

Кошка (*Koshka*)

Book 6: Power of Family

By: Daniel "Pendragon"

© 2008

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 203: *I had a fear that Peter inadvertently brought up. If his parents had reported his absence of over three days to the police and they suspected Anya and I, then this would've been reported to the police. Depending upon how connected the Alexandros Foundation was, they may've picked up on where we were. I somehow knew that the best way to avoid detection was to pay for everything in cash, and luckily Grandma Yaga's carpet bag that she'd left me with seemed magical somehow in the fact that it seemed bottomless. We were even able to put all of Peter's things inside of it and when I opened the bag the next time, I was surprised as a narrow dresser telescoped from the bag.*

So were Peter and Anya, but that was some total David Copperfield tricks right there. But the surprise was short lived, especially since, as Peter stated it, our very existence was a defilement of any scientific reason, which meant that magic was involved, and if that were true, then this could only be true magic happening here.

But to avoid detection further, we took some pauses at every transfer station that this bus company took, I believe it was called Gray Hound, and spent a night or two in whatever town it stopped at. Peter was still coming to terms with all this, and I sensed that he was fuming and growing angry inside. He just didn't talk to either Anya or me, and just played his guitar all the time.

But regardless, the scowl on his face was getting deeper and deeper all the time. What was worse was that he appeared on the verge of tears all the time, and nothing I was able to do could console him.

Seattle, Washington State, United States.

*We'd traveled across four states... Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana – isn't that the place where that guy from *Crasnaiya Octaber* I mean... Red October wanted to go? – Idaho and finally Washington State. In that time I learned that all the propaganda of Americans being arrogant and ugly were definitely not true. If anything, they mirrored Russians to a definite point.*

They were home-country people just trying to earn a living and peppered with the occasional dissident and genetic throwback, and I believe the word for the later of those would be 'yokel?' But all in all, I felt at home. Anya shared a few laughs and a few beds with the local teens for that matter on our trip west, the three of us stopping at Bismarck, Billings, Missoula Spokane and finally Seattle over the course of the last four days, and then stepping off the bus in the Seattle Gray Hound bus station, the three of us found a quiet hotel where we could rest in comfort instead of crammed in some bus bench.

But as we entered the hotel room, Anya and I laughing and happy, Anya talking about putting on her new Bikini, I suddenly heard a low groaning sound and turned to see Peter staring at the room we were now in.

"Peter... is there something wrong?" I asked him.

"Apparently not." He bit out and sighed. "I'm going to have a look around if you don't mind. All of a sudden I want to be alone." And turning with his guitar still on his back, he walked away down the row of hotel rooms.

"What's his problem?" Anya asked as she stripped out of her clothing, not caring that the door was wide open and she was in full view of it.

"I don't know... You go ahead, Anya... I'm going to go find out what's eating him."

"Don't bother. He's been brooding ever since his first change. Let him work it out for himself." She said and slipped into the super-stretchy side-tie swim bottoms she had.

Folding my arms beneath the firm breasts I now possessed, I watched Peter go right as there was a peal of thunder, and it started to rain.

The hotel manager commented on that Seattle was a very wet city because of the fact that this was officially a rain forest area. It rained all the time and there were perhaps three to four months out of the year when it wasn't raining constantly. As it was, I didn't realize that as I walked around in the rain with a white undershirt and a white blouse. I found my way into a cafe after following Peter's scent, surprised that he'd walk into such a place, but upon entering, I found that Peter had set himself up on stage and had hooked himself up to amplifier hat was there and was playing his guitar for the people in the cafe.

He had a rapt audience of what mainly looked like beatniks.

Standing there, I paused and smiled dotingly at him as he played a song I didn't recognize, his electric guitar sounding like an acoustic guitar as he played.

Sliding into a seat and then peeling my wet blouse off my boobs to reduce the look of the naughty bits poking out, a waitress brought me some water and I sat and listened. Four solid hours he played, switching the dials on his guitar to get different stringed instrument sounds out of the instrument, and getting applause after each song.

Afterwards, the owner even paid him a hundred dollars that he pocketed before shouldering his instrument and walking out into the brief lull of rain.

"Check please." I asked, and had to wait before they brought it to me before returning to the hotel.

"And So I'm to expect that I get to sleep in the stupid chair again, is that it you stupid bitch?!"

That was what I got when I arrived back at the hotel room to a scene of Anya and Peter shouting at each other. Anya dressed in her bathing suit still and a loose belly-shirt covering her top was confronting Peter, Peter still dressed in his clothes from the café and his guitar on his back.

“Is that what I’m understanding from you? Just because I’m a boy I always get the roll out bed or the nice comfy chair while you and Tanya get a nice comfortable bed?! Why do I have to get out of bed after just having laid down for a nice nap simply because *you* want to rest?!”

“Because I’m a girl! You’re suppose to coddle to me!”

“Well welcome to America! We have a thing here called equality! Why should I go from a nice, warm, comfortable bed... to sleeping on the floor, the chair or the fucking roll out bed?! You spend a night or two with a fucking bar in your side and see how hot you feel!” and then in a mooching tone. “Oh look at me! I have breasts and no penis... I’m a girl so that means I can subject any guy because for them to do anything else is considered sexism!

“Fuck you! Fuck you right in your fucking goat ass!” tears broke from his eyes. “What the hell do you have against me anyways?! What did I ever do to you?!”

“You’re a boy! Boys become men! Men are nothing more than raping bastards!”

“Oh is that it? Is that the problem we have here?! You were treated like a whore by some son of a bitch, and so you put in your stupid female mind that male-equals- rapist?! Oh look at that!! What logic, what wonderful sentiments. As if I didn’t have enough to fucking deal with... now I’ve somehow become a raping bastard!

“Fuck you! Fuck you twice!! I hope that man beat you within an inch of your life! I hope he sprayed his batch all over your face and breasts! Made you feel like a dirty, dirty whore!”

“SHUT UP!!” she screamed and broke instantly into tears.

“While we’re on the topic of rape, let’s continue... Let’s talk about how I was raped, let’s talk about how I was pulled from my perfect job, had all my dreams shattered, was taken from a warm home and a loving pair of parents – who aren’t really my parents by the way – taken from my identity – I’m not a real American either – pulled out of my own room and my own bed to go on a road trip with two women I don’t even know, who are both hot and I can’t fuck because – surprise! – They’re my fucking sisters!!

“I got a wonderful idea Anya, or do you prefer Svetlana since that man fucked you rotten?”

“I SAID SHUT UP!!” Anya screamed and then squealed, tears streaming from her eyes now.

“No! You shut up! How bout I fulfill your fears. Why don’t you get naked, lay down with your legs open and subject yourself to me so I can at least stop masturbating in the bathroom every chance I get?! Fuck! Let’s forget you’re my sister and let’s do it right. Or better yet, lay on your belly so I can’t see your face.”

Anya gave a deep wracking sob and whimpered, afraid and clenching herself tightly.

“I want to go home!” Peter said suddenly, so angry that now tears were escaping his eyes. “I want my mom and dad; I want to have my life back! Give me one reason, just one reason why I should stay here or else I’ll go home immediately! Why in God’s Name am I being subjected to this?!”

“It happened when I was six...” I heard myself say, and both Anya and Peter turned to look at me as I quietly closed the door behind me and locked it. “Anya... you were two, almost three, and Peter, you weren’t yet one.”

The silence in the room became paramount as I sat down upon a chair across from the bed.

“Ours was a happy family, a mom and a dad that loved each other and their children, a big spacious house with servants of our own kind; ours was a great pride of cats... strong and proud.

“The world might call us monsters, but in comparison to the monster that broke into our home that night, we were tame little kittens. I never knew this man’s name, but there was something about him, some dark evil that trumped even our incredible supernatural power, that by sheer will alone he was able to do what he did, to be able to kill the ageless creatures that we are.

“Something in his past warped his mind, to where he became a thief and a thug, and he had an intense hatred for women and anything feminine. Using only an automatic handgun and a knife, this hulk of a man entered our ancestral home and butchered us. Whatever the reason why he entered, whether it was for robbing us, or some sort of revenge kick against us, or against women, or if fate simply brought him onto our doorstep, he enacted a sort of terrible... *hatred* to get back at the world that birthed him.

“The men he simply killed, but the women...” I swallowed.

“He... cuts them you see, does a specific series of things to us. Using a knife, he cuts incisions about the top of either arm, about the waist and about the neck... not deep enough to cut the arteries, no... just deep enough to flay the skin off our bodies in the shape of a T-shirt.”

Anya promptly sat down, cupping her hands over her mouth.

“*‘Take off your shirt’* he’d tell you as he was skinning you, and aside from that act, he also rapes and murders every woman or teen or even little girls and babies he’s ever come in close contact with combining that with cutting a shirt-like shape off your body and eating its bits and pieces... and not necessarily always in that order.”

I swallowed and blinked back tears of my own as Anya gasped, Peter was deftly silent then as he stared blankly at me.

“I’d heard the commotion as I was checking up on the two of you, and a few minutes before the servants were busy shutting down the house, but despite that, when I went to investigate the sound, I found them all dead and murdered, the women raped and minus their shirts, all of them killed so quickly and so ruthlessly that they didn’t even have a chance to scream. And then I heard the first gun shot, and rushing to where it was, entering our parents room, I saw him fire a second shot into our father’s chest before he could change or heal. He took two bullets in the heart and fell to the ground to slowly bleed to death while our mother was shot and raped right before me as the monster started the first incision.”

The first tear fell from my eyes, and I wrung both hands together, unable to look directly at either of them.

“The loud noises woke Peter and he began to cry, and Anya... you started crying to, and after completing cutting a shirt off and raping our mother, the monster came to investigate. I wanted to stop him, I wanted to keep him from entering the room and managed to block the door, but he still he nonetheless started breaking into the nursery.

“There was no escape for us, and despite how young you were, Anya, he would’ve raped both of us, sliced us open and murdered all three of us before he left... the desperation of all this led me to the window, where there was a full moon out that night, and I remembered praying for the power to defend us... and at the age of six, I experienced my first change... a full decade before I should’ve been able to.

“I don’t remember much of what happened between then and later when, me naked after the change, a Lycan like us by the name of Daniel came for us. Because he hadn’t the means to care for us himself, he bundled us all up and sent us all to different orphanages.

“Perhaps it was because of the trauma of changing so early in life, perhaps it was the mental anguish I felt from having witnessed such horrors, but I forgot everything... absolutely everything that I was before that moment. I forgot who I was and only believed what they told me I was... a simple human orphan girl and nothing more.

“Fourteen years passed, my sixteenth birthday came and went and no change to show me that I was anything else... and though I’d turned eighteen and was now legally able to inherit the family holdings like they told me was waiting for me, a whole year had passed while greedy bureaucracies kept all the millions of dollars our family had accumulated from us, wanting to keep it for themselves.

“During that time, I was kidnapped.

“I spent months inside a prison-like environment that was conducting human experiments to create a super soldier, except they didn’t know what to make of me and my particular genetic traits, but that didn’t stop them from attempting to enhance me... and one night, three months in, the Administrator having found out that there was some connection to the moon with me, he forced me to look at it and be bathed by it... and I changed.

“But as I changed, my memories unlocked too and I remembered the two of you, remembered both of you.” It was then that I looked at them, my lower lip trembling briefly before I rose to my feet and reached behind my neck and undid the chain that the locket and Dmitri’s ring hung on, and pulling the ring off and opening the locket, I produced the five separate pictures of the family and laid it on the bed.

“I acquired this in my search for our family...” I said, and Anya picked it up, and Peter drew near as they looked for the first time on our parent’s images. “I... am being selfish.” I admitted. “As an orphan, I wanted nothing more than to have a family, but being that I was the eldest and the one who was to preserve the family; I was never allowed to be adopted... I was just a ward of the state.

“I wanted my family! This is what has led me to search out my brother and my sister, spend millions and come across thousands of miles to find you both.” Looking to Dmitri’s ring, I took it and put it on the ring finger of my left hand and observed it there, feeling briefly like a human woman before I retrieved my jacket.

“I’m sorry for taking you both from your places in the world... but in all honesty... I couldn’t be happier right now to have you both here.” And donning the jacket and hugging myself briefly, I breathed a sigh. “I... I’m going to go for a walk. Please keep that locket safe, it’s the only remaining images of mom and dad that we have.” And turning, opening the door, I walked out under the awning of the hotel room door right as a cloud burst opened up above me.

I went for a walk along the awnings of the hotel rooms, coming to a vending machine, but checking the pockets of the jeans I wore, I found no change. Lifting a hand to the device, I fingered it, feeling the electricity in it, discerning how it worked, and with a little electrical nudge from my hand as I fingered the coin slot and then my selection, the machine dispensed a can of soda for me.

There was a bench here that I sat on as I opened the can, the rain falling constantly here it felt as I nursed that can of soda for what felt like an eternity before crushing it and placing it in a recycling bin. And then I looked to the wedding ring, and I smiled. I was still in heat all right, the heat was waning as the moon waned and the great sexuality I felt was thankfully going away, but it’d nonetheless left me with a tremendous desire for a baby.

Rubbing the taut abdominals lining my belly, I imagined myself carrying a baby, and the spark of something maternal entered into me... and it combined with my growing older sister instincts as well.

I was cold and tired and still marginally moist from the rain, and deciding to return to the room, I opened the door and smiled as I saw Peter and Anya sharing the bed. Closing the door and locking it, I undressed down to my skivvies and looking at them both, took up the closed locket where it rested on the night stand and reapplied it and Dmitri's ring around my neck, I took up a blanket and went to go sleep on the chair here, but as I was sitting down...

"Tanya..." Anya said as she rose from the blankets, her large chest wobbling despite that it was constrained within her undershirt. We'd yet to get her a bigger one since she expanded. "P-Peter and I... have a nice spot here for you."

Peter rose from the covers as well, dressed in nothing but his shorts.

"You're sure?" I asked.

"We're sure." Peter said quietly, and with a smile I moved over to them, and they held open the blankets to allow me to crawl in between them, and once I was in place, the blankets were moved to cover us all, and I was sandwiched on either side by my brother and sister.

True it took a good fourteen or fifteen years for this to happen, but it happened, and laying backward, stretching out, I smiled as either of them spooned my muscular sides and pressed their faces against my chest and bosom. I couldn't've ever been happier than I was right now.

Day 204: *It was weird to wake up in a crowded bed, the sheets having been kicked off during the night, and Peter almost had a heart attack when he found himself face first in my chest. His attempts to get out of those two pillows only landed him touching them repeatedly, and I laughed at him and drew him back to kiss his cheek once he'd released himself. Letting him go and getting up myself then, I announced I was going to improve our lives while we were in America still, and so checking out of our rooms in this small hotel, we moved into the middle of town and splurged and checked into a classier hotel instead.*

So we got ourselves a suite at the Warwick...

We got a room with a suite with two separate beds, a Jacuzzi bath – newly renovated addition –and more, and after checking in, getting cleaned and fitted for some nice clothes, we enjoyed a family dinner in their dining room, in which I allowed them both to enjoy some champagne.

