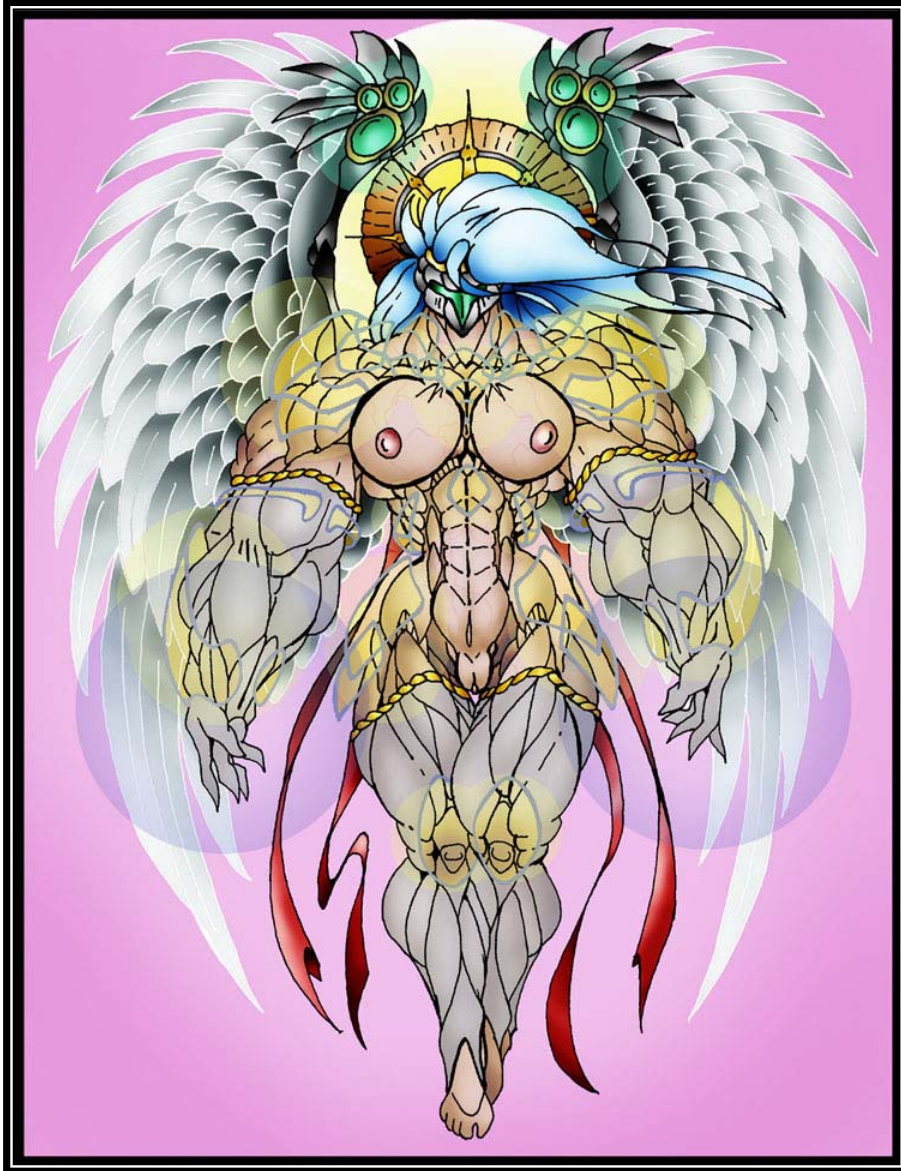


## Black and White

By: Daniel "Pendragon"

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An age ago, during the times of strife and conflict, during the times in which noble hearts and brave minds strove outward with conviction to defend their homeland even during impeccable odds, in the Age of Legends; Earth was quite a different place.

It was the age in which Avalon was being built a dimension away, where all the creatures of magic were joining together to hide themselves from mankind and their rising sciences, where a vast dimensional breach that joined all dimensions, planes and times existed, and earth was the crux and the apex for it all.

In this time, in the Age of Legends, just slightly after the Fall of Atlantis but just before its subsequent removal from the Earth Plane, great and marvelous wonders flooded into

Earth, acting as protectors and caretakers for their new home. But likewise, unspeakable horrors that sought nothing more than chaos, destruction and death, simply for the prospect of causing such things, spilled out onto our world.

Of the latter of these things, was personified by "The Horde."

The world over was plagued by these creatures, of Gremlins and Imps, of Oni and Goblins, Devils and Demons. It mattered not where in the world you were. You could not escape them....

But as it were, this was also the time of incredible magics, where even the Creator Himself poured out his power onto the world to protect his gemstone from annihilation. Wherewith he'd once destroyed it utterly, save for a single Ark of men, women and animals, He now tried with every last ounce of matter that was in him to save it.

And as such, holy artifacts, like Excalibur, the armor of Charlemagne and the Staff of Merlin, came forth during these times. And, likewise, legends – legendary men and women of valor that are now forgotten in your modern day and age – rose up to defend Mother Earth from the Horde.

That is why I write these things... so that you will not forget.

When I began my life, I was named Angela. I possessed no surname, for the noble father that had despoiled my mother refused to give either of us a name, saying that we were "*Too common.*"

Five thousand years ago, the land you now regard as France was a veritable battlefield. War-torn and disheveled by the horde, there were very few places that were still safe. Lea' Monde was a town that I was born and raised within, a town centered around one of the few remaining Holy Oracles, a Church of the Creator, which by its sheer presence held the Horde at bay.

Named after the church itself, the town of Lea' Monde was built around a fortress protecting that church, surrounded then by a ring of fields and fences, and finally by a great stone and wood wall constructed and built up over the generations The Horde had been loose.

I'd been born and raised here, nothing but a small common girl, barely of seventeen seasons now, and directly descended from the last of the Atlanteans before they had been swept away with Atlantis itself to help make the world of Avalon.

Only creatures of immense magic, and pure bred Atlantean were invited to Avalon. My despoiled blood and lack of identity would keep them from inviting me to that paradise of magic.

Here, however, everything centered upon the church and the power of the Oracle inside it. The high priests maintained the oracle, gained insight from it, warrior-priests protected the church itself where it laid inside the great pyramid that had been built by Atlantis herself, whereas common acolytes – like myself – cared and cleaned it.

This particular day began like any other, I awoke within my blankets on a bed of straw, I cleansed myself in a tub large enough only to catch the cold, cold water that fell from a pitcher over my head and down my slender, coltish naked body, and dressed. Beneath my Acolyte's clothing was a simple dress of yellow, complete with skirts, pantaloons and all the trimmings, and though they were complete as a lady's, they were nonetheless the only clothing I owned.

At night, I washed them while in the nude and hung them up to dry, and by day I donned them again. I'd done it so many times I could do it blind folded. Lastly I drew up my red trimmed white hood. But then, who'd notice the face of a comely, scraggly haired little girl like me. I

was seventeen, and not a single of the young men noticed me. I was beginning to believe it was because that I'd been "Blessed" – as the priests would call it – of not being beautiful.

I prayed for hips and breasts and a blazing sexuality every night... praying for the Creator to finally make me a woman worth notice.

I toiled quietly, sweeping the floors to make sure that the church remained free of dirt and grime, while a few others of my fellow acolytes toiled on washing the woodwork. Priests would come through later to anoint the beams and whatnot. Here in the lower levels of Lea' Monde, I was quite far away from the denizens of the world, at peace in my own quiet solitude, sweeping idly away, even though I'd been sweeping in the exact same place for nearly half an hour now.

But while I swept, there suddenly came the feeling of something sinister somewhere inside my bosom, and blinking, I raised my head, just as a pair of long spindly fingers slid over my narrow shoulders. I gave a jump and a small cry of alarm as I spun around, clutching my broom before me as a guard. But then I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw one of the high priests standing before me.

For some reason, however, I still felt a minute form of that alarm thumping inside my chest.

"Good morning, child. Are you progressing with your studies?" He asked and pressed his fingertips together, his great broad priestly collar hanging open around his neck and shoulders to show a simple gray garb beneath his white and red robes.

"Y-yes, Brother Jenner." I curtsied low, bowing my head as was due to a man of his station. "Y-you just startled me."

"Odd that I seem to have developed that trait lately." He nodded and smiled, though his smile didn't seem to be of holy knowledge, but rather of mirth and malevolence.

Goosebumps rose up all over my body at that sight... including my chest, which was a very, very odd sensation. I could also feel the hackles on the back of my neck rise.

"I've been watching you as of late, sister Angela." He greeted. "I and *many* of the other high priests in fact. If you'd like to put your broom down and follow me, there is something I'd like to show you."

Confused, I placed my broom against the wall as the priest stepped forward, folding his hands into his robes now while I pulled my cowl up over my head and its short crop of stringy hair. *Better that way I guess, I thought, and then no one can see how horrid I look.*

I followed Jenner for a time, still feeling that odd sense of foreboding as he led me deeper and deeper into Lea' Monde. Only when I lifted my eyes and looked about me did I realize *how* deep.

*Great Maker, We're going straight to the inner sanctum!* I gasped suddenly with the realization, and Jenner chuckled as I did while we stepped down through a short corridor and down a final flight of double-wide stairs in which no acolyte has ever descended I guessed.

And at the bottom of the stairs, was the oracle itself.

I gasped, looking around me at the near crystalline walls, at the bright sphere suspended in a column of light and fire at the center of the hall, and the great domed ceiling it all resided within. There were several doors spanning about the entire perimeter of the Oracle Room – High Priest chambers – while opposite the great stair that led to this place, was an immense mural of an armored being. Behind that being, a pair of gossamer wings laid folded, and a sword taller than me and just as broad was clutched in its armored fingers.

“The Paladin.” I breathed, stepping forward to look at the image.

Real plates of steel were imbedded right into the stone wall to complete the mural, with even the immense sword imbedded as well. All of it was ornate and beautiful, and the being just registered power.

“Indeed, the heralded protector of this realm on Earth. Blessed three generations ago by the Creator Himself, it was said. And this,” he directed with one long fingered hand to the oracle. “Contains the power he was said to wield.”

With another gesture, the oracle opened, the sphere breaking apart and spreading open to reveal a golden circlet that glittered and shone ecstatically in the light. Almost... hypnotically. Enticingly.

I stepped forward, taking a small step, feeling drawn to it despite the shards of glass or crystal that danced around it. I wasn't troubled by the possibility of them cutting into my arm; I wanted only to touch that golden circlet. But then with another gesture, the oracle reformed, sealing the circlet inside it again.

I blinked and looked back to Brother Jenner as he stepped back into my field of view.

“The circlet protects us, Angela. Inside this oracle, and attached to the whole of the pyramid of Lea' monde, a holy aura protects this whole town from the invasion of the horde. Should anything happen to this tenuous link...” his voice trailed off, and he placed a hand on the crystalline sphere surrounding the circlet.

“I brought you down here to test something, Angela... something which you've been most helpful in. But before I let you return to your duties, tell me, do you know why that there are very few high priests?”

I looked at him and shook my head.

“Unlike the young women,” he continued, stepping forward, looming over me and my spry frame. “The young men are trained to become warrior priests. As you know, you are taught the healing arts that are more magic than holy craft. A woman, by the Creator’s own decree, is unable to bare the arts of the priest.” His spindly-fingered hand lifted again and pressed against my navel, and slid downward a bit to the point where I backed a step away before I felt his fingers brush against my virginity. “You on the other hand... are given the power of life itself.”

A great, toothy grin split his face for a moment or two.

“Many have tried to gain the power of the paladin.” He said, and this time his hands lifted to my arms, holding them firmly while his long thumbs brushed against the sides of my chest. “Many a warrior priest had trained themselves to get to be better than any other, but when they tried to don the circlet... well... lets just say that their bodies were not able to contain the raw power of the holy flame.”

“Th-they failed?”

“They died. Cooked from the inside before spontaneously combusting and being reduced into a emaciated puddle of smoldering bones and viscous body fluids... all merged into a crisping puddle of blood.

“Hence is the penalty for the unworthy to wear the circlet.”

I gasped and then clasped my hands before my chest, staring at him horrified and wide-eyed from the mental image that whole concept rose up within my mind.

“High priests are so few, because we are the only ones who live long enough to live this long. We are also wise enough not to try to don the circlet.” He paused and considered me for a moment. “I have a need of you, Angela.” Jenner spoke then, releasing me and then turning to the oracle again. “You will be privileged to view one of our holy meetings, at my request.”

I blinked and stood rooted to the spot. Not breathing a single breath while my heart skipped several beats inside my diminutive ribcage.

“I want you to wait in my quarters... with the door only slightly ajar so that you may listen. Now go Angela. My fellow priests will be here shortly, and this is no place for an acolyte, let alone a woman. But I may call on you shortly.”

I suppressed a shiver and took a step backward, curtsying again and turned toward his door that he had gestured toward. And as commanded, I entered into his darkened room with the door slightly ajar, and knelt upon the floor just before the crack and looked through the crack with both eyes opened.

Shortly thereafter... the priests began to arrive.

“Brothers! Gather round.” Jenner greeted as the other high priests gathered within the main chamber. “I’ve received heinous news. Our scouts have detected the main body of the horde in this area at last, and I am afraid that they report that the armies of light have met with extreme opposition to their demon lord and his new knight... a black-winged creature called *‘Raven.’*”

“This warrior, brothers, is unstoppable. Single-handedly, he has brought down a whole battalion of soldiers of the Army of Light, and the Aegis Knights themselves have asked for our aide in this matter, especially since even they seem to have met great opposition with this new knight.”

“But what shall we do?” asked one of the younger members of the circle.

“I’ve spent a great deal of time with the oracle as of late, and Brother Matthias agrees with me on this matter, that now is the time to raise the Paladin again. It is our only hope.”

I sat at the door, watching all this while the other six priests murmured amongst themselves about this.

“But...” began one of the other priests, a squirrely wisp of a man. “We test for the paladin only once a year... only with the bravest and strongest of our young men and not a one of them succeed. If we force them to try on the circlet in the chances that the paladin does rise from among them, we would be left without a defense force if it progresses too far among our ranks.”

“But if the paladin arises,” Another priest spoke. “Then his worth would be greater than a whole division of our warrior priests.”

There was a more sorted conversation and looking back to Jenner, I saw him standing there, with a tiny sort of a smile plastered against his face, and a weird glint in his eye.

I held my breath, and listened as they debated for nearly an hour. Finally...

“Then we will ask of it.” The Priest Matthias stated; the elder priest of them all. “Gather up all the warrior monks, and in three days, we shall try them with the circlet out in the main square. All are invited to watch, but they should be warned of the possible... grotesque... outcome of all this.”

There was more murmuring, and the meeting lasted for only a quarter of an hour more, before they all separated to their duties in Lea' monde. All except Jenner, who tarried until the last, and then turned straight for the door I stood behind. Taking a gasp of air, seeming to fill my lungs for the first time in watching this whole event, I hurried away from the door just before it swung open, and Jenner stood there, looming over me.

“You were the first woman to partake in our meetings ever, Angela.” He greeted, his hands falling upon my shoulders to hold me. “What think you of the ways of men?”

“I... I don’t know.” I said, looking up to him, feeling his thumbs sliding against my arms in a way that was really not making me feel well.

“As should be expected. Women are slow witted and think too much with their feelings than with their heads. But one thing that I will grant you that you are better than we is that you have... a much greater capacity for... sensuality.”

He licked his teeth, his tongue lingering on a single canine in his jaw, and a quick glance downward, revealed the horrid bulge in his pants. I tried to back away at once, but his grasp held me, and I jerked out of his surprisingly strong fingers to stand away from him.

“Please, Brother Jenner.” I pleaded, standing back away from him, and on a second thought, took another step deeper into his room. “I should really get back to my lessons and chores. Master Kahn would be most upset if I were not where I was supposed to be when he makes his rounds.

“I’d be given a great deal of demerits for not keeping up in my duties.”

“Simply remedied. You would be excused *if* I told him that you were under my directions.” There was a lot implied in that statement, I noted as he walked past me, all primp and proper, all stuffed up as he opened his robe and hung it up on a nightstand before lighting a glowsphere over his desk. “I could take care of all of that,” he continued, but also continued to undo his jacket and his shirt and opened those up to reveal a bony chest, long since voided of the muscle of his warrior priest days. “All you need to do, Angela, is lay there on the bed.”

Something inside me panicked, and I started to hyperventilate. “I-I-I’m-sorry-I-gotta-go-now-goodbye!” I said in the rush, and picking up my robe and skirts hurried quickly out of the room, through the chamber up the main steps, and didn’t stop until I’d rushed right through the main chapel and out the main double doors, panting heavily as I leaned up against the side door grasping at a stitch in my side.

*We are not slow witted*, I thought darkly, reflecting on Jenner’s words to me about my gender.

But nonetheless, I felt that I’d been saved from a fate worse than death just then, and my relief from it all was triumphant and marvelous for nearly an entire minute, until a gruff voice greeted me.

“Why hello, Angela... I see that you are away from your chores.” I turned and looked up with a startled gasp at Master Kahn... the warrior priest in charge of all the acolytes. “Come with me, Angela... I want to speak with you in my offices.”

### 3

Whenever a demerit was given, you were usually given the unpleasant work that was available, and since there were always acolytes doing something bad, there was always someone there to do that unpleasant work.

Unfortunately, I couldn't come up with an excuse as to why I was two floors away from my duties other than something had startled me, and since lying would've made my situation even worse, I didn't blame it on a rat or something. But likewise, I couldn't just tell Kahn that I was in Jenner's presence, because Kahn would undoubtedly double check on that, Jenner would say that I wasn't, and being that he was a high priest and I was an acolyte, that excuse would've been seen as a lie.

So now here I was at the beginning of a whole month of demerits.

Stripped down to nothing, my underclothing replaced with cotton wrappings about my loins and my chest, with leather thigh-high boots and matching leather arm-length gloves, I had the rather unfortunate privilege of cleaning out the latrine.

Already I was covered from head to toe, carrying perhaps my hundredth slop bucket to the storage wagon prior to it being taken out to the fields, thinking all the while on how strange Jenner has become in the past few months.

I'd always remembered him as a humble man, but now...

I paused beside the slop wagon, signaled that I was done emptying the latrine, and the driver whipped his oxen into movement, and the car wheeled off down the road. Whipping off some of the grime against my forehead, I arched my back and felt my chest with both hands, noting not for the first time that I lacked even the buds of breasts.

Sighing, I picked up my bucket, cleaned it out, deposited it by the access port for the latrine well, and then went off to the shower room. There was at least one benefit of working these torrid tasks, a benefit that *almost* made it worthwhile. Almost. The showers were hot water, like the royals, warrior priest and such get to use.

The shower room, however, was reserved for the upper classmen and women of the acolytes and above, so at any one time there were few people using it. Stepping inside I quickly slipped out of my boots and gloves, then my white wrappings and quickly threw them in the trash, hurried over to the first showerhead and quickly turned on the hot water.

