

Кoшкa (*Koshka*)

Book 4: Power of Sisterhood

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

Rated: *R - restricted*

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

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

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

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

Day 165: *Three days till the full moon. I knew that without even ever looking at a calendar. I grew subtly taller, my muscles flared and thickened and like everything else enhancing in me, so too did my sex drive.*

But Daniel and I didn't have sex that night despite how much I wanted a man in me again. I was truly, irrevocably and remarkably needing Dmitri right now, but despite my wants there was Daniel's needs to consider. I gave him the bed this time and I slept on a fold out couch, but despite that, neither of us really slept. He laid wide awake, his brain buzzing almost audibly to me from my earlier question that he kept me up too. I kept expecting him to leap up and rush over to me with his answer and I wanted to be there for him. As it was, it wasn't until early morning that he finally spoke to me and gave me his answer as to whether or not he wished to continue on with me in search of my family...

I handed Daniel a pair of envelopes the next morning after we stepped off the train.

"What are these?" he asked.

"This one, is cash... it's all the notes that we brought with us when we went to go see the wolves but I also inserted directions for where you need to go in order to get to Mir. The money is for you and any expenses that you might incur."

"There's over three hundred thousand rubles in there, Princess..." he said after inspecting the notes

"I know. It's all yours, with my thanks. But also there's a check in there for a million more. This other envelope though I want you to deliver to a man named Dmitri, and he currently lives in the only permanent house in Mir."

"This is your human?" Daniel asked, accepting the two envelopes and putting them in his inside coat pocket.

“He is. I want him to know that I still love him, what I’m doing and so on, and how he can contact me so I can contact him.” I then reached up and cradled his face, turning it downward so I could kiss his cheek. “You take care, Daniel. I think that you’ll be happy there.”

“I’ll try, but no promises, Princess... but tell me, what brought you to consider this? Why do you wish to send me away?”

I looked up at him and rising onto my tip toes again, kissed his other cheek. “Before you consider it, I’m not sending you away because you’re a failure, or because you don’t want me all the time... quite the opposite in fact. There are many people I’ve grown to care about, and I want them safe and protected till I can come back... and they need help, Daniel. They need it bad. When I was with them before I didn’t have the ability to help them, now I do, and I’m sending the most competent person that I know of in my life to go care and most importantly, protect them.

“You’re big and strong, you know how to fight... and most importantly I trust you.” I nibbled my lower lip. “I want you to come with me for me, but I also want you to do this... for them, but more so for you. Who knows, you may enjoy a retirement.”

Daniel smirked and kissed me on the forehead in return. “You look so much like your mother, Tanya... except for the eyes... those are undoubtedly your father’s.” He then rubbed my cheek with a thumb for a moment before hauling a duffle bag over one shoulder, he turned and walked away.

I stood there watching him go, and after he’d left I looked down at the once dull but now brightly shining locket that had been my mother’s, all the dirt whipped off the gold and the thing polished to a high shine. He’d even had a new chain added to it, one that could expand about my neck should I ever grow too much. Adding Dmitri’s ring to it and placing it around my neck I let my guardian go his way, sending my knight errant on an errand to protect those that I loved when I myself could not while I pursued my own quest of reuniting my family.

Day 166: *It took me awhile to find the address where Anya was. It was an orphanage for girls and only girls, with even the faculty being women. I entered the place, posing as a woman seeking to join their program and learned that this life wasn't so bad. The girls here were cared for by a rich entrepreneur, a man named Stephan, an elderly man who, the more I looked at his images, rapidly began to remind me of America's Hugh Hefner.*

With that thought in my head it immediately became difficult to stop picturing all the young women around me here dressed in tight leotards, lace teddies and bunny ears. So help me if that was the eventual reason for this organization...

But all the girls were dressed well, they had makeup even, their hair done up nicely their skin shining with a healthy glow... it was a place that educated girls to become finished women with educations and money of their own, where they taught other girls to earn their pay and helped with the organization.

The final impression that I got from these girls and young women who were ranging between six and twenty-one – those under sixteen being set for adoption, and those sixteen and over being set for marriage – was that they were groomed women, being set as prime examples of Russian Society. I couldn't be any more pleased that Anya was here...

The matron of this place was a woman known as 'Madrid,' a French woman who had an exemplary poise and posture, was over fifty and yet looked like she was still twenty. Now that's what I wanted to look like at fifty, but then again I had no idea how Lycan aged. Daniel mentioned something about us being the 'undying breed' though I had no idea what he meant by that.

Surprising Madrid and myself for that matter, upon hearing that she was French I began to speak in French, as did she. I obviously had to owe that to more of the programming I'd received.

"I'm so happy that you're expressing an interest in our organization, child." She said. "You've absolutely the most beautiful skin I've ever seen on a woman your age. And you say that you're twenty?"

"I am... though I must say you give me undo credit. I earnestly hope that I look like you do when I'm fifty." Madrid blushed and covered her face. "But... I do have a concern, Matron Madrid. I often hear of people referring to this organization as whoring out the women of Russia to other nations for money."

"I understand child, though I assure you nothing of the like happens here. Stephan is an old lecher at times, but every girl that comes to this place is considered a daughter to him, and he has never, ever, in my whole time of knowing him, has ever mistreated a girl like you fear. What he is, more than anything though, is prideful. There is another orphanage, one for boys that he runs just for boys, teaching them to be skilled gentlemen like he teaches the girls here to be skilled ladies. The Russian Wives program is purely voluntary for our girls."

"Truly?" I asked and she nodded. "Perhaps you can tell me about one of them. Svetlana Cherenkov?"

Madrid's demeanor suddenly chilled, and she immediately crossed her legs and folded her hands together.

"Are you a reporter, Miss Ivanovitch?" she asked with the hint of sharpness in her voice.

"Not in the slightest. You might even look upon my own personal records if you're so inclined, and you'll find that I've never worked for any sort of reporting organization whatsoever in my life."

"Then why her?"

I paused, which was perhaps my mistake. It removed credibility with whatever I'd come up with. It told her that I was trying to think up of a valid reason that she'd believe. Damn it... I should've had a prepared statement.

"You're trying to catch me in a lie, Matron Madrid, so I won't lie." I said at last and Madrid pursed her lips more tightly. "She's my younger sister..."

"Pish-posh..." Madrid smiled. If you really were her older sister then you'd know more about her, enough to tell me that you weren't looking for Svetlana Cherenkov."

"Anya Ivanova." I said quietly, and Madrid looked immediately at my face. "She's seventeen years old and is a blonde-haired girl. She was orphaned because of a murderous bastard who killed her mother, father and all their servants roughly fourteen years ago. Daniel Peterovitch was the KGB now FSB officer who brought her to the first orphanage she spent her life at before being brought here.

"Tell me if I haven't said enough yet, Matron."

Madrid gaped at me, and then suddenly surged to her feet, her breasts that were fat from whatever she'd done to herself combined with normal maturation to make them so big, bouncing freely from lack of a bra as she rose.

"You are a very sick person to be coming here looking for her after... after what happened. Leave my office immediately! Leave this place and go away or else I'll be forced to call the police!"

"After... what happened?" I asked, sensing something more recent than when she and I and Peter were orphaned. There was a reason why Madrid was acting like the administrator and his assistant in the original orphanage Anya had been, and whatever it was it was more than just the state's rules about not allowing orphan records to be public.

"I said leave!" and she pointed at the door.

Getting to my feet, I brushed off my own dress and picked up my coat.

"Thank you for your time, Matron." I said and turned, and with my hand on the door I heard Matron tearing up the application I'd made, and turning the door knob and leaving I promptly made my way out of the place.

There was one thing that I'd gained from that meeting though... and that was that Anya was here. But what, pray tell, happened to Tanya where people are so scared after hearing her name?

>Igor, are you online? Please tell me that you're online...< I paged, and bit my lower lip, hoping beyond hope that that genius of a computer technician was available. There was a long pause that stretched on forever before he paged back.

<Playing WoW. Raiding Kara right now. What do you want?>

>I'm stuck. My sister has a past that they're keeping hidden from me. I checked the newspapers but found nothing. They won't let me see her. I need your help<

<Calm down, Tanya. Explain what's going on while we down this boss>

And so I began typing everything that I found out. I was at the address; I knew she was here, I saw many young women but didn't know which one was her and that they wouldn't tell me who she was. But then

there was also the reason that everyone got angry whenever I asked about her and I feared that something bad happened I needed to know why.

>Please help... I'll pay you.<

<Stand by>

The wait became unbearable, and I couldn't believe that he was delaying this because of some stupid game! And then...

<No charge. I owe you for the tip>

And then I saw a request to download an attachment:

It was a black and white newspaper clipping, and I immediately gasped at the sight of a young girl sitting naked on a street corner, covered with a heavy blanket that obscured her nakedness, but what she was also covered with was a lot of blood.

And then I read the clipping.

Tragedy at the People's Orphanage in Moscow.

On this date, a young girl was assaulted by an unknown assailant bent on robbery, but when finding that young Anya, a sixteen year old orphan had no money, he proceeded to force himself on her.

Though we are unsure at this time exactly what had happened, the girl was found naked in the park close to her orphanage home to where she was returning to after work, violated, naked, and covered with blood. It appears as if someone had saved young Anya, for her assailant was found mauled by what appears to be a large predator of some sort, possibly a tiger, though how and why a tiger would come so far into Moscow remains to be seen. Other than a footprint or two found in the park confirming that there was a large predator, definitely feline, in the park., there is no other sign of this animal, and given how deep the animal came into Moscow it is alarming that there was no word on its arrival thus yet.

The Police and FSB state that if anyone sees a tiger that they are to stay away from the animal, for if it has attacked a human once then it can also attack other humans again.

The would-be mugger and rapist had been mauled to the point of evisceration by the beast's claws. The criminal was dead when found. Remarkably, however, the young woman was untouched. Police are still on the lookout for this stray animal.

The article was remarkable. It was almost exactly what I'd experienced nearly fifteen years ago now... but as I thought about it, I suddenly realized something:

She was sixteen.

Checking the date of the article, I pulled the pocket computer from where it rested between my breasts – the fat and glands of either mammary cushioning the precious device all the more and likewise keeping it absolutely safe from theft on its dangling chain – and detaching it from its chain, I pulled up a simple calendar that I'd had automatically mark every full moon. The date was on the third night of the full moon at the time, and according to the other notes I added to the calendar for it to automatically calculate, it was also shortly after Anya's sixteenth birthday...

'What did you find?' Ivan said and poked his head out of the pocket close to my lap. He didn't stick much of his head out, it was still winter...

"Why people don't like me asking about her."

I began checking other things...

The date she was transferred to the new orphanage where she was now was a few weeks after this incident. Upon arrival at the house here, where she was being made into a Russian Wife, her name was entered as Svetlana instead of Anya...

They were erasing her past.

"Anya turns sixteen," I began speaking aloud, figuring all this out. "Which is the year that sexual powers in a Lycan usually activates according to Daniel, and upon her first full moon, she experiences a change. A mugger assaults her, tries to take her sexually and succeeds, and amidst being raped in the middle of the park she looks up at the moon for the first time. I remembered that I had to look at the moon at first too, remembering that I could walk in it, but now even having its light on me without looking could change me. If she's changed once then she's changed again... so she more than likely knows what she is then and is trying to hide it."

'So we check her on the next full moon...' Ivan suggested. *'It'd make it easier for her to accept you for who you are if she herself was like that...'*

"Yeah..." I said absentmindedly, looking at the wide eyes and dilated pupils of a blood-covered girl in the photo. Taking the locket from around my neck and opening it, I compared the face of the little girl in the locket with the face of this young woman, and biting my lip I saw similar features between the two. Like me, Anya looked like her mother.

With hope in my eyes I looked up, hoping that fate would grant me an image of my baby sister, but what I saw instead, picking him out of the crowd simply by the way he moved was a man dressed in a long flowing black trench coat with blonde hair that'd been shaved down into the standard military crew cut. He was showing a picture of a girl and I swallowed as I recognized Anya's face on that picture, and before the person could look my way, I flipped the collar of my trench coat up around my face and pulled the hat I wore further down about my brow.

'Hide!' I hissed to Ivan and he ducked into my pocket before I crossed both legs and stared at the man so far away.

He showed it to one of the girls in her uniform dress and coat, and then pointed at another girl. And immediately I followed the finger point and felt myself suddenly holding my breath at the young woman that she'd pointed at.

"It's her..." I whispered, seeing the first glance of my sister that I knew of.

Dark blonde hair that was kept short and held in a pleasant array with barrettes. She looked happy...

But then that other man turned to look at her and he immediately turned away, stuffing the picture into his pocket. He went immediately to the nearby telephone booth and made a phone call.

"We're running out of time..." I said quietly, and rising I paused, looking at the man even as he hung up the phone, and then likewise looking at the young woman who was undoubtedly my sister, and I walked away.

I was practically naked... with only the frilly white and green underpants with their long elastic waist bands holding onto and covering me from total nakedness, and even then it was only a patch over the tightened labia and enlarged clitoris I possessed as a sign of my womanhood.

With both breasts hanging out and wobbling, either firm and large, their nipples erect, I sat keying in all the notes about Anya that I knew of till I began to feel something strange in the atmosphere and looking up with a gasp, I saw a mound of rags and bones.

“Who are you?!” I gaped, folding both hands immediately over either of my nipples. There was absolutely no hope of covering these breasts that I had.

“I’m sorry child, but I did knock...” a woman said, and I gaped again, recognizing the voice.

“Grandmother Yaga?!” I said and abandoned the pretenses of my womanhood and lowered both hands as I rose to my feet. “I... I thought I’d never see you again after that first experience.”

“I watch my children, all of them, and now I’m here to reward you for your efforts child.”

And then Grandma Yaga stood up, a towering woman, supremely muscular, naked beneath the silks she wore beneath the rags and robes that she cast off at that moment, with the most brilliantly silvery hair I knew of. It was the color hair that I was expecting with the silver council, and upon seeing her I rushed up to her, pressing myself to her hard muscular body, my cheek against her fat enormous breast while she kissed my brow and then began stripping me of my underpants.

I felt so comfortable in her arms, so much like a child, that when I opened my eyes I was shifting and changing into my greater hybrid form and she was helping me to sit and then lay down upon a large bed. But it wasn’t the one in my hotel room; as a matter of fact this room wasn’t even my hotel room. The room was opening up, unfolding and melting it seemed, showing me additional rooms that weren’t there before. Beautiful changing screens and more were rapidly appearing and moving about me, and sitting beside me, Mother Yaga only smiled to me as I palmed her fat breast and moved it to my mouth to suck from it.

She rubbed my belly and I heard singing in the background.

“I’ve come to reward you, Tanya.” She spoke softly, and kissed my brow.

I stopped nursing and looked up at her, my lips slipping from the muscular nipple and the flow of milk dripped onto my lips and chin while her hand moved to my crotch and she began to rub it. I arched to her touch, spreading both legs open to encourage her every touch.

“B-but I’ve not done anything... Why are you rewarding me?”

“You’ve done more than you think...” Yaga mentioned and laid against my side, our breasts pressing against each other, but her one free hand found one the mighty and enormous tits atop my chest and she began to coax the erecting nipple into an erect state that made it ache so hard it hurt. I mewed against the pain as milk seeped from it, and she sucked off that excess before she continued.

“Sharing your strength, your nectar and blood with an enemy of your breed in the past has made you a friend in the present, and you did so only by the mere thought that you saw women being mistreated and thought to help. Now the female wolves of Russia will be made free because of your strength. You need to be rewarded for such a sacrifice.”

“Any woman would’ve done it...” I murred and started to purr, arching myself deeper now, thrusting chest and breasts up into the air as I felt the warmth of Grandmother Yaga’s milk flowing through me.

“Not every woman... few in fact would give up what you did. So accept this strength... accept this power, share it with any woman that you will, I make you a source for it for your people, your children and your

family. Take the power of Mother Russia inside you, hold onto it and let it make you strong!” and she lifted her hand above me, above my heart, and something yellow orange flowed from her palm into my body, through the heart, into both loins and womb, and I groaned and felt an orgasmic lancelet suddenly explode from me as I cried out in sexual pain, and then in a rush of sound and light I fell to the bed in the hotel, now naked, my long white hair flowing disheveled over one side of my face.

I felt the orgasm arrive again, and pinching my legs together and curling up into a ball I spasmed as my juices slid from me in a series of rushes before I pushed a hand between those tightly compressed thighs to caress the erect clit there.

I'd not changed a single mote, nothing was different unlike the last time, but what I did know was that I felt hot and sweaty.

“W-what happened just now?” I asked aloud.

‘Well, you were just sitting there typing on that thing, and then suddenly you were peeling your panties off and you started feeling yourself up.’ Ivan said while licking his paw and wiping it on his head and ears, the blue markings on his head shining subtly in the dim light of the room. *‘Frankly, you humanoids have it rough. I just lick myself when I need to satisfy those urges...’*

I turned toward him, pursing my lips in annoyance. “Yeah... I notice you do that a lot.”

‘Can’t help it if I can do this...’ he said and bending himself in half, began to lick his groin and I rolled my eyes at him.

Saving the information on the pocket computer and shutting it off... I nonetheless massaged my belly. There was warmth inside me between crotch and solar plexus that remained even after the orgasm, and it was something warm and wonderful. Right now I didn’t know what was causing it... but I recognized it as a source of energy... something that I could draw from perhaps?

