

El Chupacabra

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Warning: *This story contains elements of an adult nature, including alternative sexual subjects that some may find offensive or not suitable for children. Parental discretion is advised. This story also contains elements of blood and gore due to the nature of its characters.*

Rated: NC-17

Special note: *For more authentic representation, attempt to read all text with a Mexican-Spanish accent.*

Chapter 1: The Legend of El Chupacabra

My mother used to tell me stories when I was just a Niña.

Many stories told to me were involving princesses or heroines doing fantastic feats, like the daughter of El Zorro donning her father's cape and mask and fighting for the people when her father was too old. I loved those stories. But there were three stories that she told me that she never told me again, and they were the stories of the El Chupacabra.

The first story was told to me when I was little, and it was of one day when my mother entered the room where my crib was kept, while I was a tiny, tiny little Niña, in which she saw a creature standing over me. A strange creature that stood taller than a man, with a head and back like a wolf, but a chest and front of some great lizard and a body that was wrought with muscle like a bear. Claws like daggers that glittered black in the dim light of the nursery decorated its powerful fingers. One of those claws it had placed into my mouth and I was sucking from it like it was a nook, my little fingers gripping the sharp stiletto as I drank the blood from it.

That was disturbing to me then... but mama told me two more stories.

When I was older yet, I came upon my mama as she was in tears. Going to her, I asked her why she was so sad, and she looked adoringly upon me, caressed my face and golden sun-bleached hair and while weeping, told me that she was the whore's wife of my father. Mi papi was a don, a don that had no wife, and had no heir. Mama was a whore that worked in the village saloon... because her papi had made mucho debt, and in order to pay it off, mama had to become a whore. But mi papi visited my mama, many times, and fell in love with her, and when he was sure of his love, he paid off my mama's debt, and took her home with him, making her his bride. But papi could have no children, mama learned. The doctors confirmed that there was no way for papi to have a child.

My immediate question to that was how did I live, and in renewed tears, mama told me that after she read papi's mail, read that he could not breed, that she grew distraught. Her womb was empty and she craved child, so she went to go drink deeply. Amidst her drunkenness, she journeyed home... to which she told me a new story of El Chupacabra.

Mi mama was put upon by the El Chupacabra, in which she told me it took upon itself the form of a man, or at least she thought it was a man, whatever it was it wooed her, and got her onto her back, and this man sexed her. Shortly thereafter mama learned that she was pregnant with me. Whoever that person had been who'd sexed mi mama... was my padre.

This was after papi, who'd been old when he married my mother, had died. Mama told me that she was telling me this because I was old enough to know, and papi was no longer alive. Mama promptly gave me a crucifix, a brilliant golden one, ornately done on a gold chain and hung it around my neck. She told me that I was to never take it off, to wear it always even while bathing and even while swimming, and should I finally take a man to my bed... that even then I wasn't to remove it.

At the time I didn't know what sex was, and by bringing a man to my bed I thought it meant sleeping next to him, like mama and papi had done.

Now Papi, being a don, had left mama and me with mucho grande money. I was an heiress, and I attended private schools, and went to America for college. It was on one day after my first year of college that I returned that mama told me the third story.

Privately, and she'd been drinking, she'd told me that El Chupacabra visited her days before I was to return. Mama told me that her precautions had done nothing for me. And soon... I would come of age. Mama told me that she'd not been sober since, and had not slept in days.

It drove my mama sick and soon the doctors had to be called to help look after her, but nonetheless, I was muy mucho concerned with mama's stories, and now that I looked back on them, my twenty-first birthday rapidly approaching, I was afraid of what might happen to me.

But as the Americans say, who's afraid of the big bad wolf?

Who's afraid of El Chupacabra?

Chapter 2: Sins of the Daughter

There are many places in the new world that are named Santa Ana. For some strange reason, if you were to Google or Yahoo or whatever the internet, you shall find that the first Santa Ana you find, other than the real person, is a city in California just north of the border between America and Mexico.

Also strangely, south of the border, at a distance almost equal to the distance of Santa Ana California, is another town named Santa Ana.

But this story doesn't happen in either of those, instead it happens in the Village of Santa Ana, a place that you will find mucho difficult to locate on any map.

Santa Ana village is a little town in Mexico that you may miss if you don't look mucho, mucho hard. There's no website and no reference that the tiny little town even exists anywhere. Located seventy-five kilometers or so southwest of Toluca Mexico, the only way of getting in or out of Santa Ana is either by a mountain road, or by flying there.

It's funny... but unlike Santa Ana California and Santa Ana Mexico, which are sprawling cities that runs into all the other cities around it, but here in the Village of Santa Ana, it is tiny and small. Quiet. The place where superstition and legends have a tendency of appearing, a place that still has a touch of the old frontier days permeating around it mixing with the modern.

The Village of Santa Ana Mexico has only one street. All of the businesses that were here had been here for centuries, being passed down from parent to child for countless generations. Sprawling farms and ranches supported the town, with individual homes dotting the place here and there. There was one chapel, and we were all catholic. There was one police station, and its cells saw only the occasional drunk. There was one doctor, who's lived here for sixty years. It was a radical hodgepodge of old Mexico, and ultra modern... leading all the way up to the house of my padre where my mama and I lived. Papi of course did more than just own land... I was unsure of the extent of his business dealings, but I do know that there was always an ample supply of Cuban and Havana Cigars in his office cigar box... and now that I was a woman of nearly twenty-one, I knew that those kinds of cigars were often laced with substances the Mexican government deemed as illegal.

Mama never allowed me to drink or to smoke one of papi's cigars. She said that she wanted me to be a devout woman, and I was certain that she would not stop till I joined the convent. But there were... tastes... hungers inside me that were growing now, and in the four months that I'd been away at college, my body had started to change.

At fourteen I developed bosoms, I had hips and bled for the first time, but years passed before I experienced my next change. At nineteen my breasts blossomed and I went through a growth spurt that raised me from a hundred and sixty-three centimeters to a hundred and eighty centimeters. Then as I neared twenty-one years, almost overnight my hair darkened to a deeper blonde, I grew three more centimeters, developed hips that were as wide as my shoulders, and breasts that were even larger than mama's... which were G-cups I discovered when I had to go buy myself a new bra.

My sexual appetites grew then, and I'd often stay awake at night, naked before my laptop that I used for school, searching out the pornography that interested me, first starting with my fingers, then working onto what my roommate at school called a dildo.

I was still a virgin... the cross around my neck made sure of that. Either he would stop or I would stop just short of coupling with him. But now that I'd gone to school, been introduced to American life, I'd had my drink of alcohol, and I've had my first smoke of cannabis.

It's amazing how much of the substance Americans manage to get their hands on despite that it is regulated so much. So now that mama is in her room, sleeping in me padre's bed, resting well – thank the lord – I was a might bit stressed myself. How I found my way to my father's office I will never know, but suddenly there I was standing before the grand mahogany desk, looking at the cigar box before I turned it and opened it, seeing the collection of fine cigars there before I withdrew one, snipped its ends and lit it.

The Tobacco was cured naturally... not with all those artificial pollutants that Americans put in their cigarettes, but there was also several healthy leaves of cannabis laced within the cigar, and it was that which I truly wished to get from this. The smell was soothing, and I inhaled it expertly. Unlike most others, my first time smoking didn't leave me choking from the experience... it was like it satisfied a baser need inside me... like the age old desire for mother's milk or chocolate... or sex.

Looking down over the great swells of my bosom, my blonde hair hanging about the olive flesh of my fine supple body, a simple yellow sun dress with a lighter yellow long sleeve shirt under that encased my bodice and kept its nakedness. Below all that a simple white silk lace bra, white silk lace panties and long white stockings over a pair of yellow sneakers accented my body mucho well.

I had pleasure in my own body and face, I liked the way the good lord had made this shape for me.

With the cigar in my mouth as I inhaled and exhaled and then inhaled again through the nostrils and out through the mouth again, I smiled and palmed one fat tit that was as firm as it was when it was a pert little pad when I was younger. Smirking to myself, feeling the hungers of my loins rising, I slid a hand down to the skirt of the dress and slowly fingered its hem up to my waist so that I could case the curving V-shape of my vulva and the panties over them, right before I closed my eyes and slipped a hand down those panties to begin finger my labia, caressing the clit and...

There was the sound of the door opening and as quick as you may I withdrew my hand and planted the cigar into the tray right as Juanita, the house maid entered and I made like I was turning around in surprise.

"Oh Juanita. You frightened me." I lied. She surprised me.

"Excuse..." she curtsied, the old gray-haired woman in her maid uniform was one of Papi's long held servants. She worked for Papi, and her mother worked for papi as did her father. A stable well-paying job was a stable well-paying job around here. She was smart enough to know when something was amiss, but wise enough to not go poking into it.

"Oi, Daniele, your Papi's good cigars..." she said seeing the cigar smoking in the tray.

Daniele is my name. Forgive me for not speaking of it earlier... in the importance of this story, I forgot formalities.

"Si... it reminds me of papi."

"Mucho expensive incense." She laughed.

"Si." I said sadly and then sighed. "Juanita... please... I'd like to be alone. Could you please save this room for last? Mucho gracias?"

"Si Daniele. I will do that. Enjoy your incense." She chuckled and then left the room.

The moment she was gone I flicked the ashes from the cigar and then brought it to my mouth again, drawing several thick inhales before I moved around papi's desk and opened the door behind it to look out over the setting sun.

Tomorrow is my birthday. Tomorrow I would turn Twenty-one. Taking the cigar out of my mouth and exhaling the smoke, I looked down to the town, suddenly thirsting for drink. Mama had drank everything that was in the house that could be drunk... doctor said she practically drowned herself in it, and I wouldn't touch papi's wine stores lest it was a greater occasion. Maybe I would tomorrow... a nice sweet wine to christen my age of becoming a full woman.

Nineteen was still a teen, twenty was not yet a woman, but twenty-one... now that was a woman's age and I would be glad to be at it. So turning and sitting on the stone railing, I turned sharply and leapt down, my dress flying upward to show my elegant and firm body and the near transparent panties I wore and I landed daintily a few feet

below and beyond a hedge. Then rising up onto my toes and stepping forward lightly with a skip in my step... I went to a bonafide saloon.

Chapter 3: The Woman in the Red Dress

I sat at the bar with a bottle of tequila, my third actually, and there were several men who were watching me drinking the alcohol down... right to the point where I swallowed the worm.

“Another bottle.” I said without even a hint of a drunken slur.

I didn't know what it was, but I didn't even feel tipsy. I found myself thinking clearer even, as if I'd always been in a haze and the alcohol was what was clearing it from my mind. Everything seemed extra real to me, which I perhaps should've taken for a bad sign, but it was amazing to me how clear and sharp everything became instead of hazy and blurry. My first glass of alcohol was a glass of sparkling wine on New Year's Day, which was a way of saying champagne that wasn't made in Champagne, France. That messed me up after my third glass, but this tequila... and the worm... it was like mother's milk.

The men in the bar were watching me hungrily... they were waiting for a dumb blonde to get really drunk so that I'd have less inhibitions... who cared if I were smoking a cigar and drinking this much drink? All they wanted was to get inside me.

“I see that you finally found something that you like, aye Niña?” a woman's voice asked me and I turned in the bar seat to see a woman wearing a dress of deep red that was backless and barely held in her ample cleavage. She had an orange shawl and her hair was as black as ebony, her eyes a shade of hazel that they looked amber.

I blinked at her as she entered, a thick blunt of straight cannabis in her fingers as she sat and crossed her legs. Shaded black stockings and red heels covered her legs and feet as she sat down and crossed her legs in such a way that I could look right up her dress to see her crotch covered by lace black underwear, and by the shape of it, she was probably wearing one of those one piece corset deals. A woven belt of ornate gold and silver with three large disks imbedded within it decorated and was clasped tightly about her shapely middle, the thing so thick and large that it might've been a prize belt from a Lucha Libre prize match.

But there was something about her face... something... familiar.

“Do I know you?” I asked her but noticed something peculiar.

The bartender was rushing and hurrying to prepare a drink for this woman, making a mixed drink that was usually reserved for a shot glass in a large glass, the largest there was... one usually reserved for beer. On top of that, the bartender's hand was shaking and he took one great and very deliberate step away from the woman as she grasped the mug and a little of the concoction on the inside tipped out and literally hissed when it hit the countertop before she guzzled the whole glass and then smacked her lips before inhaling deep of the acrid smoke of the blunt that smelled as if it were the scent from a skunk's bottom.

Having lived with my papi for all my life, I was well accustomed to what made good cannabis... and the worse it smelled the better it was.

“In a manner of speaking, Niña.” She smiled and then leaned forward, her teats erect and showing through the thin layer of cloth hemming in her breasts. “I've been watching over you your whole life, making sure that you're happy and ok.”

In that instant all the men who were interested in me looked immediately away with grimaces and shock. They were afraid of this woman... and what was more was being that I was being associated with her, it was killing everyone else's interest in me.

“Who are you?” I said and the woman merely smiled and gestured with an upraised finger to the bartender.

“I believe she ordered another bottle.” She answered and stared at me, smiling, and the bartender hurried to bring me another bottle of tequila. He smiled and nodded vigorously and quite nervously and backed away immediately once he'd delivered the drink.

I eyed him. He was afraid of me. He was actually afraid of me now because of this woman. Returning my gaze to the woman as she smiled at me, her lips reddened to a blood red color with lipstick or a berry stain or something, to show her up I opened the bottle and upended it, drinking continually and unceasingly till at long last that worm went down and I swallowed it without even gagging. Slamming the bottle onto the countertop, feeling my head swimming with resolute clarity, the men in the bar all gasped and groaned that I was able to pack away so much of the amber brew. Seven hundred and fifty milliliters times four now... straight. I should be dead.

“Now... tell me... who are you?” I demanded pointing at her.

“Me?” and she paused to take a deep sucking draw of the marijuana cigar. “I’m a witch, or so these men will tell you. What I am though is much, much more than that.” She turned and leaned close to me, gesturing for me to lean closer and I did so that she could whisper in my ear. “I’m your real papi.” She told me then and I recoiled and scoffed at her at the impossibility of her words.

She sat back and smiled seductively and signaled the bartender for another drink, and he arrived immediately and started mixing another as quickly as possible. His hands were shaking as he did.

“You’re a heathen!” I exclaimed, and immediately the woman slapped her hand on the counter and everyone became quiet immediately.

I sat stock still as the woman moved closer to me. “Why am I a heathen?” she hissed, gritting teeth that looked far sharper than a normal human being’s should be. “Because your mama says so? Because your Dios says so?” she asked and drew the crucifix from between my breasts and slid her finger down one inner edge of my tit and then up the other one before she leaned back, took her drink and guzzled it down. “There is a saying Niña, and that saying is *‘Everything great and small, everything bright and beautiful, the lord Dios made them all.’*”

“Well I say... beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and I can tell you from experience that there are a great many ugly things in the world that your Dios has made, things that look like monsters to others that are still His creations. Despicable disgusting things like the Hyena and the Vulture and the Deep See Anglerfish. Ugly, menacing and disgusting creatures each of them may be, but your Dios made each and every last one of them.

“Your Dios has a very mean and often sick sense of humor, Daniele.”

“And how do you know my name?!” I gasped.

“It matters not. You still don’t believe me anyways.” And then she smirked. “You better hurry home, Niña... it’s almost midnight.” And with that the woman reached in between her breasts and removed a thousand peso note before laying it on the counter. She then turned, stepping quickly toward the door, vanishing out the door and into the cool night air beyond.

Once she left all eyes turned toward me and I sighed greatly, and removing a ten American Dollar bill from my hand bag, I dropped it on the counter. “Give me a bottle to go.” I said and the man produced another bottle of my drink but left both notes on the counter. Taking the drink from him, I opened it and then walked out of the saloon, drinking the drink, unaware that several men rose from their seats to follow me as I did.

Chapter 4: Coming of Age

This was my fifth bottle... a bottle that I finished off very quickly and then tossed by the way side, belching very un ladylike. The whole world was in sharp contrast despite that it the height of night out right now. The clouds high above his the moon and the stars and the only light was from the occasional fire in a barrel or from a lantern. This town used both oil-based and electrical lamps, with the electricity being generated by a small building nearby that was a massive diesel generator. A truck came to refill it at least once a week, that truck coming to deliver all of its payload to that one building before leaving again.

Papi had spend mucho grande monies to the people toward his affairs.

Looking down at my hand then, I laughed at it, seeing the fingernails glitter in the light, and then I grew sober, focusing on those fingernails as they seemed to lengthen ever so subtly right before my eyes. And then my gaze focused upon the slender wrist watch I wore, its time ticking away, though in my ears the time ticking away seemed to sound like the ticks and tocks of a grandfather clock.

And just then the watch clicked to midnight, the watch beeping twice, announcing the day of my birth.

“Well happy birthday to me.” I said to myself.

“Yeah... happy birthday... and here’s your prize!” Someone shouted, and with a fluttering of the golden hair, like a halo and a curtain of gold about head and shoulders, I turned to see several men hurrying to me, and I opened my mouth to scream but one clamped a gloved hand over my mouth, two more grabbed my arms and a third took my legs and I was carried into the nearby alleyway, turning into a side alleyway and then into a yard between buildings that was fenced in save for the alley entrance.

I tried to kick and scream, but they thrust me onto a box where readily made rope were immediately tied to my wrists and ankles and a gag was thrust into my mouth before a rope was tied around my head.

I looked widely at the men as they looked down at me with hatred, right before one pulled a Bowie Knife from his hip and leaned into me, his groin against my sex, his alcohol breath in my face, a hand squeezing and massaging my breast while the knife slid a paper-cut thin knick in my throat from ear to ear.

“For generations...” he said in a growl in his Mongrel Spanish, the lesser, muted form of Spanish. “We’ve endured your kind. Your sire is old and will die soon... you were the last chance to continue your damnable cursed bloodline. Without you... your species dies.” And with a flip of the knife as the other men withdrew machete from their coats.”

“Hey Juan...” another said and pulled one of the spaghetti string shoulder straps from off my shoulder to bare more of my breast there. The chest of the sundress had fallen down, and only a bra and a thin blouse protected my breasts from being naked to the cool night air.

“No... no there isn’t” the one known as Juan said and moved backward, developing a definite erection as he fingered the crotch of the panties I wore. I closed my eyes and cried. I was about to be raped and murdered. And when he knotted a finger into the crotch of those panties and moved them away from my crotch, his cronies holding my legs open, I tried screaming, hoping someone would hear me as I heard the jingling of a belt and a zipper being undone, before a feminine voice suddenly spoke out.

“You men... simple-minded and direct. All of you are merely mortal.” The voice said in a chuckling warble. The voice had a mild echoing toward it, and a resonance that was like fingernails on a chalkboard, a low feminine voice that all the men suddenly stopped what they were doing and looked around, and I saw Juan holding his prick with one hand.

“Show yourself monster!” Juan said and pointed the machete in my face. “Tonight your reign ends demon! Your daughter will be the first to go!”

“I think not.

“All we took was a goat or two... we never fed off humans, we respected the border... maybe denied you the finest of the flock from time to time, but we never took more than we needed. But besides... I don't even have to show myself to you petty creatures to defeat you.”

“Why is that you monster?!”

“Because simply put... my daughter was born at twelve-oh-three a.m.. And this is her twenty-first year.”

The four men turned toward me with eyes wide, and I looked back full of fear, looking between the four of them, and then one of them looked at their watch and with a gasp, he raised his machete and I screamed loud as I saw death coming for me, the blade descended, aiming light for my chest and with a snap... everything flooded red into my vision... time slowed down... and then I don't remember anything after that.

The morning light was what awoke me, and with a groan I opened my eyes, slowly yet surely, seeing blades of grass dancing in the breeze directly before my face. Some of them caressed my cheek as I came awake, feeling mucho relaxed and relatively at piece. Various aches and pains that had persisted in me from unknown hungers felt... sated. But then I noticed that there was something... crimson decorating one of the blades of grass here. I focused upon the crimson.

It was semi-viscous, slightly crusty and thick... and too red to be paint. Moving a hand to touch it, I stopped, seeing more of the same crimson on my hands and fingernails... seeing the fingernails long and sharp even, and with a gasp I thrust myself from the ground, breasts wobbling tersely as I did and I almost screamed when I saw where I was.

I was on a field on the side of a hill near the river, but I was surrounded on all sides with blood. Blood was everywhere! It was on me, in my hair on the ground... and there was the carcass of a cabra, a goat, on the ground next to me, the poor thing seeming deflated and bare bone.

There were two deep puncture wounds visible on its neck.

Whimpering and frightened, I scrambled backward away from the dead animal, looking around me, head whipping this way and that, and then looking at the river I flipped over, naked as the day I was born, and scrambled down the slope to the river and cast myself into it, trying to clean myself, scrubbing with fingernails, getting every little nook and cranny that I could find. I felt dirty and unclean from what I'd seen, and I was also naked. What was worse, I realized, was that I couldn't remember how I even got here!

