

Кошка (*Koshka*)

Book 2: The Powers That Be

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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.

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Day 86: *As if to match my mood, it began to snow today.*

True... I had strength, power, and endurance, but Russia's winters were what I feared, and hypothetically, despite the fur I now had, I was walking around naked in a snow storm. Winter is what many Russians feared. Russian winters were what made Russians so strong. If you couldn't survive the winter, you were not strong enough for this land, and so our people had become strong and stalwart and noble over the centuries that we'd dwelt here... descendants of the Mighty Greeks, our Czars descendants of great Caesar himself!

It was a race of warriors that spawned us, and despite that the Administrator called me a different species, something other than a woman, I was nonetheless a Russian. There must be something human in me somewhere.

Other than the light snack that Ivan and I had before we left, we had to subsist upon the milk my breasts carried for all of yesterday and all of today. It was warm and thick and creamy and very sweet, and it allowed me to fulfill myself enough to thrive for a time at least. After all, babies thrived on it for a prolonged span of their life, why couldn't an adult? If my memories were true, then I nursed from my mother's breast till I was four.

I could almost taste her milk... or perhaps that was mine, but I hoped that I'd inherited the taste from her. It gave me at least some form of connection to my past.

Ivan was comfortable enough at least... wedged in between my breasts he was able to remain quite warm. I kissed his forehead often enough, glad for his company, glad that there was something good that could be taken from that hell hole that spawned this new me... made me realize that I wasn't human at all, and gave me strength beyond my wildest dreams as a reward and also allowed me to end the life of the monster this world had created that had destroyed my family so long ago.

My family...

I had a sister... had. Her name was Anya. I also had a brother... his name was Peter. I had to find them! Thanks to a murdering raping cannibal that'd murdered my mother and father when we were all children, we were all sent in different directions and thanks to the collapse of our fine nation, we'd been separated further than should be necessary.

I must admit, my task is rather daunting.

For now, there was really nothing more that I could do other than keep Ivan and myself alive.

Something else strange happened though. Bits of metal and wire began slipping out from inside me, and those nerve staples and that plug thing the admin had written about were being pushed out of my body through some healing process that I was able to do. Anything that wasn't a part of my body was being expelled.

It caused a bit of an annoyance though, for every now and again it rubbed up against a nerve and made me spasm or shake something terrible...

“You drink as much as you want Ivan.” I said and then suddenly shook my head in a spastic twitch from the wires dangling from my neck, and I paused in all my movements, trying to control them before I quietly resumed petting Ivan’s back.

My back facing to the wind with metal and dangly bits of wire half expelled from my body as I acted as a bulwark for the medium-haired blue-gray cat as he braced himself on his hind legs and sucked from one of the many lower nipples I had. They still produced milk, and they were enough for him... he just couldn't get his mouth around any of the many other nipples I had.

Folding both arms around his body while we rested in a stand of trees at the base of the ring of mountains around us, at the far end of a broad valley where the facility had been in. “What am I going to do Ivan?” I said and folded both arms further around his body to keep him warm.

Ivan settled back, licking his lips and whiskers, and made a gurgling cat noise of pleasure and then meowed at me before I picked him up and wedged him between my tits. It sounded like encouragement to me.

We began to make our way out of the valley with the sun to our left, climbing the gentle slopes of the mountain valley, which were little more than just high hills. At the peak of the valley I looked back from whence I came and saw the spec that was the broken facility and the grave of so many. I saw little dots hovering over it, and heard the echoes of the chopper blades even from this distance. In this altered form of mine, I could hear across a profound distance, and with my eyes, I could see things that were many kilometers away.

Ivan gave another meow, and hugging him a little more tightly between my breasts I turned and left the valley, hopefully forever.

My stomach rumbled. It was grumbling in protest from not having had any solid food in days, and putting my back to the wind and tucking Ivan and the case the admin had given me before I'd left into one hand and the crook of one arm and tit, I hefted one of those mighty breasts, fastened my lips about its fleshy nipple and began to suck.

It was warm though, and thick and I was certain it could sustain me for at least a short while, but only so long as I could get more food in me. I only drew enough to sustain myself before beginning to walk once

again, returning Ivan and the case once again within the warmer spots of my body between my tits as I set forth.

But then I heard a sound, my ears twitching at a low rumbling sound, and I wondered whether or not they were following me, whether or not that ominous rumbling sound was a tank or two charging up behind me, and I waited amidst a stand of trees on the downward slope of the hills outside the valley. And then over a crest I saw a body, a huge body, a body of muscle and long stringy hairs. Then another body, and still more bodies, and I started as I saw a grand rack of horns atop their heads. Hurrying forward out of the trees for a better look, I saw exactly what it was.

It was a herd of Caribou.

Hurrying to the nearest tree with a crook in it, I placed the case with the computer in it and placed Ivan on top of it. "You'll be safe here. Excuse me, but I gotta go get us some lunch."

There was skill, and then there was instinct. I'd definitely changed in the Facility and there were certain things about modern marvels that I now knew but had never learned thanks to their mind-programming techniques. I'd looked at the long line of skills that I'd been programmed with, did automatically now that I was confronted with it, but what I was doing now had nothing to do with those skills that they'd programmed into me. What I was doing now was stalking, stalking like a cat might.

This was natural-born instinct.

The white of the snow blended with the white of my fur. I was downwind of them, tensed, trembling. In my mind was the thrill of the approaching the kill, the excitement of doing this, and balancing on fingertips and toes, I focused upon my target: the thickest, largest and strongest of the herd. I looked and saw that there were many males left and available for the herd of mostly females, and knew that the herd would survive if I took this one.

The powerful buck lowered his head to graze on some sparse grass not covered by snow, unaware of what was coming. I tensed, muscles like coiled springs, breasts pressing flat against the snowy ground, butt and tail pressed to the ground as well while only the tip of that tail waved.

Wait for it... wait for it... NOW!

And I pounced!

With a titanic roar emanating from me, the roar combined with the high-pitched scream of a woman's battle cry, the Caribou saw me flying through the air at it, teeth and claws extending, and I landed on it, forced it to the ground, and grabbing its tremendous rack of horns, I twisted its head while simultaneously sinking my teeth into its throat, wrapped it up with my body and broke its neck. A flush of hot blood rushed into my mouth, and I drank it freely, tasting the sweet hot taste of fear in the beast's blood even as its strength flowed into me. I moaned and pinched my legs together as a rush of hot nectar flushed from me in an orgasm as I bubbled with added muscle growth from this powerful beast.

With a deep moan as I rose over the fallen beast, long-arming myself above it with both tits resting over it's carcass, I gurgled the blood before swallowing the last of it, and suddenly the muscles in me were swelling emphatically now, tensing and growing as I absorbed the beast's strength. Then taking the mighty buck in my hand, I hauled it up into the air and roared triumphantly, not knowing why I did that only knowing that it felt good to let that huntress's rage out! But as I held that beast above me, still I thickened in every proportion; my form flaring, growing and thickening, my breasts immediately swelling and becoming achingly tight with newly-produced milk, and another torrid jet of ejaculate lanced from me as I screamed in orgasm then.

The power was hot and fresh, the transformation new and invigorating, energizing, and electricity momentarily danced across me, arching between the two largest nipples briefly before I set myself to gasping from the exertion.

What a rush!

The other Caribou merely looked at me with my prize and then nonchalantly began to walk away. It was the stance of a creature that knew its lot in life was to feed, to breed and to feed others.

Toting the carcass of the dead beast over one shoulder, several hundred kilograms worth of fine meat being lifted as if it weighed nothing to me, Ivan and I would eat for a good long time.

“Ivan... Ivan where are you?” I called, and then stood by, ears twitching till I heard the soft meow.

The wind had really started to pick up, and the snow was falling heavier now when I found Ivan where I'd left him. He was curled up into a tight ball with a layer of snow on him, but up in the crook of that tree he was at least partially protected from the wind.

“There you are. Good boy.” I said and lifting a hand, fished him out and inserted him promptly between my breasts – he was cold – and then I picked up the case with the computer in it. “We're going to eat well today, Ivan.” I murred, and went deeper into the stand of trees where the wind couldn't touch us as much. It didn't bother me in the slightest, I was nice and warm and toasty now... I was actually enjoying the cold.

First thing first though, here in the stand of trees where there wasn't that much snow yet, I found enough wood for a fire, and for a few minutes tried to start it the old fashioned way by rubbing sticks together and by using a flint and stone I was able to find, and then said the hell with it and lit the fire by lighting the tinder I'd collected with a little spark of electric fire. Soon I had a nice roaring fire that smelled of burning pinewood. Ivan curled up close to the fire to stay warm and I took to gutting and skinning the beast using those skills I'd been programmed with. I never did this sort of thing before, I even turned my nose up at dissecting a frog in science class, but nonetheless I was expertly slicing the beast open with just my claws.

Using its intestines for rope and utilizing some heavy sticks to make a spit, I was able to get that buck over the fire before I began to clean the skin, giving Ivan some of the scraps that were here to eat.

This was all survival techniques. The amount of things I'd been programmed with would've taken years of training to learn how to do, but the design of that program was to transform average human beings into super-human super soldiers in under six months. The good doctor managed it in three. It often times took decades of work and training before a super soldier was of appropriate strength and skill to do what they did. Therein was a success for the poor Administrator. He'd succeeded in transforming over twenty average human beings – and one psychopath – into super human soldiers.

And then there was me.

I was a lycanthrope, a weretiger of phenomenal breeding, and apparently the same techniques that worked on a human being were still nonetheless able to work on me as well because I was still, at least in part, a human being...

My old power that I'd managed to obtain as a child was multiplied many times over as an adult, and many times that thanks to the modifications I'd undergone, and apparently blood and energy only made me stronger and blessed me with more powers. On top of that I had decades worth of knowledge that I'd never had to learn. Here I was, having made a field camp and lit a fire with but a mere gesture, cooking a full caribou carcass and cleaning the skin.

It took hours for the meat to cook, requiring constant spinning and realigning, of the meat, and while I was doing that I scraped the hide clean. Night fell by the time that I'd finished cleaning the skin of the buck, and with a nice fur blanket, I was able to wrap Ivan up in it, and he gave me a nice meow and purred contentedly now that he could be warm.

"That's right... that's for my nice big boy." I said, and cutting off a strip of the cooked animal flesh with my claws, fed Ivan it before I opened the case with the computer in it.

The device was what the Administrator called a '*Hex Computer.*' I didn't understand much about computers at all, and wished that I could've had that sort of knowledge put into me, all I knew was that the way this computer thought, the same technology in a modern PDA was enough to make this thing comparable to a supercomputer. The man who created this – known only as Igor, per what the Administrator named him – must've been a genius of being able to literally make a two generational jump and literally reinvented the computer twice over. I knew enough about computers, or was given enough knowledge about them on how to bypass them, or use their basic functions for whatever I might encounter, but beyond that I didn't know enough to repair or build them.

This one was long for a phone, about thirty some centimeters long, fifteen centimeter's wide and about seven centimeters thick. It had a unique operating system on in that, from what I knew, was a GUI representation of UNIX computing language. It had a full slide out keyboard, a wide-screen high-resolution touch screen with stylus, and a high-grade megapixel camera that was around six or eight megapixels. It could take mini-CD's, SD and Flash Rom cards and had a solid state hard drive with an incredible eight gigabytes of ram. Along its edges were a multitude of quick buttons and adapters like fire wire cables, AV cables and so on. On its face was a cell phone and on its rear were the ear and mouthpieces of the phone. Inside it, it contained dual SIM chips.

Loaded into it was a complete library of information... including dictionary, thesaurus, translation software for every language on earth, and a complete encyclopedia. It had MAC and WINDOWS emulators, loaded with MAC OS-TEN and what looked to be WINDOWS XP PRO aside from its basic operating system.

Its case was tungsten based.

It had a GPS in it too, but a problem with GPS being that this was not a satellite phone, was that the GPS only worked in relation to cell towers, in which I'd need to be in a city or near enough to a city for that function to work. There was no reception out here... I was too far away to make a call on the cell phone as well.

In the case were a myriad of devices including AV and power cable with a universal power adapter to it, and several SD and Flash chips including an external hard drive, as well as several CD's that looked to be personal files and a music selection.

I'd play with them, but I didn't know how long the battery could last on this thing. I didn't find out in the help files as to how long the battery lasted quick enough, so I decided to leave the thing off unless I needed to make a log or take a picture of something. Taking the phone out, I turned it on only long enough to take a picture of the campsite and log the rest of the day before replacing it in the case, zipping it up and sighing before I watched Ivan eating his meat in his blanket. Lowering a massive hand I took to petting him, and he gave off a garbled meow while swallowing.

"You're such a pretty kitty, Ivan." I murred, and then lifting my hands with the case protected within my lap, I cut off some of the meat for myself.

Day 87: *The moon was indeed a power for my species, for as it began to wane, I began to weaken. It wasn't much, but I indeed felt it. But for someone as powerful as I was now, that little bit wouldn't really make or break a battle with any of God's other creatures on this wide Earth. It was human soldiers that I had to worry about.*

I'd gone to sleep huddled around Ivan that night, he snug in his blanket and me wrapped about him while he enjoyed a little milk from one of my many bare nipples lining my belly. I didn't know why I had so many, it was more than a tigress should have really... perhaps I was a special kind of tigress, perhaps it was something that happened to me while in the Facility, but I remembered my mother having six. But then I didn't see her naked body all too often, and she had fur covering her navel where I didn't.

The fire died down to coals during the night, and with much of the carcass eaten already by me it didn't take much for the lower portions of the stag to cook. I'd have a few more stakes off it and some rib tips later... but hopefully this would sate me for a few more days till I could hunt again.

Gathering the computer and Ivan up in the fur laden blanket and the carcass dangling from the other hand, I then once again began the long trek to the south after getting my bearings with the sun.

I understood now why Chekov called Mother Russia bleak as I looked upon a nearly dead landscape wrought with snow.

The only positive thing that I could think of right now was that all that damned machinery had fallen out of me and wasn't causing me to jerk and spasm any more. Let the cold arctic tundra claim the damnable things...

And the tracking signal that was in them, I found after reading the Admin's notes, would show me in the same place for a long time by the time anyone came looking, and by that time... my footprints should've been swallowed by the snow.

This was the land of the midnight sun... but it was also the land of the noontime moon. Daylight was, I knew, getting shorter and shorter, and soon there would only be four hours of daylight at the most. I had to keep my trek south and west by landmarks. If I didn't pay attention then I'd have to learn how to navigate by the stars. Who knew, maybe I could, maybe that was one of the survival techniques I'd been programmed with, but until I tried doing something, unless something presented itself and forced me to respond, I wouldn't know that I had that ability.

I'd grown used to a single meal a day, so only took a bite or two out of the caribou remains at a time once a day. Ivan only took a few of his little kitty mouthfuls a day, so this thing would last us for awhile.

My life became a routine: Wake up, eliminate evidence of the camp from the day before, and I somehow knew exactly how to do that, and then continue walking southwest. I rarely stopped or paused for a breather except to let Ivan go to the bathroom or something, or for me to do the same. I walked and then stopped for the night at what shelter I could find at the time. One day a vicious snowstorm arrived, and all I was able to do was to curl up in a ball in the snow and wrap myself around Ivan to keep him safe. I awoke in the center of a warm snowdrift afterward though, and the sky was as clear as day.

And then I was presented with another problem called snow blindness, a blinding effect from bright light reflecting off the snow. When I'd regained my vision enough to see again, I fashioned a visor of sorts out of bone and part of Ivan's blanket and some intestine chord, allowing only for a narrow strip for my eyes before continuing walking again.

It was so boring, so dull, and there were times where I'd desired to just give up and die... but then I remembered my brother and sister, and I promised them and myself that I would survive.

But each night the moon touched me less and less, and my resolve continued to weaken.

Day 101: *Fourteen days after leaving the Facility, a day where my resolve became truly tested now that the moon was in its new moon stage, I suddenly found myself following a river, and after cresting a series of hills, found myself looking down upon a mountain village.*

It looked like a hunting village, definitely something that wasn't on any of the maps, with a few permanent structures, several semi-permanent ones, and a multitude of two-man field tents. There was a smoke house, a few trucks, a single dirt road and a central building that was providing electricity and communications by the looks of the satellite array and broadcast antenna on its roof.

It was late by the time I arrived and I gave a sigh of relief, for perhaps, and hopefully, I could finally get a ride here, but first before I dealt with that, I had to do something about the fact that I was now a thirty-seven or so decimeter tall monster.

“Any thoughts on how I do this?” I asked Ivan. The meat was long gone and our stomachs were rumbling again. I was surprised at how long the stuff lasted...

Ivan meowed at me, and then nuzzled against my navel.

“I know mother and father could change back into a human, I'm sure I can... and if I can't then I don't feel like raiding their homes for food and clothing.” I searched my thoughts then for a moment or two. “How did I change back the first time? How did I do that?”

I thought back, back to when I was a little girl, with my cute little night gown wrapped tightly about my waist, the panties I wore snapped from me while I stood there over the man who'd later become Number Twenty-Five. His blood was all over me, horrendous cuts and scrapes covered his whole body from head to toe as well as my own body that was every bit as strong as an adult's, and even then I'd throbbed with muscle and the heartbeat of a powerfully beating and vengeful heart.

And there I stood, heaving, crying, till I started to change. It was a calming of the beast, a calming of the creature, putting it to sleep and reining it in. It was a general calming of the whole being and as that creature went to sleep, its power left me, and I very rapidly began to diminish. Muscles deflated like deflating balloons, bones thinned and realigned, and focusing on that feeling that I felt in me now and bringing it to heart, as that little girl from my memory began to shrink, I did as well. But for me it was more than putting the beast asleep. It included closing the petals of a flower, and all the light and energy that was in me was shunted downward into a warm feeling I felt, which I felt was from Ivan rubbing up against my navel.

All that tremendous power was flushed into my navel, somewhere about my womb, somewhere just behind my throbbing pussy, and it contained all that stalwart energy that allowed for bones and muscles to grow, and for hair and fur to grow, and more importantly, for my intense sexuality and animal attraction to diminish into that of an average woman. The tigress in me became a kitten and then went to sleep and the petals of a brilliant, brilliant dew-covered rose closed up and twisted shut. Milk was absorbed back into me even though some of it leaked out, and my breasts diminished as the bulging vaginal lips in me grew soft and slender again, yet still highly distended.

And then I opened my eyes and dared to look down, seeing myself as a slender maiden again, with some of that added muscle that I'd gained in the facility having softened into a six pack with two lats, but it still nonetheless showed the faintest of creases of two more abs and two more sets of lats down my navel. I was thick boned, wide-hipped, large-breasted, slender-waisted and sexual with the only hair beneath my scalp being the barest little tuft of white fur-like hair just above the apex of my crotch.