And I drew from it, like I could draw the electricity or the microwaves or the nuclear radiation that was constantly bathing me and everyone else in the land. But this energy was warm and natural, and as I drew from it, it made me feel like I was being slowly immersed in bath of hot waters filled with natural oils and herbs that had thickened the water into something like a syrupy jell. It washed over my breasts, slurped around nipples and crotch, down to the tips of each finger and toe and submerging me in the warmth.

The feeling was euphoric and empowering, and suddenly both legs grew weak and I braced myself against the bed with one hand while cupping my pussy. With a gasp I groaned and felt a minute jet of nectar slide from within me and into my awaiting hand that I rubbed into a pair of swelling pussy lips, and then I felt a feeling of change assault me as the energy suffused me and changed me in a way deeper than what a simple transformation would.

Rising to my feet, wobbling briefly and catching my weight on a side table, I hurried to the room’s little bathroom and braced my weight against the sink looking up into the mirror, and there I gaped as I watched my shoulder length hair growing longer about both neck and shoulders. But that wasn’t all... I was also growing taller as I drew upon that power in me that Baba Yaga had deposited there.

I felt either breast firming up radically, sticking off my chest like a pair of cannons on a ship, their nipples thickening and lengthening even as the sacks of woman-flesh swelled outward with larger and thicker mammaries, while those glands flushed rapidly with swelling milk.

I moaned and arched myself deeply, trying to hold myself up with one hand and force my legs to stiffen under me to hold myself up, and I felt that sexual change of transformation but not necessarily an increase of the beast that was inside me.

Every muscle in me was engorging and thickening, the supporting bones hardening. Each fingernail lengthened while I swelled, the muscles firming up rapidly and engorging this feminine body of mine while making either tit grow well outside any alphabet on earth. The energy continued enhancing this body of mine so that it could support the heaving pair of mammaries more easily while I grew to twenty one decimeters in height, a point that would allow me to look even Daniel eye to eye while the muscles on me thickened imperiously and erupting into masses no woman or man for that matter ever possessed before me.

Facial features were smoothing and softening, becoming ultra-feminine, gaining some of that feline softness of my altered state but none of the extra hair or fur.

Chest muscles surged forward and chorded outward without separating into two separate overlapping sets and the twin labia between my legs knotted like a clenching fist around the thickening clitoris that was there. This forced an orgasmic thud inside my bowels and a little more of my hot and head juices escaped me along with a deep-throated moan, the juices splattering my thighs now while I very nearly fell right to the floor with how much that weakened me and I had to hold myself up with both hands now. But then the growth slid down into my legs, thickening the muscles in thighs and calves, rounding the long powerful muscles as they thickened them while the shoulders, biceps and forearms of either arm likewise thickened with hard, feminine muscle.

I was gaining tens of kilograms of weight every few seconds with all the muscularity of a super-human powerhouse piling on me, a muscle hump forming between my shoulders, my neck flaring wide, and it was more than a minute before it'd stopped changing me into a smaller version of Grandmother Yaga.

The thickness of every muscle, the super definition of every sinew and strand was incredible, and I rippled with every little motion. Standing tall, my thighs and calves glistening with my juices and the rest of me glittering with seat as I flexed both arms in a double arm flex and reveled in the strength that flared inside me and thickened this body of mine many times over. It flared two times, three times, five times and then eight times over, steadily swelling with the incredible power that was there now, and when I relaxed and lowered both arms, I gaped and twisted and turned at the fact that all those muscles remained nearly as thick as they were while they were being flexed.

'What's going on in there Tanya? You learning to lick yourself like me?' and I heard him utter a strange form of kitty laughter, and smirking I stepped out into the main room of the hotel and grinned at him. It was funny to see him do a double take by shaking his head fiercely enough to make those ears atop his head flap against his head. *'What on earth happened?!'*

"Grandmother Yaga happened. She came to thank me for what I did for the wolves."

'Wasted aide, if you ask me.'

Smirking and moving over to him, I picked him up and held him between my breasts with both supremely muscular arms.

"You say that now..." I smiled. "You hungry for some cream? We haven't done that for awhile..."

Ivan looked between either of the fat tits that were framing him. *'I'm not sure as to whether or not I should say yes to that.'*

"You know you want some." I purred, actually purred. It was something I shouldn't be able to do as a human.

'Yeah ok.' He finally said, and cradling my kitty, I let him fasten on one of the fleshy nipples at the end of a breast, and he gnawed on it briefly before he settled and began to suck the cream from me.

Going to sit on the bed, the thing creaking, I felt Ivan relaxing in my arms... and then I felt him growing. His body was thickening with muscle too! I left him alone as he thickened inside his fur to the point of showing off his feathering ribs, and when he came off licking his lips after nursing for awhile, making kitty meowling noises I smirked at him.

“Now I know what Yaga meant about sharing strengths. I wonder if that works with everyone and everything, or just because you got these pretty blue marks on your forehead and body now?” I smirked and cradled my kitty as he continued licking his lips while I scratched the flower-shaped blue markings on his forehead.

‘I feel renewed.’ He said. *‘Stronger... but your milk is so delicious! It’s a sad thing I’m so full, I’d like some more... I just can’t drink another drop.’*

“Really?” I said and pulled one tit upward and dipped my head to drink from it, and immediately a thick cream that was so sweet escape my tit. It was rejuvenating and delicious. When one talked about the land of milk and honey, they must’ve been talking about sweet milk like this flowing from the breasts of fertile maidens. It was very much like the sweet milk Baba had as I drank from her tit just now, and earlier on the train. I think I even thought of referring to her breasts as the land of milk and honey.

But I couldn’t forever look like this... I thought to myself, looking at one imperiously muscular arm. *None of my clothes will fit me anymore. But, I reasoned, if I could draw on the power then I could put it away.*

So I tried to put it away like all my other powers, but in this case it didn’t go away, it didn’t remove itself from me... I merely started to change again. These new powers didn’t go away, the strength remained just as great, but my body started to thin and smooth, and I shrank only slightly. I felt that I still weighed the same as my muscles tightened, condensing and compressing into long sinuous lines about my body just with smaller lumps.

I grew slender in the middle yet remained thick in the top, my newly enlarged breasts compressing only slightly.

Putting Ivan down, who immediately proceeded to give himself a thorough tongue bath, I went again to the bathroom and continued put as much of this power away as I could, my form absorbing the milk in my breasts, and to diminish them a little more and the muscles on me tightened into hard fleshed ribbons and bumps about this enlarged form of mine till I put away as much of the power as I could.

My hips were still wide and my face was perhaps lovelier than it was before but I’d nonetheless grown in strength to equal that of a woman that was quite possibly five times thicker than I was now with all the power compressed inside me. I was just under twenty decimeters with thick thighs and arms that cleaved into all their individual muscles, and a chest that heaved two great orbs of fat and milk laden glands. Beneath those breasts were thickly chorded muscles that only compressed those tits and held them aloft, with a plethora of supple chorded musculature ringing my body from head to toe.

This will do, I thought to myself with a smile, looking at myself in the mirror as I started touching myself and feeling the contours of my face and body. This was a perfect body, the body of a goddess even, and I couldn’t be more pleased in it. And though I was slender and compact again, I nonetheless had a new power in me to grant these strengths onto whomever I wished.

I had plans for this power now... but then again, if those soldiers ever got hold of me with it...

I thought of Anya and then flexed an arm, and felt the muscles bubble and erupt massively, many times their previous size as I felt that strength burn in me.

Woe unto anyone who hurts my family!

I took pleasure in my new form and then showered to wash off all the grime and sweat from off me in the shower, supping from my breasts and drinking the milk from them. A bathroom scale told me that I was about a hundred and twenty kilograms heavy, which was a bit heavy for a woman, but with the new muscle density and the size of my breasts I felt that that was just right.

I loved having visible biceps and pectorals with flaring and muscular thighs, everything was creased and hardened and firm underneath soft supple flesh that was soft and pliable over top muscles that were like steel and concrete when they were tensed. These tits of mine remained soft though... they held themselves up firm and rounded without use of a bra, but they were still soft. Like two orbs of water filled cushions. Either was likewise capped by a thick pad of an areola and a hard and engorged nipple that was thick and fleshy and allowed me to still suck from them as easily as I wanted to.

Pulling on the panties I'd discarded, or rather Yaga had removed from me the night before, as well as my undershirt, I smirked at how perfectly they conformed around me, especially with how perfectly placed every muscle was on me. Everything had its place, every muscle and bone was how I'd wanted it... and I was so arousing that even I wanted me. It was a sexiness that I was willing to bet that other women would want me even if they were straight.

Putting both hands on my hips as I looked down at myself, feeling the additional strength of the moon assaulting me, I was steadily tensing with even more added strength and growing arousal that came along with it.

'You didn't sleep last night...' I van said as he lifted his head to look at me, flipping a now muscular tail, while his eyes and the markings on his body shone in the dimness of the darkened room here.

"Strange... but I don't feel tired right now." I said, and absentmindedly started fondling a breast before the other hand snaked downward to caress my labia.

'You want me to leave you alone so you can lick yourself?' he asked, and I immediately stopped what I was doing before stepping over to him and sitting down.

"No... not yet. We need to prepare for acquiring my sister. And until then, we need to keep an eye on her to make sure no one tries anything till then."

'Like ship her off somewhere or kidnap her? I don't envy you your life, Tanya.'

"Hmm. Later you're going to have to teach me how you do that thing to lick yourself."

'Perhaps I shouldn't...' he managed as he stretched and yawned.

"Oh? And why not?" I smirked rubbing his head.

'Because if I did... you'd probably never leave this place...'

Day 167: *Tomorrow is the night of the full moon. There was a tenuous excitement in the air... especially since I could feel the strength and power of the moon rising, daring to assail the world and force me to change under its light.*

I took to following Anya from a distance, so nervous at the moment to go and talk to her, with Ivan peaking out of my pocket while I waited at certain places, watching her, keeping an eye on her, and likewise keeping an eye out for any people dressed in black and looking like soldiers.

Covering my head and face with a hat and scarf and a pair of sunglasses, I likewise wore a hastily acquired coat from a second hand place that would keep me from being recognized at the very least, and since I'd changed my body so drastically it'd be difficult for whoever these people were to recognize me.

But looking upon my sister, I began to remark on how beautiful she was. I'd artificially been enhanced, but she still nonetheless looked prettier than me. Her hair, the way she carried herself, her elegant uniform that left her upper chest, neck and shoulders bare save for two thick crisscrossing strips of cloth attached to the top of a one-piece heavy gown that was laden with ornate lace and frill, with a lady's boots and leg socks completing this image. She had an elegant walk and flow that floated instead of bounced like other people did... she made me look like a tom boy in comparison.

I'd decided to go naked save for a pair of leg socks to keep my lower extremities from freezing. It was easy for me to remain conspicuous... people ignored me like I were a bag lady.

But I nonetheless observed my sister, and took a sibling's heart-warming view of how she turned heads wherever she walked. She couldn't have been here for more than a year yet, and yet she had friends everywhere she went... which was good especially after what she'd dealt with.

I decided to try to go talk to her later that evening.

In the summer, Siberia and everything as far north as we were – like Canada, Norway, Alaska, Greenland and certain other locales in the world on both the north and south hemispheres depending upon what time of year it was that it happened during – was called the land of the midnight sun during the summer months. That was most especially above the Arctic Circle, where a night and a day took a full year to turn. But alternatively, this place was also called the land of the noonday moon.

As such, daylight had now reached a meager four hours of risen sunlight.

Anya had a day job working in a hat shop, a place that her fellow orphans came to often to purchase new hats from all over the world. Midway through the day, I walked into the shop and began looking around, the white feminine gloves I wore clean and soft but well worn to whoever owned them before I purchased them from the same second-hand shop I bought this coat from. I think it was called the Salvation Army Store. I heard something in the press about places like this before I was abducted, but couldn't remember what it was about. I think it was another American organization but they took donations of clothes and cleaned them and sold them again for inexpensive prices. The perfect place to find warm clothes that I wouldn't mind tearing to pieces in a second.

Many of the others at the shop shunned me immediately, moving away from me as I moved around the shop, and the other tellers avoided me like a foul thing, but Anya came right up to me.

“Can I help you ma'am?” she asked pleasantly, and I smiled behind my scarf.

Even her voice was beautiful.

“Yes, thank you. I’m looking for a new hat. Can you help me? This old man’s hat doesn’t do me justice. Something that goes with this coat, and my eyes maybe?” I asked and lifted my head enough so that she could see the piercing green eyes I’d developed that shone in darkness now.

She stared at my eyes for a moment and then smiled.

“Certainly!” She beamed at last. “How much were you looking to purchase?”

“The best you can possibly find. Money is no object and there’s a big tip for you if you find the perfect one.”

“Of course, right this way!” she smiled pleasantly, perhaps because now she knew I wasn’t just some bum of the street trying to keep warm.

For more than an hour she took down hats and brought them to me, thinking for a moment between hats and more often than not, I found myself in a position to touch her, to reach out and palm her back or shoulder or arm and I stopped myself. Ivan eventually crawled out of his pocket and hopped up onto my lap and I pet him pleasantly as she waited on me, and I smiled through the scarf over my face at the girls and women working in the shop who were now kissing a big tip and commission goodbye.

“You’re such a beautiful, pleasant young woman.” I complimented her.

“I’m nothing.” She smiled at me, holding one hand in her fingers. “If you really knew me you wouldn’t say such things.”

I pursed both lips together and then reaching out and picking up the hat from her hands, she gaped as I lifted the one I was wearing off my head and my long white-blonde hair spilled out from within it.

“I wouldn’t say that…” I smiled and put the hat upon my head. “Someone who can choose so pretty of a hat like this that can match me so well cannot possibly be a bad person.” Placing Ivan on the table, I stood up and bent the hat into position while I stood before a mirror before adding a hat pin and standing prettily before the mirror. “I love it.” I said, and reaching into the carpet bag I found my wallet and removed a thousand ruble note and handed it to her while petting Ivan.

“But… that’s much more than what the hat is worth.” She gasped taking the note.

“I know… the rest is a tip.” I smiled, and picking up Ivan I put him in his pocket and gathered up the bag.

“Th-thank you!” she gaped, clutching the note.

“You’re welcome, it was good meeting you. I hope we can meet each other again soon.”

And I walked off, pausing and smiling at the squealing of girls as she revealed the thousand ruble note to them before I continued onward and out of sight with my new hat.

Darkness had long since come and the heavens were overcast with roiling clouds. I’d long since relocated my vantage point to the roofs, looking down upon the streets as Anya left the store as it was closing, though covered with a thick shawl that covered her head, neck and shoulders, I saw her peak upward to the exact place where the moon was currently hiding behind the clouds before she stooped over and rushed away as quickly as she could.

And as she hurried home to the school/orphanage, I saw people who’d migrated in through the course of the day as bums, those who were occupying the sewer grates for warmth, begin to rise and follow her.

“Ivan... Watch my stuff.” I said quietly, and removing my new hat and carefully placing it into the carpet bag, I lifted both hands to my clothes and began prying it all open to stand naked above everything.

‘You know, you just go ahead... I’ll stay in here where it’s nice and warm still.’ He said, peaking out of the coat pocket as I placed the coat beside the bag and stepped out of the boots and peeling both leg socks off that I was wearing.

Once they were all off, I stood for a moment, sliding a hand along my tight pelvis before suddenly expanding and growing much heavier and stronger, the fur protecting me from the cold as I then followed after Anya, leaping across the roof tops after her, keeping myself hidden, and watching the people walking after Anya suddenly hasten their steps when they noticed her noticing them and tried to hurry back to the orphanage.

More of these bums rose up in front of her, and with a gasp she ducked off to one side and entered an alleyway and I stopped just above her, peaking down at her as she ran from over the ledge of a stone railing at the top of the building I was on.

“All right... you psychos want a fight?” she cried with some fear in her voice. “I’ll give you a fight you’ll never forget!”

And then she removed her shawl, unbuttoned the two straps that held her dress on over her shoulders, pushed down the front of the bib of that dress and then began to change.

Yes!

And she grew, muscles popping into existence, fur growing on her body from head to toe while the clasps of her boots popped open and she simply stepped out of them. Forearms extended from her garb, erecting and thickening, her hands growing with large claws, a tail drooping out the back as the dress she wore rose up over her bottom and became nothing more than a wrap about her bodice.

Sinuuous muscles grew into place as she gained fur from head to toe, even on her chest, which was something that I lacked, and throwing her shawl over a rung of a fire escape ladder, her ears becoming hooded and rising to the top of her face, the bums suddenly came around the corner and stopped directly in front of her. She was grinning ferally at them, and striking a lean-muscled pose with her pert breasts having grown outward and bouncing subtly; she thrust herself forward and roared at them all long and hard, hoping to frighten them off with her pearly white fangs and sharp claws.

To her credit, the screaming roar was long and frightening, but like I expected, these bums didn’t react to her. The first of them all pulled his rags back and lifted a sub machine gun, leveling a green targeting laser on her body which was soon followed by a half a dozen more green beams of laser light from weapons being drawn by the other bums.

“Impressive you little bitch...” the one in the front said, obviously the leader by his markings that no one else had. To a last, each of them were helmeted, face masked with breathing tubes on them, all of them armored and laden with torso harnesses that included numerous clips and side arms and knives and grenades. “Now throw your hands up and be nice and quiet like and we won’t riddle you full of holes.