Did those men rape me, exsanguinate a goat and then leave me naked in the middle of a field? Whatever it was, I had to clean myself and get home... quickly.

It was still dawn, and only the farmers would be awake this early, so finishing the cleansing I hurried out of the river and up a hill, standing nude in all my glory and seeing where I was, and found a shack of a rancho at the base of the hill I stood on, and thankfully the woman of the rancho or whoever it was who did the laundry had their laundry hung out to dry. I didn't have any money, but strangely... I did have the gold crucifix. It'd been gripped in my hand despite that the chain had been broken. But it was the only priceless thing I had, and despite that my mama had given it to me... I had no real attachment to it. It was always a hindrance really. So far the great thing had kept me from finally losing my virginity.

So striding purposefully to the rancho, to where the clothes and things were hanging, I found a poncho and some men's pants that would fit me, right before I secured the crucifix to the clothes line and hurried away barefoot. They might believe it was Dios who took their clothes... for the price of the gold crucifix they could double their yearly income.

It was a long walk home, and a slightly uncomfortable one. My feet were too soft to take the gravel so I walked on the grass besides the trails and roads till I got my bearings and headed to me papi's house. Once there, I found the trellis of grape vines that led to my bedroom, the same trellis that I climbed as a Niña to get in and out of my room at night when papi and mama thought I was asleep so I could go play with the other Niña in the night.

Slipping up into my room, I promptly went over and made sure the door was locked, right before I stripped of the peasant clothes and stood naked in my room, looking at my image.

Something had changed, I saw that something had changed. My eyes had become piercing, amber in color, my lips were red, naturally red in which I'd always had to wear lipstick to make them that red. My breasts were larger and their teats were perpetually erect now, that, and I was surprised I hadn't noticed it till now, but my sex was now hairless. Also... I think my hips were wider. I looked older as well, with longer hair, and that blonde hair now having light and dark streaks in it here and there. I looked mature... a woman.

And was it me or were my boobs stiffer?

There was a knock at the door then, and I gave a start before turning to the door.

"Si?"

"Senora Daniele? Your mama... she is awake!"

"Oh gracias Madre de Dios." I said looking at the ceiling. "I shall be right there!"

And I dressed quickly, donning stockings and panties, but found that the bras I had no longer fit me! Wanting to see mama immediately, I cast off the halter and just donned a blouse and dress, this time the blouse being silk and blue and the dress being white, and binding my hair with a blue ribbon, I hurried out the door and rushed across the house to the bedroom of me papi and mama, and throwing open the door found mama laying back upon many pillows, the sun shining in through the tall windows, and mama being attended by the village doctor.

"Mama." I said and hurried in, crawling onto her bed and hugging her about the waist, pressing my face to her breasts. "You're ok."

"Relatively speaking, Niña." She sighed and caressed my hair.

"Doctor?" I asked and rose. "Will my mama be ok?"

"She's hung over." The doctor said quietly. "No more alcohol till it's out of her system, si?"

"Si! I shall make sure everyone in the house knows it. I..."

"Doctor." Mama said suddenly. "I have something very important to discuss with my daughter. Could you please be so kind as to leave us."

The doctor nodded and took his stethoscope from his ears. "So be it. But should I find you drinking yourself away, Maria, I swear I shall sedate you till the alcohol is completely gone from your system, and refuse business to anyone who gives you alcohol. You are to stay completely away from it and drink lots of water." He placed the stethoscope into his black doctor's bag, bowed and then promptly left.

Once the door was closed however, with me still watching after the doctor, Mama lifted a hand to my chin and turned my head toward her, and once I'd done so she tugged down the chest of the dress I wore to show off the fact that I no longer wore the crucifix.

"Daniele!" she hissed. "Where is the Crucifix?!"

I looked me mama right in the eye, and decided to lie.

“I went out last night mama... just before my birthday. And I was attacked by banditos who wanted to do bad things to me. They stole the crucifix from me mama.”

She eyed me, looking into my eyes, trying to detect the lie... but trust in me was paramount. “Very well... the box, there on the side table.” She said and gestured to a box with an image of the Holy Mother on its surface. Taking the box and bringing it to my mama, she opened the box, and from within it she removed another crucifix, and gave it to me.

My heart sank. I loved the good Lord greatly, but his image kept me from exploring certain aspects of my life. And this crucifix was even more ornate, and had an image of the crucified Heyseus upon it. I took it from mama, and she promptly told me to “Put it on.” I tried not to pause, but apparently I did while placing it around my neck and putting the symbology of the Lord Christo between my bosoms. “Why do you delay, Niña?”

“Mama... must I wear this? Don’t you think it’s a might bit superstitious to...”

“No!” She said sternly, raising her voice. “I will not have my only child corrupted by that...” she stopped, and I raised my eyes toward her sharply.

“...Toward that... what, mama?”

“It doesn’t matter.” She replied immediately and shut the box.

I stared at her. “Toward El Chupacabra?”

Mama’s eyes went wide with anger. “Exactly! Against El Chupacabra!”

“See... superstition. Mama... El Chupacabra doesn’t exist.”

“It does exist!”

“Mama. Do you expect to have me believe those stupid stories?! El Chupacabra nursed me upon blood as a babe, after it fathered me and then came to tell you that your attempts to purify me were to no avail? Listen to yourself mama! You’re mad! All of that was an alcoholics dream!”

And suddenly she slapped me and I gasped, tears welling as she gasped that she’d done this.

“Ngh... I-I’m sorry Niña.” She whimpered. “I didn’t mean...” and she reached out to embrace me but I rose immediately. “I think you have a little too much drink in you still mama.” I said sharply, blinking away the tears. “You’ve never struck me before... understand that, and that all these stories are nothing more than hallucinations. I accept that papi may not be my real father but I am still his daughter!”

“Niña!” mama whimpered, tears in her eyes.

“No mama. Enough. Imagine if the good padre of the church were to hear these stories from your lips. What do you think the church would say about that?” She was silent. “I am going to go mama... I cannot remain here. You want to embrace me... then you get that drink out of your blood now! I will give you a day to sober up.”

And I turned on my heel, slammed the door behind me, and then leaned against it, weeping for a time and waving off the maids and butler who came by to comfort me. But after a short while I went to papi’s office, opening the door and striding to the far end at his desk, I rifled through his drawers before finding the right paperwork, and slapping the table with both hands, needing to relax, I opened his box of cigars and took another one and lit it, smoking on its Cuban beauty before discovering a fine bottle of tequila hidden in one of papi’s drawers, the thing there cool and in the dark since he died. Pouring myself a drink, I guzzled that down and set myself to the paperwork.

“Daniele?” a woman’s voice said, and looking up, I saw Juanita standing there.

“Juanita... come here.” I said after taking the cigar from my mouth. She bustled across the room till she was before me and curtsied. “Am I my papi’s daughter?”

“Si.” She answered immediately.

“Am I the heir to his fortune?”

“Si.” She answered slowly this time.

“Perfecto.” I replied, and then began writing down on the form. “Bring me my papi’s lawyer.”

“Qué? Little senora... qué do you want a lawyer for?”

“Not any lawyer... me papi’s lawyer. Tell him I have business for him. And to bring my papi’s will.”

“Si.” She curtsied again and left promptly... and I continued completing the form.

Searching me padre’s forms and paperwork, after many hours of work I’d discerned his business dealings, even found a list of passwords for his computer... and activating the computer with a press of a button, three panels unfolded from his grand desk and angled automatically, showing three flat screens that asked for a password. Putting in the appropriate password, the computer loaded with stock views and email, as well as a desktop image of a scantily clad woman in all her seductive apparel, with a crucifix glinting between her breasts. She had a sad look to her face, and it took me a moment to realize that I was looking upon me mama when she was my age.

Other than the hair and eyes... I looked just like her. The hair and eyes were of course nothing of my father.

Looking through me papi’s files, I soon discerned much of his business and had smoked three of his cigars and nearly finished the fine tequila by the time there was a knock at the door and I called out clearly “Come in!” and the door opened to reveal a middle-aged man in a fine black suit, a white silk shirt and a tie that was the long droopy sort of bow tie of an older Mexican lawyer than the sharp cut looks of the younger lawyers trying to match the look of the American lawyers.

“Aye, the daughter of my favorite client.” He greeted and began to approach.

“Close and lock the door.” I said and he paused, and turning he closed and locked the door and approached again, and bowed sharply at the waist when he was near.

“What may I do for the daughter of...”

“Do you have the will?” I asked him sharply, my reddened lips thinning.

“Si, senora...” and he reached into a portfolio at his side and removed a legal sized piece of paper, a very simple will. “I have it right here.” And he then handed it to me.

I perused it immediately, caressing the slopes of my breasts through the opened blouse I wore, and then lifting my gaze to him I dropped the will onto the table. “Just as I thought. He left all the monies to me mama and gave me a trust fund.”

“Si senora.” He replied. “It is as the reading of the will dictated.”

“The village doctor has declared me mama a drunkard. She is obviously mucho grande loco in the head. How do I make her unfit to be the receiver of me papi’s estate and have it turned over to me.”

The lawyer fidgeted. “Well senora, I must say that that is a questionable legal practice and can be construed...”

“One percent of the estate will be your fee.” I replied quietly.

“Ten percent.” He countered, and my eyes narrowed as I rose, and I grew surprised inwardly that he actually took a step away from me.

“One percent... or leave here and now and get nothing and I will find another lawyer who will do your job for that price or less. After all... I am paying you for your... familiarity... with my father’s business, and all the legal acts you’ve done in the past to protect that business. I can keep you mucho rich and wealthy and comfortable... or else I can leave you with nothing.”

The implication in my voice was there. There was a third or that I didn’t voice, but he knew very well what it was. I even told him about it. This lawyer had ironed out the questionable legal activities me papi accomplished to avoid the authorities attentions. The implication was that I had him by the balls before he ever entered this house. I gave him a way out, he would essentially get nothing. I also gave him a way to stay in... a fee of one percent of all me papi’s holdings. All the land, all the monies, all the properties... everything. He would be very wealthy if he chose to be. But then there was the implication if he crossed me... I had the evidence to destroy him.

He drew himself up. “You’re as shrewd as your padre is.” He said quietly.

“Si or no?”

“Si.” He said sternly. “I will have the documents ready by tomorrow.”

“Those and copies of all records and dealings you’ve had with me papi.” I said and sat back down. “What do you need from me?”

“A signed statement from the doctor who said these things.”

I nodded. “Si. I shall have that tomorrow as well.” And I smiled. “Would you like a cigar?” I asked and gestured to the box at the edge of the desk.

“Si. Mucha gracias.” He said and took a cigar and smoked with me.

Chapter 5: Cryptic

The doctor was only glad to sign away me mama's life to me for a few thousand pesos, but when I told him the stories me mama told me, and he went to confirm it with her, and she did, the doctor gave me the signature without hesitation. So with his signature on a legal document in hand making me mama unfit, I would be the sole heir to papi's monies and properties. I felt bad about doing it, but what was I to think about me mama when she tells me openly that El Chupacabra was my real padre, and that this creature was the one who'd suckled me as a child with blood and later told me that I was corrupt because El Chupacabra told her so... I have to think her mad too.

Late that night, after my business had been conducted, me papi's desk covered in files and his computer open, I thought to look up information on El Chupacabra. The creature was what zoologist called a Cryptic, which was a term for a supposed creature that might exist, but there was no hard proof that it existed. Like El Loch Ness Monster, El Yeti and Sasquatch, El Chupacabra fell into that list.

It was a creature that was reported to have spines on its back, a body like a lizard, a back of fur, red eyes, breath of sulfur and razor sharp teeth that it used to feed mainly off cabra... goats. The name of El Chupacabra meant in English, The Sucker of Goats.

All past examples of what thought to be El Chupacabra was false, being a red fox with mange in Texas in one example. But nonetheless, I worried. Immediately it came to mind how I woke up the other day... lying in a field of scattered blood with a dead goat that had been drained of its blood by two thick wounds in its neck...

Sighing, laying in my spacious bed wearing nothing but an undershirt and my stylish lace panties, both white, I laid upon my belly with the voluminous masses of my breasts swelling between both arms while I looked upon the little Heyseus on it. I looked at the little white figure in his golden loin wrap with the golden crown of thorns, staring at it, growing dizzy as I did. I must've fainted just then, for my world whirled.

I was surrounded in a world that was far too real for me, the colors askewed and red-hazed. I saw red outlining major shapes everywhere as I dreamt parts of a dream of me... changing... from the inside out. Rapid glimpses of running through the moon-filled night. I saw an outhouse, and moving to the outhouse I threw it open, smelt the rancid remains of human excrement, and found a man hiding inside in a fetal position. I reached out and grabbed him, hearing him scream, and then bit him about the neck. I fed from him and felt something very sexual happening between my thighs before I cast him off.

Then I was racing through the grasses and then crops and then trees, coming upon a farm as I raced across it faster than any animal could run. I smelt goats and chased after them, and finding the goat I wanted I bit its neck and fed from it as well. I felt powerful, I felt sexual and invincible. Someone shot at me, a bullet that impacted my shoulder but didn't strike me. I howled at him and a billowing cloud of yellow escaped my mouth and the man covered his nose and retched from it before I stood over him, powerful, strong as I was... as far beyond him as he was beyond an ant. Gripping his rifle I broke it in two and bent the barrel about his neck, laughing sinisterly at him.

Then I heard a howl and I jerked toward it, heavy tits wobbling as I did, and I howled back and ran toward where the sound came from. There I saw a shadowy creature with great breasts, the nipples reddened disk that shone in the light, and embracing her I fed from her nipples, suckling from her fattened mammary flesh, drinking her milk and growing stronger still from it.

"Don't worry Niña." She said in a voice I found familiar. "I will take care of you."

And then I suddenly woke up as the light shone upon me, and suddenly I felt the dream disappear in a flash of a change of cognizance. I rose sharply, as if waking from a nightmare, breasts bouncing fiercely, wobbling and shaking with the motion as I looked about me. I was laying on my bed now... naked, the panties and undershirt that I'd worn the night before torn to shreds about me with the bedding disheveled. But that wasn't the worst thing that assailed me. The worst thing was the fact that decorating my lower lip, chin, neck, and forming a wash that spilled about and subtly over both breasts was... blood.

Whimpering as I realized this I rose quickly with more jostling of breasts, sliding off my bed to go to the mirror, and there I saw myself... a picture unlike any I could ever dream of. Here I was, a beautiful blond-haired woman, sexual to say the least, with the hourglass figure and full mature breasts with a wash of blood down my chin neck and chest, and there in the center of it all, was the crucifix hanging around my neck.

Maybe it was the shock, but I didn't... feel... too distraught from all this. I just calmly walked into the ornate bathroom attached to my room, slid into the beautiful gilded washtub and turned on the shower to wash myself clean.

Why didn't I feel more ill at ease with how I woke up? Why wasn't I screaming to the nearest person that someone was trying to assault me? It was strange and disturbing at the same time, and I found myself wearing the crucifix out this time. The problem was that I was now rapidly running out of panties and undershirts, and I'd perhaps have to go to Rio soon and spend a few days shopping for new clothes. But how were those underpants being destroyed? Was someone sneaking up into my room at night, climbing the trestle and then carving my clothes off before painting me with blood like that? Who'd want to do that? One of Papi's old enemies? And why?

Sighing, dressing in another pair of panties, black with white lace this time, with an ornate black shirt with more white lace that had to spread open to make way for the added girth of my breasts, I donned a pair of black stockings and attached them to a halter before dressing in a fine blue dress that accented my developing womanhood. I liked this dress because it had a wide-brimmed patterned hat that matched it, as well as shoes and a purse. Donning those as well, and looking at myself in the mirror I saw the little Heyseus on the crucifix, and decided to dip it in between my breasts again, and then gave one of them a tentative little rub. I felt so sexual at the moment, and my teats were standing on end at all times now. That was nothing compared to the fire in my belly and the pulsating sensations of my loins.

I felt moist down there, and there was a level of arousal in me that made me crave a man in the worst way.

But no time for that now... I had a meeting to get to.

Going to me papi's office, I sat behind the desk, setting the hat and purse on the nearby coat stand and resumed the work from last night till a knock came to the door, and looking up, the butler admitted the lawyer into my presence and shut the door.

He arrived, opened the portfolio and removed a short stack of papers silently before sitting. I perused them, signed them and added the doctor's affidavit to the mental state of my mother and handed him the papers back with a post-it note with my cell number on it.

Taking the filled out paperwork he rose, bowed again and left. An hour later I got the phone call from him telling him it was done, and then immediately pushing the buzzer on me papi's desk, I summoned the butler who returned albeit cautiously.

"Si senora?" he prompted, bringing himself up straight.

"Summon the staff... the whole staff. I have an announcement that must be made known. I shall address them in the foyer."

"Si... senora." He said and bowed at the waist before striding away, and I went to the foyer to wait for the staff to gather. It didn't take long... these were professional servants after all.

The butler, the hostess, the maids, gardeners and chauffer, everyone, came and waited while I stood on the stairs where I could be seen.

"Me mama has been diagnosed with a madness, and the village doctor has deemed her unfit to run this house and a danger to society." I announced and everyone gasped and whispered and murmured amongst themselves once I did.

“I have taken matters into my own hands, and have legally taken control of me mama’s life and me papi’s estate, and as such I am your sole employer now... not me mama.

“Henceforth, no one in this house will fuel me mama’s dementia by feeding her alcohol. Not a single drop! If I find out anyone has given her drink you will be fired post haste and all legal proceedings for damaging the mental recovery of a medical patient of the doctor will be undertaken and you will be arrested and imprisoned for as long as I can have it managed.

“That was the bad news. The good news is that I feel me papi didn’t pay any of you enough, so I will be doubling your wages.” There was some mixed responses, and I caught Juanita’s eyes. Like I mentioned before, she was intelligent enough to understand what was going on, but wise enough to know when to keep her mouth shut. So long as she kept it that way she would live a long full life under my care. “Else wise unless there are any additional complaints, your roles in this house will remain as they always were. That is all.

“If anyone needs me, I shall be attending to me mama.”

And I promptly turned as they began to talk excitedly amongst themselves. My ears twitched as I somehow discerned the conversations of a dozen different voices. I never had that ability before, but somehow, for some reason, it all came back to me now.

They were talking about me with mixed feelings. How could I be so heartless as to do this to my own mother? Was I greedy? While others expressed that they didn’t care, so long as they got paid more. Regardless, there was no smile on my face as I entered me mama and papi’s room, and then saw the vial of brandy on mama’s bedside table.

Walking immediately over to it, I capped it and held it in my hand as me mama came awake.

“Oh dear. Pour me another?”

“No mama.” I said, and moved the bottle far away from her, setting it near the door to take when I left. “No more drink for you.”

“Daniele. You have no right to deny me that. I’m your mother!”

“Yes you are!” I said and turned on her with a heavy wobbling of my chest. “You’re sick in the head, mama. I can’t let you make yourself any sicker. Some people dream of pink elephants when they have the drink in them... you dream of El Chupacabra, but unlike those elephants, you still think El Chupacabra is real! I’ve had to take steps, you’re unsafe to be left alone mama... It’s up to me to...”

“To take over?” she finished for me, laying back in her bed. “You don’t believe me? You don’t trust your mama?”

I stood there, torn, I’d always trusted me mama... but...

“Not when you drink... so you can’t have any more. The servants have been commanded to deny it to you. You’re not to have a drop!” and I pointed sharply at the ground. “You need to realize, mama, that the drink makes you ill, and I want me mama back. So... that’s why I did what I did.”

“And what exactly did you do?” Mama asked me.

I didn’t hesitate. “I’m the sole heir of me papi, and I have had the doctor declare you insane. This makes me the sole executor of papi’s estate. I will take over his business, I will make this estate and village flourish again, I will ensure that you remain safe.”

“Am I to be a caged bird then, Niña?”

“For as long as it will take for you to come to your wits!” I snapped and stomped over to the brandy. Where mama had gotten I had no idea... but I needed a drink now. Pulling out the crystal stopper, I upended it and drank till there was none left to drink.

“Your sire visited me in my dreams, Niña.” Mama said once I’d drunk the liquor.

“Papi’s dead mama... it means nothing.”

“Not your papi, Niña. I said your sire.”

I turned to her slowly, my mind clearing with the alcohol in me. “Mama... stop this.” I said quietly. “I am not the daughter of some invisible monster!”

Mama’s smile spread slightly. “Niña, your sire... she said that she would come to you again... and that she would wear red like before.”

My eyes widened grandly, spreading like dinner plates as I dropped the crystal bottle on the floor. That was impossible!

“She?! Woman in Red?!” I gasped, my poor mind stunting from the paradox of what I’d just heard. “Mama! How could a woman be my sire?!”

