

Fellania Bloodclaw: Legend of the Mountain Queen

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Warning: This story contains elements of a potentially violent or sexual nature

Rated: R - Restricted

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Ok... A little bit of back story to get things started.

This story is about my fore-mother, just to start things up. These are things that you'll need to know in order to understand where I came from. The reasoning for this is because by and by, this part of our world's history hasn't been written as far as modern historians are concerned. Primarily because all written texts that remain are either in the hands of obscure monasteries in Asia and Japan, or they were destroyed.

This story starts about one hundred thousand years prior to your modern day, this time happening after the Atlanteans and later the Gyp'Tians left our world.

First of all, to set the stage, there are three major species on the world at this time, the Oni, the Humans and the Hengeyokai, also known as just the Heng.

I'm certain you're all familiar with human beings, so I won't go into them, but for those of you unfamiliar with the other races, the legends say that the Oni are demons. Some of them good, most of them are bad. It was said that the pure human beings were corrupted by the Oni, but nonetheless there were a few demons out there that taught human beings things like honor and how to use iron and precious metals. They're a part of the reason why, a hundred thousand years ago, that a culture very similar to Feudal Japan existed, and why later on, many millennia later, it existed again.

Now the Hengeyokai are another legend from Japan. They were a race of changelings that predated any other, so it's largely considered that the modern day Lycanthropes like werewolves and werecats and such found their origins here with the Heng.

The Hengeyokai were also known as the Spirit Folk, and though their legends covered specific species like cats, foxes and monkeys, the truth of the matter was that they included loads more animals than just that.

Take the bear for instance.

Spirit Folk were descendants of demons mixing with humans... And as we know now, demons were short for 'dimensional beings' so despite most thoughts, there were still certain Spirit Folk that were good, but there were still plenty of them that were bad to make one think twice about trusting a Spirit Folk. But there were also the occasional Spirit folk that were good and wise and strong.

Like my ancestor's parents.

The Heng weren't like modern-day Lycans. They couldn't switch between human forms and beast forms on a whim. The moon held some sway with us, but it either empowered us or it reduced us, it didn't allow us to suddenly transform like it did in the middle ages, in which case we remained human for twenty-five days out of twenty-eight in the lunar cycle till the moon appeared and we transformed and usually lost control.

The middle-ages were a very chaotic time for us.

Anyways... As Hengeyokai, we were still only a few generations away from being demons ourselves, so there was still a weakness against certain metals... Some were with iron, others were with gold and of course, there was also silver. Weaknesses to Iron were eventually bred out, though silver remains our principal weakness. Only the reptiles are still allergic to gold.

Additionally the Heng, or the Spirit Folk, sometimes called in the derogatory way, had an additional attachment to certain lands. For instance, the foxes stayed to the forests mostly, the rabbits to the plains, and the bears... Remained in the mountains.

My foremother's parents were big and strong, both of them were adult Heng, which of course made my foremother a Heng.

There was a battle at the time between a clan of wolf Heng, a clan of Bird Heng - known as the Tengu - and us, the Mountain Heng. After a long war between these clans, at long last my parents - My father, a Grizzly by the name of Olympus, and my mother a Frost Bear by the name of Polaris - finally brokered a lasting peace. But with the war having been as long as it was, there were still bad blood between the Tengu, the Wolf and the Bear.

The Tengu retreated quietly to their temples, but the Wolf, it was known, didn't want peace, only they were forced into it by both bird and bear. So, the Wolf decided to continue their war more covertly.

My foremother's two brothers were already born by this point, and her mother was pregnant with my foremother - who also bore my namesake of Fellania - at this time when an assassin came to murder my foremother's mother in order to fuel the war again. They'd planned to blame it on a Tengu, but the Assassin underestimating how much of a light sleeper Polaris was, accidentally woke her. She rose to confront the obvious wolf assassin, and tangled with him, calling the guards, but in the scuffle the assassin attacked with a poisoned dagger, and the dagger plunged itself into her belly, straight into the womb, and directly into Fellania's placental body.

This began a premature birth, and while Polaris was in labor, the healers desperately trying to save the unborn child, they nonetheless found something peculiar, in that Polaris herself wasn't poisoned. Something about Fellania, they said, purified the poison.

But... Fellania was born nonetheless, far too early, and she was born weak and frail and partially blinded. Other men told her father to kill her or else she'd be a burden on the Clan. Fell's father refused, and for the first time in as long as anyone could remember, he raised his voice, he hollered and roared, and those who challenged him ran away.

But Polaris was also left weak from birthing Fellania. All in all the union between the Bear and the Tengu grew many fold then because of these accidents. Fell's father Olympus went to them for their healing arts in their mountain temples and they accepted Fell's mother. But sadly... For much of Fell's youthful life, this removed Polaris from Fellania, and she grew up in a society that, including herself, had only three females.

This is her story.

There are more bear species to the islands of Japan other than the Panda, and at the time of this story, they were also host to a brand of Grizzly Bear in whose male members developed an odd trait of long hooking claws that were all the color red.

Me being a female, I obviously didn't have this trait, but my brothers sure flaunted it. It was a badge of honor in our mountain village, a multi tiered place on the leeward face of a mountain, surrounded by sturdy fences and those fences supporting a grand manor that was the Bloodclaw Clan Hall.

There were rice patties, there were trees and tier upon tier of land that we all built our lives upon, with many thatch huts and well made constructs and our own well. A mountain stream even flowed through to allow for irrigation of the rice patties, and since the time of war before I was born; there have come to live many breeds of Heng in our village. It was a fortress after all, governed over the strongest of all the Heng... My Father.

The Hokkaido brown bear was what most of the other Bear-men here found their bestial half with, though there were a couple of the big-eared black bears and even a panda bear. Fox and Wolf had also come here, and even a Tengu. It was this Tengu who diagnosed that I was partially blinded in my eyes from birth, and it was his scholarly arts that allowed him to fashion two curved glasses for my eyes in order for me to see like others saw, the glasses held on by an ornate craftsmanship of wire.

My life so far had been difficult.

My father, a Grizzly, was the biggest and strongest man around here. Stronger than the tigers, stronger than the lions, stronger than the goats and the bulls and the buffalos... He was so strong that even the elephants of the plains bowed down to his incredible strength.

I was told that my mother had been like him, very much like him even, possibly even stronger. She was a frost bear, born of ice and snow, and her incredible strength was lent unto my family in making my brothers.

My brothers were definitely big and strong, and both had the Bloodclaw that our namesake depicts.

Only I wasn't strong. I was small, I was frail, and it was difficult for me to keep up with the others my age. I was aware that I was a girl and they were all boys, but at that age there wasn't really a difference in size, strength or agility. All children were the same save for gender. I was under the understanding that boys and girls were supposed to be equal.

But there were others who didn't think so. Even my mother's strength, there were those who said that she was weaker than my father because she was a woman.

I saw my mother very little, and it was said that birthing me was the thing that truly tested her and weakened her. She needed medicine to help her stay strong. Because of that she couldn't leave the care of the Tengu who watched over her.

Others blamed me for that. Mother didn't, father didn't... My brothers sometimes did. My mother took me aside when I was younger and kissed me on my brow and told me that I saved her. I was so pure that while even in her womb I could purify the poison that assassin had stabbed her with.

"Did they ever catch him?"

"No... Even to this day his identity remains unknown. All we know is that he was a wolf." and then she coughed, and drank more of her special tea.

It was this year that mother decided to go for a walk in the woods despite that the Tengu watching her told her that she shouldn't. Mother said that she wanted to prove to her little girl that she was still strong enough to just go for a walk in the woods.

She never came back.

Father spent a month looking for her. When he came back he appeared heartbroken. But worst of all, he came back empty handed.

Mother was gone.

There was mourning for her; the Tengu priests in the village chimed the toll of the great bell for her to lay her spirit to rest.

Father turned to me after that moment, me in only a narrow loincloth for my narrow feminine loins, a pair of oversized glasses on my face, and then he snatched me to him and embraced me, told me that I was all that was left of mother, and then cried for the first and only time that I knew him to do. I was barely four seasons old then. I'd only seen my mother three times in my life, and only for a day at a time. I'd suckled from the sweet milk of her breast each time.

And then suddenly... My mother was gone.

I was a blessing long-in-coming, my father had told me, it is a testament as to exactly how strong women were that giving birth was a life-altering event that had weakened my mother so.

Father was heart-broken, they said, and his heart died that day, and his strength waned. The only love he had left was for the iron, but what most people didn't know was that in private, when no one was watching, was that he loved me as well.

He said that I was the last piece of my mother that was left alive. He cherished me because of it. Cherished me as a father could cherish his daughter, and since I was his only girl child, he protected me, and almost spoiled me in comparison to my brothers.

My brothers still had the typical father-son sort of relationship, but that close relationship papa gave me was a thing of wonder.

Father even mauled another male because of me. I never learned why he did it, all I knew was that whatever this other male had tried to do had made father so furious that he very nearly killed the other male. That person fled from the village still injured and with a limp, perhaps never to be the same again. All I knew was that he was a wolf.

That was when I was very little.

Growing up without a mother under the wing of the biggest and the strongest man around tends to do things to little girls like me. For one, I was a bit of a Tom Boy.

I sat on a rock while the other children my age played in the water. There was a very poignant thing that the other children had that I didn't, and that was they all had a penis.

I was the only female their age, a fact that most didn't realize. I played with the boys as a boy simply because we all didn't know the differences. True I was slightly older than most, which made our heights more or less the same. And the other major differences between males and females hadn't made themselves apparent on my body just yet, so I even ran around topless even.

This was when I was six seasons.

Sitting on a rock before the mountain stream of hot spring water near the village that created a cloud of steam above the water where no snow stayed, I could be nearly naked - stripped down to just the loincloth like the other boys were - and stay warm here and nowhere else on the mountain. Even my own bed wasn't this warm.

Pawing at that smooth plain of flesh between my legs that was a cleft like the hoof of a red elk, I remarked on how different I was from them all. I realized I was different from the other boys even if I didn't know what it meant to be female at that age.

But they still splashed me, still drew me into their games for play, and I joined in. Apparently they didn't care as much as I did that there was a difference.

Later on, dressed in my loincloth and now a jacket that bound my chest but I rarely closed it all the way lest it was cold out, I headed home after play, and I was the only one of the children in whom had to wrap their chests. Father insisted upon it, made sure that I always did before I left the house despite that I undid it the moment I was out of eye shot from him. None of the other children, the one's with penises like my brothers, had to bind their chests, so why did I?

Why were they so privileged and I wasn't?

"Papa..." I prompted from the entry way to his forge, a place that I wasn't allowed to tread just yet. I had to stay in the doorway. But it was so warm here, having the heaviest fires in the town.

"What is it, Fell?" he returned between hammer strokes, focusing upon his piece of metal one hammer blow after the next.

"Why am I different? Why do all the other children have bulges and I don't? Why do I have to bind my chest?"

"Because you're a girl." father said between another set of hammer strokes.

It was a simple statement, it was a response to both my questions and he said nothing more. Sadly, I felt as if his answer didn't properly answer either of my questions. What did being a girl have anything to do with it? Looking down at my body, at the chest wrap and the narrow loincloth when the other children had wider loincloths, I then looked at my papa's heaving back while he worked and dared to take a step closer. He turned to me immediately and I shrank underneath his gaze that was fierce and angry that I'd disobeyed him in order to go to him, but his eyes and face softened immediately at seeing me cringe despite that I didn't move away from him.

Sighing he took the metal he was working on and plunged it into the coals before moving to me, picking me up and raising me far, far off the ground and walking with me away from the fire of the forge.

"The Great Maker, in all His infinite wisdom, has deemed that there be two kinds of animal, both male and female." He cradled me in one arm as I clutched to his fur. "I am a male... You are a female. I have a manhood, you have a womanhood. I'm certain you know of the differences otherwise you wouldn't have asked."

I nodded, and he stepped into the evening chill of the village and carried me through it to one of the two people in whom I knew as a woman like my mother was.

I was to call her Madame Mae. She was a fox woman. My brothers told me I should hate her because she was a part of the tribe of the wolf, but Madame Mae said that she should like me because she was a she like I was and not really a part of the tribe of the wolf.

She called herself a Kitsune, and though fox was similar to wolf, she was no wolf. That was a name I'd never heard of before she'd spoken it to me, and I'd yet to ask exactly what that meant. No one else called her a Kitsune.

"Oh!" she greeted, and curtsied as we arrived. I'd learned to classify a difference between a he and a she by who had bosoms and who didn't. So if I were a she, then would I have bosoms like her? "Master Bloodclaw. How may I serve you at long last?"

"Mae..." Father growled. "...You should know that I won't ever do that with you." again, I didn't understand what the adults were talking about.

"But Master Bloodclaw... A great man like you should have a woman in his bed. I'd be more than willing..."

"No." Father said with an air of finality and a slightly upraised voice.

"I won't stop trying, Master Bloodclaw." Madame Mae said quietly, and father sighed.

"Mae... I was wondering if you could help me and give my daughter a bath."

"A bath? Papa but I'd just been playing with the others in the hot stream. Aren't I clean yet?" but father handed me over to Mae and she accepted me before father walked away. I reached out for my papa, but I knew better than to fuss. I didn't like this but it's what papa wanted... And he needed to get back to work.

Mae carried me through the village as I turned back to her. She was soft; her body was warm like Papa's, but soft like what I remember from mama. Her bosom was even softer than her fur and skin was, and it was bulbous and filled like a down pillow.

She greeted others and curtsied as they passed, carrying me to the stream but brought me upstream to a still pool away from prying eyes before setting me down.

"Now get undressed Fellania." she mentioned, and began to open the many layers of her robes.

I'd removed my chest wrap when she opened those robes and I stopped, seeing the same cleft that I had between her thick thighs and wide hips before she sat to remove a pair of padded stockings, undoing her long hair and sliding into the water. I finished undressing and followed, and she began to bathe me, using a comb to pull out the gnarls in my mane.

Though our village was filled with Spirit Folk, and I was already showing signs of being one in the ears and the teeth, I'd yet to develop such a profound expression of my beast kin like father or Madame Mae did.

"You no doubt have rising questions, Fellania... Or else your father wouldn't have asked me to bathe you so that we're both naked for you to see me."

"Why would father ask for you to bathe me so I can see... You naked."

"I think you already saw." she smiled. "I'm like you... And yet I have a bosom. Do you know why?"

I shook my head.

"Because I was once a girl, just like you are now. But I grew up... And now I'm a woman. And a woman... dear Fell, goes through some marvelous changes as she ages."

This was to be my first Birds and Bees talk.

Madame Mae had explained a lot to me. A lot...

She explained that father made me bind my chest because I would eventually develop a bosom too. I had a narrower loincloth than boys do because I was a girl... I didn't need as wide of a cloth to cover my nakedness. I had a different room from father and my brothers inside our home because it wasn't right for males and females to room together over a certain age lest they were married, and I was well beyond that age now.

She explained certain feelings I'd experience, certain experiences I might experience, changes to my body...

It filled me with wonder, so much wonder that that night I sat on my bedding on the floor, naked, and caressed one of the flat planes of my chest, looking at my sex, wondering when such things would change and turn me into a woman.

Then there was a knock on the door.

"Yes papa?" I said aloud, somehow knowing it was him.

"May I come in?" he asked, and I looked down and sighed, and doing what Madame Mae told me to, I covered up my naked loins at the very least.

They were precious, they were delicate and I was to protect them like I would protect the petals of a flower from being damaged or even seen. She told me who should see them from this point forward, and father was a person who not only shouldn't, but didn't want to.

"Yes." I said and further hugged the blanket to my chest as he entered, and I looked to him.

"Mae explained to me what she taught you today. Did you have any more questions you'd like to know the answers to?"

I thought, and then looked at him right in the eye; I asked the question that was bothering me as Madame Mae was explaining the particulars of my gender.

"How do I become a boy?"

Papa smiled and came to sit close to me. He distanced himself now more than he used to. Madame Mae explained why he did this. A father shouldn't get too close to his daughter, and there were certain places that one like him shouldn't even look upon, especially upon his own daughter.

"I will admit that I've wished that at times... But the Great Maker in His infinite wisdom made you the way you are for a reason, Fell. Changing you into a boy is no easier than for a fish to sprout feathers, breath air and start to fly.

"I want nothing more than for you to grow tall and plump and strong and to bare many sons and daughters to a strong man."

I blinked at him. Was that all women were good for in a man's eyes? Procreation? Is that what would make him happy?

"Now you're to go to sleep. If you don't have your sleep you don't have your strength, and if you don't have your strength then you don't have anything."

"Yes, papa." and I settled down, he tucked me in, handed me my dolly and kissed me with his great bear lips, a peck on the forehead.

And he rose and left my room, blowing out the wick in the bowl of oil before drawing the curtain in front of my door. I waited till I couldn't hear him anymore, and rising, I lifted my dolly and looked at the rag doll with the braided hair.

Sighing, I knew that if I were to be what papa wanted then I'd have to give this up. So rising, moving to the shelf, I placed my dolly there, straightened her skirt one last time and smiling at her for a moment before something caught my eye.

Turning, looking out the window, I saw a strange light, and moving to the window, looking through the cracks in the wood that fell over the window, I saw of all things a spirit.

A bear spirit.

Gaping in awe I pushed the window upward to open it and propped it open with a stick, seeing the spectral brown bear as she looked to the mountain and then back to me before she walked off up the mountain in the direction she'd looked to first. Somehow I knew it was a she, but despite that I didn't follow her. I was too scared.

I watched her till she disappeared, and closing the window, remarking that I saw such a spirit, I then went back to my bed, crawling back into it before I curled up under the blankets. I laid awake for awhile, thinking about the bear. When I finally did go to sleep her beautiful visage and power struck me with a thought. She was proof that females could be strong. Thinking that and smiling, I finally went to sleep... My mind full with a plan.

