At the time, there'd been a female subject – number Ten – who was still drying after her shower. She was a very clean woman and took extra steps in sanitation.

Twenty-Five saw her, naked in all her glory, and showing us all a level of strength that he'd been hiding from us, a remarkable brutish strength capable of allowing him to tear through the metal of his shackles, overpower the electrical bursts of the guard's shock rods, absorb a total of four clips of fifty-caliber hollow points from the SMG's of his guards, as well as the magnetic restraints in order to assault a woman who was mildly combat trained from imprinting, rape her, beat her severely while at the same time brutally injuring two of his keepers.

It wasn't until one of the tech's could arrive and neural staple him were we able to subdue this brutish hyper-muscled monster.

Number Ten died of internal hemorrhaging from having her insides along with both her anus and vagina ripped apart by Twenty-Five's phallus, a thing that had undergone incredible muscular growth along with the rest of him. While attempting a mating, Twenty-Five clawed and bit her, attempting to consume her flesh at the same time as raping her. With the differences in their physical outputs, number Ten was helpless against such strength.

The two guards died of various forms of trauma from his fists, claws and teeth... and even his phallus which he used as a block-and-tackle against them. I must admit, I'd never thought of using my own penis in that way...

Essentially, psychotically... I'm sorry, a slip of the tongue there in regards to the subject... psychologically, Twenty-Five has a profound need for sexual expression. Masturbation and sex became his overwhelming desire, till I assume too many women ignored, minimized and shunned his advances off, till his first sexual crime began. From that point, the power of so ultimately controlling another person welled inside him and he repeated the crime, first occasionally, then constantly, with more and more imagination, till, after weeks of sexual crimes against whores and just random women, in which he raped, brutalized and often killed his subjects, Police, Interpol and what was left of the KGB surrounded Twenty-Five in a building and emptied Twenty-Five rounds of varying calibers into his body.

And yet this still didn't kill him.

In prison, when he began seeking what few women that was in the Gulags and also the occasional man – apparently bending over for the soap is a mistake around him – they finally shunted him into solitary confinement. He was rendered too dangerous to be left amongst the open populace of even those hardened criminals, which was saying something really profound about his character, and was given life imprisonment without parole pending a hearing to actually execute him.

My overseers 'acquired' him by falsifying a death report – natural causes – and threw him into my care. Here, he underwent a process that made him even more brutal, even more resilient to damage, even more feral with an animalistic approach toward sex, being that he's the dominant male, he would show his dominance regardless to the size of the female, and any males who might interfere would be attacked and probably killed.

After having lost two guards and a test subject, I once again asked to euthanize Twenty-Five. Their response should've been expected.

Instead, they opted for increased security, and to enhance the program for Twenty-Five to the point where we were to ignore safety protocols... push him to the point of mental and physical breakage. I'm perfectly

ok about that, because it'd be a torturous experience for the sick fuck, but I still nonetheless want him to be lobotomized.

Twenty-Three has been showing additional animalistic signs just like Twenty-Five has... it's almost as if they are exact opposites of each other. Twenty-Three has been successfully programmed with all required media, and instinctively she now has several martial forms, can speak twelve different languages and has all the physical support protocols to compliment them. We are also testing her on how well these skills have held, trying to get her to react and activate as much of the training that we could, but like I mentioned before, the experience of a thing is far more difficult to activate than the programming of a thing.

If only she were physically built like we want her to be, then I could release her from this place to be in a better environment. True it would be as someone's super-soldier, but still... that's a better life than this place.

Currently, when stressed, either positively or negatively, Twenty-Three's eyes will become cat-like, she will grow fangs and claws develop a firm epidermis and gain almost six kilograms instantly, two of which are in breast weight. She then becomes sexually aroused immediately thereafter and then gains an additional two kilograms, half a kilogram being in breast weight.

Her figure becomes... well is... perfect. I must admit that I've never seen breasts that were as firm or as large as hers that weren't supported with silicone or saline implants.

But the longer she remains with us, the more of her genetic structure that I find is unlocking by itself with no particular reason as to why it should. Other than when she's stressed out and a genetic trait switches from recessive and inactive to dominant and active, it does so only temporarily.

She's absorbing greater and greater levels of electricity as well. I've set her collar and bracelets to discharge electricity into her, and though there has been minimal physical growth in her, she is nonetheless draining her collar and bracelets to the point where they are nearly drained by the end of the night. What is more is that her guard, Guard Twenty-Three, is reporting that she's becoming far more sexually active, whereas they are having sex multiple times a night almost every night, and that he rarely initiates the encounter.

She is definitely becoming a sexually dominant female, and Guard Twenty-Three has admitted that she is the dominant one in their own sexual relationship. Must be nice... all he has to do is just lie there for her.

I find it strange though that her human genes are so dominant though. In the case of Twenty-Five, where he has undergone so much gene-splicing that he's showing the bear characteristics that we are instilling in him in the form of the bear-like hair, pronounced body hair, a muscle-hump between his shoulders as well as fangs and claws and a stub-nose, Twenty-Three shows none of her feline attributes other than those that are barely noticeable, like flexibility and her lengthened body.

As a thought... I've decided to let the two meet, and just perhaps... deliver a rather psychological blow to Twenty-Five's psyche.

The machine that medicated me every morning gave me yet another electrical snap. I didn't say anything about its supposed malfunction, because I was pretty sure that if I complained then they'd try to up the voltage. But I was getting used to it and it made my nipples oh so hard and my pussy warm and firm in the morning.

When the machine let go of my arm then, I was surprised when it chimed in again. "Please place your other arm into the receptacle." It said, and I lifted my other hand where it had the dozen or so injection scars on the inside of the wrist. It'd only just healed recently, I didn't notice when it'd healed but I nonetheless gave it my other arm, and like clockwork it grabbed the bracelet around my arm, rotated it into position, snapped

the inside of my wrist with injection nozzles, and I heard it hiss at me for a prolonged period of time before I received another snap of electricity. Only then did it disgorge and let go of my hand before opening the door.

“Hello my lover.” I smiled sweetly and quietly before turning, only to stop dead at the sight of the Administrator.

“Nice to see you too, number Twenty-Three, but please refrain from calling me lover. I’m trying to remain faithful to my wife and you’re too pleasing of a woman for me that you provide an almost unbearable temptation for me to take you up on that matter.”

I looked passed him, looking for my guard, but he was no where to be seen. I saw the others, each of them muscular and powerful and massive, with rippling bodies and bulging penises or engorged breasts with long head hair, some of the men with beards, each with their individual guards following them, and then there was little old me with the Administrator.

“So... why do I have the pleasure?” I asked while irritably rubbing my sore wrists.

“Step this way, number Twenty-Three.” he said, and stepped back before gesturing in the opposite direction the others were moving in to get to the showers.

I exited and the door closed behind me before the Administrator led me to the very end of the hall where there were two guards standing before number Twenty-Five’s cell, now armed with machine guns – AK-forty-sevens – who stepped out of the way to his approach before the door slid open and I gasped at the sight that greeted me.

“Good morning number Twenty-Five.” The admin greeted and I followed him inside, but he pushed his arm out toward me and held me back just short of stepping over a line that was drawn in the floor.

“Fuck you doc. Let me out of these chains and jewelry and we’ll have a good morning as I tear you limb from limb.” Twenty-Five growled from where he knelt in the middle of the floor.

There were actual chains attached to his anklets and bracelets, with two more attached to the collar around his neck, and not just any chains either. The chains needed to hold a human being were maybe a few centimeters thick. The chains used to hold a strong dog was maybe a decimeter thick, the chains a truck would use to haul a car out of a ditch might be a full two decimeters thick... these looked like the sorts of chains that would be used to haul a boat anchor of a schooner up. The reason for all those chains I thought was justified now that I had the first sight of him in weeks.

He’d always been big and thickly-muscled, even from the first moment I saw him, but he’d grown half his size again, and had huge throbbing muscles riddled with hard veins that I swore that I could see throbbing. Every muscle on him was creased with the smaller muscle striations that I only saw in the strongest of my fellow subject’s strongest muscles. But the most dramatic effects that I saw on him were the long dirty toenails and fingernails that came to points and... and... his dick!

“What did you do to him?” I gasped, and Twenty-Five looked up at me, and with a smirk I saw fangs in his mouth, just before his naked cock started to erect.

“Are you so surprised?” the admin answered while planting both hands behind his back. “You see all your fellows growing stronger and larger and supremely sexual, did you not think the same was happening to him?”

“But... he’s so huge and...”

And before I got the chance to say anything more, this massive twenty-seven decimeter tall behemoth of muscle had leapt from his spot and rushed toward me, directly toward me with a clattering of chains that

ended with a nasty metallic sheering sound, and I guarded myself in a reflex that ended up in some weird martial arts maneuver that actually looked like I was doing it right, but when I looked up at this bear of a man, he was straining against his chains and snarling at me with his sizeable cock throbbing in its bulging form.

“Careful that you don’t cross the line, number Twenty-Three. That is the extent his chains allow him to move within his cell.” The admin said and drew closer to Twenty-Five, and the monster man strained fiercely in an attempt to strangle the small man.

I was breathing fiercely from a combination of fear and... excitement? Why was I excited? Was it because of the electrical snaps from earlier? There was a smell in the air surrounding this brute, one that I was finding... *pleasing*, though.

“Damn it!” Twenty-Five gave up and settled backward, but instead turned toward me before he started stroking himself. “Hey there baby... I got something for you. Why don’t you come here so that you and I can get to know each other?”

“Remember who he is, Twenty-Three. He’s a raping murderer who’s already killed three people since coming here.”

I fidgeted and eyed that massive shaft... desired it, wanted it inside me... and... *NO!* He’s a raping murderer! Why was I even considering this?

“Do you like what you see on him, Twenty-Three? Do you want what he has?” the admin asked.

“Ye-*NO!* Never.” I said and shook my head fiercely.

“Not even if it was you those muscles were on? Even if you were as tall as he was?”

I stared, stared at the chest muscles, stared at the biceps and thighs, the flaring calves and forearms. The power grew in my bowels; he was definitely the strongest one here! I started walking forward. “Yes...” I was getting hungry; he had something I could feed on!

But then there was a hand on my belly, and I looked sharply at the Admin. “Careful. He is a dangerous animal after all...” he said as Twenty-Five started stroking harder and more vigorously. “He’s an animal, but he’s a chained animal nonetheless... perhaps you would like to make him more placid for yourself?”

And the admin lifted a data pad with a command button on its screen that said “Execute?” with two choices, “Yes” or “No.”

I looked at it, looked at Twenty-Five, looked at it again, and tapping the “Yes” button, there was a groan followed by a clink, and then all six chains binding Twenty-Five suddenly retracted with huge counterweights attached to them, and he was yanked back, flying up into the air and body-slammed into the ground with a bone-jarring force that made my knees rattle.

He roared, loud and powerful, and with how muscular his back was, with him being forced to lie flat, that arched his spine deeply, and just so happened to make that powerful member of his arch upward with its knobby head and its broad girth atop its two grapefruit-sized nads.

“There you go... perfectly placating and safe.” The admin said and snapped his fingers, and the two guards rushed forward and quickly applied a metal gag and a muzzle for the monster even as thick metal bands rotated into place around Twenty-Five’s anklets and bracelets and collar, holding him to the floor.

“He’s big, strong and stupid, quite narrow-minded, and totally at your mercy, Twenty-Three.” And into my hand was placed a shock rod, but this was only a much larger shock rod from the ones the guards used on us. This thing had a car battery attached to it, and two sharp prongs at the end of a long pole. “I want you

to use this on Twenty-Five, number Twenty-Three.” He said, and the two armed guards suddenly lifted their weapons and aimed it into the room at Twenty-Five.

I knew for an instant they could take me out if they wanted to.

“U-use it?” I asked and the admin squeezed my hand around the trigger and it electrified its end like a Jacobs Ladder.

“He’s a raping monster, number Twenty-Three. He’s raped a female member of your fellow subjects so badly she died of internal hemorrhaging. He was gearing up to masturbate and then cum all over you to violate you as best as he can since he can’t get near enough to do it the old fashioned way. He meant to kill you a moment ago when he rushed to the edges of his chains.

“Punish him, Twenty-Three; make him into your little whore.”

“You son-of-a-bitch!” Twenty-Five screamed. “You keep that cunt away from me! I will not be made the fool of by some woman!”

“Some woman? Shame on you. Women are one of two equal cornerstones of every society.” The admin taunted.

“Shut up!”

“She has every bit as much right as you do.”

“I said shut up!”

“As a matter of fact, Twenty-Five, I’d say that she’s really superior to you. Look at her breasts, her hips, her body... she’s a strong woman, and she has an advantage over you at the moment.”

“Shut the fuck up!”

“Such language. Language like that needs to be punished. Twenty-Three... I have a proposition for you... get this insolent child to cry, and there’ll be some added special treatment for you. Get him to beg for his life, and there’ll be even more. Subjugate him, and I will allow you anything save your freedom, that is, after all, not in my power to give. He’s an evil man... and he must be punished. You’re the superior creature at the moment. Abuse him, make him respect all those women and little girls in whom he’s raped, beaten... and yes, even eaten.”

I whipped my head back to the Administrator in horrified shock.

“His exact words when they asked him why he did such a thing was: *‘Little girls are the other white meat.’*”

Tears erupted from my eyes, and tightening my hand around the trigger, electrifying its end, I jabbed the twin prongs directly into the first object that caused such an atrocity, and sent I had no idea how much electrical energy right into his penis!

Something happened to me, something feral... something powerful. It began as a remembrance of something that my mind had forced me to forget, of a little girl from a long time ago. The little girl suffered something evil at the hands of a man, and remembering that evil thing, I’d lashed out at this man, number Twenty-Five, and punished him with that electrical device in ways that even a gulag refused to do.

That a *gulag* refused to do...

I was snarling, the long tresses of hair atop my head that had turned white recently cascading over one side of my head while I stabbed Twenty-Five with the forked pole now that it's power had gone dead.

“Son-of-a-bitch...” I whimpered through grit teeth.

The front of the bodysuit I was wearing had parted open, revealing my swollen breasts and much of the silken and athletic bodice I'd obtained here, though I seemed to be displaying more muscle than I usually did... a whole lot more muscle than I usually did. I felt taut, I felt powerful, I had biceps and thick thighs and forearms, and the twin folds of my sex were engorged between both legs, so engorged that they showed off a supremely detailed camel toe.

Blood was splattered all over me from head to toe and was drying now.

“You son-of-a-bitch!” I roared, and lifted the pole to stab him with it again, but a hand came to rest on my shoulder, and I turned with a snarl at the person who'd dared to touch me, and I saw the Administrator standing there.

“Enough, number Twenty-Three. Look, you made him cry.”

And I looked. That monster who was crucified to the floor by metal bands and chains had been stabbed repeatedly, and by me, his monstrous phallus lying limp and scratched and bloodied, while long rending tears from my own fingernails had created a myriad of contusions through his body. He took the pole from my hands and handed it to a guard before I was led out into the hallway and given off to my guard for care.

Day 45: *It was three whole days before Twenty-Five was well enough to so much as even ask for food. After what Twenty-Three did to him, I must believe that there is some form of fury that's inside her, some sort of anger that she's never let out before, for anyone to have the ability to make Twenty-Five actually beg and weep for mercy is an accomplishment that we ourselves have yet to do.*

Twenty-Three, however, underwent another transformation, a significant one this time.

Height increase of at least thirty centimeters and a weight increase of at least Twenty-Three kilograms, most of which was in muscle. She also developed pronounced fangs and claws, toughened skin and almond-pupiled eyes. I believe that this was onset by anger, which has produced the most pronounced level of growth yet, and also the longest-lasting. I assume while she's angry she'll remain in this altered state, and having experienced anger myself, I know it takes a while before one stops being angry.

But after causing such harm on Twenty-Five, Twenty-Three merely showered for about an hour as she slowly diminished. I believe that this episode is in relation to whatever psychological block is on her, and I find myself drawing concerned about this for a myriad of reasons. First and foremost is that I've taken a profound interest in her... as if she was my own daughter, and I try to keep her in my mindset as a daughter instead of as a prospective lover. Perhaps I simply miss my child so much that I'm imprinting onto another, but I cannot help but do so. I want her to succeed, I want her to realize her full potential like the others, but this psychological block is keeping her from realizing it.

There's must be a psychological catalyst to unlocking her body and her genetics, I just know it, and I believe we touched upon it with the exercise with Twenty-Five. Now to find out exactly what that trigger is and switch it completely on.

I'd remained quiet over the past few days... ever since I did those awful things to Twenty-Five, make him cry, hear him weep about things about his mother. She must've beaten him or some such...

But it wasn't her that drew my concern, it wasn't what I did to Twenty-Five that'd sent me into such a depression, but rather it was how I felt when I was tearing him apart, contemplating of driving my pussy onto that mighty rod and screwing his brains out. Even that last thought wasn't what concerned me the most, though I did revile in myself at the thought of it. No, what concerned me the most was the remembrance of *liking* how I was feeling, *craving* what I'd felt and wanting to feel more!

I wanted to punish him, punish him by flaying him alive with my naked fingernails, ripping his flesh off with my teeth and showing him his own still beating heart!

I liked that feeling, I liked feeling that feeling, and it aroused me, made me feel stronger! I wanted to feel stronger! I wanted to be like all these others here.

Looking around the lunch room early in the morning where we all got our one complimentary meal, I saw the numerous personages who were all at least twenty decimeters tall, who were likewise all riddled with musculature that was beyond Olympian. '*Ripped*' wasn't a strong of enough word, and I was certain that even the lightest of them weighed at least a quarter metric ton apiece.

The men had penises that could split a regular woman in half, and the women had breasts that must each weigh twenty kilograms apiece. It was because of those breasts that the men were the ones who were reported to be the lighter of the two, but not by much. They did of course have that increased ability to build muscle. The strongest of us all, save for Twenty-Five himself, was a woman who took great pleasure in showing off her muscles and breasts, and too an extreme, constantly fondled herself or being fondled by man and woman alike, and by subject and guard alike. She was the tallest, the one with the biggest breasts

and the widest hips and the narrowest waist – aside from me, but that was only because I was nearly nine decimeters shorter and a fifth of her body weight – and the biggest muscles.

It was she who approached me this day.

“Hey, Twenty-Three,” she purred as she drew near.

I’d learned that everyone was getting their own dosage of being combined with an animal of some sort, and though she was a she and was displaying lion traits, though female lions didn’t have manes, she nonetheless had the most billowing mane of golden hair topping her head and it flowed luxuriously.

“Oh... hi, Nineteen.” I said, picking at my food.

“You wanna compare breasts?” she asked, and opened her bodysuit to let those thick mammaries fall out and undulate between her arms that were as thick as her legs were.

“Not today.” I managed after awhile. “I’m not up to playing who’s got the bigger boobs or penis today.”

