

The Anima

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Rated: *X for Explicit*

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Introduction

Author's Note: *I wish to relay that there is questionable material in the following passages other than my usual kinkiness. If you consider yourself Catholic, I have designed a character that has grown desensitized and annoyed with the Catholic Church, and voices opinions that are in place for the character's basis and nothing else. It is my belief that everyone has the God-given right to believe in God in their own way, and the opinions of the character do not reflect the opinions of the writer.*

My name is Daniel and I'm an Anima.

No... not enema. Seriously... why is everything butts and fart jokes lately? No... An-i-ma, as in relation to the Anthromorphic basis that is within a male's mind and is the inward expression of femininity... or at least that's what the psychiatrickerists call it.

To explain the psychology, it's a two part yin-yang sort of thing. A woman will have a masculine power inside of her, while adversely a man will have a feminine inner power inside him. If you think about it, it all fits. If you think of masculinity as the greater strength and femininity as the lesser strength – not that I want to really, but there it is – then you'll understand the basis of what an Anima is and its alternative what its counterpart the Animus means. Thusly, a male is on the outside physically superior, but on the inside we are emotionally inferior than a female. A female though on the outside is physically inferior, on the inside she is emotionally superior. Again, it's a Yin-Yang sort of thing.

Speaking of this concept, you may now understand what it is to be an Anima.

To wit, I was born male... supposedly. I grew up male, I grew up this wiry, wispy thing, always wanting to be stronger, always being picked upon, and I, like most individuals of my kind in the world, had absolutely no idea what sort of being or creature I was until my puberty kicked in. At about the time that I began thinking about girls in a sexual manner was likewise the time that I got my first major erection.

And right on the heels of that first major erection came my first major transformation.

By transformation, I mean lycanthropic transformation... for you see, Anima are the world's rarest of all Lycanthropes, or Lycans for short. But what happened to me was a bit... well... awkward. Sure... I began by experiencing a wicked hard on, felt that hard on growing, surging... growing into a thing that only male porn stars

would have been equipped with – which was an incredible thing for the young man that I was to have at the time – and then have it taken away from me, reversed up inside me... and then it got really weird.

And by reversed... well... that's where the Anima and Animus comes in. Where males like me were outwardly Animus, they were inwardly Anima, the very first thing that happens to us is a reversal of those strengths. If you happen to be confused with the transcendental metaphysicalism here, to explain, my pee-pee essentially turned inside out, thrust itself up inside me and transformed into a cha-cha. As such... I turned into a girl.

And when I mentioned that after that it got weird... well... we are still Lycanthropes... so what happens is that we still transform into an Anthromorphic form. I'll cover that later, but for now... you need to understand my life as it is now.

Phase 1: Pussification

I was born in nineteen sixty-five. By the time I was turning one, blacks were being given equal rights and segregation was being rendered illegal. It was also a time of feminine strengthening. In nineteen sixty-eight, when I was turning three, saw the first major bra-burning incident as women publicly removed their brassieres and burned them because they made the statement that the things made women a focus of sexual *things*. I remembered sitting in the state-funded Catholic orphanage and watched as women were removing a garment I had no idea what it was for, only that I wasn't supposed to speak of it since I was a boy, while the women were hauled off by the police for indecent exposure.

The nineteen sixties were a time of revolution in the world, especially in America, and I'm glad to say that I was a child when it was happening. The nineteen seventies saw a mild solidifying of the world in the act of equality for all, and women and girls largely, thanks to federal laws that were passed, got to go to the schools they wanted to go to while the various boys-only and girls-only schools started to disappear.

The school I went to, for example, when I was in second grade was merged with a girl's school and made a public school instead of a private school. And as I was entering my teenage years in the early eighties, we lost the uniforms.

I was a fifteen year old in nineteen-eighty when the first of my '*transformations*' occurred.

It began as an interest in girls. I began to notice that they were different. I then noticed that the older ones had changes to their bodies that younger ones didn't... then I noticed that the older and more mature that a woman got, the more those differences became till one got to age and maturity that the teachers had, who possessed decidedly larger, more intense bosoms, wider hips and sexier bodies than their teenage counterparts did.

And so I remember her... Miss Madison. She was the math teacher and she wore business suits to school in her teachers position, but beneath those business suits was... was... oh my. It still gives me hard-ons to this day thinking about her luscious body.

She wore sexy underclothes, the likes of which went against what the women of nineteen sixty-eight were trying to accomplish by stating women weren't sex symbols. She thought just the opposite, that she was a sex symbol, and that she should flaunt it... but those were actions she couldn't do to impressionable young children... oh no. We couldn't have that. So over her sexy lingerie she wore prim and proper business attire. That didn't stop us from viewing the high hip cut of her underwear through the suit...

She wore the sort of clothing that if she were to let her hair down, with her sexy librarian act, it was easy for us guys to imagine her wearing less than she usually did. She was the teacher that us guys got to bend over and help us with our school work so that the guys behind her could look at her behind and sometimes up her skirt, see her skimpy panty lines and sexy underwear – the thong was becoming popular about then – while the guy she helped could look right down her vest and blouse at her full and ample cans. But she liked wearing teddies, so at the right angle... you could see all the way down to her supple womanly lips fringed by shaven vaginal hairs at the very base of all that she wore.

It was a sight like this that made my boner come out and play for the first time. It was one day that as I was leaning over my desk and doing my school work when I chanced to glance up and saw Miss Madison at her desk, but then I spied something else:

Miss Madison's thighs were opened just enough and she'd removed her heels and was stroking her long calves with one silk stockinged foot, and I could see right up her dress. At the same time she was leaning over and her chest was resting on the table and I could see her nipples pressing into her garments and sticking out from the insides of the folds of her business suit.

And then it happened... then it began, and I felt my penis growing.

At first I just felt hot and sweaty, but then I realized that my groin was growing it was growing and growing and it kept growing, the thing hardening studiously. I felt sick and wonderful at the same time. I asked to go to the bathroom and she let me... so I hurried to the bathroom and right into a stall as I felt that first erection growing, billowing just like they said it might in health class.

The description of a hard-on does not do it justice, especially when I get one. And so it surges and it feels like your heart is pumping all the blood in your entire body all into that one point at the very tip of your dick. By all accounts you think that it'd explode it swelled so much. By the time I got my pants undone I already had a hot... throbbing erection, its length reddened, and I swallowed, not believing it could get so big. But veins carved down its length as it bulged, muscle ribs swelled and billowed outward as it telescoped inhumanly forward, its power surging and lengthening steadily as its girth widened to press against my thighs, filling the whole of my pelvis it got so big. I got to panting as my penis grew and grew, the thing arching and surging... and then I changed.

Right when I felt utterly powerful as a male, reveling in the pleasures of discover of my own sexual power with my back against the stall wall and cock heaving outward from me, nads swollen to their largest extents till they throbbed, penis red and balls blue in coloring with all of it vein ridden, I experienced my first orgasm. When you've never experienced such a thing, I have to tell you that you're not prepared for it when it happens.

After you have your first, you learn to know when it's about to blow, and you can cup it or aim it or squeeze it, keep it from happening, but you see, in that process of my Yin and Yang swapping, my sexual power has to grow to such a potency to equal that of a female. That's right... you heard me... females are more sexually powerful than males. Why else do you think that women are the sexual icons of our race?

Case-in-point: females can experience over a hundred orgasms in one episode; males can have maybe a dozen at the most in the same standing... keeping in the thought that both the male and the female in this example are to be utterly the most sexually powerful examples of their genders on Earth.

As such... that first transformation with my nerdy, wiry, wispy body got my erection into that of an adult, sexually-virile and active man four times my age. It took both hands to circumference it. This is the point where the Yin-Yang is at its crux... the point where male/female are equal to each other, and in order for it to shift, my body needs to evacuate everything male in it... so when I as an Anima climax at this point... it's like watching a race horse in a rut cum.

To spare you all the details of my fifteen year old self going through that first transformation, and baring the thought that there are certain things that the law just won't let me put down on paper, let's fast-forward a bit shall we? It is now two-thousand-ten. Despite that I'm forty-five at the moment I am a part of the '*undying breed.*' We're called that because we, as a whole, take a very, very long time to die. Our life spans are at the very least twice that of a Mortal Human being.

Oh don't take offense at being called a Mortal. It's simply a reference to the Human-Condition. It's a condition I'm rather jealous of actually. Life is hard, and having to live in it for a longer time period isn't the nicest of things to have...

Suffice it to say, my experiences on that day when I turned fifteen got me to run away from the orphanage. Not a single coin in my pocket and... well... no pockets for that matter. My transformations leave me rather... without apparel.

I lived wild for a few years, got desirous of human contact, and this desire grew for a want for companionship. When I was eighteen or nineteen, I can't remember which, it was so long ago, I entered into the life of man again, was taken in by a single woman who took pity on me sitting in the street wearing rags all by myself and begging for food, and... well... she taught me the most about myself and my other self... and she became the first creature I ever made love to.

Made love to... not sex with. There is a profound difference between the two.

My God did she touch my heart in ways I'd never known was possible... but... sadly... mortals are frail, she got sick, and when I couldn't support her on a grocer's money... I took to... well... stealing. Nothing could stop an Anima... not even other Lycanthropes. You'll see why later. We are... the predators to the predators of man, to coin a phrase. Her name was Maria... and I still carry her face in a gold heart locket around my neck... on a longer than usual chain for reasons that, again, will seem apparent to you later.

She never knew I was stealing to support her sickness, and dying slow in America is an expensive thing. It was nothing to a Anima to rip off a bank vault door in the middle of the night, take what cash you could carry and run. I only needed to do it two or three times. But despite all my attempts to keep Maria alive... even now there really is no cure for cancer.

I even tried to make her well by, I don't know, infecting her with the same power I had. Lycanthropes were known to create other Lycanthropes... so while she was unconscious I bit her and scratched her... but nothing.

It's not fair that I can't get Cancer or Aids or... so much as even get sick. Diseases that the CDC keeps under lock and key would only make me feel like I had a cold or something. I've been shot, I've been stabbed, I've been hit by a truck, disemboweled, drowned... mostly in my attempts to end my life when Maria died. I cannot tell you the sort of anguish a person feels when they want to die... but can't.

It was much... much later... that I discovered that I really did have weaknesses. Then I'd reconciled myself with my fate and no longer wanted to die... so when someone was trying to kill me and I didn't want to die, and knew of these weaknesses, nevertheless the irony wasn't lost on me.

Unlike other Lycan who have one weakness... I have two: Gold *and* Silver. Yeah... bullshit and stuff.

Now that I was over the biggest loss of my life and no longer wanted to kill myself, now I had a double threat to me in not only the Gold weakness that the Kitsune and the reptile Lycans have as well as the Silver to all the others Lycanthropic species.

So it is with that that I get back to that part that might get you all excited. My... well... how do I say it... my Pussification?

I must apologize for the term, being a gender changer I am aware that that is an affront to women everywhere... but I have to state that as a guy... I cannot explain it in any other appropriate way.

So this day... I began with an erection... more than my usual erection as I looked at girls and young women that were half my age but looked to be my same maturity at least – remember I look a lot younger than I really am – with this particular erection beginning to grow and surge, bowing out the front of my pants. An after affect of this is that my libido and the level of pheromones I outputted skyrocketed, and I became an immediate distraction for anything sentient being with a vagina... and in some cases certain beings that aren't sentient. Cats and dogs in particular.

No... I haven't fucked a cat or a dog... not yet... but what does happen is that women want to make love to me at the drop of a hat. On the way from my home to the class in college, I'd had sex with a woman jogging – we did it behind some bushes, she had great tits – two women at the same time who'd been sunbathing in the stretch of grass between the quad of buildings – we did it in a bathroom, they had great asses – and one more I pleased in class – miniskirts on women were convenient; unzip the fly, shift her panties aside, and you could screw in public. Her pussy was nice and tight.

I didn't know these women, I never met them before that day, but regardless I was now the center of distraction for every woman in the room. They were looking at me instead of the professor, some showing me their naked tits, others hefting skirts. First of all... some of you, especially if you are a woman or of the feminine persuasion, the first thought in your mind is probably that this sort of thing just doesn't happen. Well you be a supernatural being and then tell me that...

**Supernatural being, supernatural pheromones, supernatural attraction.
It was a double edged sword actually...**

Regardless, that is often my first clue that I was experiencing the change; often but not always. Ladies... for those of you not aware of what it's like to be a male, an erection is rather... distracting. You have to get to the state where you're all hot and bothered, which is further into your arousal state than it is for us. The moment we get wood, our intelligence drops several points and our only thoughts are sex-sex-sex-gotta get sex-sex-sex-sex...

The second sign that I was going through the change involved me gaining a super erection... which is just like any other erection, only that my flesh began to stretch and grow beyond the confines that my extra large penis could normally gain anyways. A stiffy only got so hard, but mine got hard, harder... and when it quivered and throbbled at a certain strength and then suddenly began to grow all over again, like an erection on top of an erection, that meant only one thing. So when that happened to me, my eyes grew wide and I immediately pulled out a notebook, checked the date, referenced the moon signs and so on, and then double-checked the date three times.

In thirty years, I've been able to acquire multiple doctorates... though as such none of them apply all at the same time; they've been acquired under three different identities and at different schools, with one of those identities being a woman. I'd had nobody to tell me about this condition of mine, so I needed to figure it out myself. One too many accidents brought me into the knowledge that I have enemies: other Lycanthropes, and also, there were the Hunters... an ancient order of the remainders of the Knights Templar, those that betrayed the other Templars to the Catholic Church and were now members of the Church that sought out creatures like me.

**To inform you of the level of that betrayal, Friday the thirteenth is considered unlucky because of that
betrayal.
That infamous day exists because of these pricks.**

Because of the then unpredictable measure of my transformations, and the fact that I had enemies now just because I was what I was, I had to learn my triggers and my queues, and what caused them and most of all what could induce and what could stop a transformation from happening once it started. I've just told you the first two queues... the erection like I just downed a bottle of Viagra, the enhanced pheromones, the sexual overdrive and later the super erection... but there were a few others. The problem is, is that if I didn't catch these queues before the super erection, chances are I would transform right in front of the public eye, so I had to recognize them to avoid that.

Therefore I studied, and in studying I've become potent, intelligent and wise... with many degrees ultimately available to me. As such, I was a Medical Doctor specializing in genetics, an Astrophysicist, an Astrologer, an Archeologist, a Geophysicist, an Herbalist as well as a few other minor sciences and biological sciences. And one might wonder how I made the money to do all this... well... six words:

Computer Fraud and Swiss Bank Account.

But I didn't steal from good people, no... I only stole from people who deserved it. Corrupt businesses, Terrorist organizations like P.I.T.A., asshole politicians, dick-shit actors and starlets who stick their nose where it doesn't belong, the Democratic and Republican National Convention (I vote Independent)... that sort of thing. Oh I do give a portion of it to worthy causes, like the Negro College Fund, Toys for Tots and that sort of thing in a Robin Hood-ish sort of way. I just kept enough for my needs, and I needed to hide, so that need necessitated that I steal. I was breaking a commandment, I was really sorry about that, so I only took from those who preyed upon others.

When I learned that certain crystals could... delay... my transformations, I sought for a possible combination that could stop it entirely, so I studied geology, became a geophysicist in that attempt, but so far I've been unsuccessful to create something that could halt my transformations so far. When I found that certain herbs and oils could force a transformation, even when I was powerless during certain moon and sun phases, I studied herbs and Chinese Medicine.

The growing science of Genetics led me to fuel my understanding of myself... and the study of myself would cause breakthroughs in genetics, bio-sciences, medicine and maybe even cures for deadly diseases if I ever released them, but that would also mean revealing myself and how I came upon these cures... so I labored to find a way to fix these things legitimately...

But sadly for the rest of the world, the problems of the Human Condition were secondary to my own condition. To compound that, it was the hunters and my own condition that made it hard for me to find a Church that I could go to. God made me... but I had no idea why. Thus far, I'd found no holy books that appropriately described me, and my study to find out where I belonged in God's creation led me to Archeology... and that... well... there are arts in the world that are scientific but hidden that I discovered in my ten year bout on that previously stated feminine identity – the longest I lived like a woman that I could remember – that there was real magic in the world and I'd obtained artifacts that allowed me to understand more about why a God that mentioned nothing of me and my cousins in His creation, didn't ignore us... it was just that we had our own history buried underneath the sand and gravel of the world that had yet to be uncovered, or if it had been uncovered then it had been suppressed somewhere.

Probably in that secret warehouse where the Arc of the Covenant was placed.

But along with that were certain knowledges that others frowned at... like sorcery... and the fact that monsters really did exist. As such, my own condition was being unraveled slowly yet surely.

And so I return now to a classroom where I was getting that wicked boner as it hardened and surged and billowed steadily upward, the nads swelling till the zipper tines held on for dear life, and hastily getting to my feet, grabbing

my things and being watched by every woman in the room, I excused myself from the classroom and hurried along, dodging those fems who followed me even as my voice began to lighten.

Pulling the crystal from around my neck, a simple quartz crystal wrapped with iron wire, pinching it between thumb and forefinger, I concentrated on being male, male... I had to think of being a male. I thought of great big boobies lactating cream as long sinuous hands rubbed their milk into their silken flesh, flared wet vaginas showing through moist panties as she came... A great big throbbing cock projecting off a pelvis and... FUCK!

I grasped my hair and scratched my forehead, finding my nails growing longer and fingers thinning, and I bit my lower lip as my nipples erected harder than a man's nipples should harden.

There was something about a transformation that literally changed my mentality when I passed through the first phase of my change... and that was when my thoughts started to turn more feminine as well. My attractions thusly turned toward males instead of females. It was if I was living two lives in which only under the final stages of my transformation did they exist at the same time – you'll see why later – but as a man I thought as a man, as a woman I thought as a woman... like I was my own twin sharing the same body.

As such, as I was thinking about Daniel Craig's eyes and that leaving the shower scene of his in Laura Croft, I ducked into the nearest bathroom, a women's bathroom, panting solidly as I faced the mirror and quickly undid the top button of the pants I wore to relieve stress. Soon I was flicking open the rest of the snap buttons and palming my spandex enormity... groaning as it continued to grow and surge with every heart beat.

"Damn you..." I pointed at my image, my voice sounding like that of a young boy's now in its increased pitch as I dipped into the handicap stall to change.

Unfolding my pants and then pushing down the elastic underpants I wore, I let my wang escape from the confines of those garments, the nads throbbing and thick, the cock like a baby elephant looking for peanuts, the thing as thick as my wrists were, the muscles rounded, with a bulging underbelly. I will tell you that there is a difference between an immature dick and a dick that had sex a lot, and in thirty years my adult dick was a thick, hot, sweaty red thing with two rounded balls that throbbed almost too powerful for my two hands to leverage it down, and now that I was changing it was only larger than ever!

So here I was, a forty five year old in the body of a person half that age at the most, a man in a women's handicap stall with a third leg that I could use as a tripod throbbing and exciting as its sexual power grew, flesh stretched, and its muscles disgorged. I felt my muscles twitching as the crux between male and female approached and biting my lower lip not to bellow when I came, I whimpered, and wined as I felt the passage of semen surging.

As I'd discovered since my first change, my maleness had to exude everything male before it could change, and though a regular male orgasm made one turn into Goofy, my super expelling male orgasm often times made me feel like I was going to die. There had to be an evacuation, so leaning over, one hand on the wall and this horse cock of mine projected toward the toilet, I panted, I heaved and arched, and then... climax!

The climax was the likes of which that were like someone hooking a spray nozzle up to a water hose and turning it on full blast before pulling the nozzle's trigger. The evacuation was so powerful that the pressure actually pushed me backward up onto my toes as I grit my teeth. Ever hear that Adam Sandler bit of 'The longest pee'? Imagine that... except I wasn't pissing.

"Oh man... oh man... oh no... .. Oh MAN!" and then it calmed down. "Oh thank god." *Fart* *SUPER STREAM!* "OH MAN!"

So when another woman comes into the bathroom and hearing someone *'peeing'* like a race horse after a race, you can imagine what goes through their minds. The truth of the matter was that my two testes were offloading more spooage than a box filled with bukakke anime porn films.

That one... majestic ejaculation always weakened me, always made me weak and numb, stupid in the head and wobbly kneed like a newborn calf. So standing there as my still erect cock slowly stepped downward, still erect, but sagging, I swallowed and began the half dozen toilet flushes necessary to flush away more than a gallon of spooage.

Now I mentioned that this process was called pussification. Keep in mind now that I don't mean that to be derogatory or anything, but it explained everything I was going through. The last vestige of manliness that was in me had just been evacuated, and I lost at least five pounds in having an orgasm like that guy did in those Scary Movies. And now that my manliness was empty, the steady march of estrogen and feminine hormones building up in me, overtaking my testosterone with feminine pheromones co-mingling and then overpowering my male pheromones, all of them began their steady march into me to suffuse me from the core outward to every last cell.

It was then that my clothes loosened as I thinned and started diminishing and flushing again, I looked down at my masculine hand as it thinned, its muscles lessening, its strength and the masculine energy turning into feminine energy from inside the very marrow of me as my bones creaked and muscles loosened, and ever so slowly, I began to shrink.

Pussification step one... Body Reduction.

A woman was decidedly physically inferior – on average – to a man. For a woman to become physically superior to a man, typically required her to spend her entire life on physical pursuits that involved weight lifting and weight training. On occasion, she develops a genetic quality that gifts her with excessive testosterone, this unfortunately reduces her breasts and often gives her a square jaw and man hands. Personally... I find that unattractive on both sides of the gender coin; not only did I not want a mate that looked like that... I didn't want to look like that. But on average, on the flipside of that coin, if said woman was genetically *'normal'* a woman's body was decidedly more efficient than a man's. Because a woman was smaller, she used less oxygen, ate less, and so therefore was less of a draw on the world's resources. But my masculine body was being turned inward, held inside of what was soon to be a feminine body as I lost weight dramatically, descended downward, losing inch by steady inch as testosterone flushed from me only to be replaced by estrogen as the gender switch in me flipped from XY to XX.

I was male, I worked out to maintain my physical edge, so I worked out with the knowledge of a professional body builder, but as it was, being an Anima, the strongest my male-self could get was only a ropy little bastard. As such, as this first stage progressed, my muscles seemed to pop underneath the flesh, flattening, losing their density as bones thinned and compressed, and shortly but surely, I diminished by an entire foot.

But being that I worked out as a male, that translated to me having worked out as a female... and as such a woman who worked out tended to develop a body that was much sought after.

Pussification, step two... Feminine Conversion.

With each gasping breath my voice grew higher and higher, rising across an entire octave or two in pitch while that massive log of meat, a thing that didn't lose its size in the slightest as I shrunk and hung past my knees, slowly began to roll upward. Oh true the underbelly was no longer engorged, but spreading my legs as much as my underpants and pants would allow to allow this process to progress as smoothly as possible, I made space for that log to pull itself tenuously and slowly up into my body.

This was the weakest point for me as I shifted from male to female. Like a Giraffe taking a drink or a newborn calf, I was vulnerable and I was sure that I was throwing off violent psychic energy that was offsetting science experiments and likewise any Hunter in the area was getting a cell phone page stating that there was a transformation going on in the building. Average response time for Hunters was about fifteen minutes inside a major city like this... so... not to worry. I only thought that someday one would be immediately nearby when I had to go through a forced change.

But to feel one's penis, their coveted manhood curling upward like one of those snake toys, the ones filled with gelatin or water that you rubbed up and down poles and some guys lubricated into a makeshift pocket pussy, all that manly flesh rolled backward into my body, pushing the newly deflated and flattened tummy outward even as my nads tightened and then pulled upward flush against the pelvis. Testis then were pulled internally and turned to ovaries, and the pee-hole of my dick, once the whole thing had rolled backward inside me, lengthened grandly, spreading and flattening the penile tip into two thin lips, the head and my circumcision rolling backward between the muscular bands of flesh that my nads had pulled back into, pulling the muscles out of the tip as the pee hole rolled backward into what we all call a pair of labia minor folds. What remained of my fleshy, hairless, wrinkly, elbow flesh nads, flattened tight and formed into a smooth, silken vulva, or labia major.

Panting for air, my thinned, small fingers gripping the bathroom tile wall in front of me, I flushed again as the third stage of this first phase completed itself.

Pussification third stage... Feminine Enhancement.

I was neuter at the moment. I had a vulva with no clit, no hips and no breasts on my chest, what some of you might refer to as a cunt boy. As a guy – *usually* – I take offense at that term... but later on I'll just prove myself to be a hypocrite. If you want to know why, stay tuned, you'll find out why, because even cunt boys had their opposites...

But right now my body slipped from a neuter state to a feminine stage as Yin-Yang transformed into Yang-Yin.

Having an active vulva and womb required added equipment. So here at my least powerful state, were my muscles were weakest and I'd lost more than fifty pounds in muscle and bone mass, now I started to gain weight... subtly. My hips broadened, but that was nothing more than a spreading of the hip bones. It was the same mass, just a deeper arch. They spread and broadened steadily, parting my long and sinuous legs, forming a gap between thighs and a newly developed vagina that now swelled outward as its sexual power developed, while at the same time my belly narrowed subtly.

As a woman, I was very hippy... no... not a long haired dope-smoking barefooted person who talked about peace, flowers and acid rock... hippy, as in a woman with wide discernable hips. Something firm to hold... on... to! This spreading likewise broadened a butt that was taut and flat for now, but that would change, don't you worry.

What I gained next was that capping my chest – always my favorite part – my manly nipples erected even harder than they do on my march to the bathroom, much more potently than I could feel as a male, right before the areola puffed out right before the nipples capping them thickened and distended powerfully, quivering with my heartbeat as I panted from the sexual sensations they always gave me. They were stone-hard, shaping the folds of the shirt and undershirt I wore before the smoothed silken chest flesh swelled outward subtly with A-cup mammary glands, which felt like hands making fists beneath my skin. The next moment made them inflate slightly with a layer of fat being drawn from the rest of my body, and they increased to nothing more than a B-cup then, mind you, but it made my sexuality decidedly feminine. Gone was any semblance of masculinity in my face as even my boyish face

became more pointed at the chin, my cheekbones rose, and whatever stubble I had withdrew to leave my face silken and smooth.

To support this chest and my widened hips, my back took a decidedly more sinuous of a curve to rebalance itself, and shaking my head my hair lengthened violently almost from centripetal force, puffing outward and falling about my head neck and shoulders to the peak of my back.

A male's body had angles to its musculature, and with a subtle rippling all those angles smoothed and rounded outward. But likewise, my calves lengthened and butt thickened, not with fat mind you... as a woman I thought having a badonkadonk was the worst thing in the world, likewise both the term and the look of a badonkadonk likewise didn't appeal to me as a male. Some guys liked being able to press their faces into a woman's ass and leave a brief facial impression there before it slowly smoothed out. No thank you. No I had a tight, athletic rounded ass now as a woman, and with my thin, coltish, diminished body as I caressed my loins with both fingers, I moaned softly as a nib of flesh erected and poked out of the roof of my loins, the hardened flesh transforming into a definite erect clitoris.

And there you have it... I was now completely feminine.

I had to escape now that the dangerous part was over. Every major city had a coven of Hunters who sought out beings like me. To tell you the truth, I must make a statement that the Hunters made me hate the Catholic Church. Oh I had nothing against Catholics... just their church. There were many great and holy men and women in their faith, the current Pope was a goodly and holy man, but there were aspects of the faith itself that I have to say are... flawed, and in my mind a flawed faith is not the true church of God. Some of the more understanding clergy helped me from time to time... I just disliked the church itself.

For those of you whom I am offending with this statement, I will ask you a counter-statement. Say, for example, that you're just some every day schmuck, you're just standing around, not hurting a thing, and all of a sudden some guy dressed in black with red crosses all over him walks up and sticks a sword in you. That's what my first experience with the Hunters was like. It was the same instance that I learned that I had weaknesses being that that fucker coated his blade with silver. As luck would have it, this guy was a neophyte... a beginner, and I was an S-Class supernatural creature by their standards.

Experience had let me raid their files from time to time, and though it might hurt the church, I stole from them every chance I got. I would not let their organization thrive, and if the church fell because they were supporting these sick fucks, then so be it.

Just so you know... an S-Class is above Quintuple-A Class in their books. My breed was right up there with Chinese Vampires – which are a lot worse than European Vampires – and Wyrms of all sorts.

As such... I nearly killed the poor bastard. I think, perhaps... it struck the little guy more that I let him go and left him his broken sword after seventy-two hours of playing cat and mouse with each other, he'd hunted me during this tenuous time where I was going through a forced change, and for me, forced changed took a little longer for me to accomplish than other Lycans. He was in for a surprise when I assumed my full form.

I found out later that he left the clergy because of his experience with me... it didn't help I guess, that he and I happened to share a little love with each other in the end after I let him go. Breaking a vow of his order – celibacy – was considered a rather terrible thing, worthy of excommunication after years of study and dedication.

But no worries... he's doing very well as a small businessman.

What I have against the Church is that they created these Hunters, who were betrayers of the highest order in all of man's history of their own Order the Templars and were set to hunt and kill supernatural creatures that pretty much just want to be left well enough alone. I mean if I was some sort of asshole, then yeah, I'd understand how they'd want to hunt and kill me, but I'm a nice guy... girl... whatever. Ok... so I'm sexually confused... so sue me. Lots of people are sexually confused. So I don't like the church because they have this order that has massive numbers in it for no reason, simply because they take one look at me and shriek "Ahh! Ahh! It's a Demon! Kill it!"

Fuck em'.

They hate me before they even get to know me.

For a reference for others who've received treatment like I have, talk to the Native Americans, the Blacks, the Chinese, the Irish, the Hmong and of course the Arabs who've entered our country since our nation's inception. Well... not the Native Americans in the course that they entered our nation, they were here first after all. Whites were just the dicks who stole their lands instead of tried to share their lands, so if you're white and you talk about thanksgiving day to a native American and they're less than favorable to the idea of the holiday... don't be shocked. It's a grand example of a people being screwed for showing kindness to a new-comer.

Regardless, I had little time left. I had to get the hell out of here!

So scooping up my underpants and pants, quickly buttoning up the fly and buckling the belt, I just rolled up the pants legs to make for my shorter size, swung my things onto my back, flushed the toilet one more time and hurried out the bathroom.

Hunters looked like anybody, and they were looking for those who didn't belong. I had to time my walks, not look over my shoulder and just ignore everything... make it look like I wasn't trying to escape. So, as it was as I was descending the steps, I actually bumped into a man wearing a Priest's attire.