“I said she... I didn’t say a woman, Niña.” She said tersely. “All I’ve done for your many years, to protect you from your papi, from your sire, and all in one night she takes you from me. But then, perhaps... I never had you to begin with. But then... you know what I’m talking about, don’t you? You’ve met her.”

My breathing quickened and my chest heaved, and turning I bumped up against the door on my way out, jerked at it and it didn’t open, jerked at it again and then hurried from me mama’s presence.

Tequila. It was a drink that Mexico has contributed to the world. Some of its fine, some of its swill, but largely it was a substance made to make one drunk as quickly as possible. I needed some. I felt a craving for it, a need, and luckily this region was prime for its production... so there was always a good supply of it here. My mind was swimming so retrieving my shoes, hat and purse, I strode straight down the road that led into the village and right into the salon, in which the room became instantly quiet. Buying a case of the drink, I strode right back up to the villa, into me papi’s office, locked the door and began drinking.

The first bottle went down without a pause for breath, the second bottle went down almost as fast, and as I started on the third I began smoking another of papi’s cigars.

My mind cleared all right, which was perhaps a bad thing at the moment for now I saw clearly that mama had perhaps no possible way to know the woman in the red dress. The only possibility is that it was me mama and that woman conspiring to eliminate me, but why? Why make such a ruse that was as old as I was? What kind of sick perverted mind would come up with that sort of an idea and then find another person to *conspire* in order to do it?

The more I thought about it, the more I realized clearly that there was no other possible choice. Me mama knew the Woman in Red because she really did see her in a dream. It was the thought that laid the foundation for all of mama’s other stories, gave them a basis in which to be true, and I fervently attacked that base with my thoughts in order to break it. If I could find some flaw, then all of it would come tumbling down, and mama’s words are merely the words of a woman in a drunken dementia. I wouldn’t believe the alternative... that mama had planned all this when I was a little Niña. So if that wasn’t possible...

My mind was going round and round in circles as the day wore on, the afternoon turning into evening, and as sunset came and nine bottles later, it was then that I suddenly realized something:

I should be dead.

The average human being could take maybe one bottle of this drink. A tall heavy set man who'd been drinking his whole life could possibly drink two or three... but not nine... not while drinking the worm either. And the drink seemed to be doing the exact opposite to me. For others it made them drunk, for me... it actually *cleared* my head. I was so sober that everything seemed ultimately real to me. I saw the outlines of everything, saw the grains in the wood of papi's desk from several paces away, could read the words on the spines of the many books on their shelves around the office, saw the individual strands of fabric in the carpeting.

All of the world became surreal to me, fake... as if I were the only real thing in it.

The third thing that told me that something wasn't right was that right now, after drinking three bottles... I didn't have to pee.

"And there's a good reason for that." Someone said, and I whirled around and gaped as I saw the Woman in Red standing there in the office. If that weren't strange enough, she half-turned toward the door, and with but a gesture I saw the two doors to the office slowly close, and then with a pair of double clicks the locks engaged.

I stood there wide-eyed at her, at what she did as she stepped toward me, her hips rocking from side to side with every step, each step one foot directly in front of the other in their platform heels, her red dress hugging her erotically, displaying her incredible breasts while her black hair was done ornately at the back of her head. Like before, she wore an orange shawl of crocheted threads wrapped about both her arms.

"How..." I began till she walked right up to the desk, opened the cigar box, removed a cigar, bit its ends off, but instead of reaching for the desk lighter, she snapped her fingers and cupped a small flame in her hands to light the thing before standing before me.

"Y-you could've motorized the door, and you could've palmed some sort of lighter in your hands... everything that you're doing can be explained!" I said quickly

"Yes it can... that's why no one notices. They say it was a gust of wind, they say it was the light or the state their mind was in, they say it was sleight of hand or something motorized... and it is that way of thinking that is keeping you from facing the truth, daughter."

"You aren't my mother!" I shouted.

"Who said I was? No... it wasn't my womb that'd borne you, but you won't except the truth even if I were to tell it to you. You have to experience it for yourself. You're still coming of age... longer than any one before you, even me. Every night you grow stronger and stronger, more beautiful than ever. And each night... you remember a little bit more of yourself." She smiled and inhaled deeply the smoke from the Cuban, and then exhaled it in a yellow fog that made the hairs inside my nostrils curl... but strangely, the pungent smell was... desirable. "You remember running, feeding and growing stronger and stronger?"

I stared at her in a near trance. How could she know my dreams?

"How I know your dreams, Daniele, are a very simple reason." she smiled and I gasped. Was she reading my thoughts? Get out of my head! "As soon as you forget everything you think you know, that reason will become as plain as the nose on your face."

"A-and what reason is that?" I swallowed.

She tapped out some of the ashes from the cigar in a tray before drawing from it again, the cherry burning bright red momentarily. "Don't get me wrong..." she said and fingered the edge of the desk. "Your Dios is my Dios... only I accept that not everything that our Dios has made is necessarily bright, beautiful and colorful. But on top of that, there are also things in this world that mankind with their science have conveniently reasoned out to the point where

they ignore that it ever existed. That doesn't stop it from existing... You yourself are proof of that, and it is because of that same reason as to why I know what your dreams are."

"You're psychic?" I ventured and she gave a bark of laughter.

"Psychic! Ha! She asks if I'm psychic! Such is mankind's explanation of the truth. A mundane science to explain that which cannot be explained... refuses to be explained."

"Magic..." I said quietly and she beamed at me, flicking the ashes from her cigar again.

"Magic." She acknowledged. "The nebulous force in the world that no human being can prove exists. It, and everything that has to do with it, lies within those things that sane people ignore and force themselves not to see. Only dreamers who believe in it keep it alive, and so long as it exists, and it will always exist, then creatures like me... and you... exist."

"What do you mean creatures like me? I'm nothing like you!" I said and stamped a foot.

"No you're not." She said and took a deep puff of the cigar. "You are not like me, you are so far from me it's like nature has decided to take several evolutionary steps with you. It's comforting really. It means our species is growing strong once again. We can show ourselves more often, and soon... we can even be considered the ultimate breed of our species."

I strode to one drawer of papi's desk and pulled out a gun that he kept there, and though I'd never held again, never aimed it at another person before, I wanted this madness to stop! Automatically I thumbed the safety and then pulled back the hammer of the automatic and leveled it at her. "Out... out or I'll kill you!" I said sternly.

"Unlikely... not with a mundane weapon like that, but if you wanted me to go all you had to do was ask me to. But it doesn't matter... you'll see the truth... soon enough." She smiled, and then exhaled, and a billowing cloud of yellow smoke rose around her, and as it washed from her head to foot, she disappeared right before my eyes... and with her gone, suddenly I heard her voice echoing as if from across a chasm.

"That was a mild trick... illusionists can make cars and trucks and even the statue of liberty disappear, sleight of hand can make you believe much, but unlike their use of smoke and mirrors... there was no use of mirrors in that little trick... my little Niña."

And the voice echoed away before I slumped down into my seat.

The sun had set, and I simply sat there, panting, breathing heavily with the gun dangling in one hand that was dangled over the arm of the high-backed leather chair papi had always sat at.

This was a trick... this was somehow a trick, I thought to myself, but as I thought that, I realized that if it was a trick, then my mother was involved.

Chapter 6: Strange Goings On

There was the sensation of growing, growing continually, feeling power unlike any sort of power flooding me, so much that I became stupid from it... aroused, filled with erotic hungers that were deep and ancient, primordial. I dreamt of leaping incredible distances as I continued growing stronger and stronger, ever stronger, my sexuality deepening, my muscles flaring grandly. I saw myself chasing goats around, the little beasts seeming so small to me, like they were merely babies, till I grasped one and fed from all its blood, sucking it dry.

I didn't know the order that these happened, they all seemed to be jumped together but they nonetheless all felt very, very real to me. There were other images, like looking down a body and seeing a massive throbbing cock and balls. I felt like I was making love to that body, and what a strong, impeccably powerful man it was too.

Oh! I came. I came hard and long in a jet that streamed from me as if forever, and then I awoke.

And this time when I awoke, it was in the most unusual way... ever!

My eyes opened as I felt groggy, tired... as if I hadn't slept for a long time, and after a moment I felt something warm and smooth beneath my body, and blinking and yawning, at first I thought I was in my own bed, but then I began to see the haphazard walls of a hovel of some sort. Blinking and staring at it, suddenly whatever it was that was beneath me heaved a sigh, and immediately I rose, my tits sticking to a sweaty body as I rose before they swayed heavily. And there... beneath me... was another woman!

I stared at her back... she was soft and olive skinned, her hair black, and moving that hair from her face I made sure that she wasn't the Woman in Red. She wasn't. And then I felt something else warm and sticky, and wincing at the sensation that it was gathered about my lap and her bottom, I peeled myself away and whimpered as I saw the long sticky streamers of cum cementing her flesh and mine together. I almost gagged, and looked around sharply. There was no man here... clearly he'd screwed us both and then left.

Deciding to leave before he came back, I slid from the bed that was sticky everywhere, and sliding to the woman's dresser, I withdrew a simple dress and a shawl, donned a pair of her slippers, and then hurried out the door before whatever creature it was could come back.

Slipping out the door, and looking around, finding myself in a back alleyway, I decided that in the morning light that now was the best time for me to check, and so lifting the dress I wore, lifted it above my sex, I felt tears in my eyes as I saw seed leaking from my vaginal slit. Withholding a crying wail of mental anguish, I ran all the way home, up the stairs, into my room and thusly into its bathroom, turned on the water and didn't bother to undress or wait for the water to get warm before I leapt into the shower, struggling to remove the clothing I had on and to wash myself clean.

Something happened, something happened last night that had led to sex with me, a man and another woman, and I didn't know what. Later I sat in the tub shivering from the water remaining cold, the clothes I discarded blocking the drain so that the bathwater slowly filled the tub, and I held myself with a bar of soap, trying to cleanse myself.

What was going on?! I was losing hours of time each night. As soon as the sun set it seemed... and from that point till I woke up I remembered nothing.

As such... I decided that I had to discover what was going on... I needed to. So rising and shutting the water off, removing the clothes from the drain so that the water could run out, I dried myself, fixed myself up, combed my hair and got the gnarls and... burrs? Twigs and thorns?! Out of that hair, before dressing.

More lace panties, though this wasn't my nicest pair but were nonetheless black with white lace, black stockings and black undershirt... my breasts seemed to have firmed up if they hadn't grown more, while a white dress over it all finished the ensemble. It was then that I realized something... What was happening to all my clothes? The panties and undershirt I found torn that one night, but now...

That and a pair, no two pair, of my shoes were missing! Putting on another pair of sneakers and donning a matching hat for the white dress I wore, I left my room and hoped that I could beat the house staff awaking. But that was for naught, for Juanita was slowly climbing the grand stairs of the villa as I was going down them to the foyer. But after passing her I stopped, blinking as I realized what was in her hand, and turning...

“Juanita... stop por favor...” I said and she stopped and turned as I stepped up the stairs again, and gripped the clothing in her hand.

She looked at me passively, bowed slightly as was her station in comparison to mine, head bowed, but her eyes were lifted and looking directly at me. In her hands were my clothes... two ripped shoes, two stretched and shorn stockings, one lace pair of panties ripped to shreds, one dress torn asunder. In her other hand was my purse and hat.

She was wearing a pair of rubber gloves that came to the elbows for a reason, because these clothes were sticky and smelled of sex.

“Juanita... did you see a man or a woman enter here last night?” I asked her.

“No senora.” She replied quietly, shaking her head.

“Thank you, Juanita.” I said and hurried away, leaving her to do whatever it was that she was going to do with those. Possibly throw them away.

With my pretty hat and pretty clothes and matching shoes and hand bag, I slipped from the awakening house and down to the village, where I decided to begin my investigation.

The long slender fingers of either hand lifted to the double swinging doors of the saloon, the long painted nails with red polish matching the now natural redness of my lips. Pushing my way into the saloon, a musty old place that had been one of the first constructs of this village, being more than a century old, the boards of the walls were old and rough hewn, and were obviously deteriorating due to age. They were boards that had been stained and re-stained again and again, and were mismatched because some of them had to be replaced... usually by the occasional bar fight.

As I entered, at this early in the morning, there were only a couple of people face down and sleeping their drink off, but the bartender, who didn't seem to ever sleep, was quite sober when he saw me enter, and as I did he did the most peculiar thing. He started to tremble, he reached beneath the counter and removed a tall glass and a fresh bottle of tequila, the ones with the worm, and took a long step back, practically toppling over several bottles of liquor and beer in the process, putting space and a counter between me and him.

It was peculiar... there were lots of things that were peculiar these days, and they were all surrounding me. He was afraid of me, for some reason he was scared out of his wits of me, and acted like a man who wanted no trouble.

Striding up to him, sliding around the circa eighteen hundreds decor, about an old pool table that had been resurfaced goodness knows how many times, and I slid onto a old wooden stool that creaked as I sat down in it with my widened hips pressing against the arms of the chair at either side.

Folding my hands together, eyeing him directly, I put on my most potent and seductive airs.

“What am I to you?” I asked quietly, and he jumped.

“Y-you're... you're quite the beautiful young senora.” He said, and grinned nervously, wringing the bar towel in his hands. “W-why would you be anything different?”

“Because if I were a beautiful young senora, you'd be hitting on me and trying to get into my panties, senor.” I replied quietly. “Instead you're trembling in fear like a timid rabbit.”

“Y-you’re right. My do you look beautiful today, senora... if I were but a younger man I’d love to split your loins in two.”

“Why if you were a younger man?” I asked.

“Well... you know... the blood doesn’t flow in these veins like they used to.” He laughed nervously, his pupils dilated, the corners of his eyes creased. In my stupor before coming home, the stupor that many young men and women have till they’ve gained decades more experience, I never noticed such things before. But I noticed that he was frightened, and he even mopped the sweat that suddenly broke from his brow. “I may not even be able to get it up you know.” Again he laughed nervously, while his eyes screamed *‘please don’t hurt me.’*

“You’re afraid of me.” I said and he squeaked as I leaned forward, but just then there was a chair that was turned over, and turning, one of the drunks who’d just come awake had risen so sharply that the chair he’d been in had fallen back, and now he was desperately trying to back out of the salon as quickly as he could.

“You’re all afraid of me.” I gasped, and rising to my feet from the chair, I strode to the second drunk, grabbed him by the hair, pulled him back and looked into his face. His eyes were only half open, but after a few moments as recognition dawned on him, I saw him become instantly sober, and he rose, jerking his head from my hand as he did and he ran out the door. At that I rounded on the bartender with a wobbling of breasts. “Why are you afraid of me?!”

He cried loudly and hid behind his bar towel. “Please... I’m just a simple bartender. I no know such things. I just keep to myself and serve you the drink that you like.”

I stared at him for a moment, my heart beating quickly with... excitement? I was excited that they were afraid of me! Striding right up to the bar, I opened my bag, removed a random note and placed it on the table, took the bottle of tequila bid him good day, and then left.

The doctor had the second largest house in the village; he was a respected member of the community, acting as barber, doctor, psychologist and veterinarian all in one. He was old, having many decades of work in the village, having outlived his wife, he had set himself to retire and die quietly, putting in requests for an assistant to replace him. With no heir, we were certain that whoever he took as an apprentice would eventually replace him and inherit everything that he had. Rather lucrative for a doctor, but three people had come looking to serve under him. Two men, left to return to the big city, and one woman was still here in the village, but she was now a whore.

“Doctor, I need to delve some information from you. Have you been noticing anything... strange lately?”

The old doctor had been behind his newspaper. He’d long since arranged with someone to slip a copy of the daily paper in with the supplies we get per week, and through the following week the good doctor would catch up on the myriad of stories that were to be had.

“Strange. That question in and of itself is strange given the circumstances.” He said and folded his paper and set it onto his desk. “I have your mama declared insane is one thing, and then... there’s that other thing.”

“Other thing?” I asked, and the doctor rose, handing me a face mask.

“Wear this... so far I don’t believe the contagion is airborne, but I know not what these men have concocted as of yet.”

I began donning the mask but paused. “Men?”

“Si senora. Four of them, each mumbling of monsters and El Chupacabra.”

I blinked, and then hurried to apply the face mask. "I must see them. What ails them?"

"The same thing for each." He said and tied off his mask and led the way into a section of his house/clinic where patients were laid in a converted guest room, and inside on four cots were the same four men who tried to... rape and murder me. Other than the machete arching down on me, I couldn't recall anything of what'd happened after that, but then I remembered on how I awoke shortly thereafter.

All four men were pale, pasty white, their faces drained and gaunt, and each of them had a bandage on their necks. Moving up to them I lifted their blankets to reveal bodies that were drained of their strength and had their flesh drooping on them. These were once thick, muscular men with bellies thick and bulbous from drinking. Now... they could barely be called men.

"Each of them were attacked by a creature, and each time that one of them were brought to me, their mumbled descriptions of each attack described a different beast, each description making the creature seem larger and more ghastly than ever. The only similarity from each of them was that they all at one time or another called it El Chupacabra.

"Additionally, there was a farmer who I had to treat for sulfur poisoning. The United States Geological Survey assures me that unless a fissure opened up, there is no way that sulfur poisoning could happen unless one were either attacked with a sulfur-based weapon, or were at or near a volcano. The nearest volcano is many, many kilometers away. There's very little probability that a new fissure were opening here, and if there was then we'd see a yellow cloud rising above the village. Which only leaves that he was attacked with some sort of weapon... what that weapon is, I no know, but..." he removed his glasses and cleaned them. They were the sort of glasses that were perfectly rounded and had the little hooks that wrapped around the backs of the ears. "He also complained of seeing El Chupacabra, and he lost a goat to the beast the night before last.

"A total of four cabra have been exsanguinated like these men have. And keeping in mind that your mama's claims about you being related to the El Chupacabra..."

Immediately I rolled my eyes and turned to the Doctor. "El Chupacabra is a legend in these parts, and these are simple superstitious people. Please don't tell me that a man of science like yourself believes in El Chupacabra! What evidence anyone has had was of some wild animal we know about with extreme mange."

The doctor nodded. "But what of these men. They have no flesh eating virus, they seem to be doing better now that I am getting fluids into them..." he gestured to the myriad of bags of fluid hanging from harnesses attached to the men's arms. "...but these men each had lost over forty-five kilograms of weight in fat, muscle and blood loss... all seeming to have been sucked out of their tracheal arteries through two puncture wounds that are many centimeters across. Unlike a vampire bat that eats open a little wound, these men were bitten by something enormous, which then proceeded to drain them of their life fluids.

"Just like in other cases with El Chupacabra, the bite wounds cannot be linked with any known species in zoology. Daniele, you are the richest woman in town if not the region, we look to your family for guidance. This will start a panic if it gets out... some monster that drinks blood and is attacking not only livestock but humans as well?"

"But what could it be?" I asked him.

"If I were to make a guess... it is either a disease of some sort, an attack that is injected into the neck... or... a mutation."

"A mutation?" I blinked, and one of the men groaned so the doctor led me out by the elbow before he spoke again.

"The examples of what were thought to be El Chupacabra but weren't, red foxes with an extreme case of mange, did not look like foxes as we know them to be. They had mutated, their eyes were red, which is an unnatural coloring for them, their bodies were far more muscular, and they fed on blood. El Chupacabra may be nothing more than some microscopic vector that infects a particular species and... changes them. Makes them into El Chupacabra.

But the examples were caught in Texas, and their findings weren't released other than to call it a red fox with mange. They've said nothing about the blood work or the genetics of the beast.

"For all we know, the American Government has irrefutable proof of El Chupacabra... and for whatever reason, they're keeping it from the rest of the world."

My life had become complicated. I was the daughter of me papi... but... my family had always garnered respect from the village. It was the Woman in Red who changed all that. Her mere appearance and desire to associate with me had labeled me as something to inspire fear in these people. They were all afraid of me, and the legend of El Chupacabra had something to do with it.

"Senora Daniele?" I heard my name being spoken and I turned and blinked, seeing a lovely young woman, slightly younger than me and wearing a single dress and a shawl over her head with the most silken black hair and soft feature... a swollen bosom. I felt myself being attracted to her, felt myself leaping in arousal as clit and nipples suddenly erected hard. I arched my back right as the subtly smaller woman slid into me seductively, arching her back as well and pressing her breasts into my breasts, one of her hands caressing my bosom and the other caressing my side. "Oh senora... I never knew lovemaking between two women could be so remarkable. That dildo of yours and the way you used it... oh! It felt like it even came in me! It must be mucho expensive!"

And she laid her head against my bosom and embraced me like a lover.

What was strange was that I didn't even own a dildo. I'd thought to, but just for myself. Not for another woman... not for a whore. But she was being right affectionate to me.

"Hm..." I faked a smile. "Tell me how it was for you. What did I do that made you feel happy?"