A spray of initially steaming hot water pelted me against my flattened chest, running down the crevice between its two sides, over my slender stomach and narrow hips, to cascade between my legs. Cooler water from the cistern was added then and I dipped my head forward before turning the pressure lowered so that I'd be able to enjoy its touch longer.

It was then that I had the chance to view my body as the water's cleansing touch rinsed my body off of things that just shouldn't be mentioned. It was practically boyish, with long legs and arms, skinny body to the point where my ribs showed easily, and a sunken belly that one would've been mistaken for starvation. I was a boy – weak armed and spry of body in every sense – save that I lacked the penis and ball sack of a boy. Even my cunt remained hairless as a little girl... it was as if puberty had decided to *completely* forget about me. Here I was nearly seventeen, and though I was growing up, my body had stopped growing sometime at about the age of fourteen.



Lowering a hand, I cupped the soft, bare skin of my virginity, fingering the crevice, and receiving very little pleasure from the action, even despite the moisture assailing it. I even coaxed a pair of fingers between the twin folds, caressed my insides pleasingly, but like every time before, failed to coax out one of those pleasing orgasms all the other female acolytes said they'd already experienced and flaunted in my face.

*Fate hates me*, I thought, and removing my fingers from between my legs, planted it firmly against the wall before me.

Silently, I prayed a prayer to finally get noticed by a man, to finally start maturing, but in answer to that silent prayer, I heard a click of a boot against the tile floor, and whipping myself around, I found myself staring straight at Jenner.

“How odd,” He voiced as he stepped into the room, already opening his robe, to show a rather fit body, but lacking greatly of its old virtues with age. “I’d thought that underneath all those skirts and robes, you’d at least have *started* to become a woman.”

He shook his head and took up a spot beside me before turning on the showerheads.

*So this is how my prayers are answered*, I considered for a moment, and then turned to turn off the showerheads. *He was changing. The old Jenner I knew would never have said such things.*

“I’m sorry, but I need to get back to work, High priest. Other than my demerits, I must also do my normal chores, classes and duties. I mustn’t linger.”

“Of course, of course.” He said, beginning to shower as I walked over to the cloakroom and chose out a body-sheathe of appropriate size for me... the smallest one I could find. But as I was exiting, pulling that sheathe on around me... “You know, Angela. I *can* help you with your... deformity.” He grinned, still standing in the shower as he folded his arms to look at me.

“What deformity?” I asked with a little growing tension in my voice, folding the sheathe over me to be sure that he couldn’t spy through its already thin fabric at my naked body.

“With your inability to transform into a woman.”

His grin returned, and it was then that I saw that cluster between his legs begin to lengthen and rise, and blinking momentarily at the size and thickness it grew to, I shook my head. Becoming the lover of a high priest indeed would have its benefits, but... something deep inside me, perhaps the core incorruptible part of my heart, screamed at me.

But still, there was a moment or two... or three or five... where my insatiable desire to finally... *finally* become a woman made me think about that offer. But finally...

“No.” I said. “The Creator made me what I am, and I shall live it in its strength or its weaknesses.” I quoted from scripture. “And I will mate with whom I choose, Brother Jenner.

My body is my temple, and if it is to be invaded and defiled, then I'd rather die first." I curtsied low and then rose, keeping my head away from the sight of him. "Good morn' Brother Jenner." I said and hurried out of the shower hall.

As I was a good ways away, the sun now shining down on the world from my early morning chores, I heard one of the loudest, most un-priest-like curses coming from the place I'd just exited. And something... something inside me kicked my feet up and forced me to run.

## 4

The day of the trials began.

Over a hundred warrior priests gathered in the square. Nearly our whole contingent. Only those who'd just been raised to the status of Warrior Priest were left out due to inexperience, but that score of men down there rated nearly all of the men who protected us.

Deep inside Lea' Monde, still working off my demerits by cleaning up the dining hall, I was forbidden to take part of the festivities and the observation of the trials. *As if I wanted to!* I said hotly inside my head. The thought of watching them die... was just too sickening.

But nonetheless, near the peak of Lea' Monde where I now cleansed the dining hall single-handedly, I had a perfect view of the square past the fortress that protected the church.

The first of the warriors was approaching the pedestal where the circlet even now rested atop a purple satin pillow.

I watched until he placed the circlet on his brow before turning away, and then closed my eyes when the screaming began. When I looked back at last, there was a gathering around the place where one warrior had just stood, with all the High Priests standing about that place.

But then I noticed something awry, and counted the priests.

*Only six...* I thought, and stepping over to the window, looked for Jenner, and saw that he was indeed missing.

Quickly, I turned around, half-expecting him to be standing there, but was most grateful when he wasn't. His sort of attention was not the sort I was praying for. But a quick scan of the crowd likewise showed that he wasn't there either. I looked about, and finally found him.

*Why is he heading for the main gates?* I wondered, and standing there, watched on as he hurried up to the main gates of the town of Lea' Monde. But then suddenly my perceptions changed, and it seemed as if I was standing right behind him with the clarity that the next few moments transpired.

I leaned forward, squinting into the distance, somehow able to see Jenner's actions as he was approached by one of the common soldiers guarding the main gate and the wall. Though I could

not hear the particular conversation, I did nonetheless see Jenner's hands pull out of his robe, and with a flash of metal saw a wicked stiletto plunge downward into the heart of the man.

There was a cry of alarm, and another hand reached into a satchel and pulled out a crossbow, which promptly silenced the next person, before from out of nowhere a long curved sword erupted from Jenner's robes.

I leapt forward with a cry in my throat that never uttered itself, and watched with alarming detail as he sliced through five more soldiers with the skill and precision of the finest of Warrior Priests. Then standing triumphantly over his fallen opponents, his murders, he sheathed his sword still wrought with blood, stepped forward and opened the main gate wide; careful to make sure both doors were open to their fullest.

He then walked forward, out into the killing field surrounding the wall, and disappeared right into the forested wilderness.

## 5

In hindsight... I *should* have went straight to the high priests and told them what transpired... but something in me told me to follow him, and follow him I did without even thinking. It didn't take me long to find him, and I was silent enough not to take his notice as I tiptoed carefully through the underbrush a short distance away. Maybe no more than a mile. But then he walked out into an opened clearing, and as I neared the entrance, I stopped, and then quickly hunched down behind a rock to watch what happened next.

There, beyond in the middle of a large clearing, was a vast encampment of The Horde.

I gasped, looking at them all, all of them remaining silent as can be so close to the town as they prepared for battle. There was the subtle clank and clang of metal, and the grinding noises of siege weapons being readied, and I gasped as I noticed that they were preparing for an assault.

I nearly bolted at the sight of the Horde; nearly ran as fast as my long legs could carry me and scream for the soldiers and warriors. But then there came a horrific scream from the center of the encampment, and looking forward, I saw a burst of flame rise up out of the middle of the encampment, and a demon rose straight from a rift in the earth.

His wings spread wide and terrible, leathery and torn at their edges as he stepped out into the light of dawn, flexing the muscles of a physical body that was dwarfed by nothing. Beside him was a towering warrior, with great black feathery wings, and obsidian armor plates decorating key points of his body. A sword as large as he was, more than ten feet, was held by some mysterious force at his back, while only a loincloth and that dark armor protected him from complete nakedness.

A horned mask, enshrouded with a silvery, perhaps platinum, circlet about his brow, and dark, dark hair atop a head situated on a tanned body were all that I could see of his flesh.

He stood with arms folded, his physical might second only to that massive demon, with his face looking over the horde around him. And then I saw Jenner idly walking up to them.

*“You have proved yourself worthy of our... bargain then?”* the demon greeted, growling and hissing as he talked, flexing his great taloned hands as he stepped forward to loom twice the size of Jenner.

“I have. The Warrior Priests are steadily sacrificing themselves to a myth, the guards at the gate are taken care of, and the Doors to Lea’ Monde stand wide open. I now offer up the final point of our bargain to seal the deal. Where... is... my... reward?”

*“Worry not, paltry human... you’ll get what’s coming to you.”* The demon grinned, showing multiple rows of teeth, the furthest out of which actually stuck outward from his mouth almost snaggletooth-like as his black lips peeled from off his teeth. *“And so,”* he continued, and lifted a hand to open huge talons for fingers, spreading them open as if to wrench something free. *“As final price and signature of our bargain, I now take... your **soul.**”*

The demon laughed as his fist clenched and he pulled it back, and Jenner immediately put his hands to his head and screamed outward as a fire burned from inside him. The flame filleted his flesh from him while rending his clothing away, sucking his blood and his fluids from his body before picking apart each and every last fiber of his muscle and body. Then, only a skeleton remained, which looked up and around, its sockets eyeless and its skull hollow just before the demon opened his fist and a pinpoint of sickly green light rose up from his hand and flew into the now vacant ribcage of the skeleton.

Then, in rapid order, the process reversed itself and his body was rebuilt to the point of where even his clothing was returned in perfect order, and Jenner collapsed to the ground, clutching at his chest.

*“As answer to our bargain, I give you the power you so seek, Jenner. The power above mortals. Now, go before us, and remove the last opposition from before our eyes as we attack. The high priests must all die, and the oracle cracked if we are to succeed. And of the golden circlet... **destroy it!**”*

Jenner bowed; the most evil of grins on his face as he turned and stepped away, back toward the town. As he approached, I huddled down close to the ground, hugging myself, my knees close to my chest, and as Jenner walked past me, I felt my breathing and my heart stop, as a chill colder than the coldest winter night spread though me till he passed away.

*In the Creator’s Name... he sold us out!* I cried inwardly, sliding upward against the rock as Jenner walked away, holding my breath in panic.

I was weak, small, and only a mere acolyte, surrounded on all sides by the horde, with a traitor going off to destroy us to the front of me, and a demon lord and his knight behind me. My chest heaved a couple of times as I scrubbed my hand through my hair, wanting to know what to do.

But then there was a loud growl, and I looked around quickly to see the demon lord walking the perimeter of the encampment with his knight walking quickly in tow.

“Master.” The knight spoke, his voice sounding cold and metallic through his facemask. “Is it wise to allow such a creature as that among us? He’s already betrayed those who called him friends, why would he not do the same with us?”

*“Hold your Tongue, Raven.”* The demon growled, not even favoring his knight with a sideward glance. *“My judgment is final! Never question it again.”*

“Yes master.” He nodded, hanging his head as they proceeded within a few scant feet from me, and I cowered behind my rock, feeling my heart pattering a hundred beats a minute, but my breathing halting itself in mid-breath.

But as I inched around the boulder to keep it between me and them, I began to hear a subtle rustling, and then my foot bumped up against something. And looking down, I saw, something that would haunt me for the rest of my life. Innocent as I was, seeing two gremlins, a male and a female, with the female on her hands and knees with tiny breasts pressed against the ground and rear lifted high up into the air, and the male rocking into her from behind, was burned painfully into my mind.

My lip began to twitch as I stared down at the pair, the two staring wide-eyed back up at me. Then at last, I shook myself from the sight, looked around me if suddenly realizing where I was, and bolted.

“Master! *MASTER!* There’s a human among us!” The gremlins jittered, hopping up onto the rock I’d been hiding behind and pointing after me as I ran, my heavy skirts slowing me down and seeming to tangle about my legs, and I fell once before I drew up presence of mind to pull them up. “Master! Humans!”

There was a lunging burst as behind me, I saw that towering demon, black and blood red, rear backward and roar like a hundred beasts in pain. *“Stop her! STOP her! I’ll flay the fool alive who lets her get away!”*

I redoubled my efforts, running faster than I’d ever ran before, but even as I ran, I felt claws snatch at my hood and at my acolyte’s robe, and I came to an abrupt stop as those claws tore at the robe, shredding the white and red from off of me as I tried desperately to squirm free.

“No!” I cried, feeling the claws tug at my hair and the hem of my skirts now, but a titanic wrestling tug, I freed myself, my robe bursting open to deposit me down the length of a hill, and I tumbled down it and fell right into a series of bushes and brambles.

Cursing most un-lady like, I felt my dress and hair snag, felt superficial cuts slice open my exposed skin against my hands and face, before I was ejected downward into a hole, and crumpled to the ground.

I was barely conscious, but when I opened my eyes, it was to see a log just above me, and my body bent at an odd angle.

“Ohh...” I groaned, and lifted a hand to feel my head for the lump that felt as if it were bulging thickly while throbbing painfully on my crown.

But then I heard the jittering, and panicking again, I huddled further into the hole under the tree, and looking up through the narrow crack I’d fallen through, I saw feet walking by, both large and small, but all inhuman.

All of a sudden, I was crying, full and heavy tears that stung the cuts on my cheeks, staring up at those feet, praying with all my heart to The Creator to keep me hidden, praying harder than I’d ever prayed before that these creatures would pass me by.

For what felt like an eternity, I heard them rooting around about me, and I held my breath for nearly the whole time, staring through that crack, hoping that they would not find me. I waited till I couldn’t hear them anymore, waited a long time after that, and finally, slowly, crawled outward from underneath my log, and crept upward into the fading sunlight. And then I turned, and saw with horror the black cloud of smoke rising over Lea’ Monde.

*It’s already begun...*

## 6

I walked up to Lea’ Monde over an hour after discovering the treachery of High Priest Jenner, pausing at its gates, and looking on at the horror around me. All of a sudden, my knees pressed together, and no amount of will power in me was able to make them move again.

The fields had already been burned to a cinder, nothing more than a black char, the fences had been hewn down, and homes beyond beaten upon and enflamed to the point where some places were just crumbling walls.

I finally stepped forward, but not of my own volition, my form walking as my head turned, ingraining all of this into my head moment by moment, and each memory placed a larger and larger break in my heart.

The fields were strewn with dead soldiers and slain beasts of the Horde, and the smell that rose up from half-burned corpses were acrid in my nostrils to the point where I could taste the gag reflex rising up from my bowels.

But then I paused, midway down the main avenue, looking about me, and there I saw a sight that finally broke my heart: The sight of a child... mangled and beaten.

The woman inherent in me, the woman not yet awakened peaked through the facade of my girlhood, and awakened inside of me, and kneeling, I took up the child in my arms, and simply cried at the treachery of all of this.

I could feel my jaw clenching, feel my breathing grow heavy as my heart thudded inside my head, and I cradled the lifeless body of a child that had barely known life for more than a few seasons.

I began to cry, but all other emotions in me grew cold as I knelt there, and gently smoothed out the mangled tussle of hair at the little boy's brow, before I gently placed the child's lifeless body on the ground, and closed his eyes.

*Great Maker, how horrid!* I thought surging to my feet, and I began to walk toward the chapel... hoping at least that that had held out against the attack. But then I walked into the main square, and saw at last the simplicity of this attack. The puddle of dead and molten matter was immense here, and with a sudden dread, I realized that these were of all those brave souls who'd placed the circlet upon their heads and died for it. But what had been made worse, was that their remains – what little of it remained – had all been arranged into a pentagram at the center of the square. The mark of the dark-one in which to counter the power of Lea' Monde.

But also, all those souls marked the deaths of our primary defense line.

Jenner knew... he *Knew* that this would happen. He removed our defenses and left us as helpless babes.

I was careful to walk around the mark, noting that none of the high priests were here, and I hurried up to the main doors of Lea' Monde itself, pushing the charred doors open and surging into the ruined chapel.

“Hello?” I called. “Is anyone here?”

At this point, in all the quiet, I began to wonder two things. Where were the survivors... and where was the horde?

“Hello?” I called again, though a little quieter than before. And felt something crunch beneath my feet, and looking down, I jumped back as I stepped on a hand that had been burnt to a cinder.

A muted cry of horror escaped my throat as I jumped back off it, and pressed my lips together in effort to hold back the gag reflex as I noticed that the owner's body of the hand was no where to be seen.

Swallowing hard, I stepped forward, trying not to look at anything in hopes of not having to look at any new horror that had befallen the town of my birth. Pews were broken and smoldering with fire, and they broke and crunched beneath my slippered feet as I passed through the chapel and into the hallways beyond.

Here, at least, the halls were left pristine, with the blood splatter and the general destruction having been spared here. Or perhaps, there was no one left at this point.

I opened doors to see empty rooms where a horde of acolytes once resided, passed through corridor after corridor, slowly making my way downward deeper into Lea' Monde, but the deeper I went, the colder the air became.

And then I came to the lowest level just prior to the Oracle itself, and here I passed glyphs and signs of some strange writing, the glyphs ranging in size from tiny to huge and immense disks of several tracks, but all of them connected. But all of them were also scrawled as if in blood, and all of those designs glowed a dark, volcanic red. I fingered some of them, daring myself to touch them, finding as if it were solid paint on the wall now instead of viscous marks made in human fluids.

Biting my lip, I turned once again, pausing at the Grand Stair that led straight to the basement, and holding my dress over my heart, I stepped forward and descended down into the darkness.

From below a strange, macabre green and red light shone forth, and despite that an hour ago, this place had placed me at such a soft and nourishing calm, somehow in that same hour it had become something that chilled me in a way that sunk deep into my bones.

Soon, the only sound I heard was that of my breathing, and of my heart pounding in my ears, and I felt faint. And then my feet landed upon the base where the oracle resided, my body pressing close to the wall as I looked into the great chamber, covering my mouth at a sudden intake of breath.

The Chamber of the Oracle was decorated in the blood innocents, crisscrossing the once white and pristine beauty that housed the oracle. Red marks were strewn everywhere, overlapping one another, commingling with green marks of some strange ichor, while heaped beneath the oracle was a mound of bones that had been stripped of their flesh, and even gnawed upon by many, sharp little teeth.

But despite all this darkness, despite the evils that were all around it, the Oracle remained, shining bright and defiant, though diminished it seemed.

Just then I heard steps coming down the stairs, and I turned quickly around to see who it was, saw some figures coming down the Grand Stair, and I hurried for the nearest room, ignoring the stench and everything as I huddled behind the door, keeping it open only just enough to see outside.

And then Jenner arrived, and flung a bloodied sack of something forward onto the floor, and I was surprised to see a body uncoil to catch itself short of collapsing onto the floor. Jenner seemed livid, dark and menacing as he stared down at the man dressed in high priest robes, and I barely suppressed a gasp as brother Matthias lifted his head with one eye nothing but a socket now, and his body now covered in blood.

“I have tried to be patient with you old man.” Said Jenner, folding his arms before him; he seeming to be growing right before my eyes, with veins standing out on his flesh as, with each



beat of his now black heart, his body grew larger, more powerful and even more menacing. “I do not have time to deal with your insolence, Matthias. If you continue to test me...”

“Why?” Matthias gasped, his already old and withered body clawing at the ground, while a spreading pool of blood decorated the already blood stained crystalline floor.

Jenner grinned, lifting a hand where his fingernails had all lengthened and had turned into long claws that were rapidly blackening.