The next day I cut my hair short, unbound my chest so that it was naked and then took some of the leather that had just bound my chest and instead stuffed it in a wad down the front of my loin cloth to imitate a groin.

When I went to go play with the other boys it was as if nothing had ever happened. They saw me as one of them.

I paid close attention to how they acted, walked like them, talked like them, and played like them. Papa wanted a boy... So I was going to be a boy. I wanted papa to be happy. I even started calling him father instead of papa like my brothers did.

That went on for the better part of a year.

It went on that long pretty much because the adults didn't pay much attention to the children so long as they didn't get in trouble because adult life was an every day struggle for survival on the mountain. But then the adults began to notice and they must've told father once they put it together who's child I was, and then father began to notice. Suddenly he started to treat me like a boy.

In hind sight, I think he was trying to use what the scholars called '*reverse thought*' on me... Trying to get me to do the opposite by treating me in a certain way. But I took the fact that he started treating me as a boy as I was successful in my Endeavour, but then I noticed that he was a little more distant from me than usual for some reason. There were no more hugs and kisses, there were no more checking in on me at night before bed, there was just good morning Fell and good night Fell.

The bear spirit visited me again that particular night I noticed father distancing himself from me for some reason. She once again looked to the mountain and back to me, but this time paused before repeating the motion and then walked up into the mountain.

Again, I didn't follow.

I went around topless for many years later, acting so completely like a boy that people treated me like one... Till I turned twelve seasons.

It was on my twelfth season, as winter was approaching, brought on by my first heat, when I began to feel my loins grow hot as if on fire, my mind also feeling on fire as strange thoughts entered it, and it appeared as if the Great Maker's design for me started to take effect at that time.

And suddenly differences that I couldn't halt, very obvious differences, began to arise between me and the other boys.

Though we both began to delve deeper into our Spirit Folk influences, all of us gaining some fur on our bodies, ears turning into bestial representations of ears of mountain cats or foxes and wolves or bears, mine growing great and round, with tufts of fur growing here and there, there the similarities ended.

The other boys began to bulk up and grow taller very rapidly, approaching their adult strength whereas for me... Well... I didn't grow stronger it seemed. As they were growing beards and goatees and moustaches, I was developing something else... Or more to the point several things else.

The boys grew tall quickly, I grew taller slowly, the differences in physical ability becoming more and more profound almost daily it seemed. My childhood frailty started to accent itself and the gap between me and the boys only grew wider. While their shoulders widened, my hips widened instead. And while their muscles bulged, my chest bulged... But not with muscle. Suddenly I was developing breasts and additional nipples for my eventual bestial form like the boys did, but they weren't growing a bosom.

It was then, as the snows settled in, that Madame Mae stepped up to me in her skirts and dresses, and with hands on hips she faced me with the dirt covering my face and my budding breasts displayed naked and out in the open.

Then she reached down my loincloth, removed the wad of fabric I had there to imitate a phallus and after holding it up with a stern and disappointed look on her face, holding it so that everyone around me could see it, she stared at me, threw the wad on the ground, took me by the arm and hauled me off away from everyone.

I noticed Father was there... He was watching all this and he didn't do a thing to stop it... This meant he'd asked this to happen.

"Ow! Stop it!" I growled, and tried to scratch Mae's hand with my growing claws, and she hauled me in and slapped me.

That got me to stop. No one had ever struck me before. Sure the boys and I shoved each other, pushing and hauling each other in mock combat, as developing hunters and warriors should, but nothing really hurt like being slapped by her did.

She then lowered to one knee before me and taking me by both arms shook me fiercely. "Do you know what you're doing?" she hissed and I blinked at her. "Do you know how many females there are in this village? Four... Including you, me, The Crone and a babe that was born last winter." she shook me again. "Do you have any idea what a female trying to be a boy means?" I shook my head fiercely.

"Come with me." and she surged to her feet, hauling me to the same waters that she brought me to before six seasons ago. "I have little magic, and I really shouldn't be wasting this on the likes of you, but damn you, girl... You will realize your role in the world and your place or it'll kill you. And for more than anyone, this is for your father."

And I blinked and let her strip me naked and haul me into the water before she stripped herself and slid in after me.

Many would say *'know your place'* or similar. This was the first time that someone dared utter the threat of death upon me, but not death to be issued upon me from or by the speaker. No... It was *'learn your place or it'll kill you.'* IT, meaning the world.

I was so struck by that that Madame Mae didn't get a further peep from me as she washed me clean, and then washed frilly perfumes made from flowers into my hair and skin, and using her magic gave me long hair again, braided it, and when she was done, she used some cloth that she'd brought with her, soft linen instead of leather, to give me a woman's loincloth and to likewise bind my chest. She taught me how to bind my chest and loins now, and instead of merely wrapping the chest, the folds were made angularly and overlapped themselves repeatedly.

The folds only accented my breasts and hips, made them apparent. Mae had also done this to me in front of everyone. I had no hope avoiding it now. I was a girl and the rest of the village knew it. I'm sure the adults already did, but the children my age didn't.

And then she gave me a big long talk about what it meant to be a woman.

Madame Mae's first conversation had made me not want to be a girl. Her second talk, the one that told me what it meant to be a woman, and the sort of requirements that were on me, the sorts of things my body was built for, why I had breasts, why I had a vagina, what they were for... Made me *really* not want to be a girl any more.

A woman's life was hard and I saw now. It was harder than anything else a man dealt with, and because men ran everything and it was our job to be comforting and serving to them then we couldn't complain about our lives either.

The more I saw what it meant to be a woman, the more I loathed it.

The boys, seeing me as a girl now, a young woman with hips, breasts and a vagina and my fake groin missing, their laughter was apparent and their cruelty was powerful when I tried to socialize with them the next day.

My heat at the time didn't make matters any better. I was frustrated, angry, and stressed out for a need that I couldn't express yet and I didn't expect to ask Mae about nor did she explain it. Though I was told by Mae then that I could have babies, she didn't tell me how they were done.

All I knew was that my mother had grown weak and eventually died giving me birth. I forgot at that moment that she'd also birthed my brothers too, but I nonetheless found myself blaming myself for her eventual death. I thought then that women died when they gave birth. I wasn't ready to sacrifice myself like that.

And the boys...

"What worth are you any more? You're a girl! Go home and go cook or sew or something!" one of the boys was saying and the rest of them laughed. "Or better yet, come to my home and clean my floors! Then I don't have to do them. That's all a female is good for anyways."

I turned and decked him fiercely with one blow, knocking him to the ground, which stunned them all. I snarled then and was suddenly wrapped up by a big heaving bear man while the other I'd punched got to his feet snarling, frothing at the mouth.

"You bitch! You weak bitch! You can't even face a man?! You have to surprise him in order to hurt him. Come on... Let's go... I'll..."

"Hold." the argument ended immediately, and another of the wolf men approached, this one the eldest and the furthest along in his changes toward an adult. He had a beast's head and a full body of fur. "Release the female." and the bear holding me let me go and I shrugged my shoulders irritably.

The newcomer was a warrior instead of a hunter. He was nineteen seasons, old enough to be considered a man now that he'd passed his rite of passage. He carried a sword that he gripped the pommel of with one hand with the blade still sheathed and hanging on his hip as if he were making himself ready for a fight at any moment. He wore light armor in the form of a wooden breast plate with matching shoulder guards and calf and forearm braces made of iron.

"You would all manhandle a female like that?" this wolf spoke softly, but more than one of the boys cringed. "You should all know better than to try to hurt one of our females, how rare they are. Do you realize that she's the only breeding female our age?"

They cringed again, but I noticed something: I was being talked about, not to. I'd become secondary to the conversation as if I weren't there.

"Females need to be protected on how rare and weak they are. Should I ever catch another of you curs..."

"I'm not weak." I said, but he kept talking over me.

"...hurting her again, then I will tan your hide within an inch of..."

"You disrespectful bastard... I said I'm not weak!" I shouted, and the wolf turned to face me.

"Quiet female. Men are talking." and then he turned away. "And should I ever catch any of you..." he started up again, but I walked right up to him, stomped on his foot, kneed him in the balls, took his sword as he fell to the earth before I swiped the blade toward his head and held it there.

"I will not be ignored... Cur." I snarled, showing fangs that, in my own right, were far longer than any the boys held save for the lone bear in the group.

The wolf snarled, and then he moved. I was falling, the sword being wrenched out of my hands and when I looked up our positions were reversed and the blade was in my face.

"I would kill for less than that if you were a man." he snarled.

"Oh yeah! I showed you what was what though didn't I? Never been knocked on your back before have you?! And this time it was done by a girl!" the other boys were looking at each other. "You all accepted me so long as you all thought I was a boy... You all thought me strong enough till you all found out I was a girl instead. And then when you did suddenly it all changed. I challenge you all then!"

"Challenge us?" and other boy scoffed. "At what... Who can clean clothes better? I'll tell you what; take my loincloth here and..."

"Silence!" the lead wolf snarled and sheathed his sword. "Challenges must be answered, they are our law. But..." and he grinned ferally. "...It's up to us onto what to challenge you with." I nodded and rose. "Then here's your challenge, Fell. You will undertake the Rite of Passage... Just like the rest of us must. You want to stand with a male, you will do like a male. You will pass the same tests; you will feel the same pains."

"Heh... You're telling me about pain?" I said. I'd heard from Mae what the pain of childbirth was like. The sort of pain that weakened my mother unto death! These boys would never feel that. I looked at them all and smirked, but to tell you the truth I was frightened out of my mind about having to go through a Rite of Passage. "I accept!"

A Rite of Passage was for boys only. It was considered too harsh for a female to do, so it wasn't required of us. A girl was considered a woman the day she heated or bled for the first time. Technically... I was a woman now; it just had to be recognized.

I was eager to show them that a woman could be just as strong if not stronger than them. But its what it entailed... Going naked into the wilderness and surviving for three days. Some boys came back starving and barely alive. Others didn't come back at all.

"Waitaminute! We can't let her go." someone shouted.

"Why not?!" I called back. "Are you afraid I might make it?! I'll up the stakes... I'll stay out for five days! And if I do..." I whirled on their leader and I poked him in the chest, tapping his breastplate, my glasses glittering fiercely. "I will be the leader, you will give up your sword and everything to me and step down as the warrior lead here and give it to me!"

"You have gall, Fell." the wolf smirked. "I like that. Bold counter-challenge, very bold. And if you fail..." he stepped forward, towering over me and poked me in the chest and I winced as his claw struck me. "Then you will marry me. You will give yourself to me and tend my house and bare my seed." he slipped his hand beneath my head, the fingers spreading to either side of my narrow neck as he caressed my lips with his thumb before lifting me upward so that I was on tiptoes. "Accept?"

"That's not a fair trade off!" I snarled back.

"Yes it is. You wish to challenge me forever then I will have equal stakes. It is your doing after all. And let that be a lesson to you. You go toe to toe with a male then you better be prepared to take what a male can dish out. It's why males rule and females do the dishes."

I growled and then shouted. "Fine! When does the challenge start?"

"At dusk." he grinned. "And remember, should you arrive before the sun sets behind the mountain five days from now... Then you loose and you're mine."

I smirked. "And just you remember... If I do show up after the sun sets behind the mountain five days from now... Then your status, weapons and title are mine." and whirling on my heel I stormed off.

I went to the circle in the woods outside the village where Rites of Passage were begun, and there I removed all my clothes, standing naked, the air so cold that I could see my flesh prickle and breath form puffs of mist in the air. I didn't have the fur to stand against the cold, but I wasn't going to allow a little bit of chill stop me... Not now.

I must either leave and come back successful or I'd have to marry that wolf. I only had vague ideas of what all that'd mean, but all of them weren't very desirable to me.

And so there I was, a young woman, standing there amidst the circle where perhaps no other female had ever dared stand, waiting for the sun to set right as several young men came out and looked upon me. I smirked at them amidst shivering.

I had a secret after all... I had warmth in me. I didn't know that it was because of the heat I was still feeling; I simply knew that I was warm enough to withstand the chill... For now.

The wolf man, leader of the young warriors, appeared with the other young men and witnessed my leaving. They waited for the sun to set. "The challenge begins now..." he said, and as tradition stated, the young men threw rocks at me, some of them hitting me, causing wounds as they harried me from the village. I rushed into the woods, feeling my body being scratched by tree branches as I hurried away outside their throwing range and into the forest.

There I had to remain for five whole days.

The world was cold outside my home and bed. I'd already missed three meals and my belly was growling fiercely for food every few minutes. I was contemplating eating pinecones. The chill in the air as nightfall grew deeper on the mountain made me wonder about my own sanity about doing this sort of thing. I needed food, I needed shelter, I needed protection from the cold and I had little idea of how to obtain those things for myself.

I was contemplating going back and admitting that I was wrong, subject myself to the rule of that wolf. I mean all creatures die. If I was going to die then I may as well live longer, right?

But it was then, right as I was contemplating that, that there was an odd light that appeared off to my left, and turning toward it I saw that spirit bear that I've seen twice before appearing on a hill nearby. She was much closer to me now than she was the previous two times I'd seen her, staring down at me, close enough where I could reach out and touch her. She radiated a minute level of warmth that accented the burning in my loins that I felt as I actually did reach out to touch her, feeling her soft fur and soft flesh over muscles that were like iron.

Like all times before she turned and looked up the mountain and then back at me, and perhaps it was because I could look into her eyes, see them being so much like my own, that I trusted her, and as she walked off I rose, shivering from the cold as I held myself, and I followed her.

Her great feet left no footprints and bushes and branches passed right through her as she walked, leaving no proof of her passage as she did, and I had to push these things out of my way to follow.

And follow I did, and this time, unlike the times before, she didn't disappear. Even when she pushed through a bramble I followed, wincing as the thorns scraped against my skin, and she turned and waited till I was through that bramble. But as I rose to near her I slowed, feeling warmth brushing against my side. It was then, in a hidden cleft in the rock that she made a low growl and looked to where the warmth was coming from. Following her gaze, I blinked at the sight of a cave opening, and looking back to her, she repeated the motion of looking at the cave and then back at me.

"Do you want me to go in?" I asked and she hopped up a little and came down on her fore paws and brought her head up and down in a broad nod that shook her thick brown fur and rolls of fat. "I'll take that as a yes." and I turned and entered a cave that got warmer the deeper into it I got, till I was within a heated chamber that was large enough for me to stand up in.

The she-bear followed, her light illuminating a pool of hot water, the rocks beneath my feet were heated by I supposed the warmth of the water. But I knew this mountain was alive with stone and fire, and occasionally it trembled. The fire of the earth must be near the surface here.

There was bubbling water from the center of the pool, and it appeared to drain downward back into the earth through a pocket of stone. Pointing along its track I blinked as I realized that the stream of the hot springs we bathed and swam in must be formed from this place. These were the headwaters.

"This should keep you warm." a soft feminine voice said.

"Thank..." and I stopped and whirled around, staring at the she-bear as she sat on her rump, "You talked!"

"Of course. You can talk. Why shouldn't I?"

"Well... Aren't you the spirit of a bear?" I asked, shying from her now.

"Yes... But aren't you?" that made me blink.

"Well... I am a Heng." I replied.

"And what is a Hengeyokai?"

"A... A Spirit Folk."

"And where do you suppose the spirit part comes from?"

"I never asked. I only supposed that it was because we took on traits of beasts."

She bobbed her head for a moment. "So even the adults have forgotten. Sit child... There is more about us that you should learn."

And I sat, and lifting a paw she waved it through the mists that were rising from the water, and I witnessed shapes appearing in them that formed into truly demonic looking creatures.

"The Demons and the Oni came long ago and ravaged this land. They spread to the north and the south, and to the west being that to the east were the great waters. They went as far as they could, overcame whatever they met, and it was all humanity could do to stem their flow. Races of man older than your own pushed them back, but they found that not all demons were bad.

"It fell with womankind to be the ones to show these demons kindness, to show them love. Your kind loving hearts took them in and administered to them when they were sick and hurt. Some demons gave their love back... Others forced it back."

I swallowed as I saw the images of demons with women, some kissing, doing acts that seemed strange to me. Why were those women on their backs all the time? Why were their legs up like that? What were those demons doing to them?

Why were some of those women in pleasure and others in pain?

"This happened with human men from time to time as well," and more images formed of similar sights. "But all in all a union between demon and mankind indeed did produce progeny. You are among those progeny." The she-bear eyed me as images of women giving birth to beasts was shown to me.

"Ages past, the demons and Oni are all but gone, but their lineage that'd been shared with man has produced the Hengeyokai, to which you are a part of. And with the demon's blood in your bodies purified by human hearts, you've been accepted by the earth and receive her gifts. So when a Heng is born, so too is a spirit.

"In the beginning, the spirits appeared at the child's birth, but something is happening that is weakening that bond. I am surprised that you were able to see me, Fell."

"So... That means you're... My spirit?"

"A part of it. Those Heng who reject their spirits become human. Those who embrace them become Spirit Folk. You are young and yet you already show several of my traits. There are more... Many more for you yet to come."

"Well... That's all well to do but..." my stomach growled and I covered it with both hands.

"...You doubt that you will live long enough to earn them." she said and biting my lower lip I nodded. "I understand. Then thank the Maker that you followed me. I've seen many boys come onto this mountain to be tried in order to become men. In three days, Fell, a full moon will arise and that will be the day of your sixteenth year. I must keep you alive till then.

"Now listen carefully... There are skills that women aren't taught as early as men, and there are skills that women aren't taught at all that men are. You need these skills in order to survive for those three days."

"What happens in three days?" I asked looking at her.