She stepped back, taking both my hands in hers, and I remarked at how soft her fingers felt in my hands, her nails unpainted yet groomed. She was a sexual woman, didn't even look like a whore, her garb simple.

"Well... you petitioned me on the street close to the saloon. Paid me... mucho grande money... the money that a woman like me would get on the streets of Rio. Money where I could go home. Bless you, senora... bless you so much for that.

"But last night I took you to my home, my quiet little hole in the wall, on my creaky bed, and you undressed me, laid me on my belly and massaged me. Your hands are the hands of a lover! You massaged when others grip and claw. And then you undressed, and I know not where the dildo came from but you penetrated me, deeply, so deeply that no man had ever gone so deep. Or so full! I felt its heart beat as if it were your own, felt you churn it in my body while loving me... felt it even climax.

"Oh I was quite drunk as well, maybe you snuck a man in when I wasn't looking instead, but oh... senora... come to my room tonight and do that again. I won't even charge you."

"Perhaps." I smirked and kissed her forehead. Even that was soft. And when I withdrew I realized... this was the woman who came to be a doctor but was rejected. Perhaps because she was a woman... I would have to speak with the doctor about that. "But I have urgent business chica."

"Oh... well if you do get a moment..." she prompted and I nodded and she let go of me and waved good bye as she strode off. My eyes glanced at her bottom, at how tight and firm it was and how her dress clung to it and...

I shook my head, startled at the sensations I was feeling for another woman, and lifting both hands I even rubbed two superbly erect nipples and their puffed out areola while pressing both thighs about the swollen pad of the love-mound between my legs. She aroused me. She stirred thoughts that were... sexual.

I blinked, and shook my head again, and rubbing the crucifix beneath the black blouse I wore, I hurried straight toward the one person in whom I thought could help me now... all while the mild chuckling of a woman could be heard echoing from the distance.

The church was designed as a fortress... like many churches of old were. One way in, one way out, so there was only one place to defend it. The inside had vaulted stone ceilings, the windows were narrow and the benches were of solid oak, and most likely were the same benches that had been here since the church was constructed. At the front of the church was where the Padre stood at his pulpit with a statue of Heyseus Christo's Crucifixion behind it, and to the side of the church was the confessional.

Placating myself before the Lord amidst the usual rituals, I strode to the confessional and slid into the booth for the confessors, crossing myself once the priest on the other side of the screen had done likewise.

"Forgive me Padre for I have sinned, it has been months since my last confession. These are my sins...

"Father... I am losing control of myself. I drink myself into a stupor each night since coming to this little village, and each night I wake up amidst strange surrounds that suggest lewd and lascivious things have happened. I forget hours of time each night, and have no idea how I got to the places I wake up in. What is more... is that there are many strange... things... going on. I feel as if I am being influenced by a demon, and the demon is known as El Chupacabra.

"...I am sorry for these sins and all the sins I can't remember. I believe that the sins that I cannot remember perhaps... are the worst sins of all."

The priest was silent, and I felt as if he were trying to see me through the screen, and I turned my head and dipped it, letting the hat I wore bar my face further.

"To drink spirits... is not against Dios's law, little Niña, even the Lord's Sacrament is made of wine, but temperance is nonetheless required of Dios's children. Excess of anything, even a good thing brought to us from the Lord Himself, brings forth the seven deadly sins. Moderate your drinking and refrain from drink for three days... so you may appreciate the benefits of temperance."

I nodded.

"My Dios, I am sorry for my sins with all my heart. In choosing to do wrong and failing to do good, I have sinned against you whom I should love above all things. I firmly intend, with your help, to do penance, to sin no more, and to avoid whatever leads me to sin. Amen."

"Your sins are truly forgiven, go in peace."

"Thanks be to Dios." I replied and swallowed, but I did not move.

"Is there something else wrong Niña?" the Padre asked me when I didn't move after a short while.

"Si Padre. You have been in this parish for a long, long time, have you not?"

"Si Niña, I have."

What do you know of El Chupacabra?"

This time the Padre was silent for a moment. "As I listen to your sins, Niña, will you listen to mine... and learn what it is that I do to earn my penance?"

"Si Padre." I said immediately.

“When I was young,” he began, “Mucho young, not yet even a man though I was sprouting into a man, I met a woman. This... this woman... she was beautiful. She was soft and well developed, with a body that seemed as if she were an angel straight from heaven. She was strong of body and of will, and she was a delight to be around. She was a mature woman, not just a girl, but a woman, full of life and vibrant it seemed to me, with lips like roses and hair like ebon and eyes of polished amber.”

I froze and turned slowly toward the screen through which the Padre spoke. *No... it cannot be.*

“This woman... she... she let me taste the pleasures of her body. Her breasts leaked their milk, and it was like cream mixed with sweet honey... while pleasures with her... even now is difficult for me not to react to out of the sheer memory of it all.

“But little by little, I began to notice things... little things. And those little things began to grow bigger and bigger.

“I noticed that when she accidentally fell and tripped, with a part of her falling into a fire that though her clothing was burned, her flesh was not. Later that day, even while she was in my company for the whole time, I found that her clothing had even mended itself.

“But there was more. She consumed spirits like no man many times her weight could and didn’t even get drunk, she had a hunger for practically raw meat, and so on... but I also found that as I grew weaker, she grew stronger. I began to wake up in the mornings, physically weaker than the night before, and I found two holes on my neck.

“There were many mysterious things happening then, with the farmers speaking of a monster in the night, and of goats disappearing from fields and being found later drained of every ounce of their blood. And she? She only grew more and more beautiful.

“And then there was the strangest thing of all. An old man one day hobbled up to her and embraced her, begged her to take him back, but she merely smiled and shook her head and said that it was too late, he’d lost his chance and taking me by the hand swiftly led me away.

“The old man was a drunk and a vagrant, had slept out in the open winds for longer than I’d been alive. He’d always been there, but the woman had not. Later that evening I went to go speak with the old man... and the old man told me a tale of El Chupacabra. Of a woman who was a beast, and the he himself was not old... but rather he was my father’s age... no more than forty.

“The next day the old man was found in the middle of the street, dead, his olive skin white and his eyes and face locked in a face of pure happiness, it seemed, despite that his final hours must’ve been horrifying being that, like the goats, the man had been drained of blood.

“I confronted my amour... my love... and somehow, I know not how... she had led me into a state of such debauchery that I cannot begin to tell you the tale in full. But I ran, and she followed me, calling to me like a siren, wanting me to come to her, and I ran into the church. Holy ground would not stop her, crucifixes would not stop her, even splashing holy water on her would not stop her. She was a demon of such power that even in the Lord’s house she existed!

“There I begged her to leave me be...and she stood there, now transformed, now where I could see her plainly... and then she left.

“I devoted myself unto Dios in penance for courting with a demon. Even now, after decades of service, I know not if I can truly be called saved. Tell me, Niña... is there still hope for me?” I turned subtly and looked at him, and he gasped as he saw my face in the shadows, and I saw his hand grip the screen. “No... no it can’t be. You’re not her! You look younger than ever!”

“No... I am not her, Padre. Calm yourself.”

“No... no you're right. Her memories and the shadows on your face... you looked exactly like her. Forgive this man for his temporary madness Niña.”

I nodded, the truth was coming out now and the more that came out, the harder it was for me to ignore it.

“All creatures great and small, all creatures bright and beautiful, the Lord Dios made them all, Padre. But then that poem says nothing about the ugliness of some of Dios's creatures, Padre. I think, perhaps... you have long been saved and have done more than is necessary for your penance.

“But I do have one question... what did you remember the most about that woman from your youth?”

He paused. “Red... she always wore red. Red like the skin of Satan himself.”

“Thank you and good day Padre.”

And I got up and left the confessional, making quick strides to the door, vaguely aware of the Padre opening his side of the confessional and watching after me as I left.

Chapter 7: Awakening

She was old. Two men together, the Padre who was well into his fifties, knew her as a woman when he was perhaps younger than me. A good forty years there. And the old man who wasn't an old man the Padre told me about... if the same thing had happened to that man as it had happened to the Padre, then that could be an additional twenty years. And given that she'd have to at least be a mature woman before even meeting the first man...

Whoever this woman was she was at least ninety or even a hundred years old or more. Wow... I hope I looked that good when became old. But then that only suggested that this woman, whoever she was, really was supernatural.

I'd already finished the bottle of tequila I got earlier, and I didn't want any more after experiencing what I did. No more of this forgetting who and what I was, no more of this Chupacabra nonsense... I was going to go home, treat me mama to some nice care and comfort and...

"It's too late, you know." I heard a woman say, and I paused, closed my eyes and turned before opening them and then blinked in surprise.

The Woman in Red was as she was, but in this late hour she had donned her shawl and but it over her head. What surprised me though... was that around her neck was the golden crucifix that mama had given me originally. I pointed right at it.

"That. Give that back to me, it doesn't belong to you."

"You gave it away for some simple clothes, I found it. It's mine now."

"It belongs to the farmer who I gave it to." I growled and stamped up to her, and taking hold of the crucifix in my hand to rip it off her neck, I winced and suddenly found myself being bent backward, my hand caught in her vice-like grip as she hauled me quickly in to side alley, the pain so sharp that I couldn't even cry out. Once in the alleyway, I was thrown into a corner, a wooden box collapsing beneath me as I did, and looking up, there was the Woman in Red, fists on hips and glaring down at me.

"You have a lot to learn Niña. Yes... you have incredible, remarkable power. But you're not fully awakened yet... and until you are, you are absolutely no match for me."

"Jodete Puta!" I shouted at her.

She merely hiked her simple red dress up and squatted before me, the skirts spreading across her hidden legs and revealed nothing, and once she was level with me, she moved. Like before when she grabbed my hand I only saw the end of the motion, the end of the slap, and there was so much force in it that it thrust me sideways and into several trash bins, toppling them over. I panted, staring at her. The blow had made the hat atop my head fall off, and it had dazed me so that the world went well, well out of focus. I lost all the clarity that I'd gained from drinking earlier.

"You will respect your elders, Niña." She said low and menacingly, expertly balancing on her heeled shoes, and when I straightened, seeing her squatting there, hands on knees with shawl falling about her shoulders, I panted and shook my head to clear it.

"I... I don't... believe anything you say." I replied.

"Sure you do." She smirked, straightening her back and thrusting her chest out, revealing the sexual might of her womanhood at how full and rounded they were, at how they swelled out of the edges of the chest covering to its sides and top, and how her areola and nipples were perpetually erect. "You've learned enough so far that your entire view on life has been askewed.

"You thought your papi was your biological father... he was not. You thought that your mama was a demented drunk, and now you are beginning to believe that you are not. And then... there are the dreams."

I froze and stared at her, panting.

“How do I know about those, you think? Because what you are perceiving as dreams... aren't really dreams.” Her red lips spread into a wide smile.

“Y-you're lying. How do I know that anything you are saying is true?”

She moved again, and this time I felt a moment of dizziness as she caught me into the movement with her, and I found myself on my back with her above me, and I gasped as she pressed her knee into my sternum while she held both my hands in one of hers above my head.

“Your mind is refusing the truth, and so long as your view on the world is refusing the truth you will never learn what you really are.” And while I was suffocating, she lifted her free hand, and I watched as her fingernails spontaneously grew right before my eyes, and using one lengthened nail of her middle finger, and punctured the center of the palm of her hand. “So... perhaps a little of my strength to overcome those human frailties in you.” And she covered my mouth with that hand, and I tasted her blood on my tongue. When she let up on my sternum, my body instinctively took a gasp of breath and I swallowed several ounces of her blood.

And then she let me go, relaxing her hand over my mouth, and I sucked and swallowed several ounces more, licking her palm as the blood from her drained from her into me, and I moaned, feeling aroused, feeling sexually erotic to the point where labia, clitoris, nipples and areola swelled and stood on end, my mind numbing as I even clasped her hand with both of mine, looking for more of that blood. When the wound closed I licked her palm more deeply, wanting more of it, finding a deeply rooted hunger in me now that wanted more blood... wanted it more than anything, and when she pulled her hand away, I fought to hold on.

“There... that should be enough of a primer.” She said, leaving me so aroused, panting as she rose and applied the shawl over her head again. “And though I vaguely remember it... your first erection will be one of the most intense things you'll ever feel.”

And I closed my eyes and rolled onto my side, legs tucked beneath me as I panted heavily, feeling a sensation of arousal that just kept growing and growing, making my nipples and labia swelling, but what was happening to my clit... that was unreal. Instinctively I arched myself and moaned, feeling moisture leaking from me to fill the silk and lace of the panties I wore, the lips of my vulva swelling and widening, spreading open as that clit kept hardening. It felt like a pair of fingers were pinching and rolling it rhythmically, and pulling my skirts up, I reached between both thighs and palmed that hardening love mound... most especially fingering a clit that was rapidly engorging and erecting like it'd never done before.

My bowels clenched and my loins tensed and a minute squirt of ejaculate surged from inside me and jet sticky hot moisture into the panties covering my crotch, and I gasped at how intensely it felt. The heart inside me started beating harder and faster, with each beat causing the nipples and sex to harden and erect larger and thicker.

I moaned again and cupped one tit, feeling a vein on it and its mate thickening, standing on end and slowly climbing upward toward the erect nipple, making a tunnel for the throbbing heart inside me to rush straight into either tit.

I felt something changing inside me, swirling in my heart, knotting inside my stomach and churning inside my womb. It was evolving me, changing me. Getting up, I retrieved my purse and hat, wobbling and trying to compose myself, but almost immediately I had to lean against the wall as another quivering in my loins occurred, and I panted like a dog in heat.

“Senora Daniele?” some fem said.

And it was like a sickness that I lifted my gaze and saw the young woman in which I'd awoken up next to, who kissed and embraced me like a woman would her lover. And suddenly I felt something surging behind my clit, felt something powerful attaching to my insides, and suddenly both labia bulged even further, either lip gaining

centimeters of thickness while the clit swelled rapidly, doubling its thickness inside me, erecting outward and tugging on the folds of womanflesh inside me. I straightened, and uttered words I thought I'd never utter in my life.

"I want you." I heard myself say as if in a dream, and I clenched my jaw suddenly, feeling a sort of tensing in my teeth. A form of energy was flowing through me now... and I was unsure how to describe it. It made me feel stronger, and the energy just kept growing and growing inside me without abandon as I approached this simply clad woman.

Her name was Madrid Mendez, I remembered now. Her very presence was making me soggy as I felt that vaginal mound between my legs continue to swell continuously. Both nipples were so erect right now that they were forming their own little mounds through the clothes I wore. And where my breasts... growing. I didn't want to look away from Madrid to find out as her smile became seductive and she stepped toward me, a basket of food in one hand, and when she came to me her hand lifted and soothed my breast, her thumb tracing the contours of areola and nipple... right before she lifted her chin and kissed me.

And again, I found myself acting not as I normally would, and I kissed her back, kissed her like she were the very breath of life itself, and then fingering the neckline of the dress I wore, she tugged on it and I followed... deeper into the alley and into a familiar small courtyard, where she opened the door I'd rushed out of this morning, and led me into the cool interior of her domicile.

She was a puta, but she was a woman who also had studied to be a doctor, and she was here at the end of that path because she couldn't go home. This was an all or nothing chance for her. She put down her basket on a table and turned to me, and I collected her in my arms and kissed her again, feeling a surge of moisture from my loins that made the panties I wore sloppy. I caressed her with my fingers, sliding those fingers along her dress, feeling her fine body that was supple... made for loving. Soothing her back and sides as we kissed, I found her sliding her tongue into my mouth, and I licked it back, panting and breathing heavily, feeling a surging of blood pumping into my loins, veins standing on end, labia puffing outward and clitoris bulging and bulging.

Instinct was taking over as I turned her suddenly and cupped her breasts, massaging them as she began to coo and sigh while I felt out her nipples... and then slowly unbuttoned the collar of the dress she wore and slipped a hand into the depths of that dress to feel her naked breast. She wore no undershirt... she couldn't purchase one perhaps, but her flesh was soft and supple... though I felt scars on her body, thin scars that she must've nurtured so that they were all but gone.

Men... when they hurt her amidst angry sex.

My tongue slid out and I licked her neck, tasting the sweat of her flesh, pulling open the bosom of that dress of hers to massage her tits, feeling them malleable within both hands as I ground my lap into her bottom. She moaned as I laid kissed on her neck, licking it again as I felt the muscles of my jaw tighten. She was a feast... she had more of what I wanted, and opening my mouth, I sucked on her flesh as the teeth in my mouth suddenly started lengthening, and as they lengthened they pierced her skin lightly... little pricks from my new sharp teeth, and I tasted her blood as I lapped it up. She drew all of her black hair over one shoulder to aide in my nibbling as I steadily pushed her forward so that she had to lean on the bed, and then fingering her dress, I slowly yet surely pulled the trestle of fabric steadily upward finger pull by finger pull, pushing it over her bottom and punching it there.

She had a firm, rounded butt. Its muscle was tight from walking everywhere, her hips were wide... the perfect width. Sliding a hand along the crevice from the small of her back to her clitoris, she moaned for me, her simple white cotton panties translucent from sweat, and tugging them off, letting them fall down her legs, I knelt behind her and began to lick her moistening pussy, sucking on the vaginal hairs, probing her with my tongue...

But then something else happened as I tongued her clit, and that was my tongue thickening, lengthening, roiling out of me as I pushed it against her slit, licking her labia in turn, and then tongue diving that crevice. I was doing this... I knew not why, but it all felt familiar! I couldn't control myself seeing her bent over like that, breasts hanging off her chest like the forbidden fruit of the Tree of Wisdom in the Garden of Eden. I probed her insides more deeply, and felt her labia pinch a tongue that was growing stronger and thicker, practically filling the whole of my mouth as I pushed her butt cheeks open, smelling the pheromones roiling off her.

The scent of her only maddened me further for her. And then I withdrew my tongue, all the way as I kissed and licked her bottom, rising again as a heavy surge of moisture rushed into the panties I wore, my clit swelling to fill my whole insides it felt like, right up to my sternum, filling me fully now while both labia billowed outward rapidly. Standing then, feeling my insides readying themselves, I needed to mate with her... needed to cum. And so lifting my skirts, I pushed her bottom with one hand into position, and then groped my crotch, feeling the ejaculate in it squish as I knotted a fist about my pussy, only I felt a whole lot more in that vaginal mass. And it was changing.

I began to pant harder, moaning as my sex billowed outward, filling the whole of my hand, the pubic mound distending while the nib of my clitoris billowed and bulged, it's mass engorging to fill the whole of my slit. I looked between it and the bare ass of my supposed partner as the bulge of my sex bowed out the crotch of the panties I wore, stretching the fabric while the lips of both labia firmed up, something swelling behind them as they spread further open, till first one lip and then the other slid out of the sides of the panty crotch. I felt them and cooed, feeling a sensation that I was rather unfamiliar with but was nonetheless pleasureable, juggling the pair with my fingers. The lips were firm but seemed to have something in them now, those things growing larger and firmer, swelling the twin lips into sacks it felt. And then suddenly I blanched as I felt the blood pumping into that sex intensify suddenly, and all at once my clit, now supersized as the Americans say, began to telescope from inside me.

It's flesh slid against the clenching muscles of my labia, either now covered by a sack of flesh that was filling with rushing fluids, swelling and growing larger, and while that nib of flesh throbbed excitedly with each tantric pumping of my heart, it also started to telescope outward. The bulges of my changing sex made the crotch of the lace panties I wore slide downward, ever so slowly revealing more and more of that nib, and by this time I saw a curving mass that was thickening and distending from me, the thing red with passion and wet from the juices leaking from inside me. Pushing down the lip of those panties, I gaped as I saw what had become of my clit.

The thing was thicker than my thumb and still thickening, while its length kept telescoping from within me! It'd curled inside the panties, but now that I'd pushed the panties down it flipped upward and started to straighten, and then arch before it began lifting from my pelvis, dragging more and more flesh from inside me as it rapidly became riddled with a webbing of veins that carved it from its telescoping base to the head which was currently caught within a wrap of flesh that had perhaps once been the hood over my clit. But what it had become was unmistakable, what it was... was a penis!

It grew and it lengthened steadily, and seeing it and seeing the loins of this fem before me as she was arched, poised for an actual penetration, I touched the length of my penis with one hand and spread open one of her cheeks and a lip with the hand and thumb of my other hand. My penis leapt suddenly and a minute jet of something hot and sticky flushed into my hand, and opening that hand I blinked at the cream that was spreading between fingers, hand and the clitoris turned penis. Unlike the clear, sticky substance of the nectar that was still seeping around the penis from the lips of my vaginal slit, which I now recognized were covered by a pair of testis, I realized that I was ejaculating seed! A male's ejaculate!

And I realized then, if I could cum seed, then there was the possibility that I could sire children. But seeing that moistened pussy before me, my mind numbed slowly as blood flushed into my new cock in order to flush it thicker and longer, that I didn't think about that. All I thought about was the pussy in vagina feeling. I wanted to know what it felt like... I wanted sex!