I had a female athlete's body aside from that with a perfectly smooth heart-shaped bottom.

Immediately the two remaining nipples I had grew hard from the cold, and that cold rushed in on me with a vengeance for me ignoring it for so long.

“Brr...” I shivered and held myself. “Come here Ivan.” I chattered and held onto my cat and pulled the blanket around me that completely wrapped about me from neck to thigh being that that buck had been so large. Hurrying down the slope barefoot, coming to the largest of the houses, I stopped in its backyard and found blankets and clothes hanging up to dry that hadn’t been retrieved yet. They weren’t women’s clothes, but they’d have to do, so going over to the porch and picking up a pair of boots, I set those down on the ground, and placing Ivan on the ground next to them, he promptly looked up and meowed at me, wanting his blanket. I hushed him immediately.

“Quiet Ivan! I don’t have money to pay for these clothes, and I need this blanket for now!” and I pulled off some breeches with a string tie and stepped into them, trying to forget the fact that there’d been a set of cock and balls here before my crotch as I donned them and stepped into the boots before grabbing a shirt and a blanket and...

“Hold it right there...” someone said, just before I heard a pair of hammers on a double barreled shotgun being drawn back and the back door opening.

I turned and covered myself up with a blanket over my chest, even as the man on the inside turned on the light inside his house with a flick of a switch. I didn’t see much of him, only that he was armed.

“Sorry, sorry, I’m so sorry mister. I needed clothes and I had no money to pay for them.”

“So I heard...” he said quietly. “One would ask why a woman in an almost all-man hunting and fishing village wandering around with an attaché case and a cat with nothing to cover her other than an unfinished fur blanket would want with clothes and boots.”

“I-It’s a long story...” I smiled.

“I have nothing but time up here... so why don’t you come inside and we can have a good long talk about it.” And he lifted the shotgun. “And then I can decide as to whether or not I should turn you in for theft. They shoot looters here you know.”

I bit my lower lip and holding the blankets and shirt to me to hide my breasts, hurried inside through the door into a warm kitchen that was being heated by central heating. Ivan hurried in behind me and the man shut the door.

“Th-thank you, I...” and then he turned around, and I pursed my lips and blushed.

He wasn’t an old man, but a young man rather. Tough, rugged, built like a mountain man, and a glance at his package promised pleasure for me if it ever came to that. He was dressed in an odd mix of modern and traditional clothes, wearing jeans with a Russian shirt that had been embroidered about the collar and was held shut with toggles instead of buttons or snaps.

“Might I ask your name?” he said after a moment or two of me bathing in his presence and feeling myself getting horny.

“T-Tanya.” I blushed and arched myself instinctively, wanting immediately for him to make an offer to go upstairs for some love-making, but in a wilderness camp filled with men, he was probably gay. Why were all the sexy ones gay?! “And what’s yours sir?”

“Dmitri Putinovitch Mediev. I’m the magistrate in this village. So... why don’t you put my shirt on while I put this shotgun away? You look timid enough where I don’t think I have to chase after you with a shotgun for running away with my clothes.” And he turned his back and I blushed at meeting an actual

gentlemen – I thought chivalrous men didn't exist anymore – before lowering the clothes from my chest to let the two massive mammaries loll about freely now.

“He seems nice.” I mused, and Ivan gave off a soft mew near my feet before I dropped the blankets and hurriedly pulled on the shirt, now not minding that I was wearing men's clothes now that I knew that they were his.

When he returned, I'd sat down in one of the great wooden chairs here that was around the huge wooden table by the time Dmitri returned, eyed me as I blushed and smiled widely up at him, before he went to the cupboard and removed a bowl, and then to an icebox and removed a pitcher of milk and then filled the bowl with it before adding some fish from a tin before placing it on the floor for Ivan who graciously attacked it. He then turned on his oven, an electric one, and placed down a pan and started making a meal involving steaks of some sort of meat and eggs and mushrooms.

“Please explain how you got here, Tanya, and bear in mind that I'm used to dealing with liars.”

I nodded and took a deep breath and then began to speak, saying that I was kidnapped from Moscow and flown to some place in the hills. They did terrible things to me and I escaped from there with only Ivan and the case and that I was now trying to get back to Moscow.

“A computer, eh? Well that is interesting. I've been needing a new one. How bout we barter for it? I give you a ride to Moscow, and you can keep the clothes and whatever other provisions you want.”

I hugged the computer in its case more closely to me.

“There's more about this computer, sir... I can't let you have it. I'll work, do chores, whatever you want me to do to pay for what I've taken or what I'll need... but I can't let you have it. I'll fight for it too, I swear I will. And it won't matter how many guns you have... you'll lose.”

He turned and faced me, looking me in the eye and pursed his lips. “I believe you. The look in your eyes would make a grown mountain man turn tail and run. You can keep the computer then. I see that you're an honest woman, so I'm sure I can find something for you to do to pay for the clothes and the food and whatever else you need.

“I... I really appreciate it.” I smiled at him, and he turned, holding the frying pan, and grabbing a couple plates, set the table with the two of them and dished out two helpings, a little for him and the rest of it for me.

He placed the pan in the sink, went to the icebox and retrieved his milk and then to the cupboard for a pair of glasses thence to a drawer for forks and knives before returning to me. He then set me a fork and a knife and a cup with milk and did the same for himself.

“Please... eat. A woman wandering around naked in this wilderness must be pretty hungry.”

“Th-thank you.” I smiled, and then began to use the fork to pick at my food, and he finally smiled – well smirked really – at me.

“I'm a mountain man, Tanya. There's no need for manners or pretenses. Please, eat as you will, belch afterward if you feel the need. You needn't even say *'excuse me.'*”

I smiled at him, and taking a deep breath I dropped the fork and began shoveling the food into my mouth with my fingers, barely chewing before swallowing. After finishing the one plate and licking my fingers off, Dmitri pushed his plate across the table at me and I attacked that as well, but with a fork this time, and he went to the cupboard for a round of bread and some cheese for me as well.

“I really appreciate this, Mister Putinovitch.” I said as he entered into the bathroom with real running water... such a surprising thing for a place so far out into the wilderness like this.

I was sitting on a toilet, wearing nothing but a large towel now with Ivan resting on my lap as he brought in a wooden tray laden with soaps and things.

“You’ve been in the wilderness for a whole day, naked and barefoot so you say, how you escaped frostbite I’ll never know but I’m certain a lady of your quality will want to take a nice hot bath after all that. It’s dangerous to let your core body temperature fall too much. Hypothermia isn’t a fun way to die till the very end of it releases you from the burning pain.

“Call me if there’s anything you need.”

“Again, thank you.” I said and he nodded simply before leaving while I pet Ivan gently for a moment before picking him up and moving over to a basket that held the fur pelt I’d brought with me, I placed him into it so that he could sleep.

It’d been a rough two weeks for both of us, and after putting him down I stood and unfolded the towel that’d been wrapped about me, standing naked in a stranger’s bathroom with my huge breasts lolling out and my thighs firmly squeezing a pair of labia that had engorged with arousal. Clit, areola and nipples were hard, and I had the craving for some wild sex as well, so much so that I slid my fingers about that pert pair of labia and erect clit, squeezing the over-sized vaginal muscle and made the whole of my insides tense suddenly with a micro orgasm before I stepped into the bath and simply laid down in the waters and started soaking.

With my eyes closed I settled into the water, and with a deep breath I relaxed, both breasts floating in the water, clit and nipples growing harder than ever while I palmed my belly, suddenly becoming conscious of a desire for a baby. Perhaps it was my time, perhaps it was me going into a heat like the admin warned, but regardless I was feeling an urge to have a baby. And then I remembered memories of seeing my brother born, and seeing mother not only eat the afterbirth but clean him with her long tongue, and out of revulsion that drove that desire to have said baby right back down.

And then with a sigh I simply laid back and relaxed, letting the waters warm me, and ever so slowly I began to drift off.

He stood before me, I was naked, his penis was erect and I was arched and aroused. This man, made faceless by the shadows that hid everything but his mouth moved close to me as I felt his groin pressed within the bowl made by the shapely pelvis and thighs that I had start to erect. I felt my breasts press against his chest while he held my face and kissed my lips, and I swooned within his arms as every muscle within me tensed. Bottom and thighs squeezed together in anticipation, and when we broke I smiled lovingly up at him, took his hand and led him straight to a place where a bed that was sunken into the earth was, and turning and kneeling, he knelt before me as I raised both knees and thighs to frame him, and bending over me, cradling me, we kissed again. But as we kissed, I moved backward and he followed till he was over me, and I swooned fully then from his kisses as he released my lips and then landed kissing pecks of loving intent upon my breasts and belly, and then kissed my pussy while I spread both legs as wide as they’d go.

I moaned, I was ready, and spreading his legs just enough to make way for his erect manhood, he leaned into me. I felt his erect prick pierce me, driving itself deep inside me like the penetrating battering ram breaking into a fortress. Inside me his maleness delved, pressing against the sensitive flesh within my bowels, and I was nearly to climax when...

“Is everything all right, Tanya?” Dmitri asked through the door as I rose with a sloshing of lukewarm water, one hand cupping a tit and the other penetrating my loins with three fingers.

Biting my lower lip I rose and pulled those fingers out only to tense as my loins finally released the pent up orgasm I was about to have in my dreams, and there was a flush of moisture from inside me.

“Y-yes... yes I am.” I answered.

“You were calling out. Did you need something?”

My cheeks flushed in embarrassment. “N-no... no thank you. I’ll be out in a few more minutes, I was just soaking.”

“All right, just remember I’m still here.”

I was blushing very deeply at the moment, and taking the soap and a washcloth, I rose out of the water and began washing myself before getting out and drying myself off; pausing as I held the towel, and biting my lower lip began to massage my pussy again and feeling more moisture leak from me before I got myself to stop.

Now Tanya... he’s already caught you once, no need to do it again.

And I folded the towel about my body completely before sitting down on the old-fashioned toilet, and taking up a brush that he’d provided for me, started brushed my long white hair back to lie straight against my back. Once done, I let the water out, bent down and picked up the basket where Ivan was still sleeping curled up in a ball, and I opened the door.

Dmitri appeared from out of one of the rooms down the wide hall.

“I thank you very, very much, Dmitri. I’ll go sleep on a couch or the floor or...”

“Nonsense. I have a guest room all made up for you already. This way.”

He was smiling at me... blushing even, and he turned to hide that blush I supposed as he led me to a small room that had a frosted-over window, a great big soft cushiony bed, and I swooned noticeably at the sight of that bed, the first decent bed than I could ever remember seeing.

The last sort of bed I saw that was that big had a mother and a father and five kids sleeping in it.

“How can I ever even begin to pay you back, mister Mediev? You keep treating me like this and I may never want to go home.”

He smiled at me. “If that is your wish. Rest here for as long as you work for your room and board, and after you’ve repaid your debt for the clothes, room and board, I’ll take you as far as I can.”

His eyes flickered toward my naked chest and the bosom hidden behind the towel, and my smile broadened as he confirmed right then and there that he indeed was not gay, and more importantly, available for me. Lifting a hand to the folded knot of the towel before my chest, I fingered it, debated about pulling it open and letting him see me naked. I instead thought better of that idea... for it was unladylike.

“Good night, Tanya.” He nodded to me and then turned to leave but paused at the door. “My room is right up the hall on the right to the other side of the bathroom. Should you need anything during the night then just call.”

That was about as inviting of an invitation as I ever heard for me to go sleep with him, but my upbringing kept that thought from becoming a reality. Again... it was unladylike. For a guy in a village made up

mostly of men, and with me being what I at least considered to be attractive and about his age, I must've been a goddess in his eyes colored with the usual male libido. However...

"One thing..." I said before he closed the door and he turned to me.

"Yes?"

How do I tell you I want you to jump my bones and probe me with that massive penis as deep and as hard as you could make it?!

"Ah... is there a power outlet in here so I can recharge this thing?" and I gestured to the case in Ivan's new bed.

"Over there." He pointed. "We work on two hundred and twenty volts like in the cities."

"Thank you." I said and he nodded and closed the door behind him.

Placing Ivan and the basket he was in on the floor, I opened the case, found its power chord and plugged it into an available outlet. It was then that I spied some folded up clean clothes on the bed where there was a folded up home-spun quilt, and on it was some green ribbon that would just possibly match my eyes.

Removing the towel and folding it over a chair, I sat down naked on the bed and suddenly found myself singing before slowly braiding my hair and tying its end with the ribbon while the computer recharged. In the back of my mind, I noticed that I was humming the same song mother always sung whenever I nursed from her as a child. Remarkable that a song I never realized I knew was exiting me now, and thinking of mother and looking down at my fat breasts that were engorged with milk, I lowered a hand and fondled one of the firm tits before raising it to my lips and drinking my milk first from one tit and then the other to relieve the tension in them.

Then rising and opening the heavy cotton and wool fabrics, I slid naked into the bed, slid into the down cushions and pillows, switched off the light and immediately went to sleep.

Day 102: *Awaking in a bed like this after sleeping so well for what felt like the first time in my life was invigorating. The soft cotton was like silk against my naked body and I found that Ivan had gotten up to sleep with me during the night. I kissed his head to wake him up, and he yawned nice and long before he got up, sat on my chest and found a nipple to suck from for a bit.*

Some questions would arise about this place though. I'd assume that this particular building was the most advanced in town, equipped with running water, electricity and a satellite and radio antenna on the roof, probably a drain field of some sort... Regardless, it was hard to believe that someone like Dmitri was a magistrate in this place. How'd it come to be? Why was it so popular now? Sure, it was a lot larger than your usual sort of hunting camp... a lot larger...

People were continually leaving the cities for the rural areas. Lack of money, lack of heat during the winter, lack of food and a lack of money made it so that the once Noble Russians had to go live with rural relatives in order to survive. It was a sorry, bleak state of affairs that affected most of the people.

So truthfully, I could honestly see why there were places like this springing up everywhere.

There was food and heat here, money wasn't as much of a necessity in such situations, and those who couldn't live off the land either learned to or died.

Getting up and dressing in the clothes that Dmitri had provided for me – a good shirt, a nice pair of breeches – both of which were perhaps a little too big for me, some wool socks and a thick wool sweater to keep me warm, I tentatively left the room to look for my generous host.

This house was beautiful, old, and quite traditional. I noticed the creak of the water wheel that was in the river at times depending upon where I was in the house, and whoever lived here must've lived like a king in a castle surrounded by his many subjects. Ivan followed me around wherever I went, staying close to my heels and smelling the unfamiliar scents of this place.

There was a study with a computer, a den with a large television and loads of electronic equipment. There was an office with communications gear, and the basement led into a vast food storage that was well stocked with wine, water and food. There was a cash register and a safe down here as well... one could assume that Dmitri opened his house to the people in the surrounding area for barter and for them to buy foodstuffs.

Magistrate, shop owner, water and power... all wrapped up into one.

When I got to the kitchen that I recognized from last night, he was already there cooking a large breakfast. The sun was barely up at the moment, which meant that it was nearing noon.

"I overslept." I greeted as I entered the kitchen and sat down. Ivan hopped up onto my lap and lay down and I automatically began to pet him. "Forgive me for being such a terrible guest, but I'm ready to work now."

"That's good. I'm behind on some of my chores, so I can give you a choice of what you'd like to do today, but we'll discuss that after lunch."

Lunch... yea... I thought to myself, it was too late for breakfast.

It was more of the same food from last night. Eggs, steaks, breads and cranberry preserves served with milk... everything that one would expect on a farm.

"Have you ever worked on a farm before?"

“I’m afraid not.” I admitted, poking at my food. I was certain he was giving me a lot. Food was skim everywhere, so I assumed that they were doling out food and water with an eyedropper around here. “Closest I’ve ever been to any of these jobs is working at the market in the city.”

Dmitri nodded.

“Then today you’ll learn. You’ll have to develop some muscles. Now eat up, because you won’t be fed again till dinner. I have to get my fair’s wage out of you.”

I milked cows, I retrieved eggs from chickens, and I baled hay and fed the horses. Whenever I went outside though, the people who were about in this town watched me with startled looks as if I were a strange thing dressed in a spare coat, a pair of Dmitri’s boots, a scarf and a traditional Russian fur hat. I was pretty sure it was because I was a woman, and when I paused and took my hat and scarf off to make play at straightening my hair, they blanched and ran off. Smiling a supple, wide-lipped smile at them before re-securing the scarf and donning the pair of warm mittens again, I went off to work wherever I could.

There wasn’t a single job that Dmitri gave me that I dared say no to... even when he told me to slop the pigs.

“Dmitri, I’ve been wanting to ask...” I paused as I sat churning butter in his kitchen. After all, I did get a lot of practice in this exact motion in the Facility... “What sort of place is this? There’re a lot of modern conveniences here that I’d not seen since the collapse. What exactly is done here? How’d this place get started?”

“It was my father’s idea. He started it as a base camp for many different things. Hunting and fishing, fish, game and wildlife experts... and everything else a person might want to do in the wilderness. There were a myriad of tiger experts who came this way when I was a boy, and twice later were experts who were observing the wolves. Once an international arctic expedition that consisted of French, Americans, English, Japanese and of course our fellow Russians came here between their expeditions to the north to stock up on merchandise and to blow off steam. Government types, you know the kind.”

I did... but if those government types like he called them were going to and from the facility... it was quite possible that the secret organization was a whole lot broader if there were French, English and Japanese among them.

“How did you know their nationalities?” I asked after that moment of thought.

“They wore patches on their suits.” He said simply. “As for what we do now... well, this is a sort of refugee camp now, Tanya. Trappers, woodsmen, hunters, fishers, some farmers... It’s a day’s ride in a truck or jeep to get to and from the nearest town from here. We barter various things for other items that we need... and once every few months or so a person who knew this place exists would arrive. Some would walk in from the wilderness,”

“Like me.” I joked, and he smiled at me.

“Yes, while others arrive with more livestock. Sheep, cows... the like. Guns and ammo, additional skills. I even got a guy who opened a bar that serves vodka. That’s essentially where all our potatoes go.”

I continued churning for a good minute or so before I looked back up at him.

“Have any more of those expeditions come around lately?” I asked.

“No... not really, but some of the hunters state that they’ve heard and seen some strange military machines in the area. Not to uncommon... there’s a military base to the south after all. But a fortnight ago, one of them saw a most peculiar sight. He was former People’s Army so he was able to recognize a pair of Hind helicopters, but the vehicles that they were escorting were the strangest he’d ever seen. They had huge rotors on them that were side to side instead of front to back like most of our freight helicopters, so he assumed they were foreign, but why they were flying with Russian helicopters I’ll never know.

“There must be something to the north that they were going to and they just narrowly missed our little town.”

A fortnight ago. Two Hinds and two Ospreys no doubt. That was when I escaped from the Facility and battled Twenty-Five.