It was then that I heard a helicopter.

Damn... running out of time!

“W-what do you all want?” Anya stammered now that her scary monster ploy had been called, and I leapt off the roof and fell toward the back of the soldiers forcing a change as I fell and flipped and turned.

“Turn around and...” and then I landed with a thud that caved in some of the pavement here, and the soldiers turned immediately toward me as I slowly rose to my feet, towering more than double over them all.

“Dear god... it’s number Twenty-Three!” their leader called. “Open fire! Open fire!”

And they all began to fire openly into me, draining every last bullet from their clips, and all I felt was what seemed like baby fingers tapping my skin from their impacts. When they were all out of ammo I smiled at them, and lifting a finger waggled it before me while clucking my tongue.

The soldiers rapidly began changing ammo, and smirking I fell to all fours with enough force to crack more pavement, both my primary breasts creating two huge radial impacts in the ground, and snarling I screamed and roared at the soldiers before I attacked them, showing Anya how a battle cry was really done.

It was one thing for these super soldiers, these mercs to deal with a human being, and another to deal with something that easily outweighed them like the difference between a man and a tank! They had to die, they had to be killed, or else they’d keep coming back... and most importantly the cost of hunting me needed to be made too large of a number where the prospect of profit no longer reasoned the expenditures of resources.

So yes, I killed them, I killed them right in front of my baby sister, but I did it quick, I did it so that these men and one woman it looked wouldn’t suffer, but to the last, each would be a good two to five hundred thousand American Dollars to replace.

“Stop! Stop or I’ll kill her!” I heard suddenly, and I turned and saw their officer having slid in next to Anya with his gun pointing at her. “Surrender you she’ll die!”

I dropped the soldier I was currently choking the life out of, and he fell to the ground coughing, the helicopter getting louder and louder. Rising to my feet and towering over the pair of them, I saw the green beam pointing levelly at Anya’s forehead.

“You do realize what I’d do to you if you pull that trigger.” I growled at him.

He looked at me, and looking up as a large freight helicopter roared into position above us, right as its side doors opened and more soldiers began repelling downward from above.

“With you here, she’s expendable.” And he pulled the trigger.

Time slowed down till it nearly stopped. Anya screamed, I heard the first peel of the exploding gunshot, and not knowing how I did it, only that I did it, I flung a hand out and created a field where the electricity caught the bullet like it was lancing into a solid barrier, and the full auto from the SMG lanced its entire load of bullets within a matter of seconds as I hurried to one side, angled myself, and with a growling cry, drew my hand in a flinging motion at their officer.

Time reverted to normal and a flurry of bullets caught in the field was literally throne with incredible ballistic force at the officer, peppering him and the area around him with those bullets, killing him instantly. His body simply slowly died as he landed on his knees and fell forward onto his face.

Remembering the repelling soldiers, I then flung both hands upward and a stream of lightning lanced upward at the helicopter, striking its rearward stabilizer blade, and all the repelling soldiers were jostled as the helicopter tilted from its rearward rotor stopped rotating, and the soldiers were dragged up amongst all the fire escapes and were battered to death. The helicopter itself did a slow downward spiral toward the park, and crash landed.

I leveled my gaze upon the machine as the pilot and co pilot began to exit with another officer, and lifting my hand and charging a bolt of lightning, a horizontal stroke of electricity lanced from me and the fuel

tanks exploded in a blossoming ball of fire that destroyed the machine, the three who were escaping and anyone else who was still within the downed helicopter.

Anya stood there as I turned toward her, and she stared at me gasping, her chest heaving as she stared at me wide-eyed and gaping at the monstrous and powerful creature that I was... just before her eyes rolled up into her skull and she fainted fast away to the ground.

My ears twitched then, hearing a beeping sound, and turning to the fallen soldiers, walking up to the one I hadn't killed yet, I stopped him as he was crawling away with a foot in the center of his back before I reached down and pulled his helmet open like one would crack an egg, found the tactical radio and its camera on the inside and pushing the earpiece into one ear I spoke.

"Whoever you are... whoever is listening to this, you're now messing with family." I pointed the camera down at the man beneath my foot, showing them his struggling form before I pushed sharply downward sharply with my leg and crushed all his ribs inside his armor, killing him instantly. "The first group to come after me is a warning, I killed them quickly. Now everyone who comes after me or my family will die slowly and every piece of hardware you send with them I'll destroy."

"We own you, Twenty-Three. We made you." A man's voice spoke to me in English.

"You didn't make me, life and a monster you refer to as *'Twenty-Five'* made me. You only enhanced me. Heed this last warning and leave us alone... you are dabbling in a world you cannot hope to conquer."

And I crushed the mike and threw it to the ground as the helicopter burned and exploded in a fiery ball of death. Walking toward Anya and looking for signs of life in the soldiers, I paused, seeing an emblem on a uniform, and reaching down and looking at it, I tore it off.

Gripping the emblem for later, I went and gathered up my sister, picking her up in my arms and cradling her strangely light body to my great strength. Both my massive primary breasts covered her body helping to keep her warm and as I held her, realizing that the last I saw of her she was a child in a one-piece bawling in fear at what was happening around her. Pausing for a moment, fingering her face and smiling at her, I then lifted my head and stared upward as if I could see the satellite that was almost assuredly looking down on us now, but luckily the clouds obscured almost everything. But despite that... there would nonetheless need to be precautions.

Leaping upward and landing on the roofs, I went to gather up my coat and bag and Ivan, and leaping back down to street level as police and fire trucks rushed in. I opened up a sewer cover and changed back to being a human, I then climbed down with Anya and Ivan and our things and disappeared underground.

Among the things in the world that I never really thought that I'd ever be doing in my life, walking through a sewer while totally naked and my half-naked and unconscious sister strung over one shoulder wasn't among them. I was walking on a narrow maintenance path instead of in the water, but still, to a Lycan like me with enhanced senses even as a human, the stink was most foul.

Anya had transformed back into a human, instinctively I guessed from having lost consciousness, but her clothing was still disheveled as I walked continually to keep myself and herself from detection.

And then I heard sounds up ahead, and lights, and walking up to a sub station, I found several homeless people huddled together, many of them surprised at the view of a naked and barefoot and rather muscular woman like me carrying another half naked and topless young woman like Anya... and a cat.

"May we enter?" I asked quietly, and they all moved out of the way as I entered and laid Anya down on a couch and covering her up with my coat that I'd retrieved. Ivan had long since moved into the carpet bag. "Thank you." I said and sat down next to Anya while she slept.

“If we may... why are you running around down here with no clothes on?” one of the homeless men asked.

“Why are you running around down here?” I smirked at the speaker.

“Trying to keep warm in this damnable Russian winter. Yes it’s rank, but its warm... but that doesn’t tell us why you’re here. Naked no less.”

“I’d difficult to explain, and best if I don’t sir. If I might be so bold though...” I reached into the hand bag and pulled out a thousand ruble note. “I’d like some privacy... could you all leave, get something warm in your bellies or something?” and handed the man the note and he took it among much excitement of all the people around him... a good half dozen or so.

“So long as you’re not intending to harm that girl.” He said warningly.

“Paul... what are you doing, that’s a thousand rubles!”

“Shut up! I will not have a girl’s virtue...”

“She’s my sister.” I said quietly. “I’m the last person in the world who’d hurt her in the way that you’re thinking mister.”

“You hear that? She’s her sister... now lets get the fuck out of here like she wants and go get some good food in us.” The other said.

“You need a blanket or something or...” Paul began, but his friends intervened.

“PAUL!”

“All right, you bunch of jack-offs. Let’s go feed your empty bellies instead of taking care of a beautiful naked woman.”

“Hey. Food first, and then you can get to dicking.” I smirked as Paul slapped his friend upside the head, but they all eventually left.

And then there was a hiss and a yowl and a homeless fellow who’d appeared like a bunch of rags got his hand cut by Ivan’s claws as the bum tried to reach into my handbag and take more money for himself. I eyed the man darkly and he scrambled away after his friends as Ivan stuck his head out of the bag.

‘Disgusting, smelly, low-life bunch of...’

“Watch your mouth, Ivan. I was very nearly one of them before I got kidnapped...”

‘What was your secret of avoiding such a fate?’

“I didn’t drink my meals from a bottle of Vodka and I kept my mouth shut and head down.”

‘Yeah... well... I’m a cat. If I were living in the alleys I’d be looking for a female right now.’

“If you were in the alleys you’d smell just like those bums and probably be covered with fleas right now.”

There was some quiet for a moment or two.

‘All right... how long do you suppose to be staying down here? She’s going to wake up here sooner or later, and then you’ll have to explain to her why a refined lady like that was dragged down into a sewer.’

“I’m thinking.” I said calmly, crossing both legs, and then sighing. “But you’re right... I don’t owe her this... She needs to wake up in a nice warm bed, not on a half-rotted, threadbare couch that’s falling to veritable pieces.”

‘Best that you come up with a plan quick... or...’

“I got it... get out of that bag.”

‘B-but... it’s warm!’

“I know it’s warm. You can get back in, in a moment, but I need things from inside there. Now out.”

And he got out, hopping out of the bag while grumbling and then curled up into a nice tight ball with his tail covering his nose and shivered while I pulled out several blankets I had in there, and switching modes from white to red, I kept myself warm by the natural heat in me before picking Ivan up, replacing him in the bag and then removing my coat from Anya and donning it and the scarf I’d retrieved from its many folds and the boots, I fixed Anya’s clothes and then wrapped her up in the blankets.

“We’re going.” I said finally, and left. With my cat, my sister and all my things.

I really didn’t like putting Anya like I did in a shopping cart, but it would be best if they thought I were a red headed scraggly homeless woman pushing a cart full of rags instead of myself pushing my little sister.

Once back at the hotel and climbing up the fire escape with her, I placed her on the bed and undressed her from her clothing down to her underpants – which she likewise had a pair of super stretchy thong underpants to stay on her when she changed like I did – and I went to take a quick shower. Switching back to white mode before I did and dressing in some sweats that left my muscular midriff naked, I paused and looked upon my sleeping sister. I admired her sensible beauty... she was beautiful... and I was just a tomboy.

Moving over to her, I covered her with the hotel quilt at the foot of the bed to keep her warm and then went to go rest in a the chair by the door before Ivan came to me, dragging another blanket by his teeth and hopping up onto my lap. I covered myself with the blanket and waited while Ivan curled up pleasantly on my lap and purred while I pet his feline body made large and powerfully strong by the milk these fat mammaries of mine now produced.

And then I lived in an eternity... watching my sister sleep while every minute toward Dawn stretched in to infinity.

Day 168: *This was the night of the full moon. After a short four hour period in which the sun was actually up, the full moon would rise. Anya and I would either need to wait out the moon for three days, or else leave the city before then. Those damn satellites were what were causing the most problems for us and I had to find some way to avoid their overall detection.*

Perhaps a simple taxi with Anya and me all bundled up and safe from the overhead lights... but before any of this could happen, we first needed to have our first sister to sister heart to heart. And for that to happen, she needed to wake up.

Anya awoke violently, her eyes snapping open and her body jolting upright with a gasp, breasts bouncing heavily inside her undershirt as she immediately saw me and then snatched the bed covers to herself.

“W-who are you? Where am I? I’m warning you... I’m dangerous!”

I reached down beside me where the carpet bag was, and produced the hat she sold me, her eyes widening with a gasp before I rose to my feet while cradling Ivan in his blanket and putting him down comfortably on the chair and stood pleasantly before her.

“You’re in no danger. I’ll not hurt you. You’re safe from the soldiers from last night.” I said immediately.

“S-soldiers?” she squeaked and pulled the covers closer about her. “W-who are you?”

“This may be hard for you to understand, but my name is Tanya... and I’m your older sister.”

“What?! Sister? I have no sister! Help! Somebody help I-Mmm...” I was beside her in an instant covering her mouth.

“Quiet Anya... let me prove it to you, and after that, if you choose to go... I won’t stop you.”

Her eyes were wide, and when I lowered my hand, she said exactly what I thought she would say.

“How do you know that name?” she gaped. “Nobody knows that name...”

“You were born Anya Ivanova.” I said, and lifting my hand before her, I started a transformation and changed that hand and arm a little into a fur-laden muscular arm wrought with long sharp claws before immediately reversing it, and she saw enough of the muscle and fur with black stripes to know what I was. “And I’m just like you.”

She stared at me, and then her eyes rolled back in her head, and then she fell backward into the bed.

‘Not so sure of herself, is she?’ Ivan said from the chair before he turned his head and pulled some of the blanket over his body.

“Hush. Under the circumstances she can faint all she wants.” I said and rising, went to go get a shirt of mine to cover her with. It fit her like a circus tent, and thinking for a moment, I then went to the phone and picked it up and someone on the other side picked up after a couple rings.

“Yes Miss Ivanova?” the neighborly woman on the other end greeted. “How may I help you today?”

“I wish to inform you that I’ve taken a guest in my room. Is that all right?”

“Of course, Miss Ivanova. Your room is slated for two.”

“Very good. Could you please send someone up with breakfast? Two of everything on this wonderful breakfast menu of yours... but... double the bacon.”

“Yes Miss Ivanova, right away.”

“Thank you.” And I hung up the phone and straightened Anya before covering her again, and walking to the curtains, I opened them up and looked outside upon the rising sunlight.

‘Mm... bacon.’ Ivan said quietly and laid back and started to purr.

I merely stood there and looked down at a waking Saint Petersburg.

The smell of food awoke Anya once it arrived, and I gave the boy who brought it up a good tip by a ten ruble note and a kiss on the cheek and promptly dismissed him even as she woke up.

“Good morning... please help yourself.” I said and sat down beside her, crossing both muscular legs as I started dishing myself up some and fed Ivan a strip of cooked bacon that he took and started chewing up.

“Yours?” Anya asked pulling on the shirt she was in and I nodded. “H-how did you find me?” she asked then. “Our files are sealed to keep us from seeking out our family members, either good or bad.”

“It involved a breaking and entering at your old orphanage.” I answered and forked some of the scrambled eggs into my mouth

“Then... y-you know... what happened?” she asked hugging her knees to herself and resting against the backboard of the bed.

Turning to her I nodded.

“I guessed what happened, though I don’t know the details. All the records had omitted that information quite well. But you were sixteen, it was a full moon, someone was frightening you, and you lashed out.”

“Was... was it the same for you?”

I paused, thinking of my first change, not the one in the facility, but the one I blocked out for fourteen years when I first changed at the age of six. “Yes.” I swallowed. “This world is a dark place, Anya... or do you prefer Svetlana?”

There was a pause as she pulled her knees inside the shirt and huddled backward avoiding looking at me.

“I... prefer Anya. The psychologist said that I should change my name when I came to the new orphanage... develop a completely new identity... as if I could forget feasting on a man’s blood and shredding him apart with my claws.” It was then that she looked directly at me. “It was you who were killing those men last night. You were the great white tigress.” And again I nodded. “You were killing those armored people. Why would you kill a person?”

“Because of what they wanted to do to you.”

“But what could’ve been so bad that you’d kill so many people?”

I paused and placed my breakfast plate down and turned more fully to her. “These people represent a corporation of some sort. It can’t be a government, and though a government could afford to make a unit like that, they cannot honestly put a price tag on a soldier’s life worth as much money as the equipment they’re all sporting.

“This organization, whatever it is, kidnapped me, Anya... they subjected me to many cruel experiments.” I pulled all the long white hair I had over one shoulder and pet it. “This used to be blonde the same color as your hair before they got to me, Anya. They did horrible things to me, but at the same time they empowered me, made me stronger, faster and larger. And then I learned of what I was... I’d... forgotten what I was, what we are, I forgot about you, and I’m sorry.”

“How did you forget about things like that?” she gaped.

“That’s another story for another time, Anya, but rest assured that one can experience a thing so terrible that the mind refuses to remember it. Because of such an experience, I forgot everything that’d ever happened to me from before I was six. But when they kidnapped me, the experiences I felt made me remember what I was, and so I escaped. They’re still looking for me, and now they have the city I’m in. Being that they were looking for you means that they’ve resorted to hunting my family down to get what they want.

“In order to find out how we are what we are, they’ll treat you like an animal and do things to you that are cruel and will render you insane from it all. I don’t know about you, but I find that that is a fate worse than death.

“Also... there was a logistical reason behind it all. For every one of those men and women that I destroy and kill, that eliminates hundreds of thousands of American dollars a piece, a third to a half a million per person I’d say. I have to make it no longer worth their while to chase after me or my family.

“I’m sorry, Anya... but they made you involved the moment they decided to kidnap me.”

She bit her lower lip. “S-so what... what do you want with me?”

“I want my family. I want them safe. I wanted to meet them face to face let them know they have a family. We were orphaned, all three of us.”

“All... three?” Anya blinked.

“Peter... younger brother to both of us. My sources have been telling me that he’s been sent to America.”

“America?! How do you intend to go there?”

I smiled impishly. “Our parents left us with a fortune.”

Anya merely blinked, and Ivan meowed and I took another strip of bacon from the table and fed it to him.