Afterwards, back in our rooms, as we all tried to relax from such a long trip, Peter entered the bathroom and we heard the water in the whirlpool starting. After some furious whispering between Anya and me, we decided to tease Peter.

Peter was showing himself to be a serious prude, and with our particular racial ability to transform and completely shred out of all the clothing we were wearing, I thought it was necessary for him to be relaxed in mixed company while everyone was naked. Anya just wanted to tease our little brother.

But after the water was done and we heard the Jacuzzi jets running, Anya and I got naked, and without knocking entered the bathroom, and immediately upon seeing us Peter did a double take between us as we approached him down into the water, and then blushing a bright red, he clamped both hands over his groin under the water and avoided looking at us both.

“Do you mind?! I’m taking a bath!” he grit out

“We know... we want to join you.” Anya mused and climbed in first as I followed her, and Anya waded across the water and sat on its edge, stating the water was hot before I sank into one of the molded seats across from Peter.

“You aren’t embarrassed are you?” I asked him.

“I certainly am embarrassed. We’re all naked, this shouldn’t be like this! Siblings don’t do this sort of thing...”

And then I slid around the curvature of the bath to sit beside him as Anya sat to his other side, and as one we both kissed him, and he gasped and tried to escape us, but we both grabbed an arm of his and hauled him back down into the water.

“You’re so strong, Peter” Anya murred as we kissed him and rubbed up against him and fondled him... but not in that way... hands *well* above the waist. “So manly even.” She teased and we both pulled his arms away from his groin and held onto them laughing.

“S-st-stop! Stop!” And he pulled from us and stood in the center of the pool and faced us both with hands on his hips. “What the hell are you both doing?! I... ah...”

Peter suddenly realized that Anya did exactly what I did, and that was to stare blankly and openly, rather stupidly at our brother’s impeccable development. As a human, Anya and I were both incredible examples of what it meant to be female... both of us having developed into absolute perfect examples of human women. Both of us had enormous breasts, wide hips, slender waists and Anya had an athlete’s chiseled physique while I had an Olympian’s physique.

Peter, apparently, was no exception to the rule that Lycan possessed incredibly enhanced bodies.

He was strong, with a wide chest and tight abs and chorded, ropy musculature, but as of his maturing on his first change, he developed a penis that was... well... ok it was a dork! And I, like Anya, was staring right at it hungrily wanting it inside me.

Peter realizing what was going on slapped both hands to his groin and then winced as he hurt himself in the process, and scolding at us both he got out of the pool, grabbed a towel and escaped us.

Anya and I had to apologize profusely to Peter, and he just played it off as if it was nothing. Anya believed him and went off to sleep, but I stayed up a little bit, and thinking of how to help this, I sat on the edge of the bed I was to share with Anya, and taking off the undershirt I wore, began to massage my breasts.

Peter turned and stared, watching me work the fingers toward the nipples in one specific way, and that was to evacuate the milky cream in them.

“Why are you doing this to me?” he asked quietly, sitting on the edge of his bed.

“Doing what?” I replied, playing at innocence, and Peter pressed his lips together.

“I’m sixteen, you’re twenty-one, I’m a boy and you’re a girl, and we’re siblings. You find nothing wrong with what you’re doing in front of me?”

“No, Peter... I don’t” I said, and stopped doing what I was doing before I stood up, untied the side-tie panties I was wearing, and making myself naked, went to go sit beside him.

“I consider you a man, despite your age, Peter... and I’m not out to sex you or anything because, as you pointed out, we are siblings... but... we’re also lycanthropes, and you’re a male traveling with two females, and there will often be times we’ll have to transform to... to escape things.

“You’ll be seeing us naked often, we’ll be seeing you naked, and despite that you have absolutely the hugest penis I’ve ever seen.” I smiled and Peter turned beet red. “Ok... that was teasing, but...” and rising I moved before him and started to take his shorts off and he protested but I looked at him sternly and he let me undress him again before I sat innocently beside him and wrapped an arm around his shoulders. “We need to get used to this.”

He was resting against the fattened swell of my breast, and with both hands clasped together he sweated nervously.

“S-so... ah... so we’re naked. What now?” he laughed nervously.

“Now, we do what we’d normally do if we weren’t naked.” I smiled, and releasing him and he eagerly rose away from me, I sat cross legged, not at all hiding the firmly swollen patch of woman-flesh between my legs with the tuft of white fur just above the cleft of the enlarged clitoris I possessed, and I began to massage my breasts again.”

“Are you playing with yourself?” he gasped as he watched the debacle with the expression that he wanted to look away but couldn’t. “Call me crazy, I do that all the time, but at least I have the tact to lock myself away in the bathroom when I do it.”

“No... I’m not exactly playing with myself.” I smiled. “Though this is a comforting release, it’s nonetheless a girl thing, one I don’t think needs to be made private necessarily... especially when I want you to take part in it.”

“Take part? In what exactly?” he swallowed.

And then I got the pressure to flow in one particular direction in one tit and focused on that one, and then slowly formed a bead of milk at its end, and then just let it flow subtly. Peter watched with absolute fascination at this, to see fluid coming from the chest of another human being, and gathering a small pool of it in my hand, I leaned toward him and crossed my legs again.

“This is for you, Peter.” I said, leaning my weight on one hand.

“F-for me? Why?”

“We are a truly sexual race, Peter. I only learned how sexual over the short time that I was aware of what we were. Our strength and our power is all based on sexual absorption and amplified by our own sexual power, and fueled by our own sexual energies. As the strongest of our family, I hold the most strength, the most power, the most ability... and I want to share it with you.”

“Why?”

“Because I’m your sister mainly... and because we’re heading toward Russia, which is a place where unlike Canada, the winter is far harsher there. You must be strong to weather that land. But additionally,” I took a deep breath. “I at least am being chased by some bad people, Peter. I want you to be strong enough to weather them as well. And this will give you that strength you need.”

Peter looked at the creamy pool of nectar I had, and I smiled at him as I knew what was going through his mind. He was experiencing instinct, which was an innate desire of cream and fish, but he was also experiencing the oddities of a rational mind clashing with that instinct. He was easily smarter than either Anya or me... just not as strong as me, I wasn’t sure if he was stronger than Anya though, but instinct I’d found was a very potent temptation whenever it happened. It was strong enough in us to make me actually consider mating with my own brother.

Ultimately though, desire for a thing overwhelmed the rational mind at times... a grand example of that was when we were confronted with racial desires, and taking my hand with both of his, he dipped his head and drank, and even began licking my hand clean. I giggled as his tongue tickled, and laughed when he came up from my hand with a milk moustache. Moving closer to him and hugging him again along the side, I kissed his cheek.

“As you can see, I have a lot more, Peter. Would you like more?”

He nodded, breathing deeply, and directing him, I got him to lay down, placing his head on my lap, and holding him lovingly to my breast, I let him suckle.

Peter did what Anya did when she sucked from my breast for the first time, and that was doze off into a half sleep... and experience a sexual high. I didn’t know it was happening till I heard the sound of groaning tendons, and then checking to see if he was changing, I discovered the incredible erection my baby brother was capable of.

Smirking, I looked back at him and then smiled, feeling very much like a mother right now.

“You’re going to make some girl a wonderful husband...” I said let him sup from me.

He drained both tits that night worth of milk.

Day 205: *It was humorous to wake up in Peter's bed but with Peter lying with Anya, embracing her tightly with his head on her breasts. It was a wonderful thing to see him doing that subconsciously, or perhaps his hunger for my milk wasn't satisfied and he'd supped from Anya's while she slept, but regardless I let the two remain with each other as I made ready for the day, showering, brushing my teeth and dressing in undergarments and sweat pants pending breakfast.*

When I retrieved the breakfast trolley outside the door and returned to our shared bedroom, Anya was watching TV, and Peter was running his hands through hair that had turned white as frost since last night and looking at himself in the mirror.

I couldn't help but feel happy and I hugged both my brother and my sister, thanking them both for coming with me before setting breakfast. At the moment, I didn't think that anything could ruin this great life we had right now.

"...In the news today," the television broadcast was saying. "Seattle got a visit from the infamous Alexandros Foundation."

I was amidst mid-bite of breakfast when that statement came out, and dropping my fork, I snatched the remote from Anya, and Anya gave off a complaint before she noticed how afraid I was as I turned up the volume.

"The Alexandros Foundation announced today as they were working with Interpol and local Police Departments in the city of Seattle that they were looking for an escaped Russian national, a mental patient that goes by the name of Tanya." and Anya and Peter stopped what they were doing to watch as well. "If anyone sees this person," and they flashed my face, but the color of the hair was changed between red, white and green, even the eye coloring was different for each. "Then please notify police immediately. She is considered very dangerous and deadly. Also, please be wary of these two possible accomplices. "And they showed Anya's and Peter's faces, and Anya immediately rose to her feet and clutched her fingers together as they showed her as she appeared in Russia, and they showed Peter as he appeared on some sort of ID. Possibly a school ID or a year book. "In other news..." and I lifted the remote and switched off the TV.

"What are we going to do?" Anya moaned.

"What the hell is going on Anya?" Peter gaped. "Why the hell is the Alexandros Foundation after you?!"

I turned to Peter and pointed at him. "No time to explain Peter, I need you to finish getting dressed and gather all the belongings. Stuff them in the carpet bag." And then turning to Anya. "Anya... I need you to lift your shirt."

There had been a moment of pause, and my siblings looked at each other trying to figure out what was going on, but ultimately they did as I said, and Anya, lifting her shirt to disgorge her breasts stood before me while Peter dropped his towel and quickly began to dress. I led Anya to the nearest bed and sat her down, and kneeling before her, pressing myself against her body, I began to suck from her breast, hoping that Peter hadn't taken too much of it last night.

We'd gathered everything we needed and began walking down the hall, passing people who waved to Peter and me and we nodded and passed them, smiling. With the carpet bag in one hand we rode the elevator all the way down to the ground floor, but when the elevator doors opened and stopped as we saw numerous police in the lobby.

"What do we do?!" Peter moaned and I heard Anya squeak behind me.

“Keep walking.” I beamed and started forward, passing by numerous cops and even a pair of Alexandros Foundation goons checking faces.

I hailed a cab and one pulled up, and Anya slid into the back seat as quietly as she could while Peter loaded the bags into the trunk with his guitar, and I held the door open for him before letting him enter first, and then just as I was getting in...

“Excuse me! Wait!!” and I turned to see an Alexandros Soldier, complete in their armor running up to us. “Hold that cab!” And I turned, feeling the claws of one hand sliding out of their fingertips as I turned and smiled at the officer. “You dropped this miss.” He said and handed me a money clip.

“Why thank ye,” I mused, somehow flawlessly faking a German accent, and bent forward and kissed him on the cheek. “Ye are so kind mein gutter herr.”

“You’re welcome. And come to America again!”

And sliding into the car beside Peter and waving at the man, I leaned forward and spoke to the Arabic driver in his own language and told him to drive us to the train station.

Escaping a place in plain sight is a matter of disguise, and in order to do so you needed to look like someone else. Peter had changed himself enough recently, putting on a good fifteen centimeters of height, a change of hair color and a modification in weight and muscle system to make him appear more mature, and a difference of a good forty or fifty kilos of muscle and bone was quite the accomplishment.

Anya had developed the ability to become invisible with her manipulation of light. She did it so well too, as if she’d been born to the task, and shifting to her Blue Mode as I was starting to call it, she was able to disappear completely. And since they were looking for three people instead of two, her absence made it less apparent for them to find us.

But the most difficult person to hide was me. I have no idea how they got all my faces but they had all three of them... so I needed a new face. Anya was the best person to help me with that. I’d never sucked from her breasts before, but knew she creamed like me... more than me for that matter, and her milk was sweeter, just not as thick. I almost enjoyed it too much, and engorged myself on it, and though I developed her body changing abilities, to a point, I couldn’t become invisible like her. What I was able to do was drop about thirty kilos beyond what Red Mode could do, though no accounting for the fact my boobs kept growing because of it, and likewise I dropped a good ten centimeters. Combining that with binding my chest up with lots of gauze to make me appear smaller-chested and having Anya do my hair up into a brilliant hairstyle and apply lots of makeup to my face – I never really wore makeup before – allowed the three of us to escape in plain sight.

The train company was called Amtrak, and knowing that we had to avoid all contact, we avoided every camera we could, and Anya remained invisible the whole time. Buying three tickets, we entered our cabin and closed the shutters on all the windows before Anya became visible and collapsed into one of the cushioned seats with a deep exhale.

“Goodness... I almost lost it a couple times. That’s hard work to do that.”

“I get to suck from her tits next.” Peter mused gesturing toward Anya, and Anya gaped in offence.

“You already did, last night.” I replied with a smirk and Anya and Peter both blinked in surprise as I opened my blouse, untucked everything, removed the gauze and shifted back to White Mode, Anya moving

into her White Mode as well. “But we escaped, that’s what’s important.” I sighed and sat down and relaxed, massaging breasts that were suddenly fully engorged again, their areola and nipples erect and sticking out something fierce.

Taking one look at me, Anya rose and came to sit beside me, and relocating a bag to the other seat, Peter came and sat to my other side. Both of them hugged me and placed their heads on my breasts and I held them both to me. In due time, the train began to chug away.

“Tanya,” Anya prompted. “Where does this train take us?”

Lifting one of the tickets and looking at its destination, I viewed the fine text there.

“Vancouver, Canada.”

Day 206: *We had to run to ground.*

When we arrived in Vancouver, we spent all of about one hour in its shops, getting food, supplies and such and camping gear to which my little brother Peter surprised me as he took command of the situation with a certain expertise, announcing that he himself was an Eagle Scout.

Anya and I admittedly didn't know what we were doing, though I was certain that there was a level of programming in me that was helping to contribute to the situation, and after retrieving everything we needed, paying in American Dollars for the gear – apparently certain Vancouver shops dealt so much with Americans because it was so close to the border that their computers automatically calculated the difference between exchange rates in American and Canadian dollars, charged a fee for using American Dollars versus Canadian Dollars and gave us change in Canadian Dollars. Strangely enough, presently, it was essentially a dollar to dollar ratio, though I knew that the American Dollar was slightly more than the Canadian Dollar.

I was... remiss for going into the wilderness, though plausibly, it was the only place where we could theoretically transform into our full hybrid forms and no one would care.

Seattle hadn't been that much different from Vancouver, and for that matter I learned that a grand stretch of space along the Pacific coast from Northern California to Southern Alaska including the entire stretch of Canada we were planning on moving through was a deciduous rainforest.

And by the definition of a rainforest it was a forest in which it rained... a lot.

There were statements about the Brazilian and African rainforests in which it rained twice a day, every day at the same time, so accurate that you could practically set your watch by it. That was equally true about the world's northern rain forest as well, and so as we set to the wilderness we immediately became reminded of this rain as we continued journeying north. I considered that our best bet was to remain low-tech for as long as we could... I wasn't even synching up the computer to get online or anything, disabling everything that I could that would cause it to hook up to any sort of satellite or cellular antenna, with the Wi-Fi and the Bluetooth even disabled.