"Your soul makes a choice." she said quietly. "A choice based upon your life on what you want to be. Regardless of that choice, I will cease to exist as I am now." I gasped. "Cry not for me. I've been aware of this since the moment I was created when you were born. Some of your mother's love lies with me, Fell... And I will share that with you as best as I can but..."

She stopped as I surged to her and embraced her. She felt real to me, and she sighed and lifted a paw to hold my back before rubbing her head against mine.

"Oh child... Don't fret, don't shed a tear... If it's your choice to be a Heng... Then you and I will be together forever."

"B-but I thought you said you'll cease to exist no matter what." I said into her ear.

"On the one choice, you become human, and I dissipate to become one with the earth again, my consciousness becomes one with that great flow.

"On the other choice you become a Heng, and I join with you, and you and I become one forever. Our sense of self ends and a new sense of self begin that is the combination of both of us."

"But..." I said and slid back but she pushed a pair of toe claws against my mouth to quiet me, the massive things made for ripping tree trunks apart pressing against my mouth gently.

"No buts. We have so much to learn and so little time in which to learn it. Now quickly... You must learn how to prepare a fire. Go get wood from around the cave... A whole arm bundle of it and then return to me."

I rose and surged to the cave entrance and looked back at her. She eyed me and I surged out again to go do her bidding.

The rabbit hole was quiet, and all I had to do was wait, hand poised as I hid behind the tree the hole was at near its base, hiding downwind.

The rabbit hopped out and paused, scratching its neck with a hind foot when my hand descended in a snatching motion and I caught the rabbit. The little thing kicked and squealed, and I paused, not wanting to do this, but it was giving up its life for me, so I did what my bear spirit told me to do and ended its life quickly with a quick jerk of its head.

I bent and kissed its head. "Sorry... Sorry... Thank you for giving me your life so that I may live." I said, and very nearly wept over the act... But I'd gone three days without food, and being so hungry as I was it was so hard to have to wait for the rabbit to appear.

Carrying the rabbit back with me to the cave, I laid out its dead carcass while the bear spirit laid back and watched me.

For a moment I fought with the need for food and my distaste for what I needed to do, but I finally picked up a piece of shale and used it to cut at the rabbit's flesh, skinning it like the bear spirit had directed me.

I had to learn these things for myself, she'd said, if I was to survive then I needed to. So I skinned the rabbit, gutted it, whimpering the whole time. But finally I got its meat out, and atop a rock close by the fire I'd made in the cave, I mixed its meat with some roots I'd found, and using the spade of shale I'd used to skin the rabbit, I began to clean its skin.

"Very good." The bear spirit said as I finished scraping the rabbit skin, leaving the fur and leather intact before I'd washed the fur and set it to dry by the fire.

"I-I'm amazed... That I did it." I quivered.

"Don't be, I knew you had it in you... It's what I'd expected."

"The thought of needing to survive helped it along."

"It did."

I was quiet for a moment. "How much longer till you and I... You know... become one?"

"Very soon. It is nearly midnight." she answered me. "Mere moments away now. And... I will only become one with you if that's what your soul wishes."

"I hope it is. I don't want to see you just go away. You've helped me so much these past few days. I don't know if I would've made it if you hadn't been..." my voice trailed off as I saw parts of the she-bear wafting away from her, and I rose immediately to my feet. "W-what's happening to you?"

"It's starting." she said calmly, forepaws folded over each other. "Don't worry for me, it matters not what you choose."

"I choose you!" I said and I quickly moved to her, collapsing before her and embracing her about her thick neck that was so broad I couldn't encircle both arms around it.

"Heh... If that's what you want."

"It is." I wept, wiping my eyes on her seemingly real fur.

"Then I'm sure it will be." she said quietly, and opening my eyes I saw her wafting body coiling about the chamber now, wisps of it arching back toward me, and reaching out I passed my hands through several of the wisps, seeing my hand thickening there before my eyes.

Just with that little bit of contact, fingernails pinched and lengthened, hooking slightly, and I even saw the claws thicken. The pads of each finger bulged behind those claws that continued to lengthen and the skin coloring of that hand starting at the fingers turned to a light tan right before a brownish fur slid from the pores.

"It's working..." I said excitedly, feeling that hand thicken with strength, growing heavy for the slender arm while the tendons on the back of that hand stood on end.

The she-bear merely laid there as her body disintegrated for me. Like the rabbit, she was giving herself up for me.

And then veins slid rapidly down those arms, bulging as they stood on end, thickening hotly everywhere while they formed throbbing bands into my chest and heart, and I gasped, feeling the teats on my breasts suddenly grow firm and hard, the other teats down my navel firming up as well right before the sensations reached my crotch.

A moan escaped me as I watched the throbbing of those veins feed the muscles of my body. The hand kept growing larger, the fingers growing long, the bones between the finger joints clicking as their bones kept cracking and readjusting against each other. I started to pant while the coloring of my flesh coiling down my arm from the hand that was accepting my bear-spirit's strength and power formed a line of spots, each spot rapidly swelled to join the mass of tanned flesh above with more spots continually forming further and further below the swelling spots above them as the skin change moved down my whole body; each spot broadening to eliminate my lighter flesh in order to darken it.

The throbbing of veins coiled about my back and into the tit on that side of my bodice, and I felt myself creaming between either spread open thigh, and with my free hand I began to rub my sexual lips, feeling the fire there in those loins burn hotly. I even dared to push a finger inside myself and touch some of those inner muscles that Madame Mae had told me about. A woman's loins were her power, she'd told me. Where a man's power was in his arm and his fist, a woman's power was in the flower between her legs. Unseen, it still was nonetheless a great powerful that, if used properly, despite that a woman had nothing in the world in most cases; she could use it to control those who did.

But as I dared to probe that flower, I felt a throbbing sensation beginning in my loins to that first touch as I held the other hand outward to the wisps pushing into it now, and with a clenching and a tightening as my back arched deeply I felt the very first real orgasm in my life clench inside me from heart to loins, and a wash of hot sticky fluids slid from within me into that awaiting hand.

The expulsion of those juices shocked me, as I spasmed repeatedly, gasping, feeling my mind suddenly became utterly stupid in order to feel and experience that sensation to its fullest. To feel my loins clenching and tightening, spasming and vibrating amidst such incredible waves of sensation... a flow of life... in an instant, in a very instant I understood the power Mae talked about as my insides suddenly ignited with feminine power. The flow of life, the billowing of energy awakened in me, right there in the bowels of my body.

The muscles of my held-out hand continued to tighten, flexing on their own, carving their way out of my flesh as a fringe of brown fur grew along the outside edge of the forearm. I gasped as I felt the bicep round outward, the tricep forming a horseshoe shape that was cloven by a long bulge of the elbow while the forearm flared wide like the spade of a shovel.

Those arm muscles carved their way out of the arm, separating and rounding outward one from the other, causing bands of crawling growth that began from the hand and swelled upward toward the shoulder. Shoulder muscles rounded outward as the clavicle bones spread wide, separating my chest muscles and boobies while the ribs on that

side of my body popped outward and realigned amidst the chest muscle there swelling and puffing outward like the cheeks of a frog.

I moaned again and drove the finger piercing my loins deeper, adding a second finger now and rubbing my insides while fur slid across my arm from the wrist, the fur soft and supple, lengthening the fringe that was growing on the forearm and making it bushy before another fringe spread from the shoulder. The chest muscle that had puffed outward now began to cleave into separate bundles of muscle chords, all of them radiating from the shoulder and compressing my little boob there into a tight knot briefly before that little thing began to swell imperiously.

"Ah! What's happening?!" I cried out, tears leaking from my eyes as my ears grew larger and began to move up the sides of my head.

"You chose..." the she-bear's voice came to me as if echoing across a canyon.

I looked to her as her back section had all but disappeared, and looking down at myself, the nipple on the right side of my chest atop that swelling breast that was maturing rapidly, puffing outward, the teat thickening and lengthening, I watched as the veins continued down my navel and across to the other side of my chest, the shifting of skin color following it while another furry fringe appeared down the center of my chest.

The vaginal fur began to crawl up my navel, the fur there decorating the loins and rapidly covering them once the veins reached my pussy, and once they did the throbbing, pulsating sensations wrought another of those orgasmic sensations and I spilt another wash of nectar. I moaned deeply and nearly fainted, my loins thickening about the fingers piercing them, pinching those fingers as I tried to move my hand that'd changed first out of the way of the wisps but found that I couldn't. Instead I gripped the fingers there, heard more clicking and crunching, feeling the muscles of that arm surging and pulsating hotly outward.

The second pinpoint of growth happened between my thighs as hips crunched outward, widening like Madame Mae's were, the slit of my sex lengthening and the muscles about that gaping hole engorging and strengthening as they pushed ever outward into a thickened mound of femininity. As those muscles grew, the cool green power of life in my bowels grew with them, swelling and engorging as my body's power enhanced itself.

I cried in sexual elation, getting to know this rising feeling in me, understanding them as the sensations Mae told me about but I simply couldn't fathom till now. One had to experience it in order to understand it.

A thick tit swelled from the right side of my chest, one half of my back standing on end, cleaving away from a spine that was thickening to lengthen my body at neck and waist, my bodice flaring wide on one side of my body while the muscles there strengthened continually. And then the other side of my back swelled, a great hump rising between one thick shoulder and one narrow shoulder while the veins and arteries of the other arm started to stand on end, thickening and billowing toward the wrist right before the flesh started changing on the other side of me too. Like with the other side, I grew a powerful back, a thickened chest that chorded soon after, pinching my other tit into a knot before that tit also rapidly engorged into a supple mound that with its mate, took away any semblance of me ever, ever being mistaken for a male again.

There would be no hiding these mammaries.

My pussy clenched and tensed harder, pinching the hooking fingers in me as I trembled and clenched from them rubbing automatically against my insides, and I bit my lower lip with growing fangs, whimpering before my whole body rolled in a belly-dancer's maneuver to roll my navel down to the pelvis, right before my pussy started quivering and leaking more of its juices. It was then that I dared to stick a third finger inside me, right before the knuckles thickened and the fingers lengthened, their nails forming claws that I could prick my insides with and subtly give rise to whole new sensations from pushing on this or pricking that.

The muscles of the other arm thickened in reverse order that the other side had done, first shoulder, that shoulder gaining its furry fringe before bicep and tricep bulged and then forearm flared, that forearm gaining its fringe while

the whole of that side of my body grew just as thick and just as large as the right side. Equal amount of fur grew on that arm, the claws forming and the muscles bending outward, carving themselves from the rest of the arm, right before the growth and change sped up and down my body.

My belly tightened, growing harder and harder as it sunk below a rib cage that, now that both halves of my chest were formed, lurched forward and puffed the chest muscles outward more and causing the belly to sink below the chest. Those belly muscles began to clench and tighten, separating from each other before packs of hard and heavy abdominal muscle exploded outward one pack after the next, separating my belly over and over again into halves vertically then quarters horizontally, and continuing to separate horizontally into sixths, eighths and then tenths, those muscles all conforming into a beautiful hourglass shape.

The lateral muscles of that belly swelled into place as well, carving their way in, feathering with my thickening rib bulges once the flesh had darkened, arriving in pairs as one pair, then two pair and finally three pair, redefining my belly that had been stretched and then compressed all over again.

Up the neck the changes also went as my back suddenly heaved twice, the first separating upper back from lower back and the second separating the oxbow across the shoulders from the mid back, each individual plate of bone thickening as the spine pushed outward. The three sections of back seemed to grow on top of each other, each higher than the last, the hump of muscle between my shoulders incredibly massive... Massive like my father's was.

It was a strength that many said that if father wanted to, he could tear a man's chest open and break him in two with a single move. Father was too gentle for that though; I knew it was all bull.

Neck muscles thickened and flared wide as the back rolled forward over those shoulders, broadening shoulder breadth and thickening neck and throat, widening my head and pinching the crown with the face and jaw.

I moaned again as I vigorously continued to caress my insides, feeling my face pushing outward, all its many muscles puffing outward to make the eyes sink below those muscles before mouth and nose pushed forward on top of that face, forming a short muzzle. Nostrils flattened and nose turned backward, fur growing on my face like the males who had to shave; only it was all over. Eyebrows grew thick and fuzzy before the hair atop my head just exploded and toppled off the top of my head in a fiery red blaze about face, neck and shoulders.

I wept as my jaw broadened with a crunch, teeth gnashing as they thickened and lengthened, arms growing thicker, pinching the chest at the sternum while my boobies grew thicker and thicker, the pair rounding outward continually, filling with rushing fluids it felt, filling like my loins were it seemed, ready for climax.

And then my chest suddenly cleaved, the muscles separating one on top of the other, and then both packs of chest muscle grew separately from each other, the chords deepening and each chord rounding out separately, heaving steadily forward and pushing my boobies apart from each other. But on that lower pair of chest muscles grew another pair of nipples, those nipples throbbing heavily as they grew subtly, forming twin bands of mammary that didn't grow any greater than that, either easily hideable beneath the first pair of boobies I had.

The nipples lining my belly, as thin as they all were, rapidly became covered by the brown fur lining my body as the changes surged down into my legs, my upper body massively overgrown over my lower body. I tried to rise up off my legs, rise up to my knees as the strength poured into me.

The abdominals on my pelvis bulged thickly, rounding my belly forward and making it so covered with abdominals that it looked just like a washboard, the labia beneath them roiling outward, and with a scraping crunch, I felt my tailbone suddenly draw from inside me and rise to the peak of my widened bottom, the thing fuzzing up into a puff of fur as the fur of my mane slid down the spine, practically ending at my new puff of a tail while the whole of this bodice of mine spread wider than ever.

Down into the legs now the thickening veins went, my legs numb from supporting all my weight that had increased several times over, both knees aching against the stone, and in an effort to move I fell over, splaying those legs away from me while I continued to please myself erotically while more of the soupy nectar slid from me.

My hand that was drawing in the she-bear's essence was now splayed before me, and looking to her, seeing only a vague outline of her back and hindquarters, only her head and a part of her forequarters remained. She merely watched me as I continued to change, legs and arms lengthening and claws growing on each toe now while the leg skin color darkened before becoming covered in their own brown fur before those muscles also grew... And boy did they grow.

Thighs and calves flared grandly, forelegs bulged and thickened, hips widened even further while butt muscles clenched and tightened as they filled with firm sinuous muscle. Feet thickened and hard pads grew on the soles of my feet and hands. Outer thighs bulged grandly about the inner thighs, tendons stood on end and pussy lips throbbled and engorged readily about my fingers.

Then suddenly I came in a hot jet of more fluids that left me weak and numb, made me whimper as I laid there succumbing to the power of the she-bear merging with me. I trembled, and looking to the she-bear, I saw her nod her head to me once before the last wisps of her body disappeared and flushed into me through the palm of that one hand.

All was quiet for a short period, and then I swooned and collapsed there on the floor.

Day four.

The rabbit cooking was what woke me up; it fed me as one final gift from the she-bear, her teachings being that which I used to feed and warm myself. I was alone again, but the she-bear had given everything she could to me in order for me to survive on my own. I was now an adult Spirit Folk, fully animalistic with fangs and claws and a taste for meat now.

I finished the last of the rabbit when I awoke that morning, and then inspected my adult body with its narrow waist and broad hips and bulging chest... Unfamiliar with the feminine growths I had now, I explored the sensations and strengths of my changed body.

The tit was a strange thing; I had two of them, more if one counted the other teats lining my bodice. Boys didn't have breasts, and I really didn't know what they were for. Mae's were soft, mine were incredibly firm, and though I was taller than she was now I was sure, my boobies were just as big as hers were now. But I found quickly that the many nipples on my body were sensitive, and just by massaging or coaxing them could make my sex do tricks between my legs, and what was more was something else happened as I touched those breasts.

Milk... Actual milk slid from the teat, trickling over my fingers and down the breast to either drip to the floor or course down along the muscular navel beneath it, and looking at the cream I licked it free, tasting a bitter-sweet nectar. Blinking and hefting the tit the milk had come from, pushing it upward, I pursed my lips and then bent my head to actually kiss it. And then I sucked from it.

Warm milk surged into my mouth and I drank from it, and the sensation was both calming and pleasing at the same time as I reveled in the sensation of the milk leaving me. When one tit refused to give any more up I tried the other and was rewarded with milk from it too.

I murred, now possessing a full belly and a strong and powerful body, I would show those boys a thing or two about strength now! I was even bigger than that male bear that was my age. Striding out into the wilderness, my glasses glittering, I found that my fur protected me from the cold, kept me warm despite that I was naked, and later I went for a swim in one of the colder streams to clean myself off from the exertions of the night before, rising from the water despite that it was freezing into ice crystals on me and forming instant frost. I rose and arched myself with both primary tits hefting upward and flaring apart from each other, pulling myself out onto an ice flow as the frigid artesian water slid effortlessly through my fur before I then flopped onto my back on the shore, feeling my boobies jostle and wobble before they settled as a pair of heaving mountains rising atop my chest.

And I simply remained there and breathed.

But then... Something twinged inside my head, a warning sensation, a feeling that something was about to happen, but I ignored it. And because I ignored it I felt a heavy weight suddenly fall upon me, gripping my arms and as I tried to rise they held me back down. Looking up I saw one of the young men from the village on top of me, and he was trying to do... something, something with his lower body that I couldn't fathom, and amidst our tussling bodies I saw his prick, grown and hard, angling upward toward me, the thing hard and piercing and...

Something instinctual screamed inside me, and that scream became a terrified roar as it escaped me, and my leg spasmed upward into his groin with a hard crunch and a yelp from him before I slid that leg upward, wedged the foot at his chest, and thrust him off me like he were a rag doll. He came crashing into the river, gurgling as I rushed to my feet, grabbing a rock to smash him with as I rose panting.