“For Power. Ultimate power. Power of life, power over death, to become immortal and unchallengeable. That demon that I unleashed doesn’t know it, but there is already a tap between me and he, and already, as you can see, I am draining him of his un-life. Soon *I* will be the greatest of demons. But before then, before I can insure that no one can *ever* challenge me, I must destroy the *circlet!*”

When Jenner raised his voice at the last, I shrank back and shivered, feeling colder with him so near. But then, Matthias smiled, and ever so slowly rose to his feet, balancing himself on one leg alone, holding a broken and busted arm as he stood aloft and towered even over the transforming Jenner it seemed.

“I am beyond the worst that you can do to me Jenner.” He said. “And by so choosing the path of darkness, I am already greater than you. I would’ve given to you the Mantle of the Elder Priest that I wear, I treated you like my own son, and you threw it all away.” Matthias removed his mantle and let it fall to the floor before stepping on it with his dirtied slipper. “This is now ground into the Earth... worthless now, and with it, the only true power that you could’ve wielded. And with it, so also goes your ability to retrieve the circlet. And now... only The Chosen One can truly retrieve the circlet from where it resides.”

“In the oracle, you mean.” Jenner said, stepping around Matthias, setting himself into a pacing motion around him and the ancient artifact. “I was surprised that you were able to replace it into the Oracle, even with such a short warning. The Beasts of the Horde would’ve been on you within moments of passing the gate.”

Matthias merely smiled, and closed his one remaining eye. His hands, despite that the other was broken, folded together, and he uttered the final prayer. And once the last utterance was done, he opened his eye again, and looked to Jenner. “Go to Hell.”

Jenner stared at him, his gaze flickering for the barest of moments before he surged forward, and with a sickly crunch, punched through the Elder Priest’s robes and ribcage lifting him up above the ground. I turned away as I heard the grinding and the crunch intensify shivering as I heard Jenner utter only one last phrase.

“You first.” He snarled, his voice growling all the while.

And then I heard a thud, and turned to see Jenner holding the full and reddened heart of the now dead Elder, and with it in his hand, he stepped over to the oracle.

“You all believe you’ve beaten me,” He talked to himself, and held the heart above the oracle, the elder’s blood dribbling down his arm. “You all believe that your precious artifact has been hidden away from me, “His hand opened, and suddenly it grew larger and thicker, his claws darkening to the color of pitch as they all hooked inward. “Well damn you all!” And then he crushed the heart.

The crimson red of the priest splattered against the oracle, and where the rivulets of blood streaked along the crystal sphere it cracked, splitting open and then shattering, and as the crystalline shards fell to the ground, I gasped in refrained awe when I saw that the Circlet wasn’t there!

*They’ve hidden it!* I thought triumphantly. And there, out in the main room, Jenner was trembling, and then he started growling as he turned and walked several paces away. His growl intensified, grew louder, until he finally opened his mouth and roared, and lunged outward with his fist with so much force that the wall he hit shattered. And with that strike, a deep indentation formed in the wall, breaking the series of glyphs and signs, which made each and every last one of them, fade away. And then I heard retreating footsteps up the Grand Stair.

Lea’ Monde... had fallen.

## 7

I opened the door and crawled out into the chamber, the only light now coming from high above through the now shattered skylights. A dull rumble was starting from high above, and soon, a fall and ripple of rain fell into the room with the fading light, while here, far down in its depths, the light remaining was nearly that of a moonless and starless night.

Pressing my back against the nearest wall, feeling suddenly very, very alone, I planted my back against the wall, slid to the floor, and hugging my knees to me bent my head forward and began to cry softly. My world as I’d known it was now destroyed. I was alone, in a hostile world, surrounded by enemies who wanted nothing more than to shred me into tiny little pieces for sport.

It felt as if all the horrors and sorrows I’d felt in my life were draining from me then, and I felt a thick bead of a tear begin to roll over my cheek, till at last – great, crystalline and beautiful – that tear fell from my cheek to the ground and landed softly against the ground.

And then something changed.

The air around me shifted, and I heard a soft chime of a crystal, and through the corner of my closed eye, I saw a soft flare of light, and lifting my head a little and blinking away some of my tears, I turned and lifted my head to the mural of the Paladin. And there I saw something shining, and wiping away my tears and looking again, I found myself focusing upon the chest plate of the paladin, and found myself staring at a golden ring that was slowly growing in radiance.

I rose to my feet as it began to pulsate slowly, and looking down, feeling my heart, I grew amazed as my heart matched its beat, beat for beat. I kept my hand over my heart, feeling the strength of my heart growing, felt its power growing heavier and heavier as I continued to walk forward to stand before that ring. And then as I came below it, its light softened a little, and it pulled out of the steel of its resting place turned and then faced me from high above. There it remained, floating high above me like the guiding light of heaven, and for the first time in what felt like an eternity after my ordeals, I felt warm... warmer than I'd ever been in my whole life.

There it hovered, calling to me, asking me through my heart to call it to me, and smiling, I clasped my hands together and prayed.

My heart filled up with the warmth, and then I felt the light change above me, and lifting my eyes, I watched as the circlet slowly lowered to me, and I lifted up my hands and took it into my awaiting fingers. The circlet suddenly felt heavy within my fingers, and I held it up before me, cradling it in both hands as I looked upon it; staring amazedly at the simplicity of the thing... a simple ring made of gold.

For a time I simply looked down at it, wondering what I do next, but then I remembered what was required of those who wished to wear the mantle of the Circlet. And then I remembered how they died for those who failed.

*But I'm just a simple girl, I thought. Women don't bear this sort of power.*

Nonetheless, as I looked down at it, I was gaining a greater and greater urge to put it upon my brow, to test fate and try to prove myself worthy to hold its might and power. My heart and breathing quickened, and slowly I began to lift it, my mouth opening to gasp for air, but just as I was about to place it upon my head, I was interrupted by the sound of hands clapping together, and I whirled around to see Jenner standing before me.

Already he had changed greatly, his form having grown in the time he had been away from me, with his robes straining about his body, and the seams beginning to tear open. Even while he stood there before me, clapping his clawed hands together, I watched as more and more tears began to open, while he grew taller and more powerful right before my eyes.

His skin had darkened to a dark tan and was approaching ebon in color.

"Very, very good, Angela." He grinned, showing a set of canines that had already overgrown their opposing layers of teeth. "I knew that you were the one the circlet sought, and if I only gave it time... I also knew that you'd show up for it." He smiled at me, stretching out his hand. "But despite that, consider... how in all the world could a simple girl *ever* hope to hold the power of the paladin?"

"Women are weaker, smaller, and stupid. Their brains are too muddled with emotions to think straight, and that's why your only purpose in life is the procreation of the species... to satisfy a man's every whim and to keep quiet. Now, hand me the Circlet, and I'll let you go."

He grinned, stretching out his fingers, and I felt something cold and dark settle in my heart. For the barest of moments, I almost handed him the circlet, but instead, I clutched it to me.

*I will be strong, I will be strong, and I will be Strong!*

“No.” I said at last, tightening my fingers around the circlet. “You’ve already lied to us, betrayed us, and now you even betray your own new master in whom you’ve sold your very soul to. I’ll *never* let you profane the circlet’s light!

Jenner exhaled slowly and retracted his hand. “I would’ve left you alive, Angela. You could’ve lived comfortably all your remaining life as my slave and thrall... but now that you’ve pissed me off, I’ll simply take from you what I want.”

He hooked his hands into his shirt front, and tore it open, revealing a powerful chest and overlapping realm of muscles that pulsed and throbbed thicker and thicker by the moment, already transforming into muscle groups no human had.

“And now, sweet little thing, you have just pissed me off. And now, I’m going to do you seven ways, and tear you apart limb... *by... limb!*”

I gasped as he leapt at me, snarling, his fangs baring while his hands immediately took hold of my wrists, and I was forced to the ground. Within moments he’d forced my legs apart, in the next had lifted up my skirts and in the final moment began to claw and my virginity, pawing at me.

“No!” I screamed; switched the circlet from the hand that was held to the ground by Jenner to the hand that he had released, and pressed the circlet against his face.

The circlet flared into a burning light, and Jenner screamed as its light seared at his flesh, charring it instantly, and releasing me, I scrambled to my feet, stuffing the circlet down the front of my blouse for safekeeping and dashed up the Grand Stair.

“You... **BITCH!**” Jenner screamed after me, and panicking, I doubled and then redoubled my pace, racing up the stairs on my feet and hands like an animal, and at the top of the stairs, headed for the one place I knew where I’d be safe.

I could hear the thunderous calls of Jenner as he coursed through the halls after me, tearing doorways off and shattering walls with his fists, and thankfully, I heard that sound trailing behind me.

I raced up another flight of stairs, turning one corner and then the next, and then pulled open a door before pushing it closed behind me, careful to make it as silent as possible. I then looked around for any eyes that should spy me, and hurrying over to a wardrobe, pulled open wrenched my fingers onto its back and pulled it open.

An age ago, forgotten by the masters of this temple, this place had been built to secret things away. Beyond was an enormous room, which, sadly, was empty of all the other acolytes that I knew, knew about this place. And panting quietly, I scrambled in through the hole, and pulled the wardrobe back over the hole, and huddled quietly in a corner there and waited... listening, hugging the circlet to my bosom, or what little of a bosom that I had.

My lips trembled, and my eyes were blurred by tears, and despite the comforting warmth of the circlet against my chest, I was afraid. More afraid than I'd ever been before.

Then there was silence in Lea' Monde... complete and utter silence.

Beneath my blouse, the circlet shone a little brighter to give me light within this small room, and I hugged it softly to me, drawing strength from it.

And then there was a piercing cry, a roaring scream that made me huddle deep inside myself. Then, from where I sat, I actually felt a thunderous vibration through the stones as the creature that Jenner was becoming strode up from the level beneath me, strode down the hall, paused and hit the very door to the room where I was at. For the barest of moments I panicked, thinking that I was about to be ravaged and then murdered, but the sounds of thundering footfalls continued, rising up above me and out of Lea' Monde.

My first breath of air was a sobbing gasp as I curled up into a fetal position and bawled my heart out.

## 8

Time passed very slowly there, and other than the soft light that radiated from beneath my blouse, there was nothing else in this world to keep me company. Lea' Monde was completely silent, absent of the power and life it used to have, it was silent and foreboding... stagnant and still, it seemed almost.

My mind was numb for hours as I cried until I had no more tears to give, shivering until my whole body grew numb, with the only warmth I had remaining softly against my chest in the form of the circlet.

*I am weak, I told myself. I'm small, just like Jenner said.*

A final tear streaked against my cheek then before I sat up, managing several short gasping breaths to fill lungs that were nearly empty from inactivity. Then looking down at my chest, I watched as the light against my chest slowly began to pulsate, and I felt a throbbing against my chest as its warmth and light penetrated me like a warm fire on a cold winter's night.

Reaching into my blouse, I removed the golden circlet, for the first time seeing the red etchings all along its inside edge, and I passed my hand over them, not finding even the barest of etchmarks where those strange letters resided.

Like the demon marks that now littered Lea' Monde, somehow... someway... I understood them.

They were feelings, a commandment it felt, and my mind received their command as if a spell had just been cast over me.

"I need to go back." I whispered, and stuffed the circlet back into my blouse, and edging over to the hidden doorway to this cubby hole, pushed the door open and peaked out into the still pristine and thankfully empty room.

I dared not breathe then as I edged outward and closed the wardrobe hideaway behind me, snuck over to the door, opened it a crack and looked out, the light of the circlet surrounding me in a sphere of light. It felt as if the light was even shining *through me*, and that feeling gave me bravery.

And then I edged out into the hallway, stepping only upon my toes, walking daintily and as quietly as I could, my feet stepping quickly as I darted from doorway to doorway. Lea' Monde was rapidly beginning to become a dark and evil place, and where white walls and clean doorways had laid only hours ago, a strange green fungus was beginning to grow, and I could hear groaning and gurgling like some huge beast were awakening. This feeling and the sense of evil grew ever more prevalent the deeper into Lea' Monde I strode.

Then I approached the Grand Stair, and stopped. Despite that I possessed the circlet to light my way, the darkness seemed to grow thick here, and all around the walls, ceiling and floor, strange wisps of green, red and grey writhed all along the sides of the stair.

Taking a deep breath, I stepped forward, and those wisps retreated away from me, and step by step, I passed further down into the depths of the stair, the sound of even my trembling heart silent within my ears. And then I stepped down into the Chamber of the Oracle, to see a mighty battle issuing forth here, with some strange growth trying to surround the armor of the paladin, and it weakly being pushed back.

The body of Matthias had been collected by the fouled wall, and had been demonized inside it. I prayed that his soul had found peace with the Creator before this had happened. And then I stepped into the center of the room, and like magic, the Circlet flared into a brilliant light, and with a shriek the matter on the walls all retreated, crawling backward up the stair well and disappearing, before a shield of light crossed over the entrance, and likewise the broken skylight above to seal the room.

And then slowly, warmth and light began to flood the chamber, the walls and floor burning out the bloodstains, the death and destruction within a moment and filling the air with the smell of rose and lilac.

And all of this power to light this room seemed to be radiating from the circlet beneath my blouse. Reaching in, I removed the glowing circlet and held it with my hands, noting that it had grown exceedingly lighter. Again I stared at the disk of gold, turning it to see the crimson light

along its insides, and felt its command take me again, and lifting the disk, I turned it, and slowly lowered it onto my head.

The moment it made contact with my skin, I felt a lance of raw, uncontrollable fire streak straight down the length of my body, bursting about my heart, and erupting from my loins before spreading to the length and breadth of my flesh. I trembled, crossing my arms before my body as a searing pain broke about my brow, tearing at my flesh it felt, burning it off, and with the last mote of my thought process not taken up by the sensation of the pain, I wondered if I'd done something horribly wrong. I also wondered what the penalties for a wisp of a girl like me daring to don a man's artifact would happen to me.

But slowly the burning flame subsided; the pain ever so slowly softened and was replaced by a cool touch against my body that made my goose bumps rise. I folded a hand over my chest, breathing deeply, feeling my chest fill and empty rhythmically at the feeling of the power being poured into me. I felt warm, immeasurably alive, and looking down at my flesh, saw it glow slightly. Clenching my hand, I laughed softly as wave after sensual wave of that luminescent light filled me; piling deep between my thighs, filling my loins and my bosom, and when those had nothing more to hold, the light slowly filled my arms and legs, straight down to my fingers and toes.

I hugged myself, sighing from the warmth I felt, feeling my heart beat quicken slightly, feeling that power beginning to compress inside me as it filled me to overflowing, and with it, I felt my heart pump more heavily and faster inside my chest. Soon, my whole body began to throb with the power continuing to flow inside of me.

My fists clenched, and I arched my back, hefting my chest upward, feeling a gentle clenching and caressing there, feeling the wonderful... *wonderful* feeling of my nipples hardening, as even they got filled with that wonderful power. And then something shifted inside of me, awakening long, long dormant powers of my femininity inside me, and I began to transform.

I looked down at my chest, gasping with the emotions and feelings I was experiencing, and there, right before my eyes, I stared in amazement as two twin bulges began to push out the front of my blouse. My hands lifted in amazement to touch them, my fingers sliding caressingly against them until I grabbed them suddenly as if afraid I'd lose them. And there, underneath my fingers, I felt my breasts slowly filling.

My breathing started passing my lips in steady gasps, those lips filling upward, themselves gathering body and form as I felt my flesh remolding, shifting and growing firmer against my underdeveloped muscle, while at the same smoothing outward; growing glossy. And it was an immensely pleasing sensation, feeling the glands behind my breasts thickening and writhing, growing longer and longer as they folded and refolded over themselves, bulging fuller and more rounded by the moment.

A chuckle escaped my lips as my face changed, but I was focusing on the fact that my tits – *along last I had tits!* – were straining against the drawstrings of my blouse, while pushing my corset downward beneath them. I felt my nipples hardening into the hardness of stones, watched

them form tiny lumps against the swelling pair against my chest, and I shook my head as I suddenly saw wisps of my hair falling before my face, and finally pushed away the strands that were growing fuller, longer and greater in body.

And then there was a shudder inside my bodice that rolled down the length of my abdomen, caressing the folds of my vaginal mound, and forcing them to clench suddenly. I groaned as I felt those folds open again, and then swell outward and away from one another as something firm and hard pushed into the front of my pelvic sheathe.

“Wh-what’s happening to me?” I gasped.

And then with the might of my heart growing inside of me, I began to feel a subtle throbbing over my arms, through my swelling breasts, and most especially about my inner thighs, which even now were hugging the swelling mound of my femininity.

I groaned now, pressing my hands to my thighs as I felt my crotch thickening right beneath my finger tips, but likewise, I could feel my whole body seeming to firm up and tense, and the might and strength, the sheer *power* that was being poured into me as if I were being force fed, nearly overwhelmed me.

Another sigh and a gasp escaped my lips and throat then, and I felt moisture beginning between my thighs, escaping from the folds of my vaginal mound, forcing my panties to stick to my flesh and the stringy hairs that decorated my cunt for years. But as the seconds past, the throbbing sensation in my loins pushed steadily deeper into me, and I sighed and moaned, my body gyrating as my hips rolled, the lips of my vaginal mound thickening powerfully beneath my pelvic sheathe, sucking in the soft cotton fabric between them while something firm pushed out between the folds and slowly hardened outward. I felt this thing, a nib of hardened flesh that was projecting outward from between my legs, hardening as hard as my nipples were, and just like my teats, was *oh... so sensitive!*

I began to caress that nib of thickening flesh pushing outward from inside of me, twisting it through the layers of my skirts and petticoat, through my pantaloons and pelvic sheathe, pushing some of the cloth of it all between those folds around it and coaxing it even harder.

“Ah... AH! Great Maker!” I cried, and then felt the throbbing in my breasts redouble, and their growth likewise redoubled.

I felt them beginning to push together, and closing my eyes, I now began to rub either of them, pushing them together, coaxing my nipples harder and harder, feeling them push forward from atop my chest.

And then I felt my muscles tightening beneath my softened flesh, each and every last muscle flexing before they swelled slightly. The strength in me increased, and then, with a slow welling up with the power in me, it was suddenly overflowed, and to compensate, my body began to transform for it.



And then I realized what was happening as I started to grow dizzy from the pleasure assailing me, feeling the weight against my chest increasing as centimeter-by-centimeter pushed upward over the edge of my blouse.

*I'm growing*, I thought, and looking down, felt a sensation of vertigo amongst my pleasure as my perspective slowly began to change. My legs were lengthening, so were my arms, an appealing sensation as I felt the hem of my blouse and skirts slowly rise up along my legs and arms.

But my bones lengthening weren't the only things that were happening, I also started to feel them thickening, realigning; this becoming apparent when my arms brushed against my sides, and I felt my hips broadening, while likewise, a subtle clenching in my chest began to heft and lift my ribcage as it began to barrel outward.