We brought a radio that picked up the local radio channels so that we could keep in tune with the weather. But being that we were in the wilderness with no one to look upon us, the three of us took this chance to change into our larger hybrid forms since we couldn't do this anywhere else in the world. I went naked, Anya went bottomless, and Peter went topless, vying for a pair of parachute pants that were roomy enough and stretchable enough to contain his – ***Ahem*** – sizeable maleness and thickened thighs. But we also soon felt what it was like to be drenched upon.

"Tck. This is so not good for my fur and complexion." Anya complained and strained some rain water out of the long hanging trailers of her mane and fetlocks. "Tanya... where are we going and why are we going this way anyways?"

I paused in my step and turned to Anya and Peter and both of them came up short as they saw my clenched jaw attitude to hearing this question yet again, and considering that answering their questions was better than hearing it several times a day, I gestured to them both to a warm and dry possible location and sat down upon a large fallen log.

"You remember me telling you both that I was kidnapped nearly a year ago?" and they both nodded. "And why we had to escape the way we did from that nice hotel in Seattle?" again they nodded, taking seats on a large rock and another log, and I sighed before continuing. "A friend of mine has shown me that the people who kidnapped me are members of the Alexandros Foundation. I don't know much of who they are but I do know that they have connections with every major nation in the world, most especially the United

States. Seattle was the first time in months that they came that close to capturing me... but now it's not just me, it's us. They have both of your pictures now, and they're looking for the two of you as well."

"But why us?" Anya asked.

"Because of what we are. Lycanthropes." Peter replied. "A human-sized creature that can transform into something supernatural and stronger than a tank with extraordinary powers... the military ramifications of such a creature are undeniable. If they succeed in backwards engineering our genetics, they can make others like us, and have an army that they could use to make money from war, or worse, take over the world."

"Oh..." Anya nodded and fell silent.

"They are a technological organization." I added. "Ultra-high level of technology and a nigh bottomless pocketbook. The draw of using us for their experiments would make that pocket book even deeper as such they're willing to throw a great deal of money at the attempt to capture us. But as for their capabilities of finding us..."

"They rely on technology, using computers and satellites to detect us, so I'm hoping if we go low-tech, then the trail will wane and they won't be able to find us. That doesn't stop them from sending trackers after us but the older the trail the harder it is to follow. The deep forest will keep their satellites from looking down on us and add the almost constant cloud cover and they will have even greater difficulty tracking us while the heavy rain though uncomfortable, *Anya*," I looked to her and she looked sheepish. "Is doing very well to hide our tracks. We need to stop using anything that connects with the outside world. No electronics that communicate with anything else, no computers, no nothing."

"Ok that handles why we're going this way," Anya said, and strained more rain from her fur. "But that doesn't tell me where we're going."

"We're going to our new home." I replied simply. "Which is in Russia."

"And we're heading north." Peter added, his eyes shifting back and forth rapidly as they went out of focus. "To the north is an endless forest, forests that end around the far northern edge of Alaska... and on Alaska... is a stretch of water called the Bearing Strait in which there is only an eight mile separation between The United States and Russia!"

I smiled at him. "That's right. I was hoping we could bribe a fishing boat or a shipping boat or a whaling ship or something to bring us across the water. There're numerous places we could sneak through up there, all of them low-tech and probably the most technological thing they have being a laptop computer hooked up to a ham radio or a satellite array... and no surveillance.

"That's... a long way to walk." Anya said.

I smirked. "That's nothing. The distance between here and western Alaska is nothing in comparison to the distance between Eastern Russia and the town of Kotlas."

"Kotlas?" Peter and Anya gasped in unison. "What's in Kotlas? And more to the point *where* is Kotlas?" Anya finished.

"Kotlas is the nearest town to a small village called Mir. Mir is to the Northeast of Kotlas... Kotlas is about six hundred kilometers northeast of Moscow. That will be our new home."

Day 227: *We journeyed for three weeks through Canadian ground, heading north, staying within reach of a highway that ran north along the coastline, only that we remained a few hundred kilometers inland from the coastline, so that we could enter a town occasionally and treat ourselves to a nice bed, some breakfast and to restock up on food whenever we came across a town or village that was small enough for our comfort... any place where there weren't any cameras.*

Cameras proved to be our bane now and I felt more comfortable if there were none in any given place we went to. By now, I assumed that they'd scoured Vancouver and were now looking for us in the wilderness. But even if the trail were a few days cold, it would require an incredible hunter to find us, and we traveled a lot faster than they did thanks to our hybrid forms which made it that much more probable that they'd eventually lose the trail.

I was growing concerned about Peter though. His hormones were raging... Anya and I could both smell it and he was constantly in the front. He tried distancing himself from us in the back, but then promptly began to lead. I was pretty sure he was trying to remove temptation from his mind by doing this. Walking in front kept him from looking at our behinds and the swells of our breasts. He was filling out with harder and more mature muscle every mile we passed, and I found myself wanting some of that sausage he had hidden in his pants, but resisted.

I knew what an incredible thing it was for me to resist a heat, so with him still in a Rut, the male version of a heat, I could imagine it was just as difficult for him as it was for me. But then there was also the fact that I was in a heat and he was in a rut. There was a sort of forbidden attraction that was drawing us both to each other, and the effort to keep at least myself to realizing that desire made me vibrate from it.

Animals might mate between brother and sister, but we were human creatures, and in my mind at least, and I knew in Peter's because he'd said so, sexual relations between siblings were just wrong!

The full moon came and went with barely any notice from us being that we all walked in our hybrid forms anyways, but what I was beginning to notice, though it was perhaps my imagination, was the sensation that we were being watched. Only once the full moon had passed that sensation kept growing stronger and stronger. I tried telling myself it was just paranoia knowing the organization that hunted us, it got me looking over my shoulder more and more now...

I awoke face down drooling into my pillow, my breasts peaking out beneath both arms and cushioning me further while I laid there. I've never gone so long in my life being butt-naked than I was now, and I was rather liking the feeling of the warming summer breezes brushing across my body, or sleeping naked inside my sleeping bag, using both breasts for pillows in addition to the soft foam pillow that I slept on. As an experiment, we stuffed everything we could into the carpet bag, enough for the total belongings of three people, including money, computers and so on, and it all fit!

Rising from the bedding and yawning before stretching cat like, scratching Ivan where he slept close to me, I rose and opened the tent flap of a large ten-man tent that had partitions so Anya and I could be separate from Peter – and yes, this thing miraculously fit inside the carpet bag as well – but when I stepped out of the tent, it was to see Peter standing in the center of our campground with a half dozen people with stone spear points pressed against his throat.

“Tanya... we have visitors.” He chuckled, the hand that was holding a cup of cocoa shaking mildly.

“Are you ok, Peter?” I asked and stepped barefoot forward, the fattened mammaries that were swollen with morning milk bobbing with every step before I came to stand behind him, palming his shoulder. “Did they hurt you at all?” and I squeezed his shoulder to take a good grip of it.

“Y-yes... yes I am fine.” He replied after steadying his voice. “Just a little nervous at the moment.”

I then turned to look at the six robed figures who were wearing what looked like a series of leathers, feathers and bits of bone as armor.

“Lower your spears.” I told them warningly.

I saw their eyes shift toward me, but they made no move to lower their spears. So I acted...

With a jerk I threw Peter up from my hand having taken such a tight grip of his shoulder, launching him away from their spears and twisting in a full circle kicked one in the head with both my breasts swaying outward heavily,; the pair spraying a little of my milk that they were so full. Like a domino effect they all collided into each other, and then taking one of their spears out of the hands of one of these falling assailants, I found my body moving of its own accord, the programming within me overwhelming my actions as I moved to kill, and I jerked suddenly to keep myself from actually following through as I forced myself backward. Whatever it was that was in my brain that was controlling my actions, it instead settled backward into a martial defensive stance now that I'd denied it in killing something.

“You all tried to hurt my brother.” I said to them. “You're all about five seconds from getting your... butts... kicked...”

I slowed my speaking, watching these creatures changing, bindings spreading, showing fur, face coverings molding into muzzles, their poncho-like robes becoming shirts and jerkins with leather chaps and loincloths appearing from beneath. I heard a low snarling sound, and I braced myself to defend myself when...

“Enough...”

I turned and felt myself grow stupid from the surprise of what I saw: A tall, powerful looking white werecat approaching me, looking like a lion or a cougar, only he had two long saber-like teeth protruding like a cobra's fangs from his upper jaw. A Smilidon!

And then I saw that he had Peter held by the shirt collar, and Anya was poking her head out of the tent behind him.

“You let him go...” I growled, and suddenly a good kilo or so swelled within me, all in muscle as my fangs grew into place and both ears rose into points.

What I saw was this male open his hand but instead closed it around the back of Peter's throat, and I saw a long claw slide delicately against Peter's tracheal artery, cutting a paper-cut thin scrape in his throat.

“Understand that you are the intruder here, female. You're the one who is on our lands. By all accounts we should flay you all alive. The fact that you're still alive is already to your benefit. Now put down the spear or the last thing you shall see is your brother's blood spurting across your vision.” And he nodded downward, and I glanced out of the sides of my vision at more warrior-like people rising out of the surrounding bush with drawn arrows in sturdy horn bows pointed at me.

Without anything else to do, I relaxed and handed the spear back to its owner who snatched it from me and settled back into a growling attack position to my side. I stared at the saber-toothed lion for a moment before he relaxed his grip and released Peter and he scrambled away from the powerful male who was every bit as imposing as Daniel was... perhaps more so with those long fangs of his.

“I am Windigo. Now... who the hell are you?”

Windigo was a no-nonsense sort of person. Tough as a lump of tempered steel and about as sharp as a pile of nails. He was used to commanding, and by the look of those who followed him, he was used to

commanding an entire army. After stating who I was and where we were from, he eyed me carefully and crossing his arms before him:

“You will accompany us.” He said and gestured to all his people to follow him, and when I didn’t move he paused and turned to me. “Did you not hear what I said, woman?” he asked with a hint of a growl.

“I heard you... savage. But I’m used to people saying please before I do something for them. If you’re going to treat us like this, then you’d best force us to follow you.”

“Ah... Tanya, I think we should just...” Anya began, eyeing the many pointed spears and arrows, but I gently lifted a hand to ask her to be quiet, looking this Windigo straight in the eye and waited. Oh yes... it was a challenge to his authority all right... I wanted him to take it as such. These tough warrior people when challenged had to deal with the situations personally then without their cronies getting in the way.

“Our discussions began with your warriors harassing my brother. I kicked their asses, despite their asses are on their shoulders now, and then you thusly threaten my family with your haughty airs and ways. I’ve identified myself, and now you want me to follow you... possibly into the lion’s den as it were, just like that? You will ask me, *‘please,’* or you’ll find out how much of a bitch I can be.”

“You are the matriarch?” Windigo asked after a moment’s pause.

There were certain degrees of this society that I didn’t understand yet, but I knew what a matriarch was, and so...

“If by that you mean the head of this family, then yes.”

“Then *please* follow us.” He grit out the word *‘please’*. I assumed he was also not a person who apologized often.

“Very well then.” I smiled and rose from where I was sitting, still holding eye contact. “Anya, Peter... get your things together and into the bag.” And they rushed to do just that. “But there’s one more thing, mister Windigo...” I said and approached him.

“What is it?” he asked in an annoyed tone as I drew near.

I pivoted and swung an arm, and it was a measure as to his level of arrogance and his feeling of superiority over females that he didn’t even block the blow, else wise he might’ve been ready for what came at him as I shifted forms from human to hybrid form and knuckle-dusted him with a superb right cross that thrust him straight to the ground.

I ignored all the bows and arrows and spears that pointed at me just then.

“That, you son of a bitch... is for hurting my brother.” I snarled, and let a charge of electricity wash across me, forcing them to back up. “Now that we’re on equal footing...” and I offered him a hand. “We’ll come with you politely now.”

Windigo grit his jaw and it crunched and reset itself before he massaged it with a hand and smirked at me. He waved off his warriors and then let me help him up. Even when he was on his toes I stood head, neck and shoulders taller than him, with several times his body mass – though a part of that was the insane size of my chests – and putting both hands on my hips and waiting for him to start something.

“Now that we’re all acquainted, grab your cubs and let’s be on our way then.” He said with a smirk and began leading the way away from our camp.

For more than two hundred years, Native Americans have been subjugated and oppressed. From Mexico to the United States and even into Canada and then to Alaska, the various tribes have been pushed off their lands and into smaller and smaller locations while bullied for ages to the point where many had an inherent distrust for any white man or woman.

The Lycan of those tribes weren't so complacent though.

The size of the camp that we were brought into, on how it could escape view for so long, was a miracle of natural surroundings. Mountains, lush forests, overcast skies and so on, with their tents and pavilions seeming like trees when looked upon from above, and fires were lit only within their tents and the smoke as white as the mists that wafted off the trees after each rain made even satellite photos of the area see nothing but natural wilderness. The trees were tall and all-encompassing as well, letting only the stronger light of day in through its branches and leaving the weaker light of dawn and sunset and most moonlight from touching the ground.

What was more was that this place was amidst a box canyon of sorts, where the natural terrain would force others away from the camp. As it was, it was awkward to get to the entrance of the valley.

It took us only a few minutes to strike our camp... and after collecting Ivan from the tent – who was still strewn out in his hard cat-nap that nothing could wake him up from – we just pulled the tent pegs, folded up the poles and wrapped everything that was in the tent still and stuffed it into the carpet bag. Carrying Ivan in one arm and the bag in the other, I walked as confidently as I could with Anya and Peter staying as close to me as they could, with Anya holding onto my arm and keeping close to my side as she saw all these strong warriors all around us. Peter however, was about a pace away from me when he lifted his nose and began sniffing the air.

“D-do you smell that?” he asked, and slowed to a pause.

“Smell what?” Anya shot, a little afraid at the moment. “Cook fires? Other cats?”

“Other females...” he said and then paused in his step to test the wind, and slowing down to watch as the warriors filed around us and only the imperious Windigo paused to keep pace with us, Peter took several steps away from us and then stopped at the sight of a pretty young fem that was hiding behind a tent flap.

“I suggest that you retrieve your brother.” A voice said over my shoulder, and turning, seeing Windigo approaching, Anya scurried around to my other side to keep me between him and her.

“Why is that?” I asked.

“You may've noticed, but we have a shortage of young males here. All the males that we have are either still children or are already mated or are too old for mates. Your brother is the first unbound virile male our daughters have seen in years, especially when the next nearest male their age is several hundred miles away.”

“How can that be a bad thing?” I asked, and Windigo smirked and nodded in a different direction, where three girls about Anya's age were giggling and whispering amongst themselves, each of them having sprouted their first pair of breasts and had subtle swells for hips.

“I have a problem keeping a good dozen young fems who are sexually active from trying to interfere in the relationships of adults because they want to mate so badly. Your brother would be little more than a target.”

“Well then maybe... too late.” I said and folded both arms as a young fem appeared out of nowhere, jumped out of the tree even, and landed right before him and started purring loudly.

“Hmm... a big strong male.” And she whiffed deeply of that scent Peter was exuding – the power of his sexuality in post pubescent overdrive – and then she rubbed up against him with her lean naked bodice. “I just want to groom you all night.” She murred.