“Must be exciting.” I said, feigning ignorance.

Dmitri focused on me for a moment or two before speaking. “Where exactly were you kidnapped to, Tanya.” He asked and I stopped churning.

“I’m not really sure.” I said, speaking the truth. I really had no idea where I was now, so how could I tell him where I was taken to? “It was in the mountains.”

“How’d you escape?” he asked then, and I lifted my eyes to him and realized that he was hunting for lies.

“Dmitri, I know what happened to me must be exciting, but... I experienced things there I really don’t want to relive. Ever.”

I lowered my head away from him and gripped the pole of that butter churn. It was quite true what I said there I knew. I really, really didn’t want to relive what I experienced there. Being tortured and altered, making a lover and losing a lover, relearning that I was a Lycan and seeing into the mind of a psychopath and experiencing through his eyes the things that made him a psychopath and the women who turned him into such a creature. His own mother, a woman he loved...

I shivered in thought and Dmitri caught on it, but he didn’t say anything about it.

It would be easy for me to distance myself from human beings especially after what the Administrator said, saying that I’m a different species entirely. I didn’t know how it worked really, but if I were truly not human... then humans are disgusting for what they do to each other...

It was then that Dmitri walked over to me and sat down beside me before lifting a hand to hold my shoulder.

“I’m sorry. There are some strange things happening around here lately... and your appearance and how you arrived and in your immaculate condition are just too strange of an occurrence. We’ve all learned not to trust the strange and unusual around here. The last time we dared to trust such a thing we were all met with disaster.”

“W-what happened?” I gasped, asking before I realized what it was that I asked.

Dmitri rose to his feet and focused his hawk-like eyes on mine.

“My father died.”

Day 107: *Five days passed at that refugee camp... or work farm or whatever it could be called, as I worked as hard as I could to help pay back Dmitri for the clothes that I tried to steal, for the food I used and for the room and water that I used as well. From morning until night, in blistering cold and snowy winds or in blindingly bright sunlight I worked ceaselessly, actually enjoying the feeling of my muscles burning from exertion and my body becoming slick with sweat by the end of the day. I was gaining muscle weight again, and this was my natural human body as well, the most basic of body forms. I was certain that any muscle growth I experienced as a human would mean even more body strength as a full grown Lycan.*

But there was more.

My sexuality was growing still, and with subtly widening hips and a firming and swelling bottom with blossoming breasts and enhancing beauty, I was quite certain that I was ultimately rising in maturity for motherhood. Despite my revulsions of having to eat afterbirth or licking my baby clean, I was nonetheless growing in desire to have a baby. My milk generation was growing more plentiful as a result to that growing sexual power and I often times had to siphon myself of milk both in the morning and at night. I tried controlling the milk production like I controlled my body transformation, but whether or not I was able to do anything about it was uncertain. But what that now meant was that I now had two very firm breasts of P-cup size that literally held themselves up they were so full. What was more was that my crotch felt like it was perpetually on fire and I had to give myself a rub every now and again to calm it.

The notes about my sexuality from the Administrator of the Facility warned that I'd enter a heat at least once a year, but I had no idea when my first heat would be. Between the time I entered the facility and the time I left, I'd lost my usual menstruation cycle, which was good because I didn't bleed once a month any more, but was bad because when I did ovulate... it would be a heinous battle against myself to keep that sexuality in.

There was mixed feelings in me the longer I stayed here though. I was indeed helping my fellow Russians out, which felt good, but I also wanted to find my sister and brother at all costs, and I caught myself contemplating cutting fence and running away.

Perhaps... perhaps after I found them I could come back to this quiet peaceful place that the residents call Mir, which means 'Peace' in our language, which after seeing what everyone had dealt with and has now I thought that a village called 'Peace' was a very appropriate name.

However, I found that my new identity as a monster inside a beautiful woman was a battle in and of itself that I honestly couldn't dare to loose.

I had a dream that night. I had a dream that I'd changed, I'd turned into that raving monster of a fem again, naked and free in the snow, chasing after a vast herd of Caribou, I heard my roar, sank my teeth in, heard the squeal of the doe I'd attacked and chosen because she had no fawn. I tasted her blood, felt her feminine strengths steal their way into me, filling me with new power I'd not yet had, and roaring triumphantly, I then began to consume her without bothering to skin or cook her.

And then I woke up, naked, in the middle of blood-stained snow, hugging the dead carcass of a caribou doe. There was blood all over me, caked in my hair and on my face and body, especially about my mouth, and with a gasp I hurried back through the snow, even as there were shouts of people around me.

I made it back to Mir in the darkness of pre-dawn, entered the house after making sure Dmitri wasn't there, hurried up the steps and into the bathroom where I closed the door and locked it before taking a shower. The movies often times showed a werecreature after a kill, waking up as a human being and surrounded in the refuse left after such a violent, bestial killing. Sometimes that thing they'd killed was a creature like I'd killed, other times it was a human being. I only hoped that I wasn't some disgusting monster like that... but it wasn't even a full moon yet! There were five more days for goodness sakes... and why won't this blood come off?! It's like...

There was a knock at the door and I froze. “Y-yes?”

“I’m checking to see if you’re all right, Tanya.” Dmitri’s worried voice came through the door. “There was a beast attack outside last night... pretty close to where we are. The hunters and trappers are saying that it must be an enormous tiger... two or three times as large as anything they’d ever encountered.”

“I’m fine. Just showering.” I grinned – or was it a grimace – and tried to keep myself from laughing hysterically or nervously.

“Good.” He sounded relieved. “I had one of the village assistants pick some things up that I want to show you Tanya... when you’re out of the shower.”

“I’d love to see them.” I answered and looked down at the blood that was only now starting to come off with the soap and water.

“I’ll see you when you’re done.” And I heard him walk away.

I stifled a sigh, and merely exhaled slowly through my nose before washing all that blood off me, being careful to look underneath every nook and cranny, beneath my fingernails, beneath either boob, in the crevices of my bottom and between crotch and legs, and that day I brushed my teeth harder than I’d ever done so before!

Handmade toothpaste made from baking soda and mint plant was like applying an abrasive to your teeth...

It was longer than I wanted to take a shower that day, and after dressing in a towel and brushing my hair, I stepped lithely, gracefully, more dexterously than I had for awhile, an elegant floating or maybe stalking walk back to my room before I entered and closed the door behind me.

‘You look a bit worse for wear...’ I heard a voice, and without thinking I just responded to it.

“I feel worse for wear. I mean I... wait... who said that? Dmitri?” I said and looked around, seeing nothing out of place as I looked about.

‘I did.’ The voice repeated and I looked about for the source, seeing everything where it was supposed to be... the case on the table, the clothes I *‘stole’* hanging over the chair, Ivan laying on the center of the bed, and getting on my hands and knees I even looked under the bed for anyone hiding underneath there, not caring that they’d be able to see a perfect view of my crotch from beneath the towel I wore from me kneeling down like that. But finding no one underneath the bed, I rose and looked about the room again, going to the wardrobe but finding nothing.

“W-where are you? I give up! Come on out...”

‘I’m where I’ve been since you entered the room, silly, right here on your bed.’ I blinked and turned fully around as Ivan turned his head toward me. *‘Silly Tanya... afraid to recognize what’s right there before your eyes?’*

I gave out a low cry of alarm and flattened my back against the wall with a thump before Ivan got up, stretched, yawned, kneaded the quilt with his claws and then sat down on his haunches before wrapping his tail about his feet.

‘Finally you hear me.’ He purred.

“Ivan?” I ventured, stepping from the wall and reaching out a hand to him, and he lifted a paw and placed it on mine.

‘Of course Ivan. Who else would be talking to you? I’m the only other creature here... lest you’d like to admit you’re hearing voices.’

“Yes, but I’m wondering if admitting to voices in my head is more preferable than to admitting that I’m talking to a cat.” I said quietly, in a conspiratorial tone.

‘Albeit to be called a voice in your head, I don’t know enough of the world to really explain how you can hear me, but if you think about it you’re a cat just like me, so it only makes sense, doesn’t it?’ I sat down and Ivan got up and stepped up onto my lap so that he could bring his head closer to mine. *‘I’d prefer it if you didn’t just think that I’m a voice in your head now that you’re able to hear and understand me.’*

“B-but how can we prove that I am hearing you?”

‘Ask me to do something and I’ll do it.’ He suggested, and I looked around for something, and then pointed at the side desk.

“Bring me that doily.”

‘That cloth thing on the table?’ he asked and I nodded, and without another word he hopped off me, turned and headed over to the table, picked up the doily with his teeth and then returned with it before laying it on my lap before I picked him up and squeezed him.

“Oh this is so wonderful!” and he gave a choked meow in protest.

‘Careful! I’m delicate!’ he said and I apologized before putting him down and he licked his paw and straightened the fur on his head and chest while he continued to talk. *‘So what can I call you? Sister? Mother?’*

“What would you like to call me?” I asked him and pet his head.

‘I’m not really sure. I’m still a kitten after all, and you’ve been a friend, a mother, a sister and owner and... well... a pet to me all in one. It’s difficult to put a single word on it.’

I crossed my legs and pulled him to me. “Tanya will be fine.” I murred and rubbed my cheek against his. “And what about you, do we still call you Ivan or...” then there was a knock at the door, and I looked up sharply.

“It’s me, Dmitri. May I come in?”

“Certainly.” I said and hugged Ivan to me, petting his head and back, and Dmitri entered but paused when he saw that I was still wearing nothing but a towel.

“I... I’ve brought you something.” He added, and I smirked at the sight of the bulge in his pants deepening. “Consider this a gift, something you don’t have to pay me back for.”

“Really? Thank you, but what is it?”

“Open it and see.” He managed, and letting Ivan fall back down, I undid the drawstrings on the brown paper and opened it up and found a few pairs of...

“Girl clothes!” I giggled, and picked up a pair of side-tie panties.

“I didn’t know what your size was, so I got the variable ones. A woman’s bare skin shouldn’t be against such harsh clothes like I wear. There’s some other women’s clothing we got, but I’m afraid I’ll have to have you work for those. I couldn’t afford to buy you anything more.”

“Thank you... this means a lot to me.” I said and turning to him, pressed against his arm and kissed his cheek, and when I withdrew I got the pleasure of watching him turn several shades redder.

“It’s my pleasure. Now hurry, we have some business to attend to today, there’s a town meeting in an hour.” And he rose and left, closing the door behind him to let me dress, and removing the towel and rising, I took out a simple undershirt that was made of a poly-cotton blend so that it felt like silk but was machine washable. Looking at the tag, I saw that the clothes were tagged in English instead of Russian, and I smirked as I realized that I could read the words, all thanks to that mental programming I was sure.

‘That was kind of him.’ Ivan said as he lay on the crinkly paper the clothes had come in. *‘Ahh... nice texture.’* And he stretched out on it.

I pulled on the undershirt and settled it about my breasts... well... more like had to pull it over and tuck it under these fat mammaries of mine, and though they were still round and full, they weren’t as free as before so didn’t wobble as much.

“Yes it was, and one should always be grateful for any gift they receive...” I said and had picked up one of the side-tie panties and was about to tie the first two strings together before I paused. “Where did I learn that?”

‘Beats me,’ Ivan said and laid more on his side as he stretched out on the paper, the brown paper crinkling. *‘Enjoy your manual labor by the way.’*

“Must be nice being a cat.” I said as I finished tying those panties and settling them about my loins, giving them a caressing rub briefly before I tugged the front and back up more tightly about my bottom and loins and making the strings cling higher on my sides. I turned to the mirror in the room and with hand on hip began to turn this way and that to see how it looked.

‘Why do you say that?’ he asked.

“Because you can lay about all day and just be petted and fed. Why don’t you make yourself useful and go catch some of the mice I’ve seen around here.” I mused, and then picked him up and placed him on the floor as I heard him murr in annoyance.

‘You know, I was quite comfortable on that paper.’ He said looking back at me as I opened the door for him.

“And you can be comfortable again... just go catch one of those mice. Now scoot.”

‘Ok... but it’s just because I love you.’ He said and turned back to rub up against my legs before he left the room, leaving me to finish dressing.

I’d decided that I wanted to look more feminine that day, so hiking up the pants that I was working to own so that it more solidly conformed about my crotch and bottom, I tied it off about my waist instead of about the hips before pulling the shirt and sweater on, and going downstairs ate breakfast with him before we both dressed for the cold weather and left the house, heading into the ramshackle town.

I noticed that people were watching us rather intently as we walked around the back of one of the semi-permanent structures, and after a moment or two, I realized that it was me that they were watching.

“Why are they all staring at me?” I asked suddenly, and being self-conscious about it, I automatically pressed against Dmitri’s side, holding his arm and felt him tense automatically in arousal. I tried not to notice as much as I wanted to.

“Because if you’ve seen some of the other women in town you’ll find that they’re married, too old or too young for all these men. You’re a young, vibrant, sensual woman and it’s something that any man would desire. As such, perhaps you should limit yourself to the house lest you’re doing chores. There’re some men here who have a tendency of taking what they want.”

I looked to him, realizing everything that he was saying. I’ve never read between the lines so much since I came to the facility, perhaps it was programming, perhaps it was an increase in intelligence they gave me, perhaps it was instinct, the experiences with dealing with the facility staff or just plain old-fashioned women’s intuition, but I saw too much coincidence in what he said.

He’d noticed me, he thought I was beautiful, he knew others thought I was beautiful and he wanted to protect me because of it because there were sexual predators in the town.

“Thank you, I’ll watch out, but something you should know about me is that I can...” and then I got a full cupping clap on the butt and I squeaked before turning to a bunch of men who were standing by waiting for the building to be opened, one of the men was pointing at his open palm.

I let go of Dmitri and strode up to him.

“Was it you?!” I demanded to a man who, in my present form was a full head and shoulders taller than me.

“That’s right, comrade, I did touch your bottom, and it was worth it!”

I smirked, my wide, full lips spreading into a feral grin as I leveled my gaze upon him. “I require more for a touch on my bottom though, *comrade*.”

“And what sort of thing do you wish for me to pay? I have no money... lest of course you’re looking for a good... shucking.” He smirked and his fellows laughed as he hoisted his groin with one gloved hand.

The motion felt as automatic for me as walking. My leg swung up, scrunched tight against my body in a chambering position, I pivoted backward and extended my muddy boot into his skull, holding the leg upward in a full extension filled with feminine righteousness for a few seconds before I re-chambered it and then lowered it to the ground as I pivoted to the side.

“If I don’t want your contact, then it’s a good old-fashioned boot to the head! Now I think you’ve paid enough for that slap on my ass. Is it still worth it?”

The men looked at me and then to their friend on the ground, who after staring surprised at me began to laugh energetically.

“Yes! Yes it was! And what a fine ass it is too!”

I laughed back at him and offered a mitten and helped him up. “Now... how much for copping a feel?” he asked.

“Depends upon whether or not you like my knee shoving your balls so far up inside you you’ll have to swallow them to get them back down.” I smiled innocently and he immediately lifted his hands that were rubbing my shoulders.

“The touch on the bottom will suffice for awhile.” He admitted and I gave him a curt nod before rejoining Dmitri.

“Where did you learn to do that? I’m most impressed.”

“I picked it up here and there.” I admitted... though vaguely, and we continued to the temporary building and Dmitri opened it up so that we could all file in.

“Go sit at the front of the room while I light this stove.” He said as all the other men filed in behind him, one of them turning on the light as he entered.

In short order there was a pot of coffee coming to a boil on the large pot-bellied stove at the center of the room and more than a hundred men were all within the room as Dmitri took a position at a narrow podium before everybody.

There were some introductions, some usual business, some laughter and joking and then there was the matter in which this meeting was called.

“A Tiger attack was discovered near to the town. One of the does in the Caribou herd was mauled and killed and fed upon by a very large predator. Judging by the tracks and the size of the paws, we’re dealing with a very large animal, easily several hundred kilograms in weight if not over half a kilo,” and people began to gasp in surprise and awe at my size in my altered form. “Judging by the length of the hind to fore quarters, it’s at least twenty-seven and a half decimeters long.” More awe-stuck voices to that announcement, and I was feeling rather proud of myself that they were holding me in such awe. “This meeting is to address the issue of such a creature in our whereabouts.

“If you’re a farmer, keep your flocks as close to town as you’re able to. If you meet with the tiger, then it will more than likely hunt for one of the sheep or cattle you have in your herd and leave you alone. If it does take one of your animals, then leave it be. It will be within your best interests *not* to shoot at the animal, for standard rifle, slug or buckshot will only make an animal this large mad at you and decide to defend itself.

“For those of you who are trappers or hunters, despite how much you believe this sort of a pelt will bring, I urge you not to hunt the animal, or if you do don’t hunt it alone. I know what all of you are packing for weapons and ammunitions, and there isn’t a single one of you that I know of who is carrying anything larger than that which is required to down a caribou, a bear or a wolf.

“This is a large animal, larger than anything we’ve encountered here, and I think it’s best to get a professional hunter or better yet a fish and wildlife expert to deal with the beast.

That comment was met with angry shouts and cat calls, and those who’d had enough of the meeting either went in a corner to talk amongst themselves with a cup of coffee in their hands, or left the room entirely while Dmitri spoke at length with those who remained. Questions about increased security, demands that individuals here be left to deal with the monster, statements that people were leaving and so on.

For an hour and a half the meeting continued to drag on, dealing with all these many issues before Dmitri got tired of going round in circles with the questions, called for volunteers to protect the village and again warned everyone not to do anything rash before calling an end to the meeting, in which time Dmitri left, leaving the room open and the stove lit to allow everyone to talk about the goings on here.

“Finally that’s over.” He voiced as I came near to walk beside him once we were both outside.

“So... what would you like me to do for chores today?” I asked him and he paused, looked at me and laughed.

“Always to the point I see...” he smiled and then scratched the back of his head. “Milk, eggs, hay and feed I guess, and then we can call it a day.”

“I’ll have it all done for you by dinner.” I grinned, and turning, made sure to arch my back enough to draw focus upon my bottom sticking out of the back of the coat for him to watch. A glance over my shoulder indeed had him watching, and I smiled before striding more quickly away.

The work all done, the large jugs of milk and the crates of eggs placed where I was told to place them, I made the extra effort of taking the stray pieces of cut wood in the yard and stacked them before entering the house and placing coat and boots and gloves with hat in their specific places, I heard a sound of people talking and following it, entered into the den and found Dmitri watching TV.

“Hmm... TV... where I came from twenty families gathered around a thirty-three centimeter black and white screen to watch the television.” I said and folded my arms beneath the engorged breasts I had.

I seriously had to milk myself soon.

“A couple purchases when we had money. High-definition and satellite TV. Sit, come watch for a spell.”