“I want to get both our brother and you into a family again, Anya. I want to be a part of that family, and if you want to return to the orphanage and be a Russian Wife then I won’t stop you, but if you’d like to come with me and meet our brother... then I promise I’ll keep you safe. Else wise, you’ll have to rely on the security of an orphanage or the police and military who’re selling their weapons for food.”

“That’s not much of a choice.” Anya said, pressing her lips together tightly in annoyance.

“I know it’s not, but that’s the choice you’ve been given, but not by me. I’m giving you the better half of that decision. These people who are after me – us now – gave you the other one. I won’t lie to you that you can easily be abducted now they know where you are. It’d only take a bribe or two in the right palms, or the right person to ask specifically for you as they purchase your contract.

“You’d be worth... what, a three hundred thousand American?”

“Four-fifty.” Anya said and turned her head sharply and rather defiantly.

“Then how bout I buy you out for five...”

“Huh?” she gaped, and turned her head back to stare at me.

“We need to stop the paper trail, make it difficult for them to find you. If you hurry up and eat breakfast, then we can be on our way and out of here before moon rise, purchase your contract, take all your paperwork and identities and be on our way before they have a chance to send another team.

“I’m certain you’re hungry... even if they feed you better at your orphanage than they did me, then you still eat rather meagerly, and we need to put some ample bone and muscle on you. So eat up and we’ll be on our way.”

Taking up my plate again and starting to eat, I smiled at her and gestured for her to join in, and eyeing me warily, she slid forward to the breakfast trolley and sat prettily, back straight, using only the edge of the bed as her seat, and began dishing herself up small portions and dolling out into their own places on the plate and I chuckled at her.

“Hey! What’s the matter with how I eat?”

I smiled at her. “I said nothing... but just so you know, I’m not judgmental on the way people eat so long as they at least use utensils, so there’s no need for manners here.”

Anya looked from me to the food, and then leaving the small spoon on her plate, she resorted to using the large serving spoon to dish herself up with huge dollops that were even bigger than mine and then tore into them as if her belly button were rubbing up against her spine.

And then we continued breakfast in relative silence, saying nothing more to each other, other than to ask each other if we could pass this or that.

“I hope you’re aware that we have contacted the police about you, Miss Ivanova.” Madrid was saying with a frown.

“Like I stated the first time, Miss Madrid, Anya is my sister and I want my family back. We’re here to remove the financial burden that your patron has expended in her care. And to do that I plan on purchasing her contract.”

Madrid switched the way she crossed her legs, her face changing subtly before her hazel eyes turned toward Anya. “And you, Svetlana... what do you choose?”

“My... name is Anya, Matron.” She said quietly, and lifted a package from off her lap and placed it on the desk. “This is my uniform and all my things that you gave me.”

“All right... but how did she prove to you that she really is your sister, Anya?” Madrid asked.

“She... I...” Anya looked at me and I smiled at her. “She showed me several very private things, Matron. They’re things I can’t show you. But I can assure you she proved herself to me... that’s for sure.”

“Proved...” Madrid said carefully, her tone asking for a clarification.

“Nothing like that!” she gasped and waved her hands as I sat beside her and pet Ivan on my lap.

“Then where will you both go then?” Madrid asked. “Do you have a home; do you even have money to support another person in this economy, Miss Ivanova?”

At that I removed from the carpet bag that rested beside me and produced a bond for five hundred thousand dollars American, roughly twenty million rubles, on Madrid's desk, and she turned it to look at it before raising her eyes at me.

"I'm the eldest and holder of a very large family wealth, Madrid. I'll be taking my sister with me, traveling to America briefly, and then I intend on retiring with my family. Anya will be well cared for, with good food, good warm clothes and a place to cover her head and eventually a home and a part of the inheritance our loving parents left us."

"And the reason why the two of you were orphaned in the first place, have you told her about that yet?" Madrid asked, steeping her fingers and Anya looked sharply at me."

"No." I said simply with nothing else involved in it.

"Do you know how she came into our care?"

"Yes." I stated just as simply.

"And you're ok with that?"

"Yes."

"Hmm..." and then she looked to Anya. "I feel inspired to ask you whether or not you wish to continue with your sister or if you wish to continue with us." Madrid directed to Anya.

Anya wrung her hands, locked in a decision, unsure of the one she made before, but finally... "I've made my decision to go with my sister... at least for awhile. I can return and continue with you if I choose, can't I?"

"You can, though you'll have to enter into a new contract." Madrid answered.

"I'm ok with that." Anya breathed a sigh of relief.

"So be it then." And she began to remove documents and put them onto the table.

"I want her records... all of them." I said immediately, and Madrid paused.

"There is information she and I are entitled to learning, Madrid. I am her legal blood, and the head of the household. I want her birth date, I want her history in the orphanages, everything. And most especially... I want the original copies... that... or I want the original copies stored in a secure bank location if you're unwilling to give them up."

"And what reason is that? Are you possibly being hunted by police, Interpol, FSB?"

"You'd be hard pressed to find a record in the police files or any enforcement agency regarding to me or my sister. If a law enforcement agency asks for the records, then by all means give them up to them. It's other people that I worry about. Now that I have my sister, Madrid, I wish to be as protective as possible. And I believe you can hazard a guess as to why I want her records hidden."

Anya looked to me again and without looking at her I reached across the space between us to cup the back of her hand. The unspoken implication was in regards to the incident that sent her here in the first place, which was her being found naked and covered with blood next to a seriously mauled mugger/rapist. I had no qualms about her doing what she did to that man, and I told her as such, leaving my personal reasons why I supported it out of the conversation. I didn't know if she were ready to hear why we were orphaned.

Madrid finally sighed. “We keep three sets of records, Miss Ivanova. One is electronic and is in our computers. The other two are hard copies, one of those hard copies and the electronic files are here,” she reached into a drawer then, flipped through several hundred hanging file folders and removed a set and placed it on the table. “And the other set is kept by our benefactor. His personal secretary keeps duplicates that we fax over to them at the end of each day. If you truly wish to handle it this way, you can have those copies right there. Our computer records, I can assure you, are well protected behind a hardware and a software firewall, are encrypted and password protected. Only I and our benefactor and his aide have the ability to actually print anything off. It’d take someone with a direct access to our server to actually be able to obtain those electronic records.”

“That would be acceptable. Now if you forgive us, I’d like to hurry the file work. Anya and I are eager to be underway.”

“Why the hurry?” Madrid asked, and again I detected the tone in her voice that suggested she was wondering what we were running from.

That was partially the reason. Well... one of many parts of the reasons we were in a hurry. The next was that the full moon was rising in only a couple hours, but I found that a truth with omissions was the best way to keep someone from thinking you were lying.

“We’re on a quest to find our brother.” I smiled... and leaned forward to begin the necessary paperwork.

The Grand Deluxe Train was as luxurious as I remembered it when I rode it with Daniel, and Anya and I boarded the train and made our way to our train cars each armed in heavy garb to protect us from the moon should it arise while we were boarding, and likewise each with a single piece of luggage.

I wanted to do more shopping with Anya while we were in Saint Petersburg, but sadly there just wasn’t enough time.

“This feels so unreal.” Anya said, petting Ivan as he rolled onto his back to her scratches and I made sure the windows of the car were shut tight to keep the moonlight off us. “Every orphan around the world, I guess, dreams that they are some lost child of a rich and wealthy family who’re desperately trying to find them. I just never thought it’d happen to me.”

I turned to her and stepped before her, palming her face and the long locks of hair that dangled elegantly to either side of her face.

“How does it feel?” I smiled at her.

“I’d... expected our parents to come for me, really... why you? Why not them?” My lips suddenly pressed tightly shut. “Tanya... what happened to our mom and dad? Why didn’t the orphan dream for me come from them picking me up with you, and not just you?”

I exhaled a sigh and then sat down beside her. “It’s because they’re both dead. I was the only one of us who was old enough to watch them die.”

“Watch?” she repeated, and I bit my lower lip and looked at her before nodding. “S-so... you don’t want to talk about it.”

“No... not yet. It’s best if you don’t learn how, Anya. There’s a reason why I didn’t come for you immediately upon turning eighteen, it’s because I’d blocked out the whole experience till a few months ago.”

“I want to know, Tanya... eventually.” Anya sighed and then scratched Ivan’s chest again.

'I'm hungry... when do we eat?' Ivan asked.

"Yeah, I would like some food too, I... wait... did he just speak?!" Anya gaped and rose immediately to her feet and half-squealed in fright.

Ivan turned over and shook his head violently. *'Hey! Don't stop now. You found the spot!'*

"He can talk!" Anya shouted and pointed.

"Of course he can talk." I smiled and took up scratching Ivan between the ears."

'Human minds are so befuddled they don't want to listen to us... that, or it's a cat-thing. I prefer to believe it's more of the first than the second. Don't fret it though... Tanya didn't understand me immediately either...'

"I can understand a cat?"

"Like he said," I smiled and then moved over to a curtsey phone. "It's a cat thing." And picking up the phone proceeded to order us a mild dinner.

Oh, my breasts were so full...

After dinner, while Anya was playing and talking with Ivan, being more affectionate with him now that she knew he could talk back, I snuck off into the bathroom, stretching long and powerfully before taking off my shirt and undershirt, standing only in the sweats with the frilly panties arching high over either hip, and leaning over the sink, I started the long and delicate process of squeezing my milk out.

It began with massaging one breast with the finger tips, enticing myself and getting the areola to puff out and the nipples to erect, and with the thickness of those muscles on either tit, this took a little doing before I was fully aroused. And then I began to slide the fingers of one hand toward the nipple, applying a subtle pressure and enticing the milk to flow of its own accord, and rolling the tit upward while massaging the areola, I sucked on the nib of the teat till I tasted that first sensation of ever sweet nectar enriched thick creamy milk that my breasts developed. It was partially why they were so large and so firm because of all the water weight in them.

One secret of large breasts was to entice them to constantly lactate. I don't know why I did it, whether it was some strength I absorbed somewhere, a power Baba Yaga gave me, or something genetic done to me at the facility, maybe a combination of all the above, but I developed a highly enriched breast milk that as it escaped my nipples, especially at the behest of my teasing lips and tongue made me feel so erotically pleased that it was a measure just short of love-making with Dmitri. It helped that I always imagined that it was his lips upon my chest and nipples.

Oh I could be forceful, and just grip both tits till the milk squirted out, but that damaged the breast... and I so loved how round and plump the pair had become, amply set against my firm and powerful body, their size appropriate to my muscular form.

Most women who lifted weights to become as muscular as I was had too much testosterone in their bodies, and testosterone counteracted the effects of estrogen in a body, and estrogen effected the sizes of a woman's breasts. The more muscle-building testosterone the less breast-building estrogen there was. But as I understood it, I had a radical body type, and I didn't even know if it was common for my species or if I was some kind of mutant... but I produced high concentrations of both estrogen and testosterone... enough to have both large breasts and thick, powerfully feminine muscles. It made me feel like an ultra female... a

highly arousing, powerfully strong and erotically beautiful female who was also exceptionally fertile... just... once or twice a year.

Today, unmindful of anything else, I drank and I sucked and I nursed deep and heavily, swallowing my sweet milk while starting to massage the other tit to release its cream, when there was a creak behind me.

“Tanya?” Anya’s voice said, and I turned subtly toward her and smiled with my own tit in my mouth before I let go of it with my lips and teeth and turned fully toward her. “W-what are you doing?”

“A necessity, Anya.” I said. I wasn’t even bashful about this, and that was strange for me. Every day that passed and I was becoming less and less embarrassed by my body or what I did with it, and to show her, I massaged the breast I was sucking from, and squeezed out a dribble of my creamy milk onto the back of my hand. “I lactate... and sometimes they get too full, so I have to drain them.

“How often is *sometimes*,” she smirked.

“Almost every night.” I smiled at her. “I hadn’t emptied them for days yet, and they’re so full they’ve begun engorging. I could barely move either of them a moment ago.”

Tanya approached as I leaned against the sink, and she was openly staring at my breasts before she covered her comparatively smaller ones with both hands and turned away with a blush.

“Y-you’re so beautiful, Tanya.” She said suddenly. “I’ve always fantasized to suck from my own breasts, and here you are, so tall, so strong, so perfectly feminine... I’m so jealous... and ashamed of myself.”

I stepped up to my baby sister and palmed her face.

“Hey... I was as small as you were only a few months ago. I’ve gone through a few growth spurts, as you can see. And don’t worry... I remember what mother looked like, and she was... well... let’s just say that she was rather top heavy.”

“C-can I touch them?” she asked.

“Sure.” I smiled, blushing maybe a little, but this was a bonding between sisters, and Anya’s hands upon my body, even if they were my breasts, was the closest to an actual hug we’ve had other than me cupping her face.

She pressed a finger into the firm, full-bodied mass of one tit, and she gaped. “It’s so firm! H-how do you get these to be so firm?! It’s like you have a breast implant in there.” And then she pressed in on the nipple and areola. “And you can probably etch glass with these things. I’m so jealous.”

“Jealous? Of me?” I smirked. “Then we’re both jealous of each other.”

“Huh? Why are you jealous? What do I have that you don’t?” Anya asked. “I mean look at you! You have the perfect breasts, the perfect hips, the perfect body... what do I have?”

I cupped her face and leaned in to smile at her. “You have the loveliest face, and your eyes are so beautiful. I... never considered myself all that beautiful. I’m always so plain.”

And then Anya pressed against me, the firmness of my breasts cleaving to either side of her head as she did, and I breathed a sigh as I held her and combed her hair with my long fingernails. “I think you’re gorgeous, and if you think I’m even fairer than that, then thank you... Tanya. Sister.”

I beamed at her and we shared that wonderful moment with each other till she absentmindedly lifted a hand to one of the tits decorating my chest and palmed it as if she were palming the chest of some protective

guardian, which in the past was more than likely held by a male, but now that this time it involved a female, she got a palm full of tit with this touch.

She paused and looked at what it was that she was holding, her fingers brushing over the nipple one after the next, and in reflex, the areola, nipple and milk ducts did what they were designed to do on a woman, and leaked a little of my creamy milk.

Rising from off my chest, Anya caressed that nipple, and I let her move back as she tested the heft and weight of the great thing, its firmness, and even the taste of my milk. Goose bumps rose up all over me from head to toe with these touches as another woman explored the objects of my sexuality.

“Mmm... it’s so sweet and creamy. Like eggnog. All it’s missing is a little paprika.” And then she looked down at her own breasts and gave one of them a subtle squeeze. “I wish I had a body like yours, Tanya. I’ve always had the secret fantasy of sucking from my own breast like you can.”

“Well... if you’d like, Anya, you can have your fill of mine...” I blushed deeply the moment I said it, “I mean... ah...”

But Anya’s grace, whether it was natural or trained, didn’t make an embarrassment of the deal, and turning toward me, smiling, she simply moved right up to me, and using one hand with its long and slender fingers, she hefted the tit upward a little, and opening her ruby-red lips, she fastened upon the end of the areola and nipple and began to suck.

I blushed even deeper than before from her lips sucking milk from my breast. I didn’t know why I was being embarrassed. Dmitri sucked from my breasts, as did Daniel, and a hundred werewolfesses who absorbed new strength from me. Why were Anya’s lips so different? Why did the panties I was wearing suddenly become flushed with moisture from inside me, why was a cool sweat rising up all over me and why was I so hot at the moment?

Was it because she was a cat like me? Daniel excited me, but that was because he was a well-hung man, this was my little sister. I swallowed and lowered my head to my sister’s and rubbed my cheek against her brow before folding her to me, and Anya in turn embraced me as she sucked from my tit.

I felt motherly at the moment, it was a sensation that was most desirable. It somehow clicked with me, mentally, physically and spiritually, making me want more of that sensation, to explore it more. I was the eldest, and with mother dead and gone long ago, I was the closest creature to a real mother Anya had at the moment, and though most of the time I needed to be a big sister, sometimes I could be a mother too. Of those motherly qualities that I already had as a cat – of fertility, femininity and such according to ancient legends – one thing that she needed most from when we were orphaned was that she hadn’t nursed in our mother’s arms enough. This bonding experience was a bond of love between mother and child usually, but in this case it was a bond between older and younger sister... to give sustenance to the younger generations of the family...

But then something began to happen, and as Anya made sounds of pleasure as both her hands moved to frame the tit she was sucking from, to rhythmically paw at it to press out the milk, she suddenly began to arch herself and press against me. Then coming up for air, she gasped, smacking her full, red lips, her eyes closed and her face in a vision of ecstasy.

“Ngh! Sister! Ah! Something’s happening to me!” she groaned, and I saw her muscles twitching and spasming as she shook her head.

Her nipples were so hard and firm that they poked out of the shirt she was wearing, and even as she arched herself more deeply, holding onto both my hips, I saw her areola puffing out behind those nipples and then watched the swells of her breasts expanding while those nipples and areola engorged with the increasing sizes of her tits.

It was then that I realized that if I could give strength to Daniel, Ivan and a hundred werewolves, then it was stupid of me to think that she couldn't absorb that strength as well.

"Oh Anya, are you all right?"

I gasped as she fell backward against a wall, rubbing her crotch as it billowed outward, the crevice between the two thickening labia swallowing the knot of fabric between her legs that kept the pants closed.