He looked up at me, gripping his groin as he whimpered and then slunk off. But I recognized him. He was the young male wolf that was being so resistant to me going on this excursion. Lowering the arm with the rock I just let the rock fall to the ground with a thud.

I looked down at my body, and my mind whirled as I tried to figure out what that male was trying to do to me. It was then that I realized something, having seen a naked penis and seeing my naked sex, I realized that a male phallus was the appropriate thickness and would fit inside me through my sex, push inside my bowels apart and penetrate me that way like one would sheathe a sword.

He was trying to push himself in my bowels!

I snarled and hurried after him, suddenly finding myself loping on all fours, and found myself quickly catching up to him, but he leapt off a hill and I skidded to a halt before it and stopped, seeing him rush down toward the village.

I couldn't go back yet, but I'd get him when I could.

Something told me he just tried to do something very naughty. I was being blessed with these realizations somehow, and I smirked at the thought that my bear spirit was still inside me telling me things.

Perhaps this was what Mae called mating. Mating should only be done upon marriage, and only with he whom you mate with.

Unfortunately she didn't explain any of the particulars.

But if what Mae said was true, then that boy just tried to forcibly mate with me.

Looking down, I found a stone, and throwing it up and catching it to test its weight, looking at my bicep that had engorged so thickly since last night; I smirked, took aim and threw it.

It sailed through the air and struck the boy in the back of the head and he tumbled to the ground. Rising, palming a bloody mark on the back of his head, he saw me and I jerked my chin at him. He quickly scrambled to his feet and hurried off while I retreated back into the woods.

I'd see you soon enough...

I caught more food for myself, swiping fish from the mountain stream where they came to spawn with my bare hands. My claws nabbed them and with a subtle cooking fire I was able to cook the fish with some more herbs growing on the mountain. Some ginger root gave it a good taste.

My last meal in the wilderness was a good one, and I was full and energized. The rabbit skin from the night before made a good loincloth, the fur nestled gently against my sensitive sex to keep it warm while strips of its leather and a pair of patches for the largest of my nipples kept them from getting frost bit. Wiggling my new tail as I ate, I rose and grabbed a walking stick I'd picked up, a gnarled thing but it'd serve to beat off any more boys who thought they'd come up and try to do what that other boy tried to do.

I was watching the sun carefully, waiting till it was solidly below the horizon and not just the mountain lest those boys try to hold it against me and say I forfeited my trial. Finishing my fish would be enough for that.

Rising, after my meal was done and putting the fire out by stomping on it – my feet had grown remarkably calloused even before my change, and now I couldn't even feel more than the warmth of a hot fire beneath the pads of my feet – before I scraped dirt onto it with those big feet and then turned to return to the town.

I was in a happy jovial mood as I moved down the mountain to where the village was half way down, but as I neared I saw smoke rising from the village... Black smoke. Nothing burned black smoke, save for certain things that shouldn't be burned.

I'd seen black smoke only once, and that was over the plains. Father had told me that it was the warlords and told me not to worry about them then, but there was black smoke at the village now. Dashing forward I panted, tits bouncing and wobbling with every gyrating step of my gait that carried me right to the same hill I chased the boy to the night before, but when I arrived I immediately slunk back into the shadows of the forest as I saw the house in which I grew up in on fire.

For the first time, Wolf, Bear and Tengu were all gathered together against a common foe, but they were gathered together as captives both adult and children alike.

And there in the center of it all, my father was on his knees, head and arms in an iron manacle with glowing runes on it, the thing chained to his ankles.

"Damn you! Stop this!" father bellowed before a towering creature covered in armor with a demon's facemask covering his features and snarling gray maw.

"Cease your braying, Olympus. You sound like a bleating goat." the armored creature with a billowing fur cloak flowing out of a pair of demonic looking shoulder guards said before he swung a gauntlet and struck father, knocking him to the ground.

"Papa." I whispered, just before I heard a scream, and turned just as a wolf pulled Madame Mae from her home and throwing her to the ground, her robes disheveled so that her naked breasts undulated out into the air. The male licked his chops and ground his sword into the earth and then leapt on her. She screamed again and I swallowed, seeing this debacle happening to her what that boy, now amongst the captives, had tried to do to me. She knew better what that was, and her screams and fear was palpable even where I was at.

It was a terrible, terrible thing that that male was trying to do to her. I would have to beat that boy to an inch of his life when I finally caught him... if I ever caught him. He was a captive now.

But Mae was far from helpless, and suddenly her fingers lit with an unearthly red fox fire before she raked the claws of both hands down that male's face. He howled and rose off her as she tried to scramble to her feet, the male getting to his before he reached back for his sword and chased after her.

But then the warlord, the one in heavy armor stepped forward and plunged a sword of his own that burned darkly with hate right to the hilt in his own man's body.

"She... Is the only breedable female here, you cur." the warlord snarled and then removed his sword and the wolf fell dead to the ground.

"Unless Olympus doesn't mind telling me where his daughter is." The warlord said turning to papa.

"I told you... She's dead." father panted. "She went into the woods and never came back. Just like her mother.

"Five days ago."

"Shame on you Olympus... After all the time you spent searching for your wife, I thought you'd still be looking for your daughter. That... Or you're lying. How unbecoming of you." and he turned to Mae and caressed her face with a gauntleted hand and she shrank from him, hugging her breasts and clothes to her and slid from his hand before he reached out and took her mane and hauled her in close to him.

"Listen Mae... For I shall only say this once. You will bear me sons. You will serve as my mate either in a gown or in a collar, but regardless if you don't serve me how I wish, I will slaughter these people right before your very eyes, till the last thing they ever see is their blood splattering against your face."

Mae whimpered and looked furiously at the warlord before she lowered her hands and stepped up to him, standing proud and tall till the warlord pulled her robes open to bare her heaving breasts.

"You may have this body... But you will never have me." she said to him then, staring him right in the eye. The warlord merely backhanded her, hard enough to wound her before he walked forward, sheathing his sword in its scabbard.

"Take them and any riches you may find, burn everything else." he said and strode away, and I watched helplessly as my family and fellow villagers were all taken away while my home was razed to the ground.

At the very end, as soldiers were hauling my father to his feet, he saw me, I saw that he saw me and he almost imperceptibly shook his head at me and then followed them without another argument.

And then they were all led away, and I was left all alone.

I cried that night, watching everything I knew taken away, everything I loved destroyed. I even tried to stop the fires but they were too much for me, and come dawn on the sixth day, it'd all burned out. Nearly everything was destroyed by the fires, and I was soot covered walking through the remnants of the house I was born in and raised up in. Now all that was left were memories.

I found my dolly where I'd last left her on a shelf, only the moment I picked her up she disintegrated and fell apart into ash in my fingers. I bit my trembling lower lip as I watched it perish.

There was a storehouse beneath the house foundations where certain things were put away for a time, and retrieving a chest I found the last remnants of my family: one of father's shirts that still smelled of him. I embraced it, wiping my tears on it before I donned it for warmth. From within the chest I also retrieved a metal book written in words. I never learned words, or rather I never learned how to read them, I only learned how to speak them, and so the writings on the book had no meaning to me. But I saw father looking into the book quite often.

So I took it.

There was still a little food in the village, and a few intact blankets. I took one of father's hammers from his workshop, and then before the warlord could return I escaped into the forest.

If father wasn't strong enough to stand against the warlord then I wasn't. But I could be.

"Don't worry papa. I'll get strong, I'll become a great warrior, and I'll save you! Just stay alive till then."

The cave the she-bear had led me too was my new home now. It was warm, it was secluded and difficult to find, and it'd serve me as a hiding place while I learned to be strong.

Every day, from morning till night, I lived to train. I hunted, and on my next day I caught another rabbit. I killed it and skinned it and ate its meat, saving more for later so that I could train longer.

I lifted stones, trees, whatever I could to gain strength. I used father's hammer to crush rocks, breaking them down while alternating hands, the heavy iron doing well to break the rocks into dust and powder.

Fashioning an axe of stone, I chopped down trees, sectioned them off, removed their branches for the fire and stripped the wood, sectioned that off and sectioned it on the grain into planks. These I used to create a floor in the cave system that the pool was in.

I delved deeper into the cave, carrying with me several torches, seeing how deep it went. It didn't go too deep, but it had many chambers that had been hewn from the rock. This would make a great place for a home and it felt... right to me. As if I should live in a place like this. This place was a comfort for me, and when there were so few comforts for me anymore, I relished and reveled in any semblance of anything that felt comfortable to me.

Rocks I found were carried to my home and used to forge a wall which was then covered by dirt carried on slabs of bark to make it look like there was a hill on the edge of the forest, further hiding me. A few replanted trees – smaller ones, I couldn't lift the big ones by myself yet – further aided in hiding me. I realized that I was making only one way out, but then again there was only one way in for that matter.

I became industrious, planting a garden on the inward slopes of the hills around me, cultivating rice and vegetables and such, and for awhile there my strength rose every day... sometimes every hour in a day while my muscles carved themselves deeper as they thickened, and I grew like a growing mountain. Soon... I was larger than most men were... with the possible exception being papa and my brothers. The creases between muscles became more numerous too, with each new muscle growing larger and thicker, and even smaller muscles appearing to stand on end across my massive frame. But what was more was that my sex and breasts grew larger and larger too, seeming to grow of their own accord.

Both breasts distended, filling with milk as I worked my body, and in an effort to work my muscles I ignored the ache in my breasts as both became and remained quite firm. I found that these big breasts were a double edged sword, however, for true their weight caused my back to grow thicker with muscle, and carrying them also made my body stronger, but... They just kept getting in the way!

Papa's shirt that I still wore hemmed them in well enough, but I found that despite how broad-chested papa was, a woman's chest was much larger than a man's chest because of these boobies, and very soon I filled even father's shirt. So much that I had to leave the collar unfastened now.

As the months passed by, I kept growing stronger and thicker and larger, growing into my womanhood while I was practicing and building and... Not hunting down the men who took my family and village away from me. It was necessary. I couldn't hunt them if I was to grow stronger, and I had to grow as strong as papa was, stronger even, for if these men could overcome him then I had to be greater than he was. It hurt to think like that, but it was necessary.

But then one day, several months later after I'd grown several inches and filled papa's shirt with my voluminous chest, I suddenly found some of the work I'd done undone. A pile of rocks was scattered, a work bench had its ties unfastened, and a seat I'd made collapsed beneath me.

I rebuilt all those things only to find them undone again the next day and again I rebuilt them and again they were ruined.

It made me believe that there was a practical joker somewhere, and I growled all through rebuilding everything, and then grabbing my staff, I went and hid, waiting for whoever it was who was destroying my work to show him or herself.

It was during the night that I heard the sounds of someone singing.

"Ho-ha-ha, ho-ha-ha, ho-ha-ha," it began from afar, sounding like a chirring monkey. "I walk I run I skip I have fun, mischief is my name. I leap I bound, I skip all around, finding things to make into a game. Here I go, here I've been, all over and over I go again, for the Monkey King is my name!" and suddenly a strange creature bound into the clearing, and with a high pitched chirring laugh it whipped an iron pole at my mound of collected rocks and broke it apart with a loud "Ha!"

And I leapt out of the woods and bore my staff. "Ha! So you're the one breaking my work."

"That was work?" he grinned and turned to face me amidst walking away, his staff balanced over one shoulder. "I thought it was a pile of rocks playing with each other, and since rocks shouldn't play with each other I was encouraging them to stop it. Stop it! Crack. And they would taste a piece of my staff!"

"Do you realize how much extra work you made me do? I'm behind!"

He slid sideways and looked to my bottom and I snarled at him.

"Well I'd say your behind is quite well ahead. Hee!" his laughter was a monkey's screech.

"Shaddap! Off with you and leave my work alone!"

He looked both ways and then grinned at me. "No. Hee! Not till you tell me what it's for."

"That's my business." and I wielded my wooden staff at him.

He eyed it and then grinned. "Hee! Now it's my business." and he lifted one hand with its long fingers and pushed my staff head out of the way before I whipped it back at him. "And you better be careful where you point that. You could hurt yourself."

"Oh I'll hurt someone!" and I whirled the staff at his head but he merely tilted his own staff to one side to block my blow and grinned at me.

"Oh you wanna play! Ok... Let's play! Try and hit me! Go ahead... Try! Try!"

I growled and tried to strike him with my staff thrice in rapid succession. The first to his head was deflected as he whirled his staff in a circle and knocked it away. The second blow to his chest was deflected with a rapid push with his hand, and the third strike to his gut was dodged as he leapt up onto the top of his staff, gripping the head with one foot and the shaft with the other foot and balancing there.

"That was it?! Hee! Do it again!"

I roared. "Hold still so I could hit you!" and I swung my staff at him like a bludgeon but he dropped and extended himself outward, holding onto his staff still so that it was projected at an angle to the ground and him in an opposite angle but nonetheless he was still upon it at an impossible balancing angle before he brought himself up again.

"Hoo-hee-hee! Hoo-hee-hee! Missed me! Missed me!"

"Grah!" I roared and began to swing that bludgeon in any way I could to strike him, jabbing and swinging, twisting and striking, but he kept leaping and jumping about just outside of my staff. I even tried switching direction mid-swing, and I almost hit him once.

"Ooo... I felt wind on that one. Hee!"

And then I swept forward, making a grand sweeping blow toward his feet that he hopped up from before I kicked a rock at him. He leapt, blocked the rock before I continued the swinging staff fully around and up about my head and lunged while he was up in the air and the dance continued.

What I did with two hands using all my strength he deflected easily with one hand, doing seemingly impossible maneuvers with that staff.

And then I picked up a rock and moved to grapple with him and smash his head in, his staff immediately slid underneath the arm with the rock in it as he moved. Suddenly I found myself bent awkwardly backward, standing on my toes and the arm with the rock in its hand trapped behind my back with his staff and one hand knotting my hand with the rock up. Reaching down he took the rock from my loose fingers while I snarled so fiercely that froth escaped through my teeth.

"Such a temper." he said to me and tossed the rock idly away. "Did you just try to kill me?"

I looked to him, my eyes wide swiveling in their sockets.

"T-to stop you." I snarled.

"By bashing me with a rock?" he smiled, but there was a dangerous light in his eyes. "And don't lie to me. I'll know it if you are." and he waggled a finger at me.

"Y-yes. B-but I don't want to kill you."

"And what do you think bashing my head in with a rock would do?" I was silent and he nodded, still smiling before he twisted the staff and I was forced upward onto a precarious balance that he maintained with that staff instead of me. "Are you going to tell me why you are making the rocks play together like that?"

"No!"

"Would you tell me if I said *'please?'*?"

"No!"

"Would you tell me if I made you?" he asked and twisted the staff and I cried out as my tendons were drawn sharply in that arm and my bones were twisted painfully. "Please?" he asked and when I didn't answer he twisted the staff a little more and I began to weep tears. "Please?"

"Revenge!" I screamed at last as the pain neared the point where he was about to pop my arm from its socket and shatter all the bones inside it.

He blinked at me with his face enshrouded by fur and hair, and for the first time his face grew serious. And then he pulled the staff outward and I fell right to the ground and landed on the top of my back.

When I rose he was sitting on top of his staff again.

"Against the warlords?" he said and balanced one hand on his upraised knee.

"Yes." I panted and cradled my arm before looking away. "They took my family and village from me. Destroyed everything. I need to get them back."

"With the butt of a staff?"

"Yes..."

"Why not a sword?"

"Swords kill." I replied and the Monkey King nodded.

"Then I will train you." he said and hopped off his staff before walking away.

"I don't need training!" I said and immediately a pebble struck me between the eyes and I blinked at him, seeing him suddenly facing me with his hand outstretched right before he moved another pebble into the fingers of his outstretched hand.

"That was something you didn't see. Here's one that you can." and he flicked the pebble and I tried to move out of the way but it still struck me square between the eyes again. "That was one that you can see coming and it still hit you." and he moved another pebble, and this time when he flicked it, the mere pebble raced from my head so hard it knocked me reeling onto the flat of my back as if I'd just been punched in the head. My head swam with dizziness and before I could move there was something blunt that struck my throat and I coughed heavily and rolled before something blunt struck my ribs and I still couldn't breathe, just before it struck again in the back of my ribs and I found myself unable to breathe at all.

"Warlords don't like to play like I do. You're obviously not ready to fight even one of them despite all five of them and all their minions.

"What if that first blow were an assassin's dagger? What if that second one were the fist of an opponent, or the third the arrow from a bow or crossbow. What would you do against the martial masters that the warlords are if you can't reverse such a simple thing as me keeping you from breathing?"

"I have the knowledge of eons, knowledge you cannot learn on your own if you live for all those eons. If you go off without my help, you will die, so why don't we just kill you right here and now before you waste the soil and the mountain and kill beasts to survive and save all that waste of life... Especially yours."

I gaped... I couldn't even gasp, tears watering my eyes.

"What was that? I didn't quite hear you." The Monkey King said and lifted a hand to his large ear.

I started nodding fiercely, and with a snap and a tap my windpipe suddenly opened up and my lungs heaved as I sucked in a deep, deep breath of air, getting a headache from it all.

"You've already learned several lessons today. The biggest one you shall need is contemplation. Now go to your cave and think about what you've learned here today. I'm going to go play and see what else of yours I can break that is useless to use."

And he strode away as I rubbed my throat, looking at him as he set off into a skip with his hands for feet clicking in a jig, his long furry tail waving behind him as he began his chirring song again. "Hoo-hee-hee! Hoo-hee-hee..."

And then I hammered the ground with a fist, causing the ground to shake around me and made the rocks jump while I coughed for more air. If that was what the warlords had, then I would perish before I got much passed the mountain. He was right, I needed his teachings.