And so I did. I sat beside him; sat quietly, laughed with him, but ever so slowly I began to eye him out of the corner of one eye. And slowly, I took to readjusting myself where I sat, leaning closer and closer to him, till an hour later I was leaning my head against his chest and hugging him about the middle with one arm. And then even more slowly, I let myself slide down his body as he breathed, getting closer to his belt, and I was about to kiss his belly when...

Dmitri shut the TV off and then began to rise.

“That should be enough for today.” He said quietly, and I sat back as he rose. “Thank you... for watching with me. It’s been awhile.”

“I wondered... what keeps those people out there from raiding your house and stealing you blind. The things in here could fetch a mighty price on the black market.”

“They know that if someone steals they all must leave this place. Keeps them watching each other to keep someone from stealing. There’re too many people here who have no other place to go. That and there are some very nice locks on the doors, and they all know I’m very well armed.”

“What’s keeping me from stealing you blind and running away?”

“We both know that if you were going to do that, you would’ve by now. Come now... time for bed. Tomorrow is another day of living off the land.”

I laid in bed with my pants off, wearing only the undershirt and panties while Ivan enjoyed eating a mouse over a long period of time. I didn’t mind the crunching of his jaws tearing the mouse apart and eating its bones, it would be a meal he’d eat for a few days, and strangely I wouldn’t mind eating one myself right now – *ew, where did that thought come from?! –* but what was truly keeping my attentions were a desire that was rising up inside me, a desire that had me laying there with one light on and my hand between my thighs over my crotch.

Rising from the bed, both breasts shifting subtly inside their woven cloth undershirt while I pulled the hand that was caressing myself toward distraction out from between my thighs and I focused upon Ivan to settle my head and beating heart. Ivan paused from eating his mouse to look up at me and lick his lips. He didn’t say anything, not even as a smidgeon of my juices slid from me to moisten a strip in those panties, drawing a gasp from me in elation before I got to my feet, went to the door and opened it before stepping barefoot down the hallway.

There was a light that was shining through the crack in his door, and stepping up to it and pushing it open, I stood framed there in the doorway dressed only in those panties and the top while I looked upon him reading some paperwork while leaning back atop his bed against some pillows. It took a moment before he realized that I was there, and when he did he merely stared at me for a time, his eyes tracing me from head to toe, pausing upon the cloth pulled tightly over my twin labia to reveal the torrid state I was in. The shirt I wore likewise showed off my torpedo tits capped with their thick areola and their erect nipples.

“I-is there something wrong Tanya?” he asked laying the papers down on the bedside table.

I smiled at him and entering his room closed the door, and as I approached I fingered the strings on the side-tie panties I was wearing and subtly started pulling on them. Dmitri sat up straighter as those knots steadily came undone, the elastic nylon chords being drawn to the very edge of their tension just before the knots both popped open and untied before their strings unraveled. The front flap of those panties flipped downward, revealing the swollen folds of my womanhood with its erect clitoris peaking out from its insides as I pulled what part of the back was flossing my bottom out and letting that garment fall to the ground.

Dmitri was getting pleasantly erect, and while I pushed the undershirt upward to the peak of my chest to let the twin breasts decorating my chest to fall outward, that member of his flexed sturdily inside his pants before I crawled up onto his down-filled bed, moved close to him and kissed his lips. He didn't move for me as I fingered the shirt he was still wearing, sliding a hand beneath it to palm as his muscular belly, kissing him again and again, tasting those lips and enjoying the sensation as he tentatively kissed me back.

Then I undid his belt and fly, and reaching into those pants pulled out his wickedly erect member that was already throbbing excitedly for me before I withdrew from kissing him and crawled backward along his body. There I laid before him, kissing the head of his manhood with my supple lips before I slid my mouth down onto that throbbing member of his, pulling it backward in order to allow it to bend inside my throat till it tickled the uvula at the back of my throat. Both my breasts pressed up against his groin while I massaged its length with one hand and cupped his nads with the other, moistening him steadily before I bent myself to look him straight in the eyes.

He didn't speak, merely lifted a hand to palm my face as he started breathing faster, and I felt the hard throbbing mass of his maleness growing steadily in power as its head slid further down my throat while I tantalized him with the flat of my tongue and with my teeth. It was a measure as to how backed up he was as he rocked, rocked again, and came heavily into my mouth. I eagerly swallowed every ejaculation before I cleaned his erection off with my lips and tongue. Once done, I grabbed his pants and boxers and pulled them off him, fully removing my undershirt to be totally naked and then his shirt before straddling his lap. Then taking that still erect member of his that steely hard even after climax, I inserted it into me. Then taking his hands as I sunk straight onto his lap, held them to my breasts, getting him to squeeze the pair while I felt an erotic power rising up inside me, and I realized that his seed within my belly was doing something!

Milk started leaking from my nipples as I rode him, and catching my breath as that growing reaction grew ever stronger, I realized what was happening to me. Like when I drank someone's blood, I was absorbing his strength!

Through his seed?!

My muscles started tensing, and looking to the nails on the ends of my fingers as they lengthened, I thought fast and pressed my chest into his face, obscuring his vision of the change I underwent whenever I consumed strength, and gasping, my chest heaving, my back suddenly tensed, my butt thickened, thighs and arms grew thicker and creased with thicker and tighter muscles, my abdominals tightening into deeper creases of eight abs and four lats. Pussy lips grew tighter, firmer, my clit thickened as I absorbed his presence of strength. The biceps on either arm peaked higher, shoulders creased and widened as my chest thickened both in pectoral mass and mammary size.

The pleasure of a dick inside me and this transformation of growth tickled me, tantalized me and my insides grew sopping wet as my juices slid out from within me to trickle down his piercing shaft and nads. Then rising, my disheveled hair hanging over one side of my face, I reached out and clicked the switch on his bedside lamp to throw the room into darkness, and long-arming him, pushing him deeper into the pillows, I stared down at him, both breasts hanging heavily from my chest to roll onto his as I rode his groin, tensing and releasing my vaginal muscles to entice him to another orgasm as my milk dribbled onto his chest.

“Your... your eyes shine, even in the dark.” He said and fingered my lips and I kissed his fingers before sucking on one of them.

“It means I’m happy... now shh... and just let me thank you as thoroughly and as fully as I can for being such a kind and wonderful man in this bleak, torrid world of mine.” And licking my teeth clean, I laid against him and kissed him and showed him everything I’d learned about making love from a man who was known solely as: Guard Twenty-Three.

Day 108: *In the facility... I'd once enticed the few men that were there into repeated fits of orgasmic might. I'd started a couple orgies in the shower room, and made individuals who were several times my mass cow-tow to my every little whim. There was a power a woman had, and a beautiful enough of a woman could make even other women contemplate sexual deeds with her. I was certain that there were men out there who were so sexual they made other men contemplate love-making with their own gender, but I'd not met one yet.*

Regardless, a sexually powerful woman could entice their men into long, torrid fits of sexual intercourse... and apparently I'd been programmed with a unique set of skills, for without knowing how I learned them I was getting Dmitri to climax again and again... even when his body refused to release any more of his seed and ejaculate into me.

It was a remarkable thing to know that you'd enticed a man into feeling a multiple orgasm.

The only thing I could think of how I knew these skills was perhaps that they were maybe instinctual. A woman, a cat... cat's were the symbols of fertility in certain cultures. Maybe I just had a talent for it, maybe Dmitri and I just connected so well, I don't know. What I hoped it wasn't, though, was that I was programmed with these skills in the Facility.

But despite all the trepidation on how I was able to experience this sort of thing with Dmitri, for not even my guard made me feel so wonderful as this, Dmitri and I remained with each other all through the course of the night, and in Russia, the nights here were long...

Nonetheless, he and I made love six times, ending with he and I sleeping in his bed with me using his broad chest for a pillow.

There was a way that if I were to choose to be woken up for the rest of my life then I would choose this way to be woken up. It began with fingers upon my breast, it continued as those fingers enticed my nipple into erection and once erect those fingers would then gently squeeze and rub that nib of erect woman-flesh, just before a pair of lips pressed against mine in a kiss. Automatically I wrapped an arm about the neck of this person, arching myself and returning the kiss as I came awake, and as those lips left mine I opened my eyes to see Dmitri laying above me.

"Hi." He greeted.

"Hi." I returned, lifting both hands to his neck as I rose to kiss him again, and spreading my legs accepted his coupling manhood sliding inside my pussy as deeply as it could go.

Six times already, and now this made seven. Afterwards as I got up and he followed, there was another sexual interaction in the shower in which I accepted more of his seed inside me. Then after I'd toweled myself off and was standing naked in front of his mirror brushing my teeth, I felt his hands on my bottom just before he flossed my bottom with his erect penis, and with a moan I bent, spit out the homemade toothpaste, rose up on my toes and arched myself, and the moment he stuck it in me I had an orgasm, and the moment that orgasm flushed his thighs with my sticky vaginal juices, there was a click and the power went off.

"Aww... damn it!" Dmitri said and pulled out of me with a slurp.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Generator just blew. It's the third time this month!" I heard the jingling of the belt of his pants as he pulled them on, and I simply pulled on an undershirt and the pair of trousers I had and followed him as he went to a storage cabinet in the hallway and retrieved a flashlight before leading the way down the stairs and into the basement. "Stupid piece of JUNK!" and he kicked a large thing that was sitting amidst

numerous gears that was attached to the water wheel on the river outside his house, and it clanged noisily. “Here, hold this.” And he handed me the light, and the moment it was in my hands it glowed obviously brighter than before. Thankfully Dmitri was too preoccupied with the generator to notice that.

He retrieved a large wooden box laden with tools and attacked the front of the thing, trying to get the bolt that held its face plate off that protected the turbine, and grunting with a wrench it finally slipped and he swore a slew of profanities.

“Damn it! I need the breaker bar. Damn thing’s rusted on tight! Stay here Tanya, I’ll be right back.” Dmitri said and stomped up stairs swearing at the situation, and holding onto the flash light I looked to the turbine, and knowing how much electrical power I had in me, I thought for a moment and placed my hand on the turbine.

I could feel that it was low on power, but there was also a loose bar on the inside that the water wheel was supposed to catch in order to turn the turbine. I delved into the machine, concentrating, never having done such fine control before, and I guessed that I put a little too much into it because the catcher wheel clanged into place and the bolt that held it in place tightened so quick and hard that it literally fused the metal.

Oops... but perhaps this was better anyways. The part wouldn’t come loose again. And providing just a little turning power...

There was the sound of squealing metal for a moment and then a series of clunking metal parts before the turbine began to move; and as it moved I felt its power grow. With a soft moan that made me moisten slightly, I felt its excess power begin to seep inside me through that hand. I bit my lower lip, felt my nipples standing on end, felt my breasts swelling, and with a low nasal moan, I forced the turbine to turn faster with my power and it in turn began to move all that more quickly. The lights flickered on and then shone brighter than before.

“Tanya! You got it to work?” Dmitri asked, appearing at the base of the stairs again.

I blanched and then turned, clutching my hand close to me, feeling both tits jostle inside their cloth wrap.

“N-no... it just started working all by itself.” I gasped in muted excitement, realized that the flashlight in my hand was getting hot with the added charge in it and I switched it off. “Maybe whatever broke just... slipped back into place?” I shrugged and smiled up at him while the lights dimming a little now that I wasn’t touching the turbine.

To distract him from this I stepped up to him, took his hand and fed it underneath my shirt to encourage him to fondle my tit with his big strong hands.

“Now... I believe you were doing something to me before we were sorely interrupted.” I smirked, and he smiled impishly at me.

His mind appropriately distracted, he led me back upstairs to the bathroom, where I undressed and leaned against the basin of the sink and received him as he inserted back into me.

That day was a short work day for Dmitri and me, and we worked together milking the cows and removing the eggs from the chickens and ducks as well as feeding the community livestock. Though the old government was over, and Communism was abolished in Mother Russia, here it was still practiced in the way it was meant to be... which was possible only when a man was in control of everything that wasn’t corrupt.

The common Russian knew long ago, from the time of Stalin, that Lenin’s ideals were taken with him to the grave. Communism was a good idea; the problem was that mankind just wasn’t ready for it. That’s

why it failed. Here it succeeded. Everyone shared everything... it was a necessity to survive here in this wilderness. Eggs, milk, meat, grains, everything went into a collective pot that Dmitri controlled and dolled out to everyone depending upon need and the size of their families. He said his father ran the farm like Lenin would've wanted it to be.

After work, I was introduced with another gift for my time here... a simple skirt and a woman's blouse that was donated by a pair of the women. They were worn well and lived in, they had personality and felt good to be wearing more girl's clothes, and likewise, while we enjoyed some time beside a fire in the den, I rose, sat on Dmitri's lap, undid his pants and my panties, and sitting on his lap with his sword sheathed in me, we made a subtle love making that was intercourse only.

It lasted for a good long time, enough time for me to begin lifting my shirt when there was a hammering at the door to the kitchen from outside.

"Dmitri! Dmitri open up!" someone yelled, and he and I looked at each other before I slid off him and he quickly buckled his pants back up and had just zipped himself up when he opened the door to the outside, letting in a cold burst of air.

A man who looked like to be dressed all in furs, with a big harry beard was standing there with a large rifle in his hands.

"Dmitri, you must come look, quickly." He said, and Dmitri went for his boots and coat without another word, and I followed with once I'd donned a set of boots and pulled on a jacket as well. The two of us followed this man as he led us to the edge of the fenced in back yard of Dmitri's own house. "Over here! Over here... quickly!" he said, and then pointed down at something just outside the fence, and I bit my lower lip as I recognized one of my paw prints from the other night. "The beast has come into the village once... three days old, and look!" and the man shone a flashlight on a part of the fence. "It entered your back yard, see here the blood? And here!" he pointed just inside the fence. "And here too..."

Dmitri followed his gestures and spied that the paw prints were leading across the stomped down snow in his back yard, leading right for the back door.

Please don't consider it, Dmitri. Please oh please, don't consider monsters or lycanthropes or...

"Assemble the camp leaders. Have them do a head count and account for all livestock possible, cross check the records. I'll be double-checking the store house." There was a pause as I looked at the foot prints of my stupidity. "Mikhail... did you..." Dmitri said and then paused, and I looked at this stranger known as Mikhail as he was staring at me, only his gaze was lowered a little, and then I realized why.

The wind outside was strong and was moving my skirts about me, and with me wearing no panties beneath it... he was open-face staring at my naked bottom.

"Mikhail..." Dmitri said in a warning tone, and the stranger shook himself out of my reprieve and I favored him with a smile.

"Yes Dmitri!" The stranger said and walked away, using a hopping limp as he moved.

"You are going to send these men into distraction..." Dmitri smirked, but then strode toward the door to his house and then paused, looking at some blood on the floor.

Oh please don't tell me I dripped in the house... I prayed, and he nonetheless opened the door and looked, but he didn't see anything. It was an effort to not make the sigh of relief sound audible.

"We got a lot of work to do, Tanya... I'd be glad for the help." He said and entered.

“S-sure.” I said, and then out of the corner of my eye I saw something that immediately threw me into distraction and frightened me.

How could've I forgotten?! I screamed at myself as I too entered, leaving behind me the image of the nearly full moon rising above the mountains and trees.

No one was hurt, no one was harmed and everything was accounted for, though the tiger tracks were found throughout the whole camp.

I sat after an emergency town meeting on the back stoop of Dmitri's home with a cup of hot chocolate warming my hands, my thighs pressed together to keep them warm, though I'd donned a pair of those draw-string panties by now to protect my sensitive human loins from the cold. I had my head positioned to where I could see the moon rising, and even though it wasn't full yet, I nonetheless was feeling excitable and horny. I was also certain that I'd thickened noticeably since the moon had risen, my muscles standing on end and my breasts having thickened a cup size or more.

I really wanted Dmitri inside me right now...

But what was occupying my attentions the most was the fact that I had no idea how I was going to explain why I was going to have to leave for three days.

At that moment Dmitri opened the door behind me and I didn't bother to look, though I did lower my head immediately to blow into my chocolate to hide the fact that I was staring at the moon so intently.

“Dinner's ready...” he said.

“I'm sorry Dmitri... but I don't think I can bring myself to eat anything at the moment.” I said and sipped at the chocolate. “I'm a worrier, and when I worry I lose my appetite.” That was a lie... but believable. The more I got everyone to think that I was a tough girl who could take care of herself but was also weak-willed and controllable, the more they'd keep them from thinking I was a monster of some sort, or the cause of their current troubles.

Dmitri sat down beside me and pulled me close to him. “You'll catch cold out here though.”

“Cold doesn't bother me much.” I smirked and wrapped an arm about his. “I have other things on my mind too.”

“Like what?” he asked.

“Oh it doesn't matter.” I sighed. “Silly girl problems really... best if you don't concern yourself with those else you might get slapped for invading a woman's virtues.” I sniggered and putting my cup down moved to sit on his lap and settled into his arms, but that appeared to be a mistake as I smelled his scent and instantly my body became flushed with desire as I peeled back his collar to kiss his skin and lick it with the tip of my tongue.

“You appear to be hungry for something else...” he said, and his hand reached under my sweater and undershirt to begin caressing a breast of mine.

“Yes I am. I want you to take me, Dmitri... don't let me go, protect me and keep me safe. I don't want to be alone tonight.”

My hot chocolate forgotten, I was lifted in his arms and he moved us inside before shutting the door and locking it. While I kissed and nuzzled his neck, he carried me to his bed and laid me down, and as he moved away, I tightened my arms and rose with him and we kissed briefly before I laid back and let him

undress me. Removing his shirt as I then laid naked before him, this time he crawled onto the bed, and taking my legs in his arms and spreading them open, he laid before me and began by kissing my pussy, and finding my clit with his tongue and lips he began to suck on it, driving me toward the deepest erotic climax of my life.

Day 109: *Dmitri didn't wake me that day, but simply let me sleep in. When I awoke in his bed, I found myself suddenly alone within it, my breasts hanging heavily from my chest. I awoke with an awareness within me though... every single sense in me was amplified and what was more was that I knew exactly where the moon was. It would rise full tomorrow night. On top of that is that I had a sort of strength ratio that depended upon the moon... weakest at the new moon, strongest at the full moon, and now that the full moon was approaching, I could feel every muscle in me steadily thickening. I'd be back to the point I was before my first change at the Facility by tomorrow.*

I had to come up with a reason to leave as soon as possible, or else I'd probably have to stay inside all day. I wondered if I could fake being sick. I didn't know enough about myself or my race as to whether or not I changed if I didn't see the moon... I just knew I'd have no choice about the matter if I did. I supposed I could be safe if I didn't look at the moon being that when I was at the facility there were two moon rises that I wasn't in its direct light and all I saw was the light not the moon itself and I didn't change. But then why didn't I change on any other night of the full moon before then?