“Then how ‘bout we go find a quiet corner together and I show you how a woman licks pussy.” She giggled and I turned to look at her, stared at her. Between my legs I felt my labia tighten, my clit erecting, and dropping my fork and standing, I held out a hand to her. “Yes, lets!” I smiled sardonically, and with strength that surprised even me, I hauled her to her feet and right there in the middle of the lunch room got her and me naked and to the other’s and the guard’s delight, had sex with a woman.

Just to shut her up.

Afterward I dressed; leaving her quivering, face down on a table after what I’d done to her pussy, while I got stares from everyone else as I pulled on a newly added white vest-jacket that I wore to keep me warm in this cold place. It was one of the things that I’d asked for, for doing what I did to Twenty-Five, and it was made of the same material as my bodysuit, it simply had some insulation to it.

“What?” I asked them with a commanding voice. “Anyone else want to see if they’re up to pleasing me?!” and they all promptly went back to what they were doing.

I was feeling more aggressive lately, more agitated, and I thought that maybe it was finally my period coming, but I’d not menstruated since coming here, and the Administrator himself assured me that I wasn’t pregnant. His statement that my menstrual cycle was being slowed was a bit awry, and told me that I could have unprotected sex still. I was passed the point where I could receive a fertilized egg, just after all the bio-matter had sloughed off upon my last period; it’s just that my body hasn’t built up for the next stage of menstruation. I was warned, however, not to have sex should I get really, really horny for no reason.

Stepping toward the door that led to the rest of my day’s activities, I faced the guard there.

“Let me through... I want to get this day over with.” This guard looked at my guard, the man I’d made so much love with so far, and he shrugged and nodded and I was let through so that I could be the first at the work stations.

I had to work off some of this rising anger. I was just so angry... so very angry! And it was making me aroused! And so I set myself to the work out benches, going through the routine that the technicians told me to take, not gaining any added weight which made me angry that I wasn’t gaining anything from all this, and as I got angry, I began to cry for some reason, till I just threw a ten kilogram weight and sat down and began crying.

I didn’t know what was going on with me, I wanted to get out of here, and I wanted to go home.

... Holy shit I needed a dick in me.

Day 56: *I'd been feeding supplements to Twenty-Three both through her usual injections and through her food to cause certain reactions. She was made fearful and alternatively she was made angry, sexually aroused and so on. I've given her combinations of effects and measured her reactions. To a last, when an emotional response becomes extreme enough, she changes, and the more pronounced the effect of her emotional state, the more pronounced the change, though I've noticed that her three top emotional states that provides the best results are first fear, and then anger and then arousal, and when angry and aroused she changes the most, almost to the point where she's the same size as the other subjects.*

We've given her a cat for her cell, per one of the requests she'd made for her service in helping to break number Twenty-Five, who cries every time we threaten him with her presence now, and so we've given Twenty-Three a Russian Blue kitten, a male that has been neutered – my own personal precaution given her nature – and she cares for the animal and brings him everywhere she goes, sleeping with him, and even letting him nurse from her breasts in option of feeding him the dry cat food that has been provided for him.

She's named him Ivan, after her father, and is caring for the kitten like Coco the Gorilla did.

Her only request for the cat was a simple rubber cat toy with a jingle bell that she plays with the cat with, and to my impression, I believe that she likes playing with it as much as the kitten does.

This is a sort of nurturing love that fills me with a certain degree of fatherly love, though I'm still irritated upon the lack of results, and so I've personally and secretly put a wire tap upon the camera feed that's inside her cell that's allowing me to watch her during all hours of the night as well as the usual feeds during the day without anyone being the wiser.

I've found that when no one is watching, especially with her cat, she reverts to a sort of feline mentality that absolutely mimics a feline's traits.

But still I've not yet found the combination of emotions that will unlock her psychic block upon her transformations. There is some catalyst somewhere there that I'm missing. If only I could find it. Oh well... perhaps the second full moon since being here will cheer me up. Hopefully, wherever my wife is, she'll be having a nice bottle of wine and cheeses like we used to do every full moon in remembrance of how we met.

Though we've not been able to do that during our Russian depression, I now have the means to do it again, and I hope, wherever she is, she can too. Oh my beloved Katia, wherever you are, I hope you're happy. Be happy... be happy for you, me, and our daughter...

I held Ivan in my arms as I sat up in bed that night, watching the moon creep along the floor. The bodysuit and jacket that I always wore here was open and he was nursing from my tit as I watched the moonlight, bright and beautiful, cascade through the solitary window in my cell. My breathing was quickened, the heart inside me was pattering, and I don't think I'd blinked for a good half hour!

Milk leaked readily from both breasts and I was creaming heavily from the long and gaping pussy between either of my thighs, the clit and nipples erect and I was hot from head to toe. I feared having been drugged, but why then was that light so captivating. Why did I love and fear it at the same time?

I rose with Ivan in my arms as he pawed my breast to get more milk out, and I approached the light timidly, but I couldn't go into it. I was breathing hard, I was excited, I wanted to roll about in the light and feel it on the naked flesh of my body. But I was scared...

Something in me was keeping me from doing that, something else was urging me to, and in the confusion that was going on from the two urgings I froze, and before I was ready to I even shuffled away from the light as it crept along the floor toward me. All I could do was watch it pass...

Day 59: The Moon.

This is strangely fitting, of course the moon. Luna, the Greek Goddess of Femininity and Fertility, in which cats were likewise worshiped as gods and goddesses by the Egyptians for the same reasons. The Goddess Bastet and so on! Of Course!

For three days, for all three days of the full moon Twenty-Three has shown the same sort of behavior. Replaying old video of her during the last full moon shows identical behavior as that, only now it's more pronounced. I believe that this is because we've successfully unlocked more of her locked psyche and genetic code. Sadly, there's no way to simulate moonlight. Moonlight is after all a reflection of sunlight off moon rock and thusly changed through the atmosphere, and unlike sunlight, which is photons representing all light combined with ultraviolet radiation, moonlight is just considered reflected photons... but something regarding moonlight specifically is tapping off something in Twenty-Three's psyche, that I've had to confer with the psychologist who did reverse regression hypnosis on her agreed that the moon did play a big part in her psyche for some reason.

We still have twenty-eight days before the next full moon, so in the mean time, I'll have to invent ways of getting her to unlock her psyche in other ways. I have little hope for their success though, for I feel as if Twenty-Three's trigger is indeed the light of the moon.

Secondary note: Need to plan for what might happen should we actually trigger Twenty-Three's latent powers. Being that we have no idea what was blocked or why, only that something traumatic did it, when Twenty-Three is unlocked, then she could easily become a monster greater than even Twenty-Five is.

I was standing naked in a field again, with Ivan held in my arms so that his forelegs hung over both arms, his body between my breasts and his legs and tail dangling down in front of me. I was porcelain and pristine, though my hair was long and billowy and hung down to my ankles.

I felt energized and strong, and looking up for the first time in this dream state as I stood amidst long grasses and snow; I saw a moon high above me that was waning toward a new moon; the barest edge of it being a shade of black that didn't reflect the light of the sun.

What are you afraid of?

I turned immediately and Ivan gave off a meow as I faced the tigress, powerful, muscular and fearless as she always was. She was everything that I wasn't.

“W-what do you mean? What are you anyways?! You're just a dream!”

Do you usually dream in vibrant color? The tigress responded in mild annoyance, and I immediately shut up. *I am the part of you that you've shaved off and thrown away, my dear. Like you just considered, I am everything that you are not, but what you have not considered, is that I am also everything that you once were, and am trying to be once again.*

Of all things that one cannot fight or battle against, you have no hope to fight against the inevitable.

I bit my lower lip and approached her, and immediately she licked my belly, and then my crotch and I cooed as I folded Ivan into one arm and scratched her head. This was pleasing this was warm and gentle and feminine and powerful and...

“Please place your arm into the receptacle.”

I awoke with a jerk, giving off a rather unladylike snort as the dream vanished, and with a gritting of teeth, an orgasm immediately split my loins and a flush of hot nectar erupted from my gaping and swollen pussy.

With a gasp I rose and rubbed my cunt through the bodysuit I was wearing as those sticky fluids squeezed from within me, and three more micro orgasms split those loins, seeping more ejaculate before I rose to meet the unfolded device on the inside of my cell.

Ivan gave a meow and stretching long and sinuously, hopped from the bed we shared as I began the arduous task of receiving whatever this device gave me on punishment of pain if I ignored it.

I received snaps of electricity, I received a medicine or a poison or whatever this was through both hands, but as I withdrew one hand and inserted the other, I looked down at the wrist I'd been repeatedly punctured upon since coming here, only to see the bruise immediately fade and the punctures in the center of raised knobs of scarred flesh seal over again within a matter of seconds.

After it released my other hand, I squeezed my fingers together and watched the wound seal itself there too even as the door opened.

Ivan meowed to me and rubbed up against the rubbery material surrounding my leg, and bending over to pick him up, I carried him with me as I stepped in line with the others, me being absolutely the smallest of the bunch by an ever-growing ratio.

There were a couple others wearing white now, but I was the only one wearing a jacket, and in the showers, after stripping myself naked, fingering the downy and sparse white hairs that were growing at the peak of the vaginal crevice that split my loins, I looked around me at the hair or fur covered bodies of the others as the showers started up.

Being that Ivan was started off with having a shower with me every day, he'd quickly grown used to the water, and so no longer meowed and clawed fiercely. There were a couple of the other whites with pets too... one man had a rat that was almost perpetually on his shoulder, and another woman had a little terrier... apparently pets were becoming a phenomenal reward for those who didn't cause trouble and were making grand headway, so why then was I, as small as I was, and as sexually immature in comparison to these individuals as I was, not only the first to have a pet but also the only one to be granted a jacket? Why was I so special?

Through breakfast, which was composed of lots of proteins like scrambled eggs and the rest of the meal being comprised of meats like bacon and such, with very little else... I mean my fruit was a jam and my bread was a couple slices of toast... I ate and I ate deeply, putting down more than someone many times my mass was able to put away, sharing whatever I could with Ivan.

I kept thinking about the tigress, and I thought about what she said... that she was a part of me? The part that I cut off from myself? How did that happen? Was it really real or was I just imagining it?

With a sigh I rose with Ivan under one arm, and he licked the plate we'd used before I deposited it into the receptacle for cleaning, but when I moved toward the door where we usually lined up for the morning work outs, my guard took me by the elbow.

"The Administrator has some special training for you today." He said through his voice mask, in an emotionless sort of way that frightened me.

I didn't say anything, and just followed his lead as he took me to the other door, the one that very few of the other subjects walked through now, but all of those other individuals putting their times through that together didn't compare with the amount of times I'd passed through it. The hallway beyond was wide and sterile, like a hospital hallway, but it was a series of doors that led into dark rooms for various purposes, some of them guard rooms, others filled with various implements that one wouldn't want to meet in their worst nightmares.

Inside one room, a room that I remembered going often, the psychiatrist's room, I was sat down on the couch before my guard left me, and I lay back with Ivan pawing my chest and belly before laying himself down and starting to purr.

"Are you most comfortable, number Twenty-Three?" a voice said, and the psychiatrist from before, or at least I assumed he was the same one as before, they all looked the same with their masks and coats.

"Yes." I replied promptly like they expected me to, and the psychiatrist punched a button and a light lit up on the ceiling above me, showing me an image arrayed all over the whole room, and I gaped as I found myself looking straight up at the moon as full and as wide as it could be.

"We will now begin number Twenty-Three. Tell me... how do you feel?"

Day 69: *I'm glad to report that we've created a measure of success in regards to a defined connection between Twenty-Three and the image of the full moon. For whatever reason, the moon is central to her psyche, and is central to whatever is locking her power away. When under the light of the moon she becomes nervous, agitated, aroused, fearful... all of the releasing emotions as discussed before all at the same time, which is an affect that we've been unsuccessful in releasing to such a degree any other way.*

She's not affected by simple round lights like lamps or flashlights, and has dropped images and pictures of the moon as if burnt when they're handed to her, but will not drop images of circles of varying colors either whole or filled. Even a yellow circle will be passed off casually, but a yellow circle with pock marks in it like craters will be dropped and on one occasion thrown.

Hypnotic regression still cannot bypass a certain day when she was six.

However, when confronted with the moon, Twenty-Three grows on average of five percent of all physical attributes.

As an additional note, the experiment of loading her with electricity has been raised to the point where other subjects would be lethally electrocuted but she simply doesn't notice it. Other than the nerve staple, her current restraints are no longer sufficient should she control her, nor are the guards stun batons. Despite how much electrical current her body has absorbed, she hasn't increased in physical output at all.

As an experiment, I've had Guard Twenty-Three tap her with his active stun baton, and he reports that she didn't even notice the contact. With how much their body suits conduct electricity, she should've been writhing from the experiment. One would also think that she'd be generating tremendous amounts of static electricity, but no such occurrence has happened, and she can touch other human beings quite easily without fear of causing them harm.

After getting tired of recharging her braces and collar twice a day, I've had the capacitors upgraded and have added an electrical current device to her body suit to take up the slack that recharges as she moves. At this moment, there are fifteen more days till full moonrise.

The showers flowed down upon me as I rolled and rocked my hips, feeling the powerful maleness inside me as it probed me deep. I moaned as this man grunted, and with a snarl, I grit my teeth and focused upon the man beneath me.

“Harder!” I growled at him and slapped a hand in the water beside his head, and he nodded fearfully and thrust as hard as he could, the tip of his engorged cock tapping against my insides now.

My twin labia burned from having been spread open so much, and my clit ached as I rode him, feeling the throbbing heartbeat of this male sliding down the full length of his phallus to throb against my insides and to caress the compressed and puckered anus that was being squeezed between both butt cheeks and the spread open O-ring of my sopping wet pussy.

“Ngh! More! You! Come here now!” I said and pointed to another of the few remaining men.

He nodded and hesitantly drew near, but when he was near enough I grabbed his penis and began to stroke and suck on it, feeling its heat warm up immediately within it.

Some of these men hadn't had sex since coming here, and I was so starved for it for some reason despite how active I've been, having lost my virginity here, but I was nonetheless so frigging horny right now! It'd been a slow build up to this point, and my guard just wasn't giving me enough, he couldn't give me enough, he couldn't be there all day after all...

There were four men, I had three of them right now with one trapped between my legs and the other two I was alternating from sucking either one of them off. There was a fourth available... but I didn't touch him if he were the last man on Earth.

"Hey there, Twenty-Three..." someone said, and I turned, almost growling as I saw number Nineteen approaching me, hand on hip while the shower water poured down on her. "You willing to share one of those with me?"

"Sure..." I smiled ferally, and letting go of the two guys, grabbed her lips and began to suck her off too while I got a steely hard climax inside me from the guy I was straddling.

I remembered the warning of the Administrator to watch out for sudden fits of erotic rage, but this definitely wasn't sudden, so I didn't think anything of it, but because of me there was a vicious orgy started in the shower room that day, and after taking my fill of it, I washed the excess jism off me and dried myself before leaving them all behind to go eat.

I still had a voracious appetite as well, and I didn't gain so much as a single kilogram.

Ivan meowed at me and rubbed up against my legs as I got us both some food.

"Aren't you going to finish up in there?" my guard asked as I sat down and Ivan hopped up beside me, meowing for breakfast before I fed him some ham.

"I got what I needed." I answered quietly and started eating myself.

My guard remained quiet for a time as I sat there eating.

"Is that what you think of me?" he ventured and I looked up at him.

"No." I replied at last. "You're not just a lay..." I replied while stroking Ivan's long sinuous back and he hopped up onto my lap. "You're more than just a dick, Guard Twenty-Three." And I leaned forward and smiled at him. "You're one of the few things that keep me sane in this hell hole, even if our jailors don't let me know your real name or see your face."

"I'm very glad to hear that, Twenty-Three..." he said, and there was a tone to his voice that told me he was smiling, but then the door from the showers opened, and one of the women came out fluffing her hair before zipping up the front of her bodysuit with her own personal guard close behind, and he and I had to stop our private conversation.

At least I was sated for awhile... hopefully it'd get me through another boring day.

Day 70: *There has been an alarming development as of late. During the stage of gene-splicing the subjects with various animals, we'd attempted a broad assortment of animals from docile animals like bison, goats, horses and such, to more feral animals like lions and tigers and bears... oh my.*

He-he, I must forgive myself the attempt at humor. Anything to lighten the mood.

As such, there has been a sort of automatic segregation where those imprinted with the more docile animals have a tendency of working well together and gathering together – herding one might call it – while those imprinted with the more feral animals have a tendency of being solitary and most especially separate from the others. What I do notice though, is that the predators have already created a pecking order, and of all the subjects, strangely enough, Twenty-Three has been placed as the first among them all.

The other subjects will rise with respect as she passes, or shy away from her, and despite that she's about an eighth of any of the other subject's sizes, she nonetheless commands great authority, to where she gets sex whenever she wants it from whoever she wants it from regardless of their genders, usually several at a time now, and commands them easily with no backtalk... that is when she so chooses to command them.

She has developed a feline's fickle attitude, with one moment she is sweet and docile, and another she's aggressive and commanding. Her temper, when it arises, has only been challenged once, so far, and that is by number Zero-One, who still bears the scars across his face from her finger nails turned claws in that moment of rage when he tried to take her.

As a side-note... both number Zero-One and number Zero-Two, the male and female pair of 'volunteers' I've imprinted with arctic wolves, have solidified their partnership into a more stringently based combination that can only be deemed a pack mentality. Though it behooves me to offer up any positive feedback in regards to these two, I find that a pack mentality of a predator is perhaps the best course of action to follow, though there is occasionally certain bouts of vying for superiority like wolves do when looking for the alpha position of the pack. If nature follows suit, then there will be a definite male/female segregation with alphas, betas and omegas in the pack.

But likewise, with the imprinting also comes the particular traits of the said animal... and with many it produces body types and enhanced musculature, claws and fangs and inhuman eyes... and unfortunately for us, number Twenty-Five is absorbing these traits quite nicely. Over the past week, he's gained over a hundred kilograms in body growth, most particularly muscle growth, stands three meters in height, and weighs now a solid half a metric ton. But so too has come the particular traits of a feral mentality and an ever increasing physical output that makes him outgrow restraints almost faster than we can manufacture them.

I don't care what the overseers say, or what it costs, he needs to die before this monster can be released onto the world. I've made the active decision to engineer his death and make it look like an accident.

Though in a different body, a different mind attached to that body, these sorts of results that Twenty-Five has produced just might be considered preferable, an army of super strong individuals with bears in them would befit the Russian mentality after all, but with such a psychotic mind behind that body... the horrors that he can produce can only be amplified.

He came to us as a raping murderer. Now he's a raping, murdering carnivore that more openly eats people.

It's always a wonderful feeling to wake up with a cock between your legs. Or at least, so far it was. It was a sensation that was accented by kisses upon your neck and a warm, hot body pressing against your back as you feel an orgasm building up for release.