The Monkey King woke me the next day by splashing me with a wave of hot water from the pool, and I woke up wet and my fur hanging off me as I gasped for air.

"Enemies will not wait for you to be ready. Be aware! Even in sleep! Now let's play! Hee!"

Every day it was something like that. I was awoken harshly, every day, non stop, only to be answered with his insane laughter! It was almost enough to drive me insane. But also every day, he directed me in truly painful exercises to stretch my limbs and to nimble my body. Tendons bulged insanely everywhere upon me, and soon I was as graceful as I was strong... But also with every exercise was an equally punishing blow to my body from his metal staff. It struck my muscles, seeming to strike specific chords, and at first I thought he was beating me, and I struck back.

He showed me how easily I could be conquered. But even that was a lesson as to how futile an attack from me toward a warlord would be.

When he had me wrapped up with his staff, kneeling to the earth, bent over myself till my breasts pressed firmly against my thighs and both arms were drawn agonizingly behind me and twisted and held with one hand, he then demonstrated one fundamental truth.

"You're stronger than me. A female stronger than the Monkey King? It's really no grand feat. I know I'm not very strong, and yet even a bear is kneeling in subservience to a monkey..."

"How is this so?" I grit my teeth and whimpered as he rolled my arms around in a circle, moving them beyond even their enhanced flexibility.

"Because you feel as if you should lead with your greatest strength. You feel as if strength is the only strength, and here, I, the Monkey King, with my weakness so remarkably profound, hold you in place with but only one hand.

"That's because I know there are many... many weaknesses on a body. And I've exploited a weakness of yours, Fellania, one that you do not yet see. Today you will learn that weakness and understand how my greatest weakness defeated your greatest strength."

He bent to one knee and lowered his head to my ear that was flattened against the back of my head.

"Here it is, let me tell you. You lost this fight... Because you feel you have no weaknesses to exploit. A jab here, a poke there, and you grow angry. Your anger is a weakness, and when you don't control your anger you fall to those who do. I exploited your anger, and now you've fallen. Do you understand this?"

"Y-yes." I mumbled.

"Good!" and he let go of my twisted hands which released my arms, and the release of those arms was more painful than keeping them in his grip! "Now! Time for play! Hee!"

Play. That's what he called combat practice, which involved him with his staff and me with nothing. He beat me, he beat me fiercely every day, and after he beat me I still had to hunt.

Those first few days, my body hurt so much it shook as I laid there, too tired to sleep.

Months passed. I could feel my body growing, feel its strength increasing with every blow now. A strike of the staff and my muscle would burn, but then it would toughen up. I began to see it like father when he worked the metal. He'd bang the metal, fold it, bang it again, heat it, and bang it again...

I remembered the word for it... It was called tempering.

The Monkey King was doing much the same, and I grew stronger and quicker and more nimble because of it.

My chest and back were what barreled out the most, heaving into a massive muscle hump, the chest pushing steadily forward like rounded mountains, the thickness of those chests rolling outward, compressing breasts so they sat like large orbs on the end of my chests, either with large black nipples that I could suckle from and nurse from, tasting a milk that only grew sweeter and sweeter as I grew stronger.

Months later I had the body of an adult woman, with my hips fully rounded and body height grown to its foremost I felt, with that body arched and creased impossibly. Twelve abdominals, eight laterals and all leading to a voluminous sex with a perpetually erect clit.

By summer I had a full mane and a fully evolved bear face and body, and I was so flexible I could put my ankles behind my head or scratch my ear with a big toe... or, dare I say it, lick myself.

My body was becoming vastly stronger than when I first changed, with forearms widened and chorded and thighs and calves broad and massive.

After just over a half year under his tutelage, finding myself learning mystic arts of meditation and energy control, finding myself baring the weight of a surging waterfall across my shoulders as I felt my body heaving with greater and greater strength, I was suddenly tapped in the center of the head, and opening my eyes I saw the Monkey King standing there before me with an apple in his hand and his staff nudging my head.

"Come... It's time you chose a better staff." He said and then ground that eight-sided and runed pole of his against the earth.

I rose from the water, naked and wet, but I knew better than to try the Monkey King's patience and dress in my leathers for he had none. I was amazed that he had the focus so far to even pay attention to me as long as he did.

"Yes master." I said and bowed and followed as he led the way from the falls, my naked body chilled to the spring air as he led me up and down the mountain and I swore we were going around in circles over and over again. I even scratched a tree with my long thick claws and found myself passing by that same tree several times.

Eventually, near the peak of the mountain, where the mountain suddenly dipped downward into a deep valley with a cone in the center, he stood at the lip of the valley at the peak of the mountain and pointed to a white tree growing out of the mound in the center of the barren valley, a cone of earth that smoked and smoldered like a pie fresh from the oven.

"There. Pray for it to give you its limb." The Monkey King said and gestured with his staff. "Do not come back until you have the limb."

"Pray?" I asked and the King, leaning on his staff eyed me with a raised eyebrow, and then with just his eyes he looked to the tree and then back at me before he grinned.

"Hee!"

Exhaling a sigh of exasperation, I went.

The valley at the top of the mountain was almost exactly circular. With my reflexes and strength being what they were now, the descent was by far a lot easier than the climb would be. All one had to do was control their fall... But something I'd learned as I matured all the more into a grown woman was that the downward pull of falling was not my friend. My breasts were heaving masses of milk laden flesh, and they were currently full now. So as I fell they dragged upward long my body, making it very difficult for me to see where I was going below me, other than right between them.

But I compensated... It just involved a lot of looking between and around and occasionally hugging them to me before I landed near the base and took a pause as I hefted one tit and drank from it like it were a wineskin. Being a female that could lactate meant that I could always make a small meal out of my milk. It kept me from going hungry from time to time.

"I don't see you moving student! Don't make me come down there and thump you!" The Monkey King yelled down at me from the lip of the valley.

I rolled my eyes.

"And don't you roll your eyes at me! Hee!"

He knew me too well already. Stepping forward I turned in one motion and faced him before slamming a hand against my massive bicep and shot my opposite fist upward in an '*up-yours*' gesture to him before I flipped, twisted and landed with a lunge that crushed the ground beneath my feet.

Easy, I thought, but all too brief as the rock beneath my right foot gave way and a scalding rush of steam rushed upward and I roared in pain as the very air charred the fur on that leg instantly. I felt as if I'd been burned!

"Oh! And I forgot to mention... The fire of the mountain is very close to the surface here, so watch your step you weighty behemoth!" The Monkey King's voice hollered from the lip of the valley. "Hoo-hee-hee!" his laughter followed and I gripped my fists before stepping forward, stepping lithely, mentally using my power shifting abilities to lighten myself. I could almost walk on water now thanks to the chi control he'd taught me. Earth and Life powers... He said I had a phenomenal talent for them... All the better for the control of Chi and the Chakras that power dwelt within.

So I stepped like a dancer, my thick thighs coiling around each other as I watched directly before me, stepping first with toes then heel instead of the other way around, doing just like the King had taught me. He was very careful of helping me to learn silence and stealth. He told me I was too loud. Bears were too loud.

Yeah... Like he could talk. If only he would shut up for a bit.

But then I stepped and the ground gave slightly beneath my weight, and a spider web crack billowed out around me before the rock began to fall, and with widened eyes I realized that I was in the middle of a collapsing field.

So I ran...

My feet carried me forward, the rocks falling beneath me into a pool of molten rock... Like the metal papa worked when he got it too soft, or just soft enough to twist or make artful arcs with it. I knew that that fire was hot... Papa had to get the forge so hot that the village was heated from the fires.

So I ran from that death... I didn't know what would happen to me but I was sure that it'd really, really hurt if not kill me. So I ran, till the ground was giving way beneath me too quickly and I was forced to leap, and leap I did.

I leapt high, high into the air, sailing forward, blinking and not realizing that I possessed such strength! I laughed, and pushing my body into the air I then flipped and turned and landed on all fours, my tail wobbling briefly before I

rose and found myself before the white tree growing out of the cone of earth with smoke coming out of it, surrounded by the only patch of life in this valley.

Pray. So I had to pray.

Sighing, not having prayed in months, I lowered to my knees and pressed both palms against each other and reached out with my mind to whatever power was here.

"Oh great white tree... Lend me your power... I need a limb of your might to strengthen me..."

Three days had passed.

Those three days the mountain churned and rumbled, and behind me sprays of that molten rock billowed upward into the air, but still I prayed on my knees. Until... Amidst all the rumbling and surging of the mountain... I suddenly heard a reply. In the insurmountable slow moving consciousness of this tree, I finally heard a reply.

Why?

I looked up at it, unsure if I miss-heard, but I still heard it. Amidst the thundering and rumbling and the itchy smoke rising from the earth, I heard it.

"Your limb will give me strength. I need strength to destroy evil. Your limb will also give me skill... Skill I will need to defend myself and others and save my family and village.

"The Monkey King said I should come to you to get that limb."

An hour passed by, but still I continued to pray.

I grow weak. If I remain here, I will surely die. The mountain's fury is too much for me to contain. But if I stay than will my life be prolonged?

"All things die." I replied.

Another hour passed.

I will... Go with you. Uproot me.

I blinked, and then rose, looking back at the opening fissures and the steam and then back at the tree. But this was what it wanted. So I strode to it, still naked and now very sooty, and being careful of the white wood I pressed my fingers into the wood, careful not to score it with my claws and bear hugging it with both breasts cleaving to its trunk, I pulled.

My muscles bulged and bubbled, unfolding from inside me, revealing exactly how thick they could grow as they all tripled in strength as I used every muscle in my body to pull on that tree. My back arched, my pecs flexed as both tits cleaved to either side of the tree's bark, my pussy pressing against its wood and I moaned as I immediately felt the tree feeding me its strength. The mountain began to rumble titanicly now as whatever the tree was trying to do to quiet the mountain was now pushed into me, and with a moan I began to leak milk before a jet of ejaculate sped from me onto the tree to water it.

I roared and shifted it from side to side, tearing it from the small hill, the roots pulling themselves upward and the deep roots pulling from the ash ridden ground. And then I held it triumphantly over my head, ears pinning flat against my head... Right before I heard a crunch and opened those eyes to watch the cinder cone burst open and exude a stream of hot gasses.

"Time to go." I gasped with the tree over my head, having to hold it upright with roots and branches alike dangling about me as I ran across the valley floor as it rapidly began to break open.

I screamed, dodging vents of air that burned and scalded, and even sprays of molten rock as I tried desperately to make sure the White Oak was unharmed by all this. I had to sprint, sprint as fast as I could go, hurdling over rocks and leaping from one breaking plate of rock to the next before hopping upward onto the bowl of the valley and I ran up its length with toe claws digging into the loose sooty rock.

Up the ridge I sped even as the rumbling of the mountain grew to an incredible cacophony. I could no longer hear the pounding of my heart or my labored breathing as I skipped and hopped up the rock face, covering more than a mile of height on my way up... And near the top I slipped. I automatically shifted the tree to lie over one shoulder as I gripped the rock with one clawed hand and dangled there.

If I dropped the tree I could save myself. If I didn't drop the tree then we'd both perish. No... Those weren't options! So I began to bend my arm, haul both myself and the tree upward by the sheer strength of one arm. The rumbling was growing intense, and looking back I saw a spray of fire lurch upward into the air that was miles high while a lake of molten rock began to rise very quickly beneath me.

A lava burst!

I sobbed and tried to get purchase with my toes, feeling my tits drag against the wall, slowing me down as their nipples scraped the earth painfully, and then suddenly there was a firm hand gripping my hand, and looking up I saw the Monkey King chirr at me. "Hee!" he screeched his laughter, and gripping the roots of the tree and me, holding his staff with one foot, he pulled and our combined strength vaulted us upward right as there was an explosion that rocked the entire valley and created a concussion that would've crushed me had I still been there.

"Hee! That was a great game!" the Monkey King chirred. "But let this be a lesson to you." and he waved a finger before my face. "Never be too proud to ask for help when it's needed. Next time I won't offer it.

"Now let's go... This game is getting too dangerous for me." and he rose and began to walk down the mountain.

Within an hour, the molten rock had broken over the top of the valley and spilled down the mountain on all sides, churning and roiling and reshaping the mountain and made it grow. Not everything perished... But the flow diverted about my new home and surrounded it by two huge domed rock walls hiding it all the better.

The White Oak rested across my lap while the mountain continued to rumble, its thick trunk warm and filled with resilient life. I could feel that life.

The Monkey King was here, but he simply sat and ate apples and watched me figure it out for myself. Create a staff, he'd said... But for the life of me I didn't know how... I didn't want to mar such a beautiful tree, but the longer it remained out of the earth, the closer to death it'd become.

So I tried to commune with the Oak. An hour later... It finally spoke to me.

You risked your life to save mine.

"You sacrificed yours to make the mountain safe for many." I replied.

Minutes passed between each of its responses now.

I am yours. I will link myself to your life and you to mine. You shall grow strong as the oak; you shall live as long as the oak. I in turn will be protected as I protect you. After so many centuries... It'll be nice for someone to watch over me.

I nodded and lent everything that I was to the tree, and it gave what it was back to me.

Our life energies merged and knotted like a tapestry, and the White oak began to glow a purified white. It twisted and it lengthened into a grand pole as its roots and branches twisted; the bark twisting as well before it started to compress and thin. The wood hardened, it compressed and rolled into a shape, till at long last I had a staff that was just the right thickness for my hands, and just the right height for my body.

I thought it looked more beautiful than the Monkey King's brilliant staff.

And I held it in both my hands, looking upon the twisting shapes that mimicked ancient runes and symbols, but most importantly, the strength of the wood was still alive. It was circular and strong, and I felt a wealth of energy flowing into my navel and chakras from it. Power of life, power of the earth...

"Good. Monkey King likes his pole... But yours fits you I think. The next step of your training begins now." and he leapt at me, and I blinked as I saw his pole lance at me. I instinctively moved my pole and his iron clacked against my wood and a flash of blue and green raged where the two poles met.

"Excellent! Hee! Let's play!" and I laughed and rose as I the student and he the master immediately went into a brutal competition of staves that punished me, true, but it also strengthened me and taught me skill from my mistakes.

And now I had a powerful new weapon in my hands that rivaled if not superseded even the Monkey King's.

Many more months passed, a full year since the Monkey King had appeared, and when I woke up on my own accord for the first time since I could remember, I became immediately aware of the Monkey's tricks, and then rose slowly, feeling both breasts roll against my chest as they sagged only slightly from their weight. Both ached... I hadn't drained them of milk in days... that... and I slept on them today, so they were also numb.

I felt the warmth growing between my legs again... Just like the time I felt this a year ago, and a hand of mine immediately slid between my legs, the other hand gripping my staff and propping it up as I rubbed my loins, and I still looked for that monkey.

I'd grown strong and skillful, fully mature after a year, and rising even further I strode out of the cave that I'd begun to put finishes within, but I'd not touched them since the Monkey King had arrived.

He'd taught me how to be skillful and strong, how to use a pole, and also gave me the spark of magic that allowed me to manipulate my energies outside my body. I could shape wood and stone easily, but it was the other magics I had difficulty with.

Upon exiting the cave, I stopped, finding the Monkey King with both legs folded so that his feet could grip the head of the pole and both his hands were out and the fingers pinched in a state of meditation. I knelt before him, still naked with my pole laying across my lap before its length shortened greatly into a small pole the length of my forearm.

"What lesson shall I learn today, Master."

"No... Not master." he said and opened his eyes. "You may no longer call me that." and his hands lowered to his knees. "We've played together long enough, Fellania... And the smell of you reeks of your loins growing on fire. I cannot stay with you any longer. I cannot teach you any more. It's time for me to play across the world again."

"S-so my training is over?" I asked, blinking at him.

He smiled. "Hoo-hee-hee. Yes." and he hopped off his pole, flipping it as it slapped into his hand and his tail curled up. "And remember to play every once in awhile!"

And he turned and left, immediately starting to sing.

"Will we see each other again?" and he slowed and turned, still singing before he winked at me, and then disappeared into the thorny wood.

I relaxed and settled onto one hip and pushed a hand between my sex, rubbing my loins and gasping, cheeks and breasts blushing as they grew warm.

And just like that... I was alone again.

My loins were on fire, and the White Oak showed itself to be helpful in another way as I plunged it into my pussy, its ridges rubbing smoothly against my inner muscles, its strength to grand for my innards to clench and twist and break it and its action in my hands relieved so... much... stress in me.

The White Oak drank the water from me as it erupted from me, its quivering mass throbbing in tune with my sexuality. I bit my lip, tensing with legs spread open, stroking my insides right before orgasm.

A pulse of throbbing wetness sped from me, and I groaned as I felt the muscles inside me tensing, felt the well of magics within my navel growing stronger and stronger.

"Ngf..." I whimpered and cried real tears before my heart pounded heavily, and I gasped and opened both eyes wide, tears spraying from my face as the veins on my body all suddenly stood on end and the arteries bulged hotly. Another pounding throb of the heart rushed blood through me and pounded my pussy in opposition to White Oak penetrating my loins. "Ah!" I cried and trembled, my inner muscles clenching tightly about the knotted wood inside my sex that was harder than iron, and as another orgasm split my loins, disgorging a wash of sticky moisture, suddenly I spasmed as each spine along my back thickened with a noisy crunch.

One after the next, the growth spreading back and lengthening body from the base of the skull to the tail bones. Hips suddenly widened several inches before rib cages thickened and pushed outward, separating both primary sets of breasts and bulging the hidden secondaries a little more.

Another heart beat lurched through me, causing a full body spasm that got me to eject twin gouts of creamy milk from my tits while both arms and legs groaned as they lengthened and their bones thickened which likewise thickened my limbs before the muscles in them spasmed hotly and enlarged.