But getting to my feet, not bothering to dress as I walked naked downstairs and into the still dark room of the kitchen and finding Dmitri there, without another thought I moved in close and sat on his lap to kiss him, not caring about anything else.

I just couldn't tell him I had to leave...

I did every chore I could think of the following day, avoiding Dmitri as best as I could, and was even quiet during dinner before I excused myself to go to bed early. Dmitri didn't say anything in regards to it, he just let me go. Up in my room I laid down and hugged the pillow with the lights off.

'So... when are you going to tell him you're a big bad monstrous tigress?' Ivan said quietly from his basket, his eyes opening to shine through the darkness.

"I could imagine that that would sound perfectly fine coming from me, Ivan." I whispered. "Hey Dmitri... I know this might be hard for you to believe, but you've been sticking your dick inside a big were cat."

"I'm that cat, Ivan, and I still have difficulty believing in it. I thought for a while there that I was a normal girl again, but the thing with the generator and the approaching full moon reminded me of it. Those are things I can't ignore no matter how much I want to. It's not like I can ignore them when I turn into a big freaky monster with more muscle than the Russian army and more sexuality than hundreds of women put together, not to mention that I got the electrical power of me of a massive generator. How do you think he'll react to that?"

I'm ok with it...

"Ivan... you're a cat. You're more understanding. Dmitri is a human. There're certain things they don't like to accept... especially anything strange, and... I'm strange enough as it is. Plus, they're distrustful of strange things here... even a human girl was strange when I newly arrived. Now they've just taken to liking me and trusting me..." I sighed and rose to a sitting position. "I'll have to leave before moonrise tomorrow."

I rose and looked at Ivan before coming to sit beside him in his basket where I started to caress his head and back. Ivan began to purr immediately. I noted that he had a bit of the mouse left under one paw, and startling myself I reached down and bit off a leg before eating some of it before returning it to him. Only after I swallowed did I realize what I'd done.

"Wait... did I just do what I think I did?!"

'You did. I must admit mouse tastes just as good as chicken, or so I've heard. Cockroaches were making fun of me for how mad I was at catching them till I caught one of them and ate it instead. How did this mouse taste?'

"Strangely appealing." I said and sighed. "I'm definitely not human anymore am I?"

'Were you ever?' Ivan asked and I had to think.

"I never really did fit in... I thought it was because I was an orphan."

'Well, I feel like a cat, so I'm a cat. What do you feel like?'

"Like a big fat scary monster..." I replied.

'Then so long as you feel like that, you are. If you want to be something else then convince yourself otherwise. Now if you don't mind, it's time for me to take my eleventy nap... So do be quiet won't you?' and he yawned and put his head down on his folded paws while I continued to scratch and pet his head and back.

He certainly didn't complain about that...

Sighing and undressing finally, I rose and slid into bed, going to sleep nice and calmly. Tomorrow meant the full moon...

Day 111: *Full moon tomorrow night. I need to show Dmitri that I trust him, and so I'll leave Ivan and my computer here in the room along with the clothes I tried to steal. I awoke before he did, chopped all the wood, did all the chores and then leaving a note on my bed, explaining that I was going into the wood to search for something I'd left behind and was very important to me... I snuck into his room, kissed him while he still slept, and then left.*

It was still morning when I snuck into a stand of trees close to town. Daylight was only six hours long now, so it was approaching noon by the time I stood in the center of the stand of trees, found an easily identifiable tree and began to undress. As I stood naked in the knee-deep snow, folding my clothes and laying them in a hidden cranny at the base of the trees, I paused in the cold, cold air that barely bothered me and noted that I was nearly muscle-bound that I'd become so strong from the approaching moonrise. My body throbbed with excitement and the desire to change... like a month long enticement between waning moon, new moon and waxing moon to full moon. I was a mere moment before a climax that would force me to change would happen, and that climax would come assuredly when the moon rose tonight. But I pre-empted it and changed now, moaning as muscles burned inside me, tensed and then steadily began to balloon and bubble outward. Bones creaked and snapped, breaking and healing repeatedly as my form radically changed, my flesh turning from skin into a soft hide, fur growing about me, while every muscle from neck and throat to chest and bicep and even to the twin labia between my burgeoning legs and widening hips distended and bulged with muscular power. The clitoris between those thighs likewise erected into a hard on that in my growing form would make all but the largest men jealous with its feminine power and size.

Sexual power exuded from every pore as my breasts swelled and new ones formed and engorged themselves beneath them as well. Whole new muscle groups formed and slid into place, existing muscle groups sloughing to one side to make room for the newer ones, which in turn widened and thickened me ever outward while long and massive chords of muscular power carved and arched their way about me in popping and rippling motions..

Cracking and groaning muscles and bones rippled my body as I grew and grew, electrical power snapping about me, cascading up and down my body, arching between nipples, creating momentary ball lightning about my pussy and crackling about my teeth to entice me into an actual climax that shot a stream of my nectar from between either muscular thigh toward the ground.

Snow melted instantly about my body heat and electricity as I finally assumed my altered form, breathing heavily for a moment or two with my mind catching up with the utter sexual power in me that was attempting to overwhelm it, and when it did and I had a chance to look at myself I saw that I'd changed...

I was stronger, my primaries had grown a little and my secondaries had grown a lot. There was more definition to the muscles of my body... and I felt truly powerful now, my body eager for exertion. Flexing one arm, I actually purred and murred to myself as I watched it expand and expand, the fur about that arm whitening into luminescence and snapping with static electricity briefly while the muscles therein expanded incredibly... far more than they should be able to, which was already far more than a normal muscle should be able to expand. Instead of eight times the thickness, it was now at least ten times the thickness when flexed.

I'd grown... grown far, far more than I'd been a short while ago. It'd only been a few days since I'd last changed and I now had the mass of a tank. I'd be more concerned about it if not for the fact that I was so damned pleased in myself!

I chuckled, and then laughed, and then my laughter became a screeching roar before I got down on all fours and shook myself; my tits so firmly packed against my chest that they barely even wobbled.

And before anybody got the idea of coming to look for me, I messed up the clearing here to obscure my tracks, hid the clothes beneath some snow and rushed off into the wood.

Day two of my excursion into the wilderness, and laying belly first in the snow and watching people pass by a few decimeters from me as I hugged my warm breasts to me, I watched them following a snaking trail of paw prints that they thought were a four legged animal.

“These foot prints are strange.” The one known as Mikhail said.

“How so?” someone asked and paused to turn to the old trapper, pulling his facemask down and exuding long clouds of smoke from his breath.

“A tiger’s front paws prints are closer together than the back paws usually, but these are as wide as the back paws. The beast must have an incredible chest region.” *She sure does*, I smirked, peering at the men through a crack in the snow banks I was hidden within. “Or...”

“Or what?” his partner joked.

“Or... well... my father used to tell me of a creature he called the ‘*White Ghost*.’ The sort of story told to children to make them go to bed, like: ‘*Go to bed or the White Ghost will get you,*’ that sort of thing. But... It’s like this creature doesn’t walk on all fours... almost as if this creature walks on two feet.”

His friend stared at him for a moment and then reached out and smacked him lightly in the back of the head. “I thought you told me you didn’t have any more vodka.”

“I don’t! But it’s just... well my father told me of the story, and how he saw the creature once, where it stood on two feet instead of four. Chest massive, fangs like sabers, claws like knives and a body the size of a tank. It was a monster I tell you! Father shot at it for its pelt; the bullet went right through the beast and didn’t even phase it. A tiger with fur as white as snow and stripes as black as a moonless and starless night.

“And to look at the size of the claws on this beast... and the paw prints are wider than my hand! It’s a monster of a beast no matter what you say.”

“Yeah whatever you old fart. Let’s just get these traps lain.” And they slowly walked off. “Dmitri wants us to chase or kill this beast off. Says that sweet little peach of his ran off into the wood, and hopefully we can find her laying placating in the snow. I tell you I’d love to dip myself into her sweet little...”

They continued walking and talking like that, and I only rose out of the snow after they’d completely passed by and disappeared over the next here. With an exhale I looked down at the paw prints I’d left in the snow, and smirking, decided to mess with their minds and crossed their path toward a stand of trees. I had some practicing to do.

I settled on all fours, muscles tensing as I practiced walking on all fours. *It felt so natural when I did it last, why wasn’t it working now?* I asked myself pacing this way and that... and I paused, sitting on my rump and long feet while palming the earth with both hands. *I’m trying too hard...* I thought to myself, and closing my eyes, tried to relax into the motion.

Almost immediately I felt my muscles shifting, rippling, realigning, felt a tensing in my chest, and with a gasp I looked down as my body rapidly reformed, the huge tits deflating and melting into my chest, leaving only thick bumps while fur covered more of me. Shoulders rolled and hips narrowed and thighs thickened, and soon I realized what it was I’d done.

I’d become fully feline! Well it only makes sense. If I could go fully human, one would only think I could go fully feline too.

Getting up and walking about, my center of gravity changed so that I had no choice but to walk on all fours, I found that this was a lot more fluid of a motion than what I'd been trying to in my half and half form being that my boobs would get in the way of my arms mainly. This form was more streamlined, long bodied and... and stronger?!

Yes, yes it was stronger. I rippled with even more muscle thicker bones, and likewise I was still thicker. What was more was that my forelegs were just as far apart as the hind legs... which would keep the observation of that trapper.

Walking forward and putting both paws on a great boulder that was here, it took only a minute push for me to dislodge the thing that was undoubtedly frozen to the ground and shunt it over a meter or so. Yes... I was definitely stronger. A task like that would've taken some effort otherwise, and I didn't even feel its weight now.

As a test, I shifted between forms, getting used to the flow, going back to human form even and then straight to cat form before I lifted a paw and tried to turn it to look at its underside, only finding that I couldn't. Apparently I didn't have a rotator cuff in this shape.

But now that I didn't look the part of a monster, it was now time for me to show the people of Mir that what they hunted was just a monstrous cat instead of a monster.

The next day I'd led the men hunting me on a long wandering hunt, moving through forests, crossing over their paths and leading them astray, till finally I waited at the top of a hill for them, and when they crawled up high enough and saw me, it was a wonderfully inspiring moment... two hunters pausing in their hunt, seeing with their own eyes the sheer and utter power of the creature they hunted, sitting atop a crest looking down at them. They saw the muscles, they saw the fur and they saw the incredible streamlined form and the subtle patches of fur that marked the creature as a noble female.

I basked in their awe, the look on their faces, saw them gaping at me, heard their statements that I was beautiful and precious... one-of-a-kind. What I'd forgotten though, was what kind of men these two were. They were hunters after all and when confronted with a creature of my size and rarity, they did what any hunter or trapper would do in similar circumstances:

They shot at me.

The first shot struck me square in the chest, flattened and then bounced back before I got up and regarded them, and in my arrogance of having a musculature that was hard and firm, and a hide that was thick and taut, and the fact that the last bullet simply bounced off, I was unprepared for the sharp pain that lanced into me, pierced flesh, muscle and bone, lodging itself nice and deep and then burned like acid once inside.

I screamed, the scream beginning high-pitched and bellowing before it turned into a deafening roar of pain that made avalanches form on the surrounding mountaintops.

Looking down at the wound that burned like fire, I saw the wound that was seeping blood, and realized that it wasn't healing. Fear gripped me as I saw the one who'd shot me reloading a bullet, a very large bullet, and though it wasn't the sort that would pierce my skin before, it did do so this time.

Why wasn't it healing?!

And I turned and ran.

The sound of huntsman horns bellowed about me as I dipped into a grove of trees. The heat of the wound was burning, and looking down at the wound I saw that there was actually smoke coming out of it!

“We have her now, she went in here!” and the men followed. There were more of them, apparently they’d cornered me, and shifting to the towering hybrid form, I leapt up into the trees and pressed my front against the tree bark, pressing a finger against the wound and gritting my teeth to keep from crying out as my breasts all cleaved to either side of the tree trunk I clung to while below me I saw the men rushing in.

“Where did she go?! I saw her enter here!” Mikhail shouted. “You let her get passed you!”

“I did no such thing Mikhail. I’m certain I can spot a big beastie like that if she tried to get past me. She must’ve come your way!”

“No, not mine, anyone else?” they all shook their heads. “The White Ghost. I swear to you the White Ghost! It did the same thing to my father and now she’s here for me! But I got her! Look... her blood trail and footprints end right here!”

“Then where did she go?” Someone else asked. I counted seven men.

“Spread out!” Mikhail said. “If none of us saw her leave then she must still be here hiding. I’m not ready to believe that she disappears like my father said she did.”

“And what if she suddenly appears again, Mikhail?” the man who’d accompanied him from before said. “I swear to God I shot her square in the center of the chest, and the bullet just bounced off! Why did yours strike her?”

Mikhail patted his weapon. “I had three bullets that my father fashioned to kill the beast. Very special ammo that I kept for sentimental value, like a family trophy for killing such a creature, but now that it’s back somehow, it’s these two remaining bullets that can kill the beast. So if you see her, you must come see me. Now spread out... look for her.”

I clung precariously to my spot, wondering what sort of ammo it was that was burning a hole in me it felt, and I bit down on a tree branch, tasting its frozen sap and wood to keep myself from sobbing with the pain or crying out loud.

It was three quarters of an hour before they finally decided to search for me elsewhere and by that time my blood had very nearly formed a rivulet down my body and the tree trunk to their eye level. When they were gone, I literally fell out of the tree, bounced on my back, and by this time darkness was falling and I knew the full moon would be up soon.

I was pretty sure that even if I were in full cat form that the moon would force me out of it. I had to survive till moon fall.

But before that... I needed to get this thing out of me!

One doesn’t feel less pain, they just get used to it.

It numbed me, it made me sleepy like an intensely powerful drug, it weakened me to the point where it was difficult to move that arm and it simply hung at my side like a limp noodle. I could barely feel anything in its attached hand.

Pausing in a stand of trees, the one where I'd placed my clothes and now had many, many foot prints of all sorts running through it – rabbits, wolves, caribou, boots, my clawed feet – I reached into the wound with the long claws and tried to pull the bullet out again.

“Son of a bitch!” I growled, getting the back edge of the bullet and pulling on it, biting on my lower lip till it bled, and I managed to un-wedge the bullet from underneath a bone and the muscle there immediately sealed itself up again, but not to the point of the wound where the bullet entered.

Though the pain was numb whenever I wasn't doing anything about it, when I was it was like pulling out all of my teeth with a pair of needle nose pliers, which – damn that nun at the orphanage – I'd felt in the past. I let the bullet go, but at least it was passed the bone.

New blood and muscle flooded into the spot, reacting to whatever was in me, and blood turned into acid almost instantly.

“Damn it!” I groaned and then walked forward toward where I hid my clothes, but then I stepped down on something and with a metallic snap something hard and cold clamped down about the middle of my foot, digging into the fur.

I couldn't help but roar as the bones snapped underneath the tension of the thing, and falling to one side with a mighty thump, body and breasts jostling heavily, and when I looked down the length of my form I found that I'd just stepped into a bear trap!

“Son-of-a-bitch!” I growled, and shifted my weight to pry the thing open when my tail moved across the earth and I heard another metal snap.

Turning as I freed my foot and the bones painlessly reset themselves with a series of cracks; I saw another closed bear trap and swallowed. It didn't get my tail, but...

I rose to my feet again, breasts jostling slightly, the pair firm with milk as I balanced my weight on my other foot – the injured one, though reset, was still sore – and leveling my hand on the field, I excited some of the electricity that raged inside me on the area around me, and with a tumultuous ringing, dozens of bear traps all clanged shut immediately around me.

Damn it, I've wandered into a mine field! I need to relocate.

Retrieving my hidden clothing, I held them close to me, and thought now that I had to trick these hunters, *but how?* And the moment that the question was asked my mind answered... more of that programming, or perhaps it was instinct. I'd heard of tigers walking over their own tracks to make dogs think they were going the wrong way, but what I did was walk backwards at a squat, being careful to put my weight toward the back of the foot instead of the toes. They might find those tracks and tell that they were fresh, but they wouldn't be able to tell that they were being made going away from this place. If I knew one thing about these men, is that they thought I was still a dumb animal.

Moon fall finally fell, but even then it was an effort to change, wrought with pain, and I did it beside Dmitri's house before I quickly dressed. With hunters about, I made tracks to a set of woods and then exited them elsewhere to throw them off... best if I not have anyone connect that I was coming from a place where the tiger tracks ended...

Hugging myself and feeling dizzy from the bullet wound that had stopped bleeding at least, though it was by using both of the wooly socks I'd been using, I entered the house, hugging myself and sneezed to get Dmitri's attention, who came from one of the back rooms immediately.

“My God, Tanya. Are you crazy? Going out into the woods like this with a raging beast running around?”

“It... was important.” I choked, managing a smile as he held my shoulder right over the bullet wound. My teeth ground tightly from pain, but I managed a trembling smile toward him. Dmitri took it that I was cold. “But... I didn’t find it.”

“What on earth were you looking for?!”

“A locket that I’d lost.” I lied, and then sneezed again to cover up the lie. “It was my mother’s.” There was a locket, I remembered loving it as a girl, remembered me playing with it as a child in those memories I got back from my younger self, the one who saw all that violence and I’d cast aside to avoid remembering it. I knew I wanted that locket, and perhaps it was that want that made my lie a half truth... and easier for Dmitri to believe me about what I’d been looking for. “Dmitri, I think I caught a cold... if you don’t mind I think I’ll take a bath.”

“Certainly. Certainly!” and he embraced me and I winced again. “Don’t go out there alone again, Tanya... they say they saw the beast this time... and it’s larger than a horse!”

“It’s a lucky thing I didn’t see it then.” I smiled and kissed him on the cheek before going upstairs. I only allowed myself to limp at the last moment when I was out of his sight.

I was crying... trying not to sob as I dug into the wound with my fingers. I’d managed a sort of partial transformation and was able to get my fingernails to turn into claws to grip it better, and thankfully with me so much smaller now, the distance of the wound had been shortened.

It was an effort to keep the muscles from clenching and holding the bullet inside me, but I finally yanked it out and managed not to bellow out in pain. Turning on the faucet, I ran my hand beneath the water and looked at the thing that had been inside me as the wound now rapidly squeezed out corrupted and coagulated blood and rapidly sealed itself, forming a blotch of new skin, and once I’d washed off the bullet I swallowed as I suddenly realized that what they said about werewolves at least was true with werewolves.

What I held in my hand was a silver bullet...

Silver shotgun slug shot etched to make it spin for deeper penetration. I blinked as I thought that and smacked my forehead with my other hand. *Ugh... damn programming... I didn’t want to know that!*

My tits wobbled as I sat there with the running water warming up, and then there was a knock at the door and I instinctively closed my hand about the shell before the door opened and Dmitri walked in.

“Tanya... are you ok?” he asked, and I smiled at him, but folded myself to hide the blotching spot on my chest and the blood that had already seeped down it.