“R-really?” Peter blushed so deeply it shone through his fur.

“Jezzelle... don’t hog him all to yourself.” Another said as she slid from behind a tree and pressed up against him too, gripping his bottom. “You don’t get to have the first in everything you know.”

“Ah hi... ooo... friendly aren’t you.” Peter said and blushed even more deeply if that were possible.

“You have no idea.” The new fem smirked. “I’m very friendly, friendlier than any other girl you might meet here.”

“That’s ‘cause you’re a slut.” Yet another fem stated, as she and two friends came with her, and Peter was rapidly becoming overwhelmed, and I chuckled at the scene.

And within a few moments later, there was a good dozen young fems immediately around Peter, and with the jingling of a belt and the sound of a zipper, I couldn’t help but laughing as the gaggle of girls that were all touting his strengths and complimenting the way he smelt and what they wanted to do with him, began to pull him in one direction.

“He’s a dead man –er– cat.” Anya joked.

“It’s an annoyance for us all, and it’ll get all that pent up testosterone out of him.” I added.

“Provided they don’t damage him first.” Windigo said quietly.

“What?” I gaped.

“Nothing. Please, let me show you to a place where you can stay. You may be here for awhile, tigress... best if we at least make you comfortable.”

We were given a tent like theirs. Ours own ten-man tent was too loud of a color to set up despite that it was a camouflaged green, Windigo said it was too bright of colors to exist within their forest. So instead they gave us a tent that had a fire pit and a pair of very large bedding areas that were made up of thick woven blankets and soft cured leathers and furs.

An older female, a leopard judging upon the spots, appeared a short while later and started a fire before she began to cook meats and provided us a meal made up of wild fruits and nuts before adding the meat served in tree-bark bowls.

“What’s your name?” I asked while I sat with Anya, now naked herself, laying her head on my lap. Ivan was still power napping.

“Ten Bears.” The female smiled, and offered up some milk from a bladder of some sort, putting them into smaller bowls which Anya accepted and drank deeply from.

“Ten Bears?” I replied. “How did you come by that name?”

“By giving birth to ten sons.” She smirked. “All at once.” Anya and I both stared. “That... and I have a temper that’s notorious even for a member of my breed.”

“Two of my daughters are also entertaining your brother.” She beamed, smiling grandly.

I smiled at this muscular fem... apparently they were trying to impress me.

“Wait a minute. How many children do you have?” Anya gasped and I tried to shush her from how impolite that was.

“Twenty-seven.” She beamed to us, and I immediately halted my attempts to shush my sister.

“H-how... how old are you?” I managed at last.

“Eighty-three seasons.” Ten Bears smirked. “Fourteen sons, thirteen daughters, eighteen grand children, and six great grand children with a great, great grand child on the way. I hope it’s a girl. It probably will be a girl, but I’d like to care for a new girl cub.”

“Y-you’re still fertile at the age of Eighty-three?” I gaped.

“Of course. D-didn’t you know that?”

“No.” Anya replied as she was sitting up. “No we most certainly did not.”

“We were raised as humans.” I said simply, and Ten Bears immediately showed signs of comprehension.

“Humans are mortals.” She said quietly “They lack the supernatural power that we possess, and the poor dears, giving birth is a truly a painful thing for them.”

“You mean its not for us?” Anya gaped. “I-I was ready to throw off ever having a baby when they showed us in health class what a woman went through during labor.”

“Well then! I see that being in the human world has robbed you both of your upbringing. Perhaps then I should talk a little longer with the two of you... introduce you both to the truly ancient culture we are a part of.”

Dawn came and led into morning, morning became day, day became afternoon and then to evening while we talked with Ten Bears. A woman’s role as a Lycan was very different than that of a human woman’s. Though our outward appearances as humans were identical, what was inside us was very different. All our sexual powers were geared toward providing for the pryde and having many babies, or cubs. To that measure, childbirth was actually a soothing pleasure instead of bone cracking and hip dislocating pain thanks to our regeneration abilities. Also, due to that self-same regeneration ability, even the damage caused to our bodies from sex repaired itself, so every time we had sex it was almost like having sex for the first time again.

That whole menstruation thing, which I had long since discovered had stopped upon having my first change, was a year-long process for most, though Ten Bears admitted that she had a four-month cycle.

“Some females, the most fertile among us, heat monthly... though they’re extremely rare and are born once every few generations.” Ten bears explained. “And we are at our strongest when we are in heat. Males when they rut just get horny... we get erotic, and as our sexual drives increase, so too does our strength. We are also a rather feminine race to boot. Three to four females to every male, so it isn’t unheard of for one male to take several females to wife.”

“Like Windigo?” I asked.

“No. Windigo is boorish and profound in his manhood, feeling superior in himself over females at times because of that measure, but in private, he is a loving husband and a rather over-protective father. His mate

Kismet just had twins. A boy and a girl. Though, if one thinks about it, Windigo is the way that he is because he bears the fangs, and for a hundred generations, the fangs have only been held by the largest and the strongest of males. Having a female like you show him what's what is good to curb his overbearing maleness."

"You mentioned that some females heat on a monthly basis. Are there... any here who do that?" Anya asked, suddenly very interested in the subject of babies and pregnancy now that she knew that her loins wouldn't break in two in the act of it anymore.

"No. Though there is a female among the wolves to the south who does. Her name is Luna."

"Luna?" Anya gasped. "We met her!"

"Only Windigo and his mate Kismet have met her. They both say that she's beautiful to behold. They talk of an everlasting peace with the wolves because of their love for her. And they call it love. They say she's a goddess."

"She is beautiful... and so kind. We... met with some '*prejudices*' with the wolves, but none of that exists in her eyes." I said then and nibbled on a piece of flat bread.

"I wish I could meet her myself. They say she is the Goddess's Avatar."

"Goddess?" I asked, and then the conversation that had almost all day been upon race and gender, now moved to religion.

I always considered myself a Christian. I believed in Christ, God the Father and the Holy Ghost, but I just never practiced any particular path despite that the Russian Orthodox Catholic Church was the predominant religion of Russian society, I never really ever carried a crucifix either. Anya did, but that was only out of habit being that she was originally raised in a catholic orphanage.

The Lycan people in general believed in a Great Creator, but they prayed for favors from the Creator from the Goddess Luna, which was, as I remembered, the Greek Goddess of the Moon, the Hunt and Fertility. It only made sense for the people as a whole, but seeing the Silver Council in Russia following Christianity, and not knowing enough about my own family, I didn't know if worshipping the moon was a way for me.

Taking a break from Ten Bears after having enjoyed three whole meals from her, I wanted to get some fresh air away from the smoke, so went for a walk amidst the tents here. Anya, wanting to know more about pregnancy and child rearing, stayed behind and talked more at length while I walked through their camp.

Nudity was practically a way of life, and the cats of this great Pryde barely wore more than the barest of strips of cloth or leather. Chaps, loincloths and jackets, while some wore armor made of bone like images of Indian braves that I knew of, though here even their women wore the armor and carried the spears and bows.

I was amazed though at how at awe they were about me. I was tall and powerful... larger than even their leader was and I had power in me. Many of them kept their distance and whispered to each other as I passed, though the language that they used wasn't one of the ones I knew of and it wasn't one of the ones I was programmed with so I had no idea what they were saying to each other despite that I could hear every syllable. Children stared directly at me like I was a strange thing, and why should they not stare? I was stronger than any two of their adults, larger than any one of them of either gender, more endowed than any three of their females and I had stripes instead of spots or all one color.

But there was a natural peace here that I'd not known since leaving Mir, a natural peace that I missed and yearned for, and this would be perfect... if only Dmitri were here...

There was a large Amphitheatre-like place in the center of this huge camp that was covered by a high-arching mesh of tree branches that'd been tied together to keep it hidden from above. Large enough for hundreds of Lycan that were my size, and that it was quiet enough of a place to be, I stepped over to it and sat down on one of the carved steps of the theatre before removing the necklace around my throat. Opening up the locket and looking at the five pictures of mom, dad, Peter and Anya when they were still babies and myself as a child, I wondered what this life of mine would be like if Twenty-Five never came to our door.

I wanted so much to talk with Dmitri, to call him up or to chat with him online or something... wanted to learn about this surprise he had for me, and as I thought about Dmitri and after the long conversation I had with Ten Bears, I lowered a hand and rubbed my tummy.

Ten Bears confirmed something for me... the fact that I cannot have a baby out of Dmitri lest he make an incredible sacrifice of his humanity and become a Lycan himself. I was developing an incredible desire for a baby, and I wasn't sure, but I thought I might be gearing up for another heat. *Which was just great*, I thought to myself... for it meant that I was going to be as fertile as Ten Bears was; which meant I'll have to struggle with heats as often as she does.

With a sigh I sat there and closed the locket and instead looked at Dmitri's ring. I wanted him but I wanted a baby too, but would he be willing to sacrifice everything that he was and do that for me? What would I do... if he didn't? Would he be willing then if I took another male, maybe Daniel, just so that I could have a baby? Would I be willing to do that?

These questions rattled around inside my mind repeatedly even as evening gave way into night.

Day 228: *My sister Tanya had asked me to relay this information for her; she wanted to start including the two of us, both Anya and me, within these logs in which she was keeping track of everything that we were doing in our trek to our "Home."*

I had to admit, I wasn't wholeheartedly comfortable with the idea of heading to Russia. Everything I knew was American after all; from movie stars to television to society... everything I knew was all inclusive American. And then there was my job at the Zoo, which by this time would be considered job-abandonment, and depending upon whatever mom and dad decided that I was despite the letter I left them, we may even be hunted by the feds, or Interpol now that we'd crossed into Canada.

But despite all my misgivings, Whether it was learning to become a Russian or forgetting to be an American, or whatever was going to be necessary of me, there was still nonetheless the rather irksome detail of the fact that I was some strange supernatural creature known as a Lycanthrope.

Within a month's time, and I think I was still growing, I put on the masculine body mass and girth of an adult man in my human form, with bulging pecs, tight abs, flowing hair... I looked attractive as a guy, and to make matters even more intense, I had a huge penis now too.

Both my sisters were large, strong, huge-breasted and highly sexual fems, so why couldn't I be the same thing as a boy, or man, or whatever it was I was now. It was odd dealing with certain habits and desires, and the ability to suck oneself off was an interesting tidbit, and Tanya, as you're reading this, no, I didn't swallow. I didn't even catch, though I appreciate in your giggling fit as you read this that you not tell Anya.

So here I am, abandoning my life as a safety precaution, following a fem who is being hunted by a large mega-conglomerate, while all three of us are now their targets. To protect my family both old and new, I had no choice but to follow.

So then that brought us to some Lycan-Indian camp somewhere within the mountains lining the west coast of Canada, and here I am, suddenly feeling like a sultan amidst his harem of gorgeous and rather sexual women.

This was a dream that many men might entertain in their lives, upon a massive bed of soft furs and leathers and blankets while a dozen women paw at you and hail you as their lord, king and god. The only thing that bothered me was that after more than eighteen hours of love-making to these eighteen fems, nearly all of whom were older than me, was that I still had an erection. It projected off me like a mighty horn, still moist from the combined sexual juices of the many females that were arrayed about me, both my nads so swollen I had to leave both thighs open subtly.

I never felt so awkward, and here I was residing like a king!

A few months ago, such a thing as this happening to me, though fantasized, I never considered it really possible. I wasn't that sort of a creature after all. But now, here I was, with more than a dozen highly virile females pawing at me, kissing me, licking me... it was quite a thing to be groomed by so many tongues, especially when you have one particularly busty fem with her wide-hipped butt and tail up in the air before you licking at your balls and constantly trying to get you to cum again and again because she didn't get any yet...

Everything that would happen to a highly-sexually active fully mature man during the course of one month was happening to me all at once in a single day, and multiple times. Now I knew why the single male tigers amidst all the females looked so bored whenever they had a pawing and aroused female trying to vie for his attentions.

This final female got hers eventually though, and now I remained the only one awake, covered in their juices and creams, feeling more than sated if not actually bored... and quite dirty.

Getting to my feet, mildly erect still and feeling both balls throb with the effort of filling the bowels of so many women with my seed, I slid out of the tent we were all in, walked straight to the nearest water source, a river fed by a waterfall, and slid right in and started to wash.

Dried grime was washed off with the sandy soil here before that grit was washed off with water. The chill in the water calmed my libido, and both the erect stalk and the two nads clenched up inside me while I laid back within the weeds and consciously tried to calm my throbbing heart. I'd just finished cleaning myself, laying backing the water and cupping my nads and just breathing, relaxing in the flow of the water when I heard that first, soft, trilling note.

I looked in on my brother after awhile as I returned to the tent, finding that he was either being smothered by all their breasts and bodies or he was no longer there. I wasn't sure as to whether I should be proud of him or upset at him for allowing himself to fall into such a situation, but as I understood it, with so many females to every one male, I'd have to perhaps relinquish myself to this happening more often. Perhaps... Perhaps as the crown princess of my Pryde, I might have to do it too...

But then why did mother and father only have each other? I don't remember any other women who'd earned father's bed from time to time... Maybe tigers were different in that regards.

And then there was the sound of a flute or a bird or something just then, and though I looked in its direction in wonderment at the sound, it didn't repeat so I left it alone, especially when the other Lycan around here didn't pay any attention to it, so I decided that it was time to return to Anya when I stopped at the appearance of our host, Windigo. His white fur and his stunning musculature and great white saber teeth made him look imposing, even against me despite how much larger than him that I was.

"Come speak with me... if you will." He said quietly and half turned away from me, waiting to see if I would follow. With nary anything else to do in this camp, I decided to follow.

Day 228 – Supplemental: *I don't know why Peter got to have the first entry and I got the supplemental one, but that's neither here nor there. I felt it was a bit unfair that the little scrub got to have more sex all at once than I ever had in my whole life, and because he was the only boy. Perhaps I was only angry because I had this overwhelming need to have a dick inside me, and at the moment I was a bit on the underside of the sexual world here. I was even contemplating having Ivan lick my pussy raw with his little tongue, but Tanya wouldn't like that and I doubted that Ivan would do such a thing either.*

sigh

Nothing to do but lay back and stare at the fire here. Tanya disabled the communications on this thing and I have no computer knowledge whatsoever to try to bypass it, but even if I did there was still a danger of doing such a thing because of who was chasing us so I couldn't even get online and do anything.

I doubted we'd get a connection out here anyways.

So it was then that I found myself laying back, all the lamps dimmed and only a smoldering fire remaining. Ten Bears had left me alone to go tend to her cubs in whom she'd ignored this whole time, and sprawling back against the furs and blankets I didn't realize that someone had entered the tent till there was a brush of a chill against my bodice that hardened every nipple and the engorged overly-mature clit between my legs.

"Ngh... Tanya, please be quiet, I believe I have a headache." I remembered saying aloud, but there was no movement at all, and thinking that Tanya came and left, I opened both eyes to check and then gasped and sat bolt upright, disturbing Ivan who was resting beside me as I saw a stranger in the tent.