"Aww damn it... father... would you please watch where you're going?" I wined to the man who was sporting a duffle bag over one shoulder that clinked with the decided sound of precious metals instead of iron and steel.

"I'm sorry...please forgive me child." And he did the sign of the cross before me. "Go with God... be safe from evil." And he continued up the steps.

Foolish... foolish Hunters. They should know wearing a red cross as a pin on a jacket lapel was a dead giveaway for their order.

I wasn't confident that I'd gotten away yet. He was probably watching me even more now as I slunk out across the mall, which was the open grounds between all the college halls with the concert hall at the end of it. I went where I supposed was the best place to go for a college student leaving a classroom building... which was the library. I had to look like I was just a regular every day student as I pulled out my iPod and loaded some music, put on a pair of sunglasses and just kept walking. The sunglasses though were for a specific purpose. Tilting one's head in a particular way allowed them to turn into mirrors, which allowed me to keep track of the building behind me as I climbed the steps into the library and ducked into the women's laboratory.

He saw my face, and there was something wrong with my face... It was devoid of makeup. One thing I learned about women is that they always used makeup... the only ones who didn't were those allergic to it or those who thought it was a sex symbol.

A word about Makeup: *Ladies... believe me... I'm all for Girl Power and everything, but these products – brassieres and makeup – go to serve a very specific purpose.*

First of all... don't burn your bras. Those fat ladies attached to your chests get uncomfortable if they're just sagging, and unsupported tits sag more – the same goes for a ball sack guys so wear tighty-whities, boxers aren't cool till you're older – and if you get the right kind of bra you can save yourself a lot of back ache. Besides... bras are a good way to be sexy! Do I wear bras? I don't have to... I'm a supernatural creature, remember? I don't get sag. My boobs are like a twenty-one year old's breasts. Firm and plump and bouncy with not so much as even a hint of sag... gravity defying even. I do own bras, yes I do... the image of being ordinary was often necessary, so I owned two white ones, a lace black one and also a lace and sheer red one. You never know when you have to seduce a guy in power, and for me seducing led to feeding off that person's energies.

By the way... Victoria's secret is how much she rapes you for her clothes. Buy Fredricks of Hollywood or get your clothes custom. Custom is often best anyways.

As for the makeup thing... every fem alive in America and in most first and second world nations save those I mentioned before wear them. If you don't want to look like a whore, then don't apply it like a whore. If you don't want to be seen as a sex symbol, then stay away from sexy. But makeup serves a purpose: it's to make you look better to the guys. Susie Homemaker wears it as she vacuums, Angela Powers wears it as she rules over the board meeting, Goth girls wear too much of it... and the wrong colors... but that was Goth. The point is, as such like I mentioned earlier, practically all fems wear it, and I wasn't wearing any right now.

A hunter got me on that trick once. Thought I could walk right out the front door without a strip of it on me. He pulled me right out of a crowd and gave chase.

So... I learned to do as the other women do and use make up... when in Rome and all that jazz. The trick was to look pleasant but not garish. So from one of my book bags that could look either as a backpack for a guy or a large shoulder purse for a gal, I removed a small box and opened it, removing a compact to apply some blush, mascara and lipstick.

Hey guys... here's a Rhymer's-Fun-Fact for all of you: *A woman will reapply her lipstick anywhere between twenty and seventy-two times a day just to look pretty for you. So comment on her that you think she looks beautiful from time to time you stupid slobs. They like to think that their effort is worth it, so stop assuming that they know you think they look beautiful and tell them that they do look beautiful... ya jerks!*

As such as I prettied myself up, my hair coloring began to shift colors from blonde to platinum blond – that was a trick I developed to change my hair and eye coloring at will, even my skin pigmentation, I'd once gone as a green-eyed asian and a blue eyed black woman in the past – my hair changing in waves from the roots and rapidly changing coloring as it rapidly grew longer too as I added barrettes and ribbons to my hair, a few sprits of hairspray in a bottle, a choker and more and soon I was a different woman.

I had to become a master of disguise for issues like this.

But there was more that made a woman than just the makeup and the hair... there was also the clothes.

Fun fact number two: *Shoes. We girls just like them. There's a psychologically passed down trait of womanly survival, passing from mother to daughter since perhaps Mother Eve came to the Earth. A woman likes to be comfortable, and we buy our shoes to 1) match our clothes, and 2) make us comfortable.*

The difference between a boy and a man is the price of his toys, and the difference between a girl and a woman is the number of shoes she has.

Personal point-of-fact... I hate high heels. By the way... you ever try to run from or after something wearing high-heels when you have to traverse a wet lawn?

Regardless, I wore clothes that were gender universal. I had to. I used to create an entire back up ensembles in case I had a transformation accident. That was a bother, so I got creative in my laziness. Gender-neutral clothes were those that could fit a guy or a girl at the same time and no one would look twice at them, the same with undershirts, over shirts, jackets, coats, etc.... even underwear... mostly. About ninety percent of my entire wardrobe was like that. Sure I had girl-only clothes – I'm not saying that I enjoyed thongs, but I enjoyed the way they made me look and feel sexy as a woman, and as a guy, silk panties just felt so~ooo good on your junk – and guy-only clothes – ever seen a girl wearing just a man's white shirt and nothing else? Sexy no? – but most everything else was interchangeable.

So the first thing I did was pull the black Speedo shorts I was wearing upward, giving myself a back wedgie. This shaped the contours of your butt, accented them, and likewise angled the straps over your hips so they hugged your middle. This was a young woman's look mostly... and guys liked it. It looked sexy. Letting the pants down so that they hung about your hips was likewise a quick way of looking sexy, especially when they accented that high panty strap look. Untucking the XXL shirt I wore and letting it hang over my waist as I undid the belt and just clasped it on the outside made a nice braided leather sash. No need for it to keep the pants up... my hips would do that now. As such, thanks to a wider hip base and a subtly thicker butt – a woman's butt bunched more because of the deeper arching back necessary to counterbalance the back, so it was perpetually flexed more so therefore rounder – the crotch and butt of these pants snugged my loins and bottom more, and the extra large shirt was almost like a short dress. Pulling on strings on the pant legs pulled the pant legs up and turning them into a pair of capris, and suddenly slouching grunge girl transforms into cute anime girl.

Finally, dumping all the things in my bag out and then turning it inside out, thereby changing its color before I pushed all the things back in, I slung the bag over my shoulders, pulled a pair of glasses out of the makeup box and shoved them up over my nose, and pulling my cell phone out – it was red, red was gender neutral – I made like I was texting as I walked out of the women's washroom and made my way for the door... right past the scary Hunter man who was now wearing his black wide-brimmed padre hat and black cloth overcoat and duster that covered a whole lot of arsenal that he was undoubtedly carrying now.

It was a good sign that you did the clothes switcheroo trick right when he looks right over you without batting an eye. A couple of guys even asked me out on my way to the door.

Phase 2: Supernatural Empowerment

I stared up at the moon... the beautiful pristine pale-white moon, visible at this time despite that the sun was up and was passing toward setting as I went over my diary notebook, writing in what time I started to change before referencing a folded up chart of sunrises and sunsets with moon phases that had been stuck in the diary's back cover.

Anima had another weakness, and that was the fact that we were affected by both the Sun and the Moon, but primarily by the moon. The moon had eight phases. New, quarter waxing, half-waxing, three-quarters waxing, full, three-quarters waning, half-waning, and quarter-waning before the cycle started again. The moon was likewise affected me by its moon types. Blue moons, Harvest Moons, also known as the Hunter's Moon, and Lunar Eclipses.

The moon affected my Yin, the female aspect of my body. As the moon waxed and waned my feminine qualities likewise waxed and waned... but not by much. Consider it like a menstruation cycle... only you don't bleed for a week at an end.

Fun fact time girls: *The moon phases work across a twenty-eight day cycle. Think about that for a moment... what else, a really annoying thing that affects you, also works on a twenty-eight day cycle for most women in the world? The ancient women of Greece and Rome figured it out, why can't modern womankind accept that we're so in tune with the Goddess Dana like that?*

What the moon does control is... well... how horny I am as well as how physically endowed I am. My womanhood is a hungry bitch at times. I'm still moody and achy, but the ache is a hunger for a good fucking, a need to mate, and I get cranky when I don't get laid. Crankiness leads to bitchyness, and at its extreme I can be a cold-hearted vicious cunt. So when your gal is having PMS... try... for your own safety, to try to comfort her and avoid pissing her off.

The sun is just the opposite... it controls my masculine side. The problem with the sun is that we by and large know so little about it. My studies here at the school are to investigate Helio-Physics... learn why my masculinity suddenly took a dip to where my femininity grew strong enough to come out of its closet, per-se. But then looking up into the sky, I found that something else just might be at fault for my sudden change today, and I saw a little red dot that I didn't notice earlier, and pulling out a little telescope out of a pocket of my book bag/purse, I zoomed in on that dot.

Mars.

"Fuck..." I groaned out loud, for it meant that more than the sun and the moon dictated my changes if that had any effect on me.

And I remembered that this August was supposed to see the planet Mars coming closest to the Earth for the first time in nearly five thousand years! It was all part of that December twenty-ninth twenty-twelve end of the world Aztec crap, but then again how accurate was their calendar. There was evidences that mars was last seen during a time of war and violence in south America, so now that it was being seen again, it told that their calendar was off by more than two years. But nevertheless... Mars was a masculine sign... and currently it was low in the sky, and mentally tracing the path of the Moon and the Earth, I bit my lower lip as I saw a potential problem.

Apparently planetary conjunctions also factored in. The sun, the moon and Mars were in conjunction... a simple thing, it only happened for a few minutes, but those few minutes with the light that Mars received from Sol the sun being overshadowed by the Moon – a feminine sign – was enough to weaken my Yang to the point where my strengthened femininity thanks to the moon could overcome my masculinity and transform me.

Crap.

What that meant for me was that my libido was going to start acting up. Thanks to my crystal, I could weaken my femininity enough where I could ride through most full moons, and likewise drown out her incredible libido, and transformations that happened three to four times a month, sometimes more during blue moons, were reduced to no more than four times a year. Even as it was I felt tense already as I looked down at my hand and its nails that had lengthened to a degree and curved toward claws meant that my change was going to go full bore tonight. I'd put on a little weight too, and cupping one tit I saw that it'd already grown a cup size and had transformed into a C-cup already.

"You ladies going to give me problems tonight?" I sighed and then let the boob go and leaned forward, hands folding together with my pocket book, thickening biceps that were starting to grow with each heart beat compressed both boobs together while I rested both elbows on my knees.

My pussy felt warm, so did my tits, and I was blushing... it was a good sign that I was going to be in heat tonight. Being in a heat for me didn't mean the same as it did for other females who entered into a heat... or at least I didn't think it did. Case in point, I'd had horrendously torrid and naughty angry sex with no protection while in heat and had yet to grow pregnant. No human and no other Lycan has proven they could do it. That meant I either couldn't conceive and could only father – but then I've yet to father a child either – or my reproductive cycle required something a little more compatible to me. Perhaps it required another Anima... or perhaps it required... something else.

I'd never had the gall to try that something else, but you remember me telling you that my mentality changed when I shifted genders? Suddenly I go from thinking that explosions are cool and a good pair of jugs to put my penis between would be a great day... especially if I got a BJ at the same time, to reading Cosmo, watching chick flicks and having this craving for ice cream... sex being – usually – the last thing that ever came upon my mind in the later of those two forms.

Well all part-and-parcel with this conversion, suddenly I had a biological clock... and it wasn't ticking yet.

Imbedded in genetic code, possibly the gender based code, no geneticist is sure where instinct comes from yet, but male instinct differs from female instinct. Male instinct dictates that I screw as many females as possible to spread my seed, and once I find one that conceives to protect her above all costs. Female instinct dictates that I needed to get pregnant as soon as I'm able to, but I needed to find a strong, viable candidate to do that first... for a weak male would not suffice for my offspring. So no matter which gender I was in at the moment I was fucked.

I mentioned that I sometimes got a super libido... well recently I'd been detecting something deeper, more primal. I wanted to breed. That desire consumed my thoughts and prayers all the time. Especially now...

Getting to my feet and stretching, thrusting my blossoming boobs forward with hands in the small of my back, I looked down at the pair of subtly swelling mammaries and paused. The heart beating in my chest swelled the pair one tick of a centimeter each beat of the heart. Every sixty beats it grew a centimeter, the breathing of both lungs made the pair swell as well, fueling the process, and at the same time the labial muscles between my legs were slowly growing hot and moist as they spread open and flared, changing the contours of the pants I wore to show off a stretched crotch at first, and then ever so slowly as my body strengthened as my feminine power grew, it then started showing off a camel toe.

I was already perspiring and blushing deeply. This was going to be a bad night for me, for there was a monster that existed inside me whether I was male or female, and that was...

...My Libido.

I was a supernatural creature, and despite that after my pussification, where I was rendered into a body that was weakened and reduced from my masculine form, I didn't stay that way. During a night of forced transformation I grew stronger than I was previously as a male, with more power, more energy than ten men, then a *hundred* men! This was my period, where I suffered through an extended period of weakness, only to become more powerful in the end. This used to happen, like I mentioned anywhere from three to six times a month thanks to the moon phases. Sometimes it happened on a full moon, sometimes it happened on a new moon, sometimes it happened anywhere in between, and once it happened eight damn times in one damn month!

Curse this finicky gender... and bless it too.

That was then though... thanks to unlocking more unknowns about myself, I've reduced these accidental accidents to maybe a few times a year through the use of herbal remedies and crystal amulets.

Unfortunately this was something unknown, something I couldn't possibly plan for, and it made me aware of additional astrological measures that affected me. With a Hunter about now, and they didn't give up the chase lightly, he'd be aware, especially during a full moon, I had to be careful, but there was something else in this neighborhood that was going on as the sun was setting and the full moon was rising, and my masculine dropped and my femininity enhanced.

Unfortunate not so fun fact: *In the United States, one in Eight women are raped before the age of twenty-one.*

A woman is raped based upon either A) their boyfriends/husbands getting to frisky when they don't want to be, or B) by a complete random stranger.

Personally... I've been raped three times, once as a man, and twice as a woman.

As a man... I understand the ungodly powerful need for breeding that males have. As Jeff Foxworthy stated: "*From the age of fourteen to the grave, we want a beer and we'd like to see something naked.*" I understand the temptation, but the thing that separates us from animals is self-control. The moment that you lose that self-control and you forcibly take a woman, you are no longer human... you are an animal forever more.

As a woman, I understand the terrible, terrible things that happen to you as your heart and mind relive the moment over, and over, and over again. I went through a lesbian stage after the first one because of my hatred of men. As such, the joke that guys use from time to time, of "*What do you mean 'stop'? My name's not 'no.'*" is not at all funny to me.

Speaking of that rather dark subject, this park, adjacent to the fine school that I currently attended under my fourth guise – I essentially willed everything I owned to myself under a different name, and I kept changing my identity, crossing the border from say Canada, or flying in from Europe and starting the citizenship process over from scratch – had seen three gruesome murders and twelve rapings in five years in this place. One of said rapings was of a guy, and since guys don't like to admit that they've been raped, the number is probably closer to fifteen.

The park was what attracted me to the school actually.

I know to some of you that might seem morbid, but please remember: I am a predator's predator, and eventually the hunger consumes everyone. When I was sexually forced before, I didn't understand that fact. But now that I do understand it, I use it. As such, as the sun went down that night, I felt myself engorging steadily, hearing cracks and pops of bones, groans from muscles tensing even as my breasts continued to inflate and quickened their rate as the sun fell and the moon rose, and my hair continued to lengthen.

A word on 'Natural Beauty': *The moon was my feminine enhancer. When one thinks of femininity, you think beauty, sexuality, motherhood, pregnancy... we are sexual creatures we humans. Even us Lycanthropes who are essentially human, are effected in the same ways. As the moon rose, her light blessed me with certain enhancements that changed me accordingly in the act that under her light I engorged in sexual power... so therefore every feminine thing on me that was affected by sexual power in a woman, which are static in a human, are rather dynamic in me. As such as Lady Luna charged me, I grew stronger, fuller, more powerful, with stronger muscles, greater height... and... a stronger, curvaceous form, bigger boobs and a visage that very quickly became soft, demure and erotic looking.*

I was exuding a cloud of sexual pheromones as I paced the park where most of the assaults had happened, putting up a cloud of feminine pheromones that were super concentrated.

"Wow... I mean wow... please forgive me for saying this but I couldn't help but noticing, but you are so beautiful." A voice sputtered and I turned and smiled at a young man. I smelled the flower behind his back as he presented it. "Please... take this token my lady... I am entranced and in awe of you."

It was a daisy, probably plucked from his dorm room window... but there was a thing about lit majors, or at least some of them, they were rather social caterpillars as youths but likewise they were more well read. Their use of alliteration, poetry and use of metaphor often caressed my heart in a way that I couldn't resist.

I took the daisy, I smelt it and smiled at him.

"Where are you headed?"

"Anywhere you want me to." He panted. He was growing stupid with an erection... but a pre-meal snack wasn't bad, so reaching out and taking his hand, I took him to a quiet place between buildings, and let him play and sex me.

I could use a light snack after all. He offered to use a condom, I told him it was ok, and with pants and underpants about my ankles and shirt and undershirt over my breasts, his penis in my vagina actually helped enforce the feminine power in me as the she in me became more sexually active. Taking his cum in my loins only helped it more.

I sucked some of his excess energy from him, nothing more than a snack, and left him resting with a big smile on his face on the steps of a back door before I stepped lithely along, placing the daisy in my hair and rubbing my pussy.

And as such I fed off adultery, or... adultery as the Church saw it.

A word on Sin: *There are exceptions to every rule, even god's rules. Is it a sin to commit suicide or murder another if it means to save another, others or even hundreds or thousands of others? Is it ok to steal if stealing is the difference between living and survival? Such was a question that arose in the play 'Les Miserables', and for stealing to save his sister's child, Jean Valjean served nineteen years in prison. So then... if a source of sustenance needed to maintain myself was derived from sex, was it really a sin for*

me to commit so much Adultery? But then again, and you all can look this up, some define adultery as having sex with a person without being married to them, such was the issue in 'The Scarlet Letter', but the truth of definition of 'Adultery' is that it is a married person having sex with someone other than their spouse. So I make it a point to look at the ring finger of anyone I have sex with... and I look for the tan line of people who take their ring off and remind them of the sin that they are causing whenever I go bar-hopping and club-jumping for cheap sex.

Sex and supposed 'adultery' were another of my problems, for they led me to become sexually active, and when I was sexually active, especially on a night like tonight when I was in heat, I exuded pheromones like a bitch in heat... which technically I was despite that I wasn't a dog. As such it was easy to track me by smell in such a state, and hunters have hunted me using dogs, blood hounds, but most especially other Lycan and supernatural creatures. It's what got me to be forced so many times in the first place. I was becoming sexually active, and the power and ferocity of that activity was having its affect on me. I was horny, I nipped up, had camel toe, I was sweaty and blushing and sending off all the signs that men mentally pick up on.

“Lordosis Behavior,” a definition: *Medically Lordosis is the inward sway of the curvature of a spine between the peak of the back and the base of the spine. Lordosis Behavior is used to explain a sexual readiness sign in the mammalian female. As a woman becomes aroused, she instinctively will arch her back more to enhance that inward curvature of her spine for one purpose only, and that is to lift the butt to give better access from behind to her vaginal cleft. Some might even have the desire to rise up on tip toe and stand with legs slightly apart... this, as they cream vaginally, shows a sexual readiness, and it is a sign that men instinctively pick up on and react to accordingly. Being aware of it allows you to prevent it ladies... that and wear deodorant that can overpower your pheromones is nice. As such, be aware that there are females amidst other mammalian species that also do this act. Another thing to consider, and it's another reason why a guy thinks women in high heels are more sexually appealing, is because high-heels places you immediately into this particular stance artificially. You get men reacting to you in that way despite whether or not you really are in a sexual readiness mindset.*

Alternatively, guys, you have a similar instinctive position that women pick up on as well, and it involves you puffing out your chest and straightening your spine... hence bringing that rhinoceros horn between your legs to bare for proper piercing. Sadly for you guys, there is not a name as of yet for your behavior.

My greatest, most potent ability was my sexual power. Everything was linked to it, everything was empowered by it, and though my male sexual power was virile, it was nothing compared to the feminine sexual power that was in me. I was an Anima after all... so it only made sense.

So as the sun continued to set and my masculinity continued to wane and my femininity continued to rise, I felt my loins surging, opening and spreading, the vaginal lips swelling and contouring the crotch of the underpants I wore. Hips steadily widened little by little, flaring wider and wider till they pressed against the waist band of the pants I wore, while at the same time the major muscle masses all over my body continued to swell.

Long pipes and horseshoe triceps forged themselves out of my arms as forearms rounded and flared outward near the elbows. Chest muscles separated and swelled outward into two thickening slabs, carrying my swelling mammaries atop them and forcing the shirt and undershirt I wore to hang off my tits while my ribs pushed forward steadily and breasts continued to engorge cup size after cup size.

Within an hour from my initial transgender transformation, both breasts had swelled to D-cups, within two hours they'd grown to E-cups, within three, as the sun was setting; they were supple and engorged H-cups. I could feel the

pair starting to press against each other, hemmed in by my undershirt, the disks of the areola stretched wide now and puffed out, their nipples perpetually engorged.

I was likewise growing taller, gaining a centimeter every few minutes since that pussification transformation, till I was not only taller than my masculine form after three hours, I'd also gained a hundred pounds in breast and muscle weight.

I had long feminine pipes on both arms, strong womanly fingers with long nails that came to narrow curving points... almost like claws. With thickening thighs this body needed thicker butt muscles, and the pants I wore and the underpants I wore formed definite creases between butt cheeks and accented themselves around the beautiful vulva growing between my legs; and I found it beautiful... it was a beautiful thing. The lips of that sex were thick and distended, definitely showing their strength, and the clit growing inside me was like a pinkie finger tip in thickness and throbbing hard by that third hour and being pinched by the labial minor and major muscle folds.

Burgeoning thighs framed that sex, the inner thighs and the outer labial muscles pressing and rubbing sensually against each other, while long calves that pulled the pant cuffs that I'd pulled up earlier to now be just below knee level like a pair of extra long jams, while likewise my back was broadening steadily, curving more deeply outward, while shoulder blades, spine and the two sides of my back had separated from the small of the back.

The off side of this was that I was getting such a wedgie, the upside was that I was becoming more sexually appealing... especially when the top button of those pants popped open from my hips having grown so wide.

It was as I was pausing to bend over, pushing the long hair that had tripled in length since my gender bending episode – Its length having grown a foot every hour – over my ear, I took a drink and felt my breasts wobble like forbidden fruit from my chest when I smelled him. He was pungent, he'd not bathed for at least a week, and his pheromones had long stopped being sweet and were now dried, pungent and rotten. Closing my eyes as I drank more water from the fountain before standing up, I took a deep breath and the top button of the shirt I wore popped its snap.

I tended not to wear actual buttoned or zipper clothing if I could help it. The fly of the pants I wore were a button fly, but likewise my clothing was made up of snap-buttons, drawstring ties and so on, all of which were more preferable because you could slip knot the ties so that they untied themselves as you grew... or snaps like on my shirt/blouse could just pop open because right now I was small-chested in comparison to what I'd soon be. But the reasoning of all this was that clothes are expensive. At first I burst through my good clothes till I started buying donated and used clothes, but then they made me look... sorry to say... trashy, and I found that though I really didn't care about those clothes if I ruined them, I was attracting the wrong kind of elements.

Trailer trash girls go round the outside... whatever that means...

So I then moved to clothes that were loose-fitting and had ties and snaps that could pop and be reused so long as I rid myself of them quick enough. There is a point that if I grew to it, then there would be no saving my clothes no matter what I did.

Nevertheless, the deep-inhale-shoulder-rollback-chest-expansion-button-snap maneuver was a lure. Like a fisherman throwing bait into the stream to attract fish, this was meant to make that predator want me, unaware that I was actually a trap like a Venus Fly Trap was a trap. So picking up my bag and shouldering it, fitting one part of the shoulder loop between my breasts to separate them, accent their swells and their nipples as they pressed into the fabric, I smiled at the timing of the measure.

That was another lure, separating the breasts with a simple shoulder strap. Be aware of that girls... your purse strap and car seat belt strap will do that to you, and though you think your guy isn't looking... they are, and they love it, so use it at your own risk.

Truly, the pheromones I'd been exuding through the park had drawn him to me; took him long enough. A good nose could follow that smell from miles away. He would've smelt it, followed it like a fly to honey, and sure enough he found me. Checking my belongings and standing in a sexy pose, accenting every direction of my body to cover all the bases – Breasts, ass and legs – I began to walk, alone, through a park in the early evening.

This was the one mistake, girls, that all rapees make, and I will bold it here so that you all take heart to it, learn it, live it, love it... and avoid it!!

You traveled alone!!

Sexual predators are cowards; they are less likely to assault two women than they are just one woman. At a college, you'll perhaps have those blue light stations, where you can go to it and hit a button and school security or an actual cop will beat feet to you? Those are put there to make you *feel* safe. It is an illusion of safety. The truth of the matter is, is that if you do get mugged or raped... the job will already be done long before those security or police forces arrive. And if they do... hope for a cop, cause college campus security carries at most pepper spray. Again, they are an illusion, there to give the semblance of security.

My prey knew this. He counted on it... also, if you can't make it to those blue stations, then they weren't useful either, and the closest one to me was several minutes away, across a barricaded street with a single walkway spanning over the street.

So as I was walking along, back purposefully to him as he stalked me, I ignored his tell tale signs, I only paused and lured him in more by a particular action I'd like to call lift-separate-adjust. Speaking of which, ladies, we guys know that you do this maneuver... we guys think it's sexy as you handle your boobs, lift them, separate them and then adjust them in your bra. We notice, but it's still something you shouldn't do in public. Speaking of which, we guys do the same thing... only we just adjust via the ever famous crotch-grab. This falls underneath that, why does one gender get to do a thing but its improper for another to. That is a different discussion entirely, and we're getting off subject, but nevertheless, when you scoff at guys and call their adjustment in public sick... be aware that we are aware you do worse in public. We at least try to hide it under a table... mostly.

But moving on...

That adjustment was the final thing necessary... it was the last thing required, and with the sound of pounding sneakers approaching me rapidly from behind, I made to turn, tried to scream, but he clamped a dirty hand over my mouth and towered over me, panting, slathering as he laughed manically.

Rapists were invariably sick in the head. Like I said... they're animals.

"Scream and I'll kill you." He whispered into my ear, licking the lobe of my ear and I faked a whimper, closing my eyes as he hauled me sideways and into an alleyway between the buildings.

But the way he hauled me there, gripping a boob, tightly – damn it those things are sensitive! You guys may think that just grabbing a fistful of tit is sexy... it isn't. It hurts like a sonofabitch. So don't do it. Massage... caress... don't grab. They're attached – and another hand gripping my crotch like I was some piece of furniture. When he got me into the alleyway he thrust me hard against the wall, pressing my shoulders back so I couldn't move.

“W-what do you want. Please... leave me alone.” I whimpered pathetically. By the way, I took two semesters of drama for this purpose. It’s good to lure them into a false sense of security before springing the trap.

“I’m sick... and you have what I want.” He said, laughing manically again, licking his yellowed teeth that had the hint of pink to them. Some of the bodies found in the park were gnawed upon... “All that I want,” And he gripped my tits – again with the gripping! – and then felt me up, ever downward before he slid a hand down my pants, and the button fly snapped one snap after the next.

And thus for the second reason for easily removable clothing. Predators tried to tear clothing off you to hurry to the point of penetration. At least this prick wasn’t trying to cut them off me... I lost my good blouse once because of that.

“N-no... don’t... stop!” I whined and closed my eyes and looked away, acting timid.

“Yeah baby... yeah... you’re all mine...” and he knelt and yanked my underpants down about my knees, and for the third time that day I found my ankles caught by pants and underpants with my naked loins bared. “Remember... you scream... I kill you.” He said and began to suck and tongue my pussy first.

Great... a taster. By the way ladies, this was a predator mistake. You have a hard... bony knee, and he has several soft spots at your knee level should he do this. The cartilage of the nose will kill him should you break it with enough force... and serve them right! But also there were the temples, the jaw, the trachea, the arteries in the neck... not to mention that his balls were at your foot level. You are not weak, you are not helpless, and he is a target like this. So I have several things to tell you about all this:

1. You are not helpless.
2. You are not weak.
3. You are still beautiful after an attack like this. It’s because you are beautiful that he chose you, and in a sick way it’s a grand compliment to be chosen as prey. As such, after an attack, remember: you are still beautiful, and please, stay beautiful. Don’t let him get to you... after all...
4. He’s just an animal.
5. And he’s a coward.
6. Should you ever get to this position, remember that he’s a coward, and after raking his face, kneeling or kicking his nuts and a karate chop to his jugular... run... and for God’s sake... SCREAM! Screaming women alert Samaritans.
7. For every one predator there are fifty good Samaritans who will open their doors and shelter you.
8. For every five good Samaritans, there is a gentleman who will come and beat his ass to a living pulp to help save and protect you.
9. For ever one of these predators... there’s someone like me...

I will have to make a statement after he spent some time licking me – I was getting bored with it actually, faking my prey role a bit and rolling a hand and the wrist in an effort for him to hurry up – that with such incredible sexual power like I had, my sexual juices were rather sweet... like sweet and sour sauce. Not that I would cum on my chicken mind you, but I got eaten out a lot. Fly to honey and all that. But finally he rose and licked me from cunt to belly, tearing open my shirt and shoving up the undershirt to disgorge my tits, and laughing again he wrestled briefly with his belt and pants, whipped his dick out and then shoved it promptly into me.

**Please girls... take heart... he’s about to get what he deserves.
This is a trap.**

And I sighed once his loins were coupled with me, and I moaned, tilting my head backward, baring my throat as he licked and slathered all over it, gnawing on it, and looking up as the last rays of the sun set, we both went through a transformation.

For me, it was subtle... a conversion, a rippling of my muscles as my loins clenched about his cock, gripped it, and with expert massaging techniques I got my pussy to mimic a mouth sucking and drew him deep inside me... right to the hilt, while my inner muscles clenched about him and the notched ridges of my insides clenched about his dick. Only my insides weren't at this point like the insides of your typical woman. What happened now was that now my femininity was utterly dominant, that there was an immediate shift from natural strength to unnatural strength and right into supernatural strength within those few brief moments as the density of every muscle in me quintupled from muscle fibers separating and strengthening into strands stronger than even tendons.