“Better that I’m in a nice warm place and near you again, Dmitri...” I smiled, and he took a step closer. “...but ah... I’d love to take a bath with you, Dmitri, but I’m kind of doing girl stuff right now. It’s a bit embarrassing.” I grinned at him.

“Oh...” he managed even as Ivan hurried into the bathroom. “...I’ll just leave you to it then. Take care of yourself.”

“I will,” I smiled and he turned and closed the door behind him as I knelt in the bath and washed the blood off me.

“Girl stuff, huh? You and I know full well that you don’t do that human ‘girl stuff’ anymore...” Ivan sniffed as he sat on the edge of the sink watching me. *‘Have a nice run in the wild?’*

“I had to get rid of him somehow.” I hissed under my breath. “It’s not like I could really tell him that I got shot, stepped in a bear trap, and am the big bad monster that they’re all hunting, can I?” getting rid of all the blood and letting it wash down the drain, I stopped up the drain and laid back, resting my injured leg on the edge of the metal bath’s basin.

“I did discover something though... apparently I’m allergic to silver.” I said and held up the bullet, and Ivan hopped off the sink and then jumped up onto the nearby toilet to sniff the bullet that I had in me before shaking his head and sneezing.

‘Ugh... that’s terrible... smells like bad chemicals.’ He said, and then slunk into the bath with me and laid on my belly as the water rose. *‘I did miss you. Though cow’s milk and trout is tasty, I still like your milk better. That, and I’m really, really dirty.’*

“I missed you too.” I mused, and held him to me and just relaxed while smiling at the fact that I was the big bad monster, and I’d escaped the hunters.

This time...

There was some iodine in the cabinet, and putting a few drops in water allowed me to stain that spot on my chest where the bullet wound was still knitting – it stung a little still – and opening the door to the bathroom – Ivan still licking himself dry – I moved to Dmitri’s room, slid inside while still naked and slid into bed with him; settling myself against his bare body and enjoying the press of his chest against my firm breasts.

And while he and I laid there he palmed my head and we finally kissed, and kissed again, and then settling back I rose, musing to myself in the darkness of his room, arching myself as he automatically took my breasts in his hands, and settling back I removed his shorts and started with a hand job, and once he was fully aroused sat on his penis to begin lovemaking.

Though in hindsight, being that I hadn’t had a real period in months, it’d probably be best if I didn’t interact in love-making after saying that I was doing *‘Girl Stuff’* earlier. I was after all trying to put on the show that I was a normal woman...

Day 130: *Despite the conditions that I lived in before this moment in time – barely making rent, living inside a closet on a cot with barely any personal belongings, knowing that I had lots of money coming to me but fighting against those who were denying me the money for whatever reason – this place had made me comfortable.*

I was living in a room that – though small – was nonetheless enormous in comparison to that little closet. I had a sweet lover, I had a cat, more strength and power than I knew what to do with, and other than the moon thing and the weakness and allergy to silver, I'd say that everything was quite perfect.

The only thing I needed to do to maintain this life was to work for my meals and the things I received... and forget the fact that I had a brother and a sister to find...

It was those things that were keeping me from truly enjoying all this, for every day was a delay in which I could find them. What I was doing right now was selfish... At least I knew who I was and where I came from and of my heritage, but Anya, my sister, knew only the life of an Orphan living in Russia, and Peter only knew the life of an Orphan but he was sent to America in some strange child care program. I had no idea how Americans treated their orphans, but if some of the movies that came from America and were translated into Russian – like that poor Orphan Annie – then he could've lived a terrible life before a good family found him... if a good family found him.

The thought of them was often on my mind as I worked harder and harder for the village of Mir, growing stronger and stronger every day, my muscles even on the new moon becoming bulging and thick. It trimmed me and strengthened me and I pulled the weight of any man.

But I was here to serve a debt, and while I was here I would do what was asked of me.

The new moon made me as weak as the full moon made me strong. And being that the moon was on a twenty eight day cycle, it was like replacing my menstrual period for a time of physical weakness. The only benefits that I can possibly see from this change was that I no longer bled once a month and the emotional state I was now in was the most normal it's been since I began puberty. It's drawback was that I had physical instead of emotional swings now, periods of noticeable growth between new moon and full moon, and an increased sexuality when it drew closer to the full moon.

Despite how observant these people were, thankfully none of them noticed what was right in front of their eyes because they chose not to notice. They didn't notice that my breasts would vary between three cup sizes and my body weight swung up and down by five kilograms or so as the moon waxed and waned. The last moon when I had to go into the woods, no one even connected the fact that I wasn't around for three days with the sudden appearance of the she-beast. I'd have to sneak out and run around as a cat every once and awhile so that no one equated my being gone to the beast's appearance.

What was more was that I had to curb these desires I had. No more running out at night to go hunting in my sleep...

I was noticing that Dmitri was watching me more often... with that sort of smile that a man reserved for a woman that he doted on, and he gifted more clothes to me from time to time... ribbons, belts, a pair of jeans for working, blankets, sashes... small things.

Till one day he presented me with a wonderful linen shirt embroidered by one of the women, and I paused and took his hands tightly.

"Dmitri..." I said quietly. "I cannot begin to thank you for these things! But I need to leave... when have I worked enough to pay for the clothes that I tried to steal."

Dmitri seemed shocked and just a little bit hurt as he bit his lower lip.

“I don’t want you to leave, Tanya.” He said. “I’ve... grown quite used to the idea of having a woman in my house, waking up beside a warm feminine body on those cold nights. I don’t want you to go.”

“Dmitri... I’m... I’m not...” I stopped myself before I said *‘I’m not really human’* instead I covered it with something else. “I think I love you Dmitri... but I’m not ready for a husband yet. I have to find my brother and sister first. I... I cannot think of seeking happiness for myself when they might be out there without a family.”

“Where are they?” he asked quietly.

“They were sent to the orphanages.” I admitted. “I need to find them. I love this place, I want to come back, and I’m sure I will when I do find them... but... I cannot stay so long as they’re out there. Please... you have to understand... you...”

But then Dmitri held up a hand, and I was so intent in the moment that I didn’t realize why at first, because I was instinctively blocking out all other sounds, but now I was trying to sense why he would’ve hushed me, I heard it too... a helicopter.

“What’s that?” I asked, feigning ignorance.

“A helicopter. It sounds like it’s approaching.” Dmitri said, and letting the shirt go in my hands, he donned his hat and coat and boots. “I’ll go see what they want, Tanya. You stay here where it’s warm, and we can talk more of this later.” And he stepped out the front door, but I promptly followed, donning my own hat after stuffing all the long white tresses up inside it and pulled on a coat and boots before following.

A few steps out of the front door and I stopped, seeing the strangest of all things fly in overhead: A Hind helicopter, which flew in low over the town, knocking over some of the tents and landing in the center of the town where the buildings and such had been laid out to form a circular area large enough for the monstrous war machine to land.

I hurried over to one side of one of the semi-permanent structures and flattened my back against it in a style reminiscent of covert-ops laying waiting for ambushing. I knew I was doing this thanks to the programming in my head, and paused as the jet turbines and the massive blades slowed to a stop even as the door on one side of the helicopter opened up, showing soldiers on the inside of the thing while someone wearing a uniform that was definitely not Russian military strode up to Dmitri. There were a few lines of their conversation I didn’t hear as I settled back so that even that little edge of my face couldn’t be seen, and I just listened.

“...A dangerous inmate escaped, and might be heading this way.” The officer said, he had an English accent that was practically mutilating our language.

“Inmate? I wasn’t familiar with a prison or Gulag anywhere nearby.”

“Not all prison facilities are known by the general populace, sir, and if you’ll excuse my saying so, you and anyone in this backwater location don’t seem to be knowledgeable enough to even know where the well known ones are.”

“Well... do you have a description of this inmate, so that we can be on the lookout for him?”

“Her...” the officer corrected, and I swallowed. “We lost her in the mountains, and on the possibility that she came into this area, be wary of any woman who might be attempting to alter her appearance. Changing hair coloring, baring any distinguishing marks or uncharacteristic tattoos...” *oh for the love of god shut up!* “No strange women have come this way have there?”

“No sir. There are only five women in this entire camp, and I know them all. I seriously doubt that any of them are dangerous people... lest you insult them then you best be wary of a flying frying pan or rolling pin.”

“Quite...” the officer spoke and then saluted with a coiled index finger on his beret. “I assume that by that antenna array that you have a radio?”

“You assume right.” Dmitri stated. “It’d be foolish for us not to.”

“Good, then take this,” and he handed Dmitri a card. “If you see any woman in whom you’d consider to be strange and dangerous, then please dial that radio number and signal us. An operator will take your information and we’ll send help.”

“Sure... take care.” Dmitri said as the officer turned around, and making a twirling motion with his hand, the helicopter blades began to spin, and I took that moment to dash away where neither Dmitri or those in the helicopter could see me, entered through the back door of the house, and being careful of removing my boots, shook them free of snow before placing both coat and hat on their pegs and sat down at the kitchen table right as Dmitri entered the house.

His eyes found me as I made a show of tracing the elegant embroidery about the collar and down the buttons on the front, and he watched me for a second or two before taking his boots off and pausing, looking at something before he removed coat and hat and putting them on their pegs.

He then sat across from me, looking me in the eyes intently and I smiled back at him.

“What did they want?” I asked, thinking that asking about curiosity before restarting the conversation we were having was more important to eliminating any possible questions he might’ve had on me.

“They were hunting for a woman... an escaped convict. Wouldn’t give me a description other than she might be bearing odd tattoos.”

He was making a show of twirling the card in his hand, but I saw that his gaze was focused between the card and my face.

“Odd tattoos? Like what?”

“They didn’t say.” He said with a sigh, and tapping the card on the table he leaned back and looked me in the eyes. “For people looking for our help, they were pretty vague in everything they were looking for. It could describe any woman with a tattoo really.”

He was trying to read me. Hopefully his want and desire for me would make him want to disbelieve them.

My God! Was I really thinking like that?! Damn this programming! They got me thinking like some assassin!!

With a sigh I folded both hands over the shirt and looked at him directly. “Well... with that excitement over... d-do you still want to talk about me paying you back? I don’t forget my debts...”

“I’m sorry Tanya... I need to speak with everyone in town to see if they’ve seen any strange women lurking about. Don’t be surprised if they start mentioning you.” He smiled and I laughed though hollowly, and rising I kissed his lips and slipped on my boots, and I realized what had made him pause when he first came in.

Both boots were covered with moisture. He knew I’d just been outside. I continued on if I didn’t realize that slip up, and proceeded to get ready to do chores.

“I’ll have dinner ready by the time you come back, Dmitri, provided that you take all day at the task... I still need to do my chores.”

I stood in the bathroom after dinner, looking at my reflection in a simple mirror before pushing the sleeve and collar aside to reveal the barcode imprinted upon my breast. It was tattooed there and it was definitely a strange sort of tattoo. The sort of which you got in a Gulag.

I had to come up with another reason as to why I needed to leave, for I had a mere ten days before the next full moon, in which case I’d be forced to change. Mikhail was fervently searching for me, and I could only imagine that his mind was beginning to think of ghosts and goblins and supernatural things, so he was almost to the point of suspecting monsters like lycanthropes, and then it would be a short jump for him to implicate me as one. I needed him to see me at times other than when I was at the town so he didn’t make the connection and start a witch hunt on me.

I sorely didn’t want to hurt anyone.

Then there was a soft knock at the door and I covered the mark up. “Yes?”

“May I come in?” I heard Dmitri’s voice through the door.

“Sure. I’m just finishing up.” I said, and the door opened as I turned and rested against the basin of the sink.

Dmitri walked up to me, and cradling my face he kissed my lips, kissed them again, and then lowered his hands and I realized what he was doing too late as he undid the same collar I’d undone to look at the tattoo of the barcode upon my breast and he looked directly upon the mark.

“You’ve been branded.” He said quietly. “I don’t profess to know anything about computers, but I recognize a barcode when I see one. You have the same exact mark on your opposite shoulder, your thigh and the back of your neck just inside the hair line.

“Where did you get these marks, Tanya?” he asked, and there was a hint of warning in his voice.

I didn’t try to distract him now.

“When I was abducted.” I admitted. “I was brought to a facility north of here. When I was let in, they shaved me bald, stripped me of all my clothes, branded me as you call it, and then proceeded to do awful things to me and twenty four other individuals.

“Admittedly... the people in that helicopter were more than likely looking for me.” And then I looked him right in the eye. “Everything I’ve ever told you about my past is the truth, Dmitri. What I’m looking for and what I’m trying to find is my family, and until today, I had no reason to run from anybody. Though if those soldiers are looking for me...”

“More the reason for you to stay here...” he choked and grabbed my arms.

I slid forward and hugged him tightly. “Thank you for believing me, Dmitri. But no. The longer I stay here the more in danger you and everyone else are. I... will work myself hard for a fortnight, then permission or no... I need to leave.

“Either way... I’ll come back to you, Dmitri... I swear I’ll come back.”

Dmitri looked to be on the verge of tears before he sucked me up to him with his lips and kissed me hard. It was the most passionate, most forthright and inspiring kiss and embrace I'd ever experienced, and I swooned immediately from it.

Then lifting me in his arms... he carried me along with him to his bed and laid me there before he attacked the belt of the pants I was wearing, just before stripping me naked, kissing me all over amidst the act of undressing me as I helped him to undress as well.

Feeling that hard, throbbing maleness of his inside me was the peak of that passion, and for the second time we made love all through the night and into the morning. No chores got done that following morning, and amidst lying in his bed with him while he alternatively palmed my face or a breast, smiling at me and kissing me, he rose one last time, tired and passionate still, kissing me one more time before saying:

"I... release you from your debt, Tanya... so long as you stay for these next two weeks. I'll take you to the nearest town myself. I'll even give you money and..." he choked. "Just... come back. I'm dead to all other women now because of you. Without you I'll die tired and alone."

Day 138: *Twice more, people saw a helicopter fly overhead. Once it was a Hind, the other time it was the odd American troop helicopter, the Osprey. Now that they were flying close enough for me to see them from hiding, I noted that these had a dome on their tops similar to an AWACS only smaller.*

How did I know about an AWACS... ugh! Damn programming...

It was undoubtedly a radar and communications array. They were definitely working from long range from whatever base they called home, and if I missed my guess, it was a part of the same four helicopters from before. Either Osprey held a tank and a squad of soldiers and an officer but no armaments on the vehicle itself, either Hind held a squad of eight soldiers and an officer and had more armaments on it than any other military helicopter in the world.

If they did land all together, I'd be sorely outmatched with too much firepower to really shrug off. I had a problem when Twenty-Five was shooting rockets and a chain gun at me. It was a sure bet that these vehicles were all armed with state-of-the-art gear and the soldiers were all Special Forces.

For now, I was spending more and more time with Dmitri. For now I slept in his bed and woke up next to his warmth, smelled his scent and enjoyed making love to him nearly every night, and on occasion in the afternoon or morning.

There were only two days left before the full moon though, and I was debating whether or not I should stay in my room the whole night and just avoid Dmitri. I knew, however, that one look at the moon at any time would change me, and the nights were ever getting longer...

As a girl living in an orphanage, I'd never really liked heights. But there were repairs that needed to be done on the antenna array on Dmitri's house and I was one of the only ones he considered smart enough to be able to do this sort of work. I found myself ignoring my fear of heights just to please him.

This was a village of farmers and simple people... working on mechanics and complex electronics just wasn't their sort of thing.

True there were some here who could field clean a rifle, others who knew exactly when to plant crops depending upon what time of year it was and what potato made the best vodka, and women who could do complex stitching and make beautiful clothes and fine meals, but there really wasn't anyone who had ham radio experience.

But now that I was up on the roof, gaining a vantage point I'd not yet had in this town, I took a moment to look down upon the place that housed maybe a few hundred people who all pitched in together to do what was needed so that everyone survived. True, Dmitri had some amenities no one else did, but he paid for those things out of his own cut of the profits everyone made, including him. This was a perfect Communist state as Karl Marx had envisioned it to be, but only because the man who was in power at this place was a just man who gave everyone their own fair share.

"Ok, now hold that in place, Tanya." Dmitri said, and picking up the satellite dish that was in my hand, I wedged it into place as he used the tools that were dangling from his belt on ropes and cranked the bolts into place before screwing in the coaxial cables.

"It's amazing you know how to install these things." I smiled warmly at him, my cheeks blushing more than what the cold should've been making them blush.

"Well... I didn't plan on running this place when I was younger." Dmitri said absently as he focused on making sure the bolts were secure. "I had a talent for electronics, and my required service in the Red Army allowed me to train in electronics and mechanics more. They had me as a tank motor pool mechanic before

my term was up, and even after then I served the people by installing cable TV and Satellite dishes. I had a good career in the cities before my father asked me to come home, as it were.”

I looked at him for a moment and waited till he'd finished torquing down the last bolt before I went forward with a question that'd been boiling in me for awhile.

“What happened to your father, Dmitri?” I asked and he stopped, panting for breath as he looked down at the dish for a moment.

“Mauled by a tiger. Though he lived through the attack, gangrene set in his leg. He lost the leg and couldn't work any more but the attack really damaged his health. That's why he asked me to come home. I arrived and was just able to take over for him when he died. Rotted from the inside out.”

I bit my lower lip, all that was just a bit too close to home for me being that I was a tigress inside. Though I knew it wasn't my fault, I wanted to apologize on behalf of all tigers for that, but instead all I managed was. “I'm sorry.”

He turned and gestured to a quiet place by the house where there was a simple stone. I'd never gone near that stone, but from my elevation I saw that there was a plaque on top.

“We buried him where he wanted to be buried. I was a little upset that he didn't want to be buried next to mom... but I think when I can afford it, I'll have her remains exhumed and moved to lie next to him. But that is neither here nor there, Tanya. The past is behind us, and there's really nothing that can be done about it. You just hope that life tries to repay you for what you've done in it.” And he aimed the dish toward the southern horizon.

“Do you like what you do?” I asked him. “I see the people here, and they seem happy enough.”

Dmitri paused again and breathed a sigh.

“It's what I know now, Tanya. The burden has become less painful now that you share it with me. I'll be sorry when you leave. That reminds me, I have a parting gift for you before you leave.” And he winked at me and continued cranking the bolt in place.

“Oh Dmitri, I have enough things. Soon I'll have to get a briefcase or something or...”

“Dmitri!” Someone called below. “Can I throw the switch now?”

“I said not till I tell you!” Dmitri called back to the young man who was below in the house leaning out the window. Dmitri chose one of the boys to pull the switch to turn on the satellite internet device because he thought they'd get a kick out of it.

“Now?”

“No!”

“How about now?!”