I rose up tall, lean and beautiful... as elegant as a princess, and as lovely as a goddess, and I filled my lungs to capacity; my breasts pressing against one another as they hefted even higher atop my chest.

The feeling of that was intensely intoxicating.

My shoulders rolled backward, my chest heaving upward as my body continued to shift through its metamorphosis, my body growing taller, with long legs and thick thighs, broad hips and rounded chest, and long sinuous arms that stuck a full foot out of the sleeves of my blouse now. And my body was elongating now too, my stomach compressing, growing narrower and narrower; making my corset hang loosely about my middle as my bulging chest rose above it, untucking my shirt right along with it from the hem of my skirts.

“OH... goodness... so... -uh- so... warm.” I muttered, closing my eyes tightly as another wave of power slid into me, hammering into my pussy that was moistening all the more, and with a groan, I felt those bulging folds clench tightly, clenching like a fist between my legs.

“AH!” I gasped, feeling a strange and alluring pressure between my breasts and between the gates of my womanhood, feeling it grow in wet intensity as perspiration broke out in thick beads against my skin, making my undergarments stick to my body.

A dry thumping within my chest indicated the force of my heart increasing, and slipping my hands beneath the fullness of my breasts, I covered my heart, feeling it thud heavily against the inside of my chest. The veins and arteries within my bodice all began to thicken, feeding my flesh and muscles more power, and likewise redoubled the force of the caressing and massaging against my body. I shuddered, and twisted over myself, now holding myself around the middle while clenching my eyes tightly.

For the barest of moments, my body relaxed, and I regained the barest mote of my consciousness back to think and to wonder, before the process redoubled itself, and a burning power filled me, transforming me as a vessel for it, and being that I *still* was not large enough to hold it all, my transformation intensified yet again.

And then the blood pumping from my heart began to feed that power to my muscles and bones, and I felt myself burning from the inside.

I opened one eye, clenching my fists over my stomach, looking out over my chest as with each pulsating beat of my heart, blood flooded into my body, and I grew centimeters at a time in every direction. Already the sleeves of my shirt had caught at my elbows, while my skirts were brushing about my knees, with my pantaloons having drawn tightly over my thickening legs. My arms were also thickening, growing more meatier, as power steadily flooded into me from the golden circlet, which shone as bright as a white sun against my brow.

My hair had grown into a great mane of hair that was flowing heavily all about my head, neck and shoulders, and was now creeping down the length of my back to brush against my rear. My pleasure kept rising with the passage of time, and looking down at myself now, I saw that I was now towering above the floor, my legs wide, with my skirts creeping slowly up my thighs past my knees, and my clothing all around tightening fiercely about my body.

My former corset was now nothing more than a body-wrap around my narrowing middle, my hips broadening and my thighs widening and thickening along with my rear, kept forcing my skirts higher and higher upward. And then my breasts – my lovely breasts that I even then took to holding once again, took to caressing and fondling to feel my nipples clench tighter – began to snap the drawstrings against my front. Their heavy masses, growing lighter and lighter despite their increasing size as I grew, pressed firmly against one another, stretching the silk of my undershirt – the only silk that I wore – while the cotton of my wrap-around shirt and blouse steadily began to stretch tightly, almost painfully across my chest.

I heaved heavily, watching the immense pair heft higher atop my chest as my ribs barreled outward and thickened, and they themselves swelled immensely huge. And then I heard a rending tear and then a series of pops and snaps of busting seams, but despite what I expected, it wasn't my shirts that broke, but rather my slippers.

My body turned and I looked down at my feet, watching my toes push forward out of my slippers before tearing the tops of them off in a series of shreds, and laughing at my seemingly still dainty feet, I kicked those slippers away and hugged myself, my immense breasts pushing up higher atop my chest.

The pressure between my legs intensified, and I clenched my cunt tighter, trying to keep the wet warmth behind them in, but nonetheless, a slow leak between the clenching folds of my labia seeped out into my pelvic sheath. But the moisture that pressed between the folds of my crotch was smooth and slick, and stuck warmly to the hairs of my cunt and the cotton of my sheath. My body trembling with the strain, a short burst of the same fluids erupted into that sheath, wetting its front and seeping down between my legs as the cloth there knotted tightly into the soft patch of flesh between my crotch and rear.

“Ngh.” I groaned, jutting my hips forward powerfully, feeling another short jet as the trembling there intensified, and somewhere beneath my heaving breasts, a hot piercing knife arose, and

then jabbed downward into my loins, and I gasped as the muscles inside me escaped my control, and what could only be described as an orgasm erupted from me.

A rapid series of hot moisture erupted from my throbbing pussy to pump into my pelvic sheathe, wetting it thoroughly as I cried out with the pleasure of it, my body spasming with the ejaculate erupting from me. And with the release, the folds of my cunt swelled and folded outward, and that nib of flesh between them erected harder and fuller than it had ever done before.

My shoulders rolled as I felt my clothing tighten till it numbed my flesh all around, my mind focusing upon that and the feel of those silken fluids seeping down my legs to wet my pantaloons. Another build up of pressure began behind the walls of my femininity, and I guarded myself immediately from it by clenching my crotch and tightened it hard and even pressed a hand over it to hold them shut.

But again the power redoubled that was flooding inside me, and a new stage of transformation began inside me, and the metamorphosis redoubled all over again.

And then I began to hear a subtle clenching, heard the grinding of sinew and the rubbery sound of muscles shifting and grinding. With my chest heaving, and with a slight pinching against my chest, my eyes widened as I beheld my chest pushing outward now as the muscles beneath them began to thicken and clench. Those twin plates of rapidly thickening and creasing muscle swelled greatly, hefting the enormously shaped pair of my mammaries forward, even as those swelled to a size greater than my head.

I had to hold one as my flesh began to strain against the drawstrings, my ears picking up the grinding noises of my thickening flesh and muscle, and that of the fabric stretching near to breaking. Those enormously shaped pair seemed to be quivering now, having grown so engorged that it was difficult for them to swell any further it felt. My nipples and areola capping the pair both felt as tight as they possibly could be, and likewise the veins and arteries supplying them both felt filled to their thickest as they throbbed beneath my flesh; massaging my breasts all the more.

And like my breasts, my flesh felt taut and full, as if it couldn't stretch any further, with my body taller than a man, with thick arms and broad, full thighs, flat stomach and rounded chest, I was already the ultimate woman. I shivered, feeling the pulsating between my legs of my pussy clenching and vibrating and I groaned, straining as my flesh threatened to burst. But instead, there was a sudden lurch, and a switch inside of me, and all of a sudden my flesh everywhere broke with a series of loud pops, and snapped like rubber bands.

For the barest moment, I panicked, thinking that I was bursting from the inside, and I was about to collapse into a heap of guts and bones. But instead, that thought was covered immediately by sheer pleasure as my nipples swelled, suddenly engorged till they ached; breaking open – it felt – against my chest, pressing two thick and mighty mounds above my already mountainous tits. Shortly after that, I heard yet another rending snap and a sudden release of pressure around my chest, and looking down, I saw one of my drawstrings across my breasts had burst open, the remaining two unraveling before one, and then the other burst open.

I gasped and gave a series of sighs, as I again continued to grow, towering now with my arms now bursting open the cuffs of my blouse and shirt, while beneath my shirt, I felt my undershirt slowly climb up over my breasts. Then at last my breasts tugged the remnants of my shirt up over the rim of my corset.

My skirts had now risen up past my mid thigh, and my pleated pantaloons, held tightly over my now wide and rounded hips, and likewise underneath my feet by a pair of straps, slowly drug the seams taut. Then there was a series of pops and rips as the seams that kept my pantaloons pleated broke, and rapidly the frilly undergarment was now a pair of baggy pants about my legs as they lengthened and swelled. And as my skirts slowly tightened across my hips, rising higher past my wet crotch, those white pantaloons – now a pair of cotton pants – folded firmly about my bulging legs as I rose up onto my toes; actually managing to caress my cunt now from underneath my skirts with my long arms and the shortened length of those skirts. Shortly following that, my fingers were greeted by another tantric series of seminal fluids. Hot, warm, and sticky to the touch.

I groaned as they ejected into my pelvic sheathe, and as my rear swelled and flared, I felt a part of that wet cloth creep slowly upward between the cheeks of my rear, slowly dragging tighter and tighter between my legs and over my hips. The front of that sheathe crept in between my vaginal folds as they were brought tightly up between my legs from the rising fabric of my new white pants, and I rubbed the folds of my womanhood as my clit – it must've been my clit – hardened to the thickness of a tiny stone.

“Ah!” I cried out, massaging my cunt, my back arching then with my body straining in the incredibly shrinking tightness of my clothing.

My sweat was making everything stick to my bodice, with my pelvic sheathe now transparent from the ejaculate flowing freely from my womanhood every few seconds now, and also from the moisture of my bodice, and through it all, I felt a salty bead of that sweat slide between my breasts.

My whole body felt as if it were throbbing, as I reached a point in my growth before my bones yet again began to realign again.

My shoulders flared, tugging the neck of my shirt open to bare even more flesh, my nipples now growing into short towers atop my chest as something thick and heavy began building up behind them. With a gasp of heavy air from my passions, I lowered my head to cup my breasts with either hand, pushing them upward a bit as I viewed twin wet-spots appearing over either of my nipples. And there, something strange and tantalizing was brought to my attention, and I felt something slowly being pushed out bead by bead against my chest with every heavy beat of my heart, and breathing in deeply to refill my lungs from the tightening of my shirt, finally, a glorious tear opened between my tits.

I stared at that tear, as it broadened and grew, before it was joined by another tear, and then another, before the seams at the base of my throat broke open. I laughed slightly, and then felt

another snap, and then another as my shoulders tore open, my neck flaring wider with my widening shoulders, and those shoulders bulging out into the open. The cuffs of my sleeves also broke open, and I lifted one hand, viewing a flaring forearm, and a full and rounded upper arm, a moment before I tensed that arm, and watched bewilderingly as my sleeve slowly shredded open from my thickening biceps muscle.

And then I felt my bicep press against my breast as my shoulder and sleeve tore open completely, and turning with my thickening arm, felt a popping of seams beneath my arm as its thickness grew larger than the sleeve that had contained it. The combination of the already thick vein throbbing along my breast, and now against my breast, made me dizzy with the pleasure, and to feel that erotic feeling again, I repeated the process with the other, watching this time as its growing thickness literally burst my sleeve open. The remainders of those sleeves hung in tatters about my arms, as I arched my back, my ribcage again hefting, rising and spreading, pushing my breasts away from one another, and allowing me to take pleasure in feeling and watching each and every last thread pop along my front.

Some simply stretched and snapped, while others literally burst open to bare my undershirt, which rapidly followed my blouse in shredding clean off. And then my silk under shirt pushed outward, which was hefting my breasts nicely. But that silk shirt had grown wet, and it wasn't tearing because of the moisture. Silk, when wet, was stronger than steel, I knew from experience, especially all the times I'd been caught in the rain. But with my shirt in tatters now, and despite the moisture, that silk was nonetheless beginning to stretch across my bosom, and likewise, I got my first view of the titanic shaped pair.

Heavy veins throbbed all about their massive shapes, all seeming to feed the glands beneath them that were not only swelling, but was also filling with milk. My areola had swollen into a thick pad above my breasts, and crowning either of those, a huge towering nipple had engorged itself, and with every breath I took, a small bead of milk pressed outward from inside my breast to moisten my front.

It was this that I stared most energetically at.

*I'm lactating!* I heard myself think, my hips gyrating now with erotic motion while my cunt continued to throb as if something long, hard and thick were gyrating inside me.

A long, low moan escaped from inside me, and I orgasmed again, feeling a minute burst of seminal fluids erupt from inside me.

My skirts were now drawing tight across my legs and thighs, growing taut over my bottom, while the white of my pantaloons – now soaked completely with my sweat and seminal fluids – were now tightening about my legs as close as a second skin. The seat rode up my rear, the crotch slid in between the twin folds of my cunt.

I felt a tensing against my back then, and turning my head to look over a shoulder that was continuing to grow thicker and bulge larger by the moment, I managed a small laugh as I watched my back bubble outward. I saw it swelling upward, dragging my shirt taut across it, a

few moments before a tear opened up between the two halves of my back and my back pressed outward into the air. A few moments later, dozens of rends and tears were breaking open everywhere.

I heard several snaps as seams burst open, shredding my shirt across my back, before the sheer width of my arms burst open the last of my shirt. My body spasmed then, throwing off the tatters of my shirt, and between my legs, I felt my crotch swell again, pressing against my thighs while my clit – aching with its own tiny erection and pressing into my pelvic sheathe – engorged even more.

I moaned, a low guttural thing that reverberated inside my chest to vibrate my nipples, and something inside me forced me to take a deep breath. Against my bosom, I felt my wet silk cloth of my undershirt stretch, suddenly, thinning greatly until it was nothing but a transparent sheathe about my bosom, stretch marks littering it every which way. Its armbands dug into the pits of my arms as they fell lifted up over my shoulders and settled around my arms, while above and below it, my breasts, growing phenomenally fast now, were pushing out from underneath the cloth.

Finally, I was able to cup my nipples as they too grew, swelling to immense proportions beneath my hands, ejecting a shallow burst of creamy warmth beneath my fingers every second or two while I felt the cloth sliding beneath my hands with my swelling bosom.

More muscle began to pile onto me, my skirts and petticoat now nothing but a wrap about my bottom and hips, with the draw strings at the base of my navel now drawing taut just over my crotch.

My legs spread open then to disgorge yet another erotic burst of seminal fluids, and I groaned and arched my back as my hands slowly slid down over my bodice, centering upon my stomach and middle as my waist began to swell again. Having been compressing in on itself for the past several minutes of this tantric transformation, it was now beginning to lengthen and broaden while my ribcage barreled up over it.

And then came the sound of ripping and tearing again, this time coming from my legs.

I pushed one leg before me, gently caressing my thigh with one hand as it boiled with muscle, and I watched as tear after tear broke open, and laughed as my thick thigh bulged outward from first one leg and then the next, before my calf shredded the rest. Long strips of cloth tatters fell to the ground.

Then my heavy over skirt simply broke in half right down between my thighs, snapping several draw strings to reveal my under skirt, which swiftly began to tear and break down along my sides before busting open along my backside to reveal my rear. As that tumbled in strips to the ground, finally my white cotton petticoat was born into the air, that rising and hiking up high about my hips before those rapidly broadening hips popped all the seams in my once pleated petticoat.

“Ah!” I gasped, feeling my bulging cunt swelling outward now, dragging my pelvic sheath and a bit of the remaining piece of my pantaloons about my waist between my butt cheeks as it swelled outward, and the lips of my cunt.

I fingered my womanhood, flicking the now bulging and pulsating clit, sending a stab of pleasure deep into my crotch as if something long and hard had just been plunged deep inside me. A minute burst of fluids met with the fabric before the single pull string holding it around my waist broke, a second before the thickness of my bulging thighs now split open the inner thighs of my pantaloons, breaking open along a wide V along the V-shaped form of my tightening pelvis. There the upper portion of that V was torn open, spreading the cloth straight underneath my cunt, and with a final snap, I saw at last the white cotton of my pelvic sheath.

Once having covered the whole of my pelvis, only the barest of triangles, now really an elongated-V from stretching, remained covering my femininity, all the while the straps that were digging high over my hips, and between my rear, stretched near breaking.

I gasped for air then, my chest heaving, stretching the silken cloth more as I found a pause in my transformation. I was now perhaps over seven feet in height! I had a body firm and powerful, mighty above all mankind I'd wager, whether they be female *or* male! But the circlet was still feeding me power, and unlike a man, my feminine body, much more efficient with that energy than any man, kept trying to engorge itself.

And then at last, a new breaking point was breached, and my body shuddered as a loud snap from inside me broke into my ears, and again I began to grow.

*Great MAKER!* I gasped, growing erotic with the pleasure as the throbbing between my legs intensified.

And then I felt the power being pushed down one of my arms, and I turned my head to look at it, staring in amazement as it bubbled thick with might; thickening and creasing in a dozen ways, creasing my bicep out from it while my forearm flared ever wider. My shoulder thickened and creased as my bicep rapidly began to fill, pressing further against my tit while my triceps fanned outward, and flexing that arm, I stared in amazement as my bicep continued to fill, continued to lift. Within moments, it was swelling to the size of either of my breasts! Each of which was larger than my head!

And then my other arm began to bulge, and I lifted that hand before me, feeling the erotic sense of veins throbbing over my engorged muscles, and then with both my arms filled, my chest again began to bulge, and I felt powerful, steel-like chords tighten beneath my firming breasts. Then at last a tear occurred between those heaving monstrosities atop my chest, the silk – hard-as-steel whenever wet – gained a tear that slowly spread, first over one breast, and then against the other as they filled outward. That shirt slid backward from two holes around my breasts, drawing tight about my chest before my back began to bulge.

Like a mountain range rising, my back split in half to either side of my back, rising into small hills, and then split horizontally in half, thrusting up larger hills, before the top half split again

and thrust my upper back even higher. Those hills mounded outward, bulging outward before with a crackling sound, my spinal column pushed outward, and with a dry heave, every last muscle in my back doubled in size, pushing my shoulders forward and my ribcage likewise forward and my breasts upward and outward. With a series of rapid snaps, my silk undershirt popped open on several threads, before it literally exploded into fragments around me, and I gasped a deep, deep breath of air from the freedom.

My legs began to crease and thicken, rapidly growing thicker than even my waist was, and bulging outward as the inner thighs sunk beneath the rest of my legs, and my calves bulged powerfully outward. Both my thighs and calves flared then, creasing over and over again as a mountainous pack of muscle along the tops of my thighs swelled outward from the creases, followed by the inner and outer legs of my quadriceps. Those muscles dissected into long chords and creases, and then again into tiny ripples over that of tight striations.

At my backside, my swelling rear suddenly clenched, tightening itself into three distinct bulges on a side, before with a subtle clenching, squeezing some of the juices from my cunt down onto the floor, the seam of my black pelvic sheathe now caught between those thick cheeks, snapped open. My widening middle soon broadened enough to the point where even the breadths of the straps of that former sheathe, from where it had encircled my middle, now broke off.

And then I was left with only my former corset.

My hands slid over that white pack of canvas, feeling my broadening middle tighten and crease as it sunk beneath my ribcage, my sides flaring and my ribs creasing my skin beneath my chest and breasts, while beneath that corset, I could feel my stomach doing tricks.

It folded in half down the middle, compressing into an hourglass shape as it slowly spread, and in one rapid series, all the outer ties of my corset broke open, with several on my sides just bursting open. My middle creased again over and over again horizontally, first in half near the top, and then in thirds near the bottom to form a definite six pack of feminine beauty. Then my tightening middle, bulging with powerful abdominals, snapped one primary draw string after the next, as my stomach creased into sixths, then eighths, then twelfths, and finally to sixteenths!