"S-so hot... so hot!" she groaned, her body growing slick with sweat, and with a shuddering gasp from her, her mouth opening into a wide O-shape and she evacuated a long streaming jet of her nectar into her pants that created a billowing wet spot over her crotch. Her breathing quickened, and lifting her shirt, we both looked at her navel as its muscles compressed and tightened, creases forming and rapidly deepening. "W-what's happening to me, what... my breasts!" she groaned, and suddenly the objects of her womanhood were expanding outward even faster than before.

"D-don't worry, Anya... this'll pass, it's making you stronger and more beautiful and..."

"What's happening?!" she practically screamed, tears of fear in her eyes, and I surged to her as she sank along the wall a little and caught her, hearing bones cracking and tendons groaning as she hugged herself briefly before she stuffed a hand down inside her pants to finger herself and the other went right up to fondle her tit.

"You're absorbing strength and powers from me." I told her as I cradled her, her body broadening on top and at the hips, narrowing at the waist and becoming even more sinuous.

The fuzzy little hairs that covered her everywhere as a human smoothed out and slid into her skin while alternatively her head hair lengthened, and her breasts... they... they just didn't stop! They heaved, hefting her shirt over the distended pair, while at the same time a tight, hardening six pack of abs and the two long singular abs that framed them formed; her ribs showing as her breasts pressed against each other and heaved atop the front of her chest into two mountainous orbs.

"So hot! I'm burning up!" she groaned, and touching her flushed forehead I hissed as it indeed did burn to the touch.

Laying her down I began to strip her naked. She didn't resist, she even helped, and for a moment I stared at her as she changed, muscles flaring and thickening, her skin softening, and then remembering myself I stripped out of the sweatpants and panties I wore, bent down and picked her up before squeezing us both into the narrow shower and turning on the water full blast and as cold as it could get.

Anya transformed in my arms steadily, clutching onto me while her body mutated and changed into something even more pleasing than before.

"It's ok baby... I know you feel frightened, but this is enjoyable. Your body is becoming better than it was before, stronger and faster, you're growing up baby! Enjoy it!" I tried to laugh, tried to make it sound good to her, tried to console her, and finally we just cuddled near the floor of the shower. "Don't be afraid, what's happening to you is a good thing."

"Ngh..." she moaned and clung to me and continued to transform.

Anya stood before the mirror naked and still moist from the shower, rising up on her tip toes as she looked at herself. I sat back in panties and an undershirt, watching her explore her new body.

It was frightening for her, to say the least, but eventually I think she got into the emotion with my help before she placed both her hands on the ring of the sink.

“Shortly after my sixteenth birthday, there was a night when the full moon was to come out. I was walking home through the park when a man jumped me and wrestled me to the ground.” She said and I was suddenly as attentive as a squirrel when a predator was around. “He took my purse, and when he found I had no money in it other than a few stray rubles, not even enough to buy a pack of gum, he got angry and hit me.

“I felt his fist against my face, and then he was on me, and then I saw his knife in my face. He told me he’d kill me if I screamed and had no qualms about raping a dead woman, and so I laid right where I was, too frightened to do anything as he cut my shirt and then my panties from me right from underneath the skirts I was wearing. I heard the jingling of his belt as he pushed down his pants, and... and a short while later he was pushing into me.

“Everything they say about this act happened inside my head. I felt violated, angry and frightened... and then I looked up as the clouds parted and beheld the moon.

“The power that came into me then, ba-doom, ba-doom, ba-doom, the pressure of my own heart was like a kettle drum in my ears. And then I became a monster and lashed out with every bit of fear, anger and violation that he caused me, but the damage was already done. I still remember the feeling of that penis penetrating me when I didn’t want it to, and this... this thing felt that just happened to me felt... just like that.” she looked at her arms and her hands with the slightly lengthened fingernails. “I became scared, I became frightened, and all I knew was that this feeling was far more intense than the one before it.

“And then there was your voice, Tanya.”

And Anya turned toward me and I felt my eyes widen in surprise at the lovely creature she’d become.

She was soft-skinned with ample breasts that distended due to their weight and size instead of sagged. She had thickened muscles that weren’t chorded like mine and yet were firm and only added to her shapely form. She also had a six pack of abdominals instead of a hardened eight pack with dual lats instead of my triple lats, but that could change as she got older.

Her hips were wider, her breasts were larger and as she moved and placed her hands along sides of a door between this room and the bathroom, her breasts wobbling heavily, I looked upon a woman who was so beautiful that I was considering sexual relations with her before I remembered that she was also a woman and my sister to boot. I threw the thought of thinking of her in pleasing measures away immediately and promptly crossed my legs to pinch that love mound between them to calm it.

“You told me it was ok, that what was happening to me was good and...” she palmed her navel and looked to me and the light in her eyes once again made me push away thoughts of sexually pleasing her. “And I believed you. I still remember the experience, but... I now know what good sexual sensations feel like thanks to you.” And then her hand slid downward between her legs and caressed the smooth yet thickly puffed out labia between her legs and the enlarged clitoris she had that poked out from between the lips before she strode to me with a gracefulness that shamed my own movements with her every step.

But now that I could see her in this light, I saw that her hair had turned as white as mine was.

I was sitting on the bed when she knelt on the floor before me and laid her head on my lap. “Thank you sister, you’re the best thing to ever happen to me in a long line of disappointments and harsh experiences.”

I smiled and combed her now white hair. Even that was soft, silken and graceful. I so envied her beauty.

“No thanks are necessary. Though I don’t have much experience of being a sister, I still think that doing what I did was only right, and in the end, isn’t that what sisters should do?” she hugged me more and rubbed her cheek against my bare thigh. “I’m only sorry I wasn’t there for you when it happened to you.

That you had to experience your first change like that... And I can assure you, I do not blame you for what you did to that man and neither would most other people in the world.

“I’ve... known what you’ve felt, Anya. I know what you went through...”

“Y-you do?” she said, raising from my lap suddenly with her breasts bouncing and wobbling energetically, sloshing with what could only be her own milk rising up inside her newly engorged breasts.

“I do.” I said, and left it at that before I bent forward and kissed her forehead, and when I moved back, she knelt there before me for a brief while longer.

“Tanya... I want to burn the memory of that experience from my mind. C-can I have some more?”

My lips spread and I smiled at her. “As much as you want, Anya.” I said, and she rose as I laid back, and crawling up onto the bed with me, we flipped off the lamps and she took my shirt and pushed it upward, pushing it up over my head before I flung it away, and lying against me, with the only fabric between us being the panties I wore now, my baby sister laid against my side, found one of my nipples and began to suck.

Day 169: *Hiding amongst humans was difficult for three days out of every twenty-eight due to the moon cycles, so thankfully the Grand Deluxe arrived after moon fall that day. Anya fell asleep suckling from me and I was so happy to simply bond and embrace with my sister that I stayed up all night watching her sleep. Come morning she had two torpedo-like tits that were so full of milk that she excused herself excitedly. Peeking into the bathroom as she showered, I smirked as she sat there and suckled from her own breasts while alternatively massaging the spare tit and her sex. She was so excited about living her fantasy that she didn't even notice me checking up on her.*

So leaving her to enjoy the physical pleasures of her own body, a much needed thing for her since her first sexual experience involved being mugged and raped, I wanted her to know the joys those sensations could bring. Instead, dressing in sweat bottoms and my undershirt due to the chill in the air from the heater shutting down for most of the night, I fished through the carpet bag and removed the pocket computer and the strip of uniform I relieved from one of those soldiers who attacked Anya.

It took a little figuring out, but I managed to take a picture with the phone and store it before sending it to Igor's email account that he had made to monitor for himself, asking for him to identify the symbol and I'd pay what he needed. The information that he sent back was most startling.

<I don't even need to look that symbol up, Tanya. I know that having a television, let alone one with satellite reception or cable is rare now a days from how tight our finances are, so I won't think of you less for not knowing this piece of information.>

<This emblem belongs to the Alexandros Foundation, the two sides of the symbol forming a Latin A-shape in the shape of a sword.>

<The foundation has been in the news a lot lately, being that they're fronting a United Nations initiative of forming a global military power. Similar to Interpol, but in this case they have military powers and serve the United Nations itself. The two top contributors are the United States and the Russian Commonwealth.>

<As you may know, the five only permanent seats of the security council are held by the English, the French, the Russians, the Chinese, and the Americans... as such, a secret you may not know is that those five organizations are also the largest arms dealers in the world. As such, under the guise of co-operation, these five organizations are attempting to create an elite military unit and have the Alexandros Foundation, a world wide conglomerate that controls a multitude of shipyards and munitions manufacturing plants and military hardware development and construction sites, would be perhaps the only organization aside from a joint UN military campaign that would put both a Russian HIND and an American OSPREY in the same place under the same operational measures. It'd also be certain as to why they were using the Russian main battle tank in their operations as well.>

<The key measure of all this is the foot soldiers you've been dealing with. Their training, physical size, the arms and armaments they have... all of those individuals are only basic units in comparison to what they could send after you. We're talking about the tip of the iceberg in super soldier development.>

<Understand that at this point you should be practicing utmost secrecy. Any first world nation, and most second world nations are prime for having "Big Brother" as the Americans call their information network looking down at you. In Russia and other nations, that network is thin, but under their own umbrella... I'd advise at this point to leave your brother where he is, but I know as a woman and as an older sister you're not going to do that...>

<I've taken the liberty of setting up travel plans for you, Tanya. You can obtain them under the name of Anastasia... as I believe your mother was known as. I suggest you have Anya continue to

call herself Svetlana in all but the most private of places. Yours and her last name will be Cherenkov as well.>

<When you arrive in Moscow, which you should be doing in roughly... Twenty-Three minutes from now, you are to head immediately for the Moscow Terminal. In the lockers there, number Twenty-Three-Delta – I thought using that number was fitting – you will find passports for both you and Anya. Likewise, and please forgive me for doing this, but I emptied your bank account here in Russia, had every Ruble converted into American Dollars, and you'll find them in a brief case inside the locker. >

<You chose too high of an unsecured bank account... it'd be a simple measure for your – our – enemies to empty your account and leave you poor. I took the liberty of protecting your assets and those of a client.>

<There were two sets of large withdrawals from it that were completed recently, so I assume that you intended those to go, else wise if it were our enemies draining your account, then it would be empty right now. Your funds in the Swiss Bank will be safe. There are few computer systems in the world that I would be wary of tangling with, and the central servers of the Swiss Bank are definitely in the top five.>

<The plane tickets are for Aeroflot Airlines, President Class Intercontinental Travel. You and your sister should be most comfortable. I got you a window seat, but bare in mind it's still a full moon so keep the windows shut when the sun goes down.>

<As for payment for all this...>

<Consider this a free-be, Tanya. I've wanted to discover as to the whereabouts of my friend, and tackling the Alexandros Foundation will give me a start as to where to look for him, and find out if he is still alive, and more importantly as to where his family is now. Likewise, my best way of making money is computer fraud and a Swiss Bank account, and since they have deep pockets, I'll be able to hurt them where it counts.>

<This is war for me now, Tanya, and I trade your information for a favor.>

<End of Line>

A lot of that email gave me some new revelations, the greatest of which was exactly how talented Igor was...

The room to the bathroom opened up and Anya exited it. Yesterday, her lean girlish body sat inside her underwear as if she were in a tent, but now with her slightly increased size, widened hips and imperiously enlarged breasts, all her underclothes clung to her as tightly as could be. Her panties stretched high over either hip while her breasts were pressed together and held tightly within her undershirt she now wore like mine did, only she had more tit escaping the sides and underside of her undershirt. What was more was that her underpants had deeply wedged into her backside, and as she entered toweling her hair dry and sitting down to comb it, I smiled lovingly at her.

She noticed my gaze and looked up at me.

“What?”

“Mother would be proud of you, Anya...” I said, and shutting off the computer and striding over to her, I took the brush from her hands and began to brush her hair for her.

“Do you really think so?” she asked.

“I know so. Because... I’m proud of you. You are a truly beautiful woman. But... do you mind using the name Svetlana? Just while we’re amongst the public?”

“No... but why? I thought to use my real given name again.”

“Those soldiers are still after us, Anya, and computers are marvelous things. They can track by names and voices... or a camera looking at your face... we need to be careful in America for their surveillance is far more than what we’re used to dealing with, and I don’t want you to get hurt.”

“But what about you, Tanya? Shouldn’t we be trying to keep you from getting hurt?”

I paused while continuing to comb Anya’s hair straight.

“The world made me forget my family, forget who and what I was, Anya.” I said quietly. “To me, my family is now the most precious thing to me, and in comparison to that, nothing is more important.

“Not even my life.”

The Grand Deluxe train pulled into the Moscow station where Daniel and I had left it some days ago... He moved fast, I had to admit, if he was able to get to Mir and withdrawal that money already... it’d only be a matter of time before Dmitri contacted me.

Oh I couldn’t wait to hear from my lover, it was difficult for me to contain myself.

Regardless, Anya and I made preparations for our plane ride on Aeroflot. She was surprised when I shifted modes, changing into Red Mode with the dark red hair and the body that was lean and slender like hers was. We practically looked like twins then save for the hair.

“How... how do you do that?” she gaped as I suddenly became a red-head.

“Don’t really know. I absorb energy somehow, I do it instinctively. I would love to teach you how if I knew how I did it myself...”

Both of us packed up, Ivan in one of my pockets and the computer hidden between my breasts on its tether. Anya and I both bundled up tightly, with large sunglasses and hats and trench coats and gloves, all mainly to keep us from any possible moonlight, but secondarily also to keep us from being recognized to any stray cameras. Ivan had to remain hidden, for I was certain that they knew I had him as a pet.

We took a taxi to the Domodedovo Moscow Airport immediately from the station and arrived at the large glass buildings and entered, keeping our hats and sun glasses on as I went to the Delta embankment of storage lockers, found number Twenty-Three, and keyed in a pass code that was attached to the locker front. Sure enough inside were the tickets that I secluded on an inside pocket of the trench coat I wore, while opening the briefcase got Anya to gasp loudly.

“Oh my goodness.” She gaped before I clicked the case shut and stuffed it into my carpet bag. Somehow that thing was bottomless, and not to look a gift horse in a mouth, it was a better and safer place to put millions of American dollars instead of carrying it around in a suitcase. “Tanya...” she whispered excitedly. “I’ve waited my whole life to say this, but, can I have an allowance?” she giggled, and I smirked at her and instead reached into my handbag and handed her ten five thousand Ruble notes.”

“The exchange rate will be vicious with that when we go through customs in America, but you should have more than ten large once they get done with it. Whether or not you get more later will depend upon how well you conserve that. Mom and Dad left us with a lot, and it’s accrued a lot over the past fourteen years,

but none of us have jobs and none of us have the skills to keep that money up forever, so if we don't live off the interest, then it'll all run out."

Anya squealed and hugged me nonetheless before she secluded the money in her pocket book on the inside of her jacket.

"Thank you, thank you!" she squealed and hugged me again and I one-arm hugged her while holding onto the carpet bag.

We went to go check in for our plane, and it was more than an hour before take off so we spent that whole time avoiding being seen by the cameras and such, keeping out hats and sunglasses on while waiting for the boarding call, getting some breakfast in a rather overpriced airport lounge.

And then came the boarding call and Anya and I were set up in luxury that was more than either of us had ever even dreamt of before. Long private couches, private computer screens that could bring up music and movies that had dubs of various languages. The steward who was assigned to watch over us was a hunky beef cake that Anya blushed at, and he called us by our first names – Anastasia and Svetlana – and Anya got to have her first sip of champagne. Being that I was her current guardian, I could say as to whether or not she could have some, and we had a nice glass of actual champagne – champagne that was actually from champagne instead of that sparkling wine stuff – before we were even up in the air. They took orders for the meal that came with the ticket as we were taking our seats, and just like everything else in this class of the plane, even that was five stars.

This would be the first plane ride for either of us, and it was an experience, a wonderful, wonderful experience, to be taking off in the most luxurious of positions on the plane, holding hand and hand with my baby sister as we sailed up into the air from Moscow to the United States.

Strangely, Anya wanted the aisle seat, and at first I didn't understand why till I saw her blush and smile and wave to the steward whenever he came by.

"You like him, don't you?" I asked, leaning over to whisper into her ear and she jumped.

"Ah... I guess." She said after jumping a little. "I... I've been craving it ever since last night. I want to know what it feels like for a man to put his dick in you when he has affection for you and you want it. He's handsome and... and..."

"A big old slab of beefcake?" I smirked, and she nodded vigorously.

"If you haven't noticed yet, Anya... we are very, very sexual creatures, and the fact that we're women makes us only more so. You're old enough to decide for yourself if you want to have sex or not, just remember that your body is a precious thing, and a woman who gives it out too much is usually considered a whore in most cultures, so be sparing."

"You're giving me permission to have sex?!" she gasped.

"Certainly, and another secret for you Anya, just like you did when your nursed from me, you gained certain powers and strengths, and the more sex you have, the more fluids you consume either orally or vaginally, though I'm unsure of anally if that's your thing, will add power to you. Simply watch out for consuming blood."

"B-blood?"

And I nodded. "You get more with blood than just a person's strengths, Anya... you also get their memories. Depending upon the person, this can include some very, very wrong things."

It took my sister over an hour to get her nerve up to actually do it, and when she did, I borrowed her a white dress of mine, a single piece that had spaghetti strings to hold the front up and it stretched a lot for my usually incredibly muscular form, and likewise allowed for my breasts, so with Anya's smaller frame it would allow for her larger breasts while the rest of the gown would float about her body and accent her hippy and narrow-waisted form.