“Not till I tell you!” Dmitri shouted back and I rolled my eyes while he shook his head. “Nice boys, but someday I swear I'm going to hang them from a pole by their underpants.” He grumbled under his breath and continued cranking.

“What did you get me now?” I smirked then, leaning in closer against the dish and its two-way receiver.

“Tanya... you should know better than that, you...” but then there was a click and a soft humming, and my eyes went wide as something blew through me.

Dmitri was shouting at me as I lurched and spasmed suddenly, and then he was falling back away from me while my fingers let go of the dish and I slid backward off the roof. I reached out for Dmitri as the hat on top of my head fell off and all those frost white strands of long hair spilled out from within it. I thought myself dying as I fell out from within the stream of waves of some sort of energy that were bathing me. I could see them radiating off the dish as I fell, mouthing Dmitri's name, and the moment I was out of the stream time returned to normal and I immediately and almost instantly struck the earth, banging my head solidly on the ground and everything went black.

Light was bleeding into my consciousness.

I was a cat woman, somewhere between human and she-beast, my body laden with hard Olympian male musculature, but the voluminous pussy and enormous primary and a pair of secondary breasts with all my other nipples decorating this body along with slimming and curving feminine musculature marked me as a definite female still. White fur was over everything, decorating a beautiful muff over my sex, and fluffy fur was everywhere else, but most especially atop my head in a beautiful mane.

It was like I was watching myself from afar as I changed, muscles rippling and coiling, cells trying to absorb a new unfamiliar energy but nonetheless drawing power from it. The white fur began darkening, bleeding with red as the pink lips I had turned black, just before a shade of red bled into that hair and began turning it into the color of crimson.

Above that changing body was a widening eye, a pair of them really, and all around that was darkness, and as those eyes opened, it showed a bleary world on the other side. Sound bled in through those eyelets as they opened and closed, till at long last they opened and I felt myself being moved, and that creature that I was sure was me that was transforming again suddenly winked out of existence and light flooded into the darkness, and all I saw was Dmitri.

"Tanya! Tanya are you ok?!"

"I... I... ugh... yes I'm ok." I answered, but that answer gave Dmitri surprise. "What happened?"

"This impatient little shit!" he said and jerked a dark look over his shoulder at a boy who was trembling with worry behind the door jam. "Slipped on the switch to turn on the power to the dish and it started broadcasting at full power." Dmitri returned his gaze to me and started pressing on my chest and ribs and belly. "Tell me if any of this hurts... anything at all."

I shook my head. "No... everything's fine."

Dmitri jerked his head back at the boy. "Well?! What are you just standing there for?! Go get the doctor!"

And the boy went tearing off immediately before Dmitri picked me up.

"I'm fine Dmitri... I think I can walk." I said.

"I'm not chancing it. That was a microwave antenna that was broadcasting at least at a kilowatt and it was broadcasting directly at your heart for a good five seconds before you fell. You could've been cooked inside; the fall could've broken something, a concussion or something! You could've died. I'm not letting you out of my sight till the Doc says its ok.

"Ok... I-if that's what you think is needed." And with my hair still flying free, the hat forgotten, Dmitri took me inside the house.

I was laid down and told not to move as Dmitri undressed me down to the undershirt and panties I was wearing before an old white-haired man strode in with a mild stoop to his back but carrying a black doctor's handbag.

Without a single word, he began inspecting me, listening to my heart and lungs, pressing on my flesh – I swore he copped a feel – before he took my pulse and checked my eye dilation.

“Why don't you try sitting up?” he asked, and I got up as quickly as I dared. “Any tenderness, any aches or pains, and abnormal firmness?” I shook my head and then the doctor turned to Dmitri. “Your concerns were valid, but I'm certain that the clothing she was wearing must've protected her.

“Then what about her hair? Why did some of it change color?” Dmitri was excitable, but... *Change color?*

While they talked I pulled at some of the strands, only to see that the once golden hair that had turned into a white-blonde, now had a strip of hair that was red! *The hell?*

“She'll be fine... just observe her, let her rest for at least three days, and no chores! I don't give this rule here lightly, Dmitri, but no chores and, if rumor is true...” and he leaned in, looked at me and then whispered into Dmitri's ear and he turned scarlet. “Hm... your reaction says it's true then. Don't worry, your secret is safe with me, sonny.” And he winked before planting a pipe between his teeth and walking off.

Dmitri sat beside me while Ivan hopped up onto my lap.

“Hmm... I seem to be stuck here for a few more days.” I smirked and pet Ivan's back and he immediately began to purr.

“Not by my design, I assure you.” Dmitri said, and then looking up he immediately growled. “And what are you still doing here?!”

I looked up and saw the young boy who'd accidentally threw the switch.

“It was an accident, Dmitri.” I smiled and gestured for him to come in, and he shyly moved past the doorway. “What's your name?”

“P-Peter Ma'am!” he almost shouted, and I smiled and gestured again and he came near, staring at my breasts and not helping to get a wicked boner. I was glad that I could contribute to his first look at a woman before he drew his eyes away and looked over the top of my head. “I'm really, really sorry! I got bored and then I rested against the console but I bumped the transmitter button and... and...”

“It's ok.” I smiled and palmed his head. “I have a little brother named Peter. I hope he's as handsome as you are.”

“D-don't you know what your own brother looks like?”

“No.” I admitted sadly.

“What happened?” he asked.

“That's a long story. Now why don't you go home? We're done with the antenna today, I'm sure.” And Peter rushed away quickly.

‘That kid liked your boobies, I think’ Ivan meowed and I tapped his nose to keep him quiet.

“So, what else did the doctor tell me not to do?” I smirked.

“He told me that I shouldn’t have sex with you for a few days.” He blushed, and I smirked and slid sideways to kiss his cheek before rubbing my cheek against his shoulder, my breasts heaving against his side.

“I feel fine, really, but doctor’s orders are doctor’s orders.” I murred, but nonetheless felt up his groin.

Dmitri kissed me on the lips and then stood up, removing my hand from his groin.

“Despite how much I really, really want to love you right now, my better judgment is keeping me from doing so, Tanya.”

“I’m a fast healer.” I murred, feeling my nipples erecting, and I rose, Ivan hopping off my lap as I struggled for his belt, and Dmitri kissed me fully but pushed me back down onto the bed.

“I’m sure you are, I’m sure…” he gasped, feeling passion himself as his hand slid up my shirt to massage my breast and with some effort he dragged himself away from me. “Damn it… why do you have to be so damned beautiful? No… I… I don’t want to chance hurting you, Tanya. It’s best you just lie here and if you need anything at all, I’ll be right down the hall.”

“Ok…” I said, and Dmitri left me before anything more could happen.

“Oh poo.” I said, rising up and bracing an elbow on a knee and a fist on my cheek.

‘You almost had him’ Ivan said as he began licking a paw and washing it on his head *‘So how do you get your man to acknowledge that you’re a towering feline lycanthrope and can heal damage in seconds that takes them years or decades to fix… if ever?’*

“Oh shush Ivan.” I said and getting up went to the door and softly closed it.

‘And what are you going to do? Take a cat nap?’

“No… I’m going to rub one out.” I said sarcastically, and Ivan stared at me. “Beating your meat? Going number three?” still he stared at me. “I’m going to do to myself the feminine method of what you do when you lick your balls.”

‘Oh. You’re going to masturbate.’ And he curled up on the edge of my bed as I took off the side-tie panties and began rubbing the firm labia between my legs. *‘Well, wake me if anything exciting goes with that.’*

“You little rat.” I smirked, and sitting down on the bed sighed, and had to imagine my Dmitri inside me.

Day 141: *I spent the night awake on the first night of the full moon. I kept waiting to change but I didn't, which confirmed that I literally had to see the moon to be forced to change.*

Nonetheless, I could feel the moon rise and fall, could point directly at where it was in the heavens, and played off the night as if I were sleeping so that Dmitri wouldn't bother me. He still thought I was hurt from the microwave antenna problem.

I'd have to show him I was getting better though, so that morning, after moon fall of course, I decided to start helping again.

I collected eggs, gathered the milk, fed the horses and cows and slopped the pigs, and even started chopping wood by the time that Dmitri appeared and stopped me chopping.

"You don't have to do that." He said and held me tightly, and I blushed with a double bladed axe in my arms.

I was physically stronger, and a flock of my hair that still had a single streak of red in it hung from my brow.

"Yeah I do. I got three days of work to make up for, so I may as well do yours too, especially after all those breakfasts in bed..." I let go of the axe and turned to him. "...Running my bathes..." and I snuggled with him. "...Washing my clothes." And then I slid a leg against his, pressed my crotch against his groin and kissed him. "Like I said, I felt fine... all this time..." I murred, and began pulling open my coat. "And now I want you..."

And we embraced, and we kissed, and as we kissed Dmitri dragged me to the house, through the door, and throwing our coats, boots, hats and gloves any place, we ran up stairs into his room where I leapt on him and we landed in his bed, and amidst undressing and getting naked, we fell into his sheets and his pillows, and I felt his hard, erect penis slide itself deep, deep inside me!

And we made love.

There were only a few hours of sunlight, only a few hours of work time now, though the hunters always hunted. We made love all that morning and day, and as the sun was beginning to set and we were about to start the next bout of love-making, there was suddenly something that disturbed us:

The sound of helicopters.

Dmitri was amidst the task of fondling my breasts, the milk leaking from the thick nipples to course their way over the backs of his strong hands while I ground his erecting penis with the taut pussy lips between either thigh when the rhythmic snapping of propeller blades spinning faster than the speed of sound greeted our ears, and with both of us pausing at the sound, we both rose in a scramble to get dressed and rush down the stairs.

It was a tumultuous scramble for us as we hurried down the stairs, me following Dmitri as we pulled on boots and coats, donning hats and gloves and rushing outside with all the others, and while Dmitri rushed out into the front yard, I stopped cold at the sight of the two Ospreys and the two Hinds coming in for a landing, and as they were, they immediately began disgorging troops... and tanks.

They knew I was here... they were coming for me.

I looked to the horizon, seeing that the sun was setting, and right now I was beginning to feel what an alley cat felt like as it was being surrounded and cornered by a pack of stray dogs. I thought to run, I thought to race out of here, but then Dmitri was walking forward to greet the men, and I gave a start as I tried to stop him.

“What’s the meaning of this?” Dmitri asked as the Hinds and Ospreys took off, the Ospreys retreating but the Hinds staying nearby for cover fire.

“You lied to us.” The officer from before, who was now decked out in heavy battle armor, said fiercely. “You said that you’d not seen any dangerous women coming about, but these pictures prove otherwise!” and he held up a stack of images, showing top down images of me when I fell off the roof and when I was being carried into the house, my white hair flying.

“How could I lie to you?” Dmitri tensed. “You barely gave me any description to go on, and she isn’t a dangerous woman.”

“I assure you. She’s the most dangerous creature alive.” The officer said, and he signaled for his soldiers to rush in and seize me and Dmitri stood in their way flinging his arms out.

“You can have her over my dead body!” he shouted and I grit my teeth.

“That... can be arranged.” The man with the terrible accent said and taking out a pistol, pistol-whipped Dmitri smartly across the brow, and when Dmitri went down the officer pointed his handgun right at his face.

“Dmitri! No! I’ll go with them. I’ll go with you! Just don’t hurt him. Don’t hurt anybody here!”

People were watching this debacle, wondering why there were tanks here, wondering why it was taking four squads of heavily armed and armored soldiers to capture me, and what sort of a person I was that needed that sort of care. I mean, what sort of human being required a tank to capture her, let alone two?

“Smart... very smart number Twenty-Three.” The officer stated and stepped over Dmitri. “Magistrate, you won’t mind if we commandeer one of your facilities here. It’s been a long trip and we need to report to head quarters.”

And I was cuffed and hauled to the nearest semi-permanent structure.

I was sat down on a bench with my wrists in metal cuffs. The sun was setting rapidly and I was feeling the unmitigated power of the moon rising. When that moon stuck me, I would change, and then everyone would see exactly why it took two helicopters, two tanks and four squads of soldiers to apprehend me.

The helicopters had landed and there was a tank in the center of town and another at the edge of town. I was sitting in one of the semi-permanent structures with only the officer from before hanging over me eating an apple from these people’s food stores.

I stared at him darkly, focusing on his jugular... wanting to bite it out.

“Such eyes... such beautiful green eyes, and the hair to match.” The officer said and came near me, withdrawing a pistol and planting it to my temple. “They made you into the perfect woman, number Twenty-Three, and since Twenty-Five killed all of your playmates, then that means that you are the sole beneficiary of hundreds of millions of dollars worth of research and development.”

“Dollars? Don’t you mean Rubles?” I smiled.

That confirmed it. There were only five nations in the world that used the dollar for its currency: Canada, The United States, Taiwan, Australia and Zimbabwe. And of all those nations, only one had the wealth and the technology base to be able to support these soldiers. It only just proved my earlier suspicions... and the former Administrator's suspicions that this was some American corporation. What better way to do illegal genetic manipulation than in a nation with a lot of space and a lot of officials who, due to the depression we were in, could be bribed to look the other way?

The Officer, realizing his mistake, butt-stroked me... and not in a sexual way. I felt the end of his revolver strike my temple and knock my head to one side with a spray of blood, but then he stared and I smiled at him as the wound immediately closed, the blood running back into place even as the flesh closed itself.

"So I'm worth hundreds of millions of American Dollars. I wonder how much your war machines outside are worth... and if I destroy them all and leave all of you bad ass soldiers butt naked in the snow, as to whether or not that organization you belong to will leave me and these people the hell alone!" and then there was a shifting behind the officer, and as silently as one could possibly be, a panel on one side of the structure was opened, and I saw Dmitri entering into the place. "How much does this little venture cost?" I said keeping his attention on me.

"Seventy million for those Ospreys, twenty million for the Hinds, six hundred thousand per soldier with their armor and gear and training, three hundred thousand per pilot for their training, seven hundred and fifty million per officer for their gear and training? What about those tanks out there. Three million or so for the tank and its crew apiece. We're looking at about twenty to Twenty-Five million American dollars that your company is throwing at me. That's about eight hundred million to a cool billion Rubles.

"Do you have any idea why they consider me dangerous? Do you have any idea why I'm dangerous? Or did they just give you a picture and told you to go get me."

"Shut your filthy hole, slut!" he shouted, this time in English, but I smiled at him and spoke back at him in his own language, and unlike him, I didn't make a mockery of the language. "Well I'll tell you why. It's because unlike you, I have people who care about me."

And during this whole time Dmitri was sneaking across the ground with a rifle in his hand, and at that moment he brought the rifle up and butt stroked the officer smartly across the back of the head, knocking him out instantly.

"That was for the pistol whipping, fucker." Dmitri said, and I blinked as I realized that he said it in English, but with a subtle Russian slur to it. Then propping his rifle, complete with bayonet against my chair, he pulled out some tools and expertly picked the locks of the cuffs behind my back.

"Dmitri... I..."

"Later." He said sternly. He sounded angry. "First we get you out of here, and then you explain. Out the back, quickly."

And I slid through the back of the construct and Dmitri slid out behind me and we both began walking off.

"A-aren't you going to cover it up again?" I whispered.

"No... if it's left open they can assume that you left in a hurry, and you left alone. Scrape your feet as you follow me to disrupt the tracks. They'll think it was only you leaving and not me coming and leaving with you. I don't want the villagers to suffer for my actions."

We got to the edge of the semi-permanent building and Dmitri poked around the edge.

"Meet me behind the house while I distract those men. Wait till their backs are turned, and no matter what you see or hear, do not come back for me." And he surged around the edge, brandishing his rifle and

walked through the middle of the guards, and just like he thought they would, they all turned to deal with an armed person in their midst who started shouting about his rights.

I hurried across the landscape, and tried not to listen to them as they began to beat him to relieve him of his weapon.

The sun had fully set by the time I heard footprints of a person who wasn't trying to hide their footsteps. Just as a precaution, I quietly picked up a log and prepared to bludgeon the first person who came around that corner. I had to aim for the head and if it was a soldier I'd have to swing hard and hope that he was alone, else wise I was going to be shot. But then Dmitri walked around the corner and my determination to bash something faded as I saw the bruises and bloody nose.

"Oh God... what did they do to you?" I gasped and dropped the log, pawing at him, but sniffing up the blood that was perhaps freezing already due to the cold; he took my arms in both his hands and shook me to get my attention.

He looked furious and desperate, and I relaxed immediately in his hands.

"Who are you?!" he hissed through gritted teeth. "Damn it all to hell... Who... are you?! Why would they send that much allied hardware and soldiers after you? What did you do?!"

I took a deep breath and eyed the horizon where I felt the moon approaching moon rise.

"Dmitri, I won't be able to tell you, I will need to show you. They're after me because I escaped them. I was kidnapped off the streets of Moscow and sent to a facility in the mountains north of here where they did illegal gene-therapy, gene-splicing and gene-manipulation on me to turn me into a super soldier. But they unlocked something else in me; something I didn't know was there, something I'd repressed. I'm a monster inside, a horrible, terrible monster and they want me for their experiments, to dissect me and find out how I do what I do."

"And what exactly is it that you can do?" Dmitri asked, his hands tensing about my thickened biceps. I was thickening steadily, the strength of the moon sloshed within me, making me stronger, and I felt myself tensing with growing power, the beast struggling to be released.

"Hit me. Quickly!" I said, but my words to him struck him dumb and he let go of me.

"N-no... I couldn't..." he began, but we were running out of time, and grabbing another log I smacked my head fiercely with it, creating a blood gash.

Dmitri moved to help me but stopped as he saw what was happening, watched the blood retreating into the wound, leaving the dirt outside as the skin sealed itself and the hair grew back. I dropped that log and he stood there staring at me, his mouth opening and closing in an attempt to express what he was feeling about this strange thing at the moment.

"But that's not all." I said, looking away from him.

"That's not all? What else could possibly top that?!"

I looked back at him, and took three deliberate steps backward. "When you see this... try not to scream."

And just then the first rays of the full moon rose and splashed against me.

Apparently, I didn't actually have to see the moon... its light only had to touch me. The full force of its rays bathed me, seeming to shine straight through all the clothing I wore, and with a low moan I arched, feeling nipples and clitoris standing immediately on end, the threesome aching fiercely as sweat broke out all over me, nectar built up inside me so much that I immediately began to moisten.

Dmitri took a step away as he saw the coloring in my eyes flood over the pupils and irises, the eyes widening the mouth and nose pushing forward and fangs growing inside that mouth.

I pulled open my coat and thrust it downward, stepping out of both boots, right as the spontaneous growth began, and with a series of crunches and groans I lifted up right before him, muring and growling while my bones started growing, thickening and realigning, my feet becoming digitigrade and my chest barreling outward.