I gasped as the last snap burst open, and at long last, I stood naked there in the middle of the floor.

At that moment, a strong gale whipped in about me, cool and soothing to the touch, kissing my breasts and my cunt, licking me as if with a giant tongue as it whipped my hair up with its embrace and flicked it about me. It was then that I opened my eyes, not realizing that I had closed them again, and I watched as my ebon hair slowly brightened into brown, then blond, and finally into a beautiful, beautiful snow white.

I took a handful of that amazingly long hair; my bulging arm, twisting powerfully as I pressed some of that hair into my face, feeling its silken strands with my thicker lips, and smelling a scent of rose and lilac upon its strands.



Sighing with some of the remnants of this most recent phase in my transformation, I reveled in the still growing mass of my body, feeling the power of my minute erection of my bulging clit between my legs, the thick clitoris bulging happily at the top of the twin folds of my cunt. Crowning atop my breasts, my nipples slowly leaked viscous, creamy milk over my breasts, down my body and over my crotch. My seminal fluids mixed with that milk into a thick, almost gelatinous substance, which slowly slid over my thighs.

Then wisps of light slid in with the wind, lapping against my bodice, caressing my skin, tasting of my womanhood and fondling me every which way. And then, the large ones, dancing about me like golden ribbons, they paused in front of me, looking at me for a moment, before they slid sideways through the air and launched themselves at the mural of the Paladin. I blinked in shock as they splashed against the metal pieces of the armor, lighting the armor up within a brilliant glow. Then there was a cracking and breaking, and one by one, each piece dislodged itself from its moorings, breaking up large sections of wall, as whole pieces of what was a full set of glowing and glittering plate mail broke itself from the wall and began to encircle me; leaving only the sword in place.

It was at that moment that I suddenly realized that I'd grown to the full nine-foot size of the Paladin himself!

But then I felt another surge of power, a moment before my own body was invaded by those wisps of light dancing about me; each splashing against me, sliding up between my legs to thrust powerfully, and erotically between my legs, while forcing themselves down my mouth and even absorbing solidly through my skin. And even as that hard, plate steel began attaching itself to my bodice, surrounding me from head to foot, I again began to grow, again began to grow in mass and power!

But I was also being encased within a cocoon of glowing steel that felt as if it were merging with my very skin!

The armor hardened, solidifying to my bodice, before even the helmet slapped itself on over my head, and for the barest of moments, I stood as a towering knight; my breasts held firmly inside the barreling breastplate.

And then, a third dry heave erupted from me, and in an instant, every last part of me swelled immensely, filling the armor till it was skin-tight, with not even a space of air left to breathe. I began to grow dizzy with the air being slowly pressed out of me, and I wondered if I'd been worthy enough to gain the gift of the paladin, but unworthy to wear its armor.

But even as I started to black out, I felt chinks in the armor give, felt cracks opening as my muscled flesh continued to grow, thickening and growing harder itself. Even my breasts, recently flattened and pressed against one another and my chest, began to grow firm and moist as they slowly began to push outward. And then a strange and likewise strangely appealing sound came to my ears... that of rending steel and bending metal.

Broad cracks to bare my flesh opened up beneath my breastplate, abdominal plates and pelvic sheathe. The once great bulging that had long ago perhaps held the manhood of the former paladin slowly began to stretch outward as my pelvis lengthened and grew wider, flattening that bulge till it fit flatly over my sweet crotch. And then there was a high pitched, shrilling cry as the metal was bent outward and finally broke open, parting slowly as my breasts, growing larger and firmer than ever, bent the twin plates open and away from my chest.

The erotic feeling of my clothing tearing from my increasing size was *nothing* compared to the ability to rend and bend steel with my strength, and the stronger I got, the easier it became to breathe, and the easier my body burst from the armor as if it were tissue.

My spreading back wrenched my back plate in half, splintering the many overlapping sections as they bonded with my flesh back there. My arms bulged and flexed splitting open the inside tracts of the armor, creating cuffs and braces as my beautiful, whitening flesh swelled powerfully out into the air, my ribs continuing to barrel and my breasts to fill. I gasped and sighed, feeling my breasts heave as they bulged outward in one breath, remained where they were when I inhaled again, and bulged outward again as I exhaled. I caressed the pair with my now gauntleted hands, now holding onto either of my towering nipples with either hand.

Hardened steel broke open and rent in twain by the instant, and as it did, I slowly fell to my knees, orgasming now as I bent over myself; my breasts pressing against the floor as my armor started to shift about my body. Each pulsating throb of my heart forced my body to swell, forced it larger and more powerful, and strengthened me to enormous proportions.

But then my bones stopped realigning, and my muscle simply thickened and grew to the power of the juggernaut itself! A titanic thrust of my hips was met with a burst of fluids from between my legs, a hard pumping mass of ejaculate that pooled between my legs; my thighs spreading wider and wider till my swollen cunt dipped tantalizingly into that pool.

With each throbbing pulse of my heart, more of the power was cycled into my body, more was forced into my already engorged muscles, and a harder and harder throb met with my virgin pussy to help more fluids squeeze from my body.

More of the rays of light splashed against me, weaving with one another to create light glittering mid-arm gloves and open-toed thigh-socks that were practically transparent. My naked bodice glistened with moisture as the helmet at the back of my head began to break of its own accord like the rest of my armor. But as the pieces rearranged, brightening lighter and lighter until a transparent golden light became of my armor – the pieces floating as if anchored about my body and punctuated by glitters of silver light – something strange began to happen.

My back was rippling, coalescing and driving outward, and I groaned tantalizingly as ripples of motion created two thick blisters at the top of my back, my cunt draining with a light wash of fluids again. And then simultaneously, both those points on my back burst open, thrusting a pair of spiny clusters up into the air, before they promptly unfolded.

Though weak at first, muscle too began to throb tantalizingly into those great things as they extended from my back and fanned at their edges like a pair of great flippers; bubbling thick with massive shoulders, powerful elongated biceps and sturdy bones. But then those flippers began to grow fuzzy with golden hairs, which fluffed outward into great puffy things, before those hairs grew long and thick and began to illuminate into a frost white. Then, looking back, staring through a crystalline visor I looked up as a pair of gossamer, feathery-white wings unfurled at my back; my armor rising up to guard its leading edges, encrusting its peaks with bright green jewels.

But then my eyes closed tightly, and I gasped for air, strangely able to get a lung full with this heavy mask over the whole of my face. With my wings resettling, the muscle mass in my chest suddenly redoubled to support them, and my breasts mashed into the ground so hard that it cracked the thick floor tiles and created broad, rounded indentions in the floor. But then the whole of my body grew rapidly in every direction as well, and at last, I reared onto my heels, kneeling with my still throbbing cunt beating between my legs and I cried out a howl of pleasure.

Creamy milk ejected from my breasts, and another burst of hot ejaculate erupted from between my thick, thick thighs.

And then I collapsed forward, catching myself onto my hands and knees while my wings slowly folded at my back and the ambient light all around me faded.

*I am transformed...*

## 9

My womanhood trembled, my clitoris so erect that it ached, and my thighs were wet with the moisture of my body from both silken ejaculate and smooth sweat. I was lithe in my new body as I rose up to a kneeling position, feeling the sheer, unmitigated power of this new body, unparalleled by any other force in nature. At my brow, the Circlet glowed with the brightness of the sun, at my back, a pair of great, white gossamer wings unfolded and opened, spreading snow-white feathers while my fingers dipped between my legs and began to caress my cunt again.

I was able to coax one final, powerful orgasm out onto the already wet cobblestones, before I cried outward with my pleasure. All around me, as if my scream was the very voice of creation, the walls around me shattered, and the last remnants of light within the chamber that was outside myself ceased. Far above me, glass cascaded down around me from the shattering ceiling, and rainwater from the heavens began to pour down on me.

I knelt there feeling my toned and pristine flesh, sliding my fingers over my softened skin, but feeling the rather firm body beneath it. Scars and blemishes I'd had since I was a child had disappeared, with my body completely hairless, even between my legs where once a downy tuft used to decorate my womanhood.

But then I realized that I was touching my breasts, sliding my fingers over them, and I became amazed and enthralled at the size of the immense pair!

“Ohh,” I mused from behind my facemask, arching my back as my meaty arms swung backward, and I viewed a pair of rounded orbs that were larger than my head as they parted and spread from one another.

Atop either, my nipples throbbed right before my eyes, and gasping for a gulp of air, I watched as twin jets of milk suddenly squirted out of either.

I’d never *felt* so erotic in my life.

Without thinking, my mask separated and folded open, revealing my face from beneath a mane of my hair as I continued to caress and feel those breasts, laughing almost in disbelief at them as I held one aloft with both hands. And then I did something I’d always wanted to do, always dreamed of doing in my deepest sexual fantasies, and I pushed my breast up rolled its soft flesh, and deposited my nipple into my mouth so that I might suck from it.

“Hmm,” I cooed, tasting the sweetest and creamiest milk I’d ever tasted, feeling revitalized purely from that. But while I suckled, I began to hear the sounds of footsteps behind me, and I turned slowly – my nipple still deposited into my mouth – to see a creature slowly pace down the stair well.

I opened my mouth in disbelief at the horror that now hissed at me, my breasts flopping down onto my chest and giving an odd sort of jiggle that was very unfamiliar to me. The demonic beast was like some sort of skeletal cat that had only perhaps muscle and flesh upon its bones, with not a trace of its guts within its neck, belly and the rest of its form. It was also quite large, and even as I rose unsteadily onto my feet, I found that I was looking the thing in the eye. Its blood red eyes glowed with evil intent, and I found also that other than muscle and flesh, it was also very full of teeth, claws and spines.

“Whoa.” I whispered; staring at the creature as it clawed its way into the chamber.

“Ah,” the creature said, somehow hissing and growling at the same time. “What a delectable little bird you are. I’d been hoping of finding a straggler, but I never thought I’d find a warrior like you. The fire in the blood of heroes and heroines taste sooo good...”

The creature smiled, showing off rows of razor sharp teeth as it neared, and I hesitantly took a step back as my facemask closed about my features again.

“You may wish to think about attacking me.” I said, not knowing what I was saying. Normally I’d be trying to run for it in the face of such a creature, but all my newfound power had brazened me. “I’m warning you only once, I don’t want to kill you.”

“Foolish woman... I was dead when you were nothing more than soup in your mother’s crotch. I’ve killed bigger things than you.” A deep rumbling growl came from somewhere inside its throat. “I shall take pleasure in tearing your *flesh straight from your BONES!!*”

The creature leapt at me then, and again, without thinking, as if it had been an ancient instinct instilled within me, I lifted both my hands to catch its claws, thrusting my chest forward to keep a mighty buffer between it and me, feeling my muscles strain erotically with the sinuous *power* I now contained. My clit and nipples ached, my rear clenching tightly as I fought the beast off, even as its maw opened and it clamped down onto my head.

But, surprising to the both of us, those sharp teeth didn't bite through the steel of my mask or the circlet about my brow, and I felt the sharp teeth pinching the flesh about my head, but they didn't even break the skin!

"Oh... Smelly!" I gasped, holding my breath briefly before with a tremendous increase in strength, I threw the creature off of me.

The beast flew across the chamber, smashing back first against the already shattered wall before it got up and shook its head to clear the daze, but inside me something else was happening. I gasped, and bent over myself, feeling my muscles clenching with power again, and with a subtle rippling motion, I grew again.

Every muscle, every sinew and tendon, thickened and grew more powerful, my arms bulging all the more, my spine rolling outward, while the peak of my back thrust higher and enlarged my wings; making them fuller and thicker. Through the seconds that that tantric force lasted, it ended with a gasp and yet another orgasmic burst from between my legs as I climaxed again all over my thighs.

"Growl! I will rend you in twain!" the beast cried, and leapt at me again, this time I lifted my hands, cupping at its throat to stun it, before throwing it away again.

Then as it recovered itself, I took the moment to look for a weapon, and reached for the first one that I saw: the great two meter-long sword that had once been imbedded within the hands of the mural of the paladin. I didn't think, but reached out for it, tearing it from its moorings, and bringing it about. But in my hands, it underwent an alarming transformation, and right before my eyes, I watched as the gems near its pommel all began to twist and rotate, opening up an ornate series of stems and bars that revealed more of the naked blade. But then, in short order, the hardened steel of the blade began to crack and shatter, a moment or two before its steel began to flake off, revealing a blade of living light extending from the hilt of the blade.

I stared at it for a moment, before my features melded into blind determination as I looked up to face the creature again. It screamed a roar that only minutes ago, would've driven me mad with fear. And then it pounced, and I lifted the sword and slashed at it as I ducked beneath its body.

Thick green ichor splattered down all over my bodice, decorating my facemask, hair and body, while burning off of my armor. I rolled to my feet as the thing landed and actually turned around, hanging its head. But then as I stood to face it again, I watched as it slowly peeled in half, and collapsed to the ground.

I was panting, more in the exhilaration of battle and the power of my body before I looked down at the sword in my hand. My mask opened again, and I stared in wonder at the blade, looking through it as it shimmered and shined like a ray of light.

*I'd been given power, above all others. Great power! And with great power comes great responsibility...* I paused in my thoughts, and then in blind determination, I lifted the blade and rested it against my back. It stayed there without needing anything to hold it up, the blade collapsing and the light of the blade dimming while it rested there. *But why, of all people, even with me being a woman, did I earn the power of the circlet, when there were so many other young men who were so much stronger than me at the time?*

I shook my head as my wings folded into a tight bunch then as I ascended up the Grand Stair. I paused up at the top of the stairs, with an aura of light guiding my way, and cautiously made my way to the living quarters of where my room was.

I'd once shared this room with three other girls, and now as I entered, I had to be careful to maneuver around the door because of my size and the immensity of my breasts. Finally, I just pushed the frame of the door open, and pressed the heavy door jam upward so that I could step into the room. Looking around, I paused briefly, looking for things to take with me.

Lea' Monde was dead, and I needed to flee, and immediately, I looked for things to bring with me. But looking around, I saw that there was nothing left for me here. Or almost nothing. Opening up a wardrobe, scaring away a nest of roaches and a couple rats, I took out a backpack and undid its straps all the way, and filled the satchel with a simple dress, should I be able to transform back, a couple of blankets, and some personal things including my diary.

I'd need to make a record of all this.

But rifling through my drawers again, I found myself looking at my pelvic sheathes... the former pieces of cloth that used to guard my loins, and looking down between my enormous breasts, I saw that my loins were indeed uncovered, and there was an uncomfortable feeling there from the air stirring around the swollen folds of my moistened cunt.

Taking a deep breath, I took several pair of those sheathes and stuffed them into my pack for later, and tearing open a white sheet, made a makeshift one for my bodice.

But thinking about something for my upper half, I actually decided not to try and cover those beautiful ladies up. It would've been a shame, especially after waiting so long for even a small pair, their beauty needed to be revealed to all! Then shouldering the pack onto my back, making sure the straps went underneath the feathers of my wings, I again closed my facemask and traipsed up and out of Lea' Monde.

But there, I was met with my first real trial as an Angel of Death.

I stopped, looking around me, seeing a vast encampment spread out before me, and I stopped and stared at it all. The remnants of buildings were being torn down for wood for fires and for building siege engines. Great rifts in the earth were being opened up by dread lords; great winged things of demonic nature, just short of demon princes.

Also, strewn out before me everywhere, was The Horde.

*Lea' Monde*, I thought with a gasp, viewing my hometown reduced to ash and cinders. *No!*

Just then however, the aura of my beautiful radiance was spotted, and a rising cry passed through the gathered throng, and looking confusedly about me, I watched as cries and orders went up calling for my death. And then there was a rush of air, and looking up, I saw a hail of arrows flying in for me.

For the barest moment, I stared up at them, and covered myself.

There was the pings and clangs of the arrows striking my armor, but there was also the feeling of tiny little pricks against my flesh, and turning lightly, I actually watched them strike my flesh, make a brief indentation, but not pierce the skin. Laughing then, I arched my back and jutted my mighty chest outward, and more and more arrows struck against my thick, thick flesh, and all of them bouncing off. In time they just stopped shooting at me, with an awed silence crossing over the assemblage.

“Denizens of the Horde!” I called. “You have officially worn out your welcome! And this fair town will not be corrupted further by you!” I turned then, and struck the building that was *Lea' Monde*, and turning back to them, drew my sword and opened my wings. “Retreat back to Hell, and you will not face the torment of Outer Darkness. Stay and I promise you that no force of darkness will save nor protect you.”

A steady rumbling arose behind me, and before me, I viewed as The Horde watched my handiwork, as my heavily muscled arms bent and flexed to hold my sword of light. But behind me, the rumbling intensified, and rose to the call of thunder as *Lea' Monde*, now empty of the light, and under the corruption of this demonic horde, steadily began to collapse in on itself, sealing itself from damnation once and for all!

And the force that caused its collapse coming from a single strike from my mighty arm. Then all at once, in a single terrifying voice, fearing for their lives if they should run, the throng surged forward like a tidal wave to remove me from the earth, and I readied myself.

Instincts I didn't know I had, or perhaps, instincts ingrained within me from the *Circlet*, came to my power, and I met the first surge of the throng with a whirling sword, and powerful kicks and punches that literally burst my opponents apart.

I cried out in elation, the thrill of power, at the sensual energies coursing through me as I grew intoxicated with my own power and cleaved a swath forward to challenge the first of the dread lords.

Arrows bounced off my bodice, lesser demons and gremlins clutched at my legs and what little clothing I wore to no avail to stop me. And right before their eyes, I dueled their first Dread Lord for all of a dozen seconds, before I chopped off each of his four arms, and then cut down once, brought my sword up in a figure eight, brought down again to chop both his sides off, and then swung it before me to slice and dice. The final blow came as a slice right down the middle of the demon's surprised face. Then standing, I tore off the lesser demons off of me, and leveling my sword at them, a great ball of fire lobbed off its end, and detonated a vast area of where they all stood.

For a brief moment, there was silence, and then all at once, they began to run... Dread Lords and all.

I laughed for all I was worth, and chased after them, killing a score of them, including two of the three remaining dread lords, and I stopped at the gate, seeing where they were all headed: back to the encampment, where their master resided, where I'd definitely be overwhelmed.

Sheathing my sword, I stood there flexing my vast and powerful muscles while gritting my teeth to hold a sardonic grin across my face as I watched them all flee.

*Funny, I'm even thinking differently,* I thought, feeling a tactician arise inside me as I turned to face the rifts in the earth the Dread Lords had created, and walking up to one, kicked a lesser demon that had been crawling out of the pit back in.

I paused, and drawing my sword, raised it above my head where it opened up once again and glowed as bright and as beautiful as it ever had, just before I brought down to thunder into the earth.

An earthquake rumbled through the ground, collapsing those holes, swallowing them up to the tell tale screams of whatever creatures were trying so desperately climb up out of them. And then I stood, my sword still lodged in the ground, looking around me at all the dead bodies and the devastation.