Strength and its stages: *There were several stages of strength in the world, and they were Natural Strength, Unnatural Strength, Supernatural Strength, and finally Demigod Strength. Each stage was an exponentially increasing multiplier effect, and is expressed as a ratio of energy input to strength output. As such, every attribute of the human body has similar expressions, from Intelligence to Dexterity to Charisma.*

Each increase essentially transformed one's musculature to higher levels of output, with bones and flesh becoming empowered accordingly where bones harden to support the greater muscle.

Take me for example. As a woman of natural strength, I was as strong as I looked. The ratio for this strength was One:One; or one caloric input allowed for one caloric output.

Unnatural strength was a little tricky to explain, but essentially you could lift and move more than you looked like you could. A naturally occurring creature with Unnatural Strength was the wolverine, being pound-per-pound, they were stronger than any other creature on earth. The ratio of expression here was One:Two, or essentially you could lift twice as much as you looked like you could. This level of strength could be trained as well, but required a lifetime of training, diet, etc to achieve. A prime example of that are Olympic body builders. Yeah... they don't look like they can lift a thousand pounds do they? Morel like five hundred or something... so hence, twice the output.

Supernatural strength was where it got ridiculous. For a woman with me to have supernatural strength, I would go anywhere from a One:Eight ratio to a One:Twenty ratio. So at this point where I looked like I could easily lift about a hundred pounds, I could actually lift eight hundred pounds... or essentially I could take two average men and lift them over my head by their butts with another sitting on my upraised knee and still have a backpack filled with bricks on. But that's if I had just the One:Eight strength. I told you I'm the strongest of all the Lycanthropic species, so I am in a vague gray area between Supernatural and Demigod strength levels.

The final stage which was Demigod Strength began at One:One-Hundred ratios and went up and up and up from there.

As I mentioned, I'm in that tenuous One:Twenty to One:One-hundred ratio somewhere. I have no idea where it is exactly, but I can lift a Hummer H-One over my head while still human... one-handed.

But the conversion started a chain reaction, and it caused my powers to start flipping on one after the next, and it likewise hastened my own transformation to the final point in this stage of my change.

“Oh yeah... oh yeah...” he groaned as his voice steadily lowered to a growling sound, his penis growing and lengthening as he changed, the thing swelling and pressing against my insides, penetrating deeper... and penetrating deeper into the trap. “Oh yeah...” he snarled, frothing at the mouth as his teeth turned into fangs. “You want to see something really scary, bitch?!” he snarled

“Oh no! Please... stop...” I said mockingly, but with him actually getting his dicking on, he didn’t catch it.

Guys and arousal: *I will attest, guys can be nuclear physicists working for NASA, but the moment we get a boner and start humping they turn into Gomer Pile.*

So kicking off my pants and underpants, feet dangling in their sneakers as he surged upward and lifted me off the ground, his clothing snapping and popping around him as I blinked at all that muscular girth, I watched him growing massive, muscular, and covered with white fur as a long tail burst from his butt.

This wasn’t a werewolf like I thought... this was something else, and I gaped at him as that cock of his billowed and surged deeper inside me, distending my belly as he strung my arms apart, gripping the wrists and humping away and filling me right to the pelvic bone. Good... that’s the part where your muscle ribs on your cock would get caught the best. He was trying to pull me apart but not succeeding... as an aside to my strengthening, my bones got super taut and hard, so even the act of dislocating me was impossible for the likes of him... even if he was growing stronger than any of my prey.

His ears came up to a point and then rose, becoming hooded, migrating to the top of his head as his face pushed forward on brows and jaw, and then his mouth and nose pushed forward, his jaw deepening to make way for his fangs and tongue. He snarled and growled, tossing his head as he grew over me, still violently humping my pussy over and over again and I made mild sounds of protest, just amazed that there was one of *these*... here!

His back bubbled, tearing his shirt, his legs billowed as he grew half again as tall as me, then twice as tall, then a little more than that, his muscles bubbling onto his body as it grew wrought with yellowish fur with a black mane and a black tail tip.

A were-lion... and so far away from Africa...

I thought I felt a black cock surge inside me at first too. By the way... that’s not meant to be insulting to you black guys out there. In the words of Howard Stern; *‘You guys got Rhinoceros penises.’* It’s just that, down there... a black dude typically is better hung than a white dude, who is likewise better hung than an Asian. It’s just whatever breeding there is about the matter, don’t look at me to explain why, it just is. But as such, most werewolves are either Native Americans – well hung – or of European descent – averagely hung. I was expecting something different, but this... this was a werelion... and from the moment he came into me, my bowels clenched in on him and held him tight.

Oh he had malleable movement in me for his pleasure, but he was caught.

As his balls swelled and began to pump into me, my vaginal juices the most potent aphrodisiac there was... a supernatural one, he couldn’t help but to cum into me again and again as those juices were absorbed by his skin... but after the first fifteen to thirty ounces... his body had to cannibalize itself to produce more.

So I waited and hung there, smiling as I felt that meat thrusting into me, and I felt all that new genetic material being broken apart by my body and absorbed, and my entire body rippled with a sudden swelling of strength as the most

potent of his genes swelled inside me and I actually rose several pips in my Supernatural Strength, and shaking my head my hair grew outward even more till I looked like I was from an eighties hair band.

“Oh Leo...” I moaned, and then smiled as I waited for it to dawn on him that I just said his name.

As an aside from having sex with a person, not only did I gain their strengths, but I likewise gained certain knowledges from them.

He slowed, he paced himself, still panting and then looked down at me with his narrowed eyes. “H-how... did you know my...”

“Thirteen... fourteen... fifteen... Name? Oh Leo...” I smirked at him. “Did it not dawn on you that I wasn’t moaning in pain as your cock spread my pussy so wide that I could feel it rubbing against my pelvic bones, or you’re so deep that by all accounts you should be tearing my uterus open, ripping my insides apart and cracking my hip bones as you cum right onto my still beating heart? For that matter, how come my hip bones haven’t broken in two yet? So why aren’t I Leo?!” I glared at him, my eyes widening in my face as I grinned at him, and he looked down to where we were coupled as his cock kept spasming, and a great stretched O-ring of my sopping wet pussy was sucking on his cock and clenching hard around it, with a super-erect clit bobbing over his dick. “Nineteen... twenty... twenty-one... twenty-two... twenty-three... ever climax that much Leo?”

I laughed and he tried to pull out... but it was too late. He felt the barbs in my vagina that I could deploy and hook into his cock, and I moaned and rolled my body as those barbs began to sap blood straight from that cock that was hot with passion. But with the wounds in his penis, the sexually-transmitted fluids of my loins were injected right into his bloodstream and the process hastened as his heart beat faster and his dick swelled even more to be caught more soundly by my insides.

I laughed even as he tugged, tried to pull out, but his girth was too great, and there were dozens of quill like ridges now chewing on him, and if he pulled out he’d rip his dick off.

Guys would rather die than lose their dicks.

Now he knew fear... now he knew he was being used, he was being fed off of as he saw my throat bobbing as I sapped blood from him, my body engorging and breasts inflating since all that genetic material and blood had to go somewhere.

“G-get off! Get off me!” he roared and punched me, but I merely tossed my hair and swiveled my head back to him and grinned with not a scratch on my face. “Off!” and he punched me again. “Off-off!!” and again he punched me before raking at my face with his claws, but even those sharp black claws did little more than scrape my skin as he raked them down my face and throat before he stopped in horror.

No matter what form I was in, I had an incredible healing factor. My cells split hundreds of times faster than an average human being’s did, I repaired damage so quickly that I was conceivably immune to age. And as he struck at me again, his cock bulging as it surged with blood and body fluids siphoned from his body, the thing so thick it was stuck in me, I caught his raking hand and held it firmly with one hand as his muscles deflated and he looked panicky around him.

And then I clenched my abdominal muscles and vaginal muscles and there was an audible crunch as the barbs penetrated deeper, and with a groan he sagged and collapsed before me, setting me back on my feet while my pussy began sucking even harder the semen and blood from him.

“Leo... you had a gift.” I told him as I bent his hand slowly backward with just a thump in the center of his palm. “It was the purpose of that gift to protect those who couldn’t defend themselves, and instead you took advantage of the defenseless and raped them, murdered them and ate parts of them for your own sick amusement.” And I pushed his hand backward till it broke at the wrist and I held it there, keeping it broken as his body tried to mend the wound as his own supernatural healing factor wanted.

While he was whimpering in pain, his powers rushing rapidly into me from my bulging cunt, the womanly thing throbbing and bulging thicker as it became surrounded by radiating veins as I fed, its clit erection super thick and long as it wiggled over the top of his flesh member, I felt all his blood and semen surging into me to empower me with new genetics, enhanced and new powers, with only the best genes being taken and applied to my form while the rest were sloughed off and inferior ones were removed from me. Genes that overrode weaknesses were taken in to make me stronger, faster, wiser, more beautiful... and so on, and my boobies surged three cup sizes just out of the sexual power I swallowed from him through my second *‘mouth’*.

My features took on more of a point to the chin, a Nubian nobility of a young ageless immortal as his fur fell from their pores and his muscles grandly deflated as his radical bone transformation reversed itself back toward being a human.

“You’re unworthy of such a gift Leo,” I told him and splayed my fingers as I was lowered to my heels now as he collapsed slowly to the point where I held him up by the sheer sake of his dick in my pussy.

That cunt of mine was still swallowing his strength and power as the veins of my body crept up my body, over breasts and into my neck even, my womanhood surging and engorging itself as it distended to keep him gripped in me, the labial minor flaps forming a water-tight sheathe around his cock that distended in his attempt to withdraw.

“You don’t deserve it.” So I dug my fingernails into his flesh and steadily began to slice his chest open, leaving eldritch green markings where I cut the skin from his blood being seared with my power.

I cut his left nipple in two in an attempt to make the searing, ripping his nipple ring out as I descended with him slowly, feeding from him as he reduced to nothing but the body of a hairless man, before that man deflated, becoming exsanguinated, almost skeletal. But like I mentioned before, our lives were extended... as I sucked the last of his strengths and powers out of him, he spontaneously aged about thirty years.

Breathing was difficult for him as I buried his bone in me to un-notch the spines inside my bowels and then slid off his reduced and now tiny little cock from me sucking so much sexual power out of him, my pussy slurping off him before I slid up onto his chest as the wounds I left him with burned themselves into place. My heart spasmed as it worked to churn all this new power and apply it to me while my pussy lips clenched and the great eight inch hole that my vagina had stretched into clenched tightly, the veins in my body reducing and disappearing into my flesh as my vulva became pert and bulbous again.

**So, I know what you’re all thinking, I thought it too, and you’re right.
My fangs are in my vagina.**

My pussy then began to orgasm too, and I spilled a clear glistening liquid slick onto his chest that pooled at the hollow of his throat and exuded around his neck and onto the ground before it dried rapidly, caked, crisped and then disintegrated into a white powder.

“You can have this back... I don’t need it.” I smirked and then rose and straddled him, fists on hips as I felt the veins in my arms and legs start to thicken now that I’d finished feeding. “Enjoy your mortality.”

And stepping away from him, gathering my things, I hopped up a wall, skipped to the wall opposite, and then jumped, twisted and somersaulted to the top of the building there, my pussy clenching and throbbing as I walked bottomless across the rooftops back to my home.

Walking bottomless in semi-public was kind of... sexy. It’d be a while before my body absorbed all of that fool lion’s strength and energy, but now that you’ve been made aware of it, allow me to explain what you’ve just read.

As I’d mentioned before, I feed in a unique way. Call it vampirism, or call it succubus energy absorption, regardless, I hungered from time to time for it like it were an energy for my supernatural powers. Being hungry for it was maddening and it weakened me... and resisting it was not much better. Those three years I spent in the woods? I came back because I was starting to suffer something to a crack addicts need for his junk. It was something I could do without for a longer period of time, true, I wouldn’t starve to death as far as I knew... especially when I went three years without it, I just grew irritable, but nevertheless, my innards were a little... different than a human woman’s.

Or at least when I changed into a supernatural form they were.

At first I was human... indiscernible by any other human women even to a gynecologist. I know, I’ve gone to one many times to keep up appearances. I used douches and tampons and more just to keep up appearances even though I don’t bleed for a week once every twenty-eight days. It’s when I change into a supernatural creature that my innards really do change into something monstrous.

The only thing that would tell me apart from another woman was if you put my cells under a microscope and watched how quickly they divided and then decayed. Blood doesn’t last long outside of my body. It dried almost instantly and turns to dust, and lost bits of flesh decay and disintegrate within moments to minutes depending how large of a chunk is taken from me. This made genetics study on me difficult at best.

Regardless, I was making head way on that subject... I’d learned a few tricks in recent years to help me with that, like cutting a slice open but leaving it attached, poking my finger and leaving the pin in to keep the wound open while holding it to a slide so I could look at it in a microscope. I was building up my courage to try for a bone marrow withdrawal and see how long that lasted.

As such, after that subtle shift from natural to unnatural and then to supernatural, my innards were the first to change. I gained a sort of sexual vampirism that I could suck a man – or a Lycan like that lion – dry, robbing them of their strength, their power, even their lycanthropy, as well as their borrowed lifespan. It kept me young, I’ll admit. Add into it some sorcery I’d learned – magic that was far, far more potent with me as a woman than me as a male – that made the transference more potent, this one Lycan would satisfy me for years if not a decade even. He was very potent despite that he was a murdering rapist.

On top of that... he had new traits, traits that after feeding off predators like him for thirty years, I’d not yet encountered. Lions were strong, powerful... possibly the strongest of the Lycan that bore fur aside from myself. Thanks to him my mane had grown long and deep, already passing my butt in a few minutes from my feeding, while at the same time I’d been putting on weight... and none of it in fat. As a matter of course... I was losing fat. Sure this made my tits shrink a cup, but they were soon engorging all over again thanks to the sexual power of one lion.

Pausing on the rooftop of a building, I murred to myself and caressed my love mound, the deep cleft there clenched and squeezed some of the waste from feeding out that fell in a long sticky string that was caught by the wind and blown away. Rubbing that slit, playing with myself, I lifted my cell phone and dialed campus security.

“Hello? Omigawd!” I shrieked. “You gotta hurry! I just saw this fight between Jefferson and James Halls by the park, and I think... I think someone’s hurt real bad!” and I closed the phone.

Campus security didn’t have caller ID that could break a blocked number, and it certainly couldn’t track numbers that didn’t stay connected for very long. They’d just get a big fat “UNKNOWN” when I called. Good news about that is that they would report it to the police and the police would deal with our feckless friend, and due to lack of information they wouldn’t be able to track my phone call back to me.

Replacing the phone and looking down at myself though, I saw my thighs already starting to separate into their secondary muscles, the pair rounded outward, the calves flaring, and lifting the shirt that only came to my waist now, it’s belt hanging off my wide hips, I felt the strength of hardening abs appearing.

Every time I fed... it enhanced me as a whole. I only grew stronger the more times I fed. Whether it was a human or a Lycan, I grew stronger and more powerful, undeniably a predator’s predator. Lycan fed me better than humans did, which is why that sweet young man from earlier was just a snack. I only wish that I didn’t have to go through this relearning metamorphosis once, twice or three to five times a year. My research was allowing me to control that more though...

But gripping my things, I skipped forward and then leapt, sailing over a busy street below and landing on the roof of my house, skipping over the top and down the back, doing a gymnast’s hand stand on the edge of the roof and then landing on the back porch. Stepping inside and closing the window and shades – my house had all of its windows painted white to keep eavesdroppers from coming in – I locked and barred the window door that was backed by planes of wood braced to the sliding doors and tossed my things into a chair, pushing the long hair I had backward as it drooped to nearly my ankles now before I crossed my arms and hauled off the shirt I was wearing and the undershirt beneath it, letting the heavy breasts I possessed bounce back to my chest before I stretched, and blinked as my hands brushed against the ceiling.

Already?

That lion was potent! And flexing an arm and then a leg showed that the muscles were grinding their way through me faster than they ever had. This is perhaps twice the growth I should have right now... and my breasts were already P-cups in size.

Kicking off shoes and socks rubbing off the juices from my sex that were now me creaming in arousal, I licked the juices off my fingers with a tongue that was longer than a human tongue, the thing passing by subtly enlarged canine teeth that weren’t quite fangs yet, before I caressed an areola till it began to leak milk.

Now would be a good time to explain another little tidbit of Lycan physiology. Because I was a Lycan, I benefited from their strengths. One such strength was the ability to rapidly produce ejaculate... while the other was the ability to rapidly lactate. Because of this, a Lycan female started to lactate at puberty not after child-birth. After child-birth, if I ever had a child, then my milk production would only increase. But deep inside this woman’s body as it strengthened and throbbed, veins standing on end as my powers grew, I hoisted a tit and made a meal of its milk, suckling from it before tapping the message recall on the answering machine.

“Daniel... oh Daniel... I’ve never came so badly like I did last...” Skip message. That was Monique... my dark-skinned Egyptian goddess of a girlfriend. I’d call her after I changed back. It wouldn’t behoove me to call her as a woman.

Being a woman, I know how excited we got in the expression of emotion. That was going to be a long tirade of expressing her relationship to me and then ask me to call her. Controlling my emotions was a difficult trial, and was obtained only after living for a decade as a woman.

“Daniel Preston,” that was my current moniker. “This is Father Bordello. I run the church up the...” skip. Go fuck yourself you virgin pedophile. I don’t need your religion. And what’s with that name? Definitely not a Priest’s name, I’ll tell you what.

“Mister Preston, this is Professor Cannon. Despite that you’ve not completed the required course work, your archeology thesis is rather... interesting.” I’ll bet it is, I thought smirking. “It’s very well informed and quite accurate. Come around my office on Monday and we’ll discuss further about signing you into my class. I think a man of your well-rounded interests would be received very well in our Egyptology classes.”

Beep, no new messages.

Letting the tit fall from my mouth with a slosh and a mild ejaculation of milk that shook off the teat, my other teat, creaming as well as it felt left out, I sucked from the other before walking naked through the house, removing the belt and tossing that into the bedroom before I stepped into the bathroom and paused before the mirror.

Yes... I reflected an image.

I wasn’t like other vampiric creatures, I still had a soul. I punished only those who needed to be punished, I didn’t borrow life from others by drinking their life blood, I took their excess strength. But the reason why I drew pause was the look of my face and features, and how strong my body was. Touching the pectoral muscle I found that it was already creasing about the weight of the milk laden gland into individual chords.

One lion... one lion and I was turning into an Amazon already. It wasn’t as if I didn’t mind... I mean the best part of all this was growing stronger and stronger. Making a muscle out of my arm, I felt the hard pipe and the vein throbbing over its top, and sighing sweetly I then flexed the other arm, heard the muscles grinding and groaning as they bulged outward, and laughing at all this strength I stepped into the shower for a nice wash down... and get the stink of that nasty ass lion off me.

He smelt like he’d been rolling in garbage and raw sewage and defecating in his own pants.

Body glistening from moisture, newly cleaned, hair dragging on the floor now like a bridal train, it’d at least slowed down some in its growth, but it’d grown voluminous... like a mane. This was coupled with the fact that I was growing rapidly enough that I could see it if I stood still long enough. My body proportions were shifting from the standard eight head proportion to more of a nine head proportion. Longer arms and legs, longer neck and body, but every inch of me was bulging, and my sweet and soft visage of nobility was topping a body of uttermost feminine power, with my breasts having swollen into things that were like overinflated beach balls with their nozzles poking outward instead of recessed like they were supposed to be.

I never felt so erotic in my life.

Every step I took seemed to fill me with added strength now, the speed at which I was growing aroused and empowered was quickening. And then just like that there were a series of crunches as my ribs flared and pushed outward, the bones popping into new positions while the sternum thickened and pushed my chest further outward. This likewise widened my shoulders and spread the chest muscles which both then both thickened outward by several centimeters, rolling both of the thickened tits apart while my belly sank well beneath those ribs. And then beneath my hands I felt that pad of shaped belly suddenly crease down the middle, separating into two halves with a deeply sunken belly button as six mounds bulged forward to begin the separation of horizontal abdominals. Continuing down my body, the growth then bulged both thighs into the beginnings of their separated quadriceps, calves flaring and hips widening even more.

“Awesome.” I mused, still having a pleasant woman’s voice. That was good... there was a time long ago that I sounded like an effeminate male my voice got so deep when I strengthened like this. I had a square jaw as a woman as well then, and looked more like a guy who got a sex change than a real woman.

Sitting on the couch and crossing my long sinuous and muscular legs, tendons and sinews bounding and clenching with the actions, I rested both arms that were thickening with girth and addressed the already on television. It was now time for the ten o’clock news.

The woman’s instinctive guarding of the sex: *Along with many of the instincts I develop from shifting into a woman, the most powerful of those instincts was the protection of my womanhood.*

The twin muscles clenching around the two folds that formed a hood over my clit were the most precious and delicate place on my body. The vulva was the source of a woman’s power... not her breasts; those were just an offshoot of her sex, as was her beauty, her figure and her measure of self-confidence. This was the all important most precious point of her body.

A man doesn’t guard their groin nearly as much as we do our sex. Their strength is in their arms and in their hands, ours was our vaginas. As such, a woman protects it, often selfishly. She is far more willing to let her breasts be touched and fondled than her sex. Her butt is even remarkably more open, and is often flaunted more often than her chest is, but that sex was ever so precious and is always the last thing she reveals. This is why when she sits she crossed her legs, clenching it tight between her thighs, or when she sits on the ground her legs are often times pressed together and folded beneath her as she sits side-saddle. This instinct is why that sex becomes her ultimate show of faith, and also why that if she is pierced forcibly by being raped that she feels so destroyed by the act.

I had to watch the news reports to see if anyone was hunting me now. I was still graceful and womanly despite how strong I was becoming, and sitting on the couch like I was, leaning back against the couch with my tits wobbling and jostling with my every little movement as they too swelled with the rest of me, the sound of the TV turning on woke up my cat... though sometimes she called me her human.

Her name was Cleo, short for Cleopatra, and she was an Egyptian Mau, the rarest of all cat breeds, this white and black spotted cat – the only domesticated spotted cat on Earth – was long and lean and the spitting image of the cats that the Egyptians once worshiped.

She rose, yawned, stretched, and then silkily walked toward me on all fours. “Hmmm... you’re home late.” She purred and rubbed against my breasts as I pet her. “And you’ve transformed again.”

“I blame Mars. Apparently I’m subject to other astrological phenomenon, and with Mars in conjunction with Sol and Luna and likewise being subservient to Luna in the sky... I transformed.”

“That sounds interesting.” It really wasn’t to her. “Oh, I so do prefer you as a woman after all Daniel.” She said and purred as she sat on my muscular lap.

She re-pronounced my name as the feminine. Instead of Daniel, shortened to Dan as I was a male, Daniel – pronounced as Dan-yell – was the feminine moniker I chose to live by as a woman.

“Oh? And why is that?” I murred.

“Because I’ll never call you master, but I won’t mind calling you mistress, two ladies like us complement each other cosmically... and... and...” she rubbed against my breasts again. “Your breast milk has a vanillay taste to it that I adore.”

“Girls rule and boys drool?” I asked raising an eyebrow as I scritchd her back just above her tail and she lifted her bottom and purred louder.

“Exactly.” And she rose onto her hind quarters, doing a subtle shifting change before fluffing up her hair a little as it thickened before shrugging her shoulders and hugging her sides, compressing her furry chest briefly before releasing the hold. The fluffing of her chest actually separated into a pair of discernable breasts, small and pert, but on a cat her size they were quite the endowment. She likewise took on a bit more hip. “The world would be much better if we females could just breed amongst ourselves and dispense with our male counterparts.”

“Sure... you say that now, but no matter what you say, it’s always the dick that brings it home isn’t it Cleo?” I smirked and she scowled at me, twitching her whiskers.

She knew I was right. Even die hard lesbians use dildos and strap-ons. Fingers just couldn’t penetrate deep enough to get those... spots. You need a dick to do that. But enough of that.

Cleo was a magical kitty, a cat with extra special powers. In the ancient world, these cats were all over the world, but now their numbers were less than a handful. If you think you’ve never heard of their kind before, you would be sorely mistaken. A Frenchman named Charles Perrault made their kind very, very popular by an old tale – not a fairy tale, this was actually a true story – called *‘Master Cat’*. In case you’re not familiar with that notable feline, I can assure you that Master Cat is a very famous member of their breed. ... You just know him better as *‘Puss in Boots’*.

Puss was just a common Tom though. Cleo hailed from their royalty... what of it there was left that is.

I found Cleo half-drowned in a drainage ditch in New York. After nursing her back to health, she thanked me by hanging out with me and mooching off the owner-cat bond. Of course she only ate cream and Fancy Feast and turned her nose up at everything else unless it was actually better than fancy feast. Fancy Feast was the minimum she would eat, and would eat Sheba, but preferred canned tuna, chicken and salmon the most.

There were times she ate better than I did.

In her present shape – in what I can only call a chibi form – Cleo had a small, pert bosom, and with her long Egyptian body that flared into sensual hips in this shape. She was lithe, long-bodied, with long sinuous legs and arms with forepaws that suddenly turned prehensile with an opposable thumb. Magically speaking... she could

teach Morgan le Fay a thing or two, both in sorcery and in a conniving manipulative personality. But unlike Merlin the Great's greatest rival, At least Cleo tried to do the right thing... from time to time.

"I get bored day in and day out with you doing dumb boy things all the time. And your male self thinks that a dingle ball is fun for a noble breed like me." She sulked, and reaching down I picked up a dingle ball, shook it so it jingled and her eyes went wide before I tossed it, and she pounced on it immediately, wrestled with it for a moment before stopping and looking at me with two eyes that were dilated open almost to their extents, seeing me smirking at her. "Ok, so I have a lot of fun chasing a fluffy ball with a bell in it, so sue me."

"I would if I could. You probably have a hold somewhere in the Valley of the Kings or even in a pyramid on Giza Plateau."

"Yeah sure... whatever." She mentioned and kicked at the dingle ball before I groaned and palmed my belly as all the muscles there tensed hard, and the rippling bulges thickened with musculature, transforming into a definite six pack as the first pair of lats grew into place. My lower back formed two bands to either side of the spine as growth surged up my back to spread it wider, rolling it outward and tickling the spine, and suddenly the two broad wedges of back separated into thirds. Those thirds then swelled one tier above the next, sculpting my back rapidly into secondary muscles before ribcage pushed forward even further, and pectorals deepening several more centimeters while both tits expanded with a rushing of fluids filling them and milk soon leaked from my tits to drip onto my thighs.

Lactating was like mini-climaxes for me and I cooed at the sensation while feeling my thighs, calves, biceps and triceps and forearms bulge along with my neck, long muscles cutting themselves from the smooth hairless flesh before the tensing spasm was over. My pussy moistened with a trickle of nectar as I sat there with eyes closed and tried to control a rapidly rising libido.

Just so you know... that was my cramp girls. I know you may consider that during *'that time of the month'* that a cramp should be painful as all get out, but I'm sorry... My cramps are erotic and pleasureable and only made me stronger. That's just the way it is.

Cleo noticed that I was lactating as I wiped one fattened tit off and licked the creamy, vanillay milk of my fingers. My breasts were past well past T-cups now, easily larger than any size I'd ever achieved with the things, and with the rushing of milk filling them, rounding them, I was certain that the pair of them were nearing the twenty-six inch threshold I'd never been able to breach. Despite that my bras were adjustable, I don't think they could do more than just cup these fat ladies now.

The Brassier: *This feminine garment had gone through a series of changes over the centuries. Women have gone to having their breasts mashed together and pushed upward for all to see, to the torpedo-tit look, to their subtly curving present form that they were now. There was one undeniable fact with them though, a ludicrous fact if you ask me, especially now in this feminine form, was that all of these manufacturers have yet to settle on a clear and concise standard for bra manufacture... even after a few centuries of time. There were the differences as to whether their bras were built on metric or standard measurements, and likewise what cup size meant what. The problem with me was that my measurements were dynamic... they were never the same twice, and likewise, I can shift my proportions when I wasn't forcibly changing like this. So I needed either a resizable bra – more resizing than they usually allowed for that is, or I had to wear a sports bra.*

I know bra manufacturers all had their own non-standardized way of making braziers – you’d think they’d be standard after a couple of centuries by this point – but I considered as a rule of thumb, one letter of the alphabet per inch of cup size, and right now I was nearing that Z-cup size.

“Wait!” Cleo purred as I reached to clean the other tit, and I smirked as she hopped up onto my lap again and began licking my silken tit with her rough tongue... right as I had another cramp. This time my body climbed by more than an inch as I surged upward, my muscles flaring everywhere, hardening, and I ejaculated a little more milk into my cupped hands that I sighed and let Cleo lick off as I gained enough weight to make the springs in the couch ting from the added weight.

“You ever wonder why I like being a male, Cleo?” I said after licking my other hand free and petting her.

“I honestly have no idea.” She murred between licks and licking her mouth. “Nom!” and she fastened on my actual nipple and began to knead my breast with her little hands.

“Guys have a whole lot less crap to deal with than gals do.” I groaned and felt my bones thickening as I grew taller still, larger, thicker just by the sheer sake of the skeleton, and getting up abruptly I leaned over the railing while Cleo looked startled that her meal had ended so quickly.

“What’s wrong?” she asked and stood up, smoothing the fur over her hips.

“Somebody I ate...” I groaned, and slid a hand between my thighs as my pussy swelled and clenched, throbbing with the beat of blood surging through me, I felt my back unfold even more then, the dorsal muscles flaring wide while each rib in me pushed out further, and those tits really did become Z-cups then, and believe it or not... these things held themselves up. “And the signs are odd tonight, and like I said before... Mars...”

“Mars is very close now. His power must be affecting you.” Cleo nodded as she leaned against the arm of the couch.

“Yeah...” I breathed, and then the news report I was waiting for played.

I watched it for any signs that I was being pursued, but they said only that police found an exsanguinated and nearly dead afro-American man in his fifties naked in an alley after campus security was anonymously informed of the mugging. Apparently he was ritualistically scarred during the mugging.

“Who did you eat? That guy?” Cleo asked looking at the report. “What was he?”

“A lion.”

“A lion?! Here?!”

“My thoughts exactly.” I said and stood up straight, rubbing my lower back muscles as my guts shifted and bones creaked as my muscles groaned. “But he was preying upon people long before we arrived. I doubt he was even aware that we were here. Oh...”