I'd dreamed of the white tiger, dreamed of growing stronger and stronger till my body couldn't take it, and now as I woke up amidst the incredible feeling of power I'd felt in that dream, I smiled as I saw the tell-tale image of Guard Twenty-Three kissing my neck and making love to me as I laid there, and to help matters I arched myself and lifted my bottom while I settled comfortably into the pillows.

This could've even had been a wedding night, and he was waking me up with some kinky sex with a rugby helmet and a pair of bomber goggles on. I began to leak nectar and milk as I lifted a hand and pet Ivan where he slept at the corner of the head of this small bed.

My guard had either climaxed already and was rubbing off a second, or he was getting better at holding his wad, but I orgasmed before he did, and when he pulled out of me and I turned to face him – the large breasts I'd developed here rolling like medicine balls inside sacks of flesh atop either chest muscle – he laid against me and rested his head atop my chest while gripping a tit with one hand. I felt milk slide from it as I cradled him against my body, feeling his wet penis against me, the thing still marginally firm and throbbing still as it tried to get ready for a second go, and lifting a hand and palming his face, I drew him upward till he and I looked at each other through his goggles.

Inexplicably, I bit my lower lip and began to cry.

“Kiss me.” I said quietly.

“What?” he started and rose higher.

“Please kiss me.” I repeated, and this time my voice broke as more tears escaped me.

My guard looked at me for a moment, and then lowering himself to me till my breasts compressed between him and me, he did as I asked. He was my first kiss, my first lay and he was as close to an actual boyfriend that I'd ever had in my life. He was also the only person I kissed.

But then there was a tremendous sheering metal sound followed by loud roaring, and the kiss ended abruptly as my guard rose from off me, paused at the sounds and then moved to hurry and dress.

“What's going on?” I asked him.

“Number Twenty-Five.” He said simply. “That sound was a breaking restraint. He must be trying to get free again.

And I shook at the sound of machinegun fire and more roaring, just before my guard vaulted for the door and it opened immediately for his passage before closing again, even before he'd gotten through dressing with his dick still hanging out. I heard more roaring, loud roaring, and rising up in bed, rubbing my cunt and wanting more sex, I palmed Ivan as he lifted his head and yawned deeply before starting to purr as I began to pet him.

I heard the roaring and machine guns and screaming with loud thuds that rattled even my bed a cell away from his. Apparently, however, Ivan was unconcerned with such things, and rising to my feet, I walked toward the sink to wash my crotch off while trying to ignore the sounds coming from up the hall.

I wished I had a mirror in here... I wanted to look at myself, but I didn't think to ask for a mirror after doing what I did to Twenty-Five. It was too late now. But looking down at myself, seeing the way I'd changed, seeing the tremendous tits, I hefted one as it lactated and sucked off its creamy milk. They'd swollen so much since I'd come here, they were both so round and full it was crazy. I could actually suck from them myself! Now I had to be milked right after bathing and right before bed that they'd swelled so much with creamy milk.

Thankfully, I actually had Ivan to help with that, and as I sucked and nursed from my own breast, he came meowing and rubbing up against my leg.

He was still a kitten inside despite how much he'd grown and letting the tit fall from my mouth to wobble and bounce heavily, I bent down and picked him up and he immediately began to lick the excess milk on my breast with his prickly tongue.

Going back to my bed, I sat down upon it and cradled my kitty. It'd be awhile before they let us out of our cells today. It wouldn't be till after they'd subdued that beast.

Day 80: *Number Twenty-Five has become uncontrollable.*

Several times over the past ten days he's caused a significant disturbance where we couldn't proceed with the program, and the subjects were all held inside their cells till he could be contained. Thrice now, he's broken his bonds and managed to cause great harm. We lost two more guards in the process.

Under the circumstances, all guards have been given the authorization to use lethal force and have been granted high-explosive bullets in order to cause maximum damage. Nerve stapling isn't effective anymore due to the thickness of his nerves now, nerve stapling only makes him angry.

Fully automatic shotguns with HE slugs have been submitted to the guards, and the guards that are watching him now are currently in a form of body armor that cost a million two-hundred thousand rubles – roughly three-hundred thousand American given current exchange rates – that makes them tough enough for tanks. I've armed them with heavy machine guns in the case of Twenty-Five getting loose again, and if he does, they are under orders to shoot to kill.

Presently, the Captain of the Guard, the Chief Psychologist, the Chief Medical Officer and myself have submitted separate reports stating what we've decided regarding Twenty-Five, that he will die if he tries anything now, and we've unanimously requested just to kill him.

The return command was that our safety measures would have to suffice for now. No worries, I'm still planning to kill the bastard off. For now, I've chained him up as best as I can, and used razor wire all over his body to hold him at bay, but he's just growing too quickly... and not even cold or electrical punishments bother him any more.

Still he tests his bonds.

The other subjects are ready for final conditioning. All mental training has been completed, their bodies have stopped growing, the last of their animalistic traits have shown themselves, I believe they're all ready for armament. This is another report that was sent but I've yet to hear back from our benefactors on it as to whether or not we were allowed to begin that next stage.

In regards to Twenty-Three:

Still no improvement on physical release... she may have to be a long-term subject... or else they'll force me to mind-wipe her and make her forget about this whole procedure and her remarkable nature will disappear into mediocrity forever. She has little to look forward to other than to be a whore given the conditions of our Russian Society now, and what beautiful women can expect. Maybe I can adopt her and continue to work on her in secret...

Regardless, the full moon is in four days, and we'll see what forcing her to be in direct moonlight will cause. I'm practically expecting something supernatural at the moment, being that I can now safely attribute her lack of growth to a mental block; such is the power of the brain that it can override even this advanced process to a degree.

For now, I can report the following about number Twenty-Three:

- *She has a profound presence that makes the others shy away from her, even the superior examples of the other subjects, like those who'd been combined with wolves and even a lion move out of her way despite her lack of size.*
- *Her body kinetics is absolutely the most supreme of all the subjects in terms of flexibility and dexterity, as well as an incredible level of feminine grace.*
- *Twenty-Three's sexuality is animalistic in its power. She's a female that has moved from a human menstruation to a feline menstruation which calls for heats instead of a month-to-month process of biological build up and purging should a pregnancy not occur. As such, she craves a profound level of sexual activity, and when she cannot receive it she thankfully will resort to pleasuring*

- herself instead of violence. Pronounced breasts, pronounced vaginal size and enhanced sensitivity to touch... especially within her... naughty bits.*
- *She produces a high level of feminine pheromones, a level of which makes me glad that I wear this face mask or else I'd succumb to such sexual power. It is of such a level where previously straight women will seek her for sexual pleasure. In layman's terms... it's a presence of being so sexy you make others your same gender to consider homosexuality in an attempt to be with you.*
 - *Estrogen levels are at what would be considered toxic for a normal female human being, and likewise she produces an elevated level of testosterone for a female that is greater than that which is produced by a normal man, making her naturally athletic and hyper-metabolic, but allows her to achieve such an incredible level of feminine sexuality without being rendered a below average intelligence. As many will know, testosterone is not only the chemical that enhances a human body to what level of physical might it can hold, and what level of body hair it produces, but it also is the primary chemical that dictates a person's level of intelligence. Thusly, a woman with little or no testosterone production, or a testosterone production that's vastly overwhelmed by estrogen, will have a sub-standard intellect, but would have an incredible sexual capacity. Hence the reason why dumb blondes are usually large-chested and hippy given the modern perpetuation of jokes regarding them. Twenty-Three, however, has produced a pronounced chest since her treatment began – a number eighteen breast size – as well as a narrow waist and pronounced hips, but despite that likewise has an athletic level of physical output and maintains a high intellectual level which is actually a step up from what she possessed when she joined us. Her body has indeed found a good balance, and given what has happened to some of the other subjects, some of whom have actually decreased in their intellectual capabilities, Twenty-Three excels in that regard.*
 - *Twenty-Three currently holds a level of neural-electric activity that can only be deemed supernatural. At this point, few things would actually cause her harm via electricity, and all of them are artificial save for a direct shock from a lightning bolt. Despite that, I'm quite sure she can take a lightning bolt or two and still not feel it other than the concussion from the strike.*

As such, Twenty-Three, though not apt currently for the front line, she's nonetheless more than applicable for a spy or an assassin. In a world where men control most of everything, an erotic female such as Twenty-Three can more than appropriately be trained to get in close, get or do whatever she needs to do and get out.

However, before I send any sort of report like this to our benefactors, I will nonetheless conduct a series of experiments. In four days, we shall get her into a broken mental state, overload her with electricity, and make her too weak to get out of the path of the moonlight when the time comes.

I was brought into a darkened room, a different one than I'd ever stepped into before. This time I was presented only with a metal chair.

“Make yourself comfortable, Twenty-Three.” I heard the voice of the Administrator then, and moving into the light; I sat down and began petting Ivan's wonderful blue-gray coat as he moved to lie on my lap.

With the sound of metal clanging against metal, my anklets and only those braces magnetized to the chair.

“Are you enjoying your stay here?” the Administrator asked as he moved into the light while shadows moved about outside the cone of light shining down on me.

I stared at him, but decided to hold the sarcasm off my tongue. “As much as can be expected.”

“How so?” he asked.

“I was taken against my will and thrown into a gilded cage. It's nice here, and the living conditions are better than what I had, but I still don't have any freedom.”

“Hm... strange that many Americans experience in their illusions what you have now. They give away freedoms for safety and security. Is that not a good trade off?”

“I guess...” I replied and pet Ivan in longer strokes, getting him to purr.

“Very good, now to begin this experience, Twenty-Three, the reason why you were brought to this particular room, I’m going to let you make a decision.”

“A d-decision?” I asked. Whenever they let us decide about a thing, it was usually a loose-loose situation.

“Precisely. You love your pet, Ivan, do you not?” I stopped petting and stared at him. “He’s quite gifted really, more so than anyone else here. You see he, along with the few other pets, has an actual name. No titles, no numbers, just a simple, every-day, straight-forward name.”

“Yes... I love him.” I admitted cautiously. To lie about a thing only made it worse later, especially in this place.

“Good... good... now here is your decision:

“On the one hand we are going to make you suffer. We are personally going to make you cry, and weep and beg... you will be in pain.” I clenched my jaw and nodded, staring at him and trying not to shiver from fear. “And on the other hand, you can avoid pain, but to keep yourself from avoiding that pain, you will have to strangle Ivan to death right here and now with your own bare hands.”

I picked Ivan up and held him tight.

“What sort of an option is that you bastard?!”

“Watch your tongue, Twenty-Three. You’ve been a grand help to this project for a long time, and that allows you for some leeway, but I will not abide by name-calling. You will not be warned again. Now, what is your decision? You have three seconds or else I’ll wring your cat’s neck right in front of you *and* punish you with hellish pain.”

“I choose pain.” I said immediately and hugged Ivan, and the Administrator stepped forward and lowering his gloved hands, he took Ivan from me. I had to force myself to let go as he moved my cat into a pet carrier and closed the door on it.

“You may begin Tech Thirteen.” He said, and I turned to see a tech, a woman, baring a weapon with a nozzle that was attached to hoses and wires to a backpack. There was a series of clicks and my body was forced into a position on the metal chair from the bracelets and the collar magnetizing and forcing me to move into a sitting position. I heard the hum from the nozzle as an electrical charge rose up at its end, and I hyperventilated even as another technician produced a metal dowel with a leather strap and leather wrappings and put it in my mouth, moving away just as the weapon fired.

A column of electricity leapt across the room at me, and I immediately screamed as loud as I could... or at least tried to. The dowel and the clenching of my body made that difficult.

I was naked again, naked and nude and I heard wailing in the wind around me that sounded like my own screaming voice as I yet again stood in the center of a field within a vast valley surrounded by a forest and mountains. There was a meow, and looking down I gasped and snatched Ivan to me, picking him up and coddling him, kissing him.

The fools know not what they do.

I turned toward the voice and found the tigress, seeing her sitting there even as the rolling of thunder coiled overhead, and crashes of lightning lit up a sky that was only partially hiding a waxing moon that was nearly full.

“What do you mean?” I quavered, trembling uncontrollably while the wailing in the wind rose and fell in pitch.

It is painful for you to feed, currently, but they are feeding you power... vast power, and we can end them for inflicting this on you. We can...

“No! I am *not* a killer! I won’t become one!”

You’ve already become one, my beloved... you simply don’t realize it yet.

“What?” I breathed.

It’s the reason why you cast me off. Soon we’ll become one again.

“No! I won’t accept that, I won’t become a killer, I won’t let you make me become one.”

In four days, you’ll have no choice.

There was a quiet pause in which only the thunder and the wailing could be heard until Ivan meowed, and I pulled him more fully between my breasts. Right now, he was the only friend I had.

When I opened my eyes again, it was to find myself lying in the center of the room in a pool of moonlight. Drooling. Looking up at it, I saw the bright yellow, nearly circular thing. And then I felt a little prickly tongue licking my face, and turning myself I saw Ivan there lapping at my face to wake me up.

“Oh... enough...” I groaned and fell more comfortably with one tit pushed into a floor drain in the center of the floor. “I’m fine Ivan... so long as you’re ok I’m fine. Now leave me alone for a bit... I think... I think I’m just going to sleep on the floor tonight.

Day 84: *This is the pivotal night.*

Twenty-Five is going to have his accident, and Twenty-Three will at long last transcend! I'm so happy that I can barely contain myself. For the past four days we've prepared Twenty-Five for his long past due trip to hell by wrapping him up in metal plating that has been bent and shaped and bolted to his bones with thick heavy screws as well as wrapping a whole spool of razor wire around him as well as a good few hundred meters of chains.

Like being wrapped in a womb of death.

I'm confident that there will be no escape for him this time. I've arranged for him to 'escape' and be mowed down by the sentries during said escape.

As for Twenty-Three, she is woefully exhausted to the point where she has to be dragged in for her sessions with the EMP guns, to which she's become so desensitized to the electrical current that we've had to resort to using two guns simultaneously just to get her to feel it.

I'm surprised that she doesn't realize any of the changes that have happened to her through these sessions, of how much of a feline she becomes, or how large and strong she is. For that matter, I'm surprised she hasn't noticed it happening yet when she did have mind enough to realize it, but then there are no mirrors in this place save for personal quarters, and the cells definitely don't have them for safety sakes.

Don't want one of the subjects killing themselves on a sharp piece of broken glass, now do we? If this works, maybe I can get plates of polished metal in the cells of those who've shown promise enough not to kill themselves.

Guard Twenty-Three has petitioned for me to end this torture of his woman, and I've assured him that they will not progress beyond today, and told him only that this was a crucial experiment. Poor boy... he's become emotionally engaged to her, a dangerous prospect in this situation.

However, today promises to be the turning point of human history... I was sure of it.

I was dragged into my cell by two guards. This time I was aware of what was happening to me, and though it might've been the electricity making every muscle in me tense, I felt both nipples and my clit throb hard, felt the labia to either side of that clit bulge while white milk and nectar seeped out into the bodysuit I wore. The door to my cell opened and I was dragged into the same spot as before right in the center of the floor where I remained, glad that I could feel the cool surface of the floor against my being.

Ivan had been trying to bite the guard who brought me in before they threw him on the floor, and like before he came in close and licked my face repeatedly, but as I did, I slipped away off into that dream state, the bodysuit and jacket tearing away from me as I did and the cell melting away to a vast plain of grass and snow in a valley surrounded by trees and mountains.

I was naked again and lying on the ground, feeling my arousal rising rapidly but I was still weak. Ivan was still here, trying to comfort me, and as I rose, feeling my tits rise long after I did, I was suddenly pushed right back down to the ground, and looking over a shoulder after I'd fallen, I saw the great tigress positioned over me with one paw in the square center of my back.

“W-what are you doing?”

I'm coming home. She said. I'm finally coming home so that we can both be whole, and this time chance is on my side, you're not able to resist me and that scared little girl won't stop me this time.

“Scared little girl?” I gasped, and the tigress indicated with a nod of her head, and lifting my eyes I saw a little girl in pig tails, naked but with golden-blond hair, yelling at me at a long distance to get up, staying away from the great beast.

But I recognized the little girl as she tried to holler at me. I’ve seen her face often enough as I was growing up reflected in the mirror. She was me as a child!

“I-I don’t understand.” I gasped.

You call it schizophrenia, where the mind experiences something the consciousness doesn’t want to experience, but it doesn’t have a choice but to experience it. So what it does is instinctively destroy itself, to cut away the damaged psyche and cast it aside, and so only the part that must experience the thing experiences it, and frees the rest of the mind.

But your mind is broken!

I’m... and she lowered herself and grit her teeth at me, was the part of you that was forced to experience the thing and was then cast away. I’m your strength; I’m that part of you that contains every power and every strength in you! Without me you’re a timid little girl, and that, she indicated with her nose again at the girl, is the memory that caused it!

I’m tired of being alone... I’m tired of loving and hating you at the same time, and now... you have no choice but to accept me and my power... and all that you really are.

And I gasped as the clouds parted above me and revealed a moon that was full and as large as I could ever remember it. It was a Hunter’s Moon, when the moon appears larger than normal. I froze, staring at it as the child version of myself began screaming louder than ever and I swore I saw the tigress simply begin to descend into my, dipping her head into my back and sliding into me as if my form were a pool of quicksand, and I was helpless against it to stop it.

At the moment, all I could do was stare at that moon, and feel its power energizing every cell inside me right down to the marrow of my bones as whatever power that this tigress had long since held inside her from once being a piece of me, was now being force-fed into me.

Day 84 – Supplemental: *I was intently watching Twenty-Three as she found herself amidst the moonlight, her body becoming covered and suffused in the light and her face wide-eyed and vacant as she stared up into the cause of that light:*

...A great, big Hunter's Moon.

Her body twitched and she spasmed, and I was sure that I was about to watch a brilliant transformation as all those chemicals and genetic manipulations were about to unlock and process themselves rapidly when there was a change of the lights in my office from no lights to red lights while alarms began to go off.

My mind raced for what the cause of the alarms were to be, when I suddenly realized that there could only be one thing going on that could've gone that horribly wrong.

Rushing to the monitors and keying op the cameras overlooking the yard outside the facility, I found a most horrific sight as Twenty-Five was bursting through his bonds, cracking welded seams and then breaking them, having absolutely no regard for his personal safety while the guards fired indiscriminately into his body.

Wounds punched into his flesh, creating brief splashes of blood before the wound almost immediately sealed itself up, and as his flesh sealed up the muscles beneath those wounds healed harder and thicker than before, the rest of his body adapting and growing stronger in wave after wave of rippling growth.

Bolts held fast as he roared, spreading a jaw that had been wired and bolted shut as a seam between helmet and jaw broke apart to allow his sharp fangs to bare, but only additionally complimented by jagged pieces of metal and sharp wire.