My facemask opened up, showing my lovely features as I turned and walked around me, suddenly, finally being truck by the travesty of all of this ruin. My home city was now flattened, and only the outer walls remained standing.

All because of one man... one traitor.

Tears began to fall from my eyes, and I bit my lower lip as it began to tremble. The glow of light around me began to grow brighter, shining around me like a miniature sun, before I screamed outward my anguish of all my friends and neighbors dead, and the light exploded around me into a blossoming fireball. The bodies around me both demonic and human were incinerated, the rubble strewn everywhere, and the insides of the outer walls charred black in remembrance of this day. And then I collapsed, thundering my fist into the ground to feel the tremble of another small quake thundering beneath me.



*Jenner will pay for this... I swear it!* I growled inside my head, and immediately rising to my feet, I walked over to my sword and pulled it easily from the ground before putting it in its place at my back to which it immediately closed up into its compacted form again.

Then spreading my wings, I flapped them once, and soared to the peak of the walls to stand atop one of the battlements.

*If it's the last thing I do... Jenner will **pay** for what he has wrought this day. I swear it!!*

I then soared off into the rising morning of the sky, to hunt for my quarry.

## 11

I found them all shortly, knowing right where they were. My body descended from the heaven on silvery white wings at the outskirts of their encampment, practically at the same place where I'd been before when I was last here. As I landed, I noted immediately a problem, the fact that I was currently illuminated by a brilliant aura. I looked to my skin, seeing how it radiated with light from just under the surface, to the point where I could see the sinews of my muscle fibers beneath my flesh.

*If I get anywhere near the camp, they'd be able to see me straight through the trees because of this,* I considered, but even as I thought it, a solution presented itself to me, a sudden dawning of knowledge, that I could shut the glow down, but then I'd be more vulnerable. I flexed my arm, and considered with a wry quirk to my mouth that I could risk it.

And so, with but a mental thought, the light of my body and the light of the circlet all dimmed, until I was normal flesh again, and the circlet was just a ring of gold.

Folding my wings tight against my back, I crept forward then, my enormous breasts brushing against the ground while weeds brushed against my inner thighs and between my legs to lick at the patch of cloth now covering my virginity. But that was still enough to pull out a soft moisture from inside me before I crept behind a boulder to hide and watch.

The horde had swelled now, with more creatures as small as gremlins, or as large as Dread Lords climbed out of the great pit in the center of the clearing. The masses of the demons and the undead must've already breeched a legion!

And in the center of it all, surrounded by his lieutenants, was the demon lord himself. Beside him, was that creature Raven... and Jenner.

Even from where I stood I could hear the conversation as if I were standing right next to them. But though I heard them talking tactics, with the dark lord positioned in a throne of bone – perhaps made from my fellow townspeople – I listened with only half an ear.

I was staring at Raven.

*He's just like me!* I thought, staring at him from around the rock.

Great black wings, feathered just like mine, were held tightly against his back. Silvery see-through armor hovered in place about his body just like mine, though mine was golden in color. He even possessed an enormous sword that was planted at his back. And beneath it all, he possessed an all-powerful body. In spite of myself, as I looked at him, my gaze lowered to the satchel of leather at the base of his abdomen, and actually heard the sound of wringing dry reeds as my nipples hardened ecstatically all of a sudden.

“Woo...” I whispered, pursing my lips behind my facemask.

But then my eyes rose to his brow, decorated with raven black hair – mine having lightened into frost white – and I saw the circlet against his brow. *Too pale for silver... it must be platinum*, I considered, fingering the edges of the great stone.

But then the argument intensified, and I looked at all three of them at once.

“Lea’ Monde is now destroyed, Great Lord.” Jenner growled. He was looking larger and more evil than ever. “I witnessed it with my own eyes.” He gestured with one great-clawed hand, his claws now each as long and as thick as the fingers supporting them and his face now contorted into a beast’s head. When he talked, he talked with a snarl. “The paladin has been revived, and beyond all that we could’ve thought, these fools had forgotten that the original paladin was indeed a Dian. A woman!”

Jenner laughed.

“Nearly everything is going as planned, my lord. Lea’ Monde is now destroyed, and shouldn’t pose a threat to you here. Your presence can radiate unhindered now.

“Then why is it that I feel so weak fool?” the great black demon growled, dismissively gesturing the comment away. But then he paused in thought and turned to look at Jenner. “‘Nearly’ everything?”

“The... the Dian is not dead yet, my lord.” Jenner admitted. “The force we placed there was not large enough to subdue her and even the dread lords...”

“Silence!” the demon lord surged to his feet, standing loftily before the assemblage, and all at once the horde all maneuvered away from the king of demons and his flaring anger. “The Dian must be stopped! Only she stands between me and total... total...” the demon lord wavered and then slumped into his throne again.

“My lord,” Raven spoke at last, and I felt my hear skip a beat with the sound of that beautiful voice. “You are not well. Mayhap you should retreat and regenerate!”

“No Raven.” Again the dismissive hand waving, which then turned and grasped Jenner by the head like a melon. “Because this over-ripe piece of Festus is going to destroy the Dian before she can come into her own. She is young, but she matures rapidly.” I rocked back onto my ankles and felt my bosom, feeling it throb with every heartbeat that I had, but I didn’t think I was still growing anymore. But then I moved forward again, and those breasts pushed against the rock and the tops of my massive thighs; the fabric of my makeshift pelvic sheath tucking between the folds of my crotch. “Destroy her Jenner.” The lord let go of the former High Priest. “And you Raven, go with him. Hunt this Dian down and kill her! Hurry now. Before the army of light discovers us.”

He slumped into his throne again, and absentmindedly took a great goblet filled with something thick and red. I let my mind dwell upon the thought of what might be in there even as the demon lord drew fully from it and uttered something about virgins. I gave a shudder at the thought of what he was drinking.

“At once my lord!” Raven called, and turning to slap Jenner upside the head, pushed him into motion.

But then I looked to the great horned demon, now absent of his chief guardian. No better opportunity had ever presented itself. But I would have to wait till Raven and Jenner were well on their way, and so I watched even as they spread their wings and took flight, and I waited until their forms were far from sight.

And then, taking my sword in hand, and illuminating my flesh and armor in its aura, I attacked!”

## 12

The denizens of the horde fell before my rage, the demon lord always sitting there before me, smiling contemptuously as I hacked a bloody swath toward him, and as emergency dictated, I learned new and terrible powers. Lightning Blasts with the strength of bolts thrown from the heavens, Fireballs that raged as powerful as the sun, with the very light about my body killing undead instantly as they drew near.

And yet, through all this, the Demon Lord kept smiling.

My rage grew, and behind my facemask, I began to cry as the pain of it all, and at the hurt of my friends, my neighbors... the whole of my hometown having been destroyed at the whim of this creature. He needed to die!

“Foul demon! I shall wipe you from the face of this Earth, and close your gateway you use to get here right on top of your head as I send you straight back *to hell!*” And then I raised my sword one last time, preparing to strike the beast down, sweeping away my immediate enemies with my wings to be undisturbed in this final act, and heaved the blade of light downward.”

A spark of tremendous light raged around my eyes, my visor darkening to lessen the flare before it died. And when I looked, there was the tremendous scourge of the armies of the light, the black-winged titan known as Raven.

“Good work, my servant.” The Demon Lord grinned. “Again, you prove yourself to be the great tactician in using me to lure this wretch out. Now... destroy her.”

His muscles tensed, thick veins throbbing briefly as he and I both withdrew, holding our own blades at bay while Raven circled in front of me to place himself between he and his lord.

But I was beset with determination, and I attacked, and found it parried immediately by Raven, having been done expertly. And then, while I stood there, his dark blade and my light blade clashing with one another, their edges forcing against one another, I suddenly began to realize some things.

He was a battle-hardened veteran, and though I was as large as he was, he was slightly stronger than I. Also, though my skills were granted to me in immense detail from the circlet, they were nonetheless impulses. His were raw skill.

Then, suddenly, one of those impulses told me *‘You cannot win. Flee.’*

I shook it off, and nonetheless battled with Raven, clashing with him, always drawing closer to one another, our blades cutting a swath through the air with every swing, but the person who was giving ground was me. He was toying with me, and I knew it.

Or battles raged along the ground, up in the air, and for those of the horde that dared get too close to our blatant displays of power, were severed in twain, or killed from the sparks of fire, lightning darkness and cold that the two of us were throwing off everywhere.

And then once again, the two of us closed quarters, our swords clanged against one another with yet another immense burst of light erupting between us. But when the light cleared, I found myself pressed close against him, my bare and naked breasts pressing against his hardened chest, our swords held aloft above our heads, locked in an embrace of their own.

We were panting hard, and despite our titan’s strength, fighting with another titan has a tendency of wearing one out, despite our most stalwart of strengths. But this close to one another, staring at each other’s eyes through our visors, I felt my nipples beginning to grow hard, while feeling a bulge between my legs signified a man’s erection filling behind a hide loincloth.

Realizing what was happening, the two of us detached and squared off again, and I held my blade steadily in my hands, breathing hard as we both stared at each other. But something had already begun, and we both hesitated.

But in that hesitation, my eyes flickered, and in double take, I looked again, and saw Jenner, now as large and as powerful as a Dread Lord himself, approaching the Demon Lord quietly and cautiously from behind. And then, I watched as he crouched, and leapt atop the Demon Lord,

and opening his mouth wide as the demon lord struggled against this, Jenner clamped down on the lord's throat and tore it free, before a long blade extended out over his wrist, and with a rapid slash, he severed the head of the Demon Lord.

“Victorious!” he cried out, and as one, the horde, Raven, and myself, all turned as the Demon Lord's body began to deflate, with ethereal energy erupting from his body through the trunk of his neck to be sucked up through Jenner's mouth. “I am now the master of the Horde.”

With every burst of ethereal energy that he lapped up, Jenner grew larger and more terrible than ever before. His growth increasing exponentially as he grew, until he soon was immense, monstrous... a Lord of Demons.

“YES!” he bellowed, and right after that...

“No! Master!” Raven cried and raced to attack Jenner. In spite of myself, I rose with him.

Raven reached Jenner first, his great sword rising to attack, the heavy sword slashing downward, but Jenner turned; a sardonic grin upon his face before he simply lifted a hand and Raven froze in mid-air.

I froze too, but only in surprise as Raven – as powerful as he was – was seized from where he was and held fast; his arms and legs being stretched away from his body, but despite that, he was struggling against it, his wings thrashing steadily at his back.

“Ah yes, don't believe I've forgotten about you, boy.” Jenner growled with an even more sardonic grin than the one before, and took a step forward, with his fingers opening wider, and Raven spasmed as the strength of Jenner's newly acquired and still growing powers drew Raven aloft again. “Don't, for one moment, believe that I will allow you to ruin my plans. I've planned too long for this, to get myself in the good graces of the most powerful demon of them all gain a link to him and then steal his powers.

“You, my boy, are perhaps the only person who could defeat me... if I let you.” He turned to me then. “Whereas you, dear Angela, will be chained, and shackled, as I take you again, and *again, and again....*” He started to chuckle and then to laugh manically. “You should get used to it! The way I played the priests and people of Lea' Monde... and most especially *you*, like a Devil plays a HARP!”

He then launched into a fit of laughter, his hand glowing a deep red for the briefest of moments until a mass of red ribbons of light erupted from his palm, each ribbon cutting Raven every which way, slicing open his skin, bursting open his flesh, and severing the feathers from his wings.

Raven screamed as he was flayed alive, right before my eyes, and before I could think another moment, he dropped out of the sky to collapse battered and bruised against the ground, his once glorious wings nothing more than bloody stubs.

“Horde!” The newly arisen Demon Lord pointed at Raven even as Jenner’s flesh began to prickle into scales and then thicken into armor. “I command you to destroy him!”

And then I swallowed hard, planting my sword on my back where it held fast, and I dove while the Horde stood blankly staring at the Demon Lord, and I swooped for Raven.

“Now! Kill him NOW!” Jenner raged. “**Kill him!**” he surged forward, making to stomp on Raven with his clawed foot himself, but amidst all the confusion of a vast decision being made among the horde, as to whether or not they should follow this new lord, I snatched up Raven, cradling him against me and swooped him up right from under Jenner’s feet.

“**NO!**” I heard Jenner curse, and immediately she turned and swooped as a rush of ribbons rushed by me.

And then I was beyond them, flying away as quickly as my great wings could carry me, flapping as hard as I could, while clutched in my now immensely muscular arms, was a former enemy. I looked down at the silvery mask guarding his face, and sighing deeply, immediately took to finding a place to hide.

## 13

I stood quietly at the great edifice I’d secreted both Raven and myself to, buried roughly mid-way up the height of a mountain that had been located close to Lea’ Monde. Water ran by my feet readily to cascade far below me into the forest surrounding this small mountain. From my vantage point I could look down over the world as far as the eye could see, allowing me to see the vast, pristine sight that was the Earth underneath the haze of a setting sun.

My gauntleted hand lifted to hold the side of the rock wall beside me, my back arching while the heft of my breasts lifted higher with a sigh.

The chill in the air sent a prickling sensation over my bodice, drawing out a realm of goose bumps over my skin as I reveled for but a moment in the cool touch of the wind from where I stood so high above the Earth. But my eyes focused upon the smoke rising from the forests below me, and a pained hurt settled inside me before I turned back into the cavern, my body and armor lightning up as I stepped lithely forward.

My footsteps touched only against the surface the waters of the stream instead of descending into its sandy bottom; sending a rippling affect through the water as I stepped along the quickly flowing stream that cascaded down over a waterfall behind me.

*The holy powers that were in me are growing,* I considered as I stepped lithely down the wet passageway, my glowing armor lightning my way till I came into a great chamber of stone and rock, where its center was a pool being fed from somewhere far, far below us. I’d been able to create a fire, gather food, and above all, find a place where Raven could rest.

Another smaller waterfall lay here, trickling from an edifice a dozen feet up in the air, while the smell of cooking meat filled the air.

Great ripples of water spread away from my feet till I stepped up onto the shore, and I stood there, looking down at the mighty Raven, now fallen by a betrayal that had taken us both. Immediately, I felt my nipples clench up.

Raven turned to look up at me, the crystal T-slit of his visor glinting a deep blue in the light of the fire and the luminescent plants here. He didn't bother to move even as I removed my crystalline sword from my back and buried its tip into the sandy shore, and then with but a thought, my armor detached from me; flaking off like dried skin and reassembling about my sword, the last piece leaving me being the multiple plates of my facemask.

Last but not least was a tearing of streamers of light as my gloves and thigh socks were removed, and, for the barest of moments, I stood there, only the barest of silken patches, practically transparent from the moisture of my womanhood, protecting me from being totally nude before him. But even that patch was conforming beautifully to the swelling folds of my cunt as they swelled outward into a thick mound between my legs.

And then I knelt at his side, and taking up some fabric I'd managed to salvage recently from Lea' Monde I began to dab at his wounds.

"You saved me." He said suddenly, watching me carefully while I continued working the healing skills I'd learned as a novice. "Why? We are enemies."

I paused, and then wiped away more of the blood on his body.

"I... don't know, I didn't think beyond the moment." I admitted. "I only knew that he was hurting you, and I had to save you. Besides, the enemy of my enemy is my friend." I smiled, resettling myself closer to him while continuing to wipe more of the blood away. At that moment, I actually felt my breasts press against his flesh, and immediately felt my nipples harden till they ached.

"Somehow, I knew I had to save you."

I continued, but felt the strong metal of his gauntlet take the hand that was tending to his wounds and close gently around it.

"Thank you." He voiced, and for a short while, I looked into that faceless mask of his, and felt him looking deeply into my eyes before I finally looked away with a sigh, continuing to clean the cuts and bruises that were faintly beginning to grow green with ichor.

"I've never seen wounds such as this." I said suddenly trying to change the subject. "The wounds seem to be festering already."

“My lord has used that skill on others. It’s a deadly magic of demonic might. The ribbons slice into you, shredding at your skin – very painful – and if done long enough it would flay you alive. But the worst part is that each ribbon that slices you is festering with disease only an ancient corpse could harbor.

“My Lo.... Ma....” He paused, for some reason not able to speak of his former master as *‘master’* or *‘lord’* anymore. “He,” He used instead. “Had used it once on me as punishment. I will heal. And should I have a healer watching over me, then I am sure that the process will be all the faster.”

His helmet glinted, and I felt a squeeze around my hand, and lowered my eyes to see that he was still holding onto it.

There was something strange rising inside me. An odd fire that began in my heart and slowly dropped into my belly, warming me, and then, as of yet even more slowly, pressed downward into my loins, forcing my already swollen vaginal muscles to clench and my whole body to prickle in goose bumps.

I sidled in right against his side, my breasts laying fully over him, my muscled thighs folding over one of his legs while a bead of moisture pressed between the lips of my crotch. I swallowed hard, and again began to fuss over the wounds, wondering why I was wishing to be so close to this man.

“S-some of the wounds have gotten in underneath your armor.” I said; which was true. There wasn’t a single inch of him that wasn’t covered with scratches, burns and cuts. “We’re going to have to get you out of it if I’m going to clean all the wounds.

There was a pause, as he looked at me, for a moment, before, with a groan, he rose with me, pushing me up to a rising position while the stubs of his wings flared open a bit with a crackle and a crunch. He grunted only briefly against the pain of thousands of festering paper cuts. It was then that I noticed that he’d been lying on his sword! I covered my mouth at that.

But with but a gesture, the silvery blade flipped away from his back, imbedding in the ground opposite mine, just before the same flaking motion of his armor tore it from him and assembled it around his blade.

And then came the part I was waiting for as his facemask began to disassemble, but a wave of that long and thick black hair in which he’d received his namesake – raven-black hair – threw his face into shadow almost immediately. But then he slowly lifted his head, strands of that soft feathery mane of hair sliding away from his face as first his eyes and nose, and then with a smile peaking out from behind the long strands, he finally lifted his head and the remaining strands cleared fully away from his face.

A breath caught in my chest as I collapsed fully onto my heels before him, staring at that handsome face, and all at once disbelieving that such a being could’ve ever have harbored any harm.



*He's so beautiful!* I gasped, but then Raven collapsed backward onto his back with a weary gasp of air.

"I know. I'm horrid.... Ugly... aren't I?" he said, laying backward and looking at me.

"No." I gasped, and hurried forward to suspend myself above him. Again, my breasts pressed nice and firm between us. "I think you're beautiful!" I fingered his lips. "Simply beautiful."

Raven looked at me, his mouth opening in disbelief. "You do?" he said... totally stunned. "But I always thought... they always told me... that's why I always kept my face hidden."

I continued to finger his face, completely forgetting about tending his wounds.

"They must've lied to you." I said, my lips pursing together with thought. As I settled downward, but felt my crotch settle on some bulge, but I pushed that out of my mind at the moment as I focused upon that face "I've never seen a man as beautiful as you.