I shook my head and my mane spilled further about me, falling further down my back as fur thickened in the forelocks, and the tufts of the chest and shoulders.

Muscular definition suddenly enhanced; bands of new muscle growing spontaneously as existing bands of muscle tore apart and then strengthened and then tore apart again... Right before both tits expanded suddenly. The pair of them rolled and thrust themselves outward and then wobbled, and just as suddenly as the heat had come it'd spent itself and I fell back onto the ground and whimpered as micro-orgasms continued to vibrate my loins all while I gripped the White Oak projecting from my loins.

I laid there for a moment before lifting an arm, seeing its increased musculature and definition and the thickened webbing of veins that was spewed across it. There were more tendons and muscle bulges than ever as well.

"Ngf... Just like last season." I mused in wonder. "Do I change every year?"

I rubbed my belly, feeling that source of power inside it just behind the navel having grown as well. It was like a ball of green energy that was butt up against my sex and encompassed the entire circumference of pelvis and lower navel. The Monkey King called that the place where one's Chi resided. He was honestly surprised that mine was green instead of white, like other women's are. It was the source of the life magic that was in me.

Withdrawing my staff from inside me, hearing it slurp as it's wood pulsed in tune to my heart beat, I watched as the sticky, syrupy nectar the flower of my loins produced was drawn into the wood... Making it shine and reflect light with a high gloss.

"Hm..." I smiled and then rose to my feet and wobbled briefly before moving to the doorway.

Time to test my new strength...

And I leapt, surging upward into the air and landing on a tree top, and shifting my personal weight, I made it light so I could balance there and not push the tree right into the ground. I must've weighed over a hundred stones by now, maybe two hundred stones... And yet I could balance on a tree tip with my power.

Scanning the mountain, I saw then the damage the molten rock had done to the mountain, of how this was divided and that was driven hither and thither... But most of all... I sighed in relief as I saw that the streams of water still as of yet remained untouched.

Leaping forward off the tree tops, extending my staff, I did a little bit of exercise, and afterwards... a nice cooling dip in one of those streams.

The waters of my baths were either cold or hot... There was no in between. Perhaps I could sometime build a bath... And make a nice warm water bath, but as of yet I didn't have the skill to construct one.

The cool of this mountain stream, which was fast moving now thanks to the melting snow high above from the heat of the mountain, I simply laid back with legs crossed at the ankles before me while I played with the water. The cold moisture about my hot loins calmed me a great deal. But looking into the waters as they fell from my hands and rushed by, suddenly I saw an image, and with a gasp I looked up and saw nothing. So I returned my gaze to the water and again I saw the image. It was then that I realized that the possessor of that image wasn't in the real world.

Holding myself completely calm I looked at the image, and then gasped again as I recognized the she-bear that had merged with me. And just like that I blinked and I felt myself being pulled through the water, till I was my own reflection in the water and my body on the other side was gone.

The world moved here, but the coloring wasn't as it was on the other side of the mirrored surface of the water. Rising out of the water in this strange world where the colors were the negative of themselves, where at times it created dark colors and at other times it created brilliant lights where there shouldn't be such beautiful coloring, I found myself face to face with the she-bear. And what was the first thing I did with the fem who'd given me power and helped me survive a year ago? I knelt before her and embraced her like a long lost friend, and she wrapped a great paw about my back.

"Where am I?" I asked simply once the embrace had ended.

"In the world between worlds." the she-bear said at the edge of the waters as she approached a step or two. She seemed larger than I remembered.

"I thought you were supposed to disappear." I said and moved to her, placing a hand on her grizzled head.

"So did I. But I've become something else..."

"What would that be?"

"A totem." she answered. "Your totem. For the longest time there was no me, there was only you. And then suddenly you became us, and I became aware of myself again. I believe it's because you're delving deeper into the spirit world than others before you have. Your connection to the Earth has grown enough where I must act as your connection to it."

"So what does this mean for me? For us?"

"It means... That there are more things in the world that will make you stronger... Provided that you want me for a totem. If you do, then we grow together, but separately. If you don't then I will go back to being just a part of you."

"Oh I do want you. But don't you get a choice in any of this?"

She thought for a moment. "No."

My lips pressed together and I bent to hug her. "Then thank you. Let's grow together."

"I thought you might say that."

And in a flash she sparked with ethereal lights that wafted off her body and blew about us both, and in a snap I was in the real world, but now those ethereal lights were around me, surrounding me like an aura like those times I saw the Monkey King training. But this light filled me with such... Power! Such incredible power that I could feel

feeding up into me from the mountain. And the place it chose to feed up into me... Well, there were only two openings into my body that faced the earth, and thankfully this energy chose the forward facing of the two.

It felt like I was being pierced, a huge throbbing pulsating mass of something powerful thrusting up between both thighs and rubbing against my inner muscles, feeling even more pleasureable than when I used White Oak to pleasure myself. This mass felt velvety, and softer, more malleable as it plunged deep inside me, and I gurgled as it seemed to push bits of me out of the way as I arched and gasped from the sensation. Then like a fountain all that power flushed into me, filling my navel and bowels, filling my heart and throat too it felt and I had to instinctively swallow it down.

And then I felt my muscles tensing, felt them tightening around me as every nipple on me hardened till they ached. With a moan I closed my eyes right as one set and then the second set of pectorals popped outward, exploding with double their prior thickness before they tensed and banded all the hardened chords of muscle beneath a pair of tits that exploded outward as well nearly half again their prior sizes just prior to their areola and then their nipples engorging outward. Milk squirted from those nipples then in twin jets as my back suddenly lurched backward to counterbalance all that forward weight, spine bowing outward as each vertebrae thickened, ribs flaring wide and forcing the navel to sink below all that heaving muscular mass.

Neck muscles thickened as back muscles flared and rolled over both shoulders and either side, my abdominals rolling outward as they thickened suddenly, the definition of my body increasing as I passed a hand over the realm of nipples hidden beneath the fur till I hooked a pair of fingers in between the thickening pads of vaginal flesh between either thigh.

I wept when both arms and legs thickened rapidly, popping and puffing outward before they all tightened and segmented into smaller and smaller muscles, where in some places there was a radial of muscle chords instead of actual muscle masses.

Nectar seeped from me as milk continued seeping from either tit as the pair subtly rolled outward with every beat of my heart, hips widening to the width of the Earth Mother's ample hips, with my vagina developing into a slit that was equally worthy of the Earth Mother who gave birth to the world.

I twisted and churned as muscles and tendons stood perpetually on end, thickening as my body grew and bulged and flared repeatedly till I collapsed against the ground on hands and knees... Tits so large they brushed against the ground and pressed over both knees.

My thighs spread wide as I panted, and groaning I came in a long jet that cooled the burning that had been in my loins, the jet escaping me after many long moments, like I had to pee after having a full bladder, but I was still on fire with the green light that was pressed against my insides, but now had the feeling of a brown tint to it now.

It was power... Power over the world around me, and looking around I suddenly found rocks and pebbles floating about me, my own power keeping them up. I felt the spirits of the earth and the trees and the plants, felt it churn inside me, but none was so powerful as the blazing ball of green-brown fire that churned in my navel... My womb.

It yearned... To be filled.

Licking my lips I lifted my hand and suddenly my White Oak staff flipped from where I'd left it and it extended, feeding off the ambient strength I'd just gained and it telescoped and thickened to fill my hand again, its wood knotting and twisting into an ornately designed rod of mystic power. Both a warrior's staff and a sorceress's staff in my hands.

"So... My new friend... To the earth and the wood, to the brown and the green, I am now committed to."

I turned my free hand and flexed that clawed hand, and a mass of heavy rocks erupted from the ground and floated about me as I rose, I felt in them the minerals like iron and silver. The iron worked well for my power, the silver

didn't. The silver would actually harm me if I touched it, but nonetheless I gestured and the rock fragmented and the silver and iron separated and the rock fell as dust to the ground.

With my hand gesturing, I created two nuggets – one of iron and one of silver – and let them drop to the ground amidst flakes of gold. And I thought, looking at what I could do with stone, and I thought, looking to my staff and what I could do with plants. Then slowly I smiled impishly, devising a plan with these powers.

The inside of the cave had forever been disheveled since I took it as my den, mostly because the Monkey King was so rigorous. Now with my powers I finished it, reshaped it, and made it comfortable for me.

Shaped and sculpted archways were formed between each chamber of the network of caves, and the slabs of wood were reshaped and flattened like a skilled artisan might be able to accomplish. The pool of spring water was formed into a bowl with sand at the bottom, ringed with flat stones and placed with two circular half moon benches to make a bath at the head of my home.

Iron from the stones I collected and gold from the rocks and crystals from other kinds of rocks were shaped into artful decorations that made my home glitter while likewise anchoring the wood to the floor. The stone walls were smoothed instead of chiseled angles, and I formed a heavy wooden door for the entryway of the place that actually swung on hinges.

A bedroom with a sunken bowl was laden with all the furs of the animals I'd caught and killed for food and clothing, and plant stains were used to color the walls a more pleasing hue and stain the floors and make them glossy like they were at my home in the village before it was razed to the ground.

Outside I'd formed a canopy of wood and slate and from the village I retrieved father's anvil before creating a forge of it. It was more of a shrine and a memory of my father and the village than anything else.

This became my home then, its entryway protected and hidden, and it would mark a decidedly hidden base in which I could strike back at the warlords and perhaps find where my family and village had gone to.

Standing back, naked and powerful, a full woman then who'd easily grown greater than even her own father was at that moment, I saw that it was good and comfortable. Then gathering up some clothing and my staff and some food, I set out in search of my family at long last.

I journeyed across and around the mountain. Now that the White Oak staff wasn't in the center of the valley at the top of the mountain, that valley was now a lake of molten rock that was a great perpetual smoldering mess, with the rock around the mouth of the valley now charred from the fire of the earth. I never knew rock could burn like this, but I guessed that if it could melt, then it could surely burn.

There were other villages about the mountain, some that were protected from the warlords, like a place that was centered around a brothel that was run by a woman who the villagers only referred to as *'Matron.'* She had no other name other than that, but she did care for many women... a whole village of women and their ill-begotten sons and daughters, more women than I'd ever seen in one place. It felt good on how they welcomed me, but I wouldn't let myself succumb to their lifestyle.

They let men enter them for money... and having seen Madame Mae scream and fight to keep a man from entering her forcibly... I thought that there was no more despicable thing in the world than to have that many men enter you. I didn't know if I'd ever let a man enter me... but... to hear them talk about it. On how pleasureable it was, to get paid something that they enjoyed... I didn't understand it. A fox-woman named Kit taught me the most, I think. For a man to force you was painful, and the sons of the women here did well to deter anyone from doing that, and were very good at punishing those that hurt their collective mothers. But for a man to enter you that you wanted to enter you... it was very good, very pleasureable... and was one of the few things a woman like us could feel that could bring us nearer to pure bliss. This place had many things that brought a person to pure bliss, but in all honesty I didn't see how smoking something that should be better used as a poultice was something that brought you near bliss. Opium and tobacco and bog hemp... no thanks.

But this was the only other village other than mine that contained Spirit Folk in any sizeable number that was left on the mountain... Not made up entirely of Spirit Folk mind you, but contained them. Matron herself was a human... The first human I'd ever met who didn't look disdainfully on me because of my heritage, but welcomed me like a woman would welcome a daughter simply because of my gender. There was an odd shift in power here as well. Here women ruled, and the sexual powers of these women were incredible. I felt like a girl again amidst even the average woman's sexual power here. Most often it dwarfed mine.

After walking for so long, Matron was so kind as to even bring me into her home, placing me in Kit's care that took care of my needs. It was good to feel wanted again, and again, just because of my gender, they welcomed me as a mother, a sister and a daughter here.

Despite that I'd been propositioned by several men and males, nevertheless, this place was able to provide me with some information, the greatest amount I'd yet received.

"The warlords come here from time to time." Kit had mentioned, standing in her kimono, but thanks to her impressive bust, if not for a wrap folded repeatedly about her breasts then her revealed tit that the kimono had no hope to cover would be totally naked. She was remarkably sexual... Even more so that Madam Mae was, so sexual that despite that she was two thirds my height, her breasts were equal in size to my own, and she had several more of them too. "They come, sometimes beat one of my sisters, but then they get beaten by the sons and thrown out of the village."

"Sons?" I blinked.

She looked at me and sighed. "Our world is tragic, Fellania. Many of the women who are in our care are here because they were abused or abandoned, and sometimes both. More often than not, they come to us with a womb that is filled with a baby or two. The sons are the grown children of the women... And they are, in a word, the most fervent guardians I can think of. Better than any samurai... I would wager that this quiet sanctuary would've long been taken by the warlords if not for them.

"But regardless, I can point you in a direction. These males, when they come to spend their ill-gotten gold, come from the plains at the base of the mountain. I hear there is a tower that will point out the worst of them all. I suggest you go there."

"Thank you much." I said, and before I left, speaking of women used and then abandoned, I looked for Mae or the Crone, maybe the little girl that was born a few months ago, but I found none of them.

After that I journeyed down the mountain and into the hills that ringed the mountain. But here... Tucked in a wedge of the mountain's surface as I descended, I knew that there was a temple of the bird people, the Tengu as they called themselves, and I thought that I might go there for aide. Though the Tengu were Tengu, they nonetheless didn't take sides in the battles between our village and those of the wolf and bird people around the mountain. They were monks and healers, and though I remember them looking upon father darkly whenever I journeyed with him to see mother, they nonetheless welcomed him and were very hospitable.

I also wanted to know more of the people who'd housed my mother for a time.

The monastery was the largest permanent structure on or around the mountain, a multi-tiered place of stone carved right out of the mountain. Its white walls were tall and thick and its doors were just as thick as the walls. It took many of the slender and winged Tengu to open the doors to let travelers in, and many more to actually open the gates. As of now, I'd never seen the gates open.

Journeying to the front gate, wearing my scantily clad garb of a meager shirt that stretched across me tightly and was beginning to rip with the thickness of my body and the girth of my breasts, I moved to the gong before the door set in the wall, ringing it once and waited.

Soon the little panel in the door opened, the thing covered by iron cross bars, and a young monk dressed in white peered at me.

"I am Fellania, daughter of Olympus on Polaris. I beg of you, may a lone traveler seek shelter here for the night? I also seek an audience with... With your master. I have dire questions I must ask him."

The Tengu merely stared at me for a moment with his tiny eyes which were nonetheless sharp and keen. His plumage spread as he bowed his head once and then stepped back and closed the window in the door. I heard then the mighty latches of the locks being opened before there were grunting from the other side from the monks straining in order to pull the doorway open. I wondered if I should help, but father never did, and I was unsure as to whether or not I would insult them if I tried. The bears like father and me were many times stronger than the Tengu... It was their gift of flight and speed and those wicked claws of theirs that could snatch chunks out of stone and armor that posed any problems in the war between us and them... That and their beaks very sharp and quick when they used them to peck.

The same monk who greeted me stood in the door before standing back, palming his chest with one talon while his wings folded tight against his back. He bowed at neck and waist and then gestured for me to enter.

"Thank you for your kindness." I said as I moved passed him, having to duck beneath the door frame, but unfortunately as I rose again my chest caught against the edge of the door and then rebounded off the door to then struck the bird in the chest, knocking him back.

"Oh dear! I'm so sorry... Please, let me help..." but the bird nimbly flipped to his feet and took a step back holding up a hand toward me. He merely bowed deeper and took another step back to allow me more berth.

"I'm sorry... I forget they are there at times." I said and strode past him into the monastery as the other Tengu closed the doors.

I was met in the courtyard by another Tengu who stood with his wings folded about him like an ornate feathered cloak. He also had two more sets of wings that only added more elegance to his form.

"I see before me the girl... Now grown into a woman. To you I must apologize to more than your father for... *misplacing* your mother, daughter of Polaris.

"Denying the bond of a husband to his wife is one thing but the precious need of a daughter to her mother is another."

I was silent for a moment but then lowered and shook my head.

"I'm over it. I've hardly even seen my mother, I barely knew her... But she loved me, and that's all I need to know." The Tengu nodded at me. "But there are other matters. I must speak with your head monk. Is he available?"

"He is not." the Tengu said and bowed before me. "But I would like to offer you quarters for the meantime while you wait. We shall bring food and you may rest here with us for as long as you need."

"Thank you." I replied and followed the monk as he turned and led me into the monastery.

There were others here who weren't Tengu, but they were rare... And even more rare were women, with maybe one out of every one hundred of the monks in this place being actual women.

It was perhaps this understanding that led to my later misunderstanding.

My quarters were away from the monks, away from the gathered males of this place, so I felt as if I were in a place that was relatively private.

Having grown dirty from my travels, and being that there was a bathing chamber attached to this simple room, I disrobed, siphoned the milk from my breasts so that they didn't ache any more, and then slid into that room before sliding into the bath that was hot and pure, sinking into its waters and sighing; feeling my breasts floating in the water despite the weighty fluids in them.

There I sat, spread out, soaking and feeling the dirt and grime and sweat sliding off me amidst the mineral waters.

So then as I rested there, with both my muscular arms spread against the back of the circular basin, I wasn't expecting to hear a door open and then close. Both ears perked up and I rose, opening both eyes and stopped as I saw... As I saw the first woman I could ever feel that I could fall in love with.

It was an odd feeling, but she was so beautiful, so lucid, so remarkable... A tall she-bear, a panda Spirit Folk, who was lean for a bear with wide hips and full breasts and just enough muscle to tone her shape. Long hair but a face... A face that was pure and pristine like she was a goddess in mortal form.

"Forgive me... I thought that I had this place all to myself." she greeted, and I felt my heart leap at the sound of her voice.