"Oh... my... God!" I gasped and punched the button for the facility's broadcast speakers.

"Emergency! This is an Emergency. Subject Twenty-Five is loose, armed and extremely dangerous. All faculty shoot to kill... I repeat shoot to kill!"

And I returned my attentions to the monitors even as Twenty-Five reached out and wrung a man like a wet towel within his bare hands. Moving to my desk, I hit the red alert button, signaling for back up from our benefactors.

My heart was beating faster and harder as I pushed myself erect, fading in and out between consciousness and sub-consciousness, between sleep and awake, all of it seeming to blend together as I felt every muscle in me seeming to clench and tighten. Every muscle...

It was an odd sensation to have the hot throbbing sensation of arousal combined with what could only be described as a heart attack from the heart inside me clenching so hard or beating so fast I wasn't sure. Rising up onto my hands and knees, I looked up at the moon before settling back on my heels, and hissing, curling my tongue, I felt a hyper-arousal rise in me, felt my body heat rising, and knew a whole new degree of sexuality as the naughty bits all over me, including my anus, suddenly became incredibly hard and erect.

Clit, nipples and areola must've turned beet red, my labia flushing with blood to redden with the same sort of blush that was suffusing both breasts and cheeks, the enlarged clitoris between my legs erecting and pulling itself out from within the twin labia, all while drawing out some of the beef curtains inside me.

A cold sweat burst all over every square centimeter of flesh I had, trickling moisture between butt cheeks, thighs and breasts, making me glisten from head to foot.

"No! I'm not... I'm not a monster!" I cried out, feeling things change in me now, unnatural things, like the sensations I felt when I went through puberty, only more pronounced!

No you're not!

I heard the voice and tried to concentrate, and flickering between dream and reality as I felt the incisors inside my mouth lengthening, a pressure behind my temples from my eyes widening and a dazzling array of scents invading my nose, I looked and focused and saw the child version of myself standing before me in the dream holding my shoulders and trying to feebly shake me.

You must let me in! You must let me in or else you'll become nothing more than a murdering, raping bitch! You'll become that which you hate the most. I'm the key that puts it all together, but I'm not strong enough to force myself in to help you... you must let me in... you must experience the memory! All of you! All of us!

“B-but what will happen?” I wept, hissing and groaning as I gripped both my breasts and squeezed them right as a flush of ejaculate erupted from me. “What’s happening now?!”

Take me in, and you'll see!

My vision was narrow and distorted between consciousness and sub-consciousness, and she flickered in and out rapidly, becoming harder and harder to see while a red haze slowly perpetuated my sight.

Please! She's trying to kill me! She's trying to have you all to herself! She'll make you into a monster without reason to guide her! You're not strong enough by yourself to fend yourself off from her! You need me!

I sobbed, hearing screaming, a child’s screaming, my screaming. But I knew what she said was true.

“What do I do?” I wept, feeling pangs of power exploding inside me, and I shook and spasmed from it. I liked it.

Embrace me... hold me tight, accept me.

I looked at her, looked at myself and the way I was, knew that she held everything inside her that I couldn’t remember, and something, somewhere in this child was a memory that was so terrible I didn’t want to remember it. But I’m stronger now, a lot stronger now, this place made me that way like tempering steel in a blast furnace, and rising I snatched her to me, compressing her to my chest and folding her to my heart, and once there she settled into me and went to sleep.

And then she started to glow, and in a flash of light she was apart of me, but in that same flash of light, I began remembering.

The flash of light blinded me, but after I lost my sight, shortly afterward, I heard a woman singing a lullaby, I felt arms around me, holding me into a tight little ball with a blanket around me, and I blinked.

“Turn down the lights... she’s opening her eyes.” A woman said and the singing started up again.

I was sucking on something, something fleshy and firm, and as I opened my eyes there was a click and the light in the room vanished. My vision was blurred and undeveloped for a moment, but it rapidly cleared, and I saw a woman looking down at me, though I couldn’t see most of her face, I saw her red lips, and her green eyes that shone through the darkness.

“She’s so beautiful.” A man said, and palmed my head.

“And hungry.” The woman voiced, and bent to kiss my head. The swell of her breast was before my face, and I realized that I was instinctively sucking on it. I was a baby, and I was tired, and this woman glistened with the sweat of labor.

Mama?

I couldn't taste the milk, I felt numb, but I felt safe and happy. There was no reason to cry. I slowly nodded off and settled in her arms.

“What should we call her?” the man asked.

The woman thought for a moment and her beautiful smile spread even wider to show teeth that had the barest hint of fangs. “Tanya.”

There was another flash of light that I blinked away, and I found myself standing beside a table.

It was a long table, a dinner table. I was a little girl dressed in a flowing pink dress with expensive children's panties for a little girl, the sorts with the frilly waves on it. I saw the man whom I recognized as my father, he was strong and bulging with muscles, with noble eyes and dressed in a dress uniform of this nation's military.

I knew him to be a member of the illustrious KGB. His name was Ivan Peterovitch.

“Princess...” he greeted amidst cutting a big slab of meat, and putting his fork and knife on his plate he bent over and hugged me. “Did you finish all your dinner?” I nodded. “Have you come to be excused?” I nodded again. “Then you may be excused.” And he bent again and kissed my forehead. “Go to your mother now.”

I didn't remember my father before now. He was quite handsome and young and strong... and a member of the KGB! He looked like the perfect Soviet, a man of steel and velvet. Turning with a flowing of skirts of my little pink dress, I padded with soft slippers on my feet around my father to where my mother sat kitty corner to him, and putting both hands on the arm rest of the great chair she sat in and looked up at her, feeling a measure of trepidation though I was realizing that I wasn't in control of myself... this was a memory after all, I looked up at my mother and suddenly fell dumb at the sight of her.

Never before had I seen such a beautiful woman. Long golden hair fell loosely over one side of her head, spilling onto her chest with a gentle twist. She sat like a lady, dressed in a brilliant white dress that only barely hid her naked body that was beneath it. She had the swollen breasts of a mother, and even now she held my baby sister – I had a sister?! – In her arms so that she could nurse. She was unashamed of showing her naked breast, chest and shoulder at the dinner table, and she was singing a soft melody under her breath while my sister palmed her breast and suckled sweetly in her sleep.

Anya was my sister's name... I remembered her name being Anya.

“Hello princess.” Mother smiled at me.

Her eyes were the same color as mine, a green that was like the color of the underside of plant leaves, her lips were full and red, and her bodice was supple and firm.

Mother's name was Anastasia. She was beautiful in name and in form, and even I was enamored with her. I'd always regretted not being able to remember their names and faces, and now I saw, plain as day, what they looked like and I knew their names!

“Is it your turn, princess?” she asked and I nodded, and like clockwork, a servant woman approached and collected my sister who was little more than one year old from mother, while another servant, a male, arrived to help her turn her chair. Climbing up onto my mother’s lap, I rubbed my cheek against her naked breast, and she... changed.

Pupils pinched into almond-shaped ones, her soft skin took on an almost velvety feel to it while fluffy orange fur and black stripes in that fur slid out from her body, and a myriad of additional breasts formed down her belly. Her ears became long and pointed, and then rounded into slight hoods much like a cat’s, and her long hair became a billowing mane as thick muscle piled on her bodice. The size of her first pair of breasts doubled as she un-shouldered her gown so that it fell about a waist that remained narrow and tight despite all the piling muscle.

She... she changed into a cat woman?

I looked to father and saw him open his clothing enough to make a similar change, both of them noble tigers, and looking back up at my mother and her now black lips as she smiled at me, I was for some reason unafraid of this... I wasn’t scared. This felt... natural, as if it happened every day to me?

What was I? They were my parents, so that meant I... I must be one of them?! And what exactly is that? What am I?

“Your sister grows hungrier everyday,” she purred, combing my like-colored hair with her claws as I looked up at her. “I almost didn’t have enough for you.”

But she always had enough for me. *Wait... enough of what?*

But then she cuddled me as I laid against her, my head upon her thick bicep that was covered by soft velvety flesh, its attached arm cradling my back, while before me was the swollen disk of the areola on the top-most breast and its erect nipple. I saw the milk beading up on it, and opening my mouth, I actually began to suckle from it.

Her milk was sweet, like a tasty treat, and finding the tuft of fur between her breasts, I lightly began to stroke and finger it as I rested in her arms, hearing her begin to sing amidst her purring. She combed my hair; she was there to love me.

Gripping that tuft of her fur like a warm security blanket, I nursed from my mother’s breast. I was four then...

A flash of light struck me and this time I was in a dark place with a lacquered box. I was wearing a nice yellow sundress at the time, I knew it was summer now, and it was warm outside so I dressed in thin clothing. The box was my mother’s and it was in the closet of their room where I sat with the closet doors closed to hide me from view. Opening it, I took out the treasured prize that was held inside it.

It was a golden heart-shaped locket on a golden chain, but it had a trick to it. I could never figure out the trick, but it opened up, it had many pictures in it of mother, father, Anya... me. I loved to look at it, to hold its intricate scroll work that was like a treasure from the days of the Tsars, someday I’d figure out how to open it. Mother promised it to me among many other of her treasures. There were pearls and diamonds within the box inside their closet, but I didn’t care about them, all I wanted was this locket. I was the eldest and a girl... so it was up to me to uphold the family’s histories and traditions. It was up to me to be the first to be married, and of all the wonderful things my mother and father had... I’d asked for only this locket.

I’d wear it like my collar when I finally became queen of the family. *Queen?*

While I was hiding in their closet, trying to open the lock with my little fingers, there was the sound of the door opening, and with a gasp I looked through the slats in the door, and quick-as-you-may, I replaced the lock, put the box back in its drawer and closed the drawer without making a sound. I'd made up a lie if I were caught... I'd say I was playing hide and seek with Anya, despite that she was now one-year-old and I was five.

But looking through the slats in the closet, I saw mother and father kissing, and I stifled a sigh as I saw such a romantic thing happening. They weren't shy about their love for each other... they openly touched each other; they openly kissed each other and held hands...

But mother turned around, and I noticed that her boobies had changed. *She had erect nipples.* I knew that I'd have boobies some day, and could have many boobies like her. *I could? Really?* And then I saw father loosening the strings along her sides that held her dress about her fine figure, and then undid the zipper on her back as he gripped one of her boobies, and I heard mother sighing and heaving as she pressed against daddy's bare chest.

Were they about to do what I think they're about to do?

And then father pulled open mother's dress, revealing those swollen breasts and their nipples that had thickened so hotly and were leaking her milk. Father continued to push her dress downward, having difficulty when he came to her hips from how wide those hips were... hips that promised to give many children, though I didn't know what that meant. I saw her vagina, the secret place that mama said that only a husband should ever see aside from a doctor or your mommy.

She's so beautiful. So perfect. Skin tone, face, lips, eyes, breasts, hips... how could this woman possibly be my mother? I was so homely.

And then father reached down and fondled mother's crotch, sticking his fingers inside her as he cupped her breast and nibbled on her neck, giving her love bites. I bit my lower lip as mother made faces that looked like father was hurting her, but she laughed and guided his hands into her. Was that supposed to feel good?

Oh yes... yes it does. If that is my father, he surely did know how to touch a woman...

And mother moaned as wet stuff came from her that didn't look like pee. And finally she turned and faced father, her heavy breasts that managed to float in the bath that she, Anya and I had often enough wobbling heavily as she attacked his belt and zipper before she pushed those pants off his waist and rubbed her boobies and her cheek against what was inside.

Is that a pee-pee?

Yes... yes it most certainly is. Wow! Mom sure did know how to pick them!

And then father cradled mother, kissing her on her boobies and laying her on their bed... and then mommy spread her legs as daddy's pee-pee grew long and thick and...

... wow...

I-Is this love making?

Yes it is. Why can't that sort of thing happen to me? Not even my guard is so gentle like that.

Daddy stuck his pee-pee in mommy's vagina, and I watched breathlessly as it all happened.

"G-give me... give me your son, my husband, mate and lord..." mother gasped. "Give him to me!" she cried, and father seemed to try to, just before mommy arched and bent herself, and rocked her body as

father thrust his, and one of those times they met and they both tensed, and father grunted, mother cried out in joy...

Something happened, something remarkable just happened...

A double orgasm happened. But... why was I seeing this? Why should any child see this sort of thing? Why was I recalling this?

There was a flash of light and I was standing close by my mother's bed as servants were milling about us and father was beside mother as she gasped and moaned in a different way than she did that night I remembered. Her tummy was so big...

What was happening?

The family doctor moved out of the way, and suddenly I saw mother's legs spread wide open, saw her vagina was so big and swollen, and the slit in it was spreading apart of its own accord, it seemed. I swallowed. They told me that today was the day that it would happen, told me to stay out of the way and I could watch.

My god. Mother, my mother, is giving birth again? I have another sibling?!

It was a remarkable thing... and I watched through the jostling legs as I tended to Anya, making sure she didn't get out of her crib, at how a baby was born. Those people who were talking about a stork delivering that baby were liars! But then I looked to mother, watched her changing forms, watched her muscles bulge and balloon, watched her body turn velvety and furry, her feet lengthening, and suddenly the pain of this thing calmed, and she breathed a sigh of relief.

All these people were like us... the servants, the doctor... all of us were of the same pride. *Wait... Pride? Like a gathering of wild cats?* Mother told me that only a doctor or one self or your husband or your mommy should ever touch your vagina. I've seen daddy do things to mommy's vagina that I'd not yet managed to do to myself yet. *Maybe it took a husband to do it? Huh? I masturbated already? Well... I guess it's not masturbation, or even playing with oneself... maybe exploration is a better word. All kids do it; all kids have questions about it, so why would I be any different?* But this doctor was touching mommy's crotch, pushing the two lips open to reveal... wait, was she blowing a bubble? *No... that's the head! What is it? Oh hurry mommy! I want to see! I want to see! What's happening?!*

But the bubble pushed outward, and I saw a face, covered in slimy blue. Mommy wasn't in pain any more, or at least not enough to make her cry out like she did, instead she's just laying there, holding daddy's hand as she pushed like she was having to go to the bathroom really, really bad.

I saw the face and the head, and then the doctor pulled on the head, and I started, wanting to go hit the doctor for pulling on the poor baby like that, but father cleared his throat and I looked at him, and he shook his head and wagged his finger with a stern look at me and I stepped back shyly. Father rarely looked at me like that, and whenever he did it told me that I was being bad, which meant that this doctor person was doing something good by pulling on the baby's head like he was trying to pop it off.

And then the baby was pulled out, arms, shoulders, hips and legs, and cradled in the doctor's arms.

"It's a boy!"

I have... a baby brother too? How old was I? I was six...

A baby brother? Funny... I couldn't tell what he was, but they nonetheless put him right into the doctor's servant's arms as he cut something long and wriggly as mother continued pushing, and something big, massive and disgusting was pushed out of her.

Ew. Ew... the afterbirth.

But then mother rose, throwing the blankets aside, and grabbing that disgusting stuff with one clawed hand, began to eat it!

EW! We eat the afterbirth?! I'm never having a baby now!

I so want a baby of my own.

But then mother shivered and shifted forms, changing to a human again and panted heavily with the red of her own blood on her lips, and then I watched as her boobies started changing right before my eyes. They swelled, firmed up and became heavy orbs. Their nipples erected and I stared at the growth before looking down at my own chest and back at hers right as thick milk started leaking from her nipples.

"Your son, my lady, my lord." The doctor said, taking my new brother from that nice nurse lady who gave me the lollypop when she told me to go watch over my sister, and transferred him into mother's waiting arms. There she held my brother, covered in all the strange goopy fluids and she began to lick him clean.

EW! Gross! They lick them clean too? But this was after she helped my brother to her breast. I'd not sucked from mother's breast for many moons now, I was jealous... but she said I was too old now, and Anya and now my brother would need what milk she had instead.

I'd just turned six, Anya was two... and Peter, as they later named my new brother, was newborn.

Author's warning: *The following section deals with human depravity and madness in the worst possible forms. Those who are of a weak heart should be advised.*

There was another flash and suddenly I found myself looking down at Peter sleeping in his crib. He was wearing a blue onesie. Anya was nearby sucking on her pacifier as she stood up in her crib, wearing a zippered-up pair of PJ's with a picture of Tigger from Winnie the Pooh on the left breast.

Aww... that's so cute! I wonder if I wore those. I like Tigger.

"Anya... go to sleep!" I hissed, and moved over to her and tried forcing her to lie down, but she struggled with me, and spitting her nook out, she began to fuss, but then there was a crashing sound from one of the rooms nearby.

"Monster!" father yelled. "You get out..." and then there was a loud bang and a thud, and I heard mother scream.

"Bastard, I'll kill..." and then there was a wet splattering sound, like someone just dropped a bowl of Palmeni or Stroganoff.

"Hmm... those are mighty fine breasts you got there." *Wait... I know that voice! Why do I know that voice?!* "Mighty fine..." and the man saying it laughed, and I heard mother choking, and hurrying out of the nursery, I stopped dead, seeing one of the servant women laying naked on the floor, with a big gaping wound in her belly that'd been used to pull all her guts out, and a large section of flesh between neck, waist and both arms in the shape of a T-shirt that had been ripped off. Her vagina was bleeding profusely, and she was choked with her own intestines. As I walked down the hall, I saw three other of the servants, and

fearing the worst I hurried over to my parents' room and peeked inside through the door that'd been thrown open.

Father lay on the floor in his pajama bottoms, he was gurgling... choking! *No...* He saw me, one eye having turned red from trying to change, the fingers of one hand turned into claws, and he saw me, and opening his mouth, he feebly waved me away with one hand. His eyes begged it of me! *Papa!*

But I froze, and my head turned, and I saw a big man, a man covered with hair and laden with muscles, more muscles than daddy had even in his altered form, and he was leaning into mommy in the way that only daddies should. But then I saw him gripping her breasts, and I saw the thick knife sticking out from between her breasts... and then I saw her eyes. She saw me, and with blood running from her red lips, she, like father, tried to wave me away using only her fingertips.

Then I looked back to father. He wasn't moving! He wasn't even breathing! Why were his eyes so vacant?!

Dead? No! No!! That's not how they told me they died! Mother died in giving me birth... but... I have two other siblings... and I'm the oldest. What the fuck is happening here?!

"Yes... that's nice. Nothing like nice firm pussy as death sets in. Not since I killed my ma did I ever feel pussy like this!" the man who was doing that wrong thing to my mother said. *That voice! No! It can't be him!* "But... time to take off your shirt my dear *lady.*" And the man bowed in mockery of our nobility and tore the wickedly shaped knife from my mother's bosom, and she gasped as blood poured from her bodice, and taking his knife and one of her arms, he lowered the knife and began to cut.

No! Don't watch this! Look away! Look away!!

I couldn't look away, I began to cry, I bit my lower lip till it began to bleed while this man thrust over and over into mommy, and I heard her gurgling screams as he cut across her neck, across both arms and across her waist, and then he began to strip her flesh in the form of a shirt!