"And believe me, I've seen a lot who've primped and preened themselves."

I laid there then against him, an odd silence arising from between us as we stared into each other's eyes. And then I felt a subtle caress against my breast, and my eyes fluttered partially shut as a soft sigh escaped my lips.

And then while I settled into him, I felt something very odd happening in my chest as they softened, my twin pair of breasts distending against my chest as my nipples grew harder still, extending into nibs before an all so subtle bead of moisture escaped them. And then there was the touch of a hand against my face, and I closed my eyes fully before I felt a mouth press against my full lips.

It was the first time I'd ever been kissed... *really* been kissed. That peck on the lips from that boy when I was eight doesn't seem anywhere like a real kiss... not like this. It made me feel at last like a woman; gentle and comforted, instead of some adolescent. I had breasts, a cunt, all of which were clenching, I was a woman, he was a man, and the fire in my loins was beginning to burn. Some desire I couldn't as of yet put a name to was enflamed within my breasts and crotch, throbbing, pulsating with the intensity of it, and as we withdrew from one another, I lifted myself and settled back away from Raven, arching my back as I looked pleasingly down at him.

But then I noticed something, and immediately slapped a hand to cover one of my teats as a soft, delicate cream seeped from out of my nipple, and looking down, saw more of it on Raven's body. That was the first surprise. The second was that the touch of that cream was closing his wounds!

I opened my hand, feeling something soft and smooth filling into my palm, and found out that I was lactating into my hand; a thick creamy substance. Before, during my transformation, I'd done just this, and it was as much to my amazement now as it was then. *But it's closing his*

wounds! I thought, and then to test my last observation, I wiped my cream covered hand over a particularly nasty wound of his.

The wound drew shut and closed so as to not even leave a scar.

“H-how is this possible?” I asked. “It’s healing you!”

Raven sat up a little, feeling his body where the cuts were closing of their own accord.

“Perhaps... it is a power the circlet gives you. Milk doesn’t do this of its own accord, which means...” he reached up, and I felt his powerful hand cup the front of my breast, giving it a light squeeze as my three inch erect teat slid between his fingers to be pushed upward over it a little. I gave a subtle sigh as more of my milk squeezed out of the teat and over his hand. “Perhaps it’s worth a try; otherwise it will be more than a month before my wings grow back. At least a week before I’m strong enough to fight again and we need to stop that mad creature.”

I looked down at my chest as it distended more, their firmness leaving me briefly as they sagged against my chest, but immediately thereafter they began to bulge again, fuller and rounder than ever before, pressing against one another as either filled with milk with but a thought. Then smiling at this particular plight, I pressed a hand against his chest, pushing him to the ground, coming to lay against his side, I pillowed myself on one of my breasts and arms, and hefted the weight of the other for his mouth so that he could nurse.

But then his lips fastened about my erect nipple, and a subtle groan escaped from my lips as I felt him begin to suck, rolled again atop of him to burry his face in the expanse of my breasts, clenching my crotch tightly with desire. My fingernails ground into the earth as a heavy throbbing awakened between my legs, a dull, rhythmic thudding as my breasts began to swell titanic, growing heavy even for my enormous size with their moisture.

My body began to perspire, a slick warmth permeating my bodice as my butt cheeks clenched, and it took me a moment to realize that they had done that to a caress from Raven’s hand feeling their roundness.

I began to rise, feeling my hips rolling as he rose with me, caressing my free breast with one hand as I threw my head back and dipped my hands between my legs, feeling my womanhood bulge right beneath my fingers as a thick and mighty nib erected at the peak of its crevice. It throbbed and pulsated, it engorged and ached as more moisture slid from between the twin folds, but this time *coming* in a quick jet that moistened my makeshift panties in an instant.

“By the Maker!” I cried feeling the erect nipple of my other breast begin to pulsate with the one being coaxed by his mouth, and rapidly began to pour milk over his body.

But underneath my fingers, I could feel his cuts and wounds sealing themselves as I felt his flesh with my probing hands. *It’s working!*

He withdrew from his nursing and took to kissing the hollow between my tits, his hands holding them both aloft, for a moment, before he collapsed backward, panting heavily.

“Wondrous angel,” he said looking up at me, and my wings shuddered with a quiver that rocked from inside my loins. “I’ve perhaps been saved weeks of regenerating.” His hands came to my many layered abdominals and traced the lines between each one.

“C-can,” I shuddered again, swallowed and began again, feeling his fingers sliding further down my belly as I began again. “Do you think you can fly?”

He held onto my wide hips and pulled himself up a bit. His wings were now buds, fluffy and feathered, but those black raven wings would take a good long time to grow back. *Perhaps more milk!* I thought with a pleasing smile, and began to caress my breasts.

“Hmmm,” I smiled, and settled backward, caressing his flesh. “You seem healed.” I fingered his muscled chest and his abdominals, sliding the long fingernails down his body and over the powerful ridges of his abdominals. And then I came to his loincloth, and stopped, fingering the lip of it. “But it’d be best if we looked over everything.

Something odd started inside of me, and a dull thud erupted behind my loins, and my heart quivered in anticipation. Men had seen me naked – in the showers, for inspections – but I’d never seen one of them naked.

Raven just looked expectantly at me, and dipping my fingers underneath the lip, I slowly pulled it back.

I knelt there blinking at it, and then reached down to caress it, and the two of us watched as it slowly erected to my touches; thickening toward his navel, bulging wide with powerful veins flowing through it. Then my eyes bulged as I watched it grow as wide as my fist, and extending upward just past his belly button, and above all, oddly enough for a creature like Raven, he was also circumcised. Which meant that he had been born of goodly parents.

“Is... is this part of the examination?” he asked as if from far away.

I muttered a shallow “Yes.” And gave off a bit of a sigh and bent close to it, looking closely at it before a sudden growth, perhaps from him flexing it, pushed it right upward and into my lips for a kiss.

I licked my lips of something semi-sweet and sticky, arching my back as my milk-filled breasts slid about his waist, and that great shaft erecting sturdily between them. And then something inside me snapped, and I kissed its tip again, licked it, and then opening my mouth, descended upon it to suck it like a lolly.

Raven braced himself suddenly, his hand clamping upon my breast as he thrust upward a bit, and his shaft pushed deeper between my breasts as I was greeted with more of that strange, sticky

fluid, which I eagerly swallowed just before another mouthful. My back arched, his tip pulling from my mouth and pulling down further between my breasts.

That shaft got incredibly warm, throbbing over my heart, pulling a gasp from between me as it reverberated against the insides of my breasts. I rose, caressing it as it slid slowly down my bodice as I rose higher, feeling it slide down the crevice between my abdominals, lower and lower until it was drawn between my legs.

The powerful pulsating of blood pumping through his manhood and my womanhood over one another brought out a shuddering gasp from me, as I clenched the folds of my cunt tightly together just as yet another jet of sticky fluids erupted from between them to make my makeshift panties totally see-through.

My body quivered as I rose up onto my knees, letting go of him as I instead took to caressing that spot between my legs, pushing my fingers along the crevice to caress my erecting clit and the sensitive edges of the twin folds; gasping loud.

Then I felt Raven's hands upon my hips before he slid his fingers beneath the high arching straps of the silk patch, his strong fingers untying the makeshift knot at the base of my navel to reveal the soft flesh of my vaginal mound. Raven bent over himself briefly, kneeling between my legs before he nuzzled those tight folds, and then putting a hand over one of the rounded cheeks of my rear, slowly began kissing and caressing my cunt with his lips and tongue, finding the erect nib of my clit and sucking on it.

I hugged myself, arching my hips into his loving caress even as he pulled me to him while sucking on my mound, groaning as a throbbing pulse of pleasure erupted inside of me, pushing a sigh, and then a groan, and then a cry of such pleasure as I'd never felt before.

And then there was a few seconds of release, and the folds of my womanhood clenched tightly as something began to build up behind them as Raven pulled backward, giving those folds one last caress of his lips. I opened my eyes, not realizing that I'd closed them, and looked down at him as he lay backward, and leveraged up his erect manhood, and moving in instinct, I reached out to hold it up, holding its tip against the base of my pelvis, and slowly rotated my hips.

The fingers of one hand helped the twin folds open, spreading their virgin form wide to be able to take the fist sized head of his erection.

I felt Raven's touch alight upon my heavily muscled thighs, as I closed my eyes and pushed forward, feeling his tip push against the crevice between my legs, forcing them open despite their might, and opening my mouth and gasping, my eyes tightening all the more, I forced myself downward. Then, finally, the bulging hump at the end of his erection surged home, notching past the folds of my cunt, and immediately my hands slapped to my crotch; one hand to hold his shaft and the other to rub my cunt and my now quivering clit.

And then I began to lower myself onto him, every centimeter a tantric eruption of pleasure, as I twisted my hips one way and then the next, as if trying to push a cork onto a bottle top. And then

I slid to the hilt, the swollen mound of my cunt spread wide and now pressing firmly against his abdomen.

My hands clutched at my belly as I felt that hot throbbing warmth inside my bodice.

*So warm!* I thought, and against my own accord, the taut, powerful muscles inside my body began to massage his length. But then he sat up, pulling me closer onto him as he nuzzled my breasts, teasing my nipples with his fingers as his lips found the hollow of my neck.

My womanhood clenched powerfully and I groaned out my elation as I swooned into his strong arms, beginning a subtle rocking of my hips to slide teasingly up and down his length; his touch alighting upon where we were conjoined to hold himself into me, while his thumb teased my clit. I groaned and sighed, and with a subtle shuddering sigh, I began to lactate; my creamy soft milk ejecting from my nipples like the spigots of a fountain to spill over my bodice, and I tilted backward until I was laying on the ground with my back bent like a support arch.

My identity flooded from me and all I had was instinct as he began to rock into me as well, my insides growing heavy and moist with a syrupy moisture that leaked out from the edges of my cunt while Raven began to lick the moisture from my body.

My fingers clenched into the earth, picking up fistfuls of sand and squeezing them hard as a liquid hot fire built up inside of me. My eyes clenched as did my teeth, and then an eruption of fluids burst from inside me, swelling out the edges of his shaft and my pubic mound, dripping out around the insides of my thighs and the rounded bases of my bottom. The stroke between us grew a little faster, one right after the other, with each picking me up a few inches off the ground as I rotated my hips in turn to him. I caressed my breasts, pushed them together and held them aloft for him to taste and suckle from; all the while, a new sensual power began to radiate from inside of me.

And then I felt the all too familiar feeling of growth inside of me, the same feelings I felt when I'd first donned the Circlet. And then I cried out, clenching my vaginal muscles as tightly as I could as he suddenly thrust inside me and shuddered with all his might, ejecting a liquid into my bodice. The pressure inside me nearly grew painful as he held onto my hips to keep himself in place, but slowly, the throbbing eruptions coming from him slid him out of me inch by inch as I experienced my most powerful, most erotic orgasm ever! My own fluids adding to his inside my honey pot.

And then he was forced from inside me, and in several mighty gushes, the remainder of his bursting eruption splattered all over my abdomen and the base of my breasts, my back arching as my insides suddenly dumped perhaps a gallon of fluids through the force of my orgasming muscles from deep inside me.

But I was transforming, amidst a titanic orgasm, and when I managed to open my eyes, it was amidst a dizzying affect that didn't allow me to focus on any one thing, forcing images to blur. And so I let them close again, my body flexing, my arms rising to clench my biceps into rising swells while my thighs pressed closer together.

My muscles began to swell, from the largest primary to the smallest tendon or brachial, all began to bulge around a skeletal structure that, though still feminine, was thickening and hardening to something stronger than steel. My fluids continued to erupt from me as I shuddered in orgasmic pleasure, and the number of orgasms that rocked my loins rapidly grew too great in number for me to keep track of in my state.

And then came a mighty dry lurch as my ribcage suddenly barreled outward, thrusting my breasts further outward, before my back likewise flared outward and peaking ever higher atop my spine. My neck flared wider, my shoulders growing greater than the legendary Atlas, while the gates of my femininity bulged and swelled greater than even the goddess Gaia!

I struggled upward, holding my head as my body grew longer around the waist, my abdominals thickening and gaining one pair, and then another pair, and another, while my legs bulged wider than my middle and my arms as wide as my legs.

But then, against my back, where my wings rose and flared outward, they suddenly glowed brightly and greatly, before a strange feeling of separation occurred and the one pair spread open into *three* pair.

And then I grew larger, larger than even Raven, more muscular, and immensely more powerful before, in one final orgasmic rush, I collapsed backward and panted from the exertion.

“Ah! What in the Creator’s name just happened?!” I gasped, and a few seconds later, I felt a pair of strong hands upon my thighs, which slid steadily up their insides, before a pair of thick thumbs plunged inside my cunt and rubbed its insides. I groaned again, and opened my eyes to look over the peaks of my breasts, over the peaks of my towering nipples, which ached and quivered there, to see Raven again sliding into me. But the love he offered this time was softer, more subtle, but nonetheless made me feel so good.

“I believe, It’s called the *‘quickenin*g.” He said leaning into me, and again he nuzzled my breasts, suckling from them, till I saw his wings open up against his back, starting to grow larger and fuller by the instant, and when he drew backward, I giggled as I saw the milk moustache on his face. “Legends of a hundred different cultures, of a hundred lands that my old master had assaulted have made me more... *curious* as to my own creation. I’ve long since believed that my Lord did not create me.”

He coaxed my breasts, sucking at my nipples again before he rocked his hips into mine, and his thick shaft slid deeper into my bodice. My vaginal muscles clenched around his groin rhythmically, massaging his length to pull a groan from his throat.

“To share the power of another person baring a circlet, in turn makes your own power greater. It heals you, makes you stronger, and makes you wiser, faster and all the more powerful.”

I lay back, feeling more power feeding into my honey pot from his extension, and I closed my eyes, hugging myself as that pot began to overflow with fluids again, my body not able to absorb

as quickly. Half of all the sexual might I was experiencing now was coming from the ready bursts of hot fluids into my bodice, and the other half coming from those fluids being transformed into radiant energy and *empowering* me!

Raven continued to work into me, suckling from my breasts till his wings had grown back, and my breasts had shrunk from lack of milk, and my mind was numb from pleasure. And after he and I were dry, he then bent himself, crawling between my legs to nuzzle my cunt till I began to orgasm steadily again.

As soon as he was ready, he again began to dry hump me again, simply working into my bodice, before the combined pressure inside me forced him out and he sprayed his batch all over my bodice again.

Then I laid there, panting, our energies expended before I rose to a crouching form and then to my feet, my triple fold wings folding tightly against my back as I began to rub the drying fluids all over my bodice, hefting a breast to lick a track of it off and then stretching majestically. The now much smaller Raven looked up at me, drawing limp between his legs as he too was spent.

“Ah!” I gasped, swallowing the slick liquids as my breasts did a minute jiggle atop my chest, and then rolling my back and bowing my shoulders, parted those breasts so that I could look between them as I covered my cunt with both hands.

It was no longer hard and firm from taut muscles poised with my own eroticism, but was now soft and sultry.

“Hmmm.” I sighed and then quickly knelt before Raven; and even with us both on our knees, I still sat higher than him, with wider shoulders, and a greater barrel to my chest even before my tits came into place. But pressing forward, I bent forward and kissed him on the mouth, playing to the feelings in my bosom and loins. “I’ve... never felt like that,” I said when our lips parted, and he leaned his head against mine, laying a hand atop my chest. Is this what it feels like to be a woman?”

He pulled me onto him, grabbing my rear with one hand, sliding his fingers under the edge of my muscled leg to tickle the base of my cunt with his fingertips as I laid atop him; our bodies plastering to one another.

“I don’t know.” He responded and embraced me sensually, and I considered that this was indeed what it felt like. “I believe I can tell you... if only you can tell me if this is what it feels like to finally be a man...”

## 14

I squatted on a sand bar underneath the falling waters of the small waterfall. I’d grown so much from my love making with Raven... or Ravenov as he told me his full name was... that I had to squat underneath the waterfalls to become fully immersed by it. Amidst washing off all the flaking, crisping and dried off white crisps of our conjoined fluids, I hefted one of my tits and

made a subtle meal out of my own milk, reveling in how creamy and sweet it was. Over on the shore, Ravenov laid resting, not yet having regained his full strength yet.

But as I looked at him, the more I considered that now was the time to defend this world against Jenner. Already he'd been searching for our hiding place for the past three days, and the area immediately around Lea' Monde had become a wasteland. Jenner's tactic was to simply slash and burn everything in sight to either flush us out or to bring us to him. But inordinately, I watched him sometimes from the cave mouth, seeing his cronies do his bidding while he grew larger and more powerful day by day.

I rose to my feet then, spreading all three sets of my wings and flapping them to clear them off of water as I stepped out from underneath the waterfall, and daintily situated myself atop the surface of the water as if I weighed nothing more than a subtle gnat.

Then my body, dripping dry of moisture, I stepped as lithely as a cat over dry leaves, elegantly, beautifully, with one foot moving around and in front of the other with each step. And then I stepped up onto the shore, my naked bodice firming up at the sight of my naked lover there on the ground, my nipples hardening and erecting subtly as I looked down at him.

My wings again folded tightly against my back as they shook the moisture off one last time, and I hugged myself, pressing my thighs together, staring at his sleeping form, his black raven hair, and the even blacker wings that were still growing back against his back. Then thinking only a little while longer, I strode over to where my armor still laid, and reached out to touch the armor laying there, all situated around my glimmering crystal sword.

For only a moment longer did I consider my plight before I stepped back and gave but a single thought...

In a subtle display of color, my armor, where it stood, all lit bright and beautiful, and I lifted my arms as ribbons of light danced off my armor to swirl about my arms and legs, solidifying into boots and gloves. More ribbons slid about my bodice and crotch into a bodysuit that did little more than to cover my femininity.

And then my armor broke apart, glowing brightly as it did and immediately began to collect around my form, applying to my arms and upper bodice, over my legs and feet. But this time as it collected around me, I found that it was immensely much more complex, and covered more of my bodice in heavier armor. Now there were chain links, slipping over my bodice underneath the armor, and a glimmering red network of glowing lines shone through the crevices and golden etchings, and above all, was entirely see through.

Then finally, came my mask, which flew up and applied itself to my face, latching firmly about my head and directly to my circlet.

And then pinpoints of light glimmered into existence around me, and a necklate of great jade pearls flew about my neck, with beads dangling from my hips and between the bared portions of



my rear, and finally, a minute campaign cloak that fell behind and underneath my wings, gave me a mantle of authority.

More gems implanted themselves about my bodice, and I felt the assortment of powers and weaponry about me increase several fold. Then at last, my sword began to glow, jerked itself out of the ground, flipped and twisted and then attached itself to the center of my back... and once again I stood as the holy Dian... the Instrument of the Creator.

And then I turned.