My muscles bubbled now, the ox-bow, the upper most back muscles heaving outward as they flared, rolling around the neck and forming a muscle hump as I bent over again, hips widening and ribs popping outward again, chest deepening and pecks thickening as they separated into radial chords before my tits not only got to that twenty-six inch bust, but they likewise kept growing *past* it.

“Merciful Moon, Dani... but you’re growing bigger than you ever did. Are you sick? Do you feel madness at all? He may’ve been cast out of his pryde if he was sick or mad.”

“No... it’s just... ah... AH!” I groaned and my bones surged outward along the back, the spine crunching outward one vertebrae after the next as muscles engorged and rippled everywhere upon me, carving bands of tertiary muscles across my body now and leaving me panting and spent once it was done.

Cramps had never struck me this often or this hard before.

Cleo was leaning away from me, her ears pinned back and her eyes wide.

“What?” I gasped.

“Dani... you’re no longer just you anymore.” She said simply.

“At least my hair stopped growing.” I said as I posed and flexed, groaning and thickening steadily as I did.

The sheer act of flexing and holding the flex was making me thicken even larger than ever, and tensing a bicep muscle, I watched as the thing ballooned steadily right before my eyes, and when I relaxed it, it didn’t decompress.

“Yeah but you’re humongous!” Cleo mentioned. She’d fished a can of tuna out of one of her many stashes and had pried it open using her claws – they were sharp magical claws, so rending open a thin layer of aluminum was a simple thing for her – and was scooping out the meat while alternatively sipping at the juices.

“Yeah...” I mentioned with a smile, flexing my arms, tensing, engorging and heaving. Feeling muscle swelling on top of muscle, and I hadn’t even begun the next phase yet! I had the body definition of a *male* body builder, but I had the breasts and hips of a porn star. “Humongous...” I said and turned, feeling those enormous tits wobbling as I pulled all that long hair over one shoulder and flexed my back, tightening my butt and feeling the butt muscles crease into thirds as I held them for a prolonged period of time, and when I released them they stayed creased. “Or... A Behemoth!” I gasped and turned to rush out of the room with a wobbling of tits.

“A what?” Cleo asked as I hurried past her, and she had the snatch her tin of tuna back to her as I hurried to the den and pulled out the thickest book there was.

Placing it on a book stand, I opened it and began flipping through its index in the back.

The Mormon faith, through the diligence of one man, used a form of the King James Bible that had a reference index in the back... a very highly detailed one as well. Every subject in the scriptures was detailed therein along with a bible dictionary explaining them... according to their faith of course. The Joseph Smith translations likewise gave insight into the meaning of certain passages that just didn’t make sense to me at first, but now they did with that. Regardless, one must take a grain of salt when reading someone else’s faith on a subject. But nevertheless...

“Behemoth, modern version of the Hebrew word of *behemah*, meaning ‘beast’. Considered to be a large river animal. Described in... oh my.”

“What?” Cleo asked as she entered, keeping her distance and guarding her precious tuna.

“Referenced from the book of Job.”

“And that’s... bad?” Cleo asked and then munched more tuna. “Nom.”

“The book of Job details a bargain that God and the devil had.” I replied. “God made a deal with the devil that no matter what, Job would not lose his faith. So God removed his protection of the man, and the devil cursed him utterly. Job lost his children, his wife, his property, even the clothes off his back. He was abandoned by his friends... at the worst of his life he was sitting naked in the dirt.”

“Ok that is bad.” Cleo mentioned, sucking the juice from the processed fish. “Are you sure you want to investigate this?”

“Yes. Because it could mean... I mean it could mean that if my kind is mentioned in scripture, then possibly God really did have a purpose for us.”

And so I turned to Job, chapter forty, versus fifteen to twenty-four:

*15 Behold now behemoth, which I made with thee; he eateth grass as an ox.
16 Lo now, his strength is in his loins, and his force is in the navel of his belly.
17 He moveth his tail like a cedar: the sinews of his stones are wrapped together.
18 His bones are as strong pieces of brass; his bones are like bars of iron.
19 He is the chief of the ways of God: he that made him can make his sword to approach unto him.
20 Surely the mountains bring him forth food, where all the beasts of the field play.
21 He lieth under the shady trees, in the covert of the reed, and fens.
22 The shady trees cover him with their shadow; the willows of the brook compass him about.
23 Behold, he drinketh up a river, and hasteth not: he trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth.
24 He taketh it with his eyes: his nose pierceth through snares.*

“Ok... what does that mean.” Cleo asked. “And it says *his* bones not *her* bones.”

“The Council of Nicaea.” I replied simply. “All the Christian factions came together under Rome’s rule and *debated* about doctrine so that they could come to a consensus. It was the fundamental point where Christianity got itself six ways of all fucked up. Certain doctrines were re-written or even omitted, the bible actually re-written by men till it is in its current form. But even after that, the bible was re-written from Hebrew into Latin, and likewise rewritten from Latin into English for the King-James version when the printing press was created. All of this translation and re-translation undoubtedly caused something called ‘*lost in translation*’, and was likewise done by man. God is perfect, men are flawed, and someone’s interpretation of a word differs from person to person. Likewise, there are concepts in one language that take only a word that take whole sentences of words in another. So there was easily some scribe somewhere who didn’t want a woman or a female to be mentioned, so when something of strength and power was mentioned by God the Father, it is possible that he decided to omit the word ‘*she*’ and replace it with ‘*he*’.”

“Which states my point that females are better than males,” Cleo murred. “A female wouldn’t’ve lied about something like that.” She paused and eyed me. “But again, what’s your point with all this?” Cleo countered.

“That we were made of God.” I said, and tensed, heaved, just before my back disgorged massively and my chest thrust forward mightily and both pecs and breasts engorged mightily and my spine pushed outward like a serrated blade before both those tits engorged by several more cup sizes more. Officially... they were half again larger than they ever were in this phase... and I was still growing!

My arms and legs thickened then and butt engorged and swelled outward as every major muscle segmented fully into secondary muscle groups, my abs breaking into an eight pack and then clenching as they gained two more abs for a ten pack and two more yet for a twelve pack. This was two more abs than any human should have.

I panted and tensed, closing the book to avert the face of God from my shame, and then and only then did I feel my ears grow to a point and my teeth grow pointed as well, marking the point where the next stage began. Looking down at my arm, larger than any human's ever was... perhaps with the exception of the mighty men of history like Hercules and Goliath... I was a giant of a woman... seven feet tall, and still swelling subtly.

"The phases are blending. I've crossed something here with that lion." I mused.

"Africa meets American and Europe?" Cleo mentioned and began licking the juice out of the can.

"Perhaps... but time to test out my new strengths." I mentioned, and headed to the bedroom to change, but got caught in the door as I found my chest and arms were too wide to fit the width of a standard door. Likewise, my height had grown so much that if I hadn't been caught in the door, I would've struck my head on the door jam. Sighing... I just dipped sideways and down and entered my room with my head only a couple of scant feet from the tall ten foot ceiling.

Phase 3: Inhuman Transformation

Every few seconds to a few minutes I was going through a spasm, a twitch, a... cramp. Though the first signs of transformation had happened, my ears were pointed and my fingernails and now my toenails were lengthened and pointed, I was still engorging, still growing.

Another funny fun fact: *I'd not discovered much about what it meant to be an Anima... but for whatever reason any strength I took from another species was retroactively enhanced... especially if it was taken from a male. For some reason I fed off male powers better than I did female powers. Oh I could feed off females all right, I had more ways than just my vagina to suck people's essence with, but as mentioned before, a man's physical power is greater than that of a woman's, so when you steal strength from a man and apply it to a woman, there is a drastic strength enhancement that occurs in her body on a One:Two ratio at the very least. It fun whenever that ratio is higher than that depending on the guy you sap strength from. The more 'manly' the guy is, the higher that ratio is.*

Speaking of that fun fact... I've made love to women... as a woman. I've done the scissors maneuver, I've pressed titties, I've done tongue and muff dived. I can still suck powers from a female just like I could with a male; it only took a little more effort and wasn't as rewarding. The issue is, is that when I absorb from a female, I gain their powers on a one-to-one ratio.

But when I took from a male, the power level transfer was at the least a one-to-two ratio. I sucked one power level and got two in return at the least. That lion had a potent power in him... it was incredible!

So as I finished pulling on a thong bikini bottom and wrapped my chest in a bolt of cloth, I stood and flexed again, hands on hips, tensing my chest and hearing the fabric creak already.

"So are you going out or are you going to play Miss Universe?" Cleo asked. "You know you're going to start transforming and then you're not going to be able to hide all that beautiful other you that you know you're going to turn into anymore, and then people will be crying Ahh! Ahh! Monster!"

"It's not that Cleo... I was thinking."

"You know what they say about a woman thinking..." she teased and I gave her a withering look.

"I don't care what scientists say that males have a higher propensity for intelligence. Girls are just as smart as guys if not smarter."

"You know if you shift back to being a guy then you're just going to say just the opposite thing, that girls are too emotional and all that stuff. It's why I think you should lose the dick forever."

"Not that I could anyways, Cleo." I sighed and massaged my sex through the silken wedge covering my loins. "But I think I'm onto something, Cleo. Look at me. I mean... j-just... just l-look... oh..." and I hugged myself and felt my body groan as arms and thighs thickened, calves flared, butt was now no longer a long curvaceous thing made up of three separated planes of muscle but rather were three separated clenching bundles of chords muscles that were now binding up tightly to show off the individual muscle striations.

Veins stood on end all through me, the lot of them throbbing in those arms and legs, the inner thighs were sinking beneath the outer thighs that were definitely creasing into tertiary muscles now, while every tendon in me stood out and my back broadened and rolled outward into a muscle hump between my shoulders.

“You were saying?” Cleo prompted, holding a small glass of cream that was little more than a shot glass for someone like me, but was a tall glass for someone like her.

“I think... I think I'm onto something.” I said flexing an arm. That guy with the world's largest biceps that exploded could go suck eggs in comparison to these babies. It was like I had bowling balls attached to my arms. “The fact that an Anima is linked to the Behemoth is too much alike, and the fact that I just absorbed a strength from a denizen of that region and got the highest transference ratio ever means that my land of milk and honey lies in the South Mediterranean.”

“Egypt?” Cleo blinked, looking suddenly fearful. “I-It can't be in Egypt.”

I'd have to be blind not to notice that she was afraid of that place. Why else would you go almost half way around the world and on a continent that wasn't connected in any way land wise to that continent?

“Cleo...” I prompted looking at her.

“It's nothing... nothing...” she waved me off and then pressed a kitty smile. “Shall we be off?”

“We? You're coming with?” I asked and struck a jaunty pose while I felt my veins throbbing, feeding my muscles thicker and my bones longer. I must be nearing eight feet now. Cleo downed her drink in on go and set the glass by the door.

“Someone has to watch your back.” She smirked.

Cleo was the one that taught me what I knew of sorcery. As an Egyptian Mau, for her kind, she was right in the crux of her people's magics. Cats were a feminine species. Generally, there were far more female cats than there were male cats. With domestic cats, all of which sprung from her breed, the ratio of male to female was closer, but with other cats, like tigers and most especially lions, in a pride there could possibly only be two or three males out of twenty or more females.

As such, their sorcery was steeped in feminine power, and with a cat being the utmost emblem of femininity and fertility in the ancient Egyptian world, her magics were utterly powerful in my female body... but severely muted with me as a male. Regardless, her training had enhanced me to no small level.

Magic and the Body: *Ever see a fat magician? Close your eyes, think about a magician, what do you see? Other than Penn in Penn and Teller, every last magician you can think of is either rail thin and lanky, or built like a athletic power house. Sure Siegfried and Roy were gay, but both of them are cu, muscular wise. And then you look at magicians in comic books like Doctor Strange, or even female magicians like Zatanna from DC comics, she's a lithe, strong, sexy woman with real magical powers. You may ask why that is...*

First of all, magic is not easy. You are using your body as a conduit to move magic from one plane into your own and then forging it by will alone to do things. That is a rigorous exercise no matter how you look at it. This is how magicians stay thin.

Second of all, an endearing enough of a magician can shunt energy into their bones and sinews and actually physically enhance themselves. Hence the reason why some magicians, sorcerer or sorceresses,

are so physically well endowed, both in regards to strength and their sexual power. Hell, I do it. How do you think I can get so strong?

So there I was, a hulking fem standing on her tip-toes atop a radio tower on top of a building, holding my kitty in my meaty arms against my voluminous chest. The night air was cool on my sweating body, a blush suffusing cheeks, neck and breasts and more than likely my loins. They felt hot... not just warm, but hot, and pulling the fabric away from my pussy, which was moist with sweat and nectar, steam actually rose up into the cool night air.

“Ngh...” I sighed nasally, and Cleo watched as once again I swelled as I let the panty snap back against my body, my forearms flaring and biceps coiling, pressing against tits that engorged ever the larger, my body climbing larger and taller while thighs and calves widened, forelegs deepened, hands and feet thickened and lengthened and my womanhood disgorged and thickened even more. The triangle of the stretchy fabric over my loins was now like a second skin, rising and falling over the twin chords of feminine muscle, showing off the pointed bulge of my clit and the breadth of the cleft between the two lips of my sex.

“Ah me... I need a dick inside me.” I groaned, and then twisting and falling backward, I somersaulted, twisted and flipped like a diver, letting Cleo go before I fell thirteen stories to the ground and landed with an earth-crackling lunge as my chest bounced and sent a second tremor into the ground and it bounced, and I rose inside a back alleyway behind some sort of bar.

Cleo floated downward elegantly, a scintillating creature to meet with me there in the alleyway again as she landed on top of a bump pole, a pole utilities used to move a cable from an aerial location to the pole for access, and thence to the building.

“That was dangerous...” she mentioned.

“I barely felt it!” I said ecstatically. “I fell thirteen stories and I felt lighter than air. I can’t even feel the pull of gravity now.”

“You were never so nimble either. Was that the first cat species you absorbed?”

“Yes. Had a chance to love a common tabby Lycan, but it didn’t w-work ow-out-ohhh...” and I half-swooned as my neck flared straight to the shoulders, head was pushed forward as my back deepened and rolled toward, my vertebrae lengthening but my height not increasing because those spines just pushed further outward.

The back muscles all across that back bubbled and flared and rolled outward, while at the same time my tits engorged and pectorals thickened. They were half a foot thick now, and to support it all the bones of my ribs all thickened.

Panting and blushing more, I stuffed a hand down my panty bottom, the white cloth already sopping wet from sweat and the nectar that kept streaming from me, and I gave my sex a caressing touch as my nipples engorged and hardened, sticking out of the white cloth wrapping my chest. As I stood there, every bit of me thickened and billowed even further, crunching and groaning a second time, till I’d long since left the strength and power of an Olympian *male* God behind. I had the breasts and loins of Gaia herself, but the physique of Atlas. This was surely what a Titan was. Well... titaness...

And just then someone stepped out of the back of the bar to smoke and was in the process of lighting his cigarette when he noticed me there.

I smirked at him as I felt my hunger rise in me, and staring at me, he opened his mouth slowly and the cigarette fell from his mouth and he just kept a lit flame on the end of his lighter.

Dragging my hand from my loins and readjusting the panty straps, I undid the wrap about my chest as my tits engorged with mammary and milk, I approached him as Cleo just yawned before I stood before the man. In this state I was disgorging a cloud of vapor and steam laden with supernaturally enhanced pheromones. He swallowed as I stood there, and lifting his hands, I smirked as he felt my tits while I slowly gathered him to me, kissing him and began feeding as I opened his pants, disgorged his cock and after fingering the panty to one side, revealing my sex, I let him inside me.

And I sucked from him his excess energy, transferring fat into energy and thinning him, sucking off his excess masculinity as he diminished a bit, as he began the repeating cumming into me, and I sapped it before orgasming a torrent all over his lap and leaving him a wreck there on the ground.

Sated – for now – I then slid the panty back in place, licking the moisture off my pussy and sucking it off my fingers.

“Well that was quick...” Cleo mentioned as she sat there atop the pole.

“He was a snack.” I mentioned, tying the chest wrap about my breasts.

“You know what they say about snacking between meals.”

“Haven’t you heard?” I smirked and winked at her. “It’s actually good that you do snack between meals.

And then I skipped up a wall and then vaulted, twisting turning and cart wheeling through the air and landing daintily on a power cable, the electricity coiling up my legs and charging me as I absorbed all that absorbed electricity, tickling me as I felt its power surging up my legs and making them longer, the bands of muscle there swelling grandly as I felt its energy fill my bowels behind heart and loins and then surge through the rest of me.

I liked the cascade effect of electricity tickling my innards, especially the column of my female bits as it vibrated and was tickled. It gave me a series of micro orgasms that spat a few trickles of nectar into my panties before a real body clenching orgasm ripped through me, and a rush of nectar lanced from me to make those panties soggy.

I was just lucky that power cables were supported so well that they could support the weight of a car.

“You’re far more agile than you ever were.” Cleo said as she joined me, carrying a camera for documentation as she took a few pictures of me as I walked onto the top of the building, removed my panties and wrung them out of the potent, acrid smelling scents of my ejaculate as I shivered from the feelings ripping through my loins as I reapplied the now translucent panties onto my silken skin.

“Cleo... where you came from... did you ever hear of Anima like me before? Please be truthful.”

Cleo lowered the camera after taking a few snaps and then sighed. “In all honesty... no. I’m sorry Dani, but what I am aware of, Anima never came from Egypt.”

I thought and began walking on my toes to the other side of the cable, the graceful movements making my hips rock with every step as I stepped with each foot precisely right in front of the other. “Then perhaps I need to think differently.” I thought as we reached the pole across the street and I stepped up on top of it and paused as two more

lats creased into the already dozen abs that lined my belly, shoulders thickening, rounding outward and separating into individual chords held tight by a webbing of thick cable-thick veins. Long hard tendons and brachials were spilling out of my flesh as my body's musculature mutated into insane definition no human being has ever held, and I increased in size by a few more feet, possibly ten feet now from just the energy from the electricity that I took into me and shunted into my body. "I keep forgetting, the majority of the scriptures are around Jerusalem and... Jericho."

"Jericho? You intend to go to Jericho?" Cleo gasped.

"I have to. I need to find out about myself, Cleo." I told her, and skipped forward and landed more than thirty feet away... and that was only by leaping with foot power only! "Ah... hah-hah-hah..." I breathed then, not out of the exertion, but as my bones creaked and thickened, billowed and filled out, I could feel them flattening at the ribs and forearms as my insides changed even more, becoming more and more inhuman.

Instead of actual rib bones, my rib cage had mutated to be overlapping plates, the same with my forearms while my sternum thickened in its curvature. All of this was to allow even more strength and muscle growth spontaneously rippling beneath the skin, which likewise tugged on the strings of my sex and made it dance like a marionette before I came again in a long studious lance that caused sparks on the electrical wires once it spilled down over my toes.

Gripping my sopping wet cunt, I squeezed some of the acrid juices from the panty I was wearing while the bungee cords of the panty cut into my skin.

"A word of warning, oh great Behemoth..." Cleo said as she floated in near, agilely navigating the plane between the ground and the sky as a humming bird might.

"Quit it..." I smirked at her as I recovered from the exertion of the slow change, pushing the crotch of the panty aside so that I could caress the insides of my inner vaginal column.

I could feel a second layer of musculature forming between my bones... like a webbing of tendons that thickened me even more as I unfolded at the thighs, the arms and calves, chest and upper back disgorging even more as my tits flared and swelled now to twice the alphabet in size... or what I call the ZZ-cup size... literally a fifty-two inch bust. Inside me my vitals were being encased in segmented and hooking layers of bone to protect the heart and cage the lungs in bony ribbing of their own separate from the actual rib bones I had, while more muscles and tendons spanned between those first and second sets of ribs.

I coaxed another flushing burst of nectar from me that filtered around my long fingers as I grew even more, breasts flattening inside the fabric hemming them in while my clit disgorged, dragging the labial minor flaps with it and quivering and wiggling as it flexed and tightened.

"Oh fine..." Cleo managed as I seemed to calm and drag my fingers from inside me. "But regardless, I'm going to tell you.

"Jericho is a powerful place, Dani. You will be wise to listen to and understand what I say. People live there, sure... but that place is ancient for mankind. It was your first settlement, and despite the ravages of time, countless wars and so on, it still stands!

"But it's older than your recorded history... much, much older."

"Older?" I blinked as I reset the panty over my loins, the thing barely covering the slid now as my sex disgorged mightily before I took to resizing the fabric about my chest.

“Indeed... older. Things happen in Jericho that belie usual magics. It’s a perilous place for the arcane at the best of times, and a powerful place for the holy and unholy even at the worst of times.”

“Holy and unholy? How is that possible?”

“There is a legend that there is a place there where the Day Star fell to earth.”

“Day Star... as in Lucifer?”

“Yea verily.” Cleo nodded and took another picture of me without my top on.

“Warning heeded.” I said and sat down on an air conditioner unit, and the metal bent inward beneath my butt and started rattling. “Woo... don’t know my own weight anymore.”

“Yeah bushel britches...” Cleo smirked and then lowered beside me to sit there and looked through the pictures she’d already taken. “...you’re lucky those cables held your weight. I dare say they won’t be able to again.”

“You calling me fat?” I scoffed.

“No... miss Behemoth... I’m calling you large. Muscle weighs more than fat, and you have more muscle in you than a football team of line backers and you’re supernatural to boot! I might even wager ultra-natural.”

“Ultra... natural?” I asked raising an eyebrow. “I didn’t know that level existed...”

“It’s the tenuous level that explains that range between supernatural maximums and demigod minimums. Think about it: how many human-sized beings can overpower a Lycan in their hybrid form... let alone a lion. I’m certain he fought back.”

“He did.” And I rubbed one side of my face, feeling only silky smooth flesh that was nonetheless tougher than hardened leather. And then I stopped rubbing, and spied my hand, contemplating the nails that were starting to hook and fingertips that were starting to fatten for retractable claws.

External changes began with the nails and the extremes of my body like my ears. Even now my ears were lengthening at the tips and were elfin in appearance. I was still strengthening and I was only in the first stages of transformation. By all accounts, I should be done with growth and only be transforming but both were happening at the same time. Lowering that hand and folding both hands over my sex, Cleo remained silent beside me, watching me as I groaned and creaked and the fabric around me likewise groaned as it tightened harder into my flesh. I was creaming milk from my tits, and I was creaming nectar from my loins, with that wedge of fabric covering them nearly transparent and so wet that moisture was leaking through the fabric, past my covering hands and dripping onto the ground.

The air-conditioner unit squealed beneath my butt and I rose promptly.

Peeling the panty off my loins and letting an acrid cloud of steam rise off them, arching myself to look over that voluminous chest of mine, I saw the sticky moisture peel from my loins as I sighed sensually before massaging the sticky-moist juices my body exuded when horny.

“You know if you keep doing that... you’re going to go blind.” Cleo teased.

“And you don’t lick your pussy for half an hour to be clean.” I sighed, tilting my head back and massaging the labial muscles, caressing the sensitive flesh between them and rubbing my engorged super large clit.

“Sure... cats are clean animals.” She murred and I smirked.

“There’s being clean and then there’s being on vacation.” I said in reply as the mane of hair on top of my head rose to stand on end in spikey clumps.

We smirked at each other in the humor of all this till a scream rang out nearby and my eyes snapped open immediately as I turned to the direction and jerked my hand from those panties.

“It came from over there!” Cleo said and rose up into the air but I was already bounding forward, hopping and leaping as I continued changing, the exertion forcing muscles to engorge to super-human proportions as I came to the end of a building and looked down five stories at a scene unfolding.

“Come chicky-chicky-chicky-pool!” one man with a knife said as a woman, backed up and gripping her purse to guard herself, was hemmed in by two walls and a high wood fence.

“N-no... stop! Please! I don’t have anything you want!” the woman cried and I clenched my jaw, knowing the scene that was unfolding as I paced the men on the edge of the building’s roof retaining wall.

How to avoid being raped – Part Two: What to avoid: I will reiterate that this young fem has made several mistakes. Let’s look over them shall we?

1. She was traveling alone at night: *Here’s another Rhymer’s Fun Fact: Degenerates come out at night. Don’t go outside at night unless you have a friend. Degenerates are also cowardly animals, and in their minds, two men do not equal to two women.*
2. Know the neighborhood: *Hell, look online. Your local police stations often times have websites that tell you the density of crimes and what sort of crimes happen in their area.*
3. Fucking... SCREAM!: *You have an intensely shrill, high pitched voice. Scream damn you... SCREAM! Help! Help! Police! Anyone Help! You do it loud enough and long enough, you will get help, and chances are these cowardly pricks will turn tail and run.*
4. Don’t go down dark alleys: *Such as this one... This particular woman has made the mistake of trying to run down a side street, away from the main street where her probability of actually receiving aide was much, much higher. Now, not only is she trapped, but now it’s too late to scream for help... per se. Luckily for her, my senses are incredibly enhanced.*
5. RUN!: *Run away, keep running, and don’t stop till you’re in a public place with authorities who can help you.*
6. When cornered, don’t beg: *It only makes them want to violate you more.*

“Sure you got something we want. Now show us your tight little snatch so that we can fuck you!” the two men laughed and I tipped forward, flipped, twisted and landed with a massive lunge that vibrated the ground, and the two men turned even as I rose to my full height behind them, now ten feet in height.

“You want a woman to fuck?” I asked and reached outward as the man with the knife held it out to defend himself but I just lightly gripped his hand, flicked the blade with my thumb to break it off, and then crushed his hand. “Well how ‘bout me?”

Turning to the woman as I caught the other man as he tried to run, I directed my steely gaze at her.

“Run. You don’t want to see this.”

“Th-thank you.” She gasped and ran, amazed at me, stopping and pausing to take me in before she rushed away again with the click-click-click of high heels after I raised an eyebrow at her.

And now kiddies... it’s time for another fun fact: *Women become prey more than men not only because by-and-by they are physically inferior... but high heels really aren’t made for running in. When out with friends or your boyfriend, wear heels. When out alone... wear sneakers, and try not to wear dresses. The restrictive clothing only keeps you from running away.*

“W-w-what are you going to do?” the first man gasped.

“What are you?!” the other whimpered.

“I am a predator’s predator. You two were predators, now you’re my prey. So I’m going to do to each of you what only a predator-prey relationship brings.”

And holding the first man up to me, I held back my gag reflex and kissed him.

**I’d mentioned that I could feed off women, and you might wonder how that’s done.
It’s done by a kiss.**

And so I kissed this drunken reprobate and sucked... sucked hard, suck-start a leaf blower, and that started the chain reaction as something inside him burst, an essence sort of thing, and his eyes and mouth opened wide, wider, widest, right before light poured from his mouth and nostrils right into my mouth and nostrils, and then from his eyes and ears to my eyes and ears, and his muscle, his strength and a little of his life disgorged into me.

I never went all the way, I never killed a person doing this... I stopped whenever I drew life from them. But I knew, if I truly wanted to kill a person... I could do it this way.

But now that it was done, the man collapsed down to his knees, too weak to be able to support his own eight at the moment before I turned the other man toward me, and gripping his head with both hands, repeated the process.

The second man was deflating as I held him by the coat collar, and with my throat bobbing as I drank in all that sweet essence – like the nectar of the gods – I finished with him, leaving him thinned and passed out... and more to the point weaker than the average woman.

Panting, I stumbled to a wall and palmed it, gyrating my hips rhythmically like I was riding a cock as I still swallowed repeatedly.

“You going to be ok?” Cleo asked. And the two men amazed at her.

“Never absorbed from two p-people at once. I groaned and tensed, shuddering.” And then slowly I gasped. “I... I...” I stammered, shocked as I felt what was happening to me.

“What is it?!” Cleo gasped. “Do you need me to do anything?”

“One of them had cancer! I absorbed it! How did I do that?!” I struck my stomach, trying to throw it up like I do certain sicknesses when they get in me, but this one didn’t come out.

Cleo blinked. “I have no idea how... you know about as much about yourself as I do, and... Dani! Look out!” Cleo gasped as she spied something over my shoulder and I turned right in time to move my head out of the way and take a bullet in my shoulder.

It wasn’t your usual sort of bullet either... it was the size of an elephant gun shell, shot from a handgun that was perhaps best likened to a reinforced sawed off elephant gun. The bullet itself was a runed twenty-four carat gold round laced with silver inlay, with the bullet itself weighing nearly two pounds traveling at the speed of sound from having been shot from a casing filled with a high-velocity explosive that would cause a typical round to go extra fast, but would allow this sort of round to go just fast enough to have a range of a heavy pistol round.

The hand gun itself was expertly tooled from cold wrought iron, the thing itself weighing over five pounds. It had expert recoil compensation to it, but regardless it kicked like a mule and pealed like a shotgun.

It was a Hunter’s round.

I didn’t think, I leapt, sailing upward as another round rang out but missed me... there went a small fortune that some random person would find and sell as I triangle jumped to the top of the buildings and flipped over its edge. A wall wouldn’t save me for long from such firepower, but I had to get this bullet from out of me.

An explanation about Lycanthrope weaknesses: *A Lycan is weak again magic, another Lycan or supernatural creature – vampires in particular – and usually one precious metal. I happen to be weak against two precious metals. In regards to gold and silver, what we are weak against is two-fold: firstly, the metal counteracts the natural magics and enchantments that are around us. Our defenses that allow us to Superman normal bullets – meaning they flatten or bounce off us – our weakness metal or metals ignore that supernatural endurance ability and penetrate like normal.*

The metal then, upon penetration, creates a reaction against our blood. That reaction, depending upon the degree of the allergy, can range from a wound we just can’t heal normally till we pick the metal out, to a rather... explosive... reaction, violently popping and even exploding inside the body.

To no small degree, being shot in the first place hurts. But that is compounded by the burning, searing sensation akin to taking a ten-thousand watt soldering iron and jabbing it in the wound. But this was only with penetration. Quite possibly I could still touch, handle and even eat with the metal... it’d just feel warm to me as it reacted sub-epidermally to my blood. That was me. Some Lycan will have severe burning reactions with just mere contact with the metal.

I dug into the wound, gritting my teeth while at the same time trying to let my muscles relax so that I could withdraw the bullet using my claws. Pulling the soft metal out, I gasped in relief now that it was out as I looked at it in my hand while the wound healed itself.

“You ok?” Cleo asked as she appeared from out of nowhere.

“Oh... sure... I was only *shot*. I’m ok...” and I looked at the round in my hand, the wound spitting out the corrupted blood while the blood on the bullet was drying out and flaking rapidly into dust. “Look at that... it’s not

even squashed. It may be intact then. Try to wash this off... I need to study their design, try and create a ward for it.”