It amused me as she went to the lounge at the front of the President Class of the plane, and I smiled while petting Ivan on my lap as I watched her at the act of initiating a sexual copulation.

'You know... something I've learned, Tanya, is that your kind seems to exude a lot of sexual power.' Ivan said as he purred and stretched his arms out before laying his head down, the emblems and such on his body glittering subtly. *'At first I thought it was just you, with you being such an exceptional female and all, but after meeting Daniel and now Anya, I've found that you all exude a raw sexual power. It's almost intoxicating.'*

"So does that mean you're attracted to me little kitty?" I asked.

'Attracted to you? You're like my mom, Tanya. But you do mildly smell like catnip. So, so long as you smell like that, who cares about anything else because the freaking walls are melting!'

Ivan stretched out while I continued to watch my sister, she sitting in a fine white dress that was practically just a long shirt that the skirt was so short, and the way she was sitting chatting to the young tight and muscular young male, her skirts were hiked up just enough so that he could see the very base of her vaginal mound contained in her panties. She seemed a natural at this the way that she leaned forward, allowing him to look down the front of the dress and look at the great mounds of mammary that she'd developed, till at long last she gestured him near and spoke in his ear, and when she was finished he moved back, smiled, looked around and nodded before speaking something into her ear.

Anya then got to her feet, straightened her skirts downward as her would-be suitor took her drink as she moved into the nearest bathroom and entered it before turning on the occupied sign. After cleaning her glass that she'd left behind, the assistance light came on along the outside wall of the bathroom and he went to her stall, knocked on the door and it opened up before he slipped inside.

"Is there anything I can help you with miss?" he asked, and the door closed and locked again.

Checking the clock on the portable computer when he entered, and then again when he left with a satisfied smile on his face, Anya returned to me dreamily and laying down, her most recent lover returned to work elsewhere to finish his shift.

"How was it? Was it everything that you expected?" I asked her quietly, leaning in close to her as she wrapped herself up in a blanket.

Anya moved to lay against my side, using my shoulder as a pillow as she hugged me about the arm, rubbing her cheek against my breast that was contained within the turtleneck sweater I was wearing now and her hand palmed my muscled belly.

"It was everything and more. That's how I always thought that it'd be. He was such a gentleman and a manly man too. The way he touched me, the way he thrust into me... I think he was surprised when he got a drink of milk from my breasts... oh those strong hands can certainly fondle a tit." And she sighed and arched herself, rolling her whole body from ribs to crotch before laying more solidly against me and taking to petting Ivan as he slept in my lap.

"So you're feeling better then?" I asked and she nodded.

“Thank you sister.” She groaned and nuzzled with me before I wrapped an arm around her shoulders and hugged her to me for the rest of the flight.

Anya simply put on a pair of black linen pants on and pulled the skirt part of the dress up around her navel before adding a pair of sneakers before we left the plane. Ducking into a bathroom myself shortly after leaving the plane, I quickly changed from Red to White Mode, filling out my clothes a little more tightly and getting into the body I most felt comfortable with. Even these minute changes were ever so arousing, and I was glad to not feel so weak anymore. I hated being weak, even though Red Mode produced a potentially more damaging power.

Leaving LAX and going to go get a car, we stepped out into the warm air of Los Angeles airport... quite a difference from the frigid cold of Russia currently.

“Hmm... I suddenly want to get naked and run around and play in water.” Anya said.

“Me too.” I smirked.

‘And I want to drop a few kilos of this extra fur.’ Ivan said as he hung out of the pocket of the coat I held over one shoulder.

“Don’t worry... we’ll have some nice air conditioning once we get the rental car.” I smirked, and led our little party out of the main terminal, maybe a little slower than normal so that we could feel the warm air on ourselves a little more.

It was a bit of a measure to rent the vehicle, and I decided to go medium-sized and conservative... especially since the cash-only options left a little less to be desired for options. Theoretically I could’ve bought a car, but I didn’t know how long we’d be in the U.S. I did discover that Igor was right about the whole “Big Brother” information network. There were literally cameras everywhere, and airport security in America was many times harder to get through than it was in Russia. Taking my shoes off indeed...

Cameras on walls, cameras on telephone poles, on street intersections, but everything about this being the Land of the Free was true... possibly too true. Looking at some of the people in this large metropolis made me think that they should have a few freedoms removed. The way that some of them dressed were lewd, rude or crude and sometimes all of the above. But then I’ve seen some individuals similar to these on the streets of Moscow... so I really shouldn’t complain about image... but why did it seem that there were more of them here?

While in the city, Anya and I were careful to keep our faces hidden from view... and if there were this many cameras here that were visible, then how many exactly were there that you couldn’t see? Something in me told me that there were also far more satellites orbiting their own country than they had orbiting others. I didn’t know if that was the programming I received in the Facility or if it was just pure paranoia, but it was always better to err on the side of caution.

What startled me, though, was how well I was driving currently. I’d never been behind the wheel of an automobile in my life, and yet here I was easily driving without any problems... even with the steering wheel on an American car being on the other side of the vehicle than it was in a Russian automobile. But I wasn’t confident to drive and look for directions through various maps and such that we had in the car and directions were needed, so eventually I gave the pocket computer over to Anya to try to use the GPS functions to get us directions.

“Where are we going?” Anya asked once we were on the edge of the great American City, The City of Angels, and I gave her the address. “What’s so special about this address? Is this where... where our brother is?” she asked.

“Not quite.” I admitted. “That is the residence of a family that I’m told who can help us locate Peter. If their efforts fail then we need to return to the city and attempt to get the records from the orphanage I have that Peter was sent to as a baby.”

“And who are these people we’re going to go see? It’s always prudent to know the name of a person you are about to meet prior to actually meeting them so you can greet them by name.”

I smirked. We were both trained... I militarily, and she... culturally. Anya was taught manners and which fork to pick up first at a fancy restaurant, whereas I knew exactly what vertebrae to crush with my bare hand in order to kill a grown man instantly.

“One of them, oddly enough, shares a name with our brother Peter. But instead of pronouncing it as Pi-yotr, he pronounces it as an American does, which is Pea-ter. They’re of Russian Descent, long Russian Descent, from long before the Tsars. According to my sources, they are to be referred to as Lord and Lady?”

“Aristocracy? But I thought Americans didn’t have such titles.”

I smiled impishly and looked at her. “They aren’t human.”

“Not human? You mean they’re werewolves, like us?”

“No. Werewolves.” I corrected and grinned and she jumped noticeably. “They go by Lord and Lady Wolfe. Lord Peter and Lady Natasha Wolfe. They’re the ruling pack in this area.”

The climate between Las Angeles and this quiet mountain several hours away was rather radical. Over there, it was practically hot, and here in the mountains it was cool and there was snow on the ground due to the elevation. It was a perfect blending of hot and cold, and what was more was that we were well, well, away from any possible surveillance measure aside from satellites looking down on us, and the only way that that was viable was if they knew where we were.

There was a large national park here surrounding this series of mountains called the Sierra-Nevada mountain range. Ski parks, camping parks, and so on dotted the lower portion of the mountain, but what was more was that I could feel something strange here... there was something powerful here, something that was supernatural and there was a phenomenal concentration of it here. It was incredible and it was making my breasts firm up while both nipples were erecting and the twin labia between my legs were firming up without me being aroused.

Not paying attention to it while we drove up a private road that wound around the mountain and finally came to a grand house with what looked like a light-house tower at its top, I pulled the car to a stop here and parked in their dirt parking lot. Anya and I got out while I picked up a still sleeping Iva and held him over my shoulder and Anya pulled on a sweater over her undershirt since she’d slipped out of the dress she’d been wearing on the plane to prove she could seduce a man.

“What’s that smell?” she asked while pulling her long white hair from out of the collar of the sweater.

I was glad she and I could share clothes... that meant there was less to carry.

“Wet dog, and remember, before you wrinkle up your nose, they smell something similar with us, though whatever that thing is I don’t know. One gets used to the smell, but it’s the smell that has caused

contentions in the past so no matter how bad you feel about what you smell do not show it, don't even comment on it. Hopefully these people can help us to find Peter."

And we both strode up to a wide porch set with two large double doors and were about to knock when the door handle clicked and the door quietly opened up showing a tall and rather muscular young man with long white hair and broad glasses that completely covered his eyes with shades so dark one would wonder how he could see through them.

"Tanya and Anya Ivanova?" he asked while standing there with a cup of hot chocolate in his hand, and Anya and I both nodded.

He was so handsome and strong that I was sure Anya was feeling the same thing I was feeling, and that was the desire to jump his bones right then and there. I remembered myself and nodded.

"Yes sir. W-we're looking for a Peter Wolfe?"

"Yes, he's here... we were told you were coming. Why don't you both come in and make yourselves comfortable."

And he stepped back, taking a sip of his cocoa while giving us room to enter, and I entered immediately but Anya hesitated. Without saying anything, I stepped back and taking her hand pulled her in after me and we entered into a large two story room with the utmost contemporary luxury one could buy. Large screen TV, a huge kitchen, a lowered living room with many couches, and to cover the smell of the dog in the room, there was the scent of pine needles and incense burning here which aptly masked the scent, and I hoped that it would do the same for whatever odor we cats exuded...

"Would you like a cup of hot chocolate or tea, ladies?" our host asked as Anya and I sat down next to each other.

"Oh yes, please. I'd love a cup of hot chocolate." Anya said.

"Make that two... please." I said and laid Ivan on my lap. I never saw a cat that could sleep so well as that. He was practically being manhandled, and if not for his breathing I'd think he was dead.

This young man delivered a cup of chocolate for us both after a moment. "Please excuse me; I shall go get my father. We've been expecting you ever since our counterparts of the Silver Council told us you were coming. It's wonderful to meet you both, Princess... Princess..." and he nodded to us both before stepping away.

"It's so great to see him coming but even better to see him leave! Mph!" Anya whispered to me. "I wonder how deep he can penetrate."

I took a long sip of the drink he'd provided me with, and then lowered the glass. "All the way, I should think." And Anya giggled.

But then there was the sounds of someone descending the stairs that led into this chamber beside the hallway here, and soon a powerful looking man, even more powerful than the other young man who we met before, with hair as black as pitch and eyes as blue as ice with an incredible intensity appeared at the bottom of the steps. He was soon accompanied by a tall and equally muscular woman with breasts bigger than even Anya had!

"Princess Tanya, Princess Anya. I must tell you that we're most happy with your actions with the Silver Council. Gregore was an old bastard who needed to be put down a long time ago. His family's continuing bias against women was the reason why my family left Russia centuries ago in the first place." And his hand was so powerful as he took mine, yet so gentle, that I felt immediately weak before such a creature as him.

There was a power here; a strength that I could feel, and now that I were amongst it I realized that a good deal of mine was missing. Perhaps it was my connection with Mother Russia or my family's connection that allowed me to become as strong as I was, or something Grandmother Yaga gave me and could not lend me when I was not standing on her earth.

"It is a pleasure to meet you, Lord Peter."

"Just Peter." He smiled. "We can dispense with formalities here... I've always hated them." And then he gestured to the woman beside him. "This is my wife Natasha."

"Pleased to meet you," this woman greeted.

"Likewise," I replied. "And this is my sister Anya."

"Charmed." Anya returned and rose and curtsied a little.

"And this ladies, is my Son Nathan." Peter said and gestured, and we saw the man with glasses from before standing off to one side, and I blinked at the fact that I couldn't hear him enter, even with my profound hearing.

"We've met, but never introduced." He said pleasantly. "How're your hot chocolates ladies?"

"Perfect!" Anya stated. "I have a passion for it but I've not been able to get my hands on much of it so I'm always glad for whatever I can get."

'Hmm... what? Where am I? OH GOD!' Ivan awoke and hissed suddenly and I tapped his nose.

"Stop it!" I said to him. "Stop it now and be courteous."

'Dogs! Freaking dogs! You wake me up after a catnip-induced nap to dogs!' Ivan hissed and I tapped him on his nose again.

"Stop it." And I cradled him close to my bosom. "I'm so sorry... he's a good cat, he's just a little... um..."

"Prejudiced toward us dogs?" a new voice said, and we turned as a silver haired lean looking man with subtle age lines and a deep all-over tan entered this room. "He's allowed his prejudices... toward me at least. There's nothing he can say that I haven't already heard."

"The house Shaman, Quixote." Peter introduced and Anya and I rose and curtsied immediately, but then Anya came close and whispered into my ear.

"It's an Indian. I've never seen one except on the TV, and he doesn't look anything like one!"

"More because how the movies portrayed the Native Americans doesn't quite catch who they really were or their traditions." Nathan said from across the room. "The televisions usually show the Apache Nation or the Sioux, Quixote is of the Navajo nation."

Anya and I glanced at each other, amazed that Nathan could hear us from that far away on a whisper.

"Was." Quixote smiled. "Now I am of no nation. But that's behind us and not of importance at the moment."

"We were told you're searching for your family." Lady Natasha said, a woman who's body was modified by many apparent pregnancies, yet was easily as strong as her very, very large husband was. "I don't know what we can do to help. We do have some governmental connections, but not many. Most of our

connections are with the USGS and the USDNR to keep their satellites from looking down upon our lands.”

“Truly?” I said and sat down next to Anya again as everyone took seats around a central coffee table covered with magazines and books on wolves. “So though satellites do look down on us they don’t necessarily see everything here?”

“That’s correct.” Peter said. “It’s arranged for them to look elsewhere, and a benefit of living in a wilderness is that communications and other governmental satellites don’t look down on the wilderness all that much other than at the borders. They’re more interested in tracking radio collars or receiving input from geological markers and tracking weather patterns in this part of the world. Everything else is focused over the cities or doesn’t possess the correct kind of optics to look at us.”

“Those are governmental, what about private?” I asked, and Anya looked slowly at me while Ivan curled up tightly with his tail over his nose, possibly to keep him from smelling the dogs, I mean wolves. His eyes were wide and open and staring at everything.

“Those are tracked, and we get warnings in case one of them floats overhead.” Peter answered and I nodded.

“Thank you for that information. Now on to the subject of our brother.”

Time drug on as I told them of Peter’s name and how he entered the states with Anya by my side, and almost immediately, without any thought of repayment or such, they began calling in their contacts and connections to find our lost brother for us. Emails, phone calls, even a Nextel pager between someone called Julius.

Once the search began, they asked us if we had a place to stay, and when we said no they immediately offered to house us both and feed us.

“Tonight is the last night of the full moon, princesses... it’s best if we house you tonight. It’s not safe to be driving in a cramped little car when the moonlight hits you both.”

“You’re most kind Nathan.” I replied to Peter’s son... the prince of this pack and next in line for the leadership of the pack. I saw that he already commanded as it was and his father only stepped in when things like special dignitaries like my sister and me arriving would require of the Pack Lord. “I’d... hoped that we’d be done and gone before night fall, but I should’ve expected this. This has not been an easy journey.”

“I applaud your tenacity princess... to already uncover your sister, even with how tight-fisted the world orphanages are about even legal family members searching out their kin. It’s a sad thing...”

I smiled at him, he was handsome and I was so very lonely. I wondered if there was some precedent for asking the prince of a different tribe of Lycan to mate with you... It’d been so long since I’d heard or seen Dmitri that I was starting to get lonely... and horny.

“So, my prince. Is there a female in your life?” Anya said, appearing suddenly, and I blanched, partially because I was looking at him for a mating and partially for how blatant her question was!”

“Anya!” I gasped.

“Well... to answer your questions, Anya... Yes there is a female in my life... and she’s rather late at the moment.” He said quietly. “And to answer your earlier question, deep enough to make you gurgle and feel the throbbing in your throat and toes.”

Anya and I jumped and openly gaped at him, and looking at her I was pretty sure that she was thinking the same thing I was, which was *'How on earth could he hear that?!'* The first instance of his hearing was one thing, this was another. He was up the stairs and down the hall when we said it to each other in a whisper!

“Ah... she’s home.” He said and began crossing the grand floor of their home to the door, long before a car pulled up and parked next to our rental, and opening the door he exited.

“He’s got very good ears.”

And then he poked his head back in and smiled at us. “You have no idea how good...” he grinned and disappeared again, and again Anya and I gaped at each other.

And then Nathan reappeared with the most perfect woman I’d ever seen. She had breasts and hips that were larger than any woman’s I’d ever seen before! Two, maybe three times as large as her head, with wide child-bearing hips and firm musculature that was just enough to support that imperious chest of hers. Hair whiter than even mine was decorated her head in an artful array, and blue eyes that were electric pierced through even the light of the room that they were so bright... and her face... I was growing aroused just looking at her.

“Tanya?” Anya breathed, and I made a very minor sound that I heard her through my lips. “We’re out of our league.”

“Yeah.” I whispered as she entered and removed her shoes, her every movement graceful, purposeful and proper, and within moments of entering and handing off a bag of shopping to her husband, even stripped out of her shorts to leave only a pair of light blue panties that showed off her bottom but not much more.

This woman was so lovely that she made even her simple clothes look elegant and beautiful. An XXL shirt for males barely hemmed in her chest, and the coveralls she’d just been wearing had wrapped tightly around her wide hips and left her sides bare and naked down to the hip. I thought that they were a wonderful touch to accent a simpleness about her. Every piece of clothing she wore was tight where it needed to be tight and loose where it needed to be loose. She wore absolutely no make up either! She was so beautiful she didn’t need it!