Again, it was pure, it had a lilt to it and as she slid into the room and then into the waters with me, I saw that everything that was on her was pure and perfect. I wanted to kiss her. It was a wonderful yet strange sensation.

"So did I." I replied to her and rose to an upright sitting position and moved both hands to grip the stone bench beneath me. "Forgive me, but who are you?"

"Panda." she mused, shrugging both shoulders and her full black lips smiled at me. "I... Am a visiting dignitary. Here to speak with the Head Monk."

I chuckled. "And here I thought I was alone in that. It appears as if I have to wait then."

"Why so?"

"Because you're a dignitary..."

"It's ok," she said and taking a washcloth she began to wash herself with it. "I can wait if you feel your need is great. I will inform his messenger when he or she arrives."

"Th-thank you. And may I ask... What sort of dignitary are you?"

She looked at me, her wide blue eyes electric in their coloring, bright and almost glowing. "I'm an empress." she smirked almost whimsically.

"What's an Empress?" I blinked and she chuckled.

"I thought I might get a reaction such as that." she said. "My kingdom claims this mountain as a part of it, but I may as well only be the empress of the city and nothing more. No one in the surrounding areas cares to claim us as their sovereign nation since the Oni came and were pushed back."

I nodded. I knew about the Oni at least. Many of them were the reason why there were warlords now...

"Perhaps our cause is the same. Warlords took my family and villagers a year ago. I seek an audience with the Head Monk for more information about them, but if you have that information..."

She nodded.

"I know of such things." she mentioned, and then dipped her head beneath the water before rising again, pushing her now wet hair back. She looked even more sensually beautiful with her body wet. "I am journeying to unite the five kingdoms, and I know that each kingdom has its own problems. This kingdom is being attacked by one particular warlord known as Liao. The communities here stand alone, fighting against each other, with the only stabilizing force here being this monastery. The camp you seek is to the East of this mountain, but its guarded like a fortress and watched over by a tower at its center. I'm afraid its roots go deep, and the numbers of people carried away for slave labor, to mine and work the iron for Liao's forces are incredible.

"I ran into those forces on my way here, but luckily my guard is quite talented."

"To the east? How frightful are these creatures?" I asked.

"Frightful enough to make even my guard worry. Luckily their warlord wasn't with them, or else Abraxis..."

"Do you need me my lady?" a person asked, parting the drapes and stepping in as he saw me before his eyes flickered to the empress.

I pursed my lips in wonder, having heard of his like but having never seen such a creature. He was a dragon Spirit Folk, with a long neck and body that led into a very long tail that was as easily as thick and as long as his body was, he wearing armor like a samurai and a great pair of leathery wings folded about him like a cloak.

"Abraxis..." she smiled and rose to the edge of the pool, offering her hand and this samurai knight immediately knelt before her and took her hand with both of his, "...I am safe here and you guard the only door. Worry not for your empress behind these walls."

"If I didn't worry, your highness... I wouldn't be doing my task correctly." and he bowed over her hand, but not before I saw several things in his eyes.

This golden dragon with the white belly was in love with her. He desired her; he wanted her with every piece of his being. I could see it... And flicking my gaze to Panda I could see that she saw it. She caressed his face with her free hand while his eyes focused upon her perfect breasts before she bent forward and kissed his brow.

She wasn't entertaining his affections, or else she would've kissed his lips...

"Go back to your post your wily dragon." she smiled. "Forgive me for calling out your name, but I did not need you while I bathe."

Wordlessly the dragon bowed lower and then surging to his feet left the room. There were numerous swords on his back, with other weapons and implements on belts and harnesses. His enormous tail with its leathery fringes left long after he did. The thing actually had to fully enter the room before it left with him again.

"Forgive him..." Panda said softly and then sat where she was with her legs in the hot water before she reached for a comb amidst her things she brought in with her.

"You seem to know far more than me." I said and rose to sit beside her. I was many times her size weight wise... And even sitting I was head, neck and shoulders taller than she was... My breasts thrice as big as hers. "Tell me... Do you suppose I have a chance against these warlords? Compare me with your samurai."

She only glanced at me, smiled and then returned to combing her mane. "You would last against the warlord's minions, but you'd soon fall to the warlord's blade." she said simply, her smile fading with a sigh. "With a woman with breasts like yours and hips like yours, you should be trying to have a child instead of trying to battle warlords. This world is an unhappy one in that regards if we females, being so few in number as it is, must contend with such odds and fight like warriors do."

I fidgeted, and then Panda rose to stand behind me, and before I knew what she was doing she was grooming me.

"What are you doing?" I blinked but stood still, feeling a realm of goose bumps slide against me to her touch. I felt like I was being purified.

"I... Am doing a service if you wish it." she smiled. "I've caused you a heart ache. Please let me relieve it."

"Your wish is my command, Empress..." I smirked and she continued to groom me.

There was a mirror in the room that I'd been given, a great plane of silver that'd been polished to a crystalline like sheen and revealed my form in its fullest. Unlike the wavering images reflected by water, this was a clean, unmoving image of myself. How grand was it that for the first time that I could look upon myself without disturbance that it was after the Empress Panda had taken the time to groom me and make me look... Just beautiful.

Her skills that made me enamored with her and were now upon me made me wonder at first if I were looking at a different woman. I even greeted my image, thinking that it was a messenger from the monastery, but when I realized that it was a reflection and that the image was of myself, I was stunned speechless.

I never considered myself beautiful... But now... I felt... Feminine, I felt beautiful, I felt... Sexual even.

I wanted to continue looking like this always, and I hoped that I'd have time to speak with the Empress again before she left in order to learn these tricks, and standing there before the mirror, wearing a gown that was a sheathe over my front and back that was large enough to drape over both my immense shoulders and likewise cover my bust – a decorative belt pulled the fabric back to my waist to cover my nudity – and a fine silk robe made me feel like I were a princess of some sort.

And just then, there was a knock at the door, and at first I didn't hear it. I was so captivated with my image that I didn't realize that someone was at the door till the second knock came.

"Ah... A moment." and I hurried to the door and opened it to reveal a young feline fem, and surprisingly she was decked out in monk's garb. Though the traditional garb left one side of the chest bare, she, like the other females here, had a chest wrap to cover her nudity.

She bowed immediately, her heavily laden chest wobbling minutely, her muscular and vein ridden arms showing her to be the strongest woman I'd ever beheld aside from my mother or myself.

"Mistress Fellania." she greeted and held the bow.

"Ah... Yes?" I managed and she rose sharply with more wobbling of her bosom. As remarkable as it is, her bust was even larger than mine!

"I am to be your escort to the head monk." she said as she rose excitedly. "Thank you for such a great honor." she beamed and then mewed.

She was like the small wild cats, not necessarily a lion or a tiger, but she was nonetheless built physically like a lioness, with muscles laden with hard veins and even harder muscles that bulged heavily all over her frame.

"You're welcome?" I blinked.

"My name's Susan, but you can call me Sue." she murred. "Please follow me."

And she turned with a twitching of her long tail, revealing a back that was even more muscled than her front. Smirking still I followed her as she led me through the monastery halls till I was before another door where Sue turned and bowed deeply again.

"The head monk is inside Lady Fellania." she said.

"Thank you but... No titles. Just Fellania... Or just Fell if you prefer. Titles make me uncomfortable."

"As you wish." she said and bobbed at the waist again with another wobbling of her ample chest and mewed.

I then thanked her and stepped forward, opening the door and entering into a great rounded chamber that was surrounded on four edges and had a grand Yin Yang simple in the center of the room that was boarded by an octagon.

Sitting on a mat at its center was a strange looking creature wearing white robes, his great eyes closed and hands - all four of them - and his legs folded in meditation while his long tail coiled around him, its end waving was the only motion he made aside from a very controlled breathing.

I had no idea what to call him. He wasn't a Tengu that was for sure. He had long antennae like a bug, with long wings at his back like a butterfly's; those being multi-faceted and rainbow colored. His body was covered with an insect's carapace over a reptile's scales and leathery underbelly. Was he a bug?

"No Fellania... I am not a bug." he said suddenly and my eyes opened wide... But then so too did his.

His eyes were far too big for his skull, but with the twinkle in them combined with the quirk of his mouth reminded me so much of the Monkey King.

"Is he still causing mischief? He was once my student."

I blinked.

"Do you read minds?" I asked.

"Yes. But worry not, I am not probing you. You merely project your surface thoughts. But to answer your earlier question... I am a fairy dragon."

And quite fluidly he got to his feet in one rocking motion, standing on what I saw to be digitigrade legs with long, wide toes that ended in sharp talons. What was more was that he was small... Very small. Perhaps a third my size!

"Small in stature, great in purpose." he said and bowed. "I am called Pendragon." he said and rose before gesturing toward me. "Now... Tell me child... What is it that you seek?"

"I ... Seek information about the warlords." I said sternly. "I want to..."

"Die a strenuously long and horrible death that will involve being raped repeatedly and tortured daily before your soul dies and your body soon follows suit... But only after years of such agonizing indignity."

He stated that instead of asked it and folded two of his hands before him.

"Ah... No... That's not what I want at all."

"Then why are you trying to race toward that fate?" he asked then.

"But I'm not."

He smirked and then nodded before moving lithely toward the candles and began blowing them out one at a time.

"Forgive me for being so contradictory... But yes you are." he blew out several more candles.

"Are you going to give me the information I want?" I asked sternly. He kept blowing out candles. "Well? Are you going to answer me?" he blew out several more candles and then paused, fingering the table before him and then looked straight at me, smirking before returning to blowing candles.

I growled and then turned on my heel only to find him standing before me. Blinking I turned to look back where he was only to find all the candles extinguished and then back to him.

"How..."

"I have just shown you something that you don't know. Wise man says that the more you know the more you know you don't know. What I just did was the equivalent of many long and grueling minutes of blowing out candles and moving in front of you to block your forward movement with my body in the span of time it took you to turn around. What does that tell you?"

"That you're fast?" I replied after finding no other way to answer him.

"Among other things, but no female has ever told me that before..." he chuckled.

"I thought your order was celebrate." I blinked.

"Who told you that? Certainly not me... But regardless child, and I am forced to call you a child due to your impatience and impertinence, if you will not show yourself to be patient then you will enter into the pain of the fate I told you would befall you. So long as you wish to head in that direction, in order to do my duty, I must deny that information from you. But aside from that, the Monkey King didn't prepare you for certain other problems that he himself is not patient enough to understand. That's why he left my order... He lacked patience... That and he couldn't compete with me on a practical joking matter."

"Ah..." I began but he waved it off.

"You do not understand what I'm talking about because you do not see. Very well, come with me... And I shall show you that which you don't understand."

Pendragon took me smartly by one finger – his tiny hand was only large enough to take the one finger, much like a child leading the way – and led me along with him. There was something I noticed, though, as we moved through the monastery. As he passed, all the Tengu and the other students here bowed to him... I was certain they weren't bowing to me. But down into the bowels of the monastery and out into the front courtyard did we go when he paused just long enough for me to see something.

"Smoke." I said aloud. It was black smoke.

"Precisely. Now come." and he led me forward along the courtyard, and gesturing to the doors with two hands, he made an opening motion and the locks of the doors were thrown open and the gates themselves opened and I gasped at a vast army that was gathered outside the gates.

At their head was a warlord. Not the fur wearing one from before... This one was different.

"Monk!" the warlord said and pointed with his notched sword that burned with hate just like Warlord Liao's did. "We've come for the Empress. Bring her and we will spare your monastery."

Pendragon let go of my hand and patted my leg before he moved forward, and expecting some grand speech, Pendragon instead grabbed his crotch, made a rude gesture with two arms and threw him a raspberry while showing him his eye.

"Take him." the warlord said in a low growl, and several warriors surged forward. Pendragon kept showing them his butt after hiking up his robes, wiggling it before them, and I blinked between him and the guards at the door as the warriors surged forward, roaring and screaming and waving their weapons.

And then the warriors reached him, and with a snap Pendragon turned and the group of warriors fell before him.

"W-what happened?!" I gasped and I felt a hand on mine and looking down, I saw Pendragon there.

"I kicked their butts... Now keep watching."

And he walked out into the field again.

"Is that it? Is that the best you can do?" Pendragon Taunted. "Why don't you go soak your head?! Cool off! It'll do you young pups good."

The warlord gestured and a line of pike men surged forward. Pendragon merely stood his ground till they were nearly upon him, and then he moved. He snatched the pike from one and struck down his enemies with it before throwing the spear back at the rushing individuals, the thing landing right in front of the warlord... But the last of the pike men, suddenly finding himself alone, charged Pendragon.

The strange creature merely stood as the last of the pike men charged, and then quick as a viper, he chopped off the spear's end with his bare hand. Then gripping the end of the pole, he twisted it suddenly rather forcibly before shoving his small arm forward. This motion twisted the pole violently, and the shoving motion splintered it and caused it to shatter, bending the wood outward in a ripple that surged toward the attacker. The twist in the wood combined with the shoving splinters caught the man's grip, forcing his hands to hold fast to the wood even as it lifted him off the ground, gave his body a twist and then the shoving motion hit him with an explosion of power that sent him rocketing off to come crashing against a wave of soldiers back at the waiting army, forcing them to fall like dominos.

The warlord looked up, suddenly startled, and then he raised his sword arm and shouted, and a rain of arrows sailed upward into the air. When they reached Pendragon, he... he just started dancing! Knocking the arrows harmlessly

away from himself and the monastery to protect those within it before coming to stand amidst a quill forest of black arrows, defiantly facing the warlord and his army.

And then the warlord again raised his sword, about to give the call to charge with the whole of his army, but Pendragon merely stomped his foot, a rock hopped up from the ground which he caught, just before he threw it expertly and efficiently to knock the warlord straight in the chest and right to the ground.

"Think twice about that command fool!" Pendragon bellowed, his voice somehow carrying over the whole field of rolling hills leading to the monastery. "Now... LEAVE!" he barked, and this time his voice was a roar that blew from him, and the roar itself shattered the ground before him between he and the army, pelting them with rocks and knocking the majority of them to the ground, splintering their siege engines.

In the face of such might, they all picked up and ran, including the warlord.

Pendragon calmly turned and returned to me, and with a gesture of both hands the great gates slammed shut with such a rattle that they loosed dirt from the cracks of the wooden slats before their locks and braces slid back into place.

"You are not ready for the men of a warlord child. Till you are ready to take on an army, you are not ready to take on a warlord."

And he waddled past with nary another word save for a crystalline clacking of his wings twitching.

Like I mentioned before, the women of the monastery had a very small living area... But unlike the men, we had the most space to ourselves despite that. We had enough room to have a whole room to ourselves, whereas the men were at least two to a room, if not four.

I'd stayed in the monastery for several days now, asking for another audience with Pendragon, hoping that I could learn the skills he used to defeat an army from his gates. In these several days the warlords still had yet to return.

In the women's quarters, which were separated from the main monastery, there was a garden. My village never really had flowers other than the wild flowers growing on the mountain, and here was a groomed garden with flowers and trees and herbs and precious plants with beautifully maintained bonsai... Including the largest bonsai I'd ever seen in my life.

It was here that I met Panda again as she sat with her robes open, leaving only a very supple blue silk to cover her breasts like a shirt, held with a chord tied over those ample swells. Her loins were likewise decorated with blue silk cloth, only these were darker and not translucent. Her lucid body was open to the cool air flowing through this chamber, her heavy and multi-layered silk patterned robes laid arrayed loosely about her arms like so many shawls.

When I arrived, a butterfly was resting upon her fingertip, as she nibbled upon a piece of bamboo, her sandals on two raised slats of wood were laced high with red silk chords upon a pair of legs wearing white silk stockings that looked to be made specifically for those long yet strong legs.

As I arrived, I saw in the shadows Abraxis standing in the shadows watching me... The samurai from some unknown kingdom gripping his swords in a way as if he expected trouble from me. The warning in his eyes told me that I would die if I tried to harm the empress, and his action as he thumbed his sword forward to clear the resistance of the scabbard warned me even further.

"You look forlorn." she said turning to me, her hair jewelry bright and white with blue highlights as the butterfly flew off. "Something vexes you?" she looked upon me with genuine kindness.

"I feel weak." I said rubbing the knuckles of one hand. "I feel inferior in my duty to my family."

"Your family?"

"They were taken. My father and brothers, along with the whole of my village." I said. "The warlords took them for heaven only knows what. I want to get them free, but to do that means to challenge and possibly defeat the warlords."

She nodded. "So you witnessed Pendragon's might?" and I nodded.

"He brought me to where I could watch, see with my own eyes."

"Such is his ways. Rumor has it that you've asked to speak with him again and he has yet to see you." I remained silent but Panda smiled and approached me, resting both her hands on my shoulders. "Think nothing of that. Pendragon keeps me waiting, despite that I am an empress. If I were a betting woman, I'd wager that he'd see you a second time before he sees me."

"Why do you think that?"

"It's more important than what I ask. My position is politics. Yours is family." I blinked at her. "Do you know what you're going to ask him?"

"I want him to train me." I said quietly.

She let go of me and nibbled on her bamboo for a moment in thought. "Do you realize what that means?"

"No, but I don't care." I said immediately.

"If it's that important to you... Then there is a grand chance that he will... Oh... Speak of the devil."

And I turned to follow her gaze right as Sue arrived and curtsied deeply. "Your highness. Pardon the intrusion but I've come for Lady Fellania."

I looked back to Panda as she nodded with a smile. "Then you may escort her if she's done with me. I'd like to stay here and walk amongst the garden a while longer."

"Yes empress, if you'll follow me Lady Fellania."

I followed her, but once we were out of the garden in the center of the cluster of rooms...

"*Lady Fellania?*" I smirked.