No! Mommy!

And then there was a cry as mother spasmed as this monster tore off her flesh in one ripping, wrenching motion, leaving the shirt in place, and I hid, but not before I saw the face with the cigar in its mouth. *My god! That was Twenty-Five! That sick fuck killed my parents?! But I did hear the source of the cry. It was Anya!*

"Mmm... I hear a baby crying." He laughed, and I heard more cutting and mutilating sounds, and daring to peak back, I saw the man take a bite out of the shirt-shape off mother's body and eat it like jerky, before stabbing her in the heart one last time while he groaned and then pulled out of her with a wet slurp, shot some white pudding from his penis all over mommy's body and then turned.

Ahh! Run! Run away!

"You're a mother! I like mothers. You're so loose and when you die you clench the hardest. Just know that as you die, whore... I'm going to rip out your child's eyes and skull fuck it. Ha-ha."

And he turned, naked and hairy, and I hid, breathed quickly and hurried up the hall, but not after I saw that monster of a man with his thick, powerful penis erect and waving before him, glistening with blood and whatever else was found only deep inside a woman's vagina.

I hurried to the nursery where Anya and Peter were, and I ran up to Anya. "Shh! Shh! Be quiet! Shut up!" I whimpered, but Anya kept crying. "Shut up!" I cried, and then I heard the laugh, and I ran over to the door and slammed it shut and locked it.

“What the fuck?! Who’s in there?!” and the body hit the thick wood of the door trying to force it, but it was a heavy door with a heavy lock like all the other doors in the house, and running over to the changing table, I slapped against it and pushed with all my might, working little muscles as I wished for mother and father to give me theirs, and slowly yet surely the table tipped with all its heavy wood and linen, and finally it tipped over to land in front of the door with a heavy thud.

A little girl shouldn't be able to move something as heavy as that on carpet. I was never that strong... how... how did I do that?

“You can’t have them!” I screamed at the door.

“A little girl?! I love little girls!” the man laughed and threw his weight at the door. “Open the door and let me *show* you how much I love little girls.”

But I hurried around the room, Anya screaming, Peter having woken up and was crying too, and I threw whatever I could on top of the overturned changing table and began breathing quickly. I was terrified; my heart was pounding so fast, I feared the man doing to me what he did to mommy. And then I faced the window, and despite that it was winter, I hurried over to it and threw it open, letting in the cold air, and looking outside saw the cold snow and the long drop beyond. It was three stories down and the nearest building was a lot further than I could jump, and I was a good jumper.

“Come out of there you little bitch!” he cried, and I began to shed tears of fear, Anya cried harder, screaming now, Peter was becoming hoarse from screaming, and coughed periodically before starting to cry again.

I looked up at the sky, saw it heavily cloud-covered and shot a look back toward the door as the body hit it again, and the door splintered as its top rattled. The hinges had slid out of the door jam on their screws slightly.

And so I unsoldered the straps of my night gown, pulled it off me and let it hang around my waist before crossing my arms and pulling my shirt off. *What are you doing?* My chest was nothing like mother’s was. She said I’d bud someday when I was older, but for now I had a flat chest with tiny little nipples.

“Little moon, big moon,” I recited from a poem. “Come out and play, come out and play, it’s time to make me big and strong this day.” I said it like a prayer, folding both hands together, praying to the goddess Luna. “Little moon, big moon, come out and play, come out and play, it’s time to make me big and strong this day.” I repeated it, repeated it again, tears streaming from my eyes as there were three more heavy bashes against the door, and then I looked up at the sky. “Mommy... daddy... help me!” I whimpered.

And there was a pause, and another hammering at the door, Anya and Peter sobbing and crying so heavily while the man yelled profanities and threats at me.

And then the clouds suddenly opened, the churning black clouds opening and an immediate stream of moonlight fell upon me. I gaped, feeling the kiss of the goddess’s light upon my face and chest, her light suffusing my little body as the clouds separated steadily, revealing the light of a Hunter’s Moon, the largest moon out of the year!

W-what’s happening?

I closed my eyes and kissed the light, feeling the power, at long last feeling the power of the goddess inside me, feeling a tingling in my chest and between my legs, promises of womanhood I felt that would grace me later in life, but right here and now was the power, the energy of my kind.

The Lycan!

Lycan?! As in Lycanthrope?! That’d explain why my mom and dad could change into hulking tigers...

And it was then that a spot inside my belly began to fill, and I felt the power of the light intensify within me, and I began to swoon like I did when I got heat stroke. But this was far more pleasing, like silken milk was being poured all over my body that time mother and I took a bath in milk.

It was the strength and power of our kind!

And then the door hammered again and splintered around the body of a naked man, and he righted itself and upon seeing me, that thick, bulging penis of his stiffened hard and rose like a flag pole.

“Hello... you little bitch!” he snarled, and stepping over to me cuffed my hair with one meaty hand and held me fast. “Such pretty hair... such...” he stopped as I turned toward him, smiling at him. It was beginning... my first change was beginning!

And then I said something that I was sure had never escaped my lips before.

“I... am going... to kill you.”

And then I gasped, feeling the crunching of bones, the swelling of muscle, and the man let go of me as my back bowed and my tail dropped. I hissed at him, growing claws and fangs, my eyes pinching into almond-pupils as my face mutated, pushing forward simultaneously to create a muzzle and thickening the face while flaring the jaw.

“W-what the hell are you?!”

It was at this point that my mind fragmented. I needed the power to do what he did to my parents, I needed strength! The memories were bleeding away, and only the beast that was within us was in control, and I grew rapidly, hands growing into paws, teeth growing long and sharp, bones cracking muscles hardening, the hair on my head growing as yellow-orange fur and black stripes slid from my tightening flesh.

I snarled, snapping at him with mad, wild eyes swelling within my skull, the pupils flaring open as I grew and grew, the whole of me thickening, my panties tightening into those uncomfortable spots. I felt a tail grow, I felt both feet growing long and wide, tearing the slippers I wore right off and shredding the socks, and in short order this little body of mine grew into a body that was not only as tall as this man's, but taller.

And then I thickened... thickened with imperious muscle, engorged in ways that only mommy and daddy was able to experience, with four blossoming, budding little boobs perking out atop the four chest muscles I had for these strengthening arms.

“What the fuck are you?!” he bellowed wide eyed just before I reached out with one clawed hand and slashed at him.

A flash of light and I found myself practically naked, my dress torn, my panties long gone, and only strings worth of socks left on my legs. The Police and KGB had finally arrived from the reported sounds of gunshots and screaming from the house. I'd been shot, twice, but the wounds had healed and my body had expelled the bullets.

I sat wide-eyed, unsure of who I was, where I was or what had happened... all I knew was that I was covered from head to toe in blood.

“Look at her...” someone said, a tall man wearing a winter trench coat with the KGB shield on his chest. “Is she ok? Did he get to her too?”

“No sir,” someone else said. “She's... untouched by him.”

The man in the trench coat with the shield like daddy's knelt down before me, placed his hand on one side of my face before forcing one of my eyes all the way open. He widened it and shone a pen light into my pupils.

"She's responsive. Give me that blanket." And I was being wrapped up in a blanket, even as a grunting sound came to me, and the man rose with me in his strong arms and I found myself staring at the man who'd destroyed my home, he covered with long cuts and gouges all over his body. "Why?! Why would you do this?! Why all these little girls... you've become a cannibal for God's sake."

The monster man grinned, showing missing teeth and a broken nose. "Little girls are the other white meat." He laughed.

It is him... No wonder I did all those things to him. I didn't kill him! Why didn't I kill him?!

"Prison is too good for you, you sick fuck! I'm going to put you in a place that's worse than death! Take him away!"

They hauled the man away, *Number Twenty-Five*, and I was left in the arms of this officer.

"The mother and father are dead, as is all the household staff. We... found his calling card on all the women, just like with all the other crimes we found like it." A man said as he approached, and stopped, seeing me wild-eyed and in the arms of the tall muscular man.

"Then he'll be linked to all the other murders." The man who held me said simply.

"We found two other children, both infants. A boy... and a girl. The girl has been untouched, but she and the boy are covered with blood. What do we do?"

The man holding me sighed. "Check them all into a hospital; make sure they're all all-right. Then..." the man sighed. "Pending investigation, pending the finding of a next of kin or a god-parent or something..." "The assets of the family are to be set up for the eldest daughter here. She'll keep her family name at the orphanages and be raised by the state, but... as for her sister and brother..."

"I know sir. Standard processing. Will... will she ever know about her family? She looks pretty out of it now." And the second man snapped his fingers in front of my face. I only barely turned to look at him, but couldn't make heads or tails out of his face.

The big man was quiet. "Fate... be willing she shall."

Day 84 – Supplemental: *Situation: Critical. Subject Twenty-Five has turned into a raging, armored son-of-a-bitch. Exactly what I feared happening was happening, and still no response from our benefactors. Either there never was any help for us, or they're purposefully withholding it.*

The subject is resisting every attack we've thrown at him, flame throwers, electricity, everything. Any damage that he cannot take only makes him stronger, larger and angrier. He's wrapped both arms up in his chains and razor wire, and the metal retaining plates and super structure he'd been wrapped up within have literally become a part of his body thanks to his growth from rapid compensation of damage. Two shoulder plates, two chest plates, two thigh plates and a myriad of back plates, combined with chains and razor wire primarily about his forearms and forelegs. He'd mutated drastically during compensation, and has taken monstrous proportions from his Bear imprinting, and the additions of all these traits have given him sharp fangs and claws that can tear through Kevlar body armor, and to make matters worse... he found the armory.

I watched from up above as he mowed down guards while smoking a cigar, and whenever he found a woman amongst the guards... especially the captain of the guards... he did what he was well known for on the outside with them.

I promptly looked upward and gave the satellite that was undoubtedly watching all this the finger before moving back into my command room.

Nerve stapling didn't work, the kill switch activated but isn't affecting him, he'd busted out of all his braces and collar. Moving to my computer, I removed the removable hard drive from it, hooked it up to my cell phone and PDA, and started a download into the PDA's memory. I needed all the information, all the reports before I placed the hard drive into the black box.

Opening the safe, I began taking out files and burning them, pocketing whatever money that was in there.

Though there was a terabyte worth of information on the hard drive, thanks to the fact that my cell phone/PDA was a hex computer, a formatted gigabyte of space in hex was more than enough to hold even the sixty-four bit binary configuration of a terabyte worth of the hard drive.

It was time to escape this place, and after hitting the lockdown sequence and alerting the staff to escape, I paused, looking upon the camera feed for Twenty-Three's cell, and stared in wonder.

It was finally happening, she was unlocking herself... She was becoming what she was supposed to be!

Tears streamed from my eyes like two rivers, and I cried out in loss and pain as what I viewed in that lost fragment of memory assaulted me.

"MURDERER!" I screamed. "YOU FUCKING MURDERER!" I screamed again, my voice lowering an octave. "I'M GOING TO FUCKING KILL YOU!"

Ivan sat upon my bed, watching me from a distance as all that power I'd been feeling welling inside me, inside my heart, growing like a ball of electricity to snap at every nerve and every cell inside me suddenly dived right into my cunt, and I flushed the most heinous orgasm I'd ever felt before in my life. A moan like a whore escaped me while those juices slid like a sticky goop into the bodysuit that I still wore, and I snarled from muscle spasms tensing my body from head to toe.

I didn't remember my first change being like this, I didn't remember all this sexuality... whether or not I was able to feel it may've been a cause for that, but I was feeling it now! Both hand slapped to my cunt and I rubbed it while fangs grew from my teeth and mouth, chin and nose of my face pushed forward into one solid mass. The rest of my face pushed forward too, it seemed, from cheekbones, brow muscles and so

on were pushing outward and the ears atop my head were lengthening as they migrated toward the top of my head to form a flaring jaw.

I gagged on the collar around my throat, felt the metal bands pinching about me, and I coughed, but I fought to stay in control of myself through it all, fought to stay awake. That son-of-a-bitch needed to pay!

Day 84 - Supplemental: *Success! Success! We have success. Yes it's happening at the worst possible time, but it is happening nonetheless. Twenty-Three's suit was showing exponential growth of a radical nature, chemicals from three months time were flooding her system, filling her body, transforming her in ways I could only imagine! Her genetic code was unlocking at a rapid rate like a long line of dominos falling one into the next and traits were opening up and becoming dominant and active at the same time... she'll need help in this.*

And so I created a program for her collar and braces... and then as a reward... I gave her her freedom.

The five rings of gold and chrome lining my neck and wrists suddenly blazed with electricity, but I didn't feel it... instead the electrical charges were sucked right up inside me to join the rest of the energy that was changing me, helping me to grow! They offloaded their maximum charge in a blaze of electricity, and then inexplicably, all five rings of metal that bound me and punished me at times past unlocked and fell off me.

I gaped, my chest heaving as both breasts swelled and my chest muscles expanded, shoulders broadening, and I looked at both hands as the fingernails on the end of each finger lengthened. I looked at the scarred prints that the medication machine gave me each day and the lightened flesh from where the bracelets were, and I realized that I'd been freed from that burden... I could even breathe now!

And then there was a buzz and turning while I panted for air through mouth and nose, I saw the door to my cell slide open, allowing the faint sound of an alarm to blare into the room.

I was being freed?

And then I looked back at the moonlight as my suit grew tighter and tighter, and as my body expanded as I expected it to, I looked down as the plastic compression zipper was pulled apart, and I orgasmed again as fresh moonlight bathed more of my naked skin. Sweat poured off me now as both breasts swelled imperiously forward, spreading the flaps of the suit apart, and lifting both hands, pulling the suit off either tit, I gripped the engorging pair as they grew and grew. My newly reacquired memories of my mother told me that she'd never had a chest this big. With a moan, I squeezed those tits even as a myriad of tightening points formed lining my belly from chest to crotch, and more than a dozen pairs of nipples just suddenly started appearing one pair after the next down my belly.

Just like in the memory, I thought, and moaned again, feeling arms and legs thickening while hips widened, waist compressed and shoulders and calves bulged outward... I felt forearms lengthen along with neck and belly, while both boobs just grew, and grew and grew unendingly. They must've passed the number thirty cup size by now, and they were still growing! The areola bulged, the nipples thickened and erected larger and harder and longer while drizzling milk from either tit, but then each nipple swelled and hardened, and for that matter, the top two newest pair of mammarys started to engorge, hefting my first pair of tits higher atop my chest. Feet and arms extended from out of the cuffs of the bodysuit I wore, and I felt long sinuous chords of muscle swelling in motions that felt like I were being wrapped in chord after chord of thicker and thicker musculature!

With a gasp and a cry of sexual pain, my jaw spread wider as a short muzzle thrust forward, all the teeth in that jaw thickening and the features of the face holding that muzzle shifting greatly all while soft fur started escaping my body everywhere. Biceps piled high, triceps bulged and flared, and my back separated into three separate cliffs of piling muscle before spreading apart, widening and broadening my torso while my ribs thrust outward, jiggling my boobs, and a thick muscle hump rose between both shoulders... or were they haunches now?

The moonlight felt like a woman's hands with their long fingernails sliding against me, molding and changing me, filling me with its power. The bodysuit I wore stretched in every direction as I grew, feet lengthening and broadening, claws curving outward on every finger and toe, and I felt the edges and seams of that suit draw away from me where it could as I changed.

The crotch of the suit was drawn downward away from my pussy as its twin lips swelled and spread open over the base of the opened zipper, disgorging the clit and the meat curtains even as I shot a jet of more ejaculate onto the floor. There was a strip of fur where that little patch of pubic hair had grown back that now rose up my navel like a treasure trail, while all over me, fur thickened in grades and layers, with thin tiny hairs beneath the longer and thicker fur, and stripes of fur darkening into black coloring.

But that fur wasn't coming in yellow-orange like I remembered it when I changed as a girl, now it was white, frost white yet still black striped, and the muscles that were assaulting me were far more numerous and thicker than they were then.

I remembered becoming strong, stronger than Twenty-Five was back then, but I was an adult now, and they've... changed me here. They changed me a lot! I was stronger, far stronger than I was as a six-year-old, far stronger than I would've been if I was left alone and this happened in the outside world.

I'd already tripled my mass, and I was still growing, still thickening.

Lowering a hand I started caressing the fattening pair of labia between either thickening thigh, sliding a clawed finger up and down the sopping wet slit as the base of the plastic zipper was tugged beneath my bottom and on upward, and leaning over I braced my free hand against the floor, panting, tasting the air, breathing in the cool mold-heavy air before another jet of ejaculate erupted from between my thighs and sprayed the floor with the hot syrupy fluids.

Both ears rose higher atop my head, the pair amplifying sound, bringing me the sounds of rapidly breaking and mending bones from within my own body as a series of thunderous cracks like rolling thunder, while I heard the grind of every muscle and tendon as they tightened and grew in me.

Chest muscles cleaved into two separate sets with each pair carrying with it a pair of tits, lengthening me further along the bodice and allowing either pair of tits to grow and swell. The two sets slid away from each other before flaring apart atop my broadening chest just before those four chest muscles rippled and engorged, thrusting forward imperiously atop their rounding rib cage. Organs swelled inside me, my heart raced faster and faster, and my body arched sinfully as I coiled, rolling hips and shoulders backward while thrusting both chests and their breasts forward and pinching my cunt between either butt cheeks.

Rising atop both knees as the tops of both feet slid along the floor and grew behind me into a pair of digitigrade feet, my fingers caressed the twin lips of my pussy while the furry hairs of the treasure trail spread and grew about my loins, decorating the labia and coiling downward between my legs and bottom.

More fur grew between my breasts as they swelled so great that they were pressing themselves together despite that my shoulders had rolled back so far and the chest muscles they were attached to had flared so much. A groan escaped me, my labia tensed and I orgasmed hard as whole muscle groups engorged themselves with bubbling pops and explosions of growth filled me. The sleeves and legs of the suit I wore were pulled up to the knees and elbows of this growing body, the front spreading open even further as the super-elastic fabric of the suit was pulled in odd directions. The crotch slid behind my butt to allow my tailbone to turn outward and extend, drawing away from my bottom and telescoping outward into an actual tail. The thing rapidly thickened and strengthened with its own muscles as forearms and thighs bulged, calves flared and fur escaped the recesses of the suit with the neck sloping downward between my shoulders, allowing the muscle hump to rise like a rising volcano as my upper bodice flared even further. My navel tightened then, and every muscle in me now segmenting into secondary masses.

I felt tendons drawing sharp and hard out of my bodice and strumming like taut piano chords being struck by a tuning fork; the ones in either leg tugging on the bulging, distended labia at their peaks and causing that vaginal slit to lengthen. With a deep throated hiss that ended in a growl, my facial features billowed thickly, the eyes deepening and widening, whiskers forming as my hair turned into a billowing mane about my head, bulging neck and widening shoulders.