So angling myself forward, I positioned my cock against the lips of her womanhood... and pushed.

The silken feel of a woman's vulva against the piercing mass of a penis made me gasp, tightening both eyes as tight as they could go as I slowly penetrated her supple pussy. It was wet which made a slick that eased the passage of my cock into her, and as the heat of her vagina met the flesh of my cock I felt it surge rapidly into her. My bowels disgorged all of that penile flesh even faster now, and she began to moan and whimper as it penetrated her deeper and deeper, its girth filling her pussy as it spread mine open, the flesh of that penis hardening and stiffening as it arched and ground. Letting go of my new penis and pushing into her to the hilt, I panted as I held onto her hips and began to rock into her, with one rocking motion thrusting her to the bed.

She bit the blankets and gripped the fabric with her fingers, tugging on it while the girth of my maleness grew and grew, continuing to push from me deeper and deeper into her body, the flesh rolling backward to project a monstrous penis that must've penetrated deep into her womb. I felt gateways of flesh spreading open to my invasion, the second gateway of her womb opening up to me as I shunted myself inside her, ribs of muscle billowing from the girth that was very rapidly swelling to fill the whole base of my pelvis.

A woman had a gap between her legs because of her widened hips, and right now the swelling nads I was growing were dropping downward and filling, being warmed by the flesh of her bottom while veins riddled both balls and shaft and stood on end thickly. The pointed tip of my cock finally but up against her insides, and I heard her cry...

“You’re bigger than a black man! Ah! Do me harder! Harder!”

And I thrust, hoisting her bottom open and penetrating her, feeling the ache of nipples and cock as they all stood further on end. The slapping of our flesh, moist with our ejaculate and sweat created minute sucking sounds. I grit my teeth and laid against her, spasming my loins into her body as I embraced her, rolled with her, my breasts pressing against her back as each thrust filled her deeper and deeper.

My feminine loins came in a steely jet that made the panties covering the slit soggy, while a second rise of fluids started climbing my cock, and made the underside billow outward rapidly, spreading open the ribs above them, thickening the head as I grew and grew inside her till I had no choice but to slow. She moaned low and hard, the lips of her pussy stretched into a wide circle around my girth, her anus puckered over it as my loins started to spasm minutely, twitching and throbbing.

I twitched, tensed and then spasmed, and as I spasmed I thrust deep inside her. My feminine loins suddenly flushed with nectar, draining from me in a flush right before my new phallus slammed backward with an action that felt like a cannon going off. A jet of climax lanced from me, depositing into her body a moment before it did it again! I gasped and moaned and thrust into her with each spasm, depositing more and more into her till she began to overflow. She screamed low and long, raising up on tip toes as she came too.

The nads at the base of this mighty phallus tensed as they loaded and reloaded that cock repeatedly, and I came and came, releasing more nectar every few jets, getting lost to the sensation, dizzy even as all the blood in me was focused in that phallus. After the cumming slowed I was still spasming into her, and with my caressing hands felt her belly distended from the girth of my prick in her... and all the fluid that was filling her womb.

I stood there, panting, trying to recover from all that remarkable eroticism, pumping several times more, dry heaving as I twitched as it calmed.

Nectar was sliding off its underside as I started to deflate... slightly, the blood withdrawing and entering my brain and body again, and daring myself to... I started to pull out of her. The girth was still massive, still turned her vaginal canal into a perfect ring around it, so as I withdrew, it caused a wet slurping sound, and the ribs of the phallus rubbed against her vaginal lips. She whimpered and I clenched every bit of the way out, notch by muscular notch, the veins of that prick throbbing against the veins of her inner muscles.

Near the end I slipped from her, but the release of tension of her body made me cum again, and I shot several lances of seed over her bottom, anus and pussy before it all had been evacuated. Gasping I gripped my phallus and it leapt again, and in spite of myself, though it was an unfamiliar motion, I began to stroke it, and it got firm again just long enough to eject a few more jets before it was done.

“Oh... Oh!” My new mate moaned as she pulled her dress upward up over her head and throwing it off to the other side of the bed, and then she turned with my fluids all over her body and stopped. “W-wow... it looks so real.” She smirked. “Almost as if it’s a part of you.” She said and then with the rod projected from me, she reached out and touched it.

Now it was another person touching it and it leapt again, and then she did something I didn’t expect, and that was to fasten her mouth around its tip. She chewed a little on a fold of flesh that had loosened before she actively began to suck on its length, hefting her naked breasts to either side of it and pressing her tits together. The warmth of those

moist tits, wet with perspiration, got me to erect again, and with her tongue licking me I groaned, heaving and tensing, feeling those nads throbbing and the underside of the phallus fill again, the muscle ribs spreading and its strength... the strength of the thing so grand that it was actually lifting her!

She had to rise to a kneeling position as she enticed me, and standing there, the shoulder strings of the dress I wore falling off my shoulders, I tugged upward on the black shirt that was beneath them and disgorged both breasts; first one lolling outward and then the other before I caressed their nipples.

Either nipple and their areola were super engorged and reddened, standing on end from either of the firm breasts that were like sacks of sand inside a malleable soft flesh capped by two hard rubber nipples.

Her mouth sucked like an industrial vacuum cleaner, sucking out all the cum that was in that shaft, and she seemed to be sucking it all right from my nads because that phallus swelled, erected, filled until...

I came into her face and then stumbled back, and she gasped as the erect thing, with the folds of the dress I wore draping over it spasming repeatedly, covering her lap, breasts, chest and face, her neck and part of the bed. This climax was stronger than the last as it spewed all over her in a seemingly endless wave, and I merely continued to hold and stroke myself, till this second climax had finished itself.

The length of that phallic length diminished and the stiffness lessened as it lowered to stick straight off me, projecting toward her and dripping thick splotches of seed onto the loose floor boards. The length of that phallus diminished steadily, the blood rushing back into my body, and by steps it lowered little by little, drooping from me till it was hanging over the lip of the panties I wore, with the inflated pussy lips likewise deflated, but starting to fill again I felt.

And then there was a sudden movement as Madrid collapsed to her knees before me.

"M-More..." she moaned and lifted her hands to the panties I wore and pulled them downward. "Screw me with this great... big... cock?!" and she tugged on it and found that it was a strapless affair. "You have... an actual cock?" she gaped. "No wonder it feels so real..." and then she began to touch it, and I felt it twitch and tense to her touches before I stepped forward and ran my hand through her hair.

Suddenly there was a flash of a memory as I rapidly recalled the night before... rushes of... changing, clothes tearing of growing strength. It wasn't a dream, there was no man last night because I had been the man. I'd penetrated her last night as well... came seed into her womb, fondled and molested a woman with the sheer desire to... to mate with her.

I remembered every seedy detail, and the memory made me erect yet again, and with a gasp I looked down right as the head of that log of muscle that was projecting from me pushed right inside her mouth from it erecting so quickly. She grasped it and sucked on it briefly before pulling off it, and again the swelling nads began to drip seed onto her as its entire length flexed started pulling her upward.

"You are strange." She said and then laughed before rising, her body covered in my seed before she angled backward and spread her legs wide open, and I tensed suddenly and shot another stream of ejaculate onto her with the panties I wore now hooking beneath both nads. "I never met a woman who was built better than a man. Why don't you and I... have a little more fun." She giggled and reaching between her legs massaged the twin lips as some of the fluids I'd deposited into her that had mixed with her own bodily fluids seeped out of her voluminous pussy and dribbled onto the clenched cheeks of her bottom.

Staring at her, a slow smile crossed my face as I began to disrobe, stripping naked, and sliding up to her, inserted myself once again inside her.

The feeling of male arousal gave me a whole new understanding for men, why they were such sex fiends, why they only lasted once in bed and then had to wait a few minutes before trying again instead of just going and continuing

for a long time. It took a lot of control to keep a penis from erecting, and once it did it took a whole lot more to control it, and now, hours later after an erotic romp where I pleased a woman, felt her pleasure me back, I closed my eyes and felt more of the memories that I'd thought were nothing but a dream rush into me.

I'd petitioned her, offered her lots of money and she agreed. The dress and underclothes I'd worn then had been torn off me, with my own hands even. But however I'd done that, to have the strength enough to rip some of the heavier cloth I'll never know. But now sitting there, remembering her sitting on her face last night, and again today as I drank of her nectar, suckled from her breasts and rubbed my nipples against hers, I reveled in the feelings that were rising in me. Erotic feelings, hungers and so on that needed sating. They were my food after all.

Looking back to my mate... I thought of her as a mate and not just some young woman that I screwed.

Sitting there at the edge of her bed, leaning over both knees with the nads swollen and thick and the uncircumcised sausage of my phallus hanging over them, a vaginal slit tucked in between those nads with the clit turned into this new phallus, I rested and relaxed at long last, withdrawing a cigar from the handbag I carried and lighting it to smoke deeply from its substance. The cannabis leaves mixed with the tobacco leaves calmed me even more so than the tequila did. And sitting there, thinking, rubbing my new cock and balls with one hand.

With hips widened and breasts swollen, I felt larger, stronger. Even lifting an arm and flexing it showed me that it was thicker, the bicep larger. I felt myself tingling inside, felt the growth from my cock moving backward into my body and changing me faster and faster. I had a profound need for privacy now, but that need was being delayed with the breath of the cigar I was smoking.

But with certain clarity, I started looking back on my life, and with this one profound experience of growing a penis and sexing a woman... all those other '*lies*' my mother and the Woman in Red had told me suddenly fell into place one after the next. I also realized that these past few days weren't the only days I didn't recall. There were other days in my past, my recent past over the last year or three, in which I didn't recall what'd happened to me from one point or another. And I remarked that certain strange happenings had happened on those days.

But then there were other truths that I also had to admit to.

At that moment... I realized that I could no longer be a Catholic. They saw as sin things that I needed for food, they would hunt me if I were to ever describe to them what I was. They'd call me an abomination. And not just them... there were other churches that would do the same, different faiths outside of Christianity too... what was I to do? Regardless...

Lifting a hand, I took hold of the crucifix and with a quick tug it snapped the clasp of the gold chain, and I looked at the image of the lord Heyseus Christo there, and wondered about all of it. He still loved me... it was all of the other faiths that I had no choice but to call false for looking upon something like me and shunning it that I now called false. Looking at the little image of Heyseus, I refused to consider that He'd call me ugly or a spawn of Satan.

And then I looked down between my legs, spreading them wider to inspect a man's phallus on a woman's crotch, and I looked at the combination, and perhaps thought of what a man might think of... *if only it was long enough*. But unlike them, I had a more convenient orifice. Lifting my phallus, I bent it back on itself and with no hesitation at all, pushed it inside my own vagina. The warmth of the two pleased me and my breathing immediately quickened as I pushed it deeper, feeling it erect rapidly, throbbing while the veins and muscles creased its mass. There was an ache in that prick in bending it that way, but having complete control over both sides of a sexual coupling like this filled me with such utter arousal that I soon lost myself to it; closing both eyes while I breathed quickly in and out through my nose.

The curling mass pushed deeper and deeper inside of me, the hooking mass throbbing in a powerful mass upward into my body. I moaned nasally and began rubbing those sexes together, gasping then, and then making sounds of feminine pleasure till I came in a throbbing torrent, exuding both male and female ejaculate that forced that phallus from within me in an explosive eruption. And then once it was outside me, it began to erect in steps, wet and sloppy, dripping its many juices, and sticking the cigar in my mouth, puffing solidly, I began to stroke that phallus that was rapidly growing as long and as far around as my arm, with a head as thick as my woman's fist. Stroking

that phallus all the way up as it dribbled cum down its length, I then took the Cuban from my mouth and promptly pulled that prick between my heaving tits and began to suck on it.

Unlike with Madrid, sucking oneself off allowed one to know precisely how to tease it to get the best... strongest... climax!

And when that climax came I was ready for it, swallowing mouthful after mouthful after sweet mouthful before gasping in pleasure and swallowing the last mouthful, feeling that stiff erection that was like an arm projecting from the bowl of my lap, cradled by either thigh and two great nads that just seemed to grow larger and stronger. I felt veins throbbing in my arms, and lifting an arm I chuckled at the sight of the thickest of the veins over the biceps standing on end while the veins seemed to creep downward the arms and break apart a little more, spreading though those arms as my flesh firmed up.

It was then that I turned to Madrid and then smiled with the cigar in my mouth, and then turning and positioning myself, crawling up onto the bed as I palmed her bottom, she sighed and smiled as my hand slid between her legs and I began to finger her, feeling the wet stickiness immediately upon my fingertips as my cock slid first along her thigh, and then hot-dogged her firm bottom.

“Hnn... again?” she moaned, coming awake as I knelt between her thighs, pushing them open by spreading my knees before I humped her bottom, cumming on her back a little before pulling fully backward, positioning myself, and inserting into her.

She moaned in her half sleep, gripping the bedding and biting the pillow she was laying on, whimpering through her teeth as I strummed her heart strings with the tip of that cock, smoking that Cuban Cigar and jostling energetically into her pussy while my tits wobbled and bounced and shook.

The changes inside were invading my mind now, I was changing mentally, realizing certain truths as I humped her, cumming yet again, amazed that I could do so so explosively, filling her bowels with ejaculate, so much seed that I was slowly pushed from her, and the rest of it was shot all over her back, bottom and the back of her head as wells as the bed around us. And I kept cumming, kept doing it so erotically as that cock engorged and then with a subtle abdominal flexed it flipped upward and taking the cigar from my mouth and holding it off to one side, I fastened the supple lips of my mouth around it and began to swallow more of its excess. More seed escaped my mouth, flowed over chin and neck and filtered between both breasts and down my navel, forming rivulets around that powerful rod and the swollen nads resting on her bottom before spilling onto her back.

Slowly yet surely I finished that explosive climax and I fell limp again, the massive thing telescoping backward into a heady sausage drooping powerfully over two thick nads before I climbed up from off her.

I felt so powerful... so immensely powerful. No wonder men had such egos! This thing made you feel powerful! Especially when erect...

Rising off the bed then and letting her sleep, drenched in so much seed that it drained from her bowels and covered her in splotches, I rose feeling the cock and balls wobbling and jostling along with my breasts with each little step I took. There was a shower in one corner of the room, if one could call that a shower. Essentially it was nothing more than a tile floor drain with a groove that led straight outside, and a sprayer head above one that had a pull chain on it that was fed from an unheated cistern above. Still smoking the end of the Cuban, I stood underneath it and pulled the chain, letting the gathered rainwater pour down onto me and rinse all the ejaculate from me.

I stood there smoking, inhaling the cannabis enriched tobacco, exhaling and breathing it in again before exhaling it a second time with each puff, feeling the substances that would impair others actually making me stronger. I fed on those things that poisoned and killed others, I fed on everything that every man, woman and child of the world is taught not to do and should avoid... taught by their churches and their authorities and their communities. Pushing back the long blonde hair I'd been gifted with, the hair various formations now of bleached blonde and streaked blonde, and looking between the heaving breasts of my womanhood, I looked at the thickened mass of my new masculinity. It's very presence seemed to throb with a man's power, back feeding it into me. Every beat of my woman's heart pulsated the testosterone enriched hormones into my body, making me stronger by the moment.

And then I studied that phallic mass, seeing how it pushed out of a distended opening in my loins, where below it, hidden between the inflated labia was the gaping slit of my womanhood, and then I had a thought.

The Woman in Red was supposedly like me. If she were my sire, then she must've made love to my mother that fateful night. If she did then she had a penis too, but if she did, then how did she hide it so well. I saw up her dress when she squatted before me earlier when she struck me... and I saw no bulge. Combine that with the fact that I sort of just grew this thing and...

It took a few moments, they were new muscles, they required new contortions inside my bowels to do it, but letting go of the handle that dispensed the water onto my body, using the fingers of that hand, I closed my eyes and felt the muscles move inside my bowels, and ever so slowly I pushed that phallic mass back up inside me. Well... almost. The head that was surrounded by the former hood of my vaginal muscles was way to bulbous still, and the nads still bulged over both labia.

I had to drain them, I thought, and gripping the nads together, squeezed and cajoled them, massaged and rubbed them until...

A squirt of hot semen ejected from me, lancing straight to the ground, and I shivered and shook from the sensation of more cum leaving my dick. Nectar rushed from those loins, spilling around the heavy cock inside me before I repeated again. My womanhood came then, spilling more fluids around that massive cock of mine as I kneaded all that cum from me through a combination of fingers and abdominal movements, till both labia were smooth and firm once again, and with no more semen to leak from me, the phallus retracted almost completely again, leaving only the hood that sheathed the penis which diminished into what looked like an overly engorged clit.

I had a pussy again, a pussy that was wet with the moisture of my body, and pulling the chain, I once again rinsed myself off before stepping out, finding a towel-like blanket and drying myself.

While Madrid slept, covered in the fluids of our lovemaking, I donned the legs socks and shoes, donned the black lace panties and the black shirt before donning the dress I'd brought with me, gathering up hat and handbag before securing all the laces about me. Going to Madrid, I bent and kissed her cheek, licking some of the semen from her face and swallowing it before I left the hovel.

But waiting for me in the courtyard of the alleyway here was the Woman in Red, her head and face shadowed in the shawl.

"So... you've mated for the second time." She said, her voice sounding... strange. It had a lilting echo to it now. "And your eyes aren't stupid now... you aren't just an animal anymore... good." And she paused, and I saw her eyes searching, and there was the flash of white teeth in her mouth. "And you're no longer wearing a crucifix."

"I keep Him in reverence still!" I countered and folded both arms together but had to reset how I folded those arms twice.

Looking down, seeing the reason why, I saw that my breasts were larger than ever. The black shirt pushed out over the dress now, hemming the pair of mammaries in while the shoulder straps of the dress had to go around instead of over. I didn't notice in the dim light of Madrid's little room, but I'd apparently grown. The dress that came to the shins now only came to the knees, and of course it no longer covered the chest. The black shirt was stretched and showing off every contour. I thought the panties I'd been wearing felt tight. They were subtly invading my bottom at the moment. I finally resettled my arms below both breasts instead of over them like I used to be able to do, and I thrust my nose up into the sky.

"What if I have taken it off? It's mine to take off."

"But not for a Catholic. Many wear theirs even through bathing. You're finally awake, child." She chuckled, and when I turned to look at her directly she was gone again, but I heard her voice echoing as if coming from all around me.

“Tonight, child, you grow up.”

I had a newfound power... I was still changing, and the change was happening faster and faster now. The sleeves of the shirt I wore that had always been loose and flighty were now clenching about those arms. The thigh socks were down to just above the knees and the shoes I wore were pinching in the instep. But deep inside me, deep, deep inside me was nestled a monstrous penis... or perhaps it was something else entirely... a clitoris that was super powerful that it could act as a penis maybe, but regardless, with my new realization that Dios has made creatures that weren't necessarily bright and beautiful, it opened up worlds for me, and one such world was the fact that if my food was the drink... then I would drink... and poo-poo on the Padre's words that I should refrain from drinking.

So sliding into the Saloon, I pushed the doors open and arched myself deeply, finding that there were far more people in the Saloon at night than there was during the day, but once again, the bartender was here, serving drinks, and upon seeing me he froze, the drink he was pouring overflowing and the alcohol draining right onto the floor.

I chuckled inside my nose and stepped lithely inward, hearing catcalls and feeling hands groping my butt as I passed, but I merely took it in stride till I came to the bar stool. But unlike before when I'd sit pretty and dainty, I saddled right up onto the stool with legs spread wide, feeling like a puta myself at the moment... and liking it. I licked my teeth with the tip of my tongue, feeling nipples hardening and the clit engorge inside my vulva till it nearly filled the slit.

“Tequila with a worm.” I said soundly.

The bartender hurried and got me another bottle... the good news was that since we were in an area that produced the alcohol, the bartender had several crates of the stuff in its largest size.

Unscrewing the tap, and upending it into my mouth, I drained the bottle without pausing, right until the worm dropped right into my gullet. That was the best part too. The alcohol drenched worm was absolutely empowering to me, and with a seductive gasp, I creamed a little into the panties I wore and slammed the bottle onto the counter.

“Another!” I called and repeated the same gesture, draining a second bottle rapidly without pausing, and noting the sound was dying down. “Another!” I cried a third time and then turned toward the saloon, legs spread wide open, the skirts fanning across my supple pussy as I smiled at them all... and with that smile, certain men rose and hurried out the door.

The third I opened and held in one hand after opening it. “I'm hungry.” I said then to the room, and with those two words several more individuals left. “Who thinks that they can tame that hunger?”

“I will, little lady.” A man said who had an American southern drawl, and looking at him I saw that he was tall, stocky and wearing a white cowboy hat with leather boots. Undoubtedly a Texan. “Especially with someone as 'purdy as you.”

“Just passing through, senor?” I smirked as a little of the noise picked up again.