'Who, What, Where, When, Why?' Ivan gasped, looking in every direction and hissing.

"Who are you?" I asked the intruder. "What are you doing here in our tent?"

This person turned a spear and jammed it into the ground and lifting one hand that was arrayed with a multitude of claws, he pulled off a hood and poncho, and I gasped at what revealed itself beneath all the coverings that obscured the creature.

A male... and what a male! But above all... he was also a tiger. Orange pelt and black stripes, but still a tiger.

"I am Lee... but I should be asking you what you're doing in my tent." He said calmly, with much of the same overbearance that Windigo possessed; only his was more restrained. "This is my tent, I built it with my own hands, and until tonight, this tent has been empty save for my presence." He squatted beside the fire keeping it between he and I, and I saw that he was dressed much the same as the others here were, wearing linens and leathers, but possessed bone armor like the warriors did. "So then it's your turn, little stranger..."

"Little?!" I gasped and rose to more of a sitting position.

"Little..." he stated again. "Now answer me, why is there a naked female of my own tribe in my tent? If you aren't a gift from Windigo, then you best say now before I treat you as such."

Windigo lived in a large tent, a tent large enough for a very large family, though the only person who was inside when I arrived was a ropy-looking yet large-chested female, a mountain lioness, possessing a great yellow mane of fur-like hair. But supported in both her arms, sucking from the top most pair of four breast that were firm and swollen with motherly grace, nursed two cubs.

"Husband." She greeted, and I was honestly jealous of her beauty. It was greater than even Anya's.

And as he approached, he lowered to one knee and the pair of them rubbed their faces and cheeks together and both started to purr.

“Lifemate, I bring a guest. Has Wind arrived yet?”

“He has.” She said and nodded, and what I took for a bundle of blankets rose just then and revealed its head to show off a small lynx like man carrying a staff laden with eagle feathers.

I blanched at the size of this comparatively tiny male. He was laden with excessive fur, had the look of age to him, which, to people who were considered the Undying Breed, told much as to how old this man really was.

“Princess, if you’ll sit here.” Windigo said, and gestured to a large mat that I settled down to and sat cross-legged upon while this Wind fellow approached and sat across from his chief, with me across from his beautiful mate, Kismet.

“Why am I here?” I asked him once he’d sat down. “Why did I have to come to this place when you could’ve just let us continue on our journey? I’m grateful for the hospitality, really I am, but there must’ve been some reason why you wanted to bring us along with you.”

“Secrecy is a key factor, Princess. More than a hundred and fifty seasons ago, we were betrayed and many of our secret places were discovered. Many warriors gave up their lives to keep our remaining dens hidden to foreigners, many of whom were conquering Lycan of our own breeds even. They saw our lands and wanted to possess them, so we’re here to determine whether or not you’re friend... or foe...”

I saw by the look in his eyes that he was dead serious. If I wasn’t what they called a friend then there was a high probability that he’d try to kill Peter, Anya and me.

“But... we don’t want any of that! We just want to return home!”

“And after you return home, what then? How do we know you won’t return and try to destroy us and take our lands like others have done before?”

I couldn’t believe this, but there was really nothing I could do. “W-what do you want me to do to prove that I mean you no harm?”

“You will sit here and talk while my shaman paints a picture.”

Day 228 – Supplemental: *The sound of that flute was enchanting. It was desirous, it was beautiful, and being a lover of music, I had to look upon the creature that was making that sound. The ears atop my head twitched, trying to find the sound, and then I blinked, realizing that the sound was approaching me. Looking around for a place to hide, I rushed into some nearby reeds, trying to make as little sound as possible before lowering myself in order to watch. Soon a white blur approached from the forest, and squinting with whatever low-light vision I'd been gifted with in this form, I saw a figure, a Lycan, shape from the blur, just before an elegantly-shaped female with a long wooden rod held with her two hands to her lips at one end of the rod while a basket dangled from the crook of an elbow.*

She was supple and smooth, with not a single sharp angle on her save for her claws, with a great billowing mane flowing about her brows and two rounded yet pert little breasts decorating her chest. What was more was that she was perfectly naked, and I was able to see her nipples, all of which were erect, her budding secondaries, and the ripened and pink vaginal crevice between her lean legs.

I felt my lips purse as I looked upon her, her eyes a color of amber that made them gleam like yellow phosphorous in the night.

Her song ended, and she walked the short distance to the shores of the lazily flowing river, and setting down the basket that'd been at the crook of her arm that'd been laden with herbs and berries, she placed her long flute amidst the berries and herbs and then knelt at the water's shore. I looked upon this enchanting creature, felt a warmth flush into my loins as I watched her move even as the scent of her wafted over me, and suddenly the heat that was flushing into my loins intensified and I started to slowly erect even while submerged in the cold waters.

Sitting there, wrapping her tail about her legs with its end wagging once it'd been settled, she pressed both thighs together and dipped her feet into the cooling water of the stream, and then as she stretched out and arched herself deeply, laying against the grassy ground on the edge of the riverbank, she slid one hand down the length of her long navel and gently slid her finger right in between those thighs and began to caress and cajole herself. A blast of her pheromones hit me right in the face, and I erected even further under the water, both nads throbbing as I neared climax... and then... and then.

I yowled as something, a mouth of some sort suddenly fastened upon my penis, and the surprise of it was so remarkable that I rose violently out of the water, only to see a large-mouthed bass flailing on the end of my erect unit, and pulling the little monster off myself, I held it and then realized that I was no longer covered. With a jerk of the head, I looked back over to the Lycan girl only to see her staring at me with a whimsical smile on her face, she having sat up with one hand still pressed between her thighs.

And then she gave off a soft whistle.

It wasn't a wolf whistle, like from someone who saw someone who was really desirous, but rather it was just a short whistle that quickly rose in pitch and fell again. She and I stared at each other for a short while longer, and then to my horror she got up and I sank hurriedly into the reeds to try to hide again, both cheeks burning with embarrassment. I slunk off, crawling near to the shore, but coming out of a particularly thick bundle of weeds, my face pushed into something warm and moist and rather nice smelling, and looking up, I saw that female smile down at me from between her two pert breasts, and looking down I realized I'd just pressed my face right into her crotch!

I rose immediately from that most wonderful patch of feminine glory.

"I'm sorry, I'm so sorry! I didn't mean... to..." but I stopped apologizing as she lifted a pair of fingers to my lips to keep me from speaking, one of them the same finger that had just so recently pierced her loins, so was laden with the most potent measure of her scent yet. My erection bulged so fast and hard that it tapped my navel with a nearly inaudible slap, and she uttered an ever so soft shushing sound before she pinched the tips of my fingers with her hand and led me out of the water.

As she led me out, she had to crawl up over the shore, having to turn to do so, giving me a full view of her behind and everything therein. I saw her vaginal mound, her anus beneath her upraised tail, the tights swells of her bottom... she had the finest behind I'd ever seen. It was better than Tanya's and Anya's even, or even that girl I liked in school, Michelle.

This fem's behind was, for lack of a better word, perfect.

Leading me to where she'd left her basket, she sat down beside it and then patted the earth next to her. Without any other recourse, I sat beside her, pushing my phallus down and pinching it beneath my legs..

"Ah... I'm sorry that I was watching you... you know... but I was taking a bath when you arrived and..." but she only beamed at me and smiled with the whole of her face. It was a beaming, shining look that caught the light of the moon upon it, the light only enhancing the beauty of her features.

"My name's Peter." I said, but then she did something even stranger than ever.

She touched her chest with the knuckles of both hands, and then lifting a hand to her mouth she leaned forward almost conspiratorially and mouthed something.

"I'm sorry... I didn't get that." I blinked at her, and she smiled wide and rolled her eyes before crossing her legs and turning toward me.

Placing both hands between us as if telling me to wait, she touched her chest with one hand, shook her head and then touched her lips. It took me a moment, but then I realized what she was doing.

"Y-you can't speak?" I asked, and she smiled wanly and shook her head softly. And then straightening she repeated the gesture from before, touching her chest, with the knuckles of both hands, and then leaning forward conspiratorially she cupped one hand to the side of her mouth and mouthed something briefly. "Oh that's your name! Ah um..." and I thought.

The first sign was definitely a possessive. She was talking about herself. And then the second gesture... ah... "Is your name 'secret?'"

And she immediately winced and looked at me if I was stupid before smirking. Then biting her lower lip and looking away briefly, drumming her fingers as she thought briefly, she made several more signs. She cupped her mouth again, and mouthed something, but then made a gesture with her other hand like something was coming from her mouth before she touched her ear. Then leaning forward toward me she pinched her fingers together to show me something small, and then held a finger over her lips as if to shush me.

Something small, something that was heard, something that was to be quiet... and then I got it. "Whisper!" and she grinned and nodded vigorously. She swept one hand toward the village and held up one finger at a time, but then she touched my head and held up two fingers.

"I got it on the second try when no one else did, huh?" and she nodded again and touched my forehead again. "Well... yeah... I think I am smart. Smarter than my sisters at least.

She pointed at me, then folded both arms together as if she was taking something from me, rubbed her chest in such a way to push her hand over both her primary breasts and then held up a hand and started counting fingers off, stopping at ten upraised fingers.

I blinked at her, puzzling at what she was saying. To take? No to have. You have... breasts? No I don't, obviously. But then my sisters do. "How many sisters?" and she nodded, and lifting both my hands, I pushed one of hers down, and caused her to close all but two of the fingers of the other hand.

She smiled and pressed her finger tips against my chest and then gestured toward the camp with a long sweeping motion, held up two fingers, cupped her breasts, flexed an arm and I took a moment to see the firm peak rise up out of her rosy arm before she pressed her hand against my chest again.

I swallowed and readjusted my way of sitting, making sure that the growing third leg and the swelling testicles of my ever evolving maleness were hidden beneath both legs, because watching her touching herself, and the long arching sweeps of her arms that made her breasts jiggle were getting me aroused just by her mere presence. Everything about her was arousing, lovely, intoxicating. She was such a beauty, so sweet, that in my attempt to watch her body at the same time as trying to look into her eyes, I almost missed that she'd said something with her body language.

"Um... ah..." and I bowed my head, not looking at her and trying to concentrate on the subject and not the image of her body in my mind or the swelling erection that I was sitting on. I had to reflect on what she'd used in her body language before. The two and her breasts meant my sisters, a flexing arm meant strength. "Are my sisters as strong as me?" and she nodded, totally interested in me with her look, which was a strangeness in and of itself. I'd never enraptured a woman this well before. Even those eighteen young fems just a short while ago were only interested in riding me like a pogo stick. She was actually communicating with me, and doing so with interest in me it seemed, and the sheer effort of how she communicated with me told me of how interested she was in me. It drew me to her all the more that she chose me of all people to talk to.

I smiled at her, her great mane spilling over one side of her face, neck and shoulder, brushing against her breast on that side. "No. I'm the youngest, so they're both stronger than me."

Her head rose and she opened her mouth as if making a sound of understanding.

"Now my questions." I said to her, and looked deeply into those amber eyes of hers, and suddenly she was looking at me intently. "Was that you playing? Do my ears and eyes not deceive me?"

She nodded.

"It was the most beautiful thing I'd ever heard, Whisper. Please, play me some more."

The corners of her lips spread wider, and pulling her flute from the basket and raising it to her lips, her breasts bouncing hypnotically again as she straightened her back and sat cross legged, which additionally provided me an immediate view of her inner thighs and crotch again, she bowed her head and began to play.

The one known as Wind intrigued me more than Windigo and his mate and their children did.

Wind was a bobcat, so named because they had nothing more than a bob-tail. A cat used to the snow thanks to a snow-shoe like paw, where the fur interlaced between the toes allowed them to walk on top of the snow instead of sink deep into it. As such, Wind was more suited for a snowy environment than Windigo was. He, like the cat breed he spawned from, was a long-haired feline with long whiskers and huge ears, pronounced hind-legs for jumping and climbing and a long sinuous body for running. He looked like an overly large house cat with a combination of little spots and small stripes here and there.

Upon his arrival here at this circle around the fire, he'd sat down on a mat and removed several small bowls and several gourds filled with colored sand, which he then poured a little of each kind of colored sand into the bowls in front of him. Then as Windigo and I began to talk he took a pinch of blue, and made a tiny pile of it on the ground between us. But as the conversation continued, this tiny Lycan continued to dip his fingers into the sand, pinching various colors and placing them around the blue speck, and using his fingertips and claws to spread it around.

At the moment he had a blue center, surrounded by four sweeping arcs of swirling blue, red, green and white; he was taking a claw and making swirls in the green at the moment. I kept his work in view wondering the why he was doing it though Windigo didn't pay any attention to what he was doing and Kismet tended to their cubs amidst listening and contributing to our conversation from time to time.

"Such violence in your life." Kismet said as I shared with them my whole story... all of it. I told them things I didn't even tell Peter and Anya yet for fear that if I didn't tell these three everything then I and my family would pay the price with our lives. "How do you do it all and remain sane?"

"I don't think about what has happened and just try to think about making our lives better."

"How do you think about making your lives better?" Windigo cut in just then, and I stared at him. He couldn't make himself more prevalent in what he sought an answer to if he shouted out what he really meant.

"It's not stealing your lands and making it ours, if that's what you're getting at. I'm rather tired of the insinuation, Windigo. I have no desire for these lands. It's not Mother Russia, and there, there is a whole lot more of it. Even if I did want any of it, which I don't, at most I can only get about four people to amount any sort of an attack against you, and two of those people are what I consider under age. I still don't believe you're doubting me! It's like constantly calling me a liar, and I don't really like it.

"And for that matter, what the hell is this old fart doing anyways?" and I pointed at Wind, who didn't even flinch as he added yet another pinch of sand."

"Wind is validating what you are saying to us, Princess. He is a shaman with incredible powers, and if your voice is laden with lies, then he would be able to detect that. His word is what will dictate, at the end of this conversation, as to whether or not I tear you apart. So if I were you, I'd be kind to that old fart."

I bit my lower lip nervously as I stared at the old lynx, and I wasn't sure that if his follow up smile was one to relax me or to show mirth, but nonetheless it filled me with added anxiety.

"Now then, Princess." Windigo said, and pulled out a decorative pipe of sorts. "Shall we smoke? I must admit that this is the first time I have shared this pipe with a female. You should feel honored."

And Windigo began to press a strange mélange into the end of the pipe.

Day 228 – Supplemental: *His name was Lee. Lee was a tiger who'd found his way to America long ago, and however he did it, he became the chief warder for the cats in this part of the world. It was a position that was second only to Windigo himself.*

Lee called himself a Southern Tiger, whereas I was a Northern Tiger, the difference between a Bengal Tiger and a Siberian Tiger I was sure... For the orange of his pelt was a little darker than my fur had been before Tanya's milk had changed me. But regardless, watching him strip as he and I conversed, seeing that manly musculature, the throbbing muscles and bulging bundles of chords all over his body told of the incredible lancing maleness he must have.

I watched him as he placed all his hunting things and clothes in a corner on a wicker chest, and he left for a short while before returning with the carcass of what looked like a deer, which he hooked up on a tripod of wood stands, stripped it of its skin and antlers and then set it cook over the fire.