I arched sinuously as the sections of my spine in my back bulged right down to the tip of that growing tail, the tail extending and telescoping meters long now, and looking down at my chest that was still heaving forward, I gasped at the unbelievable size of my tits.

And then suddenly I experienced a full body tensing of each and every last muscle there was in me, and then with the release of bursting rubber bands, whole parts of me detached and sloughed off, mutating rapidly as my bodice spread wide, pulling more of my belly and rib cage out from inside the suit as more of its fabric stretched and focused onto my back. Each rib feathered with the dorsal muscles, the dorsal muscles flaring thicker and wider compressed the line of abs between them and likewise pushed upon the dorsal muscle and in turn hefting my back upward and sinking my lengthening belly. All this happened while the abdominals and laterals grew greater in number. After each new abdominal arrived, they swelled up rapidly and then formed a nipple or two, and those with two or more nipples then creased all over again so that each new abdominal had no more than one teat on it. My lats grew from two pairs to three, then to four and finally five, and each ab and lat thickened and billowed outward, right down to the twin labia at their bases. The erect clit disgorged some more as the vaginal lips spread open, my new tail lifting as that sopping wet pussy encountered yet another orgasmic release that made me scream out in pleasure.

But it wasn't a woman's scream, it was a piercing cry that ended in a tantric roar of some great cat.

The moon's light was decorating more of this body of mine with its power, and the stronger I became the larger I became, and the larger I grew the more of that blessed light was able to touch and caress me.

It was like making love to a beautiful woman.

My spine pulled out from between all the spreading back muscles and thickened like a razor back, my flanks thickening with the ribs hardening and growing larger, thrusting my chests further forward and separating my four largest breasts, all so that they could swell even larger!

With yet another scream that sounded like a cat's mighty hunting roar, I flexed my arms as I popped and bubbled with increased growth, doubling and then re-doubling my prior mass within moments, and then lifting both hands above my head, I hammered them downward into the ground and meters of tile in every direction from me shattered before I punched the ground to make an even deeper yet smaller impression about that fist. Pausing, I felt my muscles and body double yet again, and I clenched at the floor with both hands, the claws of each finger rending deep grooves in the ground as my breasts expanded like a pair of deploying airbags just then, thrusting right into the ground before they both started to rapidly fill with milk production.

My tail lifted higher and I stretched along the ground, clawing at the tiles in front of me that hadn't shattered yet, destroying them easily with my long and thick claws breaking them apart as if they were made of soft clay.

Hips broadened further to match the breadth of my shoulders while the rounded feminine muscles of this body deepened their sexy arcs about me, thickening the feminine power of this body, empowering the feline and making me grow, and grow!

With a cat's yowl then, I orgasmed yet again and spread my legs as I did, pressing my cunt right into the floor as I arched deep and long and rubbed that pussy and coaxed three more orgasmic eruptions from me.

But then the change slowed, and I hung my head as the last stages of this change occurred. My neck flared straight to my shoulders, my throat bulging into the thick chest muscles that'd grown so large that they overlapped and pressed against all the muscles around them. Every chord was displayed and hardened, pinching against the one beside it and forcing me to grow around every little muscle that grew no matter how small that muscle was.

And then I sat back, slowly, sitting almost on my rump as I looked up at the rising Hunter's Moon, and feeling aroused as all get out. Looking down at my breasts and caressing the taut chords of labia between

my legs, I gasped and moaned with every breath and continued to drain the nectar out of my body as repeating orgasms squeezed it out of me. I had fur that was thick over nearly every part of me save for my breasts and belly and inner thighs, with fur ending over my ribs and as a tuft between my breasts, with a long bulbous treasure trail around the powerful vaginal muscles between my legs.

I looked to my hands where they stuck far out of the sleeves of the suit I wore, the legs of the suit barely remaining constrained about my thighs. How the crotch of the suit sunk beneath me and ended up over my tail I'll never know, but to its credit the thing remained on me.

Unsteadily, I got to my feet, and finding that I couldn't settle to my heels anymore unless I was squatting, I found myself balancing automatically on just the balls of my feet. Thankfully my tail was able to keep me upright as it instinctively acted to keep me aloft.

Then there was a meow, and I turned to see Ivan sitting on the bed still, and looking at my hands and the claws there upon, I squatted and picked him up. He looked so small now.

"Well, you seem un-phased about all this." I said quietly, marveling at how erotically fantastic my voice sounded now... with a cat's purr constantly in the background, while my voice was also quite breathy and deep-chested. "Did you know this would happen all along Ivan?"

He meowed at me again and purred as he rubbed his cheek against mine when I held him near, and just then there was an explosion that vibrated the room and sent bits of rubble loosened from the ceiling to fall on us. And then I remembered Twenty-Five, but then wondered what was going on that there were alarms going off and why was I being released?

I turned and looked to the still active camera in the corner of the room. It's little red light was still blinking, telling me that it was still on.

"Come on, Ivan, we have a bastard that needs to die." I said and walked toward the door but paused upon seeing that the door was too small and too narrow for me. It was built for a human after all...

I dipped and tried to fit through it sideways, but even if I didn't have four massive and perfectly shaped breasts, the first pair were like large medicine balls and the second pair were like watermelons, I was too thick from chest to spine to fit through the fifteen decimeter wide door. That meant I was more than fifteen decimeters thick! And the door frame had always been about Twenty-Five decimeters tall. The top of the door only came to my midriff... which meant I was a good thirty-five or so decimeters tall!

Ivan meowed as I lifted my free arm, and flexing the muscle as I stood before the portal of this door, I felt the muscles thickening grandly as they flexed, and I watched with widening eyes as the bicep billowed many times over, growing to be at least eight times thicker than what the base muscle was before. And then I was surprised as the white fur about that arm seemed to illuminate white, and static electricity snapped painlessly around it. Then looking at the folded up panel that had daily for three months given me pain by snapping me with chemicals and toxins, I exerted myself and punched the thing, and not only destroyed it, but exploded it! And the wall it was inside, knocking it out of the wall and causing it to explode on the far wall outside in the hall!

"Oh... my God." I gaped and looking at my fist and uncoiling its clawed fingers, letting the muscles of that arm loosen and contract to the size they were before.

I laughed, laughed louder, and then ducking I wedged a hand beneath the headboard of the door, and shoved upward with all my might, and I lifted a whole load-bearing section of wall above me before pressing a foot against one of the sides of the door and extended my leg. With a loud roar I expanded the doorway left with the foot and right with my body and upward with one hand to make the door large enough for me to squeeze through. The door squealed as it bend inside its housing, sparking with the electricity in the motor escaping, and I murred warmly as I felt my breasts rub against the wall that held the

door; the erect nipples being flicked against the door as they passed by it and I was rewarded with another micro-orgasm.

Ivan meowed again at me as I held him gently in the crook formed by one arm, its forearm and hand and the massive swell of the tit attached to the chest holding and controlling that arm.

“I know Ivan... but a girl should be allowed her indulgences.” I murred, and then stepped up the hall to confront Twenty-Five for what he did to my family, but then stopped at what I saw.

His door was open and he and the apparatus that they attached him to were gone. Just then the building rattled from an explosion, and I looked up at the ceiling. Knowing what that bastard was capable of... it didn't take much for me to put two and two together to not only figure out where Twenty-Five was, but also what was causing the explosions.

I thought for my fellow subjects in this lab-prison, but I wanted to kill Twenty-Five myself. I owed him that much!

And with Ivan tucked in my arm, I went to go kill that mother fucker... for fucking my mother and killing my father and all our servants!

Day 84 – supplemental: *This may... be my final log.*

With a small tone, the download completed itself, and taking the PDA and its connecting dongle from the hard drive, I placed the hard drive into its black box as per instructed by my overseers, and then stepped to the monitors. And then I looked to the private one I'd made to watch Twenty-Three.

I was honestly stunned, surprised and dumb-stricken at what I saw. She was more than I ever expected; a towering feline of feminine superiority. More muscle than a legion of soldiers, more sexual might than if that whole legion happened to be made up of women just like her. She was too feline, too far into her imprinted animal form to be a matter of coincidence. It was not designed for her to be able to go that far into an animal's body... this was her own genetics at work. We've only changed the base into a stronger type of animal, her body did this, she already was capable of this... and there, right before me, my prior thoughts of something supernatural had just been confirmed.

I was looking upon what could only be a lycanthrope. Her powers activated by the moon, a beast woman of impeccable strength and sexuality and bestial ferocity, I would be dutifully surprised if she weren't ultimately vulnerable to a silver bullet... provided said bullet could actually impact with enough force to penetrate that lovely skin of hers.

She radiated raw sexual power, even through a computer screen, and watching her through the video monitors I found myself developing a wickedly hard erection and felt a smidgeon of ejaculate escape me and enter the underpants I wore. I desired her, wanted her, and I had to force myself out of the trance and the desire out of remembrance of my wife and daughter.

Remember who you are, I had to remind myself.

She gathered her cat, and then I saw her absolutely demolish the injector array that opened out into her cell, but only after showing off such an incredible muscular flex that no human muscle or no animal muscle could duplicate it! Her physical output given her body mass was many times beyond what it should be.

The array was made out of space-age polymers like titanium and plastics that were as hard as or harder than steel! And she destroyed it with only an idle punch! She might be able to stop Twenty-Five.

And then I watched her force the door...

Such power!

Gathering my PDA and making this final notation, I am placing the device in its carrying satchel and leaving this place as quickly as possible. If my 'benefactors' want this facility, then they can have it.

I hugged my arms together with Ivan safe between my two top-most breasts. There was a space between them large enough to keep him safe inside it as well as quite comfortable. I had a mild desire for a cock in me, but the greater portion of my focus was to find Twenty-Five and kill him.

It surprised me that I wanted to kill someone so badly, that I hated enough where I not only contemplated killing another person but actually desired it. I knew that I was much larger than I last saw him, and a whole lot stronger I was sure, and I was armed with teeth and fangs. I believed that I'd have a good time murdering him. As far as I was aware, he was already dead to the system. I might as well make him dead in reality like he was on paper.

I was able to open secure doors quite easily, breaking locks with a simple yank on the door handle, or stripping them of their reinforcing strips and hinges. One door I just gripped, my claws going straight through its heavy chrome as I ripped it off its hinges and threw it away, but I was immediately greeted with the sound of small and large gunfire.

During the Coup-de-tat – *heh... ‘Coup,’ if only Americans knew that that word meant a male phallus in Russian, then maybe they’d stop calling it that* – I remembered the sounds of machine guns and pistols during that time of conflict... remembered the sound of the tanks rolling down the street. It brought up a pang of remembrance as I walked down a long hall, one I’d never been in before, passing many open doors and coming at long last to a loading dock and stopped dead.

Suddenly I saw what real war and chaos was.

The loading dock was on fire, part of it was blown apart, and there were overturned jeeps and such here along side a demolished plane.

Ivan meowed, and I bent my head to kiss his little head.

“I know... but we’re tough.” I said and walked out into the cold windy air that surrounded this place. It was a vast plain, surrounded by trees and mountains... just like in my dreams.

And then I turned toward a sudden explosion and saw, but didn’t immediately believe, what was causing so much mayhem.

It was a monster, a literal monster the sorts of which I could only dream of in my worst nightmares.

It was mighty, taller than me, stronger by far than me, naked and free-balling it, with metal pipes and metal plating sticking out of its body and head, and in one hand was a chain gun with what looked like tens of thousands of rounds left on a chain dragging about it, and a multi-rocket launcher in the other hand. Chains and razor wire were wrapped around its arms and legs, and the creature was roaring and laughing as it caused destruction to everything it saw.

There were bodies... everywhere...

Wicked fangs and claws and stringy hair were everywhere on it, and its muscles throbbed with every breath, and after it was done laying down a torrent of damage to one particular group of guards, it turned and laughed at them all, a raging and monstrous hard on projecting from its loins that spurted jism even as he stood there.

The monster and I stared at each other, he lowering his guns, and simultaneously from this far away, I’m certain we both saw the same thing on each other, and that thing was the presence of a number on either of us. On me he saw the barcode on my left breast that remained miraculously naked and fur-bare, and the number ‘*Twenty-Three*’ emblazoned on the bodysuit that was still miraculously clinging to me.

What I saw on him was the barcode on the steel plate he had attached to his left chest, and the number ‘*Twenty-Five*’ on the right chest.

It was a tenuous moment, the moon rising high above us, bathing us both, and for few moments, all was quiet, all was still, and then Twenty-Five, the monster having finally come out to the fore, screamed at me, his breath escaping him in the form of a wafting cloud of vapor as he lifted his gun arm and pulled the trigger.

I leapt to one side and ducked behind some rubble as the bullets spun by me. I knew that the bullets were tipped with depleted uranium, somehow I knew that but I never remembered learning that about such a weapon. Each round turned into liquid heat in the air and struck like a stream of plasma, again I somehow knew that it was plasma, knew what the word ‘*plasma*’ meant, knew that it was hotter than mere fire could be, and the weapon would soon chisel away at this section of rubble.

I fished Ivan from between my breasts. “Ivan... go find some place safe, it’s not safe for you here!” and I put him down. He meowed at me but I couldn’t hear his meow over the gun fire. “I said go!” I screamed and made to swat him and he took off.

The gun fire from Twenty-Five followed Ivan as he ran, and the monster laughed as I screamed “No!” and launched myself from my hiding place and ran at the monster.

The torrent of hundreds of bullets peppered the earth behind Ivan as he ran into a drain pipe and into the building, and Twenty-Five released the trigger and raised his weapon toward the sky. “Aww... he got away, now for...”

TANG!

My fist connected with the bowl-shaped helmet around the monster’s head, and it connected with enough force where I left an impression of my fist in the metal and forced his head out of the way, and with a snarl Twenty-Five slowly turned his head back toward me.

The foul smelling odor on his breath stank of rotten meat, and his teeth were currently stained pink with what could only be the blood of meat, and given what I knew about him, there was only one sort of meat that he could’ve been eating in that large amount to stain his teeth that color.

Carnivore.

“That... hurt!” he bellowed and raised his gun arm, knocking me backward with the force, and I caught myself and kip-upped to my feet, an acrobatic maneuver that got me instantly to my feet that I now not only knew the name of the maneuver but knew how to execute it too without even thinking about it.

What the hell?! That sort of stuff wasn’t in the memory of a six-year-old me!

And then I saw the rocket launcher pointing at me with it’s red laser sight painting me, I leapt aside, my breasts wobbling and jiggling heavily but somehow I was able to compensate through tail and body movements and vaulted out of the way even as the rocket sped away and struck a building that had been behind me. As I spun around to face Twenty-Five’s back, I raked at his back only to hear my claws squeal against the metal that was there before I skittered away on all fours before he could turn. But then I saw the building he’d struck with the rocket start to fall as I kned him in his side a couple times, attacking weak points and I paused, seeing a body wearing a white coat and a mask falling from high above.

With a gasp I momentarily forgot where I was, what I was doing. Someone was falling to their death and being covered with rubble.

“Ha! Is that all you’re capable of, Twenty-Three?!” Twenty-Five roared, and I snarled at him immediately. “You can’t do any more than that? Perfect, you’re still a weak bitch! I’ll make you die nice and slow, impaled upon my cock like so many other... ah!”

I grabbed a pair of the metal pilings on his back and twisted myself, tits wobbling and the milk in them sloshing and spraying from the nipples from the force of the movement and the tightness of both chest muscles clenching behind those mammaries as I threw the bastard one way and ran the other, and suddenly I was running like a speeding bullet. The sorts of experiences they talk about only in comic books and movies regarding super heroes and super heroines suddenly were happening to me. Claws in my toes acted like cleats on a running track, the digitigrade legs allowed me a longer stride, the powerful muscles and the tendons that were like piano chords and bridge cables allowed me to run, run harder than ever, my arms pumping, breasts wobbling with every pounding movement. With such incredible speed I dodged his gunfire and darted across the ruined landscape toward the fallen technician.

Muscles burned and my body lightened in coloring as I strained it, the fur on my body shining whiter than ever while I ran a dozen meters a stride, taking several strides a second, and once I was in the collapsing

building, I idly battered away wreckage and dived behind some superstructure even as the chain gun in Twenty-Five's hand buzzed to life again and a peppering of liquid bullets slapped against the walls around me, with three scraping against my arm and incinerating the flesh instantly on contact.

I hissed, and fingered the wound even as it began to immediately close, the muscles of my body tensing as it did, and then remembering the fallen technician I turned and searched, and then finally found him. But it was no technician... it was the Administrator.

He looked at me, his breathing labored, and there was blood escaping the filtered mouth slit on his mask. There were two large lengths of rebar exiting his body, and there was an I-beam that had fallen across him. His eyes focused upon me, and with a cough, a wash of foam made of blood escaped his mouth slit.

I looked back toward Twenty-Five, who was spraying the area behind me where I'd disappeared through with plasma shots, so I squatted down beside the Administrator, folding both arms between my legs and compressing the impossibly huge mammarys between my great biceps.

Without his hood, which had been torn off, he had stringy white hair that had gone gray from old age. Lowering a hand I fingered his mask away with the tip of a claw, and it came undone easily, sliding off his face with a mild burping slurp from the blood that was creating a lubricated seal about his face. His face became the first of all the masked faces I'd seen here. Other than my guard's mouth, I'd not seen a single smidgeon of the faces on these people.

His face was lined with age and worry and the harsh life that a Russian must deal with in this cold, cold, bleak land. Tears escaped his eyes as he looked at me.

"The... question you wish to ask... is *'why?'*" he said immediately.

I merely nodded at first. "It'd crossed my mind." I said in my sexually pleasing low feminine voice thanks to this incredible body of mine.

"Don't lie." He chuckled and then coughed. "I'm certain you thought that question every night, like I did. Why were you attacked and captured and brought to this place? The answer is because there are frightening people in this world, who through curiosity or for greed had commissioned me to create what I later discovered were to be brainless monsters fit for causing slaughter."

"But why did you help them?"

"What... is the price, for your family?" he asked quietly and coughed again while a rocket blast blew up a load-bearing wall behind me, close enough where I felt the concussion of the blast blow my long mane about my flaring neck and wide shoulders and ruffle all the fur that was on me. "A daughter... a wife? What would you sacrifice? What... would you be willing to do to complete strangers to make sure that you can provide for their future, their safety, their protection... remove them from the hell so many of we Russians must deal with every day? Would... would you be willing, in order to protect them, sacrifice your own sensibilities, your own personal restrictions, and do what I did to Twenty-Five strangers? To radically alter each of them, watch some of them die, and produce a horrible... horrible monster?"

There was another rocket blast followed by the tumultuous roaring of Twenty-Five. "Come out you whore!" he called. I merely remained there, squatting on the toes of my long feet as I looked at him.

"Why me?" I asked at long last.