Very rapidly I grew from a eighteen decimeter tall woman to an incredible thirty-six decimeter stature, seams popping, clothes tightening, showing of swelling breasts and their growing nipples, showing off camel toe as the belt, button fly and zipper of the pants I wore rent open and the undershirt and sweater started stretching about the imperiously massive breasts I was growing.

Then the muscles loaded onto me, adding muscle groups that no human should have, shredding out of clothes and piling strength and power on top of more strength and power while I continued to mutate to add even more strength and power.

More seams and straps popped, and Dmitri fell backward in his attempt to stand up before my impressive height as the sexual power of this feminine body erupted outward with thick powerful and distended pussy lips and an erect super-clit while two enormously shaped primaries, two now nearly as massive secondaries, and a dozen more pairs of tertiary nipples below that swelled into the open air.

I creased and bounced and jiggled and jostled through the whole transformation that began and ended over the course of ninety seconds, massive fangs growing inside my mouth, huge dagger like claws extending from either finger and toe, and a thick shaggy fuzz of black-striped white fur spread all over me.

When the change ended, and I licked a breast and fondled its nipple while caressing my pussy, forgetting why I was there for a moment in the pleasure of a moon-inspired change, I opened my eyes lazily and then fully in surprise as I saw that Dmitri was still there.

Then squatting down before him, spreading both legs wide so that the enormous breasts I had could hang between them, I brought myself to a more eye-to-eye level... but even then I was still taller than he was standing.

"This, Dmitri..." I said in my deeply breathy feline voice. "...Is why they're after me."

I lifted a hand toward my lover, my glowing green eyes pleading with him to take it, and with hesitation, when he finally did so that I could help him up, his once large hand could barely fit around two of my fingers.

"Y-you're the beast!" he gasped. "You're the one the hunters and trappers were searching for. No wonder you can survive naked and barefoot in this cold. No wonder you can survive alone in the woods when a raving tigress was running about... during the last full moon!" and he snapped a look at the rising silvery disk and then back at me. "Y-you're a... a Lycanthrope?! How could you've not know that?!"

"It's a long story, Dmitri... one I'll be glad to share with you but... but..." my ears pricked up. "Someone's coming!" and I gasped. "Dmitri! Run!" but I'd only managed to shove him away when a soldier stepped around the corner of the house, aimed a weapon at me and fired!"

I screamed as a column of... of something... something invisible but hot blew through me for a fraction of a second, and my muscles immediately seized as I fell over and clutched that side, and as I tried to rise the soldier shot me again with the weapon, and this time the invisible hot beam lanced at an angle through my chest and breast. Clenching those muscles too.

I snarled and turned, only to get a massive muzzle of some sort of cannon pointing at my face and I stopped. For a moment I wondered if I could batter the soldier away, but then I heard the sound of a hammer on a weapon being drawn back, just before I saw Dmitri being held by the lead officer.

“Stop right where you are, number Twenty-Three, or I’ll blow his God-Damned brains out.” He said in English. If you doubt how worthless his life is to me, just remember all those prices you were quoting earlier. In comparison to taking you alive, his life is pretty worthless to me, and if you don’t co-operate, then I’ll not only kill him, but I’ll also kill every last man, woman and child in this place, slaughter all the animals for a feast in capturing you, and raze this place to the ground.”

Exhaling a long breath of air, I laid back and simply breathed.

They hooked a chain to me, wrapped it about me and hauled me away with a tank pulling me, where they drew me right into the center of the town where the four women and the dozen children were separated by all the men who were on their knees with their hands behind their heads waiting to be shot should the officer give the command. Dmitri was shoved right down along with them before the tank rolled to a stop, and I suddenly became the open sight of everyone who cared to look.

“This is why when soldiers come to your little shit hole of a town, and ask if any strange women arrive, that you should damn well tell the fucking truth!” the officer shouted and hopped down, and triumphantly placed a boot on my stomach.

Something was happening inside me... it felt hurtful, but... by just a little, it also felt truly, truly... arousing!

I groaned and turned to look at all the startled faces as they saw a real live lycanthrope amongst them. True I was a cat and not a wolf, but there were more than one face that realized who I was.

“Hurt a single hair on any one of them...” I gasped as I still suffered that strange energy flowing through me. “...And I swear to God Almighty that I will destroy you.”

“You’re threatening me?” he gaped and kicked my side. I barely even felt it despite that it was a metal boot, but then he nodded to someone, and I saw a soldier lift his weapon and butt-stroked the aged doctor in the back of the head.

My eyes widened and with a snarling cry I rose and made for the officer but then I was immediately struck in the side by another of those waves from a soldier carrying a long and thick barreled cannon of sorts, and I crumpled before I’d barely risen, folding myself over a tightening spot in my body.

“You will learn, number Twenty-Three, that you no longer are your own person. You belong to us, you are our property. We claimed you, we own you, and there’s nothing anyone can or will do about it.” He nodded again to someone and yet another wave, like a column three decimeters wide that moved through me and burned everything inside me along with it, lanced across my body. He then gestured to a soldier and he approached, stood at the ready brandishing one of those cannons. “This is a new state of the art weapon, my dear. It’s microwave cannon... quite a nasty little device I must say. It shoots a person with several kilowatts worth of microwave radiation. At long range we could perhaps use it to communicate with a satellite, but at close range,” he nodded and I was shot again with it, and I screamed, but heard a child, I think it was Peter, ask for them to stop hurting me. “It will cook you on the inside.

“Oh the joys of being a corporation. Since we don’t belong to any specific government then the Geneva Convention rules don’t really apply to us, so we can equip our soldiers with weaponry that can be considered cruel and unusual. So tell these people, Twenty-Three... tell them what it feels like to be cooked alive.”

And he gestured and I was shot again, and I only balled up in a deeper fetal position.

“I said... tell them!” and I was shot again. “Tell them!” and again. “I don’t have to return you alive, Twenty-Three. You can still be figured out and dissected... all we need do is keep your head untouched and we can figure out everything we need out of that! Tell them” and they shot me again, longer this time, a good three second burst.

But something was definitely happening within me, something strange, something unusual. Like with the electricity my cells were sucking up the energy of these emissions, engorging with them and adapting. I learned that I healed so very rapidly, and as such I adapted just as quickly. Sickness hadn’t touched me yet, I was unafraid of sexually transmitted diseases, made love without fear, for I knew that I was different, I wasn’t human.

“Tell them, you bitch!” and I was shot from multiple rifles, and there were gasps and moans and crying from the villagers, and I shuddered, I jostled, muscles tensing, compressing and tightening, thinning my body, making me leaner as I literally absorbed microwave energy; finding myself transforming all the electricity stored in me into the same radiation.

“Tell them!”

And then something... snapped.

My eyes opened, and I saw red in them. Energy flooded over and through me as those men shot at me, and the officer who was directing them all stood back as he saw my eyes.

“Kill... kill her! Kill her now!” he shouted, and all the soldiers aimed at me and shot at me as I slowly rose, but I was changing, switching energy modes even as I transformed so as to focus my power into this new energy that they were so readily bathing me with.

Three-five-seven armor piercing rounds imbedded themselves into my flesh at first before my body pushed them out and healed itself, tensing and adapting, and soon the bullets simply flattened against my flesh as I slowly rose to hands and feet, still in a moderate ball as I started to snarl. Then the rounds began to strike further and further away from my body, melting and sparking as they struck something that was radiating from my body, an electrical energy that was rapidly changing from blue-white into yellow orange, and as it did, all the fur on me began to redden. My pink parts became red, lips and clit, fourteen sets of nipples all changing color while my heart pounded as I began to rise and flex. I was leaner, more top heavy, arms spreading wide and hair frizzing and turning into curls and moss like instead of forming jagged points from standing on end, and when I breathed, I breathed steam instead of vapor.

I focused on the officer as he pulled his side arm and emptied its rounds into my face, but each lead bullet turned to liquid before it actually touched me, and as I was continually bathed by those microwave rays, I began to thicken and strengthen again. Crunches and groans entered my hearing as I lifted one hand toward the officer.

“I told you.” I said. “If you hurt a single one of them... then you’d pay for it.”

And a column of microwaves erupted from my hand, the column wider than the whole of my arm itself was; which in turn encompassed the officer from head to toe. His flesh melted off and burned to a crisp

almost instantly, his armor sparking and snapping like a metal pan in a microwave just before all the grenades and ammo on him cooked off and his body exploded.

“Let that be a lesson... don’t ever scorn a woman. Even the nicest like me can turn into real bitches.”

The soldiers, without their leader, stopped firing and rapidly tried to reload, and I heard the whine of the helicopters and the roar of the tank engines come to life.

“Everyone run! Scatter!!” I cried, and leapt, leapt high, high into the sky, leaving the village below me as I somersaulted and twisted easily, directing my fall to land outside the town. I had to draw them away from the village!

The two Hinds rose up into the air, their flood lights blazing as I took a pause in the snow, all the frozen water melting around my body instantly while the tanks rolled right over one of the semi-permanent structures to get at me.

Then there was a boom, and I turned and instinctively lifted both hands and caught something, and when I looked at it, I gaped at the appearance of a tank shell in my hands.

Gritting my teeth and wadding the metal slug up into a ball, I threw it back at the tank right as it stopped moving forward, and the force of that wadded shaft of metal striking it in the armored front was enough to knock it back on its treads, the ball of its own shell imbedded in its armor.

My mind whirled... I snapped with reddish-orange energy, microwave energy that was being converted from the electricity that was in me. I couldn’t be as strong with this sort of energy as I was with electricity for some reason... that’s why I was smaller and leaner, but what it did give me was holy hellfire!

The only problem: I must be showing up like a stick in the mud on their thermaloptics.

The town was forgotten by the soldiers, which was exactly what I wanted them to do. Someone shot me with one of those microwave emitters, and my body lapped up every last bit of that radiation. I in turn grew stronger and thicker, grew larger even as muscles bubbled outward again subtly, and as the soldiers formed a skirmish line with the tanks, the two helicopters flew in and strafed me with their chain guns.

Much like the battle with Twenty-Five, the chain guns on these behemoth helicopters pelted me repeatedly with deplete uranium, and though the first fusillade stung, they didn’t penetrate me, and because they hurt my body reacted and adapted... and I grew stronger.

My back billowed, my chest heaved forward like a dethatching segment of a glacier, biceps and forearms flaring, middle tightening and compressing as calves and forelegs billowed outward... but instead of growing muscle it was growing tendons and firm, lean muscle. I was being built mostly for speed not strength.

As the machines roared by and as I finished adapting, I cast a column of microwaves at them with one clenched hand, snarling at the machine, and though I caused sparks on its fuselage, I missed the prop, the engine, the power plant and fuel and the gun pylon facing me on the machine. There was a lot more fuselage on that thing than there was anything that could blow up, and of course the Hind was layered in heavier armor than a human being was.

And then I felt the vibration of the tanks just before there was another boom, and this time I was struck by the tank shell and knocked to the ground. The shell hit my shoulder blade, shattering it and busting the collar bone, and getting up with both breasts mashing against the ground, I turned to the approaching tanks and soldiers and then forced myself to my feet as the bones rapidly mended themselves.

I roared at them, but then became surprised as a channel of microwaves burst from my mouth, and an even larger column of energy rolled from my mouth that was as large as I was, its energy waves rolling forward in a way that I could see them cut through three of the soldiers unlucky enough not to get out of the way, while at the same time engulfing the tank that shot at me.

Missiles and ablative armor exploded, the metal snapping and cracking and melting before there was a tumultuous explosion from the ammo on the inside of the tank for its fifty caliber machine gun, its missiles and its cannon rounds cooked off long after the men inside were instantly cooked to a char.

I blinked as several crunching snaps linked the bones of shoulder and collarbone together, just before the muscles all around me tensed and hardened all the more, and my strength suddenly doubled from having been dealt with such a blow. What was more was that my breasts even grew to counterbalance my body more perfectly.

Feeling my muscles strengthening, I looked down at both clawed hands, witnessing the whitened claws suddenly blaze red hot, steam rising off my body as even the ground beneath my feet was charred, and grinning white blazing teeth, I began striding toward the second tank. The soldiers kept shooting at me with both ammunition and with those microwave cannons, unwittingly making me burn hotter with the tumultuous energy, so much so that I had to start storing it as electrical energy, which only made me stronger, and stronger... oh god! It felt so erotic.

So much so that I leapt onto the barrel and pushed my pussy onto its end, and like a massive dildo I began humping that cannon nozzle. Perhaps not the best thing I'd ever done, because they seized the opportunity and shot me... but it felt like the most powerful seizing male eruption inside me ever, so strong that I lurched and orgasmed immediately and the sheer strength of the twin pussy lips between my thighs clenching together crimped the barrel of the cannon shut and likewise bent it upward.

I moaned and humped that gun, climaxing in a splatter of fluids that hissed as they fell against the ground, and getting off the cannon, I squeezed the shell out from inside me by sheer vaginal muscle control alone and the thing clunked to the metal front of the tank. Laughing at such power, I then reached down and grabbed the tank with one hand before lifting it above my head.

It was a multi-ton tank and I was lifting it, though I was straining against the weight, my arms shaking from it, I nonetheless was gasping in elation from the effort. Veins stood on end across my body as I held it by its front skid and the barrel of its gun, and tilting it downward, letting it drop while holding onto the barrel still, I spun in two full circles and threw it like the hammer throw at the Olympics at the remaining Hind as it approached, the thing having to veer out of the way in their attempted combat run to avoid the tank as it came apart from its turret.

More lances of microwave energy were shot at me, and I saw a pair of soldiers with those beam cannons, saw the waves come at me, and I flexed, snap-growling at them as they obligingly fed me more power before stopping the flow. I saw then by the way that they turned to each other that they were realizing that they were only making me stronger. So I charged at them, ran them down, and grabbing both I wrenched the guns from their hands and aimed them at myself before pulling the triggers.

I started laughing manically as my body billowed and grew back toward the size I held before with all the white fur, the field of energy around me growing as I strengthened and rippled with harder and harder musculature, absorbing more energy than the electricity I had in me before, but finally growing to a point where I could consider myself as strong as I was before.

But this time, instead of a thunder goddess, I was a goddess of fire!

“Come in Dog-One. Please come in...”

I could hear their communications by running my hand amidst the stream of microwaves that was exiting the dome on the Osprey. There was a bit of a distortion on how I perceived it, but I nonetheless heard their words. The more I was learning how their technology worked, the more familiar I was becoming upon listening to certain communications, distort their radar and interfere with their long distance sights, and what was more was that I appeared as a right big blur on their radar.

And moving around to the front of the first Osprey, staring at the pilots as they broke off communications suddenly, I waved a hand and the armored windows of their vehicle melted.

“You are very bad men. You tried to hurt me.” I said quietly, and the two pilots pulled out their hand guns and fired blindly at me, but their simple small arms simply pelted me harmlessly and painlessly. When their ammo was empty, I simply focused on their weapons and the guns started melting in their hands, and both dropped the guns before their hands were singed. “Exit your vehicle... or be destroyed with it.” I said quietly, and suddenly I heard the whine of the engines of the other Osprey, and turning I leveled a hand on it, found its fuel tank and lanced a stream of microwaves at it. The vehicle made a satisfying boom of fiery death and melting metal before I turned to the other men. “Let’s pray that the two of you are smarter.”

They nodded and exited and I cuffed the two of them and transferred them both to one hand before I lifted my free hand and exploded the other Osprey before dragging them both back to town, working on figuring out how to change microwaves back into electricity. My very body was so hot it melted the snow, my white claws so strong that I was able to tear right through even the tank armor of that tank I cast away. It was fun shucking the soldiers out of their armor and pitching them half naked into the snow.

When they found out they couldn’t hurt me, and once their two Hind escorts were downed – those missiles hurt! – they promptly surrendered, but only after half their numbers were killed.

Once I was back to town, and turned over the last two pilots to the villagers who took them from me and sat them down with the other soldiers.

Then with a snap, I found a trigger in me and like a chain reaction, all the microwave energy in me began funneling into electricity, and with a flood of color and a swelling of physical strength, more so than when I began this, thickening my every proportion noticeably, I shifted back into a towering, supremely muscular white tigress... save for a single red streak in the flock of hair dangling before my eyes.

Likewise, instead of frizzy fur, it all became jagged and pointed at places, but what was more important was that I was no longer so hot. Very rapidly I cooled down, feeling more of the cold air and I became lukewarm instead of steamy hot.

“They’re all tied up and ready to be shipped back to whatever foreign hell coughed them up!” a voice said, just before Mikhail came up to me. “So you were the big White Ghost, but before we can be friends, you need to tell me how old you are.”

“Nineteen.” I said immediately.

“Then you aren’t the beast that killed my father!” and he stuck out his hand, and smiling I wrapped the whole of my hand around his hand, and his wrist... and his forearm... and shook it, but when I moved back he grabbed one of my fingers and held it tight and I stopped.

I could move my hand away from his if I wanted to, but he had something else important to do. So opening my hand gently to him, he placed a silver bullet in my hand, and I quickly closed my hand around it to hide it.

“That’s the last one of those I got. One of the others was used shooting those soldiers by accident with it, but I’m certain my father would be proud that it was used to kill a different kind of monster. I’m sure that you know where the first bullet went.” And he limped off before I looked at the long bullet in my hand.

“A different kind of monster...” I whispered quietly as the soldiers were all rounded up and marched off, the children throwing snowballs at them while they were moved to where they could be kept an eye on.

But for the life of me... I couldn't see where Dmitri went. I knew he was still alive, or at least he was when the shooting started, and looking about for him, trying to find him, I finally saw a light on in his house, and rising to both feet, strode like a shambling monster toward his house.

Dmitri was sitting on a stump at the back of his house where only the moonlight could shine upon him, and despite how silently I was able to move, he still nonetheless paused in tending to the wound on his head and turned to see me.

Without another word he turned his back to me again and continued doing what he was doing.

“How could I have told you about all this? How could I've made you understand what I am, and that I'm a hunted woman?” I asked him, and strode in behind him before squatting down beside him. “How do I tell a man who cared for me, gave me gifts... *loved me*... that I'm a bloody huge monster instead of just a simple woman who wandered in from the snow one night to steal some clothes. I mean... *I am* that monster, and sometimes even I don't believe it.”

Dmitri was silent for a moment as he stopped caring for the rifle butt blow to his head.

“What am I supposed to think right now, Tanya?” he asked quietly. “I keep asking myself that question and all I get is a blank slate with nothing on it. What in God's Name am I supposed to think about all this?!”

He began crying, and reaching forward, I sopped up those tears with the fur on the backs of my fingers.

“I'm still Tanya.” I said quietly. “Up until a few months ago, I didn't even know that I was like this.”

“How could you not know?” he gaped, and looking at him, ears flattening against the back of my head, I sat down before him and began to tell my tale...

“When I was six... a true monster came to my family's home. I never knew his real name, but I later learned to call him simply: *Number Twenty-Five*...”