"What's it like being here all alone, Lee." I asked him

"What makes you think that I'm all alone?" he said as he sat down, now covered only by a loin cloth across from me.

"The fact that you have this big tent and no one is in it but you when we arrived. The fact that there was hardly anything here where your leader saw fit to put my sister and brother and me here for lack of space anywhere else. The fact that striped cats in North America are rare. You don't have so much as a female in your tent. How does that feel?"

"What use do I have for feelings woman?" he growled and looked away sharply.

"Lots of uses, really." I shrugged, and holding myself, hefting the four largest breasts I had upward in a bundle, his eyes nonetheless moved toward the motion and I smiled at him, seeing that he took the bait. "I think you still have emotions and feelings but you just refuse to use them. Makes knowing anyone other than yourself rather difficult, and how can you really know yourself without the help of others?" I bowed forward and began walking on fingers and toes before I came to sit directly before him wrapping my long and thick tail about me as I sat there.

"Is there not anything in the world that's important for you?"

"Why must women ask such silly questions? Why do I have to feel like you? Why should I feel at all? Can I not seek just the protection of my pryde and nothing else?"

"But then why would you do such a thing to yourself?" I asked him.

"Because it's safer." He said quietly, and it was then that I saw his should hunch a little.

So he'd been hurt, I thought to myself, and leaning forward, my tits wobbling, I laid a hand on his knee.

"Hm... so that's why."

"That's why what?" he snapped.

"Only someone who hurts constantly would want to eliminate feeling and emotion, Lee." I murred.

Now knowing where the insensitivity came from, I slid forward, hunching both shoulders to pronounce my breasts to him even as I leaned forward so that they dangled heavily from my chest. I saw along the edge of my vision that his phallus was starting to bulge.

"There are still good feelings in the world. I've trained myself in many of them..."

“So you’re a whore!” he shot and growled at me.

I let the insult flow over me without touching me. He was lashing out irrationally to drive me away now, and as I crawled forward, pressing my nose into his chest, smelling his scent and licking his fur, he reacted as a man should given such a circumstance... though barely.

Lifting a hand to his chest, I caressed one of the many nipples that were there, feeling that the one I touched had firmed up, and pressing myself against him, I slid onto his lap, straddling him lightly and grinding my naked pussy into his groin. Only the barest strip of thin leather separated our loins from coupling now.

“You can lie to me or even yourself, but you cannot deny what your body is telling you right now.”

“A-and what is that... you stupid, stupid whore.” He groaned, and his groin bulged suddenly so that I could feel the firmness of it against my loins.

“That I’m strong... yet soft. I’m feminine and willing.” I began to purr and rubbed myself against his body, marking him with the scent glands in my cheeks. “Your heart beats faster, your nipples and penis are erecting, and...” I looked up into his leafy green eyes. “Your pupils are dilating. Logic dictates that you’re having an emotional reaction to a young, virile female who’s sexually active on your lap. That tells me that you still remember emotion, it’s not completely dead from you.”

“You stupid female. I have no emotion.” He gasped, his breathing quickening, and I smiled triumphantly at him.

“I beg to differ. I’ll even prove it.”

“How...” he commanded, and it was strange to hear a man as powerful as he was both challenging and pleading at the same time with a single word. He had emotions all right, and they were complex enough to allow that.

“Simple...” I said, and rising, taking his face with one hand, I rose and kissed him on the mouth, feeling the ears on the back of my head flatten as the sheer weight of that kiss from a fem as slight as I was in comparison to him forced him through pressure alone to lie back into the blankets.

The smoke wasn’t tobacco. Instead it was a mélange of weeds mixed with cat nip. To a human or any other sort of Lycan, this mixture would smell like a skunk’s butt hole. But for a cat like me and Windigo... it absolutely fucked you up!

“I think I like this...” I coughed a little, trying to hold the smoke in my lungs while suddenly remembering a little old man who also lived in a closet in the apartment that I subsisted within, who had lost everything, and worked all day for a place to live, a little food, and the ability to smoke marijuana.

After loosing his wife due to old age and both his boys due to the war in Afghanistan, the drug was his only joy. And selling the drug to others helped pay the rent and get him whatever else he needed in order to survive. It was a state of life of wanting to die but too afraid to do so, so he turned to what he could in order to make life easier.

This was a substance that smelled like that marijuana, only it was a natural drug that enticed the cat in me instead of drugging the human in me.

The tent was filled with the substance, and I was leaning in comfort and relaxation now amidst all the soft furs and blankets of the Chief and his mate’s bedding, playing with one of their cubs, a boy of white fur

while my head swam with the senses of the world. Everything felt more real than it usually did, and I was aware of everything in a finer detail.

On top of that, I was rather aroused.

Windigo had gone outside while I remained with his wife Kismet, her cubs and their shaman Wind.

“You’re such a beautiful female.” I purred, laying on my swollen breasts now as if they were great pillows, my tail upraised in my desire for a male... any male at the moment, but it was a desire that I could mostly restrain. “You’re so lovely... I wish I could have a face like yours. Then I could woo any male I wanted.”

I was feeling a little stupid at the moment, but ultimately I fell down and collapsed hugging Kismet’s waist, my head in her lap as she immediately stroked my mane.

“Jealous of me being jealous of you?” she asked, and I turned enough, playfully so that I could look up at her.

“Hm?” I managed in question. I didn’t really understand what she said.

She rubbed a spot between my four largest breasts as they spread open from the way I was laying. “You are lovely, Princess Tanya, but then you possess things that I crave. Your body is powerful, ultimately powerful, I know a little of the art that Wind does, and he has already shown a translation of a life that is far more powerful than nearly anyone else in whom he’d ever translated. You have muscles and powers that no one has ever seen before among our kind.”

“Translated?” I asked, and Kismet gestured to the sand painting. “But how do you know what powers I have? Other than my huge size and a little bit of lightning...”

Kismet pointed at the sand painting again and I looked as I lay on her lap, rubbing the small of her back just above her bottom and tail.

“Fire, Lightning, Water, Earth... all the elements of nature, dancing about your origin in a twisting spiral. Everything he’s made of you is a spiral... a constant state of change. And look at the thickness of the swirls. They encompass everything! Those powers must be tremendous, and usually a person has only one, if that... you have four. Only powerful shamans have all four. And yet you have a body that is greater than even our warder, with feminine power greater than all that I know of save one.”

“Save one? Who?”

“A wolfess named Luna.” Kismet smiled, and rubbed the belly of her sleeping daughter, and the little cub gave off a burp.

“I met her.” I said absentmindedly. “I... never knew love for a woman before her. She was like a mother, a sister and a daughter all in one. I wanted to make love with her... it was... remarkable being in her presence.”

“So it’s not just me.” Kismet purred.

“Hm?”

“I was not always as strong as you see me now. I was always so frail and timid. Windigo fell in love with me and protected me to the point of killing several elders who dared to try to kill me because of how weak I was. He received so much angst from the others for allowing me to survive, and his only statement was that he was the Windigo, and that he’d chosen me to mate with. And mate we did, you see the result of my first conception here.

“But... it was a strong probability that I wouldn't bring them to term...

“And then while on a hunting expedition, where I decided to show others that I was strong, I followed and tried to carry a spear and a bow and support the Pryde despite the burden in my womb... but a strange wolf attacked and injured me horrendously. Windigo had no choice but to go to the wolves for help if I were to live.”

“That's when you met Luna.” I prompted and Kismet nodded.

“Their Lord and my Lord were about to fight each other, my lord was begging, begging for me though I wasn't awake to hear it, I knew that that alone shows how much he loves me. There's been such a terrible feud between the wolves and the cats that lasted for generations. For my sake, my Lord was willing to brave that feud, and for my sake he was risking war.

“It was then that Luna appeared, and she took me in her arms and carried me to their Den. There she healed me, gave me her milk to drink, kissed me and caressed me, her lips warm upon my face. She gave me such power! Power enough to be healed, power enough to bear my babies to full term, and power enough to be stronger than any of the other females of our vast pryde.”

She caressed one of my large primaries, and I sighed, closing both eyes as my thighs pressed together against a subtle trickle of my cream that escaped me. I wouldn't have rejected her should she want to make love to me just then. But from her subtle rub upon my tit cause every areola on me to swell imperiously outward and their teats to erect into great towers that hardened so much that they ached! Tremendously! And with a moan I leaked much of my milk.

“You have breasts that are ripe like hers and yet your womanhood barely knows the pressure of a male, let alone the pleasure of giving birth. You produce milk before you've become a mother... such power makes you the greatest female of our breed that I'm aware of. Even legendary females don't meet your phenomenal strength and power, and for that matter, not even legendary males do either.

“You must've supped upon Luna's milk.”

“I have.” I said, and wept for want of more of Luna's milk, and Kismet's touch. I so needed Dmitri right now.

“Then please, let us share our milk. Give me some of your strength and power, and I'll give you some of mine.”

I looked up at her, staring at her, and then rolling as she laid back, I pressed against her side, by body T-boning with her side as I found one of her breasts, and kissing its nipple, gently began to suck.

Day 228 – Supplemental: *My god she was so beautiful.*

Dad used to talk about meeting a woman who entranced you so well that you'd do anything for that woman. To see how he and mom got together proved that love could happen to anybody.

I was feeling like this for Whisper right now. And after her third song, which was a soft lulling melody like loons singing amidst wind blowing through reeds, I wanted to worship at her feet and become her slave just for the sheer sake of existing in her presence. My mind was awash with her, everything about her, and I had a profound want to touch her and to feel every contour of her body.

By God I wanted to kiss those lips that could make such phenomenally beautiful music.

“So beautiful.” I said when she was done blowing through that long pipe of hers. Of course I meant that sentiment for both her and the song she just played, which went hand in hand nicely. I'd forgotten to cover my erection, and it was now projecting upward from my lap, the thing moist with sweat and leaking some of its seed at the tip, its length hard, throbbing, pulsating with veins and as red as a radish.

But then I wasn't the only one who was aroused. There was a blush on her cheeks and breasts that shone through her fur, with an additional blush between her legs that told that she was aroused by me. The knowledge of that only made me harder, and the length of my manhood squeezed more of my seed out.

I wanted her.

Whisper shrugged at my compliment toward her, her shoulders hunching and she grinned the most dazzling smile I'd ever yet known with a set of small, sharp teeth showing and a pair of huggable kissable black lips spreading open about those teeth. She leaned toward me, her breasts wobbling enticingly.

“I... play a little too.” I mentioned, falling back on being a braggart, the standard thing a guy does to impress a lovely lady. Despite that dad told me to avoid it, I found myself not helping myself. I wanted nothing more than to impress her at the moment. “Though I don't believe you would be able to hear my instrument. It needs electricity to run.”

She held her flute out and tapped the holes upon it rapidly with her fingers while looking questioningly at me.

“No I don't play a woodwind. I play strings.” I said, amazed at how well I was learning to understand her now... it was like she and I were... connected.

Then she turned the flute in her hands as if she were holding the neck of a guitar and strummed it twice with one hand. “Yeah, a guitar, but... my guitar is a Stratocaster. It needs an amp or else all you here is pale plucking sounds.”

She thought for a moment, tapping her flute, and then gasping, she rose, took up her basket with her flute in it, and then hauled me to my feet with one hand and started pulling me. She was remarkably strong for such a slender fem... I smiled stupidly as I followed her. She could've thrown me off a cliff right then and I would've tried to fly for her.

“Whisper, where are we going?” I laughed as she pulled me excitedly into the river instead, and she gestured toward the village. “Ok... lead on then.”

And she drew me into the sleeping camp, to one of the many tents, though this one was far more colorful, laden with ornate pictures. Somehow it fit as her home. She went inside, returning with her flute but leaving the basket with its herbs and berries inside, but then returned with an old school lute. This she thrust into my hands.

It was an awkward moment, but here I was, with an archaic instrument in my hands, with my penis as erect as it'd ever been. I've not worked an acoustic instrument since my first guitar.

"Oh... woah... acoustic." I stammered, grinning at her and then dreading holding the instrument in my hands. "I'm not really used to acoustic instruments." I told her, and she did a sort of movement like a young woman might when asking for something she really wanted that one might term 'Bambi Eyes.' All that was missing was that long drawn-out whining 'please' since she couldn't talk. "Ok... I'll give it a try."

And she led me to a quite glade near to the village while I set the lute on my lap and tried a couple test strums and winced.

"Ugh... this is so out of tune." I mentioned and began twisting the knobs that held the strings that looked like they were made out of some fibrous flaxen material that nonetheless had a good twang.

Plucking the strings a few times and finding which one was the high note, I began to tune each string, setting the wooden dowels firmly once each note had been found, and once every string was in tune, I did one strum of the hand of each twisted string, and the lot of it created a perfect chord. Whisper clapped her hands excitedly, and lifting her hands, she did a brief air guitar and pressed a fit to her chest.

"Play something for you?" I asked and she nodded vigorously. "Ok... let's see." And I thought what a woman like her would like to hear, definitely not rock, and given the soft songs that she played, I came up with something older in style, definitely not rock, yet a bit playful. It was the first time that I'd ever played for a girl... usually it was in band class or in a recital for several people if not for the whole school. This time it was for one young woman, a pretty woman, and I wanted to make it special.

I decided to play 'Whole Wide World' for her...

When I was done she clapped her hands and bounced, a motion that made her breasts shift and bounce as well and I felt my manhood strain suddenly that made me so... so very happy. And made the same air-guitar maneuver as before, and I assumed she was asking for another, so I played another song, and another after that, anything to see her bounce before me with such excitement. And then on the third song I dared to do something different... I improved a song.

It embodied what I thought of her, it was everything that I felt about her at the moment, spoke of what I wanted to do for and just as importantly to her, until... until I got her to swoon.

It was... such a remarkable sensation to watch a woman swoon over you, to know you did it to her, and by this point she was pressing against my legs, her breasts very close to my erect manhood, and she looked dotingly up at me as I finished my song.

She sighed and I smiled at her, and then I stupidly dared to try something to impress her that if it didn't work would really, really backfire on me.

"Why don't I accompany you?" I suggested, and she blinked at me. "You play, and I'll back you up." She bit her lower lip and looked away. "It'll be all right. I'm used to backing people up." Stupid... stupid... don't tell her that, I thought. "Play anything you like."

Her face tilted, and she looked at me nervously, shrugging her shoulders and grinning at me, but then she picked up her flute, wet her lips and the mouth piece, and then she began to play. Nodding my head to get the beat, I began to play in background to her, for as long as she played climbing upward and downward in the notes, lilting about her like a tweeting sparrow to her dove. When she finished, I ended the tune with a few lilting twitters, and when I looked up at her, she was breathing deeply, impassioned perhaps.

I smiled at her, glad I could share my gift with someone else who cared, but then what happened next left me dumbfounded, for in a rush, she lowered her flute and then leaned forward sharply and rose to kiss me. It was more than a kiss on a cheek or on the forehead from nearly every other woman I knew, but rather

right on the lips. And this was more of a kiss than what Michelle gave me when I finally boned her, instead this was a passionate kiss, loving and doting, and it claimed me immediately and forever to her. I felt the press of her breasts against my chest and my groin against her crotch, felt the warmth of her body about me, and I stiffened immediately to the strongest and hardest I could possibly manage.