“I can pass through multiple times if ya like, sweet thang.” He smirked as he placed his hands on both my knees and slid them beneath the skirts I had. “In and out... in and out... in and out over and over again... if that's what you like.”

“I like.” I replied and fingered his strong arm. So much... strength.

Taking hold of the bottle and rising, I left with him, feeling his hands and his kisses upon me as we went to a nearby alleyway. There I hiked up my skirts and he pulled my panties off, and with both legs spread wide I opened his jeans and pulled out his cock, rubbing and cajoling it till it was fully erect amidst his kisses before guiding it into my bowels.

Feeling his penis against mine as both swelled inside me drove me mad, and while I embraced him to me, his hands squeezing both of my breasts, I clenched the vaginal muscles inside me and looked skyward. Ever so slowly... a new change took me, both my eyes turning red, the whites becoming over ridden by the swelling red of the iris while the pupils clenched so tightly that they left only dots for pupils. A red haze that super detailed everything filled my vision, and gasping, breathing deeply, I felt the canine teeth inside my mouth lengthening, turning into fangs, the muscles of my cheeks tightening. Then lowering my face to his neck, smelling his scent I kissed... I nibbled, licking that neck, till subtly, I sank my teeth into his tracheal artery.

The saliva of my long tongue acted as a numbing agent as well as an aphrodisiac, making him harder inside me, but as my vaginal muscles clenched about his shaft, the contours of those muscles formed prickly ridges that hooked into him, pricking his prick in hundreds of little punctures, draining him of more blood while the chemicals of my vaginal juices and saliva got him to cum inside me. As I sucked upon him, draining him of all his would be strength, his movements slowed, and soon he was slumping against me, his thick muscles deflating rapidly as I drank all the strength from him, feeding from him, feeling the strength in him flowing into me... until something heavy and wooden broke over the back of my head, knocking me straight forward and onto the ground on top of the subject of my food.

“Get up... puta.” Someone snarled, and looking up, my eyes still red, I saw three men there before me, the one in front of me armed with a baseball bat, but the other two – one with a pitch fork and the other with a shovel – backed away from me at the sight of those eyes.

Licking my teeth and with a bit of difficulty, I slid relaxed my vaginal muscles and slid off that big dick with a wet slurp before pulling the panties that were about my ankles up, and rose before them while settling my skirts, smiling at them with lips that were thicker, redder, pouting... and eyes that were as red as the devil’s. A subtle haze of red on my cheeks and clothing that I could see told me that they were glowing.

“Is there a problem?” I asked them coyly, wiping some of the blood off my lips and licking the hot life fluids off my fingers.

“Mi Dios!” he snarled at me and pointed the bat at me. “You are the spawn of the Chupacabra! Blood sucking puta! Your kind has fed on our livestock for ages... and now you go to people?! No more! No more! We shall destroy you! En el nombre de Dios... we banish you!” and he drew something from his side and it splashed against my face. “Take that spawn of diablo!”

I gasped, thinking that he’d just thrown something like acid on me, but it just splashed against me, doing nothing. When I turned back to the men, wiping some of it off and tasting it, I saw the two men behind the first back even further away, while the first gasped in astonishment.

“What is this? Water?”

“I-It was... it was holy water.” The first stammered. I smirked and straightened, and then the man pulled out a great crucifix made of gold that looked like it’d been taken from the church. “Back! Back!” he shouted, and I approached instead, and reaching out to the crucifix, touched it. He was so stunned that that didn’t work that he fell limp and I was able to lift it gently from his hand. I even bent and kissed the little Heyseus there. The other two men began to tremble.

“You three don’t understand,” I said quietly. “Do you think that you can use these implements to ward off a mosquito or a vampire bat? A snake or a spider? These are all creatures of Dios, as am I. Sure they don’t look pretty, but even the misfortunate and ugly creatures of Dios are still his creatures. Now then...” and my eyes glowed bright and hot, so hot that red missed wafted off them, and all three men stood transfixed to my gaze. I had power over them, I could feel their minds, and I guided them to do what I wanted... all it’d need is a trigger, a word or a phrase. “...Drop your weapons.” And they all did, and smiling at the leader of the three, I fixed my gaze on him, and he trembled even despite that I had to look up at him. Then I turned to one of the other two. “Here... you and your friend take this back to the church. It’s not right to steal.” And the man accepted it.

“It’s not right to steal.” The two said at once and then hurried off before I returned my attention back to the man.

“Now then...” I smirked and gripped the straps of the man’s coveralls. “You’ve desecrated a church to do what you did today. You stole from Dios. That’s sacrilege.” And I clucked my tongue and waved a finger at him. “Now you need to be punished.”

And yanking him down to me, I licked his neck and then bit down on it, drinking my fill.

Storm clouds were gathering, the distant rumbling sound rolling inward with flashes of lightning striking overhead. I entered me mama’s room by opening the exterior window, the curtains waving and wafting before about me. I’d leapt twenty feet up into the air to get to the balcony of me mama’s room, vaulting over the railing as easily as if I were a superb athlete. Finishing the bottle of tequila, swallowing the worm, I placed the bottle on the stand and approached me mama in her bed, and saw her turn to look at me.

“So, Niña... You still became one... just like her.”

“Si mama.” I replied, and then slid up onto the bed, my red eyes rendering the darkness as nothing. “I’m so... sorry mamma. I didn’t believe you.”

“Is all right Niña.” She smiled “I don’t believe it half the time.”

I laid against her, embracing me mama, rubbing my face against her breasts. “I love you mama.” I said, and rose a little, sitting side-saddle beside her as I unlaced the bust of her night gown, and spreading the fabric open, revealing me mama’s fine engorged breasts, the breasts that perhaps served her well as a puta, I laid against her warm body and fastened my supple red lips against her erect nipple and began to nurse.

Her milk was pure and clean, and had the bit of the drink in them still as I quickly drained the foremilk and then settled comfortably upon the hind milk. My sharp fangs retracted as I nursed, drinking steadily, nursing from one breast and then the other while she combed my hair with her fingers... till there was the sound of someone slowly clapping their hands together.

I rose quickly, one hand snapping open, instinctively splaying fingers whose nails slid from each finger tip, the muscle and bone in those fingers thickening with added strength. And low, before my gaze was the Woman in Red as she stepped out of the shadows like they coughed her up from hell somehow.

“Mother and child. How precious. But she’s not yours, she’s mine.” The Woman in Red said.

“N-no! She’s mine!” mama shouted and then rose, clutching at my shoulders. I didn’t relax in the face of my sire... instead I became even more wary.

“Is she. Tell your mama what you did today, Niña.” The Woman in red teased, her eyes piercing the veil of darkness around her with a light that was the color of curdled blood. “Tell her about the men you drained of their life blood, leaving them barely alive. Or what about the men before that, and the cabra? They do call us El Chupacabra after all.” She sniggered. “Or the woman she sexed with her very own penis.”

“You leave me mama alone!” I growled, actually growled, hearing a rumbling in my voluminous chest.

“No.” she directed her attention to and her face soured. “Such a disobedient Niña you are, Daniele. Come with me... it’s time for you to become one of us.”

“No! I’m staying here with mama.”

The Woman in Red snarled, and then she moved. This time I saw her move, this time I could witness her traveling through space, but whereas she was moving at full speed, I was moving in slow motion. No matter how hard I tried,

I couldn't get my arms up in time, and she simply back handed me, knocking me off the bed. By the time I rose and turned toward her, I saw her standing there, looming over me, tall enough where she held me mama by one hand about her throat, her fingers like talons that she scraped a paper-cut thin cut along her throat.

I started but the woman merely pushed her claw deeper into mama's tracheal artery.

"Your mama served only as much as I needed her to serve. She was a vessel that bore you, and nothing more. Any woman would do, and she was convenient. If you want her back so badly... fine... but you shall come to the mountain south of town, and you shall do so tonight. Should dawn arise... I swear to Dios I'll feed from her till she dies."

And she moved again, a side-stepping motion that made she and me mama vanish from before my eyes, the pair of them disappearing, leaving me alone in me mama's room.

Chapter 8: Eldest

The storm rolled in, as assuredly as if I were commanding it... and it soured with my mood.

The gale winds and violent lightning strike battered the world even before the deluge fell about us, the head of this desert-like wilderness turning into a chill at night as I walked through the rain from Santa Ana toward the peak of the mountain. A power was billowing inside me now that I couldn't fathom, and it was growing stronger and stronger with every step... the bulbous sausage that was my cock filling the whole of the vaginal slit between my legs, and with every step I took pressuring both vaginal lips and cock and enticing me further.

The rain had soaked me to the bone, my clothes hanging heavily on me... I'd discarded both my hat and my handbag at the house, so the rain pattered at my face and body without ceasing.

The redness of my vision allowed me to see with remarkable clarity even in the dead of night, and off in the distance I saw the light of bonfires glowing over the horizon of the mountain. I followed them, cresting the hill to see a sight that only made me angrier, and both hands clenched into fists at my sides till the bones and tendons groaned from the strength.

There was a crucifix here... made out of wood, but Mama was tied to the thing with arms outstretched, to the arms of the cross. "Mama!" I shouted and leapt down the cliff, sliding downward along the muddy earth and coming to a stop before the cross that was surrounded by four blazing fires burning like columns of fire from fire barrels, the wind feeding the heat of those fires that swirled and churned around the four corners of a dais the cross was on.

And then the Woman in Red slid from around the back of the crucifix, standing beside me mama and reaching up to caress her body. The woman clucked her tongue. "For shame. A decent Chupacabra never announces her arrival." She chuckled, and with that she clenched mama's wet shift that was sticking translucent to her flesh and ripped it clean of her body.

Mama was naked now, her body being pelted by the rain now. The woman threw her shift away and then resumed caressing her.

"You leave her *alone!*" I screamed, my voice dropping an octave and then another octave in those four short words, the last word becoming deep, guttural and base like with a screeching sound in the back ground. "*Right now!!*"

"You know what Niña... I don't think I will." She smiled pleasantly, and flashing my claws and fangs, I surged up to the dais and leapt at her, and I was in the midst of twisting my body to strike her down when her hand snapped out, the palm with all its talons opening up, and there was a blast of yellow-green force that shot from her hand, striking me right in the chest and knocking the air from me, and she held that beam on me for several long moments before she closed her hand with a snap and the blast ended.

I gasped, trying to get air back in my lungs, but then I felt something winding about my arms and legs, and looking about me I saw vines of some dark and evil plant coiling about me, its thorns biting into my flesh where it could and snagging my clothes elsewhere, its strength binding me and holding me as I was bent backward painfully and my strength sapped from me from those strange thorns.

"Now then..." the Woman in Red said as she stood there, and I snarled at her, feeling my face push forward as all the muscles of my face contorted, fangs growing to overlap the teeth opposing them. "...I've had enough of the disrespect, Niña. I am your sire... you will do as I tell you. I do not like killing, I've not killed more than chupa in centuries, but I swear to Dios... if you don't do as I say right now... then I will start with your mama." I quieted, but still bore my fangs at her. "Good. Now watch and learn... and see what a Chupacabra really is"

And she lifted her talloned hands to the shawl and the dress about her and she pulled on them, but instead of tearing them from her body, the fabric seemed to stretch and blacken, becoming an elastic goop that strained between her fingers, the coloring spreading through both the shawl and her dress, melting away collecting around hands, arms, feet and ankles along with her shoes, all of it melting away from her naked body even as a tenuous bulge formed between her legs and pushed outward before a raging hard on tore through the spreading goop.

It arched and rose, flipping against her belly as she steadily grew, rising up onto the toes of her feet that rapidly lengthened. She snapped and snarled, her jaws flaring and face rapidly pushing outward, ears extending and becoming hooded while horns erupted from her head and curled backward.

She caressed her growing cock as a pair of heady nads drooped from her labia, her belly becoming reptilian and her back fur-covered before a multitude of hard bony spikes slid from her arms and legs, and most assuredly her back before a thick tail drooped from her back.

The transformation was rapid, her muscles bubbling and boiling beneath her stretching flesh, her bestial features like that of a wolf, and her belly like that of some strange reptile. It was like a Bear that had been merged with a wolf and a lizard, but all in all this creature that had been so beautiful it made me aroused, was now a horrid demonic looking creature. She had the heaving breasts of a woman, but she also had the cock and balls of a well-endowed male porn star.

“Do you like what you see?” she said, her voice an octave lower, and a screeching sound in the background that sounded like she were squealing like a stuck pig and barking while she talked. I merely stared in awe that I was such a creature. But then she turned and caressed my mother again, and turning her back to me, her tail whipping behind her, she moved to... to...

No! “NO!” I screamed then, my eyes widening. “You leave her alone!!” I roared and the thunder rolled and lightning cracked.

“Woo... such power you have... it will serve me well. Perhaps I will suck some of it off you... make you a little more docile. But first... I’ve not had a decent woman in over a decade... and... with our numbers so small and dwindling... you could use a sister.

And with a pelvis thrust my mother moaned. I couldn’t see what was happening but I roared again and thrust myself within my bonds, the thorns scraping against my flesh, the plant drinking from my blood and weakening me further, but I was still strong enough to struggle. And then gripping the cross, El Chupacabra began to hump my mother... right before my eyes, filling her bowels with her monstrous cock, and from what I could see, I witnessed my mother’s belly distending, filling and growing, bulging outward as if she were growing pregnant right before my eyes!

“YES!” El Chupacabra screamed in ecstasy and pulled out, and a wash of hot, white sticky fluids drained to the dais, before splotches of cum sprayed onto me mama.

I screamed and surged forward, using all my strength, my flesh and pretty dress tearing and ripping apart as I drew myself from those bonds. The plants tried to reach out and grab me again, but I sliced them with my claws and broke them with my strength, the thing seeming to scream as I finally broke away, kicking off the last vine before I turned, leapt, jumped onto the back of my sire, and sinking my claws into her back, I opened my mouth wide... Wider than It should have gone, the lower jaw breaking open and spreading two mandible-like fangs, right before I sunk my teeth into her very neck.

The moment her hot blood touched my tongue, I felt both my eyes spread wide as both eyes reddened into a brighter red. I clawed at her as she snarled, turning with me on her, trying to unhook my claws while I engorged myself upon all that deliciously sweet blood... it was so potent, like a fine wine made centuries ago and expertly cared and prepared for. It took me by surprise, and amidst that surprise, she struck me in the head with a fist the size of a slab of ham, stunning me for a moment, and then she gripped my back with her claws and ripped me off her, up over her shoulder and threw me to the dais so that I slapped it. That further stunned me, and right as I was trying to get back up I felt her place a foot in the center of my back and thrust me straight to the wet floorboards again.

“Put a! How dare you attack your sire?” she bellowed at me, and opening one eye while the rain splattered against my face, I had the displeasure of looking up at her. “I give you life, and this is how you treat me?!”

I snarled back up at her, clawing at the floorboards, rending curlicues in the wood as I forced my way to rise a little, but she promptly thrust me back down with a subtle tensing of her leg.

“We are ancient, Daniele... eons of evolution made us stronger and stronger. We feed off those things others sin from. We persevere throughout the ages, through conflict, through hunters hunting us, with the all so powerful grandeur of America looking for us, and through it all we still... remain... hidden!

“Don’t you understand the power that you have? Don’t you understand that it is a gift to be one of us? This is survival!”

“You leave my mother alone!” I snarled, baring fangs that kept getting thicker and longer.

The creature that had once been the Woman in Red bent down, grasping me about the throat with a vice like grip before letting her foot up and then lifting me to face her impressive eight foot mass. “Far... far too late for that, Niña.” She said quietly. “What has been seen cannot be unseen. She knows about us and that makes her a prisoner. By all means, because of her damnable loose tongue when drunk, I should kill her right now to silence her, but her worth to me is incredible. She has proven to be a viable vessel of bringing more Chupacabra into the world.” She walked over to mama and lifted a hand to caress her face. “She is both a threat and a boon, a double edged sword. So long as she remains locked up... like the sweet little songbird that she is, she can remain alive. So long as she stays in that gilded cage you created for her, she can live.

“But that is a tenuous balance, Niña. The moment she ceases being a significant boon and becomes more of a threat, I have to kill her. And do you know the only thing I can possibly think of that could change my mind about that... is you.”

I stared at her through the rain before she dropped me and I collapsed to my knees. The implication was more than apparent. *‘Behave... or I’ll kill her.’*

Clenching both hands, the rain water pelting me, I knew that I couldn’t let it end like this. I couldn’t let her claim me and keep my mother as some sort of breeding animal... And so slowly looking up at her, clenching my jaw and tightening both fists, the rain falling heavier as a crack of thunder rolled behind us, I rose slowly, faced the creature that towered over my diminutive frame, was many times my mass and perhaps a hundred times my strength, but despite that, I opened my mouth, screamed as loud as I could “NO!” and shot both hands toward her.

My scream was lost in the crack of thunder that came at the same moment as a stroke of lightning that shot from the sky and struck my sire full in the chest, creating a cracking explosion that broke her chest plates, revealing the softened flesh beneath, leaving a radial impact burn against that bosom. The blow carried her upward off her feet and she landed in a tumble several feet away and began twitching.

Gasping, looking at my hands, I realized that I’d been the one who’d caused that. Looking at my sire I turned quickly and snapped me mama’s bindings and held her in my arms. “I got you.” I said quickly, and with a strength that surprised me, I lifted her up into my arms and ran.

Shortly afterward there was a howl of rage that signified that my sire was now chasing us.

The caves were a place where children played... much at the chagrin of the adults. They thought the caves were dangerous for whatever reason. There was an old mattress here, but me mama didn’t sit upon it. It was a mattress in which was used to end many a virginity, and knowing young adults... had never been cleaned. There was a blanket or two me mama could wrap up in that wasn’t sticky still to keep her warm, but while I stood near the entrance of the cave, she behind me, illuminated by a single candle that was attached to a nook in the wall, I kept watch for my sire, occasionally turning to look upon her.

She appeared consigned to her fate.

She didn't cover herself up more than draping the blanket over her shoulders, sitting with arms on knees and her sex and naked breasts, both of which were idly leaking milk out into the open. Only the shadows enshrouded her total nudity.

We'd been here for nearly an hour, she saying nothing, I saying nothing, just trying to think of what to do in the face of my sire coming for us when mama finally spoke.

"Your sister grows inside me now." She said quietly.

"I know." I replied just as quietly, and looking down at my hand, I saw the blade-like claws there, the strong, thick, man-hand covered with fur around it.

I was changing faster now. I was growing stronger by the moment. I felt as if something was happening inside my bowels, building up and building up for an explosion. It was like there was something in me that was pressing against my flesh, and by looking at my hands I could see that that flesh was already ripping open. I trembled from the sensation, I could feel it growing inside me, like a fetus about to be born. There was a pregnant pause in the air... for more reasons than one. There was mama who was now pregnant again from my sire, there was me, who was about to give birth to herself, and then there was the silence that permeated us that was only punctuated by the rain and the thunder.

Every now and again the lighting flashed, and I felt a spasm inside my loins as that power grew minutely greater inside me with each flash. I was intently looking out into the open air in order to protect me mama from El Chupacabra that I'd forgotten about me sire's phenomenal speed. There was nothing out there in the tumbleweeds and cacti and so on one moment, and then there was a flash of lightning, and when the lightning faded and the peal of thunder rolled echoing across the mountain, I saw the red eyes of a beast out there in the distance, till another lightning crashed and this time me sire was right there before me!

She growled, penis erect and mighty, claws flashing as she ground her jaw, her teeth clicking against each other briefly.

"M-Mama! Run!" I gulped and Chupacabra's hand snapped outward, striking my throat and knocking the air out of me right before her hand snatched me up from the ground and pinched my neck, cutting off blood and oxygen both and halting my nervous system so that I immediately lost control of myself. I would've wet myself right then and there, but instead... my inhibitions that were withholding the change in me ended and I could no longer hold myself back. My heart began beating as I stared wide eyed at me sire.

"I've been thinking." She said then as she entered the cave, her fur matted down from the rain and the long spines on her back clacking together with her every step. "There's a third option here... though I am very lax to take it. I blame myself really... if I'd claimed you when you were a child, stole you from your crib, then we could've avoided all of this, but in respect to your mama, I left you in her care. She has the potential of baring dozens if not a hundred or more children. Imagine what this species would be like if we can grow so quickly with a fertile female like your mama.

"Which makes you the odd one out.

"If you're going to continue to challenge me, then I will feed off your strength, the added power and youth will do me good, and you certainly have a lot of all of that. So I'll give you just this one final chance, daughter. You will swear a blood oath with me to obey me forever all, and I will use your mother as I please, or else I'll crush your throat and siphon all the power from you as I watch you slowly die.

"What is it that you choose?"

I choked and gurgled, and weakly lifted both hands to her massively thick and powerful wrist, feeling the strange leathery inner wrist and the wolf-like fur covering the back of it, and I grit my fangs at her, snarling slowly as I tried to get air into my lungs.