There was Ravenov; remarkably, still asleep. Kneeling down beside him, my facemask opened to reveal my visage as I regarded him for a moment, and then bent downward to kiss him.

“I would’ve lived a life with you,” I whispered, and caressed his cheek. “And now, I go to meet my fate. I love you.... Raven.”

Then rising, I strode back toward the water, again walking atop it, as I traipsed over the pool and out upon the stream leading to this place, and stood at the edge of the precipice overlooking the valley bellow the mountain. I stood there, poised while a moist air wafted about me, tickling my bodice.

And below, so much lay in ruin.

Spreading my wings then, I sailed outward into the air to seek my revenge.

*For Lea’ Monde!*

## 15

I flew through the air as swift as a flacon, perhaps even faster as trails of vapor slid off the tips of my wings as I headed in a beeline straight for Jenner’s camp, trying my best to steel myself as I flew for him.

Such an elegant creature I must’ve looked... all white and shiny, glowing like the day star itself; radiating power as if I were the source for it in the whole world.

Below me the earth sped by in a blur, with patches of pristine green mixed in with patches of chaotic char, and that chaos centering around a despicable blemish on the land, which as I sped ever forward, became more and more centered within my vision. And then I was upon it.

I shot over the clearing, stopped in mid air over its edge, twisted and flipped and then lowered onto the edge of the clearing on a pillar of light that radiated about me. I landed quietly staring intently about me for any sign of trouble, but found, remarkably, that the Horde was missing. There was, however, my prey.

The new Demon Lord: Jenner.

My hand lifted to my back and I wrenched out my sword, which lit like a column of light and fire from its hilt, and I slowly began to walk toward the dark creature that had seen to the fall of my home, my friends, and all that I loved so dearly. But he was also the instrument that helped awaken the Dian!

*And here I am. To push you right into the hell of your own making, Jenner.*

“I was wondering when you’d come out from hiding, Angela.” Jenner said from where he sat, and I froze.

Jenner slowly lifted his head, his eyes opening to reveal a pair of blood red eyes that glimmered and shone just like the two small gems over his brows and the much larger one at the center of his forehead. A crown of horns adorned his head, and both a natural body-armor, and an armor made out of some black steel adorned his form. At his side was a great sword of impeccable strength and power, which was as black as night with edges and designs that burned like red-hot burning lava.

“By the looks of you, you have been thoroughly screwed, Angela. How has that little black night been treating you?”

“None of your business, Jenner!” I growled behind my mask, my voice sounding very metallic. “I’ve come to ensure that you will never be able to corrupt this land more than you already have.”

“Indeed.” He smirked behind his steepled, clawed fingers. “You need to take my head for that, Angela. Do you think you’ve grown strong enough to stand up against the might of a Demon Lord by yourself?”

“Whereas you have only just begun to understand your powers, I’ve fully absorbed mine. And besides... what can a poor, sheltered, little waif of a girl like you, do against... this?”

He stood up and brandished his transformed body. He towered, above even me with my newly enhanced twelve-foot stature, and his body rippled with raw physical power. Who knew how much demonic power rested behind that strength?

“I wish to give you one chance to join me, Angela. With you and Raven by my side, we could take this world over! Think of the riches! Think of the Glory! Think of...”

“What you will do with the two of us once you are all powerful, Jenner...” I hissed and brandished my sword at him. “You killed all that I love dear; you’ve betrayed the army of the light for your own selfish ambitions, and destroyed one of the few remaining strongholds against the darkness! I am the righteous revenge that you will feel as I send you back to your hellhole. Forever!”

Jenner stared down at me, his features taking on a look of indignation.

“Pity.”

His hand lifted in a subtle gesture, and a rising cry lifted up all around me, conjoined with the sound of metal banging against metal, and the foot stomps of a thousand different booted and clawed feet. And then all around me, the forest jumbled with motion; roiling and boiling as a wall of black bodies emerged from it.

The Horde!

Towering demon princes leading as commanders, with all manner of terror from goblins and gremlins to the all-powerful Oni chittered and chattered in a maddening display of sound. Then Jenner sat down in his new throne of bone, obsidian and living lava, and smiled at me.

And then there was an almighty sound of “ATTACK!” reverberating through out the horde, just as a maelstrom of bodies surged in all around me, and a hail of black arrows sailed up into the air.

All of a sudden, I considered that I’d made a very real, very terrible mistake.

But then in instinct I felt my aura intensify and I turned my body toward the fusillade of arrows, and hundreds of pin like strikes tapped against my flesh, poking ever so briefly before falling off while my armor deflected all the rest. It felt as if I were standing in the middle of a light hailstorm.

I shrugged off the attack, and ran straight for them, feeling my muscles burning as I pounded across the land, straight up to one of the demon princes, and hacked him to pieces. Then standing over the prince’s body, I coiled in on myself, tensing for a moment before I released my rage in a blood curdling cry, and a blossom of fire erupted from my protective aura like a giant firebomb, erupting all around me and instantly incinerating those closest to me. I then picked up my sword, and again attacked, cutting a steady swath through the horde.

## 16

My hand lifted the last of the still breathing members of the horde in one hand, before my fingers closed tightly and cracked his skull plates before dropping him. Bodies lay strewn all around me, with most of the horde dead or dying at my feet, and the rest having fled into the trees. Blood and green ichor was splashed all over my bodice, and I was breathing heavily from the exertion.

Nowhere in my mind was the exhilaration that I, single-handedly had decimated the horde so thoroughly, but then, Raven had done the same thing to the Armies of the Light before he was released from his lord.

I turned toward Jenner then, my body steaming as the blood splashes and ichor burned from my armor and flesh, filling the air with an acrid smell, which thankfully I was unable to smell through my facemask.

He was standing up, clapping his hands.

“Very good Angela. But all for naught. Every one that you kill I can raise, and there is a hundred times more than that just waiting to climb the pit to come to my aide.”

He reached to his side, picked up his evil blade, which immediately caught flame. He then leaped over the pit in which his predecessor had crawled out of and landed before me.

“You are outmatched, girl.” He grinned and banged his flaming sword against his armored chest. “I was a warrior far much longer than you’d ever been alive! My power is eternal, older than this pitiful world, and every last inch of it courses through me.”

“And I am the light. No matter what power the darkness may have, even the barest flicker of light can drive it away. And whereas you only have yourself... I have the one living God behind me! YAH!”

I flew toward him, swinging my blade downward, but he raised his own and caught mine, and with but a single push of that flaming blade, threw me backward onto my back.

“Pitiful.” Jenner said, and stepped forward on his cloven feet toward me. “I saw that one coming a mile away. Look at you! The Dian Herself, not even fully armored, weak, open and vulnerable. Untrained in the very art of war.

“It amazes me that the most holy artifact in the Army of the Light’s entire arsenal was to be blessed upon such a pathetic girl such as you. And what a wonderful trick I played. When I uncovered the chamber of Lea’ Monde and learned its secrets nearly an age ago it seems, I told the army of the light that it required a man to wield it... not a woman. And so the men were made stronger among them, they were trained, and the women were nothing more than cooks, cleaners, healers, and something to screw on a cold night.”

“ARRRAH!” I screamed and leapt up again to slash at him, which he immediately caught again, but this time actually had to add his other hand into deflecting the blow.

“GOOD! Much better. And here I was thinking that I wouldn’t have a challenge with you. C’mon... let’s see what you’ve learned in only a few days.”

I attacked him again and again, but each time my sword fell or swung it was deflected with the searing fire from his own sword, all the while he taunted me, making me madder and madder for my aggressions to empower my strikes, to make them fall heavier.

I suddenly realized that I was crying behind my facemask.

For the third time, then, Jenner deflected my blow in a way that threw me sprawling to the ground, and when he came up to attack me, I deflected with my own sword, but with a wild swing from him it was hurtled from my hand to go sailing through the air away from me. It imbedded itself in the dirt far, far away from my hand.

But then Jenner was upon me, his claws dipping underneath the lips of my armor before he tore them open and away with the cloth underneath it, revealing my breasts to the open air. Streamers of some strange syrupy fluid strung from between my flesh, the cloth and the armor... as if he'd just torn off a layer of my flesh, and I howled with the pain of it as it was torn from me.

I struggled immediately, but he ensnared both my feet at the ankles with his tail, and I was held there as he tore piece after piece from me, kneeling between my legs before he buried his sword into the earth.

“I’ve been waiting for this, for a long time!”

“N-no!” I cried as I felt his tongue licking around my neck.

Then looking between my breasts, and then between us both, I saw plates around his pelvis open up, revealing a pocket of flesh before a bulge of red erected from out of the pocket into a long shaft and throbbing head of flesh that bulged mightily, and pulsated with blood.

“I’m going to do you like a whore!” he grunted. And then tried to pierce my thighs.

“NO!” I swallowed, and drove all my might, all my energy into resisting him.

At first nothing happened, other than his difficulty in piercing my loins as I clenched my vaginal muscles as tight as they could be. But then slowly, veins within my arms and legs began to bulge and pulsate, feeding my muscles with power as I slowly pushed against him, gritting my teeth as my arms lifted, my legs pressing together at the knees and thighs to create a block between he and I. And then with a quick twist of the wrists, my arms slipped out from his grasp, and I caught his own arms, and with a mighty shove I threw him off me and immediately tried to stand.

“NO!” I panted and actually managed to stand over him for the barest of moments as he looked up at me, almost comically with his erection rising like a hook over his pelvis.

“*Excellent!*” he cried and pushing behind his head, flipped up to a standing position. “There’s the fight! There’s what I remember of you. I want you to resist as I take you again, and again, and again! None come here, my violent rose... for I shall make your every dream come true! As well as some of your nightmares.”

He came for me, and I swung outward, striking him with all my might as I felt my strength redoubling with a second wind. My hands slipped before me then as I hit him repeatedly, ignoring the pain in my fists as I pounded incessantly against his fully intact body armor, whereas my own had been thoroughly dismantled, and I was left with only a few scraps of cloth.

A well store of fighting know-how slid into my mind, of an age and a day of combat experience from the women who'd previously worn the circlet, all of which was now mine to command. I was nonetheless surprised at how often my blows landed, some of my punches knocking his head to one side or the other, and I thought, thought for the moment, that I was actually winning.

But then Jenner turned his head to look at me, his red eyes glowing darker and more sinister as his lips peeled back to reveal rows of overlapping razor-sharp teeth.

And then my next punch was intercepted by his clawed hand, and then the other was likewise held fast. I gasped in surprise as he shifted in close to my body, my breasts flattening hard against his armor of living – or perhaps undead – tissue, while his prick slid hard and long up my body to push between my breasts. It was then that I felt it begin to throb, while he himself began to gyrate.

Next thing I knew I was being pushed back-first into a rock, and a moment later, great clawed and skeletal hands, each with supernatural strength reached out of the ground and took hold of my ankles and my wrists, which were then pulled downward and back to hold me in place. And try as I might, I wasn't able to pull free.

It was then that Jenner leaned forward, looking into the visor of my facemask, past the blue crystal into my eyes, before he reached down and ripped the mask straight from my face. I gasped for air as my hair tumbled about my face and I felt a sticky moisture seeping into the space between my tits. Jenner looked down at me then, admiring my powerful form as he took to caressing my face and neck, and then centered upon my breasts, finding them sweetly, before a spurt or two ejected from the space between my tits into my face.

I sputtered indignantly.

"I've so... waited for this." He growled, puffing out his chest as he slid down my body, tasting my form until he found my crotch and sucked hard and long from it, pushing his long tongue between the folds of my womanhood and coaxing me into an erotic high amidst the pain of being pulled backward like I was.

And then he slid up me again, coming close to my face, kissing my forehead and looking straight into the defiance in my eyes as I struggled one more time against my hardened bonds. And then with an exhale of hot, rancid breath, he rolled his body, and easily pierced my loins, driving the hardened extension of flesh deeply into my body, the lips of my womanhood spreading wide for him before he laughed and drew back, taking my widened hips tightly in his clawed hands and began to pump into me.

Again I began to cry.

But I would not give up that easily to him. I cried from the indignation of it all, I cried from my anger and hatred, and I cried to the fact that he was winning.

“Oh... Yes! Wiggle more for me! Ah!” He grunted and groaned, piercing deep into my loins, tearing from me my purity with each gyrating thrust. “Ah! Ah! Ahhhhhh-OW! OW!” I blinked away tears as his grunts and groans changed, and looking around at him, I was amazed as he was trying desperately to pull out of me, and with a wet slurping noise, I could feel him trying to jerk out of me.

*Something... something inside me was hurting him!* I thought, and clenched my vaginal muscles tightly, holding him in there.

I closed my eyes, clenched my teeth, and put every ounce of my power there, the very source of power for a woman, and held him there. Peeking out from underneath an eyelid, I could see his skin flaking, and in *flames!* Flames were pouring out of my cunt and searing his skin where he pierced me.

*But I wasn't feeling them,* I marveled, and watched as his flesh began to crisp and flake off.

“Ah-HAAAAAAAAA!” Jenner screamed, and was now trying to yank out of me.

“How does my pussy feel now?!” I taunted, watching his armor flake off of him in chunks now before his body itself began to crack open, shining forth with deep white flames as he began to burn from the inside.

Jenner wrenched himself out, quickly trying to extinguish the flames upon his prick as my body ejected the batch he'd deposited from within me, all of it rapidly burning away in some sickly green flames. Then with a mighty wrench, I ripped my arm out of the great skeletal hands, flexed my fingers for a moment before tearing my other arm and both my ankles out as well. Then pushing away from the rock while Jenner cradled his prick, I stepped forward, coiled and jumped upward into a rising uppercut. Jenner's body rose up off his feet, his body spasming as he vaulted backward, more flakes of his flesh falling from him as he landed on his back in a heap.

“I've had an epiphany, Jenner.” I said, walking forward as he turned over, grunting for pain. “Or perhaps its this circlet feeding me knowledge, whatever it is, you've just lost.”

I helped him up, only to hit him several times about the chest, my fist leaving an imprint into his softer unarmored flesh each time before I doubled my hands up and knocked him to the ground again.

“A woman has always born the golden circlet, because of the particular virtues required to bare it. Just like only a man can wear the platinum circlet.” I punched him in the back of the head as he tried to rise, and immediately flipped my body and fell downward to lunge my elbow into the peak of his back with a loud crunch. “And to destroy my eligibility to wear the circlet, you only needed to have taken me before I put it on, for only a virgin can don the circlet.

“But once donned... then that virgin can take more power from another barer of the circlet simply by making love to him... or her.”

I stood over him, and took both of his greater horns in my hands, and pulled him backward, hearing a satisfying groan of pain as he was wrenched painfully backward.

“The circlet enhances my strengths, my virtues and my purity, all of which are made a thousand times stronger by the power of the circlet. And that purity, versus your corruption, is stronger. And so, when you tried to rape me, to physically defile something so pure... it burned you.”

My muscled arms began to twist his head, twisting it steadily one direction. A little more of that seminal fluid pocketed inside my womanhood from him dribbled out, burning at his back and bringing a scream from him.

“And so, it was your own lusts that did you in Jenner. Fate, it seems, has a cruel sense of humor.”

I then wrenched upward and twisted with all my might, and with a mighty snap, Jenner fell to the ground.

I was triumphant!

## 17

I sat atop the rock outcropping that Jenner had tried to rape me upon, which proved to have been the place of my salvation. I hugged myself, feeling the cold wind, genially turning warmer as time passed, but still cold enough to send a wave of goose bumps all down my flesh.

My long hair covered one side of my face, dangling over onto my enormous tit and one thigh as I pressed my knees together. My tri-fold wings folded around my shoulders like a cloak, keeping me as warm against the chill as I could be amidst this strange barren wasteland.

My eyes were focused upon the pit that was even now rapidly sealing right before me. For the past hour or so it'd been steadily closing, it's edges gaining a pebble here, a stone there and a grain here.

The Horde had now been dealt a tremendous and painful blow.

But amidst my self-retrospect, and being that I'd been focusing so much on that pit, I didn't notice that it had recently stopped closing, and it took me a moment or two to realize that it had indeed ceased to seal itself up. My head rose then, my mind completely unaware of the movement behind me, coming from Jenner's body as a demonic hand slide sideways to grasp his sword where it laid. And I also didn't hear as he slowly rose to his feet, and only with the sound of something cracking did I wrench myself around to see Jenner standing there before me; breathing heavily, his one sword hanging in his hand, while his other straightened his head atop his neck.



With a mighty crackling and crunching, the neck muscles tightened and the bones I'd broken reset themselves.

"Foolish girl." He grinned, and raised his sword. "I told you earlier, the only way to kill me is to take my head! And now, YOU DIE!"

My arms lifted to ward off the attack, but then there was a great clanging sound, and then a resounding silence, and when I dared to open one eye, I saw Jenner standing there, his sword dropping to the ground before he dropped to his knees. Then I saw a gauntleted hand reach out and take one of his horns, and a moment later, the body dropped away from the head, and there, standing behind the fallen body, was Raven.

Black hair waving, black wings folded tightly to his back, he stepped forward, the horned head of Jenner still dangling from his hand as the rest of the body melted and burned into ash, and with a mighty rumble, the pit sealed itself behind him.

"You forgot this." He said; his mask opening up for me to see his beautiful face once again as he stepped forward and dropped the horned head before me.

Then he took the last couple of steps closer, and bent forward to kiss me, and I was slowly pressed back-first against the inclined rock I'd been sitting on till he was laying atop me, his free hand grounding the point of his sword into the earth beside us. When he lifted himself, he smiled down at me, and I laid there, my hands and breasts pressed against his chest, my feet folded before my bottom, and my thighs spread open as wide as they could be. Despite that Jenner had just stuck me here I nonetheless felt my cunt swelling outward and open to disgorge my throbbing clit as I wished for nothing more than for him to pierce me.

"What are you going to do with it?" I asked, concerning the head.

Again, Raven smiled. "Hang it up on my mantle piece." He kissed me again. "Over the fire." And again he kissed me. "With my lovely and powerful wife there beside me." And again we kissed, but longer this time. "Or on top, or underneath... as you prefer."

I embraced him tightly.

"For now," I whispered into his ear. "I'd prefer you take me far away from here." He nodded his acquiesce, and lifted me up, carrying me away after planting his sword atop his back.

With but a gesture, all my torn clothing, armor, mask and weapons returned, sealing me within them before I tucked deep into his powerful arms. He traveled with me like that well into the night until he came to a glade secluded far from the evil and untouched even by the hands of man. Then laying me there in a soft bed of grasses before the waters, we both helped each other out of our armor, and he made love to me until my mind was numb with pleasure, and I fainted into the ground with him above me.

When I awoke, my beautiful bird was now three winged, just like me, and nestled atop a great boulder having watched my naked body while I'd slept. We bathed together, made love again in the waters, exited, dried ourselves, made love again, and then again, and slept in peace.

When we both awoke again, it was the morning next.

And a whole new life.

**End**