When she withdrew enough, gasping for breath, she set her flute aside and moved even further forward before kissing me again only longer this time and with even greater passion, her arms wrapping about my neck now. I grew hot as a cold sweat broke out in key points on my body. My phallus arched powerfully, a fully manly erection despite my age, the circumcised head flaring and the veins within it engorging and sticking out while ribs formed from the individual muscles. But as an addition, which happened only in my hybrid form, prickly little bumps formed just beneath the pointed head.

When she withdrew a second time though, she smiled and moved in closer yet, her body conforming to mine, her breasts shoving atop mine against my throat as she arched deeply and lifted her tail before giving me a pecking kiss on my lips. Her knees spread open as she settled back upon her heels that had both hooked up onto my knees, her lovely form and her golden eyes shining in the dim light, and I thanked God that I saw her so perfectly, as bright as day with the lowlight vision I had.

She touched me with one hand, made that air guitar gesture and then swept both arms outward and back in to herself, holding both hands together over her heart as she sighed.

‘You... Play... beautifully.’

Then she opened her hands and pressed her knuckles against her chest before opening those hands and then folding them over her heart... and pausing she slid in closer to me, and pressed a hand against my heart, and then the lute.

‘I... Love... you... lute.’ No... I thought, and retranslated. “I love how you play the lute.”

“Thank you...” I breathed, and I leaned closer to her, trying to nuzzle with her, and she moved in close and rubbed her cheek against mine, wiping her scent onto me before her legs applied some pressure to my knees, got me to spread my legs open as she rose a little, and my hard throbbing rod rose fully between us before she settled backward, lowered her gaze to that hard cock, and then lowered a hand to caress it without any additional preamble.

I stiffened instinctively as she wrapped her fingers around it, gently squeezing it, and I tensed even more, took a sharp intake of breath and feeling the first feminine hand on my penis that I ever had. Even Michelle didn’t get this far. She just dropped her panties and made me do it.

Realizing it now... she was just someone who allowed herself to be banged so that she might have favor with someone who was popular. In comparison to how far this was going with Whisper... Michelle my dream girl for as long as I could remember was nothing but a little tramp.

I realized that I wanted Michelle before I ever knew what I wanted. And now I found myself here as Whisper, a truly adult woman, a fem my age – I think – was now massaging my erect dick.

“W-what are you doing?” I moaned, and smiling at me, she then lowered herself and I leaned back from her weight against me, and before I knew it, she was climbing off me, pressing her breasts about that erect cock, and opening her mouth she fastened her blackened lips about the end of my knob.

Kismet’s milk was sweet, and after supping from it, it’d awakened new levels of sexuality and femininity inside me that I never knew before. Now that I was done, lying on my belly as she straddled my hips and rubbed my back, I felt some of this shamanic magic these cats knew of that defied everything that I knew of my own powers, and thanks to her massaging hands, I felt my breasts firming up and swelling with newer,

more nourishing milk, to the point where I could feel the fluids leaking from me and pooling onto the ground beneath either of my arms from the thick and heady nipples.

Kismet had thicker shoulders, deeper biceps, wider forearms and thicker thighs and calves from my milk... I had wider hips and the musculature in me had become leaner in places to enhance my feminine form thanks to hers. I cooed and sighed as she kneaded my muscles and even cracked my mighty back to relieve some strain.

Wind continued working on his sand painting all throughout, till the tent flaps were pushed open and Windigo stepped inside. With a sigh, my brain heavy with the catnip in the air, I smiled stupidly at him as he looked upon the scene with his icy blue eyes, and then looked toward Wind.

“Are you finished?” he asked, and Wind nodded only once, curtly as he sat there now smoking on a long pipe of his own now.

Kismet got off my back and I sat up as Windigo took his place, and upon we three taking our seats, Wind reached down, picked up some sand from the floor of the tent, and tossing the handful over the spiraling picture, he leaned in and exhaled the smoke while breathing it in through his nose, before he blew the smoke over the painting. Then holding the pipe in his teeth, he lifted his gnarled hands with their long claws, and clapped his hands once.

“What do you see?” Windigo asked, and hoping to hear Wind speak, we watched for several long seconds as he stared at the pictogram he’d made. “You’re certain.” Windigo asked, and I looked between him and Wind and back again, wondering if I missed Wind speaking in my stupor. “What do you suggest we do?”

Wind removed his pipe and exhaled more smoke over the billowing wisps that were hovering over the pictogram that he’d made, and then laying a hand at the edge of the picture, he wiped it out in one sweeping strike. Then gathering up his robes, he rose and left the tent.

“I-I didn’t hear. What did he say?” I gasped.

“You didn’t hear anything because he didn’t say anything.” Windigo supplied. “Wind is quite mute, a family disorder that grants great magical power by sacrificing a voice. It’s a blessing and a curse that is passed along only amongst the eldest of his family, whether they are male or female.

“He communicates almost solely through body language.

“As for what he communicated to me, he says that you have been twisted, like a dead tree whose water has been drawn from it and the cold of winter has twisted it. He warned me not to challenge the power of your tree, for such a tree can explode violently and kill all those near it regardless as to how strong they were. He cautioned me – The Windigo – to be wary of you.

“If you’d been born a male, I would have to destroy you, but as a female, your natural nurturing tendencies and motherly whims have counterbalanced the corruptions in you, and despite that you appear to be an evil twisted tree, you nonetheless bare great fruit and harbor strong leaves. Which means though the tree is twisted and the bark is brittle and ready to break, inside the center is still good.”

“Ah... ok. What does that all mean?” I asked anxiously.

“It means that you are a bad enemy to have, and a great ally to possess. We will let you and your family go your own way.”

“Well I should hope so!” I snapped. “That’s what I told you in the first place.”

Windigo smirked. “We are an ancient race hidden in the trees in a land that is run by foreigners who wouldn’t know true magic if it came up and changed them into a newt. We have not existed her for countless centuries by not being careful.”

Day 228 – Supplemental: *Peter might be getting off into twelve separate women, but I seriously doubt he knew how to make love like this! Lee was a god of it, he curled toes and made me whimper and weep with it, holding me by gripping both butt cheeks, spreading them open so that his massive rod could pierce me to the hilt. The fullness of every repressed emotion in him came out as he ravished me.*

And he turned me, Ivan yowling as he was nearly caught underneath us, so he went into a far edge of the tent and began licking himself while I lifted both knees, spread those thighs open and got my pussy pounded harder and harder, making me moan, making me orgasm. Yes! Oh Yes!

“Yes!”

And my insides exploded with the hardest, most gripping orgasmic eruption in my young life. My back arched as he pushed into me while my insides vibrated about his dick, and with a spasm he let loose an eruption of his seed, filling me to the point where I overflowed while I moaned like a cheep whore might, and then...

I threw back the tent flap, having heard Anya’s scream, and after running all the way across the camp with Windigo following close by, I gasped as I saw a massive male thrusting into my sister.

“Anya! What... who...”

“Oh my god!” Anya gasped, and in their effort to get away, this beast or whatever he was came all over my baby sister.

“Tanya! What the...”

“Lee!” Windigo shouted then. “What’s the meaning of this?! They are our guests and...”

“QUIET!”

It was Anya who shouted, quieting everyone’s shouts, and we all paused at where we were. This Lee fellow had fallen back, penis still massively erect, wet and covered with shared juices as he knelt on the floor with head bowed and fists to the ground, while Windigo and I stood in the door way.

“Enough...” Anya gasped. “Tanya, this is Lee. He and I were making love.” She gestured toward the towering... wait, he has stripes? A tiger?!

“He’s a tiger?” I gasped.

“My Chief Warder.” Windigo stated. “I assure you he’s an honorable Lycan; he came to us from the West under less than preferable circumstances. I assure you that this is the first time that I’ve ever seen him do anything that... *appears*... dishonorable.”

“It wasn’t!” Anya shouted. “I bedded him.” She said and hunched her shoulders while Windigo’s eyebrows went straight up into his hairline.

“Ah... my sister is a free spirit, and I let her choose who she wants to mate with and...” but Windigo lifted a hand.

“Is this true?” Windigo asked the tiger known as Lee.

“It is, my lord.” And he bowed himself lower.

The next thing I knew Windigo had grabbed my wrist and pulled me out. “Never mind us then.” And he pushed the tent door closed and flattened his back against it, chuckling in what appeared to me to be madness. “We’ll just let them be then, shall we? If you don’t mind.”

“Something I should know?” I asked and folded my arms beneath both breasts, but then I unfolded as I heard the sounds of lovemaking and growling, and Windigo quickly took my arm and led me a dozen paces away.

“Lee is a good male. Strong and powerful, yet very, very lonely. He came to us as a cub, we found him lost in the wilderness, half-starved to death and lonely. Drained the breasts of the female who took him up and nursed him back to health as we journeyed back home, and there he became a part of our clan. We brought him up, taught him, sent him to schools in the human world and so on, so he is the brother to everyone his age, the child of the elders and the uncle of all the newborns. He is a very devoted person, very powerful, definitely Asian, but up until this very moment we’d thought his spirit was dead inside. He was young but he wasn’t that young when we found him, and so we believe that he saw whatever it was that orphaned him, so there’s a part of him whether he knows it or not that is making him dead inside in order not to feel the loss.” I blinked at Windigo. Lee’s experience was very close to home. “Your sister is the very first who has ever, ever gotten him to open himself that much and I beg of you to let them continue.”

“Y-you mean... he’s a virgin?”

“More than forty years now.” Windigo stated.

Overprotective mode for my sister was going off in my head, but there was also a pang in my heart that told me I needed to care for others, and the sicker or more ailing they were the more important it was to help. Looking back at the tent, which I could hear even more energetic love making, I turned back to Windigo and nodded.

“I’ve given my sister free reign to choose who and when she wishes to mate. If she chose your Lee, then it is not my right to interfere.”

“Thank you. But... I realize that now leaves you without a place to sleep for the night.”

‘And me.’ A voice said as Ivan came scampering up to me. ‘Their growls, snarls and weeping are keeping me awake, and I’m nothing without my beauty sleep.’

I bent down and picked Ivan up and held him in my arms.

“Yes it does, but I’m worried. If my brother isn’t in there, then where is he?”

“The valley is a large place... he may be exploring. The valley guardians have been told to repel the three of you till I release you. So unless he can hide in the green with as white as your fur is, I don’t think he made it out of the valley. No worries, I’m sure he’s just exploring the mountains and valleys somewhere.”

Day 229: *Her mountains, her valleys, her forests of white fur and hair. The taste of her pussy and nectar was sweet. She didn't have milk like my sisters, but I could taste the salty sweat upon her nipples as she perspired.*

This wasn't going to be sex like I had with those other fems... this was something much deeper than that, more meaningful... and laying against her, having not yet entered her – we'd subsisted with dry humping after I'd cum into her mouth and she into mine – we were at the point just prior to love making when she pushed me upward. Her eyes were impassioned, her breasts heaving and her fur matted already. I was so hard that it ached, and the entire length of my manhood was loaded with seed to plant into her.

She looked frightened for a moment, and I saw her force a smile before she tapped her chest with her knuckles and then lifted that hand and wiggled her fingers like fire, and she gasped in and out like she was short of breath.

'I'm hot...' I translated mentally.

"It's all right." I smiled, and she smiled immediately at me, grinning even just before she spread her legs open wide in order to receive me. And so, with a little maneuvering to find her slit, I entered her.

Her bowels were so unbelievable tight, and she had what my friends in school described as a snapper, which was what happened when all her internal muscles gave a quick hard muscular jerk and clenched around me. She had several of those snapping motions as I delved deeper and deeper into her body, driving myself to her hilt. And then her insides clenched again, clenched hard, and the stimulus of her throbbing insides pounding around the outsides of my phallus drove me insane, and with a heaving clenching of my maleness, I shot a long lancing stream into her body.

But that wasn't the first, and the next wasn't the last.

I discovered that we Lycan had a particular sexual trait a human did not. Without our spontaneous regeneration of cells, it also allowed the spontaneous regeneration of fluids like blood and saliva, but more importantly was the ability to rapidly reproduce ejaculate loaded with what I'd like to think was a very potent brand of semen given how large my penis had grown over the past few weeks.

Piercing her over and over again, I came into her there on the ground, again with me cradling her body against me, her back against a tree with me holding her bottom, spewing my spunk into her amidst the two of us sharing kisses with each other, rubbing against each other. I came again with her riding me like a pony, and again as we explored new positions like the doggy style and others. I filled her to overflowing by the time we went to go wash in the river, and there, for a fifth and final time, I came into her as we made love right as the morning sun rose.

I felt groggy the next morning. My head still swam with more of that smoke or whatever that stuff was, but I was happy for it nonetheless. Additionally, I'd not slept all night. I'd made a friend with Kismet and it was a sad thing that they were so low-tech here, lest I could've communicated with her long distance once we left.

Anya and that Lee guy was still in our tent, or rather his tent I learned afterwards. Windigo, in his infinite wisdom, upon seeing that we were tigers just automatically deemed Lee's tent the Tiger Tent, thought we'd all get to know each other well. Lee returned from a hunting trip and after a short while got to the point where he was getting to know my sister very well...

But where in blazes was Peter?!

It was then as I was walking through the camp, getting stares from the other tribe people here at what an oddity I was, it was then that I saw Wind walking through the camp, stopping people and they turned to

look at him and shook their heads. He moved from one person to the next, paused as he saw me and then moved up to me he stared at me.

“Ah... can I help you?” I asked and he blinked and leaned forward further, and after a brief pause I shook my head. “If you don’t need anything, I’ll just get out of your way. Ok?”

Wind rolled his eyes and exhaled a short gasp, and then there was a strong breeze that blasted against me and he rose up from the ground to look at me face to face.

‘You know nothing of the hidden language.’ A man’s voice suddenly spoke into my mind. ‘The world has taken you completely from your roots, princess. It is sad, terribly sad that you’re not at all proficient in its use.’

“W-what’s going on here?!” I gasped, and Wind moved in closer to me, leaning over my sizeable breasts to stare me in the eye.

‘Because the world has corrupted another of our kind, I’m having to expend power just so that I can talk to you. What I asked you, what you did not discern, was that I’m looking for my daughter Whisper. She’s white of fur and a mountain lion with a grand mane. Like me... she cannot speak at all either.’

‘Have you seen her? I sent her to gather fruits and herbs, and though her basket has returned she herself has not, and an instrument that she does not play is missing from our tent.’

“Ah... um... well what instrument?” I asked to buy myself time.

‘A lute.’ Wind stated, sighing again in annoyance at me.

But then I blinked. “That’s a sort of a guitar, isn’t it?” I asked.

‘It is.’ Wind replied, and I bit my lower lip.

“My brother didn’t return last night either. He plays the guitar.”