“I know you can’t breathe, and you’ll be unconscious soon, so just nod.” She growled, but I couldn’t hear her. My heart was pounding inside me, growing stronger and stronger, forcing the blood upward into my head so that I could get gulps of air, and sliding my eyes in order to see mama... those red eyes of mine already a blood red with a tiny black pin-point pupil in either eye, I knew that this puta was giving me mama and me a live as a slave or death option.

Looking at her, looking at this monster, realizing that she was ugly on the inside as well as on the outside, realizing what sort of a life that would be for mama and me, I suddenly just... snapped.

“Ngh –n-no!” I snarled, my neck tightening as I felt a surge of strength tighten my body from head to toe, the muscles tensing like piano wire, and before she knew what was happening I dug my claws into the tendons on the insides of her wrists and ripped them out. She let go of me and I fell to the ground and she screamed at me.

“Puta!” she snarled as I felt the blood rushing through me now, head to toe, fingertip to fingertip and toe to toe, but most of all I felt that blood rushing into my chest and loins, making me aroused to where the tiny nib of my clit erected as hard and as large as it could go, the thing filling the entirety of my vaginal crevice, spreading the vaginal lips around the massively bulbous protrusion of that heaving muscle.

“No... you... are a puta.” I said with a voice that screeched and trembled, making the caves tremble before I slapped a hand outward and struck her right into the solar plexus, and she went sailing out into the darkness. I stood there, breathing with that hand outstretched momentarily before it fell to my side, and arching myself, I felt the phenomenal sensation of getting a hard on as that bulge between my legs started to telescope, the nib becoming the head of a penis, the roll of flesh that used to cover that nib in a hood sliding backward from it as the whole mass extended out of me. It pushed the panties I wore forward, created a tent with my skirts as the bones in me started to groan and the tendons grinded beneath flesh that started twitching.

I shook as I stumbled forward and drew myself upright at the front of the cave, me mama behind me, while my breathing quickened to hyperventilation, and my heart hammered to speeds and power that only a high-performance car engine could manage.

And suddenly, that strumming heart hammering against my chest started to pump the energy that had been gathering in my navel and loins, spreading it to the very edges and tips in me till I felt luminous, like I was glowing on the inside, and to accent that, the reddened eyes in my head started to burn. The throbbing package of my cock pushed outward, pushing the lip of the panties I wore downward as those labia puffed outward rapidly, slipping out beneath the leg holes of the crotch of those panties before the heaving sausage of my cock lifted my skirts rapidly over its growing length and girth. Thickened veins spread against it, the muscles strumming my heart strings as all the blood in me rushed straight to the tip of that growing prick.

The folds of my skirt fell away from it as it erected slowly, rising and arching deeply as thick as my whole forearm from elbow to fist, the nads growing steadily as I came upon my sire, semen rising up along the length of that shaft and swelling the underside into a thick, vein riddled mass held up by muscular ribbing.

Grabbing my sire by the mane, feeling the strength in me skyrocket, felt my flesh stretching from lengthening bones and thickening muscles that were being blown up by the fluids and energy in me, I gripped her mane tightly and lifted her up to face me, snarling at her while the teeth in my mouth all thickened and overlapped. My face started to mutate, ridges thickening, mouth and nose pushing forward with ears lengthening, and she looked at me briefly before a seam broke open on my chin, and the two mandibles with the two largest of the lower fangs spread open as I screamed at her, opening my mouth wide on a hinging jaw, and with a brief inhale, my tongue snapped outward like a frog’s tongue, the thing splitting in twain at its end into a forked tongue, and either end developing two thick barbs that lanced with deadly accuracy into her trachea.

There that tongue thickened and rounded as I began to swallow rapidly, all her magnificent blood, blood of an ancient supernatural creature poured right into my stomach.

She moaned as I continued to feed, the tongue pulling her neck toward me as I tensed it and pulled it inward, my face mutating and body thickening to the point where the two thin spaghetti string straps of the blue dress I wore

snapped off over my thickening bodice and widening neck. She tried to tear the tongue out of my mouth, and failing that, pulled herself off the barb with a jerk and a spray of blood that splattered all over me, and pulling that tongue back into my mouth and closing the mandibles, I growled at her as more energy, more power rushed into me and into the swelling loins between my legs.

My hard one swelled till its base pressed against either testicle, either testis cradled by the thickening legs I had, and huffing and puffing, I watched as my sire rolled to her feet and stood back from me, covering the wound on her neck.

“Put a!” she snarled. “I will teach you the penalty of your ways!” and she skipped toward me, claws flashing as she move with ridiculous speed, and lifting both my hands I met her immediately and felt myself forced backward so fast and hard that my back cracked and popped from it.

Balancing on only the tip toes, I held her tenuously, our phalluses conducting a remarkable sword fight between us, the bones in my body cracking as she and I both clenched our claws and talons into the backs of each other’s hands. But soon... the strength of my bones grew fiercer, harder, supporting me as they lengthened and grew, legs and arms growing steadily, with the feet lengthening rapidly to tear through the shoes I wore, forearms lengthening longer than they should’ve lengthened, while the spine along my back popped outward and thickened, pushing against the dress and blouse I wore before the tailbone turned outward and started to telescope into a tail.

But bones lengthened and spine lengthened and thickened, the wet fabric of the dress I wore steadily sliding up the sides and backs of both legs, neck and navel lengthening as I rapidly grew and grew till I was as tall as my sire was, but then I continued growing well beyond her! The dress I wore slid down a navel that had grown long and sinuous, and was now rolling outward and flaring with added thickness, my chest spreading wide as shoulders widened and back deepened, the black blouse I wore clinging to flesh that was stretching and thickening.

My sire, el Chupacabra looked up at me as I looked down at her, snarling at her as I continued to change, feeling myself growing stronger and more powerful by the moment.

“So... you think that you can just come along and boss everyone around,” I said with a roaring, screeching voice that made rocks tremble as I advanced upon my sire, feeling the thigh socks I wore slide down past the knees and the skirts above them, my chest rolling outward with thickening slabs of chest muscle. “You think that you can just make them do what you want, take over people’s lives, just because you’re bigger and stronger than they are? Threaten them that you’ll kill them if they don’t do as you say? Look at you, a great big monster! You’re a beast that is ugly on the outside and on the inside!”

“Impudent little Niña,” she replied, and rose unsteadily. “Do you have any idea as to exactly how powerful I am?!”

“Not as great as me.” I snarled, feeling face push outward, feeling veins carve their way through my flesh as that flesh turned an ashen gray. Eyes widened and ears lengthened, my face mutating as muscles contorted and jaw clenched, nostrils flaring while they merged with my mouth into a small muzzle. “You told me yourself. My power is greater than yours!”

“But do you know how to use it?!” she laughed, and then she moved. “Time slowed down, I saw her move, knew that she was moving in that phenomenal speed that was faster than the wind, but I could see it. And I felt the tendons in my body tense suddenly, the ones in my inner thighs tugging on the bases of both sexes, tensing cock and firming up pussy lips as I moved then to, meeting my sire midway and grappled with her.

Her eyes widened in obvious surprise while I rose continually over her, and grinning at her with all my teeth and fangs, I picked her up, turned and threw her against a boulder, cracking it in pieces beneath her weight.

I stepped as gracefully as a ballet dancer as I approached her, claws flashing, the sharp claw tips gleaming in the night while everything was enhanced by my red-eyed vision. The rain looked like sparkling interference like on a TV, the lightning briefly flashing about the sky, though unlike low-light vision, this didn’t blind me whenever the lightning flashed. It actually briefly enhanced my vision...

I stood there, panting and feeling the juices flow inside me, seed dripping from the penile tip and nectar slipping from between the folds of my womanhood below it. I stood there, waiting for her to get her head while I changed, with every heart beat and every breath I took heaving me larger and larger.

Both breasts flattened across a chest that was growing wider and deeper, leaving two little pads in the lower edges of those chests and the buttons of my blouse popped open, the fabric stretching steadily while the muscles in me firmed up and intensified.

Then my sire turned to face me, seeing me like a flaring giant before her, and like some maddened beast she leapt at me, her mouth opening and snapping like some beasts as she tried to chomp down on my neck, feed on me. It was her only hope to sap strength from me I knew, but I held her off with one hand upon her belly, her claws sliding against my flesh that was so taut and firm now that she only scraped them... she didn't even break the skin. But she also burned, heat exuding from her body as I felt a well of power rising up around her. Opening her mouth she bellowed a breath of air that billowed a yellow smoke that smelled like sulfur and brimstone, a moment before a spark that emanated from her somehow turned it into a fireball.

The fire burned subtle singes and holes in the clothing I wore, but did nothing to me specifically... other than making me angry, and hauling my sire about, I slapped her against the ground, against a cactus, slapped her against a rock and then held her aloft in one hand so that the lightning could assail her once, twice... three times before I twisted and slapped her one final time against a boulder. There was a loud crack and a rolling of thunder as she fell limp within the rubble, and standing there, panting, I felt a different power assail me, my own power, and all of a sudden I collapsed to my knees and then forward onto both hands, my penis throbbing harder between both legs as it projected from me.

With a low moan I shuddered and felt a spasm of growth that rolled from my head backward, thickening neck and then back and shoulders, deepening my chest and lengthening waist before broadening hips, the dress I wore stretching across those hips like a miniskirt. Deep claws cut through the toes of the thigh socks I wore, feet lengthening rapidly to grow as long as the forelegs were before the toes all thickened a moment before the middle three toes extended outward and the big and little toe turned outward, transforming my feet into something alien-like. They were digitigrade legs now, the thickening of those legs slowly ripping open the silken hosiery of those socks before their thigh bands that were now caught above a pair of flaring calves popped open and a multitude of runs tore those socks fully from me.

The stubby little tail that had formed over my bottom continued to telescope, tugging on the vaginal lips of my sex and deepening the vaginal slit as I felt the cavity the gates of my womanhood led into deepened further inside me, enhancing my feminine power thirty fold.

Chest muscles separated then giving me two overlapping packs of chest muscle, with each pack growing thicker and heavier, rapidly maturing into slabs of meat more than a foot thick, steadily popping the seams at the base of the collar, and then slowly tearing the fabric of the black blouse I wore open. The spine along my back rippled and rolled, each spine thickening to twice its prior thickness one after the next, the motion stretching the cloth of the blouse across my back that was still caught by the loops in the arms. The growth continued along all the way down the spine, lengthening neck and then waist and then lengthened the tail a little bit before telescoping it outward slightly. The thickening of the spine also lengthened my hair at the same time, deepening the hair growing down the back to the knob at the peak of the back, lengthening the hair and setting it to stand on end even in this heavy rain.

The rippling growth of the spine once again rolled backward, pushing apart hips and shoulders this time, thickening the back of the skull as each spine also extended a spike the perforated the blouse I wore with several spines that poked out of its cloth as the growth carried itself on downward to the tail, lengthening and thickening that as well, pulling the tail from between both rounded and thickening butt muscles. The blouse I wore started to tear apart along those holes from my back heaving outward, spreading wide and transforming into an arching hump. The third rolling spasm of spinal growth transformed the spikes on each spine into long blades that literally cut the blouse in two and telescoped the tail resting over my bottom to twice its previous length before the muscles slowly grew into its mass.

With a groan I felt my face push forward, the muzzle telescoping further, and as I groaned that muzzle opened, the mandibles spread wide, right before several spines and knobby protrusions broke out of my face and started extending.

Now at this tremendous height, the spine thickening in rolling masses several times over again, I hauled myself back, thrusting both chests forward as the second set of chest muscles grew a pair of tiny boobs, the four tits forming tight bulbous knobs against my chest as I tossed my head from side to side. My erection grew longer and heavier then, the seat of the panties I wore sliding down around the widening hips and thickening butt muscles, and combine that with the thickness of my pussy and the girth of the two nads, those panties tore open right down the crotch, unraveling and stretching the lace as far as they could go before snapping the taut seam of threads that held the front and back of the undergarment together.

I gripped my cock as it engorged continually, tugging on abdominal muscles as the tail I had grown tugged further upon the vaginal muscles, drawing on them heavily and tugging that long arching cock of mine downward. With a low lowing moan like a cow in heat, I gripped the head of that cock and started to stroke it, strumming my hand back and forth while the dress I wore gathered about my waist and the tops of both hips, and as my body widened with further and further strength, the flesh I had turning reptilian, I began to stroke that dick toward climax.

The twin testis dangling from me tightened and firmed up, the pair like grapefruit as they clenched and throbbed, becoming riddled with veins and arteries that stood on end, feeding the seed generating organs inside them, and the pair started to feed the tunnel of that cock in earnest now, filling the underside of the prick and causing it to round out and distend with the fluids climbing toward the tapering head with its indented pee hole at its end.

Arms and legs started to thicken, and balancing on just the wide-spread toes, I arched myself forward, stroking that cock, nearing climax as the sleeves of the blouse I still had on tipped from around the thickening arms I now possessed while the synching strings of the dress that had once shaped it about my womanly figure snapped along my sides one after the next, allowing the garment to loosen briefly while the tightening and thickening musculature of my navel and hips pressed into their fabric again.

Letting my tongue lull out of my skull, I shivered, snarled inwardly as the climax neared, a dribble of seed sliding from my cock to slide over my hand as small little hooking bony protrusions tore my skin open at my knees, legs and arms, but most especially my back, and right as the climax was about to take me, my flesh steaming in the falling rain, a heady blast of heat smashed against my face and knocked me backward.

With a screaming roar I twisted and turned, landing on my side as the climax I was about to experience receded instantly. Just then there was a body on me, and as I turned it scrambled over, its penis wedging between the bulges of my breasts. When I looked up again I saw my sire there, a moment before she bent her wrist back and a wicked blade ejected from her wrist that was laden with hooking notches.

“I am the eldest! I am your sire! I have not lived for centuries to have my own child... defeat me now!” and she plunged the blade into my neck. I gasped, gurgled and spasmed as my sire opened her mouth to get the blood squirting from my neck with every heart beat. I immediately grabbed her arm and gripped it as I continued to grow despite that blade, feeling it sear and burn with a heat that’s inside her. She was putting all her strength into this maneuver, and sadly my two arms weren’t strong enough to move her whole body yet.

Thinking hard as she snarled at me, gaining additional strength with every droplet of blood she garnered from me, and so I had to stop her before she grew too strong for me to stop, for even now she was growing stronger.

So opening my mouth, gasping, my tongue lanced outward and hooked right into her throat, and she immediately spasmed from the attack in order to reflexively slap a hand over that wound, and before she could do otherwise I sucked her toward me, and her throat went right into my jaws with the two lowest mandibles hooking into her flesh. My sire suddenly began to pour her blood into me, and I engorged upon her fluids, thrusting her hand with the blade out of my neck only to feel the wound rapidly seal itself up.

I felt her thinning rapidly within my grasp, penis diminishing and breasts flattening, her body shriveling with wrinkles and with age as I feasted upon her blood. Her gray flesh and blackened fur turned white steadily as she

aged into an old, old creature, and once I'd feasted from her, her blood decorating my lips and her body, I opened my mouth and let her fall promptly to the ground, where she rapidly shrank and thinned and lost her belly armor and the thick fur of her body, transforming very quickly into an old, old woman.

I trembled, looking down at her as she lay there in the rain while I panted, and then stepping away from her, making sure she wasn't about to get up, I moved to the cave mouth and stopped, hands on the lip of the cave mouth, naked with that third leg of mine hanging heavily before me a moment before my stomach lurched, and with a shiver I continued the transformation... only this time with the blood of the eldest inside me.

Roaring a screeching, warbling cry, claws digging into the stone, the blood rushed into me, into that hogs leg of mine and thickened it, made it erect again, its entire length reddening rapidly while the lips of my labia encircled its base tightened like a cock ring that pinched at its very base with the two nads over them. Semen rushed up into me then, throbbing and coursing up till its tip while the veins stood on end with more rushing of fluids surging toward the tip. It fattened and engorged as my flesh continued to tighten about my hardening muscles, the bony protrusions lengthening now and becoming more numerous as they shaped themselves about the whole of me.

Two slits opened up from my back as a series of crunches could be heard inside my body, right before two masses unfolded from inside me and disgorged from the slit, and I moaned as seed dribbled from my cock and nectar shot a long streaming jet from between the thickened ads onto the ground while that cock surged larger and arched further upward. Those great things pulled fully from my back and turned, arching like erect penises escaping my body before they too began to split open and disgorge more bones and protrusions, bubbling with muscle and bubbling with hardened bony knobs that arched and curved against my back. Two more sets of these protrusions, only thinner and smaller ones, all six of them attached to my back close to the spine also pushed outward along the base of that long pylon and the enormous bony blades projecting toward it, my back heaving larger as it surged outward like a roiling thundercloud.

The flesh of my back tore and spread open first, showing tufts of fur as the flesh spread open, the tufts resting over bubbling and amassing flesh that heaved, hemmed and hawed, mutating rapidly and spreading the whole of my back with a webbing of bone beneath the flesh, and long sheets of firm fur over the flesh.

I snarled as arms and legs also tore open like this, spines erupting out of the shoulders and forearms, claws lengthening and fingers thickening, veins standing on end while I rippled with greater and greater strengths.

With the back rolling outward my chests surged forward, the hardened reptilian flesh along my belly suddenly cracking repeatedly along bands of hardened flesh that surrounded individual muscle. The firm yet flexible flesh broke open rapidly along my navel as it started tightening repeatedly, the whole of it creasing the long ways from sternum to crotch and then horizontally close to the ribs, horizontally again about the pelvis and horizontally again right in the middle. Suddenly I had an eight pack, but that belly didn't stay an eight pack for long as the flesh continued hardening, creasing horizontally over and over to add pairs of abdominals with each crease, some creases happening two or three at a time till my navel was a rolling rippling series of banded muscle, right before my sides likewise carved themselves with lateral obliques. Those appeared two at a time, first two long masses, then splitting into pairs, then thirds and fourths and finally fifths, those chords feathering with the ribs and those feathering with the flaring dorsal muscles. Then all of a sudden the whole of my bodice with narrow middle spread wide, making me quite top heavy right before the chest muscles separated over the bands of breast over either pectoral.

Those bulges that were my mammaries rapidly inflated from inside the overlapping and cupping plates attached to the skin, and I moaned as I watched two pairs of mammary expand from my chests, rapidly filling and swelling to melons, then watermelons, then into great orbs the sizes of medicine balls while the largest pair continued to swell into things the sizes of bean bag chairs filled to the brim. All four were firm and hard, their nipples sliding enticingly from within the plates that'd covered them, projecting outward into the open air and throbbing heartily there.

Lowering a hand to my cock, I held it there, feeling it trembling now, felt it surging, and with a low moan like a puta escaping me, it trembled and then lanced a full on jet of cum that splattered against one wall and covered it continually as the climax continued to spray its seed. Minutes passed as I came and came, tongue lulling out from my head as I humped my hand.

With each thrust my navel thickened and rolled outward, breasts wobbled and butt cheeks tensed and clenched, nectar seeping from my sex and moistening the base of that cock as I rubbed its juices up and down its ribbed length, right before the climax slowed and the cum that leapt from me came in a series of spastic spitting motions that shot from the head of that cock.

Moaning, drooling even I then closed my eyes tightly as the muscles along my navel began to break open like the chest plates had, revealing nipples that appeared in pairs all the way down the length of a belly that was now laden with more than twenty individual abs. But the top-most pair of those abs swelled outward, filling two new breasts the sizes of melons, each armed with mature nipples.

Now that the masculine side had had its climax, now the feminine side worked its power over me, and suddenly, like a multitude of spigots being opened up, every nipple lining me began to lactate as the penis I had lowered in steps, still leaking cum, but now the labia around its base surged and clenched, massaging around the girth of the cock that projected from me, and I became incensed again.

The weakness a male climax left me with, with how incredibly spastic surging cum through a penis was, the feminine climax that built up inside me energized me. Very quickly I felt energetic and able to do impossible tasks, but right on its heels came another surge of strength and power, and with rippling explosions and spasms I suddenly thickened all over again, with chest muscles enlarging, breasts filling with creamy milk, thighs broadening and hips widening while calves flared wide and thick, more spines and bones creating a lattice work throughout the whole of me, and a realm of spines that fed backward from off my head to either side of the spines of my body created a bristling realm of spines like a porcupine's back.

And then a sort of quickening entered me, a surging of power and energy that came from power that had filled my sire and now filled me, and rocks and stones rose from the earth about me, the earth trembling to my power while I became a Behemoth of strength and power... a monster the likes of which no man had ever seen.

Then with a shiver I climaxed in a steely jet of nectar that washed my cock in all its moisture, so much so that it formed a puddle about me.