"Because... you... wouldn't be missed." He replied after a moment of pause. "You made no friends, you had no family, and society, out of the greedy capitalists that we've become, would be more inclined to forget you for their own greed, to accumulate your wealth as their own. But... what I found after I got you here, what I discovered... I found you, to be unique among mankind. Your blood contained the secret I now see before me now. I found... something truly strange, different and unique. I found myself wanting

to unlock that in you, delve deep enough where it would erupt... and... you did. And now... you may be the only one, who can stop the monster that I've created."

"You didn't create him. He was created long before you ever got to him." I said and rose to turn to go confront him.

"Wait!" he said and I paused as another load of depleted uranium pelted the walls all around us. "I know you, I know him, and I know you both in ways you cannot understand. I know what's in your blood, I changed your blood, I know what he's capable of, what you're capable of, and you are no match for him."

Another explosion rocked the world from a rocket, and I simply looked away as a cloud of dust wafted past me and stirred up all the fur on me again.

"Come out, come out wherever you are... you BITCH!" Twenty-Five roared.

"I must try. He must atone..."

"Yes he must atone! His sins are far too numerous and too heinous to name! But you... cannot do it by yourself. He's stronger, more resilient... you will loose."

"Then what can I do?!"

"In you... exists an already potent reservoir of energy. Inside you lay a genetic power that requires nothing more than an appropriate catalyst, and it'll unlock a myriad of strengths that no human in recorded history has ever held. The catalysts that I've found are strong emotions and... and..." there was a deafening boom from above us, and looking up I saw a mass of wreckage falling down toward him to crush him, and I rushed forward and leaned over his body, bearing the weight of all that heavy wreckage, and was thrust to one knee as it fell on me, scraping up my back with some of the pieces penetrating me and sticking. And then I looked down at him, and grunted, feeling myself growing as I healed, but it was only a little growth, still no where near enough to meet Twenty-Five in a fight.

"What? What else?! I don't think I can feel any sort of emotion stronger than I am now!"

"Damage, as you heal, makes you stronger, and... energy! Energy, electricity especially, energizes every cell inside you, creating phenomenal strength. The amount you have in you is enough to kill a man many times over if it were released. It made you stronger, stronger than my drugs and my tampering were able to do before. With your mind unlocked, like I knew it would be, you energized with all that stored energy, and transformed into this goddess of strength and power and femininity!

"In the main building, behind a pressure door, that light," and he pointed at a glowing lamp high up on a wall, and I shot a look at it to see what he meant before looking back and guarded him with a tit and an arm as another explosion happened nearby. I had to throw the resulting rubble off us so that the Administrator could continue. Twenty-Five was getting closer. "That light proves that the generator is still on. It provides electricity for this entire facility. I believe, you can feed off it, and grow stronger! Strong enough... where even my monster is no match for you..."

Why would he lie?

That thought echoed in my mind as I dashed from the hiding spot I had with him. "Found you!" Twenty-Five shouted, and his weapon arm with the gun arched waved toward me even as he pulled the trigger, and it released a fusillade of bullets that tracked after me.

I dipped and dodged, wove and weaved, rapidly rushing about in a rapid attempt to dodge his attacks, but they continually got closer and closer toward me. Breasts wobbled precariously, the heavy weights jostling

me unfamiliarly as I ran, bouncing and tensing from how inexplicably compact they were. Both lungs heaved, burned even as a rocket blast knocked me off kilter, but I almost expertly recovered, using skills I never learned before, somehow knew now, and instinctively calibrated using my modified form and tail to regain my balance.

“Hold still and let me shoot you!” Twenty-Five bellowed.

I turned, and while running backward with boobs jiggling, thrust a fist upward and slapping my bicep at the same time in the traditional ‘*up-yours*’ gesture, and he growled and snarled, foaming at the mouth with red foam frothing from beneath his domed-helmet as he fired yet another rocket at me. Gasping and vaulting over myself, turning completely around, I rushed away before the rocket could hit even as he offloaded a mass more of his fusillade of bullets. Dashing for the main building, seeing an opening large enough for me to run through, suddenly I realized something very, very strange. I didn’t even know how or when I moved into it, but I was running on all fours!

Longer arms thanks to this change into a cat form, digitigrade hind legs, and I was running full tilt faster than I was before! My muscles burned, and I glowed from the exertion from the burning, and I was so ecstatic that I was running so fast that I forgot that I was running away from something.

That was until that something clipped me right as I was running through the opened double-wide doors.

A dozen rounds or so struck me, cut their way completely through me despite how thick I was, erupting on the other side of one leg, my side, even through the thickness of one breast and the massive arm attached to it.

I screamed, the scream coming out as an echoing piercing cry as I crumpled, sliding to one side and sliding along tile work through some sort of lunch room, my body thrusting folding seats tables out of the way before I came to a stop. With a sob I cried from the pain that was searing its way through me, and I gurgled blood as I heard the distant sound of laughter approaching, but as tears escaped my eyes and blood escaped my mouth, I lifted one hand and lowered it straight to the tile floor, the claws on each of its fingers gripping the ground hard as I pulled myself forward and kicked my way along.

“Where you going?!” Twenty-Five laughed as I pulled myself forward. “Come back here so I can fuck you rotten and tear your flesh off with my bare claws!”

The wounds were burned the moment the bullet passed through me, and healing those burns were apparently delaying the length of time it took for me to heal myself again.

I sobbed harder, tried to think about my sister and brother, prayed to my mother and father for the strength to move, and I pulled and kicked, pulled and kicked with one arm and one leg, gasping through the use of only one lung before I got through another pair of double doors, and then screamed as more bullets peppered the ceiling above me.

“Come back here!” Twenty-Five snarled, and then I heard the thudding sound of metal against stone from his running and the clinking of his chains as he hurried after me, and I forced myself to my feet, and hopping on one leg, pushing with the other injured leg now that was healed enough to move now, I tried to move forward faster, hopping down the hall, and looking around me, tried to find a way to escape in this maze.

Author’s warning: *The following section deals with human depravity and madness in the worst possible forms. Those who are of a weak heart should be advised.*

My body burned and ached, and I was limping as quickly as I could. I turned down one hall and then down another and thankfully since the wounds were cauterized, I didn't leave a blood trail and Twenty-Five went down a different hall from me.

As I was limping though I suddenly tripped over something and landed on my hand and both tits, groaning as the injured tit slapped the floor. But then I smelled something, and realized that I was smelling blood. Looking around me I found blood all over the walls, and I gasped, seeing bodies everywhere.

Women had the flesh torn from their bodies in the shape of a shirt, and their crotches were bloodied and it seemed as if they'd suffered broken hip bones from being penetrated, and I wept immediately for them. But then fearing what I'd just tripped over, I turned abruptly and then gasped at what I saw.

There was a mutilated guard lying on the ground in the darkness, his life spent from him.

On his chest was a number twenty-three.

"No." I whispered and scrambled to him, raising both hands and immediately seeing tears as I looked upon him.

He'd been gutted.

Biting my lower lip till it bled, tears wetting the fur under both eyes, I reached out and caressed the gas mask hiding his face, and for a moment I wondered if I should, but then lifting his face mask, I looked upon his face. His eyes were dead, they were blue, and his hair blonde and he looked like he was not much older than I was. Not quite an adult, not quite a kid... but what pained me was the look of pain and horror his face had been locked into. He died seeing his death come to him.

I trembled, and bending, kissed his lips, forced his eyes closed and then replaced his mask.

Holding myself, having to deal with this madness, I shivered, and then walked through these halls that were filled with so much death. The works of a madman in a monster's body were plain enough, and my senses swam with the sights and smells of blood and ichor, seeing the faces of men and women, especially the women, whose faces, when they remained, were muted masks of horror.

Bullet casings and explosions were everywhere, and not every victim was in one piece. But guards weren't the only ones he'd violated. Technicians and soldiers and even other test subjects were each brutally mutilated.

"He's a monster... an animal..." I whispered.

"But I'm yours, Twenty-Three." A voice said and I whirled, seeing him standing several dozen meters away, his body throbbing and pulsating with his erect dick throbbing before him. He gripped his weapons as I backed from him. "Now be a good girl... come back to me... I promise I'll be gentle." And he grinned.

"No... you're a monster! Look at this!" and I waved my arms around me. "You murdered these people!"

"What people? I see no people..." and he lifted his gun toward me. "All I see are cattle and whores."

My eyes went wide and I dipped away even as he pulled the trigger and the wall behind me was peppered with more bullets.

I saw the pressure door!

Turning and hopping faster, feeling the wounds healing slowly still, I sobbed even as a rocket blast knocked me forward, and I hurled myself forward as I slid to a stop right before the door. It was a mighty big door! Even for me, and lifting a hand I struck its door control and it started rolling open. Pulling myself upward and forward, I started pulling my way through the door, pressing first one and then the other tit through, and when I was half way through, Twenty-Five turned the corner and saw me.

“No! No come back here!” he screamed and hurried toward me, his feet thundering against the ground in his attempt to reach me, but I pulled myself through, gasped as I saw him baring down at me, and seeing the door control on my side of the door, hit the emergency closure button, counterweights were dropped and the door slammed shut immediately, leaving me in the dark while emergency sirens joined the already active claxons from the possible danger of a generator explosion triggered by the emergency closure switch.

And other than the muffled sounds of sirens and claxons and Twenty-Five striking the metal of the door, I was thrust into darkness.

There was a snap. Then a spark, and then the room became illuminated by a spray of electricity that climbed up two electrical towers before disappearing and thrusting the room into darkness again.

The hammering against the door from Twenty-Five’s fist strummed the air as I forced myself to both feet again, and staggered toward the end of the room where there was a generator built. Cabling was everywhere and apparently whoever built this place or reactivated this place, didn’t spend too much time putting together a safe and modern electrical system.

Lifting a hand toward the tower as another arch of electricity climbed up it, some of that electricity slid through the air toward my hand, and I gave a quiet squeak as it didn’t hurt me! Quite the opposite actually...

I felt the wounds closing immediately all over me, felt the energy flowing through me, sliding into my wounds, and very rapidly I was able to breathe better, the aches all over me didn’t hurt any more, and what was more... It was making me so horny!

The electrical charge made my fur stand on end, and suddenly the hair on my head didn’t lie as flat anymore, some of it was even standing on end, but that wasn’t all that was standing on end either! Every nipple and the throbbing super-sized clit between my legs was pulsating harder than ever, and I groaned as a slick of vaginal juices slid from me and down both legs as I lifted the tail swinging behind me instinctively to ready myself for a male to pierce me. Then I realized that the only viable male was Twenty-Five and I lowered my tail again. A second charge rose along the twin towers, and every ache and pain in me disappeared as suddenly as they came.

He was right... I thought to myself, and clenching an arm, a solid light burned within the flesh and fur of that arm, softly illuminating the chamber I was in like a dim bulb, showing me a mainline cable lying on the floor coming off the generator. Another hammering blow came from the door, and I shot a glaring look back at it before turning back to the apparatus before me, and then looking down at the cable, I bent low and picked it up with my free hand. Lifting it to my mouth, I bit off just the shielding and thought for but a moment as to the wisdom of what I was about to do, whether or not I should actually bite a life mainline electrical cable. But that thought all came down to one thing:

Whether or not I believed the Administrator.

Moment of truth, I thought, pausing for a moment longer and then bit down upon the cable, sinking every tooth into the knitted wire inside it, and I spasmed from the unmitigated and rather painful surge of electricity rushing into my fangs and molars, a moment before I lifted both hands and gripped the electrical towers, making me the one and only component attached to that generator.

Day 84 – Final Log: *I, cannot state that I am wholly unafraid of dying anymore. I can easily say that I not only accept it, but I wish it as well. They cannot control me anymore should I die. My only regret is that I'm typing this last log in through the sheer sake of the thumb of one hand.*

Twenty-Three, Tanya... If it is your hands that this truly remarkable weapon of mine falls into, then I beg for you to forgive me.

If it is my 'benefactors' who somehow find this before she does... understand that you now... have something more than your damnable monster to contend with, for at this very moment... the lights are dimming...

I clenched my jaw harder than the reflex and spasm caused it to do, I gripped those towers with both hands with the same aggression, all the while I was screaming through that cable, but not out of pain...

Power, energy I discovered, had a reason why it was so desirable, why power corrupted and absolute power corrupted absolutely, and this was indeed absolute power! I craved it... I wanted it even; I wanted every bit of it! Every cell in me was on fire, blazoned with energy, every cell bursting and energizing, duplicating rapidly all so that it could hold all that energy inside me. It tried to not allow any of it to escape, and whatever ability it was inside me that was helping me to hold all this raw *power* was even drawing that energy back toward me! A snap of electricity appeared along my arms, snapped about my lips, and for every moment that passed more electrical snaps slid through me, making my nipples glow before a static cascade erupted between them.

The cells in me grew, the bones, the marrow, the blood, everything! And I grew with them... and more importantly I grew in strength, and in power!

A reactor was building up in my navel, it was making every single vein in me stand on end, and I swallowed the energy, absorbed it, snarled and frothed spit around it. Claws flashed and I arched over myself, feeling weak and strong at the same time as I started to flare wider and wider, with my front and back thrusting steadily outward as I grew.

Muscles throbbed and pulsated, starting to explode rapidly beneath my flesh, each explosion erupting with spastic muscle building growth, each snap forcing bone and marrow to swell and build upon its self. With a scream I let the cable drop from my mouth, every tooth in that mouth engorging itself, lengthening and sharpening, my mouth growing wider and deeper, my head flaring and the skull plates thickening. Neck and waist lengthened, widened and deepened, increasing the number of muscles in them. The neck flared straight to either shoulder at sharp angles now as either shoulder rounded outward to ridiculous proportions before they slid into the biceps and triceps. The pair of biceps and the multitude of triceps muscles of either arm billowing outward like slow motion nuclear explosions with the whole of me flaring wider and wider. Parts of me sloughed off and detached from the bones and marrow like my earlier change had done, whole masses of me sliding to one side or the other just before their muscles billowed and engorged to force other muscles out of the way as I jostled and raged.

I snarled, I bellowed a snapping roar as I thrust my chest up into the air as both sets of pectorals tripled and then quintupled in thickness, spreading all that muscle beneath those four primary tits, just before the four tits exploded violently outward in sudden blossoming expansions, their nipples cascading electricity as those electrical fingers coiled down my body and gripped that pussy of mine like it was clawing at my sex and gripping it hard.

Four gouts of milk shot off me, splattering everything before me as I orgasmed hard, the sticky whet jets making me moan and chained several more orgasmic elations that numbed me and wrought their hard orgasmic works upon me. Another explosive orgasm lanced a jet of ejaculate from me as I started to hum with the build up of electricity; not in my throat but rather in the power of the energy surrounding me. And

I completely ignored the hammering fists of Twenty-Five on the door behind me... for now there was me, and the power!

Both butt cheeks clenched, the thighs attached to them erupting and octupling while my tail quintupled in thickness and lengthened as I grew. Both calves flared wide, the forelegs billowed with muscle and bone while my ribs thrust both chests further forward and apart just before the claws on every digit on me hardened and lengthened like daggers.

I orgasmed again, but this time a rippling explosion of light and electricity washed from me, blossoming open in every direction to decimate the inside of the generator room I was in, damaging the shielding of the generator, allowing me to feel its light and energy inside. Arching myself toward it, I instinctively and mentally reached for that energy and it coiled outward and struck me full in the chest, splashing me with its icy fingers and filling me even faster than before.

My hands clenched on the towers of the generator, and I heard the squealing of metal as I bent the metal haphazardly amidst my elation.

I screamed and orgasmed yet again and now bolts of lightning were regaling me from head to toe, arching off me like the center of one of those light balls and the chamber was like the glass ball around it. Arms and legs grew to be the same thickness, all of which were thicker than the flaring and tightening belly that held the rest of me upward.

My hair and fur grew and billowed in places as my flesh spread it away and thinned it in others, leaving my belly totally naked now save for the treasure trail from my loins, its expanse glistening with the light that was piling over me. My fur energized and waved in the air like it was waving in water, with the mane atop my head growing long and firmed into long flaying spikes of hair with the electrical tension holding clumps of it together, and still I held on, making love to the energy, feeling it thrust up inside me like a lover's loins piercing me right up into my cunt. It penetrated so deep that it made my heart throb prematurely, and still I grew... and grew.

Then behind me there was a metal clang and a shaft of light from beyond. I snarled, and then closed my eyes and sucked in every jolt of energy that was in this chamber, sucking it all down, consuming it all, growing, engorging, feeling my mind and sexuality growing ever the more powerful, felt my personal sexual power evolving far, far beyond that of a multitude of human beings in a torrid orgy were able to experience, and with the last trace of electricity surging into me, only a few more sparks of light snapped about me and then the room was dead.

The alarms and klaxons had halted, all light except what was streaming through the opening hole became black, and I collapsed to my hands and knees, feeling the fronts of my breasts pressing against the floor, not knowing their magnitude at the moment while metal rang against metal.

And ever so slowly the door was pulled apart...

"I'm coming you little cunt. Oh I'm coming all right, and then I'm going to cum in you, on you, and all around you. I'm going to rip off your flesh and make it into a shirt, I'm going to eat you out and then I'm going to eat you. Beg me, cry, weep and sob, for I am death, and I'm coming for you! You'll die and you'll die slowly, and you will know that is me..."

He just wouldn't shut up. And I was growing angrier with every word. I felt flashes of images, I remembered seeing him rape my mother and tear her skin off into the form of a shirt. I saw him shoot my father, I saw him come for me the first time, and this time it would be different! I was stronger, I would kill him. He needed to die.

He must pay!!

And the door opened and Twenty-Five stood triumphantly before me, and I saw him, I saw him there as he pushed apart the heavy metal and stood framed in that great doorway.

“Where are you? I know you’re here...” and then I opened my eyes.

Twenty-Five paused, and then lowered his metal covered arms and actually took a step back, and then I grinned at him, showing him the overlapping and sharply powerful teeth that formed a grill in my mouth, far wider than he thought, and then I began to stand, feeling a massive muscle hump between my shoulders pinch between those shoulders just before it struck the high ceiling long before I even started lifting my head, and his gaze followed my face all the way upward.

And then I lashed outward and grabbed him by the neck, and even I was surprised for a moment at the sheer unmitigated thickness of my arm, the thing flared wide, larger than his own thigh, the fist so massive that it actually encircled his neck when I closed those fingers about it. Then surging forward I put my face directly in front of his, letting him see that there was a monster that was greater than he was.

And this monster was a woman...

...And she held the vengeful spirit of every woman he’d ever hurt in life... especially my mother.

“You... are going... to fucking... die...” I growled simply... and began the battle with him.