“Create a ward against a clergy round? Good luck...” she said and took the bloody round from me that weighed a good kilo as I shifted and turned, hearing the Hunter methodically climbing the fire escape to get to me.

“Get scarce... I’ll lead him away.” I said and she nodded and winked away.

Hunters weren’t trained to be stupid. He was waiting for me to poke my head over and try something. But I wasn’t stupid either... regardless, being shot, and suddenly realizing that I’d somehow absorbed some strain of cancer was rather frightening... I *felt* sick. That was bad. I needed to distract him, so I crouched, bent, punched through the wall where the plate was that held the fire escape, and knocked the whole thing off kilter.

Rising and heading away, I knew I couldn’t go on the ground looking like this, or else hear reports of “Help! Help! Monster!” and the range on those damn guns were intense. I needed to hide... I needed to hide... but where?

And then I saw something and I rolled my eyes toward heaven. “Really?” I mouthed toward God.

Bargaining that the Hunter was expecting me to go leaping in the other direction, I instead leapt right over his head. He indeed wasn’t ready for that, and bounding over the rooftops, I headed right for a place that on this time of the day and the time of the week would be empty save for the person who ran it.

The Catholic Church.

I palmed the wound as it closed... much faster than usual. That was strange... I never healed from a Clergy Bullet that fast before. I was fingering the fading scar when the door banged open and the Hunter entered, and I slid behind a wall on the upper balcony above the door.

He looked about, and then turning he closed the door and wedged a thick candelabra into the wooden door handles.

“You would commit such heresy that you would enter into a house of God demon?!” the Hunter mentioned as I heard the crack of the breach of his gun being opened and the clink of new bullets.

“Ask yourself...” I replied, throwing my voice. “I’m on hallowed ground, why am I not writhing in pain now? If I were indeed a demon... then why is it that I can walk on holy ground so?”

Little known fact: *Lycanthropes weren’t demons. We weren’t evil, but nonetheless, the Catholic Clergy saw us as such. Sure there were ravenous beasts among us alright worthy of extermination, but the same thing is true for human beings too. Knowing about that assumption allowed me to play mind games with them... possibly... just possibly get them to realize their mistake.*

And then I had to bite my lower lip as my loins began doing something strange, and the feeling slowly slid up my bowels as my bones creaked and muscles ground. Damn it... not now! Not with a Hunter here!! But regardless I felt the clothing I wore tighten about me, ears lengthening, face crunching as it pushed outward while my ribs flared the rest of my body. I had to quickly untie the chest wrap as my tits and chest surged forward like advancing glaciers, fluids rushing into those tits as their underbellies thickened with a fat milk vein to feed the throbbing nipples. The pair began to cream while my thighs flared open of their own accord, and my woman’s sex began to

throb as it bulged, the thing leaking and spitting minute jets of nectar that was so pungent in its smell it was dizzying, the vivacious thickness of that vaginal mound straining the elastics holding the patch of panty over them.

“Is it because that I am either not a demon... or is this church, this house of God, not really holy ground?”

“Now you speak sacrilege!”

“Calling my words sacrilege... wow... I never heard that one before. As a matter of fact I hear sacrilege spoken every day by people who call themselves men of God. I hear it from people in the streets... every day! I don't see you rushing out to murder them.”

“They're people. They can be saved!”

“And I cannot?” I groaned and panted, feeling my body converting and transforming even faster, belly lengthening and gaining two more sets of abs and another set of lats, my neck lengthening and thickening with the throat as my tailbone slowly dragged itself out from between my thick butt cheeks in order to hang over those cheeks. My feet snapped and cracked as they lengthened, the toes spreading and their nails lengthening. “I read the scriptures, I believe in God the Father, His Son and the Holy Ghost. I just don't believe them as you do. I look different and believe different things, so you'd kill me?”

“You are a demon!”

“And who says so?!” I shouted back, and turning, I crawled as best as I could, my tits sliding compressed against the floor, and I suppressed a groan as my teats struck each notch between the floorboards, my pussy steaming in the cool air and wafting with its heinous womanly juices. “Why are we monsters? Who said we were monsters? Who tested us to see that we were without a soul? While I'm at it, who said Jews were not of God? Who said Muslims are not of God.”

“Jews are dirty!”

“Wait-wait-wait... you said what now? All Jews are dirty?”

“Yes!”

“Wasn't Christ a Jew?” I countered and he stopped. “That's right... you don't think of that do you when you slaughtered and then allowed the slaughter of millions of Jews during the Inquisition and the Holocaust. Surely the Son of your God's people was truly men and women of God. But hey, if Jews are dirty then Christ is dirty isn't he? If Christ is dirty then all Christians who follow his words are also dirty, and if all followers of his word are dirty then you are just as filthy as I am, aren't you?”

“He was a Jew! But the other Jews crucified Him! That's why they are dirty.” He shouted back.

“And yet you didn't make that distinction before. How many other exceptions have you made to blanket rules like that?”

And I bit my hand with its fangs in an attempt to silence my moaning as my pussy surged and clenched and moistened as I scrunched in an alcove, amazing at the massive surges of growth I was dealing. The cancer in my body was spreading... it was... becoming a part of me... and I was mutating because of it! My skin was turning porcelain white... a different coloring than I always possessed, it was snaking around bones and muscle and even

my heart... but it wasn't choking me, it was... becoming me! Was I a cancer? Or did I actually absorb a strain of cancer beneficial to me? Or is it Cancer harmful to all Humans, but in me it was beneficial?

“Semantics! You horrid creature! You twist my words into falsehoods!”

“Am I? How do I twist something and make it false unless it already was false? By the way... how are you doing on that first question? Am I a demon and this church is not hallowed ground, or is this hallowed ground and I am a creature of God?”

I heard footsteps on a ladder, my heart was quickening, growing faster and faster as my heart beat throbbed in my neck and temples. Something was happening to me, something different, and biting my hand again my loins disgorged even further, pelvic bones changing and rolling as my tail lengthened and fattened, forearms lengthening as well as I slid even more from humanity. A hand slid between my legs and I caressed my sex, right up and down the slit. That's right... I was masturbating in a church. I apologized to God, but I really needed to think, and coaxing feeling out of my pussy for some relief might help.

I was wrong.

“While you're dwelling on that, let me challenge you with something Priest.” I gasped between microorgasms.

“Father...” he replied immediately.

“Not my father. I don't remember coming out of your loins, and you don't look like you're old enough. And, oh... by the way... aren't you a virgin?”

“What's your challenge?!” he demanded.

“You answer my questions, I will come out and you can shoot me right in the head.”

“Deal. Even if I fail your challenge I'll still kill you. What are your questions?”

“They're matters of faith, really, Priest. Let's begin with the immediate. Using only the King James version of the Bible... tell me what scriptural passage or passages outlines that a Priest like you needs to be celibate.”

He was silent.

“Hey I got a joke for you.”

“I haven't time for jokes. What are your questions?” he growled.

“Don't worry... this one's good... you'll definitely laugh at it. Woman in Italy cleans out her basement and finds a chest. In the chest she finds a series of scrolls written in Latin. She brings them to her Priest to translate it. He cannot. He brings it to his Bishop... he cannot. He brings it to his Cardinal who cannot. The Cardinal goes to the Pope, and is given permission to have an archivist translate it. The Cardinal returns a day later to find the Archivist and his staff collectively banging their heads against a wall. The Priest asks why he was doing that. The Archivist responds:

“The word was *'Celebrate.'*”

“So tell me, Priest. Do you have an answer to my question?” He was quiet. “I’ll take that as a no then. Next question... tell me the passages detailing and outlining the holy office of the Pope as set forth by God or by Jesus.” More silence. “No? How about the holy office of the Cardinal? No? Nuns? What about the process of dedicating and setting apart a house to be used as a cloister? Where does the word ‘Nunnery’ occur in the bible? What about Purgatory? Where in God’s plan do people go to limbo and wait to be judged?!”

“Silence you whore!”

I yanked the fabric over my chest as my tits ballooned steadily, swelling and engorging atop chest muscles that thickened, right before those heavy chords slid upward and a new set of pectorals sloughed downward, giving me four pecs now. The change was advancing quickly... and the pleasure got me squeezing my pussy tightly with one hand as I grit my teeth.

“Whore? You are indeed a hypocrite, Priest. You have wasted, what... thirty years of your life to a church of lies?”

“You will not speak such things!!” and I heard a shotgun bang and a bullet cracked through the wall just above my head.

“Catholics are good people, Priest, but they’ve been collectively duped into doing the whimsy of a few wicked men in your past.”

“THE CHURCH DOES NOT MAKE MISTAKES!” he bellowed and two more shots rang out over my head and I slumped downward and gripped my soggy cunt, panting now as I felt my body swelling on the inside, changing radically unlike anything I’d ever experienced before. Bones were crunching now as I shifted and grew... lengthening as I felt a hardening of my flesh collecting along abs and along the bases of those two new pecks, and I palmed my belly even as every ab I had grew hardened with a grand nipple.

“Tell that to the Jews.” I groaned and felt a crunch as my hip bones flared wider, the bowl of my pelvis deepening, spreading my legs from each other as they bubbled like bread in an oven as it cooked from my muscles billowing and engorging thicker than my middle was even.

And just like that, I felt three more pairs of abs seem to grow in from the pelvis, each shifting upward in time for the next pair and then the next pair, each of them growing a hardened teat soon after their arrival as my secondaries, two new tits, swelled from the secondary pectorals I had now. They began as A cups, then swelled to B’s, then C’s...

“Tell me, how do the Arabs like all the Crusades you’ve accomplished against them. Is it any wonder that Arabs hate Christians enough to strap dynamite to their bodies, run into crowded places and blow themselves up?”

“You... you despicable creature! Then answer my challenge if you’re worthy enough for it!”

“Ask away Priest.” I panted, no longer throwing my voice as my body cracked and my feet lengthened, claws growing from me now as the cancerous cells mutated inside me, transforming me, changing and thickening my flesh as inner muscles made me denser than ever.

“Where... where in the broad scheme of the Bible do you exist... huh? Where does it speak of you?”

“Funny you should ask that. I just came upon a new... hah... a new revelation today. I’ll tell you where my kind exists in your precious bible. Job... chapter forty.” I replied smartly.

I waited for him to recall the passage.

“No! No you are not! Do not dare compare yourself to the Behemoth! That was a hippopotamus!”

“Says who? Your teacher? His teacher, his teacher’s teacher? The Nun in catholic school? Who says that a creature reference by God is a hippo and not... me?”

“Because it was a he...” he bit tersely, and I smiled. His tone told me he was being conflicted.

“Tell me, Priest. Have you ever seen a baby pigeon?” he paused, he was stunned by the question.

“What does that...”

“Well neither have I, but that doesn’t make it that they don’t exist. I have parents, I have the parts of a female, surely there is another with the parts of a male out there. I exist, Priest, and through the mouth of God Himself to Job does my people exist... despite however many of them you and your order haven’t murdered throughout time.

“Tell me Priest... ever wonder why your church seems to be closing down? Whole sections of your church declaring bankruptcy, your meeting halls growing thinner and thinner every year, Priests are being arrested for diddling choir boys. It’s because... by and by... people are growing intelligent enough on their own to recognize that your whole faith is nothing but bullshit.”

“It’s not bullshit!” he bellowed and punctuated that with a shot and another shot that impacted over my head. And I smirked and groaning, I rose, tits wobbling as I untied the front of my wrap, tried to retie it but couldn’t so I loosened the wrap a loop and tied it again before stuffing the excess between my tits.

Stepping to the end of the alcove, lifting my arms above my head and striking a sexy pose, my thighs pressing together, squelching the panties over my sex as my four tits jiggled, I addressed him.

“That’s five...” I smirked, but then he raised the gun again and I blinked at it.

“Yes, yes it is monster... but this is six.”

Shit... they changed the design...

Ever see that movie *‘Wanted’*?

The concept of *‘curving the bullet’* in the movie, though it might’ve been considered unrealistic, was feasible. The thing is about that movie is that these people were essentially super-humans. A heart beating three to five times faster than the typical heart beating required a sort of cardiovascular strength that humans just didn’t have. Through some genetic flaw, or possibly an evolutionary trait – Cancer? – they not only had the ability to have a heart that could do that, but they also had the ability to pump enough adrenaline into their bodies that would be likewise rendered poisonous to a normal human being. That required toxin filtration abilities above and beyond the typical Human ability.

Those physiological things aside, the next part to their trick was the curving of the bullet thing.

The calculations of wind-speed, gravity, arch, twisting of the gun, etc. necessary to curve a bullet were ridiculous... but still improbably possible. To cover all those Cray Computer necessary calculations, they covered that people were able to accomplish this task on pure instinct.

Some of you may consider that being able to curve the bullet is a statistical impossibility, but like I mentioned, there are those who are born with the extraordinary built inside them. Take me for example.

But... it is possible, to the right person, to train them to the extraordinary. Case in point... Mozart, Einstein and Da Vinci and so on all possessed the particular mental drive to excel in their particular fields. And just like Blue Angels are geniuses in the control of an airplane, a Hunter... is a genius in the control of a gun, and quite possibly possessing the divine power of God to allow them to do the things that they do.

So... there I was, a large stone post between our field of visions. He aimed through the post, swung his arm out, and like a limp-wristed flailing hit head, he wiped that gun back and pulled the trigger with a twist of the wrist.

But like I stated, I am an example of the extraordinary, and suddenly, that throbbing, beating, strumming heart of mine broke... it literally burst and ripped apart, the one separating in two, and I saw the world slow. Color faded in favor of that one spinning thing that I focused on, the rifling of the barrel allowing the one kilo thing to arch around the stone post and then arch backward toward my heart, and so I reacted. I turned, but the size of my tits had grown, that bullet would explode through both those breasts... and I quite like my breasts ... so considering the impossible, my hand snaked through the air almost in slow motion, the thing quickening as my heart hammered faster, my fingers closing tightly around the metal as I caught what would've ended me that day.

Time reverted to normal as my heart... hearts... slowed, and gasping for air I looked down at my hand and opened the fingers slowly, seeing the gold and silver metal there, still smoking.

“Ah... ah... ah!” I gasped and bounced it from hand to hand. “Hot potato!”

“Im... impossible! Nothing so large as you is that fast!” the Priest gasped, throwing his wide-brimmed hat back, he holstered his pistol with one hand, grabbed his belt buckle, and then whipped his metal belt off, and a chain of silvery and golden butterfly links came off his waist.

Whipping it at me, I bounded forward, tits bouncing heavily as chest muscles bundled and clenched, and gripping one of the stone pillars here I used it to round the bend to get to the Priest before lifting my arm as the whip descended, the thing wrapping about my arm and hooking into the flesh. Gritting my teeth as he yanked the weapon that should've spiral cut my arm only caught and I used the tug to my advantage to swat the misguided man even as he cracked the breach of his gun to reload it with speed loader perhaps, but the blow knocked him off kilter and he loosened his grip with both hands. A yank of my tangled arm still didn't cut it to ribbons, but the butterflies hooked deeper, but it did pull the weapon from the Hunter's hand before I lifted a leg and mule kicked him.

I only meant to knock him away, but my strength had increased radically, and even a little strike like that sent him careening against the curved wall, tumbling over and over against the wall for a few feet before he crumpled down it and bounced off the floor before tumbling down to the lower level.

“Oops...” I winced, and drew my attention to the bladed whip, and wincing I dislodged the weapon one time at a time, gritting my teeth as I walked to the edge of the balcony, and looking down, I saw the Priest laying there on a busted pew.

Tossing the whip aside down below, I hopped down, the landing simple and easy for me, my tits heaving up and then down again with gravity as I stood over the Priest, exhaling through my nose in irritation.

Tits: An Interesting Tale: *A breast, or a mammary, is a female mammal's badge of honor. It is their phenomenal God-given right simply by an act of birth to bare and nurture life. A man like this Priest needed to study and prepare along a life-long quest to be worthy of his authorities to use God-given powers. The moment that he was rendered impure of such powers, he lost the authorities to use them, and just like that, those powers disappeared. A woman, however, could be the most despicable creature on earth, but still bare the right to conceive, give birth, nurture and raise a child. Some Legends of Morgan le Fay was a prime example of this, of a woman who disguised herself as Guinevere and slept with Arthur – her brother – to create an illegitimate child that she then intended to rise to the throne. But enough with that, it's the raising of a child that is in question here.*

Those tits, breasts, bazongas, yabbos, boobies, ta-tas, chi-chis, milk tanks, jugs – with one or more g's in the jugs part, multiple in my case – and of course... golden bozos, are thick heady mounds of mucus membranes surrounded by weighty fat and a thick layer of skin capped by two areola and thusly capped with two nipples. When filled with milk, as mine were, they could act as a hindrance. They eliminated a range of arm motion directly in front of a woman on a plane where they existed, they were awkward and threw one's balance off, reduced the visibility immediately before a woman, and they had the heinous tendency of acting as a bib, being that any food that falls from your mouth invariably hits you right on the chest.

Most women develop an instinctive counter-balance act that all humans really develop, but the counterbalancing in a woman's instinctive mind is superior to the simple balance act that a male uses. As such, inherently, a woman uses her tits as she walks, runs, does somersaults and acrobatics to actually improve her dexterity, and coupling that with a lower center of gravity thanks to our extremely arched spines and wider hip base, a woman is inherently more dexterous than a man. So that little hop there from up on that balcony I was instinctively counter-balancing my weight. But consider this... when fighting, these fat ladies worked and could be used at close range just like a block-and-tackle.

I gave a twitch as my breasts, all four of the largest and perpetually engorging and swelling things wobbling and rocking as I stepped over the Priest, and toeing him over and pressing a foot against his chest, not to crush him, I wasn't a murderer, just to pin him to the ground.

“You're lucky I'm not some evil thing.” I voiced looking down at his unconscious form. “Otherwise I really would crush the life out of you... just because it would be simpler.”

I tensed, panting as I leaned against the wall, tail telescoping as more and more vertebrae appeared there, chest thrusting and crunching forward, back groaning backward as existing spines thickened and extended into long knobs that poked out of the back. Skin stretched and thickened all over again as muscles deepened into tight tertiary muscles. I became laden with super detailed chords nearly from head to foot, everything hardened and rounded save for my tits and face... only those remained soft and curvaceous. Regardless, my tits had expanded to become larger than they'd ever been before even as I grew taller at neck and waist, and tugging my chest wrap open again as it's quick tie knotted, I panted as those milk-filled things rolled outward to perpetually press against biceps that kept rolling outward and thickening.

Biceps like watermelons, breasts like medicine balls... I was a sight to see as I squatted, thighs flared and my ripened cunt burning with heat so that it's red blush shone through the wet layer of panty over it.

Moisture leaked from me, dripping onto the floor while my back flared then, shoulders stretching neck muscles, throat deepening as I grew deeper and taller, thighs roiling outward and forelegs thickening, separating into knots of chords and brachials that crisscrossed each other. Thighs flared, ears pointed and grew longer than ever as the long mane of hair I had crept down the nape of my neck before lining the spine before that hair rose up into spikes about my head, the lot of it glittering and glistening as the clumps of it splayed off the back of my head like spikes and horns.

Knobs of hardened bony protrusions were forming all over me now, bubbling and roiling while creases in my skin deepened, and gripping my cunt as it unfolded outward, its sexual power skyrocketing as I grit my teeth, those teeth growing long and thick and hard, I panted even as milk leaked from my tits.

"Y-you would defy a house of god by... *masturbating* inside its halls?!" the Priest asked and I turned to him as he hung there in the middle of the chamber by ropes about his wrists.

"Look..." I panted as I turned fully to him and he looked away from my chest, but I smirked as his shorts bowed outward with an obvious erection. "I'm a woman, and I'm in heat as I transform like this. It's a natural thing that I can't do anything about. Lactating women leak milk, aroused women leak their nectar. Not all naked things are considered pornography."

I'd hung him by ropes in the middle of the room, arms out to his sides like he'd been crucified; only I'd not broken his legs, or pierced his feet, palms and wrists with spikes. I had, however, out of fear of what else he might have on him, taken his raiment off. It was so laden with hidden weapons it was ridiculous.

"Why do you look away?" I asked him as my skin prickled with growing fur as my mane grew down the length of my spine toward the tip of my tail.

"To avoid... temptation of the flesh."

"Hmm..." I managed and tied up my primaries which thusly hid my secondaries, but I murred and palmed my belly as more and more abdominals appeared, two more sets now, and each set gained a nipple pair of their own.

I was growing inhuman, bestial. It would only get more intensive and exciting the further along I went.

"Tell me, Priest... where in the Bible does it say that a Priest must remain celibate? Martin Luther woke up from the nightmare of Catholicism, posted his thesis when he did, inadvertently created a religion made up of countless others who woke up from the same nightmare, so why do you do it?"

"You tempt me with your flesh. I am a Man of God!"

"So are Lutherans, so are Rabbis, so are countless other faiths who marry and have wives and bare children. The first, the very first commandment that God gave man was bare fruit and multiply, and not once in all my searching of the scriptures have I ever come across a passage that stated a man or a woman of the cloth must remain celibate, so why do you?"

"Because Christ was! And we are closer to Christ than any other Christian faith on Earth! We are the rightful heirs through Saints Peter, James and John!"

I shook my head and folded my arms as I paced over to him, stepping over the pews.

“In His time, Christ was called ‘*Rabbi*’. In the Jewish Faith, to be a Rabbi required for a man to be *married*.” His face widened with shock. “But you didn’t realize that do you? Well here’s some other information. There was a marriage in the scriptures, the definitive time when Christ turned water into wine, but it’s never said who’s wedding it was. His disciples were there, even his mother was there, she was the one who grieved about running out of wine so Christ turned the water into wine to please her. But why was she there in the first place? Why would she attend a marriage that her son was attending? That his disciples were attending? Who’s marriage was it anyways?”

“By the way, before I forget, wine as a sacramental thing: where the scriptures say that he turned water into ‘*wine*’... they were talking about a fruit drink similar to grape juice. Remember in the Book of Exodus, when the Sons of Aaron were found drunk in the tabernacle, that it was decreed that ‘*Strong Drink*’, meaning Alcohol, was to be made forbidden? That law still stood in Christ’s day, so a perfect being would not break Mosaic Law placed down by God by drinking alcohol now would he? As such, it’s against God’s law to use alcohol as a sacrament by the same discourse.

“But continuing on, Priest, being that Christ was called a Rabbi, and since that meant he was to be married, then it could be said that the wedding described in the Bible was his own.”

“Lies, lies, *lies!*” the Priest scoffed. “Who was the wife then?”

“Mary Magdalene.” I replied and then moved a few steps to the side to stand more in front of him.

“Impossible! She was a Whore! Impure! This is not the Da Vinci code!”

“Think about it. Christ met her before the wedding. She, along with his disciples, was the only woman constantly at his side other than his own mother. She was there as he was hoisted onto the cross, she was there when he died, and when she went to anoint him in his tomb, alone, she and she alone was the person that Christ came to meet before ascending to the Father. Not his mother, not his disciples, now think... when a man is in love, and he has the choice to go see one person before he ascends, who do you think he’d go see? Peter, James and John? His Mother? Or his wife?”

“S-silence. Blasphemy... s-sacrilege.”

“You’re stuttering, Priest. Is it perhaps that you’re seeing a correlation to the bullshit of your religion that I’ve been talking about? George Carlin for his mortal life spoke of the greatest bullshit story ever told: Religion. He was raised Catholic. He did everything he could to make fun of the church because he recognized it as nothing but pure, unadulterated, bullshit. Don’t you see the problem in it?”

“Never! I am a Man of God!”

“And I am a Woman of God! ...Sometimes.”

“You are a demon! A defiler! A...” I strode over to the bowl of holy water and dipped my hand into it, pulled it out and let the slightly oily waters slide down my arm.

“What do you say to that, Priest?”

“Y-you could’ve replaced it.”

“With what? There’s no bathroom in this place... I know... I checked. I had to go in the alleyway after hoisting you up like that to pee. So how could I have gone and got water that has the consistency of this water, pure, clean and so on, when I’m stuck like this?” I gestured at myself. “Oh excuse me my good shop keep, but I’d like a bottle of olive oil and some bottled water. Oh this? Never mind this, I just work out and I have a hair growth problem. Oh yeah... and these are claws!” and I flashed the claws out to him before making a fist. “Are you really so blind?! Fine... what do you say to this then?”

And I went to the gaudy crucifix of Christ, bent, knelt before it, and kissed His feet, showing the Priest my butt inadvertently before I rose and kissed the symbol of Christ’s cheek before turning again, seeing his eyes dilated and erection even larger.

“Hey...” I snapped my fingers twice. “I’m up here.” And I pointed at my face and he looked up. “Do you not see? There is a paradox here in your mind. I *look* like a demon... I certainly agree with you about that, and believe you me my look will only get worse. But I’m not. But then again, if I’m lying about that, then how can I touch holy water? How can I kiss the feet and cheek of the symbol of Christ?” and I strode to him, took hold of the crucifix from around his neck, and yanked it off his neck. It was made of silver, but I had no open wounds for it to scald. “I am more afraid of the metal that this is made of than the symbol itself.” And I looked at it. “And Christ spent his entire life succoring the sick and the hungry and the afflicted, and your whole religion fixates on his death. What does that say about it?”

“You... *tempt* me. Y-you befuddle my wits.” He said. “You are sent to test my faith... I-I will not falter in my diligence to...”

“Before you continue that mantra,” I interrupted and he looked to me. “Did you... *honestly* go out and begin investigating the various faiths that believe in a divine being, or did you decide to believe in what your parents believed and what your Priest told you what you should believe.

“The only way of finding true faith, Priest, is testing its principals. And I’ve already contradicted much of what you believe in... so I ask you... Priest... why do you persist in following your flawed faith as you do?”

I was getting to him, I felt like I was saving him. Personally, I didn’t have a faith that I’d chosen to follow, I was still investigating, but I was convinced that the true path was not Catholicism.

“Christ went to John the Baptist to be baptized by emersion in water. Why do you only have a miter that you sprinkle water on a baby? Here you are not even giving the child the choice... you just baptize him and say ‘*Huzzah! You are now baptized of God*’ and then proceed to guilt trip him or her into a myriad of choices.”

My investigations began because I grew up in a state orphanage. The problem with that orphanage was that it forced – at the time – the Catholic faith on us. Sure it was state-funded, but it was church ran. The church set up an orphanage and got a government stipend to take care of us brats. So Nuns and Priests forced us boys into gray knickers. I remember being fondled by the father in charge of the place. It was that instance that got me to thinking: ‘*What sort of religion had a man of god that would diddle a little boy?*’

“Fondled... your... *balls?*” The Priest gaped, interrupting for the first time.

“I’m an Anima.” I told him. “Clearly you don’t even understand what it is you hunt. I’m a girl in a boy’s body, and so when I change like any other sort of Lycanthrope, my girl parts come out and my boy parts go in.” he gaped. “But... let me ask you, did you enter the faith because you wanted to, or because someone told you to?”

“Even now the church is debating whether or not to allow its Clergy to Mary. Look at the signs!

“Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments!” Engraven images. Wow, not gods, it’s nice you call them Saints instead. They’re still engraven images!”

And I continued... till I had a cramp.

This time the sounds of breaking and creaking bones that snapped and crunched could be heard as I gasped from the feeling of my flesh tearing open along my back, and this time the spines of each vertebrae grew long, thick and sharp, extending out of my back as ribs flared and broadened even more deeply like a craggy rock over a cliff face of my abs. Thighs expanded outward, deepening, rounding over the tops from hip to knee, flaring wide and growing unnatural musculature and thickening tendons as biceps, triceps and forearms flared before my face pressed forward and my teeth gnashed while my tail telescoped down to the floor now.

“Ah...” I groaned and panted. “Stupid cramps. I think they’re worse now that I’ve taken steps to avoid them.”

“What sort of God would make a creature like you?” the Priest scowled.

“The same sort of God that made the Giraffe, the Platypus, the Sea Horse and the Hyena.” I countered with a smirk, panting as I undid the chest wrap and as all my chest muscles engorged, milk leaking from me, I folded both hands over my nipples as those primaries climaxed their milk into the cloth in my hands. “They’re all proof that God has a sense of humor... or if Robin Williams is right, a God that occasionally gets stoned.” And I laughed.

“You would mock God?”

“More like laugh with Him.” I said as I rubbed a tit, and he watched intently, licking his lips, and I smiled and cupped the tit. “There is a sect of Buddhism that believes in the smiling happy Buddha. It’s an entire religion based on laughter. How can you fault such a way in God?” and I looked at him and opened my hands to reveal my nipples. “Do you want a taste, Priest? My milk is quite sweet.”

“I... no! Y-you tempt me still!”

“I thought you were interested by the way you’re looking at me, and by the way your penis tells me it wants to penetrate my loins.” And we looked down at his groin. “Mph... a man as blessed with phallic power like you, Priest... should’ve spent his time finding a wife and raising nice fat babies.”

“So you can eat them you monster?!”

“Only if you don’t raise them right and they prey upon others, Priest.” My tits wobbled as I felt a pissing jet of nectar lance from my loins, and I clenched my teeth as it moistened my inner thighs, that triangular patch of panty hanging on for dear life right now. “My mind awakens, Priest. I can... hear...” I pressed my fingers against my

temples as I closed my eyes and pressed my chests against his body, framing his form and feeling his erection poke me in the belly. "...I can hear your desires. You dream of a woman... a... Nun?! How interesting."

"Get... get out of my head!" he groaned and I gripped his head with both hands, the chest wrap still dangling from my fingers as I forced his eyes to look at me. "You... are trapped. Let go! Do not adhere to this religion that punishes a man for believing in God. Don't you see the devil in it?! Don't you see how every last man, woman and child in it are tortured?"

"Talk about blasphemy... what gives you the right to speak for God and release a man from sin simply for confessing them? Let go of habit, let go of ignorance, open your damn eyes! God is not a being who hates you! God loves you for you, and He asks only for repentance and you can return unto Him, no matter the sin! Wrath, Greed, Sloth, Pride, Lust, Envy and Gluttony... all of these things are forgivable if you only confess to the Lord and do them no more!

"This woman! Whoever she is... confess your love and become a man unshackled from Catholic bred guilt!"

"Yes! Yes! I confess! Angela! I love..." And there was a crash through the door as a woman dressed in a Nun's habit. "...you." the Priest finished said as he looked over my shoulder.

"Demon!" she said and slammed the heavy doors shut with a noisy slam. "You get your damn hands off him!" and I looked at the Priest.