There I panted and began to masturbate my womanhood now, sticking a pair of long, bulbous fingers inside me and rubbing them repeatedly, tail lashing from side to side as I shivered, and suddenly the fur on me, which had grown in yellowish turned white, while a molting of color bloomed like a Rorschach Test. And there I panted, like a great beast, fully transformed and awakened... till someone touched my face.

Looking with a snap and widened eyes, I saw me mama standing there, naked and beautiful, and as I shied from her, she nonetheless moved in close to me, sliding in between my breasts and embracing my neck that had thickened so greatly that she had no hope to encircle it.

"Let's go home Niña." She mentioned, and nodding tiredly, I rose with her... and walked into the storm.

Chapter 9: Final Evolution

Mama rode on my back now... finding a spot on my back behind the thickest realm of spikes and the flaring and hooking arm-like scythe blades as she called them jutting from my back. Holding onto one spike, I walked easily on all fours like some monstrous beast, the hollow she found in my spines placing her near the top of my back, with the sharp quills on my back resting under or over her thighs.

Every now and again I would pause in the rain that had quieted now... I willed it to grow calmer and it did, so now its warm falling rain only minutely covered us.

But I carried her into the village, a massive horse-sized creature that one might call a nightmare if they were to see me, with my penis having withdrawn into the sheathe of my womanhood as I walked. Santa Ana was on the way to the home of me papi, and I wanted to make a stop.

Going to her small hovel, I pulled open the door, and using my strength as incredible as it was, I pushed the doorway open slowly so as to not make a noise, and then pushed my way into her room, finding her where I left her, naked on top of her covers. And picking her up one massive arm, I cradled her as I pulled her out of her home before handing her upward toward mama, who held her onto my back till I brought us all back to my home. Leaping easily up onto the balcony of mamas room, I kissed her good night, and then took Madrid to the balcony for my room and then dropped her off in my own room, laying her down where she could be comfortable and covering her moist body up in the fine silk and linen sheets.

Then covering her up, standing tall within the high vaulted ceilings, my head practically brushing against the sprayed on plaster of that ceiling, I viewed her in the rising light of approaching dawn that was barely shining through the bedroom window, and slowly got a hard on for her. I stood now twice as tall as she would be, more than twice as tall, and a good hundred times her weight or more. I had changed... I was still changing, and I had to figure out how to change back before I came back here... until then, she could sleep in my bed all she wanted. Mama would take care of her, I was sure.

Turning, I moved to the open windows and stepped into the sprinkling rain, and vaulting out the window I landed in a squat, cock and tail wobbling while all the bulbous tits bounced heavily before I leapt up into the air, free as a bird, feeling like I was flying till gravity invariably took hold of me and pulled me back down. When I landed I landed with a heavy impact before leaping again, repeating this as I vaulted up the mountain and then landed at the caves before looking for my sire. She was weak now, and I could take what information I wanted from her... but upon landing and looking around for her, I found that her body was missing...

My vision and its highly developed sense of detail focused about, looking for signs of her passage while my nostrils flared from smelling the air, and I found a faint trail that the rain had yet to wash away from the air, and I saw foot prints in the ground.

Following those footprints, the cock and balls wobbling back and forth with every step, my tits all giving a slight bounce as well, I followed the trail deeper into the mountains, away from Santa Ana for more than a mile, descending the short mountain into a hidden gully in which there was a tall cave hidden here that led deeper into the mountain. Entering the cave, following the path, I strode inside, my eyes able to see everything in perfect clarity despite the diminishing light, and I found immediately the etched walls of someone who'd made a home of this place.

Bedding, a water basin, shelves with pots and hanging racks of herbs, books in wooden cases and so on, with the walls covered in adobe and lined with strange symbols everywhere. Those symbols seemed to glow red to me, and I touched them and felt power in them, but I didn't understand them quite yet. And then I smelt the acrid scent of something deeper into the cave, and following it, I soon found myself traveling through a warren of sorts, a hodgepodge of rooms and chambers that could've supported massive numbers of individuals, with most of the rooms emptied. And then I came to a much larger chamber, a chamber that was forged of towering columns of stalactites and stalagmites. The smell of earthen moisture here was potent, and there were strange plants growing here, of glowing mushrooms and thick mosses... and then before a pool of milky white fluids, sat an old woman in a

robe, her head hair having fallen out and formed bald patches here and there, her lips cracked and her breasts sagging with the rest of her.

“Good... good girl.” She said, her voice a cracking old woman’s cackle. “You’ve learned well... coming to finish the job like this. No witnesses... no one is to know of our existence.”

I rose from how I’d been walking on all fours and towered over her, my penis as thick and as large as it was projecting from my navel with the rock hard nads supporting it below. “What makes you think I’m here to kill you? What use is it to kill you since you’re one of us anyways... papi?” I asked.

She cackled and rose, her robe merely hanging off her shoulders, showing me the shriveled nads and sacking penis and breasts as she stood before me an old shriveled crone, and lifting a crooked finger she pointed at me. “Because it is the way of the world. You should kill me... you should end my life here and now... your mother and those you love will be in danger so long as I am alive.”

“From an old woman?” I smirked and clicked my mandibles. “Can you even transform anymore?” She gummed her lips, the teeth in her mouth having fallen mostly out. “I didn’t think so.”

She smirked then, and lifting a hand to her robe, pulled on a tie and it fell from off her, leaving her naked and shriveled. “You know nothing of us.” She said quietly. “Not surprising... even those who had known of us think we’re dead, long gone... a legendary creature that went extinct for various reasons. Some of them said we were abominations, some of them said that we needed to be killed off... some of them listened.”

“Some of... who?” I asked.

She smirked. “What do you care? Go back to your mansions and your mama and your puta... raise a nice human family as best as you can...”

“Tell me.” I demanded quietly, feeling a power welling up inside me. There was something about this place... something primordial, something I couldn’t quite place my finger on.

“Lycanthropes.” She smirked, and not expecting the answer, I blinked. “Our kind... was unique among the wolves. We were originally Coyote, tricksters, powers that made us notorious. We were called the southern Coyote... definitely not to be mistaken with the northern Coyote who played tricks to teach lessons. We played tricks for the sheer morbid desire of it. We were tolerated because we were still wolves.

“But there are other supernatural creatures out there in the world, Niña... there were also the Sangrecabra... what the rest of the world calls the *‘Vampire’*”

“It began as a practical joke... simply to anger the vampires, goad them into a war with the other Lycans whereas we could sit back and laugh... but the trick went awry. We were betrayed by our brethren, and when we went to play the trick, the Sangrecabra were waiting for us. The other wolves pushed us to the fore while an army of fully armed and armored Sangrecabra killed most of us off, and then captured the rest, including myself, and brought us to their lairs as pets. They raped us, they conducted cruel experiments upon us, and just to watch us writhe in agony, they made us drink their blood.

“Sangrecabra and El Lycan seemed to be species that were at war with one another at the cellular level. Our blood and their blood fought each other violently. The pain was maddening... I will tell you that now, Niña, but... in a select few of us... we were turned.”

I blinked, my jaw parting in awe of what she was saying.

“The term is abomination. Not a Lycan, not a vampire, but both. Hunted by both, hated by both, we were considered unclean, disgusting... but... abominations had all the powers of both and none of the weaknesses of either. We became immune to silver and garlic and holy water. We could walk in the sunlight and were at our peak strength no matter what phase the moon was in, the moon itself no longer forcing us to change. We had a double

dose of supernatural strength and power, and when we attacked our captors, what few of us that were still alive – five in all including myself – we slaughtered that coven and burned it to the ground, and then in retaliation slaughtered our kin who betrayed us.

“We became many fold stronger than any vampire and any Lycan in the world. Even whole packs of them couldn’t withstand our might... but we did discover that we did have our weaknesses that developed after our rampage of revenge.

“Later on... we discovered the thirst... and the hunger. I think you know what I’m talking about.” She cackle and then went to the edge of the milky pool and began washing her hands in it.

“Yes... I know of them.” I said quietly, feeling flashes of memory rush through my mind as to how much alcohol and how much sex and how much blood I’d partaken in. They were a part of me... I had no hope but to deny them now. I could only feed them. “That’s why you suck the blood of El Chupa.”

She nodded and turned to look at me in her trembling squat, her phallus draping down to rest on the ground at its tip.

“We try not to be monsters.” She replied and then picking up more of that milky water, started washing her body with it, rubbing it on her arms and breasts and body. “But we are monsters... and above all, secrecy is our greatest asset. Those who witness us must be silenced, one way or another. Your mama is believed to be insane, and the peoples ignore her because of that. Your sweet mate, oh her blood must be delicious, doesn’t know about us. All she knows is the fact that you have a huge penis, and therein she believes you are merely an oddity. But what if you tell her your real secret? Will she stay with you? Will she remain with you? Will she go out and begin to tell everyone in the world about you? Who would listen then? Surely those hidden individuals who know of us will take her, one side or the other, and do terrible things to her all to garner from where she came and where she encountered us. And then your life would be in danger as well, for there are those out there in the world who will hunt you stoically till you are dead.

“Humans, Lycan, Vampires... and more.”

“And more?”

“There’s a world between worlds, Niña. There are many creatures that go bump in the night.” She rose and then slid into the waters, and immediately a steam rose about her as she gasped against it, striding into what I assumed to be a natural high mineral bath. “There are less than a hundred of us now... scattered throughout Mexico and Central America. Of the original five... there is now only me.”

“You don’t have to die.” I said quietly and strode to the edge of the pool before squatting down before her, my phallus stiffening from it rubbing against the insides of both thighs. “Just leave my family alone... and you can live.”

She smiled at me again, trembling as she dunked herself briefly and then rose again, the milky white waters covering her body from head to toe. “I warn you, Niña... you must kill me.”

“Why?! You’re no danger anymore. You can’t even transform! Can you even walk without a cane?”

She cackled. “Niña, there is a matter about us that you need to know about,” she said and continued bathing. “Lycanthropes and vampires both absorb strengths from bodily fluids. Semen and blood are the most potent of the strengths we absorb. We have phenomenal blood magics available to us, remarkable blood magics the sort of which no vampire can duplicate. We can feed off mere livestock and have the thirst sated, and an active sexual lifestyle serves the hunger. After that... all we need to do is consume alcohol and we can gently disappear. But over the centuries, as we fed off each other, and the occasional human... not enough to kill them mind you, but enough for us to grow stronger from them, we’ve developed some interesting traits.

“Of the five, three were male, two were female. Ever so slowly we developed each other’s strengths down to even a sexual basis, and all of us turned into these strange hybrid genders. Not quite a hermaphrodite, not quite a

chimera... but something different. Feeding off other Lycan and the odd creature here and there have also granted us bodies that are quite unique. And we freely shared these strengths with each other... till El Chupacabra was born.

“Do you honestly think that just because I’m an old woman... that I am absolutely harmless, weak and unable to hurt you Niña?”

I straightened, thrusting my chest forward as my erection stiffened as the rest of me tensed.

“W-what... what do you mean?”

And she smiled, and ever so slowly rose out of the waters, levitating it seemed till she was standing on the water itself. And then I rose to my feet immediately as I saw her use a sharpened thumb nail of either hand to puncture her palms before she held her hands out and stood in the form of the crucifix.

“We are Sangrecabra ourselves, Niña. The blood... it empowers us.” And a few droplets of blood from either hand fell off her hands and into the water, and it a mad rush the white fluids of the water suddenly turned crimson in a flash so quick it actually made an audible crack in the air. “Know that all things bleed, Niña... even the Earth.”

Blood. All of that was blood! Every droplet turned it darker and darker as she stood on it, and even as I stood there the blood started to climb up her legs, being absorbed by her pores it looked like, and I heard her making sounds of discomfort as the crimson liquid surged up her legs, penetrating her cunt and surging further up her navel. The rush of the fluids surged toward her, entering her every orifice, surging up her anus, her pee hole, her nipples, mouth, nostrils, ears and eyeholes as well as every pore of her body along the way, and as it surged into her I saw the water lapping at the shore. I dove for it, perhaps siphon off what I could but when I landed I barely got any of it as it surged up inside her, and what I did get leapt off my hand to go toward her.

She knew I’d follow her here, she knew that I would confront her, and she’d prepared for this. There was one chance then... to end her now before she got any stronger, and scrambling to my feet and surging across the length of the shallow pool in three long strides, tits wobbling, penis bouncing off my thighs, I brought a fist back to strike her down, but hit an energy field that felt like I’d hit a live power main. I was snapped and slapped away from her like a god puta slapping me away, and I tumbled across the chamber, through a dripstone pillar and into a field of the glowing mushrooms, getting a splattering of their glowing substance all down one part of my body before I rolled to a stop, and groaning, somehow feeling nipples and super-clit erect harder than ever from this, I pushed myself up off the ground, balancing on all fours now like a beast, and gaped at my biological papi hovering in mid air there in a naked bowl of earth where that white fluid had once been... all of it now having flowed up inside her.

She was in ecstasy now instead of pain, coddling and fondling herself now like the hands of a lover, her body starting to shine with a bright light from the inside till it turned creamy white. Till she opened her eyes, to reveal an angry red light shining from within, and she laughed in a cackling laugh at me.

“You should’ve heeded my warning Niña.” She said in a voice that echoed in the cavern, her light shining everywhere within it.

And I squatted there, gaping as the wrinkles in her body were slowly stretched taut as her bones thickened and lengthened, filling the sack of flesh she was contained within. Her breasts then filled into two great and bulbous orbs that thinned more of the saggy wrinkles and stretched the flesh even more, nipples standing on end and leaking milk right away. Finally her nads swelled and her limp dick suddenly sprang to life and erected, the thing thickening to fill the whole of her pelvis as it jut off her body and then arched upward, throbbing energetically.

Red veins cut through her bodice then, snaking their way about arms and legs, abs, chest and breasts, and most especially down that spastic member of hers, her body growing and renewing itself as she steadily grew taller and thicker, hot slabs of muscle pushing out of arms and legs and body steadily as she lowered to the ground. the moment her toes touched the earth, there was an explosion that thrust itself through the cavern, shattering the flowstones and I had to raise both my thickened arms with their enormous bony protrusions to protect myself from my sire’s growing power. Plant life here was peeled from the ground along with the shattering earth and rock and thrust against the walls, debris pelting me fiercely as it passed.

And then me papi began to step toward me, stepping only on her toes, one step in front of the next with her manly cock waving before her, her breasts inflating and her muscles piling steadily on themselves.

“You forced my hand Niña.” She said quietly, but her voice echoed through the room and pounded into my ears. “That pool was the cultured blood of the earth, mixed with the blood and fluids of our kind and the blood and fluids of our enemies for ages. Another decade was necessary for it to come to proper fruition. But you are foolishly living as a human, so in order to cow you I had to take its energy. You need to see the way or else every hunter in the world will fall upon us. You’ve become a liability... so I am sorry that I say this, but you must now die.”

“You don’t have me yet.” I said, and digging my claws into the ground and with a snap of my tail, I leapt at her, racing across the room, and with a screaming cry I was about to tackle her, but a lazy swinging back hand knocked me aside as if I were nothing.

“You are already beaten.” She said in her voice that was like a goddess. “You can run, but that will only delay the inevitable.”

I turned slowly, bleeding from the mouth as my jaw suddenly clenched of its own accord and reset a dislocated jaw bone rather painlessly.

“I am not beaten... until I’m dead you puta.” I snarled, and then began to rise to meet her, but paused as I saw what was becoming of her.

She rose up onto her toes as a long sinuous tail telescoped from her bottom, waist and neck lengthening while face, mouth and nose pushed outward to lengthen her skull and gain a muzzle. She was very rapidly growing stronger and stronger, with rolling growth spasming all about her as her body crunched and clicked and groaned with every passing second. Breasts became more numerous and larger, muscle grew upon muscle as her body mutated. Her hair filled in and thickened, and then spread across the whole of her back, and upon reaching me she lifted her hands, her red eyes meeting mine as she grew to my same height... and then began to grow larger. She just calmly reached out and I took her hands by the wrists, wrists that were very rapidly growing thicker than my hands were able to encompass, and despite how much I tried to stop her, those hands merely reached out, took my armored throat and began to slowly squeeze.

I fought her, tried to punch at her middle, punched at her breast and punched her in the groin, but those were like hitting a brick wall, a medicine ball and a steel girder.

“It will all be over quickly... I am not above mercy Niña.” She voiced, smiling down at me as the monstrous power she held grew and grew, bony protrusions and lattice work spreading from her body all over, her fingers tightening continually to try to break my neck and suffocate me to death. Even when I ejected my tongue it merely glanced off her tightening body, her prick inserting between my breasts while mine grew limp.

“Give it up... give it up... you’re almost there my sweet Daniele... just let it go... die quietly and go to the embrace of our Lord.”

My vision began to tunnel, and I felt her strength that was growing so quickly as it was quickly outweigh mine like an adult outweighed and infant, her body growing to over five meters, my arms fell limp at my sides as I choked to death.

There was nothing I could do! There’s nothing I could’ve done. I mean what else could I do?

It was in the last moments before death that my body decided to fight back, that it reacted to save itself. And react it did.

From my back, the pylons and thick stiffened blades that I’d thought had been purely decorative unfolded, two massive arms and two thinner smaller arms, each of them armed with a long hooking blade. My sire’s eyes went wide as those arms turned ponderously toward her, my eyes flickering as the tunnel of vision I had begun to darken,

and I felt her choke me harder, but suddenly all six of those arms struck like vipers, digging into her shoulders and sides... and once they were in her... they began to drink.

My sire spasmed from so many of her nerve bundles being pierced all at once, and I felt her blood coursing into me, so much so that all at once my neck tightened and I took an immediate breath of air as the thickness of that neck swelled greater than her loosened grip could manage to hold.

Breathing deep breaths, I then steadily rose, lifting her off the ground as I pried her hands from my throat while I began to rhythmically swallow. Veins thickened all over those six arms while I pulled her arms straight to her sides, breathing quickly while my prick waved upward and surged outward in torrid thicknesses as she writhed within the massive and mighty talons that were piercing her.

I arched my body, deepening my body to hold her above the ground, feeding from all that incredible power that was in her.

“You will not now, or ever again... hurt my family!” I shouted at her, and then pulled her arms hard enough where they both dislocated.

The red traces of veins and arteries in me thickened while my ashen gray flesh turned white and the white fur about me grew luminous. I drank from her body continually, the arms of those talons thickening first till all of it reached my heart, and in a single heart beat it spread through the whole of me. And all of a sudden I began to surge thicker and more monstrous than ever, the blades and spines and bristles all thickening as my chest deepened, firming up the two sets of tits there while my back arched outward and deepened into massive cleft that rose like a mountain peak over the rest of me.

Arms and legs, thighs and calves and biceps and forearms became monstrous, and this time as I opened my mouth, hissing at my sire, my tongue lanced out and imbedded into her trachea as deep as it could go, and this time when I fed on her... I bled her completely dry.

Lady Godiva was a legendary woman, being that she was known for riding a horse through the City of Coventry in order to raise tax levies, covered only in her luxuriously long hair. This time I strode through the town of Santa Ana, naked as the day I was born, my body a super feminine thing with super clitoris retracted inside my body, the tone musculature I possessed giving me a shapely eight pack with four lats with thick rounded calves and thighs, strong feminine arms and shoulders, a back that was cloven neatly in two with a shapely hourglass figure, and two great tits that wobbled with every step.

It was mid morning by the time I walked naked up the road through town, people pausing to watch me pass, mothers hurrying to move their children out of the way, and I walked through the whole of that place with the whole town falling silent to my passing. I merely smiled and nodded at them, reveling in the strength and power I felt as I strode up to the mansion, through the front doors, and got more stares from the house staff as they saw me pass.

“Good morning Senora.” Juanita curtsied as I passed and I nodded to her. “Good morning Juanita.” I greeted with a smile, and then passed into my bedroom and my awaiting mate who was still sleeping within the covers, though now she’d rolled and was sleeping face first in the pillows.

Locking the door behind me, I strode up to her and sat side saddle to her on the edge of the bed, palming her back and bared bottom, feeling her firm butt muscles, and then peeling the blankets from her, I slid in behind her, rubbing my pussy, spreading the lips and feeling the bulbous growth of my cock slide from within me, half-flaccid, still erecting I pushed it inside Madrid’s cunt, feeding its length deeper and deeper inside her, and as the sensation of her vaginal muscles clenching upon my erecting phallus, I remembered the sensation of power.

My sire’s blood had been feeding into me, and I drank deeply of it in my transformed state, drank from her till her body became a shriveled, dried up husk that was no larger than a child that I nonchalantly dropped onto the ground,

the husk cracking like the mummified remains of some Egyptian temple while the effect of all that blood rushed through me.

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- Santa Ana Mexico is a city found at the intersection of Mex 2/2d/15d
- Description: Red eyes that hypnotize, mouth full of teeth with breath like sulfur (fire breath?), half wolf half reptile, realm of spikes down back, great leaping ability like a kangaroo
- <http://www.spanishdict.com/>
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