Twenty-Five struck at my arm several times desperately, his damage healing like cut water on me, and the damage only made me stronger... and angrier. He only managed a few blows before I twisted and exerted myself with him and he was vaulted straight upward into the ceiling, through the metal and stone superstructure above us up into the air and sailed high over the world before I leapt after him, leaping with a springing of muscle and exploding light and electricity. As I sailed up above him, I twisted, spun twisted twice more and spun again and brought my heel down on his abdomen with so much force that the next instance planted him back first into the ground with a blossoming pillar of dust and smoke.

Twenty-Five gasped, exhaling a burst of blood, and then tried to get to his feet before I landed on him, thrusting him deeper into the ground, but hearing every bone in his midsection shatter.

My claws lanced downward and I gripped the plates in his chest and waited till he looked me right in the eye.

“Take off your shirt!” I snarled, and then effortlessly tore those chest plates from him, right down to the screws that held them on to his ribs, right before I ripped his shoulder plates off, and finally the helmet, blood splattering everywhere but disintegrating as it all hit me, my body lighting up with electricity to fry each droplet.

Once freed from his defenses, I screamed and hauled myself backward into an attack that arched my body grandly and forced both tits to flare apart as I did; my fist suddenly glowing with electricity before I lanced it downward into his face and released the overwhelming pulse of energy that had gathered in that fist.

A blossoming explosion rippled through the ground, creating an impact crater while I heard the sound of breaking skull plates, snapping sinuses and a shattering spine before I raised that fist from a bloody mess. To his credit, and much to his woe, he was still breathing, and coughed up some more blood as well as a few teeth as I snarled at him.

The color red flooded into my eyes and thusly colored my vision of him, and again I saw him raping my mother, tears flooded my eyes, those tears soon energizing and wafting off my eyes in a red vapor, and then I began to cry more vigorously to lengthen that vapor as rage and anger filled me. I roared again, and as I did, every muscle in me thickened noticeably, and several popping explosions and the sounds of tightening

tendons greeted my ears before I grabbed Twenty-Five's head and rolling into the air with a small hop, I brought him out of the ground and back down into it. I hopped again and rolled again and did the same to him with an earth shattering slam this time. And then I hopped again but this time threw him up into the air and then catching his feet, slapped him into the ground again like he were a rag doll.

His body wasn't compensating, he was unable to regenerate, and snarling with even more rage, I got off him, lifted a hand and...

What I did next felt like instinct. There was no way I knew this, but I nonetheless did it, and I reached out with invisible muscles, muscles that could quite possibly be stronger than the rest of me, and I grabbed hold of Twenty-Five's chains and razor wires with those invisible muscles, muscles called magnetism that I was controlling with the electrical power in me, and I lifted him up off the ground. With a twitch of my fingers he turned to face me, and with another twitch his arms and legs were brought out to their extent. I snarled, crying even more tears that wafted from my eyes in a green haze now instead of red and this monster's arms and legs were first dislocated at the hips and shoulders, then at the elbows and knees and finally at the ankles and hands.

Twenty-Five gurgled in pain, and mentally holding him there, I stepped forward grabbed a dick that was still marginally erect and twisted and bent it ninety degrees in the wrong direction. I heard the catcher pockets that caught the blood in it pop and snap like a bowl of Rice Crispies popping.

"That was for my mother!" I screamed at him, and flashing my claws, I made several slashing gashes about his neck, body and arms, and knotting those clawed hands into his flesh, I tore another shirt-shaped mass of fur and flesh off his body. "THAT WAS ALSO FOR MY MOTHER!"

And turning, I pointed, and a rebar from the distant rubble of the facility lifted, and I twisted and pointed at Twenty-Five and the rebar suddenly shot from its point, through Twenty-Five's body and struck with so much force that I could see a billowing plume of an explosion on a distant mountain blossom into existence.

"AND THAT WAS FOR MY FATHER!" I screamed at him, the scream ending in a high-pitched roar. "And this..." I began and neared him, scraping my naked sharp claws through his recently eviscerated flesh. "Is for me."

And I lurched forward and sunk my jaws into his throat and clenched down hard.

There was a pop of his larynx, both tracheal arteries and voice box snapping beneath my jaws... he would die, he would most certainly die, and as my powers slid from me to electrocute him, bursting blood vessels and popping his eyes, there too was a flush of blood into my mouth that I instinctively swallowed. And then my eyes went wide, and my brain rushed with memories. But not my memories...

His memories.

Author's warning: *The following section deals with human depravity and madness in the worst possible forms. Those who are of a weak heart should be advised.*

Unlike the previous two sections however, this section deals with the creation of Number Twenty-Five. I've made this section like the previous two, and you can read the story without reading them, but I feel that it gives more to the story's dark background. Knowing some of the concerns of some of my readers, bare in mind that this section is designed to clench at your heart.

"You rotten little bastard. Give me that!" and mother snatched the bottle of vodka she had me fetch for her and upended it into her mouth.

What is this? What's happening?

She downed the whole bottle, guzzling it from beginning to end with some of the fluids seeping from her mouth to cover her night gown that I could see right up into. I knew what differed me from girls, but it didn't feel right to see them, especially mommy's.

W-what is this?!

Mother finished the bottle and threw it aside, and turning toward me she leaned forward. Her gown was so thin I could see right through it. I wished daddy was here. I wish he didn't die. I don't like it here.

"You have fun at school baby?" she smiled at me, her eyes looked crazy.

Is this Twenty-Five's mind? Yes it is! No! Let me out!

"Yes mama." I said meekly.

"Yes mama? You little bastard! School isn't for fun! School is for learning!" and she backhanded me. I fell to the ground, and I held the spot she'd struck me upon as mommy got to her feet, and reaching down she grabbed my hair and began dragging me across the floor toward the bed, and picking me up by the hair, she threw me onto it.

"N-no mama! Please! Don't! Teacher says that's bad! Daddy..."

And I got slapped again.

"Don't you dare ever mention him again! You aren't allowed to ever talk about that son-of-a-bitch in my presence!!

"Now off with it! Take off your shirt."

"N-no mama." I whimpered.

"I said take off your shirt!!" and she slapped me again, and sobbing, I took off my shirt before she thrust me back and pulled my pants off before grabbing my groin. "Yes... yes... now get nice and hard for mommy." She licked her lips, and then crossing her arms, pulled her stained nightgown off to stand naked before me. "Now... mommy has a little treat for you, you little bastard."

And she sat on me, and I felt myself slip into her...

Oh... my God!

And she did things to me... naughty things to me.

And the images. One after the next, after the next, after the next? Each time, each one was of him being raped by his own mother!

"Take off your shirt!" *Rape.*

"Take off your shirt!!" *Beating and then more rape.*

"I said take off your shirt! Do it now!" *Beating and then a rape and then more beating. This was a hospital time this time.*

Over and over, over and over, over and over and over again until...

Crash

I stood over mommy. I held a broken bottle in my hand and I was breathing deeply, a solid erection projecting off my loins as I came at that very moment onto her body. The baby that she'd had through me... I looked at her, looked at a child who was both my child and my sister, and walking over to where the stupid little deformed thing was, it looked up at me with only one eye, the other eye didn't work, and reaching down with my big fist, I placed it around her neck, and rang it tightly!

I clenched and clenched harder, tears blinding me, my teeth gritting together, until I heard that satisfying crunch! And she died choking and gurgling...

"Mommy... it's time to take off your shirt." I said and turned to mother.

Wait... she's naked... no... no! She's defenseless!!

And I went to her with my bottle, the bottle she drank before this all began, and hauling her onto the bed, laughing, laughing continuously and not knowing why I was laughing, I stuck my dick in her and began humping her, and taking the glass, I began to cut.

No! I can't stop watching. Let me out of this nightmare! Wake up Tanya! Wake up! How do I wake up?!

I cut, and I cut more, I cut her shirt off, but it wouldn't come off. And as I came into her, and the force of such cum forced me out of her sopping wet pussy and I erupted onto her body, suddenly it hit me as to what I should do! I grabbed her breasts and pulled, knotting all my fingers and yanked, and her flesh came off!

Hurray! I did it! I took your fucking shirt off mommy! Ha! Ha!

I'm going to be sick. Oh no... what the hell is this?! Not another image!

"Lilith... I... I'm glad you came." I said quietly. It's been years since that... that thing with mother. And this was a good honest girl. Perhaps... just perhaps she and I could be together... Yeah... like a real family. Yeah that's it. No more dark things, no more...

"I'm dumping you." This woman said, and I felt my heart shatter.

"W-what? B-but I love you Lilith. I want you to marry me. We can be happy..."

"Shut up! Oh God! What's the matter? Couldn't you tell I only picked you up because you have a big dick? You were a fuck, a lay! Several in fact, but you've worn me out with all this emotional baggage. Though other guys got smaller dicks and aren't built like you, all this other shit you do..."

"That's it, we're over! I'm leaving."

...

No! Not again. Not again...

I reached into my pocket and removed my pocket knife, and grinning, not knowing why I was so giddy, I even started laughing.

"Lilith..." I said quietly.

"What do you want you stupid shit, I..." and I balled up a fist and cracked it across her face, knocking her straight to the ground. Man what a rush!

I reached down and using the knife I cut her face. She screamed and I slapped her to shut her up, and with a sob from her, I ripped her shirt off and cut her bra open before using my knife to cut her pants and panties open.

“Take off your shirt, Lilith.” I said as I stood up and opened my belt and zipper, and she removed her blouse. “I said take off your shirt Lilith.”

“W-what? But I already...” she started but I slapped her again, and then pulled my dick out before squatting before her. “Why won’t you love me Lilith? I’ll show you that I love you... just let me help you out of this shirt.” And I stuck myself in her and began to cut her shirt off.

My mind reeled as I saw through his eyes, every murder, every raping... every one of them... including my mother. And all of it because of one bad woman, reinforced by another. It was so staggering, so incredible, that I sobbed for him.

“W-why... why won’t anybody l-love... me?” He gasped, and snapping my head upward, I saw him start to cry as he died.

My power waned in its control as I felt a new power sliding through me and he fell to the ground in a heap as I took to holding myself and gasping, I gained a reward for experiencing his life... and I began to change, feeling massive amounts of upper body strength assault me. My fangs grew longer, and my claws sharper and harder. My bones thickened and even more strength piled onto me, my back heaving upward into a massive hump of rounding, flaring muscle while the chest opposite all that muscle flared wider and thrust further forward. The whole of me engorged more thickly, and I inherited a powerful sexual power before it was done.

Then opening my eyes, I looked at him, and then vomited up every evil that was in him, taking several heaving eruptions till the last of the sickness that’d infested him down to his very blood had left me. And there I stared at him, seeing him gurgling, his incredible will fighting for life.

I slowly got to my feet, and stared at him.

“You died a long time ago... didn’t you?” I asked him, but got no answer back.

Then lifting a hand, I flexed invisible muscles in me again, muscles that had nothing to do with this great physical body of mine and electricity flooded toward the palm and swirled into a ball of energy before it lanced from me and exploded into a mighty fireball... flash incinerating most of Twenty-Five instantly into a charred mass in a brilliant explosion that lit up the sky.

“And now... his suffering could end. And all those many, many women, hundreds in fact, little girls, mothers, grandmothers and daughters... all of them could now rest.”

I found the Administrator where I’d left him. He was barely breathing as he looked up at me, blood still trickling from his mouth, and seeing him there, smiling up at me, I managed a small smile in return, and then lowered myself to the great I-beam that had him pinned, my massive breasts pressing and folding over its cold icy-steel as I set myself to lift it.

“No! Stop... You’ll... only worsen matters, Tanya.” He gurgled. “I’ll be dead anyways if I can’t get to a hospital or receive medical help immediately thereafter. I’m going to die... just... just leave me in this hell I helped to create. It should be my penance for doing what I’ve done.”

“What about your family?” I asked him, and instead squatted down next to him, the four largest breasts dangling between the thickly muscled arms I now possessed.

I must’ve been twice my previous height or more by now... thirty-four to thirty-seven decimeters perhaps, and at least half that wide and deep. I was powerful, I was ultra-feminine... I had power and strength of thousands... and... I couldn’t do anything more than watch the life fade from his eyes.

“If... they’ve done what I hope they’ve done, then my family is safe, and without me they can no longer control them nor use them against me. But... Tanya... I want you to take this from me.” And he held up a leather case and I took it from him. What was huge in his hands was tiny in mine. It only just fit in the palm of my hand

“What is it?”

“A most spectacular computer. It was... one of a few prototypes developed by a friend of mine before the collapse of our Mother Russia. I... have placed everything that has happened here on it. You must take it; guard it, for in it marks all of my investigations of you and your unique blood that has allowed such an incredible creature like you to come to being. With the information in that device, it will show all that we’ve done to you and the others, how we’ve changed you, and how you, a lycanthrope, is possible.”

“N-no... this should be destroyed!”

“No... it shouldn’t. Blood, it seems, is key to your species, for it is a species that is very different from ours. These files will explain you... it will explain everything you’ve endured, and not only here... but before. It contains your blood line, through your mother, and your father... and... your siblings.”

I gasped, remembering suddenly that I had two siblings. A sister and a brother.

“If you destroy that machine, then...” he coughed, and he faded, fought for life and focused desperately on me. “...Then finding what is left of your family will become utterly impossible for you. The people that commissioned me to do what I did to all of you are an organization of people who care not for rules or regulations or laws. They were able to track down what happened to your brother and sister using their various means. Governments will stand in your way of uncovering your family if you destroy that computer, but with it you have their names and you’ll have their last known locations.”

I swallowed, staring down at the case, and for a moment, my logical mind assaulted me, demanded that I destroy that machine. But in the end...

No. I’m tired of being alone, I’m tired of having no family, I’m tired that fate has done this thing to me, and for once in my life I’m going to be selfish.

I will find my family.

“Thank you.” I said quietly, but there was no reply.

The doctor’s eyes were closed, his chest wasn’t moving, and blood simply dripped from his mouth. Bowing my head for a moment in respect, I turned and left.

The facility was destroyed. Going through the majority of the holding cells that the other subjects were held in, I found that my ward was the only one that was left largely untouched of all the five separate prisons that we were all stored in, and in each one I saw that Twenty-Five had made doubly sure to end their lives. What he did to the women I didn’t have the heart to linger upon. As I absorbed those memories of his that I’m still desperately trying to forget, I witnessed what he’d done to them anyways.

It would be better for them if they didn't receive any help at all... and those that were still alive, with eyes wide and their chests heaving in hyperventilation, I gave them mercy from their horrors and snapped their necks.

Finding nothing of interest, but managing to discover some meat in a storage locker, I took some and began to consume it when I heard a soft meow, and turning, Ivan squeezed out of a drain pipe and hurried over to me, meowing for food.

"Ah... there you are Ivan." I smiled, and ripping off some of the meat, fed it to him.

And then I heard the sound of helicopters...

Picking up Ivan and the food, I rushed to the entrance and stopped dead, spying four helicopters that were approaching at high speed. Two of them were the infamous MI-Twenty-Four attack and low troop transport helicopters that were famous in the Old Russian Military, also known as the '*Hind*.' But the other two were a pair of V-Twenty-Two's, also known as '*Ospreys*' in the modern American Military.

Again I was struck with information about things I had no way of knowing before now. They just popped in my head as I saw or experienced a thing, like how I could identify two different kinds of helicopters.

These memories told me that the Hind was a vehicle that I could fully expect to be here, but the other more modern helicopter – the Osprey – that was being made famous in America's Gulf War, was a vehicle used only by the United States Military! It was weird being able to identify off the top of my brain what those vehicles were called and know their capabilities, but I was certain seeing them together was too strong of a thing to be a coincidence. It either meant that there was an organization that could get whatever it wanted or the United States and the Commonwealth of the Independent States, formerly known as the USSR, is now co-operating in these regards.

Either was frightening given what they were trying to accomplish here.

As I watched the helicopters approaching, the two Ospreys lowered into a hover while the Hinds continued approaching, and the Ospreys each disgorged a tank and a platoon of armored soldiers apiece before withdrawing. The tanks I was able to identify as being a pair of T-Ninety-S Russian main battle tanks.

"Time to go, Ivan." I said, and hastily made for the back of the facility away from the approaching helicopters and to escape before I had to find out as to whether or not I could face two such machines.

Day 85: *I've decided to keep this log going, as a diary of sorts, perhaps to keep the memory of that place alive, or perhaps to honor the good doctor who in his final moments, decided to do the right thing.*

*I read over all his files and reports about me, I have my brother's and sister's information as well, both of whom were last known to be located in Moscow at some orphanage somewhere, though there was information in the files that stated that Anya was no longer in Moscow, whereas my brother... *sigh* my brother may've been sent to America.*

I knew many Americans who'd come over here. They were keen on abandoning the disagreements that our fathers had between the two great nations and they were eager to start new bonds between our nations, and though I'm sure they meant well, the program to relieve monetary stresses from Russia's orphanages after the collapse to send orphans to the United States is just damned inconvenient.

I... need to find my family; I know that for certain now.

I'd saved them both that night, and the police and KGB had no choice but to introduce them into the state's care. I was certain that I was in the interior of Russia at the moment, but the only problem with Russia was that it was just so damned vast!

No other nation in the world could claim to be as vast as Mother Russia was.

I decided to head to the south-west, being that I had to get back to Moscow somehow and claim my family's inheritance at the very least. I'd need the money to help me find my family.

After that... If Peter had been sent to the states, then there would perhaps be two ways of getting to the United States to retrieve him, the first being a traditional way and fly there, but I'd have to have residence and take out a passport and travel visa to do that... else wise, to the far, far east where the Bering Straight was, there was a stretch of water that was only twelve kilometers across that separated Russia from the United States. I was certain that if worse came to worse... I could actually swim across the straight given how powerful I was now.

Those were the long-term goals.

The short-term goals were to find food and to get back to civilization. I was far enough to the north where there was permafrost everywhere and the snow never really melted off the mountain tops. Strange, but no one really followed me, and given how high tech everything was at the facility, and given the machinery that was sent to protect the secrets there, one could only assume that they had low-light or thermographic imaging to detect me, and it wasn't really like I was some sort of tiny woodland creature either.

So they either weren't looking in my direction... or they were letting me go. Given the circumstances, given what I am, I somehow doubted the later. Perhaps... perhaps there was something about me that didn't allow for detection.

Regardless, it was time that I beat feet and make haste. I had to get far enough south before the winter really set in. Given that this is the second day of the Hunter's Moon, that meant that winter was nearly here, and in Russia... Winter was the harshest of all mistresses, at times saving her from Germans and French in our history, and at other times... she froze her own people.

I didn't worry about me, but I did worry about Ivan. We both had fur, but I was bred for the cold, or at least I seemed to be, being that the chill nip in the air didn't bother me, but Ivan was a kitten when he was brought to me, and lived his whole life indoors.

He rode on my back in a tight ball, nestled in between my shoulder blades while I walked on all fours to deceive their sensors, but once I was far enough away, I rose to my hind-legs, took Ivan in my arms, and nestled him warmly in between my breasts. He began to purr immediately then, and so now... my only need was food.