"Angela I presume?" and he nodded. "Ok... I know this looks bad, here I am a sight with your... um... man strung up like this, held back like he is with my tits pressed against him and..."

"Demon!" and she yanked off her robes, revealing a rather revealing set of underclothes that I guessed were a fighting gear.

The Nun's black veil and white coif with a rosary and a cross hanging about her neck were there, but the black habit itself, or the one she wore underneath the one she'd just removed and hurled away, was like a black backless evening gown, complete with the sides up to the hip opened to allow her long white stockinged legs freedom of movement. The sleeves of this habit had been rolled up and tied into large loops about each arm to reveal shoulders covered with silvery pauldrons marked with the crimson cross of the Hunter Order. White arm-length gloves likewise covered her arms for decency sake, while a gunman's torso harness with a back webbing made of leather and bungee straps held two smaller versions of the Priest's hand gun under each of her womanly muscled arms... which were just thickened and detailed woman's arms with long pipes. Her legs, within the nice long white socks, were muscled and strong.

A woolen belt wrapped her waist with another silver belt, again with the red cross of the Hunters emblazoned on it, and hanging from it was a bastard sword the likes of which knights of old may've once worn. Knives and small satchels of things hung from this belt that made Batman's utility belt look underequipped.

She even wore the silvery ring of a Nun, the one symbolizing her vows toward Jesus, but gone though were the underskirts. Instead of underskirts she wore a simple pair of swimsuit like bottoms that covered sex and bottom with a silvery plate over her loins, while a long white apron covered it all, again, marked by a red cross between her legs and a silvery detailed breastplate adorned her bosom that had a matching back piece. Her shoes weren't shoes, but rather silver armored boots with heels, and even as I watched, she removed a silvery face mask from behind her back and placed it about her mouth and yanked her sword out and held it in a warrior pose.

She looked like Chun Li if she dressed as a Nun and wasn't Asian.

A word about female warriors: *In the question as to who is a better warrior, men or women, I have to state women. Why? Because a woman can do the same thing as a man while wearing ten percent body coverage all while in high heels that a man swings around a sword the size of him and has one hundred percent body coverage.*

“Look... I don't want any trouble. We were having a religious conversation.”

“I can see the conversation you were trying to have, harlot! What sort of monster would try to break the covenants of a holy man toward God? I will destroy you for that! HA!!” and she skipped forward and began swinging her sword as I skipped backward but tumbled over the pews.

Flipping backward and trying to avoid this small, nimble and quick attacker with her swinging sword proved to be more difficult than dodging the Priest's bullet!

Two points should be made here: *1) never underestimate a woman, especially one in love 2) I spoke earlier that women were more dexterous than a man. This little fury exemplified that...*

“Stop... stop it... STOP!” I shouted and surged, my hand lancing outward to grab her throat and hoist her off the ground, and right then and there my body decided to experience a cramp.

“Ah... Ah... AHH!!” I cried and dropped her, stumbling back.

“We have her father!” she said as she fell to the ground with a click of her heels, and with two quick swipes of her sword, she swiped his bonds with her sword and he fell to the ground. “Our combined might will defeat her! This is our chance! The power of Christ compels you, Monster!” and she took a ready stance before me but paused as I snarled and expelled a pissing burst of nectar that splattered onto the floor, even as my back erupted in popping explosions. The Priest picked up his chain blade, and with a flip of a switch its butterfly links all spun to close their links together like a single flap of their wings downward before wires pulled all of the links together into a rigid sword. And he stood there, not looking at me, but at this Angela's butt.

“Come father... while she's distracted by our auras.”

“How... easy it is... for you to ignore another's plight.” I grit out as my muscles hardened, and creases in my musculature deepened so much that they began to part the flesh, the fur on my body growing from my pores only to lie flat while the hair atop my head splayed and curled in places like horns and my ears grew loner as my tail flared and the whole of my spine pulled out of my back that because each vertebrae grew so grand. “How you ignore the plight of another woman, regardless of her form... or of a man who apparently loves you.”

“Love me? A Father of the cloth?! Ha! I am married to the Lord Jesus Christ.”

“Strange how you rape Jesus, Nun.” I told her.

“W-w-what?! How dare you...”

“How dare you act as if you are married to a man who has never accepted you as his wife? How dare you marry a man at long distance without his say so. How dare you say that you have married the Lord Jesus even? The level of

Adultery that you commit is so grand it sits on you like a halo... or an aura if you will. How dare you do so when there is a man in this very room who loves you and wants you for his own?"

"A Father of the Cloth would not..." and she paused as the Priest did a laying on of hands on her... but it wasn't like you think. Oh he laid his hands on her... but not on her head. It was more on her butt.

I smirked as her eyes went wide and she jerked up and whirled as spikes erupted from my elbows and knees, my legs deepening from hip to toes, my butt thickening larger and tail growing to equal the length of my body, the thing stretching my loins as the panty that I still wore dug into my pussy. She turned to him as he palmed her face, and stepping forward, he kissed her...

"Father Bordello..." she breathed. "How could you... why would you..." she whirled to me. "She has you under her spell! I will destroy her! I will!"

And she turned and raised her sword.

"Angela! No!" this Bordello Priest shouted, but she flipped her sword to drive it into me, and I tried to defend myself, but I was dizzy with ecstasy and partially blinded from blurry eyes as my eyes were changing, the pupils pinching again into star pupils as I lashed out.

My hand connected with her, my claws slashing her belly. But it was only a scratch...

She froze, and I winced as she dropped her sword before her and staggered back, and the wound that was seeping red suddenly seeped green, right before her veins all began to thicken as her heart carried whatever poison was in my claws through the rest of her.

"What have you done?!" Bordello gasped and went to her. "I was believing in you! Monster!"

"I-It was an accident! I was only defending myself!" I gaped, and he drew his weapon back before I tail swiped their legs and they both fell to the ground, and I leapt on them, palming their throats and forcing them down and I held them there as I continued to change, my pussy throbbing and billowing, the clitoris swelling, filling the crevice between my thighs as my sexual power continued growing and surging and billowing. It wouldn't be long now before the next phase began... and not only was I still growing but I was also still transforming too!

But then the shoulder blades against my back surged outward with growth, spikes cutting out of my flesh, as the creases of my shoulders swelled with little triangular blades of growth, and knots of hardened flesh and muscle and bone boiled out of me then around those spikes, making my back grow ever the larger.

"I... *believed*... ulk... you." The priest frothed in anger.

"And I h-hope you still do." I panted, my hips gyrating. Damn it I needed a dick in me. "This was an accident... I'm sorry... I've... never infected a human like that before, so you'll excuse me if I didn't know." I bit out and loosened my grip. "But we need to get out of here... to someplace safer."

And so I picked them both up, the Priest furious, the Nun twitching as her body turned gray-white. Going through the back of the church, kicking the back door open, I leapt up onto the buildings and paused, panting, shaking my head as a spike began to poke out of my forehead, and my mouth gained another row of teeth as suddenly its lovely visage gained multiple creases and ridges and knots as muscled bubbled outward with strength, and suddenly beauty turned into something strained... almost horrific.

“You’re a devil...” he breathed.

“And Catholics thought of that about cats...” I said, my voice having an odd second voice to it now, a lower and more baritone feminine voice underscoring a higher-pitched one. “And in the thirteen-hundreds they killed cats by the tens of thousands because of their almond-pupiled eyes that glowed in the dark, not withstanding that cats hunt mice and rats, mice and rats carried the Bubonic Plague, a sickness cats are immune to but nonetheless kill humans, and for such a crime of killing so many of God’s creatures, Europe was decimated by the Black Plague.

“So tell me... are you going to open that can of worms again, cause I got more examples.” He fell silent. “Good, now shut up, and bare in mind that if I wanted to kill you, then you’d already be dead ten times over by now. And if you want me to prove it, I can pop your head off like a cork on a wine bottle right now.” He remained silent and I nodded curtly. “Well fine then. Let’s try to take care of your lady.”

And with a sufficient lull in my cramps, I ran for the only place I knew where I could have privacy at this, carrying the father and his lovely companion along with me like they were footballs underneath a now moonlit sky.

Phase 4: Trans-Gender Copulation

I have told you that I'm not your everyday Lycanthrope.

An Anima is not what you'd usually consider as an everyday were-creature. We are the strongest, the most powerful of all the Lycans... and the rarest. The older I got, or rather the longer I lived being that I don't seem to age, the more I began to understand why we were so rare.

For one thing, despite all the unprotected sex I have, I don't seem to either sire or dame children for whatever reason causes that. For the other... I'm not aware of any others like me in the world.

I took to the school's clock tower, and after climbing the wall with the good Priest hanging off my back, I crawled inside the bell tower and panted even as another wave of cramps struck me. The heavy bell waved in the wind as my muscles rippled and billowed, unfolding and disgorging more and still more muscle along with bony knobs and spikes that flared and built upon me. Palming my belly even as my pelvis folded forward and hips broadened, I felt my insides knot and churn even as I heaved inside again and another orgasmic lance erupted from me with the panty I wore being shoved forward over my loins as those pushed outward.

That panty was flossing my crevice now, balling about the clitoris that had engorged massively, far larger than it should be on a female anything like me. Ever see South Park the Movie, when Kyle found The Clitoris? Yeah... something like that. It was like a naughty red-pink ball stuck between my labial muscles and the folds of the labia minor flaring away from it like a fringe.

The next phase of my change was rapidly approaching, and it wouldn't be long now before I excited yet another change.

Claws and teeth lengthened, jaw flared wider and face pushed forward as mouth and nose fused into a short muzzle. That horn on my head erecting from my skull with the sensation of an erecting penis pushed out further, spreading open my skull plates to allow my brain to engorge and grow larger as it matured with added magical and psionic power that only my feminine self had access to. But this horn was enhancing that power exponentially as it grew out of my skull, all while my hair grew longer and its clumped into hardening spikes that were folding about my face shaping themselves into horns and overlapping plates while my ears grew even longer to either side of my head.

I mutated from the cancer in me as my flesh was being rent open, spreading over what felt like a second skin beneath the torn open flesh above it while I changed and grew further than I ever did before... and I wasn't even to the next phase yet. Damn it... what's happening to me?

"What have you done to her?" the Priest accused.

"I... ha... I... don't know." I groaned, my eyes widening in my skull as the star pupils pinched into dots and the colors of my eyes flooded to overlap most of the whites. In the dim they would be glowing right now. "I... change like this, about once every few months now. Every time I change something new changes with me, and I gain new powers and abilities." I panted and swallowed, and then slid down to my rump and rose a moment to readjust for my tail and wrapping it about me. "Ngh..." I groaned right as my flesh grew taut against my chest, right before it began ripping apart from neck downward.

It tore apart like a sheathe breaking open, pulling sensuously from off my breasts, revealing a porcelain colored belly as my body engorged from the inside, tearing that flesh open in tatters at first, but the tatters soon broke away into dust as first a V-shaped wedge cut itself down my body, leaving only my pussy untouched as it coiled outward

into its pubic mound, and then arched downward into my thickening tail. The rippage continued till it tore open my inner thighs, the flesh it revealed glistening with hot sweat that steamed in the cool night while every nipple on me engorged and enlarged as the mammaries on my bodice, more than a dozen of them now, engorged and swelled and began leaking milk.

I cooed as that milk trickled down my bodice in little rivulets, seeping into my panties and mixing with the nectar of my loins, and wiping some of that mixture off and licking it off my fingers, I cooed again as the aphrodisiac potion that formed from my cream and nectar tantalized me even further as my tail stretched my cunt to even longer proportions; that growth pulling my anus down with it onto a upraised knot of my growing tail.

As that sex lengthened, I gripped that cunt and squeezed more of the milk-laden sexual juices out of it the panty, giving my pussy a wedgie with those panties. An orgasm spilt from that pussy, filtering through the panty flossing my sex and trickling over my anus to moisten my bottom.

“Is this the time for that?!” The priest gasped as he watched me.

“Priest...” I panted, blushing deeply and looking at him with one eye. “When was the last time you had a boner? I mean a really, really hard boner, and no matter what you did you couldn’t get rid of it?” he fell silent. “Yea... so shut up. I know you last stood at the pulpit and rubbed yourself while giving a sermon. You don’t guard your thoughts well... that... or... or I’ve been growing stronger mentally now.” I grinned at him but he looked sternly at me as two more stubs grew out of my skull beside the horn in the center of my head.

“What about Angela?” he growled low.

“She’s the one you love.” I stated instead of asked. “She’s the one you have a hard on for now. You want to lift her skirts and lower her panties and...”

“Stop it!” he shouted and closed his eyes and pounded his head. “I will not think of her that way!”

“Why not? The difference between love and lust is whether or not you let thoughts like that linger. Out of respect you will squash the ideas that enter your head, but from time to time, you need to fantasize. So no... you need to hear this. How many Priests enter the parish because they’re trying to escape their lives? Criminals, pedophiles, sexaholics...”

He jerked his head away. “Pleasures of the flesh are a sin.” He replied.

“Correction: Pleasures of the flesh outside of marriage are a sin.” I said and rolled forward, and despite that I moved on all fours now, my tits were practically dragging along the ground before I knelt beside them, nearly twice his size even while kneeling like he was. “Look at her... look at her flesh, her skin. It’s silken isn’t it... if not a bit off-color?”

“Yes...” he groaned. “And you... ah...” I held and then gripped my vulva as it churned violently, my insides shifting and changing into a point that led to it. “You want her breasts, her bottom, her sex, her skin, her...”

“I said stop it!” he bellowed, and then Angela groaned, and I opened my eyes to the sound of groaning muscle and bone... that wasn’t coming from me.

Our eyes lowered to Angela as her body seemed to be... growing? Bordello looked at me with a growl.

“Look! I didn’t know! This never happened before! Thanks to your order I know about as much about me and my kind as you do!”

“So then it’s too much to consider that there’s an antidote?!”

“You think?!” I gasped. “If I had one I’d’ve administered it by now!”

And then Angel’s breasts began to expand, and both our eyes fixated on them as they swelled and billowed, and with a tink and another tink as first her breasts reshaped the curvature of the breast portions of her breast plate, lifting the thing tenuously on its straps, right before another pair of tinks occurred as the plates reshaped from her nipples erecting. “Wow... and I thought my nipples got hard.” The Priest glared at me. “What? I was making an observation...”

“This is no time for jokes! She’s obviously having an allergic reaction to whatever... those did to her!” and he pointed at my bear-like claws.

“What do you expect me to do? I don’t know what I did let alone how to undo it...”

“Then please try. You’re right... ok. You’re absolutely right. I have impure thoughts about a woman... one woman, this woman. I grew up with her, she was my friend, and we were always competing. When she entered the Nunnery I entered the Clergy. When she entered the Order I said I did to and did so later. I’m always following this tight, bright, beautiful behind and these glorious tits of hers, and...”

And she groaned, gripping the ground as her nails grew longer, and those nails scored grooves into the ground as I heard her clothes groaning around her and we both watched as the seams of her gown began to break open, and the elastic and leather straps about her started to snap. Tendons stood on end, muscles rolled outward... she was getting stronger! And rapidly!

“S-she’s growing...” I breathed

“What?!” The priest gaped at me.

“Ah... growth... she’s transforming, changing, her musculature is unfolding as she grows stronger as her sexual power grows.”

“She’s growing... even more powerful? Sexually?!”

“Yes and it will affect her body, because a person’s strengths are sexually based they... ah... Bordello... you’re um... ah... leaking.” And he snapped his head down to a grand erection and a wet spot in his white shorts showing off the tip of his heaving and surging penis.

He abruptly covered it with both hands and then glared at me. “Don’t look!” he growled, gritting his teeth, but then Angela moaned as more straps snapped from her barreling chest and body, her Habit stretching and tearing open, disgorging this and that, her breasts slipping out from underneath her chest coverings as two grand swells that sounded like balloons being rubbed the wrong way as they swelled and engorged, growing firmer and larger and weightier.

Angela arched herself, biting her lower lip as her white-gray skin throbbed with green empowering fluids working their way through her bodice that would eventually dig into the marrow of her bones, her legs bending at the knee

and flopping open to reveal her sex covered in the panties with the silver plate over her loins – to guard her from being raped by monsters I supposed – while long muscles carved and forged their way beneath her skin.

“S-stop her! How much can a body take?!”

“I told you... I don’t know what I did to...” and Angela moaned and snapped a hand upward, and we both stared in amazement as that arm began to billow violently.

First her nails cut through the fingers of the gloves before her forearms flared, disgorging their muscles as the glove there ripped open at the seams. The nails grew longer and thicker, each hooking slightly while the biceps and triceps disgorged outward. The glove ripped open like a peeling banana about her arm as veins crawled their way up to the very finger tips, those things throbbing before tendons stood on end, right before muscles disgorged and unfolded radically. Biceps separated into their two parts, triceps separated into fifths as they developed into a defined horseshoe around the elbow.

“My God...” Bordello breathed as that hand of hers gripped the air as it lengthened and rolled outward, growing stronger and stronger.

Biceps and triceps just rolled outward in opposition to each other, the arm itself thickening with more and more meat piling onto the arm while the shoulders simply rolled outward and repeatedly separated into smaller and smaller chords. Bones crunched in that arm as they thickened spastically in different places, making the forearm grow first one bone and then the other before the upper arm expanded and then all the hand bones one by one spastically grew while the fingernails lengthened and sharpened. She opened her mouth and cried out, eyes opening wildly as even her face realigned from bones shifting and changing, but with her eyes and mouth open, there was a brilliant yellow-white light in her eyes and mouth.

She lifted her other arm then and reached for the heavens with it too, and we watched as that arm spastically erupted outward like the first one had, and with a few more snaps and a pair of flopping tits out to the sides, two of the largest mammaries I’d ever seen on a body so proportioned – aside from mine that is – disgorged from off her chest and knotted her habit between them before the floppy, droopy mammaries of a mortal woman rapidly swelled and engorged even further upward that ever, either conic mountains that bulged into great spheres of tightened silken flesh.

The length of her spine as it thickened extended her upward, lengthening waist and neck in time to tighten that belly of hers, and with her chest turning outward and her chest thickening one pack of womanly pectoral chord after the next, bouncing and jiggling her boobs with the spastic creasing growth of chest muscle, the seams of her Habit over her shoulders ripped one after the next as her frame grew too large for that Habit to hold it so she ripped right out of it.

Hammering the ground with one fist as her forearm rolled outward as they flared, she rose abruptly, surging past us and leaping off the balcony of the bell tower before either of us could stop her.

“Angela!” Bordello screamed and surged after her as she landed on the ground, still changing and growing as her habit hung from her waist like a tattered skirt. “You!” and he surged toward me, grabbing Angela’s guns on the way and donning them before he climbed up onto my back. “We need to catch her!” and he kicked me in the back like he was spurring a horse.

Though it was hard for him to kick me, it didn’t feel hard to me; nothing more than a tap as he hung onto a bony hook off my back. But still a temple throbbed in annoyance as I rose to my feet.

“Hey! I am not some horse for you to spur and reign at your whimsy. Get off! Why are you getting me to do this?”

“You heathen devil! This is your fault! You will catch her, or I swear to God Almighty that I will spend the rest of my life hunting you down if something befalls her!”

“Ok... so you got me there.” I said and rose and hurried to the edge of the balcony.

Below Angela was holding herself, weighty chest engorging and filling rapidly with glands and milk that was squirting out of her thickening, puffing and engorging nipples. I licked my lips and teeth, wanting nipples like that while I watched her back unfold and engorge with muscle, muscle and still more muscle as she grew larger and grander across each moment that passed, ripping more of her clothes apart before she flung her arms back and arched herself cried out into the night air. I wasn't sure... but it looked like there were strange white hairs growing out of her back as she hurried away.

“Hey! Follow her!”

“You asked for it.” I said and leapt, and he made a noise as he gripped my hair and a back spike, and when we landed he cried out in pain and actually cursed.

A note about cursing: *It says in the list of the Ten Commandments ‘Thou shalt not take the Lord’s Name in vain’ according to Exodus chapter twenty. Now there are two kinds of Priests: those who do not curse at all and those who curse in ways that would make sailors, auto mechanics and truckers blush. There will be words that spout from their mouths that not even marines would know. Regardless, in their minds, the later of the two is perfectly ok... just so long as you don’t take the Lord’s Name in Vain. I’ve met both... Bordello apparently was the later.*

A note on Bordello: *I wonder, now that I think of it, as to whether or not Bordello was aware that his name actually meant: ‘Whore House.’*

Bordello slipped off my back and down my tail right as it’s ridges grew into place, and he cursed again as he rode my knobbed banister of a tail, his nads undoubtedly bouncing off the hardened bony spines that seemed to grow into place one after the next just for that purpose. Having been a guy and slid down a banister when I was younger and hitting the knobbed end at full speed, I know precisely how much that hurts for just one tappy, let alone multiple tappies.

He grabbed his groin and held one hand out that was cut wickedly from off my back spine that was like a sharp edged piece of obsidian stone as he cursed and swore up and down. “Damn it! How come you didn’t tell me your shoulder spikes are so sharp! I almost lost my fucking fingers!”

“If your fingers fucked more than they did, then you wouldn’t be having this problem at the moment, Bordello.” I smirked and turned to him, and gripping his hand by the wrist, I danced my fingers over his hand and his blood receded and the cuts he’d received from falling from off my back healed.

“You would use your cursed sorcery on a Man of God?” he gasped as I picked him up and cradled him to my voluminous chests like a babe ready to nurse and he promptly shut up and I felt his erection poke me in the tit. It wasn’t a hard poke mind you, but I was aware of it as I skipped forward and chased after Angela as she ran haphazardly through the park.

“There’s sorcery and then there’s demon sorcery, Priest. Demon sorcery is cursed, this is just magic, and magic is merely a tool... much like how you use it from time to time to banish innocent Lycans to ‘Hell’ I said and lifted one hand to do quotation marks.

“Why do you mock Heaven and Hell now?”

“The more you know... the more you know you don’t know, Priest... But if you knew the truth of what you consider Heaven and Hell to be, then you’d ball up and cry.”

The Truth of Heaven and Hell: *All beings on earth are a collective. No, not like the Borg, mind you, but things exist simply because as a massive collective we believe that they exist. The collective will of entire species go into these thoughts, and through the wills of so many billions of people, whole shard realms are forged because of it.*

Because we believe in Heaven and Hell, our collective wills create a sub-Heaven and a sub-Hell as it were.

The real Heaven and Hell are reachable only after completely passing on. It’s a one way ticket, there is no coming back when you go to those places... but that’s if you go to those places. Because our beliefs shape our wills, and our wills shape these sub worlds, there is a realm collectively called ‘Heaven’ and a realm collectively called ‘Hell.’

These shard realms are the Seven Heavens and the Nine Hells, the hells having been detailed and described by Dante’s Inferno shaping much of what the Nine Hells appear to be like... which is a quasi-evolution of what Ancient Greeks thought that the underworld was... complete with Charon, the river Styx and so on. The Seven Heavens are barred by the golden gates and guarded by Arch Angels.

All in all, ‘Angels’ and ‘Demons’ – mostly – are spirits that have passed on and become these Angels and Devils of legend – reformed by the collective will of mankind – that journey back to the realm of the living – Earth – and try to do the ‘will’ of Heaven and Hell.

But True Heaven lies above these Heavens and True Hell lies below these Hells, and in the center of them are the realms of Limbo and Purgatory, all of which are governed over by the Lord of Hell, Dante, and his Nine Judges (that’s an eastern philosophy... like I said, they all sort of blend together now), who reside across the River Styx at the base of the Planar tower that links Earth with all the Heavens and Hells, with Dante and his Judges deeming who goes up and who goes down based upon your own measure of guilt.

And in the center of it all are the Four Horsemen, who maintain a balance between Heaven and Hell called the Accord, with their armies – called riders – who do the Horsemen’s Will.

But what is Real Heaven and Real Hell? I can only place conjecture.

Scriptures ‘liken hell unto...’ There’s the clincher, liken unto means that it’s like something, but not really is something. Hell is like unto being burned alive in fire and brimstone, but modern concepts of hell picture that you really are burning in fire and brimstone with devils poking at you with pitchforks and such. That’s not what it is though. Scripture states that you are cast out of God’s presence, but since God is in everything, that means you are cast out of everything into something referred to as outer darkness. There is no up, no down, no left or right or forward or backward, no semblance of gravity, weight, sound, light... it is nothing! Nothing but black with nothing in it. Imagine your parent putting your nose in the corner

and you're told to stay there... but your parent never comes back for you. That's what hell is. Eventually... you just go mad, so mad that your mind actually dissipates.

Heaven, even the lowest kingdom of heaven, is so grand, so alive, so wonderful, is that if we saw it we would willingly kill ourselves just to get to it. Imagine yourself in a perfect body, with little fat, perfect body proportions, no scars, perfect health, you can eat forever and not get filled, no sickness or disease, and you're perpetually in a place where it's warm and sunny and so peaceful that a lion will eat grass and lie with the lamb and... well you get the picture. It's all bunnies, and stickers, and unicorns and myspace.com all rolled up into one.

The thing is, is because we believe in these places, they exist, these beings exist, and until Judgment Day, so long as you believe in Heaven and Hell being these places you will be subject to them. The Truth will set you free, so knowing the truth will send you to actual Heaven or Hell when you die.

“Now shut up... we need to... we need... to... ug...” and I slowed and palmed a tree, bowing my head as I straddled it.

“What do you think you're doing?! After her... af...ter...” and he fell silent as I swelled, my flesh creaking and ripping open some more as the old skin of my human form, covered in thickening fur that was feathering with itself and stiffening like my head hair was, forming hardening plates of chitinous body armor, suddenly tore in half at the waist as my belly grew long and sinuous, like a gray hound I guess.

More of my flesh ripped away between my buttocks, while the skin over my cunt only stiffened and armored while my clit billowed even larger within its crevice as the vaginal lips flared wide and hot, the pair blushing as they lengthened as my tail lashed from side to side to scrape wide swaths in the ground. Lifting my chin my neck pushed out like a turtle's head popping out of its shell, right before my face surged forward, and then my mouth and nose pushed forward like a muzzle before little spikes extended around cheeks, flaring jaw and chin, and I gave off a bark of pleasant feeling as my pussy surged and surged with water that splattered the base of the tree, and stuffing two fingers around the bulbous clit, I pleased myself and pissed more of my ejaculate out of me that dumped at times like a pregnant woman's water breaking.

Suddenly that tree grew tall and wide, its green leaves growing like new spring leaves while flowers sprung from its branches that soon opened, waved to the moon, closed and billowed into ripe red pear-apple-like fruit as the tree and its leaves twisted as the tree grew taller and fuller, surging upward and growing grander. Nuts likewise grew from the branches while the grasses around the tree grew long and tall, waving in the breezes and flaring with seeds.

“Your... juices... creates new life?” the Priest gasped as my arms thickened and strengthened and my flesh tore from upper arms and shoulders and upper arms and forearms, rending holes about my forearms, revealing the new porcelain flesh beneath it that began to flake into scales.

“Surprised?” I moaned. “I am a female... and what power is greater in a female than the power of life itself?”

Two more spikes beneath the first two that had been my shoulder blades ripped from my back, and with a light snap the strap flossing my pussy broke from the waist straps, shortly before the waist straps burst, that soggy panty so wet that it actually clung to my flesh while milk leaked from my many nipples and mixed with the nectar of my womanhood.

Looking over one broad shoulder at him as I peeled that panty from me, and gripping it over my mouth I drank the aphrodisiac mixture of juices, moaning as I then slid two clawed fingers into my pussy, I caressed the long, thick

and powerful clit that was inside me. My outer, original skin had hardened... like flexible plastic currently, while the fur that had been growing on me on that outermost layer of flesh was flowing like my horns were, lacing together, thickening into overlapping plates that flexed about me... currently as hard as a rhinoceros horn. The white hair atop my head, which was gaining red tips was likewise hardening into an array of horns that coiled, curled, looped and...

“Hey!” the Priest gasped as I fingered myself.

“Quiet...” I moaned. “We’re not in a church anymore and I need this... oh~hhh...” and I probed deeper with those panties falling soggily to the ground from my hand, and I added more fingers, till I was sliding the whole hand inside my pussy as it spread open about the wrist, and I coaxed another wet rush of ejaculate.

Whoever found this spot was going to go mad with sexual expression. I was surprised the Priest wasn’t already.

“Yes but you’re supposed to be following Angela!” he bellowed and drew a gun and held it to my head and pulled back the hammer. “You are not going to lose her, do you understand me?!”

I slipped my fingers from my cunt and smiled and I licked them off with a tongue that had grown as long as a frog’s tongue, my eyes shining brightly in the darkness now a deep, deep green.

“You’re almost not worth this aggravation, Bordello.” I sighed and skipped around the tree as light and as dainty as a Prima Ballerina doing a rendition of Swan Lake, and then I leapt after Angela on all fours as she laughed insanely and continued running wildly. Luckily I had longer strides, and I was far stronger than her at the moment.

Currently...

Angela had slowed, panting, laughing as her muscles kept billowing and unfolding, and as she stood there as we approached quietly from behind and I placed Bordello onto the ground, he looked up at his friend; her long blonde hair coiling from inside her coif and falling down her back as the hairs on her back had grown into long bristles. She was blessed with a chest that, despite her smaller size, was nearly as large as mine was as I stood there, sliding my hands up and down the many thickening nipples as I licked my lips at her, I considered loving her.

Such fine breasts, such a full rounded ass, such a... such a... breasts!

And I blinked, feeling the second shift of my mindset approaching that could mean only one thing, and looking down at my bulging pussy as the lips thickened steadily, the clit so large it filled my vaginal crevice, I swallowed as Bordello approached Angela.

I wasn’t experiencing lesbian thoughts; I was experiencing male thoughts again, along with female thoughts. And there was a reason for that. Just like I began thinking female thoughts that would seem like I was turning gay right before my feminine transgendermogrification (woo... big word) – the pussification I told you about earlier – I was going through the first stages of a second gender bending transformation. And that too was coming too quickly... and I was still growing and transforming at the same time.

Three phases at once? Impossible!

“Angela... my sweet angel... can you hear me? Can you understand me?” Bordello asked and she turned, her visage was, for lack of another word... angelic, and her musculature knotted with the incredibility of her sexual power unlocking from within her.

Only scraps of her Habit remained about her waist, and it did little to hide what was beneath it. Her breasts leaked milk and her mane of hair was growing longer and curly-haired as it stretched her cowl about her head.