And behind them both came a goliath of a woman... a woman so muscular that she rendered everyone else in this room dwarfish by comparison before they closed the door. Even she had a chest that was like two large watermelons underneath her skin. Reflexively I felt myself going green, but stopped it amidst the red strip of coloring in my hair to turning green. Like the first woman, this one stripped down out of a rather loose pair of jeans, only to show bulging quads and calves and forelegs that were highly creased.

“Princesses Tanya and Anya, allow me to introduce you to my beloved wife Luna, and my twin sister Kina.” Nathan introduced them both.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you both.” Luna greeted and curtsied a little, and I swallowed. I wanted to lay with her, wanted to kiss her breasts and embrace her.

“I... I... it’s a pleasure... I mean... it’s a pleasure to meet you as well.” I gaped, and Anya merely stared.

“Speechless again...” Kina smirked. “Luna, some day you’re going to have to tell me how you do that.”

Nathan came to stand behind her, placing his hands on her shoulders before bending to kiss her strong neck, before he then moved to embrace her and she held his hands around her belly. Great... and they were perfectly in love too. We have no chance now...

“I must apologize for my slack jaw, but... I’m overwhelmed at meeting such an incredible woman such as you, Princess Luna. I’m honored and humbled at the same time.”

“This isn’t a house of formalities, please... I’m only Luna. It’s difficult enough to get others to stop calling us prince and princess without others showing up from across the oceans and doing the same. I insist that you call me Luna, and I will call you both by your first names.”

“S-sure L-Luna.” I grinned and beamed happily at her. She had the tendency of lighting up a room. She then turned to her husband and they kissed briefly. “I’m going to look in on the cubs, beloved... I’ll be down to change in a few minutes.” And she strode off, having the perfect gait, the perfect metronome way of her hips moving, the perfect legs the perfect butt... that does it... we had no chance with Nathan now. And I really needed a dicking.

“She is a beauty.” Nathan admired as she left and then turned back to us.

“Yeah...” Anya sighed, swooning after Luna now instead of Nathan.

“You must be the luckiest male in the world, Nathan. I’ve never known such envy in my life, or jealousy of you.” And then I rose off the seat I was on and placed Ivan there who was still puffing his fur out. He hadn’t said a single thing since he woke up, and he definitely wasn’t going back to bed.

“Thank you for saying that princess. I know it must be hard for you... you’ve been reacting in ways that tell me you are getting ready to breed.”

“Yeah... wait what? How can you tell that? I don’t feel anything.”

“You project an elevated body temperature, your breasts are swollen with milk, your nipples are aching and your heart beat is several strokes faster than your sister’s despite how close in age and blood the two of you are. Your body is surrounded by a cloud of feline pheromones that are making your sexual powers grow even despite the waning of the moon, and you’re reacting sexually to everyone in the room, including your sister.

“All of that states is that you’re within a month of entering into your yearly heat. With how deeply we’re attributed to the moon, I’d say you’ll start ovulating within the next fourteen days.”

Anya and I stared at him. “I’m... going into a heat?!” I swallowed.

“You are, and he drew close to me and fingered my face with the tips of his fingers, sliding those fingers quickly about my face and I felt myself swooning, felt my hands rising as I tried to open my shirt to him, I was even baring my throat to him before he withdrew, and when I realized what I was doing, I folded the collar of that shirt up tightly.

“I-It’s been so long since I’ve had a man between my legs... I’m almost afraid that I’ll go out and grab the first human I find and get pregnant off him.”

“Luckily for you, that won’t happen.”

“Huh?” Anya and I said as one.

“It is impossible for you to become pregnant off of a human. Our genetics aren’t compatible. So your only choice is to scratch them during the full moon.”

“What about with a wolf?” I grinned.

“As far as I’m aware, there’ve only been two documented instances of cats and wolves breeding together. The first is with a lion and a wolf that created the Hyena and the other is with a tiger and a wolf, which created the Tasmanian wolf.”

“A tiger and a wolf?” I moaned. “So I’m better off getting laid from a human?”

“A wolf should be fine. Those were protean cats and wolves, when our genetics were close enough to allow such unions. Now it’s virtually impossible... though, all pretenses aside, you’d probably have better luck seducing a human than getting a wolf in you. Even in our own Den there are certain prejudices that we’re trying to eliminate.”

“How come... and by the way, while I’m thinking of it, how on earth did you know I was going into heat when even I didn’t know about it? How did you know all that other stuff?”

“Our den is currently the forerunner along a lasting peace with the cats of this part of the world, but despite that there are those on either side who’re sabotaging our efforts simply out of pure hatred for the other tribe. They’ll hate you just because you’re a cat, and no other real reason than that.

“As for how I can tell about your state of sensuality...” and Nathan pulled the rim of his darkened glasses down, and Anya and I both jumped at the sight of his eyes.

“You’re blind!” Anya gasped at the sight of his gray within milky white eyes.

“Visually, yes, but I have other senses which make up for their loss. Every other sense is amplified many fold... hearing, touch, smell, and taste, and I sense better than any wolf in their hybrid forms while I’m in my human form, to the point where sound echoing off objects help me to navigate, and I can smell an individual’s scent and remember them like others remember a face.”

“So you see like a bat?” Anya asked.

“With certain limitations. I sense the echoes and shadows, and most people are large amorphous blobs... till I touch them.”

I palmed my face. “Like you did to me just a moment ago?”

“Correct.” He smiled. “I can translate sounds by touching an object. It helps my mind understand the echo, and gives me more detail of the echo. So I can see your face mixed with the colors of your smell, and doubly colored by a sixth sense I’ve developed that allows me to see your aura.”

“So... what do I look like in your eyes?” I blushed.

“It... is difficult to convey. I must admit that you’re rather unique, Tanya... being that I’ve never seen such things before. You appear like a white shell with a tumultuous thunderstorm inside you wrought with lightning. It’s rather chaotic, and I wished to see the face of a woman who had such an image.”

“And what do I look like?” Anya said in a slightly girlish tone, and Nathan moved sideways and touched her face like he did mine.

“I’d heard that Russian women were beautiful from passer-bys and friends, and if all the females of your land look like the two of you then their statements are justly so.”

Anya and I both blushed deeply from that comment.

“We’re like any other land, my prince.” I sighed. “But if that’s your way of telling my sister and I that we are beautiful then thank you.”

Nathan smiled and withdrew his fingers. “And you are a lovely young woman, Anya, though so much blue...”

“What does that mean?” she asked.

Nathan paused. "Some sorrow and depression, and you're unsure of yourself, but I see red outlines to you that reveal that at times you are a very passionate woman."

Anya blushed, and then Nathan turned his head. "Coming father." He said and both of us jumped again. "My apologies, but my father calls. We will be practicing a monthly tradition tonight, princesses, and you're welcome to join us."

"What tradition is that?" Anya asked, and then Nathan merely smiled as the shutters over all the spacious windows, each one made of metal and on the inside of the house, began to shut, and another grinding above us drew our heads upward to see a portal opening at the top of the roof.

"Clothes will be optional, though if you change, ladies, more often than not, no clothes will be required. Merely be aware that there will be a single stream of moonlight entering the house here in the living room. The windows are shuttered to keep any would-be observers from seeing what goes on inside this house..."

It was odd to get naked in front of complete strangers, but when in Rome...

I found that it was easier for me to get undressed than it used to be... I'd become so comfortable with my new body that I didn't even mind being totally naked as moonrise approached. We could change whenever we wanted to, and for that matter some people already had, and I saw that the wolves here were much like the wolves I'd met at the Silver Council. They were tall, strong, powerfully built, lean in the middle and rather top-heavy at the torso.

Anya and I kept remarking about all the penises we saw...

Lord Peter and Lady Natasha though... were definitely not what I expected.

Both had two tails, and where Lady Natasha was as pure white as newly fallen snow, Lord Peter was so black that he looked like a veritable hole in space, and either of them were towering edifices of strength and power that I didn't know if I could even compare to despite how strong my shape and form was.

Quixote was another who didn't bother waiting for the moon, and he wore clothing. A small lean wolf, similar to Father Phillip of the Silver Council, he had to look of a Coyote... a large-eared and lean wolf, dressed in a loin cloth and a poncho about his shoulders... he also carried a staff with a tortoise shell rattle on the end of it. The whole of him was lean and rosy looking, but he radiated a power that was remarkable.

"Good evening ladies," someone greeted and we were met with princess Luna as she approached, her long hair unbound and hanging down to her bottom, and even naked she was a luxurious creature... completely hairless below the neck unlike me and the little vaginal patch I had.

"Princess." Anya greeted, and both she and I practically swooned in the presence of this flawless beauty.

"As our guests, Father Peter has asked me to relay to you that we wish you to be the first to enter the moon light. He'd ask himself, but the room is crowded and he doesn't want to accidentally step on the table." She smiled and we smiled back.

There was so much happiness in this house. So much love.

"We'd be honored." I replied. "Anya, do you want to go first?" I asked and rubbed her naked and subtly muscular back.

“S-sure... but... don’t you want to? Shouldn’t you go first? I mean you are the crown princess and all and... um... sure! I’d love to go first.” She beamed, and Luna offered her delicate hand and led my sister away.

I was dying to change, I hadn’t done so in days... not since saving Anya, but I’d yet seen what she looked like after becoming more of a mature woman after drinking my milk. Luna walked her over to the light, the lights in the room were dimmed to leave that shaft of light in the room the brightest light other than Luna’s eyes, and stepping into the moon light, she encountered the immediate orgasmic power of the moon’s light on us and shivered before she looked up and faced the rising moon.

Immediately muscles twitched, breasts expanded, height increased at the neck, chest and navel, and soon at the feet as she rose atop the balls of her toes, and she rapidly began to shift forms. It was a minute-long ordeal of a slow, pleasurable change in which fur grew out everywhere, muscles flared and bubbled outward and she grew into a two and a half meter tall fem that was rosy where she was slender but bulging everywhere else. Super-defined thighs, calves, biceps and flaring forearms, a wide bulging chest with four equally sized and massive mammarys, and her navel dotted with a several more pairs of nipples. Bones cracked and muscles groaned as her feline features crept out, long elegant stripes flowing about her face and body with a long thick tail dropping at her backside.

The wolves oohed and ahed at her size, and I smiled at her as she pressed her legs together with her breasts firmed and bulging as she stepped lithely out of the light while hugging herself, and she curtsied gracefully to applause.

“I need a man.” She murred into my ear and then taking Ivan and wrapping him up safely in her arms, I palmed my sister and entered the light myself.

Closing my eyes, I felt the wash and the flush of energy spreading through me to each finger and toe just before my heartbeat grew more rapid and began to throb powerfully beneath chest and bosom, the love muscle pulsating powerfully inside me, and then with each throbbing beat I felt a sensation that was similar to a large and thick cock slamming upward into my pussy in a motion that was made me moisten me from the inside.

And then the twitching followed by the popping assailed me, and then almost violently I began to change. Hugging myself, gasping joyfully from the sensations I was feeling, I held myself as I forced the change, ground the feeling of that cock in me as it thrust and thrust again, pulsated and engorged within me. Every muscle exploded violently as I grew rapidly, back flaring and bowing outward, the spine pushing outward as I lengthened at every body part, but most especially at the chest and waist. I threw my arms back and opened both eyes wide, embracing the light and smiling up at the mother moon while all the added nipples grew into place, the additional muscle groups separated from existing ones and fur slid out of nearly every pore.

Throbbing muscles billowed out of either arm to form towering swells of bicep, the triceps engorging and cleaving repeatedly behind them with the forearms flaring. Enormously chorded pectorals pushed forward as my second set of breasts swelled into place and pushed up the first pair higher above them. Musculature unheard of in any human flowed into place and immediately billowed into such incredible heights while I grew and grew, becoming ever larger, spreading teeth and fangs that were all like sharp knives, thickening and piling repeatedly over and over while the fur on me shone brightly from the energy flowing in me. My green eyes shone brighter than ever in the moonlight, glowing even as I stooped over from the incredible piles of muscle lining my back that were only kept back by the equally incredible strength of my abs and chest muscles. The imperious size of both mammarys, swelling with milk, were heavy for even me and all the multitudes of muscles I had likewise pulled me down subtly as I rested briefly and then rose to my full height and stretched long and sinuously, showing these wolves the strength I possessed while my fingers very nearly brushed against the ceiling of this two story roof.

There were phenomenal gasps, oohs and ahs as they looked upon me with all the rippling musculature I had as I relaxed before them, filled me with pride of this sinuous body.

But then...

“A cat! What is that filthy animal doing here, let alone two?!”

I blanched and looked in the direction of the speaker and saw a wolf instantly transform from human to hybrid form and snarl at me.

“Ives!” Peter barked. “You will hold your yipping tongue!” and the whole house reverberated from the sound and the wolf cowered with his tail between his legs immediately. “How dare you act like a cur in my house and belittle our guests?! Downstairs, immediately!”

“My lord! These cats sully your house and...”

“I suggest that you watch your tongue, Ives.” Someone else said. It was a quiet voice, soft and gentle, but the effect of such quiet halted all other sound in the room as this Ives looked along with everyone else at the speaker.

Nathan, as a human, was standing nearby with his arms folded across his bare and muscular chest, Nathan, dressed in only a pair of chaps and a loincloth, kept his head bowed and his eyes covered by a bandanna across them.

“These two felines are princesses of a type of tiger from across the ocean who’re here looking for our help in good faith. The Silver Council sent them our way for helping their packs without a single whit of their own welfare... merely the desire to find the other members of their family. Understand that if you attack them as you intend to do by the way you’re body is poised, then you’ll attack her alone without the backing of the pack, and we will stand by as she breaks you in two.”

Ives slunk back, his ears pinned.

“Downstairs...” Peter demanded and stepped forward, and the one known as Ives hurried away before him. They opened a door that was hidden in the hallway and descended into the earth.

“Please forgive our pack, Princess.” Nathan stated once they were gone. “And worry not for him, my father is tough but just.”

“I... thank you.” I said, still taken aback by being met with such prejudice. “In the past, I was looked down upon as being a waif, but I expected that treatment. This... this was unexpected.”

“Thank you for your understanding... but for now, please continue! The feast begins soon and all should have had their chance to bathe in the moonlight.”

I waited and watched the wolves finish changing, holding Anya holding Ivan to comfort her from what we’d just witnessed. She was unnerved by it, but nonetheless was calm, perhaps from her leaning against my breast and having me so close to her helped calm her.

It was comforting that she and I were growing so close so quickly... even when we really hadn’t known each other for more than a week yet, but I think it was because we wanted each other so badly to be as sisters... we both wanted so badly to be family...

Everyone else’s changes were so regular that we didn’t pay attention to them much... till Prince Nathan and Princess Luna entered the light together.

Their change was rapid yet subtle, but what we looked upon when they were done changing was nothing less than looking upon a god and a goddess, but in the light, the real focus was Princess Luna.

As a werewolf, she was tall, every bit as tall as her husband, which was at least as tall as I was. Her whole body was built to support those breasts of hers, which were only larger in this form, and she developed musculature and skeletal forms solely upon supporting those massive mammaries. Alone that would've been majestic enough, but while in the light, she shone with a light of her own that lit up the whole room as if she'd replaced the moon and the moon had come down from the heavens to reside here in this house. The other wolves smiled and basked in that light. In comparison to her, Nathan, who was remarkable in and of himself, was dull.

But Nathan was as remarkable as I could think of a person becoming without seeming divine like Luna was. He was stark white like his mother, and shone as well, but his trait was that a green fire lit his legs and arms, his head and back, looking like a cloak of feathers and a headdress of an eagle... but then the cloak spread, filling the whole of the chamber and those wings weren't even spread to their fullest!

Her eyes shone blue, his were silver white, and when he turned to his mate, it was obvious at how in love the two were, and I sighed with want for such a thing.

"If all will please descend into the chambers below... we shall begin the feast shortly." Peter said, and his slightly smaller mate slid in close to him and cleaved herself to his body. I think I gave up trying for his favor right then and there as I saw how he accepted her to him, and how he looked upon her with such absolute love.

I hoped that Dmitri and I could have just a smidgeon of what they had now.

Anya and I waited while these two phenomenal creatures embraced and loved each other, and I thought that the two of us were so spectacularly desirous to be that woman in his arms that we had difficulty rising to our feet because of our want to swoon...

"I want that..." Anya said as I helped my baby sister to her feet.

"Me too..." I said, thinking of Dmitri.

"Look Tanya. She has lines inside her body."

"Lines?" I blinked and looked, but saw nothing. "I see nothing."

"You can't? They're so beautiful though... I wish you could see what I could."

I kissed my sister. "I don't disbelieve you, Anya. I've seen some strange things that I'm sure you couldn't, so I shouldn't be surprised that you can do likewise. You'll have to describe them to me later... but for now, let's follow the others and go eat."

The feast was held within a well-lit chamber down a wide flight of wooden stairs that led several stories into the ground and through a large chamber that was filled with heated pools of what looked and smelt like natural mineral water. The chamber we ate within was massive, and my sister and I were given a placement to the left of Lord Peter himself – first me and then Anya – with Peter's mate Lady Natasha to his right, and their two daughters Kina and another busty fem by the name of Mia to her right.