Wind backed off and settled back to the ground. *‘Then I suppose should we find your brother then we shall indeed also find my daughter.’*

Day 229 – Supplemental: *I'd gone to sleep with many a man before, but this was the first time that I woke up next to one. Either I was gone before he woke up or he was gone before I was. This time I woke up using the strong body and firm musculature of the biggest damn male I'd ever felt inside me as a pillow.*

He was reclined backward, the blankets wrapped about our waists leaving our upper bodies bare, and rising and arching myself, some lingering sexual force from last night slipped its way up into me and I shivered a little from what this manly man had left inside me. It was intense enough that milk leaked from every nipple lining my bodice, and some of the nectar inside me leaked out. My fur was matted and I ached all over from the various positions I'd bent myself or had been bent into during our love making last night. And it felt like love-making... especially since he bothered to stay with me even unto the morning... and what was more was that I decided to stay as well...

Waking up next to the person who'd you'd just made love to was indeed a wonderful thing. But... was this male my love?

I needed to test him to see if he was the right one, and Sliding sideways, I slid onto his navel and bent deeply, pressing my bulbous chests against his firmly packed pectorals, my nipples hardening for more interaction with him while I lowered myself, licked his lips and then kissed him awake. As he came awake, his first reaction was to grab hold of the side of my head, his huge hand encompassing the whole of my face it seemed, and when we parted, I slid backward and began to grind my pussy into his groin.

"More?" I begged.

I never knew a male to grow so hard so quickly as he did just then, and once my juices had moistened that rod of his, it took only a subtle maneuver for me to wedge his prick against my slit, just before I descended upon him and began to paw at him with both hands.

Either hand pressed and rose, kneading his chest fur like a cat might when it was trying to knead something with her forepaws while I slowly rose and fell on that magnanimously enormous phallus of his, my body having healed over the night so it was like once again making love with me as a virgin, though the cherry had been popped by now. Leaning back as he threw the blankets aside with one hand, he started massaging my body, squeezing more milk from my breasts, arching up into me as I descended, his hands lowering to our coupled sexes as he started massaging my labia and enlarged clitoris, getting me to gasp for breath now, moaning in elation and shivering in excitement.

I was rapidly nearing an orgasm; I was very nearly to the point of disgorging a new load of ejaculate when...

There was a tapping sound. At first I thought it was my heart beating so hard it forced blood to tap against the inside of my skull, but then the tent flap was swung open and Tanya entered, with some little cat person.

"Oh for crying out loud, Tanya. Can't a girl get her... her... oh God you monster... you're still going despite an intrusion. That's right... do me like a little whore!"

"Any..." Tanya managed and I snarled at my sister.

"Tanya..." but then I stopped as I looked at the expression on her face while I continued riding Lee's huge saddle horn. "What happened?"

"Peter's missing... and... so's his daughter." Tanya voiced quietly, and I looked at Lee, looked at Tanya, and then growled again before I started sliding off my new lover.

"Damn it. I'm going to kill him!" I said and stood up. "Lee... you save that dick for me, I'll be back later."

"No. I'm coming with you." he said and began to rise.

"I bet you will." I smirked at the insinuation of both of us cumming together, and he looked at me in such a way as to say 'this isn't a time for jokes.'

"I know this girl's scent, her name is Whisper. It's best that we find them both before more than a cursory meeting occurs."

"Why's that?" Tanya asked.

"No time to explain." Lee said, and donned his loincloth, armor and spear and led the way out the door.

I'd barely discovered the skill of tracking by smell. I knew Peter's and Anya's scent, but I'd soon learn that the Tiger had a nose that was better than a bloodhound's. Especially as this Lee person, despite the stink of sex over him and Anya, and all the wafting stink of the smoke on me, Lee was nonetheless able to follow Peter's scent through the camp.

It was like following a trail of bread crumbs, and I got snippets here and there as I followed Lee around. It got confusing wherever there was a high traffic area with the villagers, but Lee just plowed right on through, going to the river, back to the village, to the very tent of Wind himself, to a patch of grass, to a tree, to the river again, but then my ears twitched to the sound of music and I paused.

"You hear that?" I asked, and Lee paused, lifting his head while those ears on top of his head swiveled this way and that.

And he hurried off in the direction of the sound, till, in a quiet grove of lots of trees, we came upon Peter sitting with a delicately slender fem with white fur and a long mane of hair. She was playing a flute, leaning in nice and close to Peter, and Peter... well I guess we now knew where the lute went.

But then Wind strode forward as we entered the clearing, and the two stopped playing as Wind came to stand before them. Father and daughter faced each other before the daughter rose promptly to her feet and hissed at him.

"What's going on?" Anya asked.

"I... I can't quite make it out. They're talking too fast for me to pick up."

"Talking?" I asked. "The Hidden Language?"

"Yes. But I've never seen such a flurry before. I'm only catching snippets. "Something about that she wasn't supposed to see any males and how she hates her father for restricting her and forcing her into things she doesn't want to do. He's responding with duty and honor and family..." but then Wind took his daughter by the arm and began walking away with her.

"Hey... what the hell's going on?!" Peter gasped as the girl started fighting her father's grip on her arm, digging in her heels. "Where's he taking her?"

"I think, Peter... that you are having to deal with the father of the daughter that doesn't like you." I prompted, hugging myself.

"Well forget that!" Peter said and followed Wind and his daughter Whisper. "Hey you, old man. You better damn well..." But I reached out and stopped Peter even as Wind turned his eyes on Peter, and suddenly a gale rose up around us, and the skies turned black before rain soon began to fall.

Wind thrust his daughter into Lee's care and stared at him before pointing at the ground and turning back to Peter. Wind pointed at Peter with his whole hand in a sharp thrust, then at his daughter with the same gesture, and raising both hands, wiped them both away in the universal sign of no while shaking his head. Whisper gave a soft mew and Lee turned with her and Wind to walk back to the village, leaving the three of us behind.

There were a few terse moments, till Peter shouted out. "Bullshit!" which was immediately answered by a lightning strike a few short meters away from us.

Day 229 – Supplemental: *I felt for my brother, I really did. Upon returning to the village he confronted Wind about the subject, but he thrust his daughter into their tent, snatched the Lute from his hands, closed the tent door on its wooden frame work and then set himself before the door so that Peter couldn't see her. Wind's method of saying no was punctuated with heavier rains and reverberating waves of thunder.*

When Wind wouldn't budge, Peter went to go see Windigo himself.

“What the hell kind of a place are you running here?!” Peter shouted at Windigo.

In hindsight, one would perhaps want to wonder about shouting at a creature that was head, shoulders and chest larger than you, outweighed you by at least three times, and had a pair of incisors that could bite you in half. As a matter of fact, Windigo, did have one of those throbbing little veins in his temple that pulsed for a few times before he swallowed and calmed down. I think, too late, Peter saw the error of angering a creature such as this and he calmed down immediately.

“If you were a member of my own pride I would've broken you for showing me such lip. “ He growled. “But you talk in such a manner to me again and I'll cuff you like I would an insolent cub to put you in your place, any possible treaties be damned. I am a Lycan that kills for pride and honor, Peter, and the last person to cross me like you are now has been made one with the Earth.” Peter swallowed deeply in the face of such anger as Anya and I proceeded to enter behind him, and lifting both hands I palmed Peter's shoulders and stood behind him, my breasts flaring widely to either side of his head so that I showed Windigo that I backed him.

“He's upset.” I stated quietly.

“Noticeably upset.” Windigo agreed. “But why are the females of your pride rational and the males irrational? Such a thing strikes me as backwards.”

“What would you do if someone told you could no longer see Kismet or your cubs ever again, my Lord?”

Windigo stared at me. “So this is over a female of my Pride.” He stated and I nodded. “Who?”

“The Daughter of your Shaman, Whisper.” And Windigo blinked in surprise, looked at me and then stared at Peter who nodded vigorously. Then lifting a hand, he snapped his fingers and an attendant girl rose and hurried away.

Windigo sat for a moment till the tent flap opened and the attendant girl and Wind entered, the girl drenched from head to toe from the steady rains outside while Wind was wrapped up within his leather robes.

“Why?” Windigo asked simply as Wind came to stand before his chieftain.

Windigo's response was simple. He made two cupping motions over his chest, like grabbing a pair of breasts, and then lifting one hand he made a sharp gesture with thumb and index fingers spread wide, passing them both from his upper jaw to the lower jaw and then folded his hands back into his robes.

Windigo stared, openly gaped, and in the next moment was scurrying to his feet, leapt across the room and leapt again out into the rain. We all followed, rapidly splashing across the camp to come to Wind's and Whisper's tent, where Windigo was hauling Whisper out of the tent with one hand.

“I said show me!” he snarled, but she shook her head vigorously, and in answer to her defiance, Windigo grabbed her thick mane of hair, jerked her head back forcibly, and then pushed her upper lips upward.

I was about to interfere, I had a sensitive spot on guys who hit girls but then I stopped, seeing that Whisper's upper fangs were abnormally large, either a good three inches long, overlapping her lower teeth too.

Windigo became deftly still and then released Whisper and she fell backward and collapsed to her knees in the mud.

Other villagers were watching us all as Windigo stared at Whisper, clenching his fists.

"Whisper!" Peter called, and the two moved to embrace, but Windigo himself turned, palmed Peter's chest and pushed him several steps away from her right after Peter's and her fingers were mere centimeters from touching before he did this.

"Listen to me carefully boy." Windigo said with absolute menace in his voice. "You will forget about her from this moment forward. You will not have her, you cannot have her, come near her again, and I will personally kill you."

And lowering his hand, Windigo walked away quietly, confident that his word was final!

I stepped into Windigo's tent without knocking or tapping, shaking the water out of my fur as I faced the mighty saber-toothed tiger while the attendant placed a heavy fur blanket across his shoulders.

"Why?" I stated simply. Anya had taken Peter to the tent we were given to stay at with Lee, and despite her words of getting back at him for interrupting her love-making with Lee, she was being the good older sister right now. And refraining from any sexual interaction with the Pryde Warder "Give me one good reason of merit... why?"

Kismet was tending to their cubs, changing them both out of their soft leather diapers, her heavily milk-laden breasts dangling from her chest as she worked, but she only looked up once to give me a pitying glance before continuing in her motherly duties.

"Look at my face, princess." Windigo stated calmly. "Anything stick out that you don't normally see?"

I entered and sat before him. "A person would have to be blind not to see those sabers, Windigo." I answered and he nodded with a sigh.

"Since the time before time, my pryde has cultivated the saber teeth, and it became a direct line, father to son, father to son, for countless generations. We kept the primordial cat alive within our genes for all that time, purifying the inbreeding in our blood through ritual magic and passing the gifts on magically if need be to the next chieftain should the old chieftain bare no son that possessed the fang. My family has possessed the fang for countless centuries, and from time memorial the fang has always and unerringly been possessed by the males of our pryde. Never before has there been a female since the primordial age that has borne the fang."

I stared at him. He didn't want to say the next line. "Whisper... bares the fang." I finished for him. "Those are what those teeth were."

"Enlarged canine teeth both above and below, with the upper teeth being seriously pronounced saber-teeth. Her other incisors and cutting teeth are already pronounced, even for one so young. This time next year, her teeth will have grown out of her lips. Within five seasons hence and she'll possess fangs equal to mine. Between then and now, she'll grow pronounced musculature, increased size, inordinately potent sexuality and more, and like me, she will loose most of her tail."

“And why are you and Wind repelling my brother’s affections for her?” I asked, and Windigo’s shoulders tensed noticeably as they hunched. Upon laying their children down, Kismet came to press herself against his back and rub his neck and shoulders with her strong fingers to soothe him.

“If... she is the next fang, Princess, she’ll be destined to lead our Pryde. And a foreigner from a strange land mixing his blood with hers is unacceptable. It would destroy the breeding lines that have been in place older than the most ancient of human nations on this world. What would you prefer your brother to experience? Having had love and lost it or having never really loved at all?”

“With you everything is black and white, Windigo. I’d choose him to have love and not lose it, and he’s chosen Whisper and she has chosen him.”

“And what would he say if she were suddenly required to mate in the Pryde after they’ve spent ages together? Would he look at her the same way knowing another man had her? Many times even to produce offspring that allows for the bloodline?”

I was silent for a moment. “Don’t you think that that is their decision to make, Windigo?”

“No! It’s my decision. As chieftain, and as long as I’m chieftain, it shall remain so!” he said with his voice raised enough to accent the situation, but then he noticeably deflated and sighed. “Gaia has deemed that there be a female governing over this Pryde now. Whether it be crimes of my own or merits of her own, or visa versa, I don’t know, the Will of Gaia is strange at times, she has been chosen as the next Chieftain.” He smirked and shook his head. “Chieftess...” he finished.

“I’m sure that this strikes your ego pretty hard,” I said and rose to my feet. “Knowing that there’s a female who’s to succeed you.” I let that punctuate the air as Windigo looked up at me. “Giving your ballsy attitude, Windigo, and your disdain for my gender, I’ll have to say that this is in punishment of your actions. Whatever they may be, having you bow to a woman may do your psyche some good. But I’ll abide by this political bullshit and tell my brother he cannot have the love of the woman he just found because of politics.

“Some traditions are meant to be broken.” And with that I whirled on my toes and surged out of the tent.

Day 230: *My poor brother, he was absolutely heart-broken when I had to tell him what had been decided in regards to he and Whisper. When I told him, it was like all the life in him just drained out of him. He didn't cry, he just... gave up. I very nearly rose to my feet and challenged Windigo for leadership of the Pryde, but then where would we be after that?*

The next day, we gathered up our things and said what little goodbyes we could and we had a little surprise as Whisper broke from her tent that she shared with her father only to find Lee and Windigo blocking her. Peter tried to run toward her as well, but I swept him up and toted him over a shoulder while holding onto his striped tail tightly to keep him from getting away. Every step I took carrying him away, both he and she made pathetic sounds of want, the sort of which stabbed me in the heart with each utterance. He struggled so hard when he lost sight of her, calling for her that I had to pinch his neck nerves and knock him out for a bit.

With him unconscious, Anya and I followed our guides out of the valley, to where we were blind folded near one edge, led around for a bit and then escorted out before the blind folds were removed. We were warned not to return under punishment of death.

Hating this utterly magnanimous situation, I broke my own rule then about not using outside communications, and when we had a moment of pause, took the pocket computer out, activated its GPS function and took note of the latitude and longitude of this place before quickly closing the computer up and deactivating its communications.

When the time came, I'd return here with Daniel and Peter when he'd grown up to be a man and we'll see how brave they would be then in denying something so primal as love.

"I'm... so sorry, Peter." I said as he sat on a log after waking up. He must have a pounding head ache, but he wasn't complaining about it in the slightest. "Peter? Are you ok?" I prompted, but still he didn't answer. Instead, he finally got to his feet, stared passively at Anya and me, and then turning on his heel and marched off into the growing darkness to be alone.

"Gee... that sucks. Poor kid." Anya mentioned.

"What about you and Lee?" I asked, and Anya sighed.

"I don't know. He was a good lay, and I think I made his life, but..."

"But what if he were the one for you?" I asked her, and she fell silent and hugged herself.

"This stinks, Tanya. I mean... this really, really stinks."