“An-gee?” she asked and I blinked at what she called him even as her boots broke open around her thickening legs as she groaned and then surged upward in height by several feet yet, her tits rounding outward as they lifted higher, Chest muscles nearly as thick as mine, her ribs like curving metal beams pushing further forward, and those breasts so full and so round that her nipples pointed up instead of down, and likewise held themselves up regardless of gravity.

She moaned and moisture leaked from between her legs as the panties she wore snapped from about her burgeoning hips, the remains of her habit sliding up her surging bodice while only the pauldrons and silvery chest and back plates remained. The crotch plate was somehow sticking to her navel, and as a matter of fact, I wondered how that silver was staying on her till I looked more closely and found parts of her flesh adhering to the metal! Even as I watched she cried and then screamed, and the piercing cry knocked Bordello to the ground and I had to take a step back from it as windows shattered all around us, squirrels humping in trees from the smell of my pheromones in the air fell out of those trees, and alarms on cars and in buildings activated.

Lights all around us began to light from the screeching sound, and people began sticking their heads out of windows to see what the ruckus was.

Angela bubbled with thicker muscle, especially her back as it wobbled fat and thick like a litter of piglets all fighting underneath a blanket, as she grew taller and taller, large enough to where even now she was double the Priest's height as he got back up to his feet. Her pussy engorged, sloppy with moisture as it and her breasts leaked her body juices and as she gasped saliva drained from her glowing mouth while the remnants of her Habit tore apart little by little about her widening hips and thickening middle.

I'd had some ridiculous hulking-out episodes, but this was truly ludicrous in and of itself. She was growing far faster than even I was, and this was a speed freak out for me.

“Angela!” he cried then as she wrestled with her hood before ripping it off, and a billowing mane of golden blonde hair spilled from inside, flowing about her face and bodice as she palmed her face and her muscular and rounded butt flared to either side of the apron on her.

I swallowed, imagining her cunt, sopping wet, billowing between her thickening thighs as she rose up on her toes and heels, and I blinked, suddenly realizing she did rise up, and looking I saw her arms and legs actually coiling with wrapping silvery wisps that were breaking from her flesh.

“Wow this is hot...” I groaned and perspired as people in the windows were calling to each other for what was going on of the nearby dorms... luckily we were largely obscured.

“This... this is... a second.” Bordello began but he raised his hands and cast his *'Divine Magic'* as they called it, which was little more than holy concentrated magic.

Holy Magic: Clerics were essentially specialists in Holy Magics, or what some would refer to as ‘White Magic’, but utterly weak in every other form of magic... and the hypocrites chastised us for using sorcery, when they themselves were utilizing Holy Sorcery.

A dome of light formed and then winked out, leaving a barely visible bubble to us, but left everything inside invisible to anyone looking into the bubble. I knew the magic, it kept everything inside invisible, but this was loaded with too much holy and not enough cowbell, I mean water magic.

How can you have a proper illusion spell without water magics? Holy light apparently...

“Are you some kind of damned... lesbian?” he hissed.

“Kinda...” I replied and he scoffed. “It’s more complicated than that. And if you knew why then you really wouldn’t have any say in it. I’m... sexually confused at times... for certain reasons.”

“Sexually confused?! Ha! Gays and Lesbians are...”

“Stop... shut your mouth.” I said and pointed at him as Angela continued changing between us. “Everyone has their right to individuality. Sexual confusion, however, is the right of only one sort of being... and I happen to be one of those beings!”

“What? A gender-shifting Lycanthrope?”

“Um... no...” I managed and tapped my fingers together as Angela finished her current change, and I honestly had to applaud my own work... whatever it was. “Not exactly. I’m a bit hesitant to say actually.”

Angela stood there dumbly in the silence that was between Bordello and me about my... *sexual confusion*, her head tilted backward as her skin was now a porcelain white... the sort of white that was almost albino... could be albino especially with her vibrant blue eyes... but her hair was nonetheless the most brilliant blonde I’d ever seen.

Her musculature and feminine power was utterly fantastic. Angelic... this was what a woman’s pure sexual power looked like. It was glorious, heavenly, and sadly I wasn’t half as beautiful as she was... not even a fraction, or a fraction of a fraction. I fell in love with her in that moment. Her breasts were enormous, her back broad and strong and only growing stronger, her shoulders and muscles engorged and the glorious silvery sheen of the silver armor about her that wrapped her shoulders, forearms, the center of her chest between those heavingly massive tits and her forelegs and flaring calves like high-heeled boots were glorious... especially when the silver opened up suddenly in places and showed eyelets of blue crystal growths caught within the silver.

She was panting as she stood there, and the only motion on her was her hair whipping about her face... but that was apparently just the calm of the eye of the storm. The other half of said storm approached then.

And then she moaned, whimpered, and then tensed, and lifting her hands to her forehead I felt a surge of magic wrapping her like a vortex, moments before it visually appeared and golden lights surged into her body over and over again.

“What’s she doing?!” Bordello yelled over a roar of wind that was coming in with the wisps like we were feet from a tornado.

“She’s sucking in Holy magic!” I called back. “Bordello... get away from her! She’s feeding mostly off you!” And he looked down at his physique, and sure enough, it was deflating. “Come to me! I can protect you!” I said and held out my hand to him as I gripped the Earth to ground myself to the magic.

A fun fact about Magic: Grounding: *Magic is energy. Energy is the core foundation to all things in the universe, from the smallest flea to the grandiose power of solar super giants, but no matter the size of a thing, everything, absolutely everything contained energy in it. The properties of energy, whether it’s magically, naturally or scientifically generated share similar properties, one of which is that when it is in its most base form before it is put together into matter or spells, it can be grounded into substances that are lacking excess energy. For example: Rock and earth are constituent examples of this. Why? Because it’s not alive, also because it’s a solid and lacks the energy of movement. Living matter contains far more energy in it, and even unloving matter in the form of vampires and undead have remarkable levels of energy that solid un-living matter like rock does not. So therefore, despite their rather dubious shape, rock and earth, because their energy isn’t moving as violently as it is in a moving creature, can take a lot more energy. Thus, is a reason why grounding wires thrust lightning strikes into the ground instead of your TV, and why spells, to a properly grounded person like I was now, or even a simple chain wrapped about your ankle that’s then dragged along the ground, would ground into... well... the ground. Energy follows the path of least resistance. It’s a fundamental law of the universe no matter the source of said energy.*

“No! She can consume me alive if she wants to! I won’t abandon her when she needs me!” and he thinned and actually moved toward her.

“Stop it you fool! She...” and then all went silent again, and we both blinked at each other as Angela suddenly began to unfold all over again.

Her back was ripping apart, her discarded flesh disintegrating like mine did when it left me, while all those white quills on her back suddenly flared into white pristine feathers. New muscle rippled all across her into thicker and thicker definitions especially in her chest and back, shoving those tits forward and apart, thickening chest and back muscles as still more silver burst from flesh. That silver wrapped the folds of feathers growing against her back that formed grandiose and long pinions that flared and grew like a cloak of white feathers, spreading from her back as arrangements of those feathers ripped her flesh apart back there, and first one pair of arms unfolded, and then another pair, and still another pair, spreading into two grand majestic wings of gossamer white and four smaller wings even as the longest of those pinions flared and burned with holy symbols down the feathers.

She heaved and panted, her breasts engorging and filling with each breath as her flesh suddenly glowed with brilliant light, and she moaned, shifting her head from side to side as her features burst with more silvery lacing wisps before smaller eyelets of blue crystals opened about her brows, and a brilliant halo suddenly appeared into being above her head, the thing glowing beautifully.

“My God...” Bordello breathed as the last of her Habit, coif and rosary burned from her in the raging heat of her own body... she becoming a Valkyrie Angel of brilliant light and pristine white feathers as Bordello thinned and shrank in size as the last of his strength-enhancing holy powers waned from him and his shorts fell off him since they were so oversized for his frail body.

Well... they would’ve fallen off if not for the truly pornographically sized penis he possessed... the thing throbbed and caught his shorts that fell from away from his tight pasty-white butt.

Angela then flapped once, and surged a hundred feet up into the air with that single flap, breaking the invisibility shield as she shrieked, twisted in mid air with a flurry of feathers and then flew off into the distance elsewhere with the speed of a hawk.

“You...” he gasped at me. “You... you must take me to her! She’s confused she’s...”

“Flying.” I told him flatly. “I might be able to levitate, but she’s using ether-propulsion with them... things.” I said and rose, dusted myself off and then spasmed stupidly as my pussy did a few tricks between my legs. Almost time for the next phase, I thought to myself as my insides folded and refolded along the grand column of sexual muscle in me. “And by the way... you see any wings on me. I don’t fly Priest.”

And then I stopped as he lifted his hands to his face and as his dick grew limp, his shorts did indeed fall to the ground that time, and I blinked as I saw at long last the third leg this guy had held hidden from the world behind the pants of his Priestly attire. And might I tell you all girls... for a man like this to take up the cloth of the Catholic Clergy is sacrilege to every last living woman on earth for removing that dick from the possibility of it piercing our vaginas.

And also, for your information, if it’s what you think has happened to me, I didn’t suddenly go into lesbian-mode after having shifted into female mode... as a matter of course I was in... well... bi-mode. You’ll find out why in a little bit. If I was already feeling this way... then it was almost time for it anyways.

Bordello was digging his fingernails into his face, and he was panicking, and his thoughts to me were tumultuous as I groaned on the inside as bones and muscles continued to flare and likewise erupt from me. To make matters worse, I think Angela actually grew bigger than me, so I was none to desirous to actually go chasing her down.

“Scratch me!” he shouted back at me.

“What?!” I blinked.

“I said scratch me. Mar me... put a big massive poisonous... *thing* inside me, or whatever it is that you did to my Angel!” and he surged to me and tried to force my hand on him but I lifted it away from him. “What are you doing?!” he gasped

“I already scratched you.” I said. “When you cut yourself on my back spike.” I told him as my back bulged and those back spikes in question surged larger than ever, flaring back from either shoulder blade, and hooking toward the spine as a third pair of smaller spikes erupted from off of two knobs back there.

Inside me, there was a veritable shell of interlaced bones guarding my insides, ribbing me and my vitals with overlapping bone plates. The muscles spanning between bone layers and bone plates strengthened and I bulged all the more with strength and still more strength as I grew several more inches over the Priest.

“But... not your claws...” he said hopefully, and I sighed.

“It goes against my conscience to cause undo pain, Bordello.” I told him.

“But you...”

“I said it was an accident!” I roared at him and he fell to the ground from the force of my roar. “Damn it... sorry...” I said and with a flick of one hand shielded us from sound and sight. Now that’s how you do an AOE Invisibility spell, and at a fraction of the energy too!

“Do it!” he shouted at me. “Do it now!” and he bore his chest to me.

“This goes against my better judgment.” I said again, and reaching down, I slid my claw against his thinned chest, and scratched him deeply enough to make a nice... long... red... slice.

We waited. We waited some more. Bordello gave a hop. He gave another and started panicking, and then he pounded his chest, the first worsening the wound, the second and third making splatters against his chest in the form of fist marks, and then he began to blubber and sob.

“It’s not working!” he said and struck himself again and again before I reached out and stopped him, and palming his chest healed the wound.

“Like I said... I don’t know what I did to undo it... let alone how to do it again. Maybe it only works against females, or at a certain time, or... God only knows what else.”

“I won’t leave her! I won’t let her go! I won’t! I...” and he stopped and I lifted an eyebrow.

“Don’t stop on my account, Bordello. You’re on the verge of saying something there...”

He grit his teeth and then surged to his feet, that thick dick flopping in its attempt to retract.

“I love her! Ok?! I... a Priest of the Catholic Church, love a woman. And not Plutonic love... no... I desire a lustful union with her! I’ve wanted it since I was a boy! I want to unify with her I want to...” and he stopped, whimpering as his penis unsheathed all the way again and chubbed with his rather pornographic thoughts that even made me wince from the clarity of the mental images I received. He’d thought about this a lot...

Hell... I managed to get even more aroused than I was!

“Ok... ok... I get it.” I sighed. “We’ll look for her, though this isn’t the best night for it...” I grimaced, looking at that damned full moon. “...but first, if I’m going to be carrying you around... we need to get some pants on you before you cum on my tits.

Sexual Fetishes: *Speaking of which guys, though it may be your thing to cum on a woman’s tits, most of them do not like being jizzed on. Most don’t even like being jizzed in unless you’re married to them.*

A quick move back to the church to get his clothes and things, he now had both his and her weapons, I took to the rooftops to the tallest building – which happened to be the steeple of a different church, I think they were Lutheran – we looked about for her, finding her of all places atop the bell tower across town atop the steeple of the city’s cathedral, her shining edifice like a star resting atop the cross atop the church steeple above the bell room.

“You’ve gotta be shittin’ me...” I groaned and started in that direction.

“Do you have a problem with the holy church’s cathedrals?” Bordello said accusingly.

“Priest... let’s get this settled right now.” I growled without looking at him as I skipped across rooftops. “I don’t like the Catholic Church... as a matter of fact, I hate the church and nearly everything it stands for. I believe it is the great whore of the Earth, and every damn part of it is an unholy warping of the true church that was laid down by Christ, and the unmitigated level of corruption to the true word places Satan at its head and not Christ. You and your girlfriend are the damnable tip of the spear that has been lodged in my side since...” and I cut off.

The Priest stared at me. “Since...”

I sighed and landed atop another rooftop and placed him in front of me, folding my arms beneath my heaving breasts as I turned away from him.

“Since a Priest of your church molested me.” I said immediately. “Not once... but many times. My attempts to tell your Cardinal... in that very cathedral,” and I pointed a long accusing claw at it. “Have gone unnoticed! They dismissed my words as the whimsy of just a... a kid.” I finished. “And here’s the interesting part... the world at large has made a joke of child-molesting Priests out of your so-called ‘church’. No other church has that issue... just yours.

“So I got to thinking, mayhap a church that allows such things to happen isn’t really the true church of God. So I got to searching. And lo and behold do you want to know what I found?” Bordello was silent. “I found many... *many* instances of this happening to other children. Little girls raped, little boys fondled sexually, Priests impregnating an entire Nunnery, thieves, liars, charlatans!”

“For every bad person out there that takes up the cloth, there are hundreds of good ones.” Bordello said a little angrily.

“Not by my count. I’d be saying more like for every bad one there are one or maybe two good ones. Take yourself for example... I consider you one of the bad ones.”

“Hey now! I’m a righteous man!”

“Who covets a woman despite his vows? Who murders innocents, just because they’re different?” I knelt before him to place my face before his, but even still I was taller than him, especially since he’d been shrunk. “Let’s begin with the later of those two, and we’ll put your coveting of a woman who’s supposedly given herself to Jesus Christ as a bride aside for the moment.

“How many of those Lycan did you kill *after* you researched whether or not they were sick raving monsters or not?” he fell silent. “That’s right... none. You didn’t do research, not one lick of it, and instead, you did what you were told to do and killed without asking why. Lycan are just like people in the fact that we’re everyday schmucks, we just have extraordinary powers. You kill them before you even know them. You kill them because someone pointed at them that were in authority in your Order and said ‘kill’ and you killed them without question. Each of these, everyone one of those, was a murder.

“Thou... shalt... not... kill.” I growled at him and gripped his coat and lifted him onto his tip-toes. “The Hunters, their entire fucking demon-spawned and hell-damned Order, hunts my kind because of how we look. You call us devils and demons, you murder us in our sleep and in our beds with our children and our lovers in the name of God.” I hoisted him higher as I rose to my full height, feeling anger roiling inside me as my muscles popped and bubbled

outward suddenly with that anger, disgorging more strength and power as I stepped to the edge of the roof and let him dangle there more than ten stories above the ground. “By all rights, I have the right to defend myself, drop you to your death and then go rip your bitch’s head off, stick it on a pig pole and post it before that fucking cathedral that in my mind is an unholy affront to God and is a house filled with blasphemers, bigots, hypocrites and devil-worshippers.” A few of my fingers loosened as I clenched my jaw and slid it slowly to one side, my teeth clicking off each other as I gazed forcibly into his face. “So... give me one damned good reason as to why I shouldn’t defend myself, and just... kill you?”

He dangled there in my fingers as I growled deep and low and rattling in my throat, and looking down briefly, he then looked up at me. “For pity sake... and for love.” He replied, and that caught me off guard. I was ready to drop him and watch him plummet to his death. “They use Martin Luther as a study in the seminary.” He replied. “I have to admit,” he paused long and hard and swallowed, but he didn’t look down. “Other than declaring that Martin Luther was what happens when a person questions God, they never really debunked his concerns. They left a... *question* in me, as to whether or not I was following the path of righteousness correctly. So many churches, so many faiths, and yet I was in one that literally kept me from my love, even though we were so close to one another.”

My jaw slowly unclenched and my brows uncompressed one after the other, and then pulling him away from the drop, I tucked him beneath an arm and then rushed for the Cathedral without another word.

“Thank you.” He said while we were hurtling through the air.

“Don’t thank me yet.” I told him. “By all accounts I’ve been called to be your judge and jury, Priest, I am the Devil’s Advocate in this regards. You want to survive this night, then you’d best learn where your place in the world is.”

Angela was in ecstasy. She was atop the steeple while wisps of golden-white light were pouring upward from the church into her, entering her mouth and nose, her eyes and ears, and even pouring up her cunt and surging her like the full and unmitigated powers of lust as she gyrated like she was having sex with it. Veins stood on end as she kept growing and surging every few moments as I climbed up to her, getting a view of my life and feeling my clit erecting so hard that it hurt.

It was so hard that it was aching me, and I continued looking up, afraid to look at it now as it quivered, wiggled and throbbled erotically. I was afraid to even touch it!

For you know how when you get a new balloon out of the pouch and you have to blow really, really hard before it ballooned. That’s what my clit was... just prior to ballooning. Not to say it was going to bulge like a bright red balloon mind you, well it was going to... it was nearly too... well... just keep reading and you’ll find out.

“Mind the stone work. Regardless as to what you think of the church, this is still a house of God.” Bordello stated and I grumbled, having to shift from digging claws into the walls to using finger holds like a mountain climber would. But regardless, that beautiful angelic bird as she swelled and thickened and grew ever the more muscular, arms billowing and legs flared open while she shone with white light and her armor flared wider, spreading pieces that opened and became more ornate and decorative while her tits engorged and engorged and... Oh I wanted to screw her.

Her sides and flanks between armor pieces spread overlapping metal pieces of darker colored silver that coalesced over every muscle leaving her breasts and pussy and inner thighs open still, but nevertheless she was growing brilliant with such impeccable armor and holy might.

Her wings were now heavily armored now, the things splaying shafts of silvery feathers along the backs as pristine white raiment was forming from the energy she was feeding off of. Prayers, holy power? Or sins? Whatever it was she was growing more powerful by the moment, her heavier silver armor up onto her thighs now like thigh-high boots, and likewise was up to her upper arms now, while a deep throat-guard had been formed while her faceless mask had flared backward into Valkyrie like wing feathers splaying off a helmet that let her hair fly free. Her shoulder pauldrons had become double-layered and flared with epaulets. Magical clothing in the form of body sheathing was draping downward, and a Nun's hood – only white – was forming on her head.

Her flesh, wherever it appeared through the cracks of her growing armor, looked like it was bathed in holy fire, giving added glory of course to her brilliant breasts and her vivacious pussy while the trailings of her growing bodysuit and cowl whipped about her like her hair did.

“What do we do?” Bordello asked.

“You could shoot her.” I suggested and he scowled at me darkly but nonetheless drew his gun, the big one, not her two little pistols. I had the thought he was going to use it on me.

“Let's try to avoid that shall we?” he told me.

“Fine... I'll do it then.” And I squatted. “Do me a favor. When people start crying Angels and Demons... try to keep them away from the fight.” And I leapt at her, arms splaying wide, but as I sailed at her I experienced another cramp, and winced for a moment, feeling my pussy doing tricks as my clit erected a little more, dragging the inner folds of my pussy out with it, but when I looked again she uttered something in Latin and struck me sideways.

“PER VOX OF DEUS IN TERRA!” She bellowed, or loosely translated: *‘By the power of God on Earth!’* Pshaw... why not just go by the power of Grey Skull while you were at it?

I managed to snap a hand out and grab her wrist, and snarled as her gauntleted hands, wrapped in silver as they were, dug into my wrist and the wounds bubbled from the contact. She kicked me, and I full on punched her as we fell onto the domed roof of the Cathedral, tumbling over and over down its side and then we slid backward toward the edge. I saw the ground and the street below, and lancing a hand outward I grabbed hold of the awning at the edge of the dome, and we swung inward into the bell room, where a trio of large bells hung ready to toll.

Seeing the large bells, seeing an opportunity, I surged forward with all my might, finding her strength, her impeccable strength having grown so grand, straining against me as she dug her feet in. Though she was stronger than me, the stone flooring however was weaker, and the ground ripped up beneath her high heels of those boots before I threw her against the bells with a loud bing-bong!

I punched her, punched her again against the hardened shell of her head, my fist hissing after the second strike as the back of my hand broke open and splattered blood against the silver of her mask before I threw her aside and then spasmed over myself as another cramp happened.

“Damn it... not now...” I growled as my back armor broke apart and shifted, rising and sliding, moving about as I grew stronger and deeper, tits engorging as secondaries flared, thighs rounding right before I was socked against the

face with her gauntlet, my face slicing open from the punch off each of her first knuckles that were studded with silver.

A loud tumultuous scream escaped my mouth as Bordello swung down from above using that chain blade of his anchored into or onto something, and holding his gun out, the thing shaking in his hand since he didn't have the strength he used to in order to hold it, he aimed it at Angela.

"Angela!" he shouted as she gripped my back spike and drew a hand back to strike me in the back of the head before she turned abruptly to look at Bordello. "Angel... my angel... stop. Please this isn't you. This is wrong. Don't make me do this to you."

She seemed to consider it, as I gripped her arm as it strengthened and thickened radically while white wisps continued to flow toward her, covering her with silvery threaded white body sheathe that covered her from front to back, wrapped her neck in a holy coif and her head in a grand hood. But then she reached out and silver trailers lanced across the distance like rapidly growing plant vines and snatched the gun from Bordello, yanking it to her. Bordello managed to pull the trigger, and a gold shot lanced outward toward her but her trailers caught it, right before it dismantled the gold and added gold to her armor, and right before our eyes the gun disassembled, being wrapped up by silver and now gold entrails, being armed with blue crystals as it grew and shifted into a weapon more befitting a creature of her size.

She screeched then and trembled as her chest lurched forward, jostling her tits before those exploded even larger than ever, deploying like air bags and flaring to either side of the body sheathe to project her stunningly enormous nipples outward even as she grew taller, taller than me, stronger than me, absolutely stronger.

And now she held a howitzer for a hand gun.

"Angela!" Bordello shouted as she held the gun to my head then, her back disgorging and heaving larger and thicker till she became a being that could only be likened unto an archangel... or at least one that the church considered was an Arch angel.

But again she looked to him, the gun in her hand heating up against my skull as a priming charge of brilliant holy fire appeared in the barrel. "Beloved... please..."

And her visor slid upward, revealing an angelic visage wrapped in silver and gold and gems, her eyes shining a solid baby blue while her face glowed with the holy fire billowing inside her.

"B-Bordello? Angie?" she said in a baleful siren's voice.

I took that moment of distraction to punch her right in the pussy and she screeched, gripping her pussy before I leapt with my knee rising while I drove her face into it, and the spike on my knee cut her from abdomen to tit to face while the knee itself knocked her back. I followed that up with a double-fisted blow to her head to knock her and her six winged ass to the ground.

She rolled and twisted, tripping me to the ground before she kip-upped to her feet, and with me on the ground she rose and whipped that gun about, the housing of the thing flaring open and wide with the power that was rising inside of it, and again, at that moment... I had a cramp.

And it was the cramp that I was expecting for nearly half an hour now. It happened so powerfully that it pulled on nerve strings as far up as the crown of my head and tugged downward toward my pussy, and I moaned as my pussy

got sloppy wet immediately and disgorged nectar around the super sized and hardening clit inside the bulging to force the pussy lips further apart, that clit erecting so hard and so taut that it began to swell to overly larger heights. The charge billowed in my sight to blast me to carbon when something rushed to stand on top of my chest and cast a shadow on the blazing light, and just like that the light swept away and shot... exploding the top of a water tower half way across town.

And then I saw the incredulous...

Bordello was on top of me, arms flung out and breathing deeply. He... protected me in my moment of weakness. To save his life, Angela shot her weapon elsewhere.

“Angela! Stop! We are wrong!”

The wound on her face and body was healing as she lowered the weapon that seemed a part of her hand now.

“An-gee?” She moaned as the wound on her face healed.

“We need to stop this... we need to...” and he did stop as the sound of twisting dry reeds reached their ears, while I labored in another change.

And their eyes lowered to my sex, to a sex unlike that of any other woman’s sex ever seen as if it were a pussy that had been opened to its extent, and the normally tiny nib of a clitoris had filled its entire confines. The vaginal folds swelled wider and thicker around that nib, my grand and distended vulva bulging outward even more as I moaned and clawed at the earth... right before the clitoris there began to slowly climb out of me, the thing erecting out of my loins into their field of vision and both stopped what they were doing to watch it.

That’s how incredulous of a sight it was, that even this Angela woman, transformed somehow from my power into this raving lunatic of an angel, was so stunned by the sight that she had to stare at it.

My once little clit wrapped and bulged, the bulbous reddened dome shifted and folded oddly along its lowest portion, the sexual power in me growing as it did while female and male powers streamlined through my loins into one continuous whole. And that clit folded at its base, gaining a slit that migrated upward to its top before the bulge swelled outward like someone blowing one of those long balloons that you make balloon animals out of, rising like a fleshy batholith that soon became riddled with blue veins that crept upward toward the time as it climbed out of me amidst my panting and writhing. It rose and fattened, disgorging an underbelly that billowed outward so that my vaginal lips had to stretch open even further for it, and unlike I was before changing into a female, this new extension... this... penis... was uncircumcised. It telescoped from me, rising taller and taller, flaring wide as it climbed and arched and throbbed in tune with my dual hearts, rising until Bordello was looking at its head face to... er... head.

“My God...” he breathed as he stared at it.

Muscle ribs formed out of its length, forcing it to widen more as the underside bloated outward, the thing bulging like a bullfrog’s croak pouch while my labial muscles puffed outward with new testis. Oh my testis that rose and transformed into ovaries were still there, these simply grew into place and swelled grandly with the combined sexual power of both my sexes.

Their fattened rounded girths folding to the underside of the rising girder of manly power conjoined to my feminine glory in a unified whole, the depth of my feminine slit held behind the inflating balls that were bulging and bloating with semen to immediately load my growing cock's underbelly with ejaculate and see.

The extension of this phallus felt just like what some of you might be thinking, and what that thing you may be thinking is true. Yes... I experienced at the same time both vaginal penetration and penile intercourse... with myself.

And once it was extended, it fattened more, the ribs strengthening, almost armoring its length in appearance as the head flared human-like, a grand reddened blunt while the penile column was reddened with my passions. Its entire length was slick with my vaginal nectar and sweat, while the deepened vaginal crevice in me, now between the two nads at the base of this thing, clenched amidst this vibrating column of masculine power...

And once it had erected fully, and the nads began to generate semen more quickly than ever and swell outward, I gurgled and tensed, feeling every muscle in this feminine body of mine suddenly flush with testosterone, my veins standing on end as that column of phallic flesh bulged at the peak of my vulva, stretching skin so that I had both sexes superbly aroused... and my feminine shape began to engorge radically with even more muscle that was now empowering with masculine power.

Regarding Estrogen and Testosterone: *Males and females are destined to fight even down to a cellular level. Excess Testosterone will override Estrogen and excess Estrogen will override Testosterone. Both sides of these gender hormones have their traits, with Estrogen involving mostly physical traits and certain emotional traits involving the regulation of menstruation, pregnancy and the generation of breast milk after child birth. During maturation, it likewise regulates the development of wider hips and preliminary breast development.*

Testosterone largely governs enhanced physical strength and intellectual development. Though girls go through a radical transformation of hip widening and breast expansion as they transform into women, boys will grow wider at the shoulder a little, and then stand up straighter, adjust their tie and then start looking for tail to chase.

No one is completely without both of these chemicals in their body... lest you have a genetic deficiency. A woman with no testosterone in her will be intellectually underdeveloped to the point of mental retardation, while a man with no estrogen in him will be a violent prick, probably in jail or on the electric chair for lack of self-control.

But what if both of these chemicals exist in one body in excessive amounts? Well I'll tell you. You get a hypertrophic, super-muscled being like me.

As I mentioned before... masculine strength in a feminine body was many times more potent... at least twice over. This grew two times over, five times over... ten times... twenty times over as my body flushed with the erotic power of a man again! I felt my strength skyrocketing, and huffing and puffing rather erotically, sighing and breathing with a mixture of male-female ecstasy, my back arched femininely, my prick thickened masculinely, and moaning low they both watched as I began to transform violently, belly and muscles popping outward with explosive growth, breasts compressing and jiggling as they managed to swell outward, pressing against each other.

But midst all this, Angela was still looking at my cock, not believing she was seeing it, and like many people do when they don't believe what they see, they reach out and... touch it. Any man who is hot and ready with a case of

blue balls will tell you, the potential for premature ejaculation was incredible in that state, and with just the gentlest of touches, with one final moan I tensed and the unspeakable happened:

I came...

My ejaculate lanced from me like a cannon, splattering Angela with its mighty hooga. Once it was time to cum, there was no stopping it... your body just expelled it, and so the jets slapped against Angela as I felt myself ripping violently apart from the inside. The jets splattered her face, her breasts, her thighs and sex, her belly... everything...

It was like a farm sprinkler... you know one of those things used to water fields?

Masculine muscle with feminine shape and form, Bordello being thrown off me as my bones cracked and muscles heaved. Before I knew it, my chest was heaving upward and parting, the pecs growing feet thick as my back lurched and cracked and separated. And then I flipped to my feet in one curling move, tits between my billowing thighs as my back rounded and heaved, the oxbow lifting higher than anything as the spines on my back extended into a series of overlapping knives and blades.

Loud dull pops and crunches signified my body's bones growing more numerous as they realigned and shifted, butt thickening and rounding as I balanced on hands and toes, spikes and blades erupting from my flesh and flaring before I grappled with Angela as she tried to wipe my hooga clean before I knew what I was doing or she knew what was going on.

"No!" Bordello shouted. "Both of you! Stop right now! Stop it!" he said and drew a gun and fired it, but the bullet struck a bell and it rang like a gong.