After Anya came Quixote, and the rest of the table was filled with other members of what was an incredibly massive Den, I felt, till it came to Nathan at the opposite side of the large table with the beautiful goddess-like fem known as Luna to his immediate right, close by his right as if they both sat at the end of the table instead of his mate sitting kitty corner to him, enough where the two of them could cuddle even.

The table was covered with large pewter platters laden with cuts of meat of all sorts... venison, lamb, cow, chicken, fish and more, and it was all supplemented with vegetables and leaves of various kinds, and big tankards of wine, ale and beer, though what they provided for Anya and I to drink was...

“Mmm! What is this?!” she asked and guzzled more of the white substance.

“Careful.” I laughed. “You don’t know what’s in it.” And then I drank some, licked my lips and guzzled my own. “What is this?” I asked.

“A concoction...” Quixote stated beside us. “Our feline allies to the north had provided us with the manufacture. It’s various forms of cream and herbs... which include catnip. It’s an odd concoction I grant you, being that it not only makes a cat drunk but mildly aroused and euphoric as well. I personally can’t stand the stuff... it has a strange aftertaste to a wolf.”

I immediately put mine down and gently got Anya to lower her tankard, but not before she finished drinking it.

“Enough of that for me, I don’t need to be... need to be... oh...” I smiled stupidly and moaned as I creamed a little and immediately covered my crotch with one gigantic hand.

“Too late I think, but we can produce just some straight warm milk for you both if you wish...” Quixote smirked, and I had to take the tankard I’d placed on the table from Anya as she snatched it up and began guzzling it as well.

“Enough Anya...” I smirked at the wide-eyed look she was developing, her eyes definitely dilating as I placed the tankard on the table and idly covered Ivan on my lap with one hand. He was cowering within the recesses of my folded legs.

The meal continued all night long, and we were able to converse and Quixote told stories. But the drink was effecting me after awhile, and I wavered in and out for awhile till I opened my eyes with Ivan on my lap while I found myself in a peculiar position... which was on my back folded up close to none other than Luna herself.

“There you are.” She smiled and I rose from where I lay, which was against her body with my head on her huge breast.

“W-where am I?”

“You passed out after awhile, so we brought you to a private quiet place to rest. Only the females are allowed in this area, and rarely is a male allowed in here, so you’ve remained quite safe.”

“My sister?”

“Exploring the Den with my bond-sister, Mia. The two have a lot in common, I think.”

I sighed and laid against her body again, not realizing what I was doing as I snuggled with a fem who’s breasts were so huge and firm with milk that they were easily a quarter to a third of her total body weight. Instinctively I hugged her breast like a pillow, rubbing my cheek against it and purring before I realized what I was doing and arose immediately with a gasp.

“Ah-I’m so sorry... I didn’t mean...”

“It’s all right.” She said softly. “You meant to... if it was something I didn’t want you to do I wouldn’t have allowed it.”

I paused, looking down at her as she lounged there placatingly, and again I felt love like I never felt for another woman. These weren't vague thoughts of my own mother or for my sister Anya, yet... I loved this woman, I loved her. I only just met her and yet I instantly loved her, and I didn't know why.

"I love you." I said quietly. "Why do I feel this way?"

"Because you do." She smiled so warmly that I wanted to do anything for her. She was slender in comparison to me, but her musculature was so perfect. I wanted to make love to it, but resisted that thought. To do so would violate her, I thought. "If you wish to continue to snuggle with me then I won't stop you. I'll even welcome it. You may even suckle from me if you like."

"A-are you sure?" I asked.

"Only if you are." She smiled sweetly.

I looked down at her, and shifting Ivan where he'd actually managed to go to sleep in my lap, I slid in next to Luna again, and hugging her tit, I licked the thinned fur there, found her hugely erect nipple and fastened my black lips around it and began to suck.

Her cream wasn't like mine was, but it was nonetheless delicious... soothing even, and comforting. Instinctively I began to palm her breast with one hand, pushing on it rhythmically while suckling softly. Once again I began to purr, embracing that breast and balling up against her as she cradled me with one arm and held me like a lover might.

It was a strange feeling, it was so filled with love, and as I swallowed her creamy milk repeatedly I felt the remarkable power that was within it, and ever so subtly I grew stronger while resting there. My many breasts swelled and filled with thicker milk, my body growing with harder and harder muscle while the blossoming plume of energy inside my navel raged heavier and more powerful than ever. I grew mildly aroused even, and coming up for air, my own milk leaking from me, I looked at Luna as she palmed my face and I began to descend to kiss her lips.

But the kiss was all for naught as a screaming roar echoed from the halls, Ivan coming awake immediately and hissing repeatedly at everything.

"That was Anya." I choked, and I leapt off Luna, chasing after the sound, following scents, and soon I found the source.

A wolf, with a raging hard on, was battling her, and he was winning.

"Help me!" she cried, and without another word I raised both hands and a solid column of lightning peeled off from me, electricity crackling between both arms and either primary tit to enhance the strength of the column before it leapt off me and lanced against the wolf, knocking him sideways. "Leaping up to where Anya was, I took her to me and she began sobbing, holding onto me tightly."

"He tried to force me!" She said amidst wracking sobs, and turning slowly toward the wolf, I lifted a hand and pointed it at him.

The whole of my arm suddenly became transparent except for the bones as a column of electrical light splashed against that son-of-a-bitch, my jaw popping from clenching it so tightly as I poured every ounce of electrical power I had into me into him to make him suffer. I began screaming at him, I screamed and screamed till the electricity burned me from it snapping about my arm, cascading white-hot bolts of plasma against the ground, arching across my nipples and cut a swath in the stone.

So sorry for this Lycan that his body tried to repair itself.

For almost a whole minute I continued the tirade, but the rage seemed to last forever inside me till it was all out, and when it was over I lowered my hand, let my sister go and rose to my feet and grabbed the crisping body and began punching at it with one fist, shifting from white to Green mode to pound on him with the full ferocity of all the muscle I could abide by, growing several times the strength of any of these wolves as I punched his nose in and broke his cheek bone, and perhaps to the credit of the wolves, this bastard was still alive.

And then I lifted a fist, preparing to crush this male's head, and a hand rose and grabbed my piled bicep and halted its movement.

I snarled at the person who dared to stop me, but then I saw Nathan himself standing there, with the whole of the leadership of his pack behind him.

"Enough." He said quietly, but despite that I tried to swing one more time, and he had to use both hands to stop my arm, and finally I rose, shifting forms to white again as I snatched up my sister, trembling with so much rage that tears fell from my eyes.

Nathan himself approached me and my sister as Anya gripped at me, and Luna approached with Ivan in her arms, he strangely relaxed within her touch.

"I... cannot hope to apologize enough for this act, Tanya... Anya. He will be punished to the utmost of our laws"

"And... what do your laws state... for someone who just tried to rape my sister?!" I screamed at him, and the roar of an enraged she-tiger, especially after what they saw me do, was definitely enough to make these wolves cower, and more than one tail slid between a pair of legs, but as for Peter, Natasha, Nathan and family, they stood their ground against it.

"His very life will be given into the hands of the one in whom he violated."

I lay with Anya as she suckled from my breast, and I caressed her forehead while she slept. I was amazed at how strong she was becoming now that I'd nursed from Luna, how hard her body was becoming beneath her soft flesh. I thought that the strength she was taking from me was because of how weak she felt... and it was more of a violation to see her trying to be something so powerful when she didn't need to be that made me curse this situation the most.

"I won't ask if she is well, Princess Tanya." Someone said, and I lifted my head as Lady Natasha entered and sat before Anya and me... sat on the floor instead of on all the cushions and furs that were here. "I won't beg for your forgiveness, for I for one will not blame you if you seek to hate us for the rest of your life, I merely want to know if there is anything we may do for you."

I was silent as I brushed Anya's brow.

"A year ago... Anya was raped in the middle of Moscow during the first full moon after her sixteenth birthday. She reacted to the violence and upon looking at the moon while being raped she experienced her first change."

"Oh my." Natasha gasped.

"The reason why we are looking for our brother was because... because a raping murderer came into our lair and murdered everyone except for Peter, Anya and me. Despite that I was six and she was four at the time, this was the sort of monster who would've raped, butchered and eaten the flesh of little girls, but I stopped him... after changing myself."

“At six? Oh my poor dear. I’m so sorry. We’ll do everything we can to help you.”

I looked at her.

“I want to flay that wolf, I want to take him apart like an onion, and the only release he would get is when his *head* dies for making my baby sister experience such fright... again. But from you... all I want is the name of the wolf so that I can put another name to my hatred.”

Natasha hugged herself.

“Ives...” she said at last and I gaped.

“The one who had so much hatred for us that he would rape my baby sister?!” I gasped, and Anya moaned and I immediately quieted myself and palmed her muscular belly and rubbed it to settle her.

“The very same.” Natasha voiced. “Peter is furious, I can tell.” She said quietly and drew closer and sandwiched Anya between her and me, helping to soothe her by petting and caressing and rubbing. “He’s secluded himself from everyone because I know he wants to strangle the life out of that wolf with his own hands, but our laws don’t allow him to. It’s the victim’s place to command punishment, and though they’re usually punishments of passion, they generally fit the crime and keep us civilized.”

“A fear to commit a crime based upon a more heinous outcome based upon hatred and emotion. It’s fitting.”

“And just.” Natasha stated, and then she paused. “I’m so sorry that this had to happen to your family, Princess.” She said and held my hand. I let her touch me... like Luna she was a loving, kind-hearted female who loved without abandon.

“You’ve been so kind to us.” I said at last. “I’ve not said half of the evils that have happened to this family, and I think I can speak for Anya when I’m grateful for some kindness when it’s given.”

“You’re welcome. Senseless prejudices abound enough as it is in the human world, I cannot believe they also abound in our world. You really are a powerful and elegant female, princess. I suppose I should call you Lady, but I don’t know how your clan coronates the leaders for your... oh what was it, prydes?”

“That’s the word.” I nodded. “I met a former member of our parents’ pryde and he was the only person other than my sister and brother and I who escaped the murder of the pryde, or so I assume. I wished I had more time to speak with him but I ran out of time in my search for my family and he and I had to part ways. I suppose I’ll have to ask him some time.”

“He?” she asked and I nodded. “If your Pryde is decimated, would you not need a male to at least give you child? To perpetuate the family?”

I was silent for a few moments and then sighing, I looked down at my sister and wiped her mouth clean as she’d apparently stopped nursing. “I... I have a conundrum in that regards. As I understand it, a human cannot make me pregnant, but I nonetheless love a human. A Lycan of my breed can make me pregnant, but the only males that I know of are either my brother or I don’t love. Duty states that as the eldest I make that sacrifice and take another man to my bed just to have a child but that’s the sort of thing I don’t want to sacrifice. I don’t want to belittle my love’s affections by having to take another man just for the sheer act of procreation.”

There was more silence, and looking up, I saw Lady Natasha smiling broadly at me.

“What...” I prompted.

“You can make your man a Lycan just like you.” She said with a little humor in her voice and I jumped.

“What? How?!”

“When we’re at our strongest during the nights of the full moon, you may notice an oily substance on your claws and, likewise, you may taste something strange in the saliva in your mouth. These oily substances carry with them the strength and power of the Lycan Gene and are the substance that, in a human’s blood, can change them. From what I hear, even the nectar that fills your loins can do it, but a scratch or a bite, or even sex with a human on a full moon has the probability of changing a human into one of us.”

“I-it really works?” I asked as she got to her feet and straightened her fur that had matted from sitting down like a woman would brush off their dress.

“It should... I used to be human myself.”

Anya awoke later, calmed and steeled, more angry than afraid now, and a whole lot stronger too. She had the physique of a Lycan-version of a miss-universe that’s been augmenting herself with breast growth enzymes and steroids. I wondered if she did have blood similar to mine, that extra gender chromosome that the Administrator had put in the diary before I obtained it... it’d only make sense.

She was taken aside by the wolves, away from me but within eyesight just not earshot, and it was explained to her the particulars of the law that she was privy to.

“I want to see him.” She said sternly at long last, and we were brought down into the Den proper where there was a metal cell and our friend was held up against a wall with tight shackles and forced into a human form with a collar of enchanted leather and silver studs. Anya stood there before him, staring at him in an utmost relaxed state, and I remained nearby for her support. The wolves had given us a gift of another wolf’s life, and they considered it just as to whatever she decided to do to him.

And what she did, I think... was ample justice.

Waiting for him to look up at her, she strode forward, kicked his legs open, and in the most brilliant kick I’ve ever seen, with the form and style of a premier football player – that’s soccer to Americans – kicked him right in the balls. His cry soon rose so high in pitch that even I couldn’t hear it.

“One!” she screamed, stepped back, and then kicked again. “Two!” She screamed again, stepped back, and kicked again, this time so strong that it lifted the bastard up off the ground and into the stone ceiling before his body fell limply down again. “And three...” she breathed and then turned to Lord Peter. “Now that he knows what it feels like for a woman to be raped, I give him over to your punishments. Death is too simple a punishment, and I expect you to make him remember with every waking moment as to exactly how wrong it is to force himself on another. He can keep his damned prejudice and I hope he hates me for the rest of his life, the feeling is surely mutual, but I swear to god on high that if I ever see him again and he ever comes within arms reach I’ll rip his damned throat out.” She began breathing quickly, gasping for air in elation it seemed. “I... I need... I need some air.” She gasped. “How do I get out of here?”

“Come with me,” Mia, the youngest daughter that I’ve met of their family said as she took my sister by the hand and hauled her away into the lair.

I took one look at the would-be rapist, restrained myself from adding my own kick to his ruined balls, which I was pretty sure I heard pop, but unlike a human he’d actually live through something like that and gain use of his nads again. Then I looked away in disgust and slid out the door, having to duck underneath it being that it was made for the usually smaller wolf here.

“We have news, princess.” Nathan said, and I jumped suddenly at his appearance out of nowhere. *Such stealth!*

His white body was beautiful, his body powerful and what emanated from him, that green fire, made me feel calm and relaxed. I became aroused at his appearance and wanted to fall back to the ground right then and there and spread my legs for him, but I withheld myself. Luna was too fine of a woman to violate her husband like that, and I just would have to seclude myself for a little private caressing later.

“News?” I blinked.

“About your brother. My sister’s husband is coming now with the information.”

“Your ‘sister’s husband?’” I repeated. “Coming here? He doesn’t live in the den?”

“No. He is Ronin... someone who lives without the packs and serves the government in order to serve all Lycan. He is a Forest Ranger, and commands great respect among all the Lycan Clans.”

“A Forest Ranger?” I repeated as we walked up the grand stair leading to the house.

“For the USGS, US Wild Life and Fish and Game. In many cases, he has more influence than even my father does. Thankfully, he has friends in the government who can easily get the information you were seeking about your brother.”

Nathan opened the door and we entered the main house.

“Where was my sister taken?”

“Out through the rear entrance. There is a network of caves throughout the mountain, and there’s a secret entrance that leads out into the forest on the mountain. She can be secluded and get all the fresh air she needs.”

Morning had arisen, I saw by the looks of the strips of light creeping inward through faded glass here and there. The portal up above that had let the moonlight in last night had closed and for the moment I was alone in the room with a very potent male. Closing my eyes and shifting to human shape, I began imagining myself with Dmitri, and I began to half dream of myself on my back, legs open, feeling his powerful maleness sliding into me over and over again. I caressed my supply pinched labia with two fingers, nearing orgasm when...

A knocking at the door came and I blinked out of my reprieve, and Nathan, who’d also changed back into a human, went to the door and then unlocked what sounded like several locks at once before opening one side of the front door.

“Good morning Julius. How was your night?”

“Stressful, but fruitful.” A new man who was dressed in a forest green uniform with a heavy green coat laden with patches and a wide-brimmed uniform hat said as he entered the room, and seeing me he smiled immediately. “You must be Tanya. My wife told me much of you.”

“Very pleased to meet you.” I said nervously and extended my hand, and this man who smelled like a wolf bent over my fingers and kissed the knuckles like a gentleman. And then rising, he handed me an envelope from his coat pocket.

“Orphanages are difficult to get information from due to laws and policies. It took many favors from government officials and favors of favors from lawyers and so on to get this information. Peter Ivanovitch was transferred from Russia to the Orphanage listed in the paper.” He said, and I immediately opened the unsealed envelope and tore pieces of the packaging in my eagerness to get at the paper inside. “However... the orphan by the name of Peter Ivanovitch has been adopted, Tanya.” He said quietly, and I blinked before looking straight at him.

“What?” I gasped, feeling my elation suddenly crash at what he said.

“Peter Ivanovitch has been adopted by a couple in the state of Minnesota to the east of us. He now has the name of Peter Jorgenson.”

“*Jorgenson.*” I scoffed.

“Don’t knock it. Your brother is in good hands from what I can see. Good mother and father, good neighborhood, good school... Peter was taken in when he was still a baby, so as far as he is aware the Jorgenson’s are his real parents. Their address is attached at the bottom of the page.

“That’s all the information I have.”

I looked at the page and without any other preamble moved in close and embraced this Julius. “Thank you.” I whispered in his ear and kissed his fuzzy cheek from having not shaved yet, and moving back, I had no conception of the thought that I was still butt naked when I did this. “But... where is this *‘Minnesota’*? And also, what is a *‘Brooklyn Park?’*”