But my ejaculate that was spitting from me over and over and splattering the ground now as we slipped and fell and began to wrestle in sticky cum – this is a dream come true for some of you isn't it? – was being absorbed by Angela's body, and as we fought, our titties pressing against each other, nipples rolling about each other, my cock between us lancing man-milk all over her abdomen and breasts, she took in that strength and absorbed it, and she cracked and popped, wings flaring as she too strengthened.

As we fought – both of us strengthening and both of us growing stronger off the exertion of each other – we both likewise transformed.

It was like a glorious fight between a demon and an angel, the sort of fights that were depicted in stained glass and painted forever in stone because of how epic they were...

Sadly this didn't need to be... it only became because my mind was changing, becoming briefly ferocious as male and female mentalities fought each other and only fight or flight instinct remained, and right now I had only one primal male thought in my head as I wrestled for control over myself, an instinct that was in addition to the fight or flight mentality:

If I can't fuck it... I'll kill it.

Angela's body engorged taller than me, and after some spastic explosions I grew over her, inch by inch, up and up we fought till Bordello became less than half our height. But my body was adapting, my body was able to take these transformations because it was designed to. I could take all this power because that's what I was built for. Angela's

body wasn't... and soon she was experiencing muscle lock... the point at which muscles grow so huge that their thickness and strength creates friction against other muscles so that you cannot move.

This was a tumultuous battle, it was an incredible battle of life and death, and that's what I was focusing on. Though Angela was becoming stronger than me, she was losing mobility, while mine kept changing, spreading, unhinging and reattaching to keep its mobility, and eventually I got behind her, head locked her and began choking her out.

I was going to kill her; I was going to kill an angel.

There was a warbling sound, like that wah-wah-wah sound you got on a Peanuts cartoon whenever an adult talked, and turning to it, I saw Bordello there, shouting at me. For those of you unlucky enough to have a concussion grenade go off near you and it damaged your hearing, there was a high pitched beep and a dulling of my hearing as I looked at him stupidly as my growth slowed, the influx of testosterone and masculine strength slowing as it melded seamlessly with my feminine strengths, and ever so slowly as my head stopped feeling so numb, I began to hear what he was saying.

"... What... stop! ...IT! I said... It! Stop it you monster you're killing her!"

Killing her? Killing who? And I looked down, and like a crash what had happened hit me like a freight train as I saw Angela choking... near death... and with a gasp I let go of her and she collapsed immediately to the ground.

A note about the brain and oxygen: *I remember a fad that was being done in the late nineties. I'm sure it was present earlier than that, but here's what it is:*

If you choked yourself out and masturbated, if you timed it well then when you finally came, it enhanced the strength and power of the orgasm by about ten fold. Now... those of you that are getting the bright idea in your stupid heads to try this, let me tell you something about the poor prick that I knew who tried it. Stupid idiot went to the bathroom between classes, started to choke himself out while masturbating, but wasn't getting his orgasm quick enough. So with his penis out he passed out on the school bathroom floor, but not before cracking his skull open on the lip of a urinal. The average body holds about eight pints of blood... he lost four.

It isn't worth it to walk through the valley of the shadow of death just for pleasure.

The brain starves to death when it doesn't get enough blood and oxygen. Though I can't explain to you why an orgasm is greater with an oxygen deprived mind, what I can tell you is that when you half starve a brain of blood and oxygen and then release it back into the brain all at once – done by choking and then releasing – most brains, even very stalwart brains... can't take it, and they pass out.

Angela collapsed as I drew back, biting my nails. "My God, what have I done?" I whispered.

"Do not Blasphemy!" Bordello shouted and went to Angela, her head only slightly bigger than his own.

"It's not Blasphemy, it was a prayer!" I shouted back, but nonetheless helped him turn her over onto her back, and... wow she's hot... splayed like that, legs apart... I shook my head. No!

"Then what the fuck was all that about?! You almost killed her!"

“Yeah... well... you two almost killed me. So we’re even.”

“That was revenge?!” he scoffed.

“Well... no. Not exactly. When I shift and get... well... this.” I said and hefted the long dork that was still erect and throbbing from me. “I have a brief moment of... unconscious viciousness.”

“You’re a monster!”

“Hey! I at least am aware of it and lock myself up when it happens. The two of you kept me from doing that, so if anyone’s at fault here it’s you two, so be quiet.”

Bordello looked upon her again and then back at me. “She’s still growing. How do we stop it?”

I was staring at her body, her breasts and fine, fine snatch. I wanted sex, needed sex, wanted to hump that pussy till... and then I came again, shooting more of my seed all over her body, her breasts and pussy too before I caught myself and gripped my head, only to have it all absorbed by her flesh and she began growing in earnest all over again.

“Accident!” I gasped as I looked at Bordello with a snap; eyes wide. “Honestly... you try to hold it back when it’s ready.” And my dick spat again through my gripping fingers. “ACCIDENT!”

“Then grip your tip you bitch. It’s no wonder you’re hunted.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?!” I shouted at him as my dick waved like a conductor’s baton as I put hands on hips and my tits wobbled fiercely... and again I came onto her milky thighs when I let go.

“What an atrocious thing you are. Demonic looking, no self-control, you kill things haphazardly... and whoever heard of two genders comingled as one? What ungodly thing you are.”

“I’ll have you know it’s called being a hermaphrodite... or a chimera! People are born like this, Bordello, from two perfectly fine parents who are upright and outstanding, there are children who are just born... just like this.” And I pointed at my schlong as it enlarged thickly till it pressed against the insides of my thighs. “Ungodly... it was God who put us in bodies like this, so deal with it. For whatever reason, He placed us in bodies where we are beset by gender confusion our whole lives. I have a vagina and a penis, and breasts! Now that I’m fully changed – I hope – we can expect not to see any more of things like that.”

The Hermaphrodite and Chimera condition: *Hermaphrodites and Chimeras are genetic anomalies. Inherently, we are female... mostly. Occasionally a boy is produced who is highly effeminate, while certain combinations create still-births and children who won’t survive beyond their eighth year. In the form of a Chimera, typically you are born with twice the number of sexual organs. Four ovaries, four nads, that sort of thing. This particular configuration is a XXYY Chimera combination... in which I am genetically both male and female at the same time. Geneticists call the Chimera Condition, the four gender chromosome count, being born with your own twin inside you. So yeah... I’m my own twin when I’m fully changed like this. Both male and female together in one unified whole. Pain in the ass actually. Ever heat and rut at the same time?*

But Angela groaning brought our attention back to her as she swelled and swelled, like she was having an allergic reaction or something. Her arms thickened and legs billowed, her midsection broadening as her body deepened, with her chest roiling up over her throat and her head hugged by her back muscles she started to choke.

“She can’t take much more of this...” Bordello complained and whimpered. “Is there anything that you can do? Anything at all?”

“Well...”

“Anything?!” he gasped.

And I squatted beside them and looked him in the eye. “I can feed from her.”

“Feed?”

“Think of it like a succubus.” I told him and he scoffed at the thought. “Only I’m not drinking blood.” I added quickly. “I absorb a person’s essence.” He gaped. “And not like you think. I don’t misuse it, Bordello. I use it to punish those who prey upon others, robbing them of the strengths to prey upon others. I’ve never taken a life from it either. My outward appearance is... well... my friend Cleo, calls all these things sins.” And I gestured at my outward appearance. “I wear the sins of others and use them to strengthen me. Every being I feed off of strengthens me. And though I’m still full from that lion, that kid and those two men, I can feed off Angela.”

“What does it require?” he said sternly as Angela bloated with muscle rippling beneath her flesh.

“There are two ways: easy and hard. The easy way involves... well... penetrating her... with this.” And I gave my shaft a stroke.

“Absolutely not! What’s the hard way?”

“I do it orally. Bordello... the hard way is more difficult, and therefore slower. If I don’t siphon quickly enough, then she might explode like that.”

“Then do so only if you have no other choice to save her.”

“Being a little selfish are we, Bordello?” I smirked and crawled in between her legs.

“Selfish?!”

“You want to stir this honey pot first.” I smirked and indicated her naked sex that was tightly compacting between her thickening thighs. “Not that I blame you. Tapping a virgin is always the most fun.”

Phase 5: New Phase – The Behemoth

Growth could be considered a science. The energy needed to make a muscle grow was amazing. A teenager during their growth spurts require a great deal of caloric energy to be able to muscle and bone build in order to grow... hence why a balanced nutritious diet is so required, and why they crave sugary snacks all the time. Leaning over Angela's mounting body, my tits pressing against her body, I bent... and kissed her.

Bordello inhaled deeply as I began to suck, pulling from her deep, deep on the inside while my cock bent downward and pressed against her loins as wet as they were, and I drew and drew and sucked and then felt the essence pulling up her throat from the core of her being, right before beams of golden holy light sped from her mouth, eyes, ears and nose and connected with mine, and I began to drink and guzzle and swallow... over and over and engorged myself on the essences of a true and holy spirit.

Or so we thought...

Then came a torrent of darker and darker energies, energies that made me sick, and I gagged on them but the process had already begun as the power sapped from her and tapped into me. Kneeling back I guzzled on it, and it was rotten.

But something struck me then... I was committing Gluttony to save another life. I'd never taken more than my fill from a person, stopping just short of sucking life and soul out of them. I supposed I could, but that, I supposed, would've been a horrendous sin. But nonetheless, the dark energies I sapped from her weren't entirely her own. The term '*Catholic-bred guilt*' came immediately to mind... it was a phrase that other religions had pinned upon Catholics the world round. I saw it used in a comic book even, a Marvel and Image cross over that had Wolverine and the Witchblade being tempted by Mephisto... short for Mephistopheles.

Nevertheless, it was a guilt of perceived sin, and it filled her and rotted her to the core. And what was worse was that it had a taste...

In my homeless era, before Maria rescued me from the streets, I'd eaten from trash cans and trash bins and ate rotten things... just to survive. You never ever really get the taste out of your mouth. Take that and combine it with maggots and blood clots and cod liver oil and crude sludge and... well I'll stop right there. Hopefully you get the idea.

As I fed, as I sucked from her, she deflated slowly, a fight at first as she swelled to keep her from swelling to much, but as I sucked from her the last of the motes of light, her skin turned dark, black... losing its luster. And then coughing fits from me stopped the energy tap and I gurgled and vomited black sludge to one side of us.

"What's the matter?!" Bordello cried. "It was working!"

"Sin..." I gasped. "Horrendous sin. Never tasted such an incredible concentration of it." I choked. "She's rotted to the core with it, Bordello. No one woman has ever contained so much! It shouldn't be possible!" and I vomited again.

"You lie!" he cried. "She's no sinner!"

"Yeah? Well I never sapped from a Nun before... so how do I know that this isn't how all of you are?" I shot back. "Like I told you... murderer!" I coughed again. "How many have you two killed together." He fell silent. "Priest... don't make me wring the truth out of you... how many?!" I said warningly.

“Ninety-nine.” He replied and my eyes narrowed as I felt the sins roiling darkly through me, mixing with beautiful light of holy magics.

“And I was to be your one hundredth? An S-class monster to commemorate the occasion?” again he was silent as my body started to change, thickening with angelic muscle, my flesh ripping apart on an inconceivable third layer that ripped across my chests even as the long horn in the center of my head flipped upward and disgorged a thick green gem as the horns and spines and spikes about my head grew larger and longer.

The second under-carrying tone of my voice deepened menacingly and masculinely as my body opened up on several planes and little spines ejected out of them as I heaved, hemmed and hawed ever larger than him, coiling over him.

“We were wrong. I repent for my trespasses...” he said and clenched his hands like he was praying to me, shaking his conjoined fist beggingly. “Just *please*... help her. Please.” And he collapsed to his hands knees and begged me... actually begged me. “I’m willing to reap any price! She’s an innocent.”

Glancing at Angela, I saw her swelling again, and knowing what was in her, I decided to do something rather rash. Gripping Bordello by the head, I used my claws and ripped the raiment off him till I’d pulled every piece of everything off his body.

“W-what are you doing?!” he gasped as I held him by the back of his head and fondled his cock and balls.

“Making you pay for your sins.” I told him roughly and fondled his unit erect.

“Wh-whoah... whoah... ah... ngh... this isn’t right... s-stop it! Adulterer!”

“Better me the adulterer than you Bordello. This way you can say you were forced.”

“You intend to rape me?!” he gasped. “After all this high and mighty talk that you’ve been saying?!”

“No.” I smirked and lifted a nail as I continued to flare with the sins of their making. “You’re just the vessel... the black sheep to be used as a sacrificial lamb.” And I cut into his chest, deep severing lines that created a broad emblem about his heart before I held him fast, fluffing him occasionally, and did the same between Angela’s breasts.

Then gripping his dick, as large as it was, I plugged him into Angela’s virgin hole.

“You ever hear of Osmosis?” I asked him as he was stunned, his cock in her pussy... the two of them no longer virgins just by the sheer sake of the union. He was panting and I knew with the warm, wet feeling of his love’s pussy about his junk, he was about to cum hard. “Well I’ll give you Osmosis.”

And I rose over them both and pressed Bordello between us so that he was mashed between both our boobs before I began the sucking anew on Angela’s mouth, and once again hard black sludge spanned from her face to mine. But as I drew it backward, gurgling, about to throw up again, I gripped Bordello’s head and face and forced his mouth and eyes open before dragging the dark beams to his face by scrunching down behind his head, and the moment the priming charges found a new vessel, they poured into Bordello instead, leaving me to deal with processing the weakness of all this sin as he and his dear love shared strengths and powers and sins and experiences.

I absorbed only strengths. Weaknesses were expelled... that was the fundamental rule in regards to this state of being an Anima.

Sin was a sickness on the soul. Take my word on this, there's nothing worse than feeling sin eat at you. Every commandment has appropriate exceptions known only to the Lord, but on my personal experience with Him, I can guess on some of the exceptions. Every rule and law has exceptions... like needing to commit adultery to save another's life. I mean... I had no other ideas in order to save Angela... it was either this – force Bordello into intercourse with her to create an osmosis in which her power leaked into him and his into her – or watch her explode or something.

Sadly, my magics were sexually based... I had no other choice. That's how I learned how to do them really.

I lost track of what they were doing though. This was Bordello's moment... he wanted that pussy forever now, and now he and she were linked to a point where the absorbed power of both could flow between them till it balanced itself out. Holy powers and sins alike.

Me however...

I coughed and threw up more of the black sludge, siphoning out only the strengths that were in all of it, but finding such unmitigated *power* that I'd never experienced before. It welled up inside me, billowing and engorging so that my tits were thrust so hard in their growth into the ground that the first pair slapped hard against the masonry here and cracked it in radial rings about first my primaries and then my secondaries that bulged and engorged like deploying airbags. My nipples drove into the masonry, creating pockmarks in the stone beneath those wickedly massive mammaries, those nipples scoring the stone as I gyrated and wobbled those tits that filled the entire gap between arms and legs.

I'd remembered wanting Angela's nipples... will I got them, those perfect, erect nipples, their reddened color, their deep, beautiful thickness and sexual strength strong enough to score stone with their blunt thicknesses. I shifted and engorged again and my chest pushed forward at the sternum, a gem that had been growing there between my tits surging forward as it grew, cracking and breaking bones as my sternum grew thick and deep like the breast bone of a chicken, a massive plate that the ribs built upon and thickened about that clutched at a growing sphere of a green crystal of power while it disgorged plates that hooked over the clavicle bones.

Outside the flesh it build up layer upon layer of overlapping bone to clutch at the crystal, right at the apex of all four bulging pectorals and all four tits decorating my blossoming chest, this one crystal hardening over and over into a keystone that held the hole of my body to it.

This utter reinforcement was counteracted by my spine growing in the number of vertebrae down its length, telescoping and fattening the tail projecting off my bottom as I knelt there, cock and balls humping the ground as I fucked my own titties. The two sides of that back lurched upward, fanning layer upon layer of flaring muscle and plates before a couple of those plates slid outward growing long and continuing to grow before two smaller plates flared out beneath those.

I writhed and coughed up, spitting more of the black sludge out before throwing up more of the sin, it's leftovers, the power of the sin, actually surging into me and engorging me even more while the holy power made the lights of my body gems that pushed out of me like opening eyes gleam and glisten all the brighter.

The insides of either thigh and forearm broke open, the sheathes of prior layers of skin breaking open for the girth of my body that pushed those former layers further apart, thickening those existing patches of my flesh and hardening them at the same time. The plates that had cracked and broke about my musculature before now rearranged into tight forearm shields, the insides of my wrists breaking open to disgorge openings that pushed out from between the tendons while the shoulders I possessed rounded heinously outward. Those shoulders flared wide with the girth of so many striations of muscle engorging outward, extending more hooking barbs and spikes while my upper body grew bulbous and my lower body a knot of vertical and diagonal muscles while my belly gained a pair after pair, with each gaining its own nipples while my spine dragged its way almost completely out of my body.

The plated ribs and their individual muscles thickened my flanks, making the overlapping blades of my back flare outward like the back fin of a deep angler fish, even as hardened chords like bridge cables reinforced my back into a massive hump between the shoulders.

I grew... I surged outward, popping and disgorging violently as the back plates I had flared over my back and then shoots of growth shot out of my back, spanning with naked muscle and sinew between them as it grew caked in a mucus that hardened into a taut black chitin. Beside those fanning growths the bony spikes grew out of my shoulder blades like two massively hooking things that grew sharp and spiny amidst the heaving and thickening growths of my back spines.

Those knives and blades of that spine arched up and then curved back again, hooking them, making them larger as they flared wider, spreading the back as they did, neck and belly extending even longer as thighs seemed to unravel and explode outward, only to unravel and explode again with muscular might.

I could feel muscles in me ripping, burning with the rippage before they realigned and healed themselves into new tighter positions, thickening me in explosive disgorging masses of growth here and there. Biceps and triceps engorged in opposition to each other as forearms flared wider, Biceps separating into halves and then fourths, triceps a dozen of radial muscle chords supporting the arm at an elbow that hooked backward with a deep elbow spike.

Panting, groaning and projectile vomiting one final heave of blackness, the remainder billowed in me and I began to shine with the light of the brilliant holy power that I'd taken from Angela.

Forearms broke open downward into mantis-like blades, separating briefly to show the extended blades and the teeth of the blade before they returned. More spikes erupted from my heels, two curving blades as those heels billowed outward, armoring up with more of the previous layers of skin now turned chitinous body plates with the fur having hardened along with the plate into something that seemed like felt fabric. I arched deeply and felt my cock slide deeper between the silken swells of my tits as it grew while the abs on my belly bubbled thicker and harder, shoving forward down the center into a wedge while the nipples on each erected hard; each swelling with their own glands, dripping milk from the teats as I yowled in ecstasy.

The red-tipped white horns on my head followed suit, each flaring and deepening in various directions, merging with the back spines like a serrated blade from head to nearly tail tip as that tail flared wide and telescoped even further than ever, doubling my length from nose to tail tip now before my back engorged mightily, flaring that serrated edge even further before countless quills and spikes erupted out of my back.

I was well beyond the level I'd ever achieved before. My previous levels were like some armored Minotaur with boobs and a dick... this was more... a lot more! This was truly what it meant to be called... Behemoth.

My flanks flared in time for my chest to separate before all the side plated realigned and feathered in multiple layers over each other, my first four tits growing equally huge as I roiled in my place in that bell tower. My tail swung and

rang the bells before my chest and back flared wider, arms growing longer yet as my back humped even higher, with the largest blade of my vertebrae seeming like a giant shark fin sticking out of my back.

And then I trembled, right before my back began ripping apart with odd muscles growing from me, like fingers trying to break out of a sack.

The first to rip out, shattering the thinned leathery flesh were a couple new pairs of arms that ended in mantis scythe like arm blades, these rising upward to the top of my back to either side of the back and immediately fattening as more muscle pushed out from my insides. Next out were lengthening shafts that all slid out of the slits between the fanned plates and muscle, the larger of the plates that had already telescoped outward thickening and unfolding, filling like balloons with rushing fluids that filled tubes and sacks and then solidified into new glands and organs and hardened structure. The two smaller plates followed suit but not as grandly.

The shafts that telescoped from me beneath those four plates, however... it felt like I was growing six individual erections, each one a ludicrous sensation of orgasmic might as nectar actually leaked out of the telescoping things like I was gaining six more penises that were sliding out of six new vaginas.

God I hope not... one was enough.

But at the very end of their telescopes, the shafts throbbed and filled with blood, hardening and bristling... right before they suddenly splintered, cracked and spasmed open, flaring into fanning little spines that each spread a glittering multi-colored webbing between each finger of what was turning out to be wings. But then the largest of the two splintered, cracked, and spread open, unhinging several times before fanning their fingers, spreading a webbing of the same material that spread from the roof of my highly muscled back from underneath the many plates there, down along the spine, past the bottom and part way down the tail.

And then I rippled and gasped as all the armor on me fanned, spreading wider, ripping another layer of flesh apart beneath me along my belly, leaving a porcelain white, shining and glittering belly of opal-like scales while my belly deepened to thicken my middle downward instead of outward. Thighs and butt muscles almost became one, forelegs flaring and calves fanning, the blades on my heels becoming wrapped in a sort of chitinous boot as my toes spread wide and thickened before each toe lengthened.

And then shaking my head, my horns clacking as they thickened and billowed, flaring apart, I snarled as my jaw flared wider and my face pushed outward, muscle deepening before the lower portion of my jaw dropped and separated into two wide mandibles, leaving a small jaw behind them that dropped low, lower, lowest, dragging at my throat to create a grand maw and a sort of spiked waddle from the neck plates that grew spiked and heavy.

Rearing then, licking my whole face with a thickening long frog-like tongue, my chest becoming angular as the top two chests pointed upward and the lower two chests pointed downward, projecting the rounded shapes of my enormous breasts in those directions, that chest lurched forward and apart more, rounding it forward as I flexed, feeling my biceps ripping the skin over them as they separated wider, my body armor parting and flaring to reveal the pristine white body that was beneath it, a glory of God within me from all that holy magic that I'd just absorbed.

Then rolling my pleated armored shoulders backward, those shoulders flaring and separating wider, I panted as my chests detached, lifted and reset themselves as a grand breast plate as inner and outer rib cages clacked against each other, right before several mutating arms unfolded from the underside of that chest plate, ripping out of me and extended from my body. After that, two smaller pairs of muscles and bones parted, flaring two slightly smaller arms than the first two pairs.

The first new pair of arms opened up and extended, thickening with muscle and unfolding over and over again, forming two new pairs of arms as mighty as the first pair before my tits rippled and thickened. The second pair were a pair of smaller grasping arms that tucked into the plates about my ribs that formed a hooking serrated protrusion over the hardened muscles of my long belly that was so muscled it was just layer upon layer of rippling muscles.

Talk about a washboard stomach!

And there I balanced, shivering as my scales and bones rippled all up and down my body... right before I clenched my mandibles and grit the two layers of teeth in my mouth, right before my forehead separated upward, unfolding two more pairs of eyes that opened and swiveled, able to turn in opposition to the first pair, right before the glowing gem in my forehead swelled and spread my head apart, letting my brain expand inside my skull, right before two long slits broke open out of my head to either side of the spine and long antennae pulled out from inside of them.

Vents opened in my neck and exhaled steam, more vents in my sides doing the same as I set one foot against the ground with an extended heel like a high heel inside the carapace boot around it bulging and disgorging with muscle as it had to hold my weight. That muscle twanged every muscle and tendon up to my pussy and cock and made them vibrate and distend in thickness, made the cock bob and my pussy leak with nectar as I gasped in orgasm.

Setting the other leg then, bracing my weight, I rose, feeling a second twang of growth as I rose tall, tall enough to stand upright to nearly the ceiling in that grand bell room, a thirty foot height with its massive bells hanging in a row before I turned, cock waving before me before I did a single muscle roll and it got sucked up inside me and the two nads experienced something akin to shrinkage as they fought each other to climb up inside me. The remainder gave me a rather bulbous looking pussy as I stood well over my new companions.

On the left was a male angel, ripened and mighty with heaving, surging masculine muscle and armored with silvery armor and face plate, and on the right was an exacting female counterpart, with the pair having bodies that were a silvery black armor covering golden light bodies. Six wings, she with enormous tits, he with a cock that he could potentially use as a tripod stand, and both with having muscles greater than the old gods men worshiped before the one true God made himself known. Either twice as tall as a man, they were angelic with their nakedness only barely covered by a silver embroidered white body sheathe and flaring white epaulets beneath their great shoulders.

Those body cloths were etched with the same emblem I'd written into their chests.

I was half again their size.

I stood there utterly powerful, a horned titan of incredible strength and power, a Kraken as it were, but despite that, despite all my changes, there was still a little heart-shaped locket hanging tightly around my neck baring Maria's image.

"All right..." I said, my voice masculine and feminine, two voices speaking in unison. "Are you two going to give me any shit or do I have to learn ya some?"

Fin

A year later...

The Egyptian desert was a harsh place for the unprepared. At night it froze you, during the day it cooked you, so during the night, three personages on camels rode quietly toward a rock outcropping. In the lead was me... Cleo balled up in my lap as I rode between the humps of two of the camel's humps, while behind me were Angelo and Angela Dante...

I suggested that they change their name before they were married... by a justice of the peace... they were in religious limbo just like I was now. Catholicism was its base, but after many long conversations as I pointed out all its flaws, there was one thing the three of us eventually agreed upon... and that was the fact that a flawed church was not the church of God.

So with nowhere else to go, with all their worldly possessions having been donated to the poor when they joined the clergy, I invited them into my home.

It was like... living with two roommates who were newlywed and really, really, *really* into each other and were likewise religious fanatics. They even dressed the same before I told them my *Your ass is Ghetto*' joke that I heard one day from some vague comedian who's name I cannot recall.

**If you and your girlfriend walk down the street wearing the exact same T-shirt and jeans combo,
You know yo ass is ghetto.**

There were times when I just wanted to blow my brains out because of them, but there were also times that it was rather comforting. I'd not prayed at meals so consistently since the orphanage.

So we lived together... me... and two occasionally psycho angels.

"Do you suppose we'll find answers here, Dani?" Angelo asked me as he cradled Angela in his arms, probably fingering her while they rode.

"Perhaps..." I admitted from underneath the scarf over my head hiding me from the moon. "Egypt is just a gateway. Jerusalem and Jericho are where I've set my eyes upon... but Cleo here says she knows a few things about Egypt that might give us some insight on all our questions."

"Like Noah's march?" Angela asked and I nodded my woman's head with its long silken white locks before I drew the camel to the edge of the water and swung down from it, briefly revealing my nude body beneath my wrappings and all its luxurious strength and silken beauty.

"But Jerusalem is the city of God. Too many cultures call it God's holy city for us to ignore it, and there I think may be a good place to start researching God's True Church."

In my final stages of schooling, finishing my most recent doctorate – I had to submit my thesis while abroad – we'd chanced to attend a seminar on religion. The thing about this seminar was that every last one of the speakers spoke pretty much the same shit different deity... except one of them.

And he presented something called *'The Seventeen Points of the True Church.'* It was a story of a group of men who in their college days, had discussions about religion. This was during the times just prior to World War II in which of five men, four eventually made it to the exact same church at the conclusion of the war.

The fifth – the Atheist – died in combat.

Here were the points that were presented, and since all of them came from the bible, the universally held document all Christians follow, it became our... well... biblical example of what to seek, after we verified the existence that these passages really were what this man said they were.

1. Christ organized the Church (Ephesians 4:11-14)
2. The true church must bear the name of Jesus Christ (Ephesians 5:23)
3. The true church must have a foundation of Apostles and Prophets (Ephesians 2:19-20)
4. The true church must have the same organization as Christ's Church (Ephesians 4:11-14)
5. The true church must claim divine authority (Hebrew 5:4-10)
6. The true church must have no paid ministry (1 Corinthians 9:16-18; Acts 20:33-34; John 10:11-13)
7. The true church must baptize by immersion (Matthew 3:13-16)
8. The true church must bestow the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands (Acts 8:14-17)
9. The true church must practice divine healing (Mark 3:14-15)
10. The true church must teach that God and Jesus are separate and distinct individuals (John 17:11; 20:17)
11. The true church must teach that God and Jesus have bodies of flesh and bone (Luke 23:36-39; Acts 1:9-11; Hebrew 1:1-3)
12. The officers must be called by God (Hebrew 4:4; Exodus 28:1; 40:13-16)
13. The true church must claim revelation from God (Amos 3:7)
14. The true church must be a missionary church (Matthew 28:19-20)
15. The true church must be a restored church (Acts 3:19-20)
16. The true church must practice baptism for the dead (1 Corinthians 15:16&29)
17. "By their fruits ye shall know them." (Matthew 7:20)

He didn't say which church he belonged to, just left it at that... let the audience discover the path for themselves, but something about this young man told us that he knew something no one else in the room did... so we decided to explore these points amidst our quests of self discovery and verified each of those many scripture references. We spent many a sleepless night debating these points till unanimously we decided it was time to pursue them back to their possible point of origin.

"We're here." I said aloud, as if they couldn't discern that for themselves... but then again the pair of them was having too much fun playing with each other's genitals.

And lo... there we stood before the Great Pyramids of Egypt.

"And why are we here?" Angelo asked.

"This land, Africa, was the cradle of life, and Egypt was the cradle of civilization. There are legends here that pertain to all of us." I mentioned as Cleo yawned in my arms. "For me there are beings that were referred to as Djinn, Rakshasa, Chimera and more that were found around the Mediterranean, especially the southern part. For the two of you, and partly for me, Jerusalem and Jericho are to the east, and of course Egypt was where the Jews existed before Noah led them out of bondage."

"No... I mean why are we... *here?*" Angelo said and directed to the pyramids.

“Oh... right. Heh-heh. Cleo told me that this place was the burial place of the Pharaohs, the *‘living gods’* as the Egyptians called them... Ramses the Great in Particular.”

“The same Ramses that Noah defied with the authority of God?” Angela asked.

“The very same. I’m hoping that in one of the secret chambers of his pyramid we might find some of his lost knowledge. Hamunaptra, for instance. But likewise, I’m hoping he has some information about how he dealt with Noah and the One True God.”

Cleo yawned and stretched. “Are we there yet?” she murred.

“Yup... so lead on you sexy little kinky.”

“I invite a tom-cat over one night...” she groaned and hopped from my arms and began to pace, looking up and smelling, before she led us to one of the secret entrances of the pyramid tomb.

Ever heard of the saying *‘tip of the iceberg’*? Well our experiences that began here are a different story, but I can tell you that this pyramid was both literally and figuratively the tip of the iceberg... and what we found inside...

Was the stuff of legends!

<End>