"Titles are a requirement around royalty." Sue said and immediately hugged me. I heard her purr a little before she took my hand and led me off. "But Pendragon is asking for you."

"He is? Why now?"

"That's left up to him. His ways are often times... Whimsical. Some lessons take students years to learn, sometimes with much humiliation and hurt, but once you learn it then you love him all the more for forcing you to learn it. I hear the very king of dragons appointed him to the position, but don't tell anyone I told you that." this last she whispered with a hand aside her mouth conspiratorially, but then she finished it off with a soft mew and hastened our steps.

At long last I was brought before Pendragon, just like I was before, but this time he was sitting atop his staff, much like The Monkey King had done often enough.

"You show patience." he said immediately. "That's good. Patience is a virtue. However patience without hesitation is the difficult part that you'll need to learn."

He paused and I waited, and when he said nothing I thought to speak aloud.

"Y-you're not going to ask me why I wanted to speak with you?"

"No. To me it's rather obvious.... But you still need to ask."

I nodded, drew myself upright and asked. "Would you please teach me? I want to learn how to defeat the warlords in order to save my family."

"Is that the wording that you want to use?" Pendragon said, raising an eyebrow at me, his shining eyes focusing on me intently as if I were hollow and he were judging my heart directly.

I thought then shook my head. "No. I want my family back. Whatever it takes."

He nodded.

"If revenge is all that is in your heart, then I'll have you escorted from my monastery and ejected, never allowed to return. But wanting your father and brothers back, that is a different matter entirely. And whatever the cost? It may just come to that."

"Forgive me, but what do you mean?"

"It'll take too long to explain. You'll learn soon enough. Now... First lesson... Humility. Take off all your clothes, go to the courtyard and kneel in the center ring. Stay there till I come for you."

I blinked at him, trying to discern as to whether or not he was serious, but he looked serious. So right then and there I disrobed, and then walked through the monastery naked, came to a kneeling position at the center of the courtyard, where there was a red ring at the center of the courtyard and I stayed there.

This was a test after all... And I needed to pass it. Besides, clothes were overrated. I wasn't as uncomfortable naked as others might've been. But apparently this position was meant to be humbling, for monks walking by struck me with staves or rocks, some yelled insults at me in passing, called me a whore and a slut, and other demeaning terms. Called me weak because of my gender. Strangely that one bit more than all the other ones did. High priests came and told me to follow them; some even told me it was because Pendragon told them to go fetch me. But I remembered Pen's words and he told me till he came and got me.

I got hit with dirty water from cleaning floors and my knees and legs ached. It rained heavily on me, but if the other monks could train in freezing rain then I could too.

Sue was the only one who showed me kindness as she came and offered me drink and bread. The others struck her as well for helping me.

"Please... Don't let them hurt you on my account." I said as she forced the food and vial of water into my hands.

"I can take it." she said, and then went after the last one who dared to throw a rotten apple at her.

Three whole days, which seemed to be a magical number here instead of the usual eight... But then I waited five days to see Pendragon and then another three before he arrived again, and when he appeared it was hailing on me, and I was numb from the stinging, pelting ice.

"This is only the beginning Fellania." he said beneath a grand umbrella that was being held over him by the hands of a younger monk. "It only gets worse from here. Now that you have a taste, is your desire to save your family worth this?"

"Yes." I said simply through half closed eyes as I bent myself to weather the storm. I was shivering from the cold, and I hadn't slept in these three days.

Pen nodded and then gestured to those I couldn't see, and hands, the hands of those who pelted me and struck me and tried to lie to me now got me to lay back on a cloth stretched between two bamboo staves. They greeted me with "Welcome sister." and "Rest now sister." And covered me with a heavy blanket to warm me.

I was carried to a bath house and laid in the water where other women, the empress Panda and Sue included, drew me into the warm water and washed me.

I must've passed out sometime during all that, but when I awoke, it was to find myself in a grand bed, surrounded by a half dozen women including the empress and Sue, with Abraxis's shadow viewable behind a screen.

They were warming me from the ordeal. I was still tired, but at least I'd passed the first test. So I went to sleep right then and there.

So I became a student of the monastery.

For several days I was passed from one master to the next as they tested me on my actual knowledge, all so that I eventually met with Pendragon himself.

"I'm surprised. Clearly Monkey pulled out all the stops when he trained you."

"Pardon me for saying so Master Pendragon, but don't you mean the Monkey King?" I said while standing in line with a few other individuals that included Sue as the only other woman here under his tutelage. She and I were clearly the strongest of the bunch, with the rest being men, and most were Tengu with one human.

"Monkey doesn't quite understand that when we called him Monkey King that we were trying to be derogatory. *'Oh hail King of the Monkeys!'*" Pendragon chuckled. "Only Monkey could turn it around and make the insult a title of note.

"But welcome to my personal attention, Fellania. Typically, individuals don't come in right through the doors and get as far as you do. You will now suffer because of it"

"Pardon, master... But why am I to be punished for that?"

"You will see it as a punishment, but it isn't." Pendragon smirked, and then directed the others to continue with their training as they were previously directed.

I on the other hand...

Sue helped me, and without her there I don't think I could've done half the things without her cheering me on. Muscles tore inside me and I shed tears over the following months as I was twisted and bent and stretched... All to improve my flexibility and strength.

They wedged me down so that I was crotch first against the floor, and then tying me to the wall, they then pushed both my legs backward behind two thick stones built in the floor in order to stretch my legs. My arms were twisted and bent repeatedly, and I was bent in odd angles and told to hold those positions for hours at a time.

I burned and I ached, and more than once Sue had to help me to my rooms to recover for the night. Also more than once I awoke and couldn't move despite how much I tried.

Again, it was Sue who risked punishment for tending to me.

"How do you get so kind in a world such as this?" I asked her as she helped me to get up for something so simple as going to the bathroom. She was the only person other than Pen himself who could perhaps lift me.

"Because kindness is the most priceless commodity in these days." she said. "A kind hand, a loving kiss, a friend, family... Nothing is so precious." her voice trailed off as she got me finally to sit up. It was then that she witnessed me go through a growth spurt for the first time as I flopped right back down onto the bed.

My back spasmed and I balanced on shoulders and toes involuntarily, convulsively, as the whole of me became so rigid in an arching form that one could've built a bridge over a stream about me and it would've held indefinitely.

She sat back and watched wide-eyed as I groaned, and as always, from a point where my womanhood resided, I felt a wave of growth pulse through me. The mound of my womanhood billowed outward, the lips thickening and clit enlarging, all three flushing with blood and growing as hard as iron bars and as hot as tempered iron.

Up navel and down legs did the growth pulse as mainly tendons grew this time, but muscle also had to grow to support those tendons, and so I nonetheless thickened imperiously. Both thighs rounded outward and creased themselves in greater number and more deeply than ever, hips cracking wider as the muscles of my bottom bulged and clenched into a tight butterfly formation that pinched the base of my sex between them. Inner thighs became a bundle of chords leading from my sex, the largest being the tendons that separated inner from outer thighs, all while the quadriceps simply billowed outward and the undersides of those thighs cleaved into quarters and rolled outward into hard chords.

Calves flared wide and forelegs separated at last into bundles of chords that overlapped and cross each other, feet and toe claws enlarging just before stomach muscle compressed and sunk deeply beneath a flaring bodice.

With a crack my ribs thrust forward and wider, pushing back and spine backward, flaring both tits a moment before they exploded outward and those abdominal muscles of mine grew thicker and deeper creased before another pair of lats and another set of abs carved themselves out of me. Dorsal muscles thickened, flaring wide so that the multitude of back muscles on me bubbled into greater and greater forms, overlapping shoulders and sides before arms rounded outward and doubled rapidly in thickness.

At long last neck muscles thickened and lengthened subtly and I trembled briefly, the slit of my sex glistening with moisture briefly before I collapsed back into the bed and fainted again.

When I awoke next it was to awaken with a wet cloth draped over me and another but smaller wet cloth folded on my brow. Pendragon himself was before me, and there were pins in my chest and they were lit with smoking incense to make them hot.

"You surprise me. I now know the secret of your power. Training you will be more difficult than it has been with others... And your very body tells me why it is that you took only a year to learn what Monkey taught you."

"Because I grow stronger all the time?" I asked turning my sore neck to look at him.

"There is a saying. No one knows who started it, but with you its very true. That which doesn't kill you makes you stronger. But with you that is amplified hundreds of times over. You are pushed to cross your limit, and because of that your body compensates as it heals. It's an exceedingly rare power of the Spirit Folk... and I've never seen it so prevalent as it is in you. As it compensates it makes that which you had stronger. Just like the fiery mountain. Though the fire comes to consume it, the mountain still survives and becomes stronger from it afterward, larger, greater..."

"What does this mean for me?" I asked.

"It means that we will continually be pushing you harder and harder Fellania. You will... Hurt... A lot. It will be necessary you understand. But I'm certain you will be like unto a mountain by the time you leave our care."

I stared at him, and then groaning I sat up and he moved to help me but I stopped him with one hand, and rose on my own.

"Ngh... Then when do we continue?"

"Tomorrow..." Pen smiled, and then eyed my naked form. "But after we get you some knew clothes. You tore from the last set you had before Susan brought you to your rooms, and even after that you changed again. I suppose nothing more than a few meters would be necessary." he chuckled and rose.

"But..." and he pushed me back to lie down and I did, "Your training will be a period of intensity, and then a period of rest, for in rest is when your body compensates. Only then will you be able to assume the fullness of the training."

Months more passed.

Every day I felt myself growing thicker and larger, and every day I grew stronger and more powerful, growing taller and taller till I was a full head, chest and shoulders taller than even Sue was. My muscles rippled and were chorded, and the clothing I wore was now stretched to their extremes. I realized that I must be larger than even papa was.

Out in the field I went alone now with Pendragon, and here it was that he helped me to commune with the world, draw strength with it. He taught me herbs and medicines, and likewise fanned the power of the magics that were in me. As always, Life and Earth magics were the strongest in me, with Earth magics being the most paramount of all. Those magics helped toughen and strengthen me.

As winter approached, I'd magnified my strength and power many hundreds of fold over, standing well over twice the height I was when I was just a girl before all these changes took me. My muscles throbbed, my strength rippled, my sexuality...

I sighed as I sat in the fall rain, the late fall rain so that it was cold, cold, cold... But still I couldn't cool myself down.

Pendragon came to me then, wearing his robes with the hood up and his enormous ears poking out of the ear holes but were nonetheless folded downward over each other against the back of his head with his antennae.

"You're proving quite the distraction Fellania." he said quietly in greeting.

I looked at him amidst combing my wet hair back with the dagger-like claws of one hand.

"Am I?" I asked, dressed in only the wrap that covered only my loins and nothing else. I knew quite well what was happening to me now. I was approaching a heat again just like the year before and the year before that, only now I noticed that each year it got harder and harder to bare.

"Many of the males have come to me asking for your hand in marriage, Fellania. I see the lust only in their eyes, and Sue is getting exhausted keeping them from confronting you directly. My training can only exist in serenity, and I see that even you are having difficulties resisting the effects and remaining serene.

"What then... Shall I do master?"

Pendragon sighed, and then hopping up onto my thigh, he cupped my face with one hand while his feet gripped my muscled leg, and then he did the most peculiar thing.

He belched... And blew it in my face.

At first I was surprised that he'd do this, but from his mouth came a sparkling pink mist that actually smelt sweet and filled with flowers and incense, and immediately upon inhaling it I felt lighter and calm, euphoric. I giggled girlishly from the sensation

"The effects of my breath weapon are temporary, child. Look at me closely, and follow my commands."

I felt stupid and wanted to do whatever he wanted, and so in a dreamy state I merely nodded.

"You are to go to your rooms, collect your things, and leave until after your heat calms from your loins. Return to me should fate allow you to do so again."

And he hopped down from me and I rose immediately with a bouncing and wobbling of breasts. They were so distended; I was lactating so grandly now that even my secondaries had bulged profusely in this state and leaking

their cream. As I walked away, I hefted one tit and then the other and drank briefly from them to loosen the ache in them that I felt even through the haze Pen's pink mist had given me.

I gathered up my robes, my clothing and armor, gripped my condensed White Oak staff as I extended it, tied everything to its end and then I left.

I didn't even say goodbye... I didn't think to. Pen's commands didn't tell me to, and after all I would be back again.

Wouldn't I?

I was half way up the mountain by the time the mist let my mind go to where I realized where I was and what I was doing, and by that time when I looked back I realized that I hadn't even said goodbye to Sue.

Sighing though as the heat in me slammed into my loins full bore again, leaving me panting for air, I squatted down and opened the satchel hanging off the White Oak staff and pulled out a simple jacket that was tied in the front and was specifically made to hem in my breasts during training. I put it on not out of a sense of sensibility, but rather despite the heat the chill in the air still nipped at my nipples, and I wanted to keep those protected.

I was walking along one of the roads that carved through the great mountain, one of the main roadways, and as such was well traveled. But as I continued on my journey to my hidden home in order to ride out this heat, I saw the one thing that never failed to steel my heart and make me gulp for air.

Smoke. Black smoke.

Rushing up the mountain road, I soon came to the site of a warlord attack.

I sighed, looking at all the bodies, all the damaged goods, and walking along the wagons I bit my lip at the sight of the dead who were here. This wasn't just guards... This was innocent people, villagers who never picked up anything greater than a rake, a hoe or a shovel in their lives, people who had no valuables, and yet they were all slaughtered wholeheartedly without a single thought about them. Killed for sport.

Men, women and children, humans and Spirit Folk alike. Their goods, even the food that would feed these needy people was taken. And then I came upon a wagon... It was armored and protected, and yet its door had been sheered off. Looking at the finery on the inside I almost feared for Panda for a moment, she and Abraxis having left months ago after Pendragon agreed to be a sanctuary to anyone who came looking for it so long as they work for their room and board, but she and her guardian had gone out into the plains not up the mountain, and they left alone.

But looking I saw something terrible nearby, which were the torn clothes of a woman, with four stakes in the place where hands and feet should've been. There was blood on the rods, but no body. Nonetheless... Someone was tied and crucified here... And then raped.

Rape... I knew that word now. My interaction with Sue and the other women, of hearing their talk about relationships with the other monks in the Monastery had led me to learn certain concepts I'd not yet learned. Amidst their greatest fear was the prospect of being raped. Forced sexually. That's what Madame Mae had been screaming and fighting so fervently about that day. Understanding the process now, I knew that being violated in that way had become my own greatest, yet unlikely, fear.

Damn these warlords.

The body that had been violated here was missing, and there was a trail leading into the mountains, but newly fallen snow had obscured it only a few feet away. Whoever it had been was probably dead now.

Returning to the slaughter, looking amongst the crates and baskets and chests I found them looted. Samurai and Ronin were here, but all of them were dead.

Or so I thought.

As I decided that all were dead, tears fully in my eyes, I suddenly heard a sound of someone groaning. Hurrying to the sound I found a Spirit Folk, a strange sight to be so intermingled with humans as they were, but he was dressed as a Ronin, complete with swords and armor. Strange that the warlords didn't loot those, but I soon found out why. As I neared the bobcat suddenly came awake, his eyes fully dilated and blank as he snarled and waved his sword

before him with such ferocious force. I blocked the steel with the wood of my staff, and if I hadn't I was certain the blade would've cleaved me in two, and then I quickly gave his skull a good crack to knock him and his madness out.

A survivor! Thank the Maker.

"All right you..." I sniffed back tears and squatted before him. "...You still have hope."

Taking what I could find, I dressed the bobcat's wounds, the small, scrappy fighter who was very nearly half my size was wrapped tightly in a papoose of cloth and things while I used my control of the earth to open up the nearly frozen ground and bury the bodies, forming shaped head stones before each one. The monastery had taught me the habit of prayer, and so I prayed over their graves before I picked up the bobcat in my arms and carried him to my hidden home.

The natural warmth of the cave must've been welcome to the injured Ronin as I laid him down by the waters of the hot spring, and there I began to undress him in order to clean him.

In my experience, boys got dirtier than girls did, and I found that that trait carried onward into adulthood. So before I could properly clean his wounds I had to clean his body. But there was something that I wasn't really prepared for... And that was that I'd never really seen a grown man naked.

Just like there were things that happened to a girl when they grew into a woman, there were also things that happened to a boy when they turned into a man. The most apparent external things on a Spirit Folk male were the fur... He had the thick beard that most cats did that brushed backward from his jowls, and he had the thick chest tuft amidst hard chorded muscles, but he also had...

I blinked and couldn't help but stare at his manhood, the limp thing still thick and firm-looking. I looked at him in curiosity for a moment. I knew... That the connection a man and a woman made, the physical one, involved him placing his loins inside mine, but seeing this small cat with his '*gift*' I wondered what something so large in something so small as my sex would be like. I was still what people called a virgin, a maiden instead of a grown woman. Strange that a thing like coupling would mark me as a woman in other's eyes instead of the physical maturity that I'd gained.

Sue had told me that sex hurt at first, but it'd later feel so remarkably wonderful that you'll forget about the hurt and will crave the sensation forever more. Your body will want it and will prompt you to get it like a craving for a particular kind of food or drink. She explained that when a male was aroused this member of theirs got harder, thicker and longer... All to pierce our bodies. I'd seen a member like that once... but that was from a young wolf who'd tried to... rape me.

Swallowing at that thought, I picked him up and carried him into the water to bathe him, washing his fur and then drying him off before dressing his wounds with dried herbs that were still here in their containers I'd forged out of clay for them. As I picked each misshapen pot up, I used my skills and power to reshape them and color them into more pleasing shapes – I'd been no good at a potter's wheel – before putting them back on the shelf till I found which herb combination I needed to blend into the proper poultice before dressing those wounds with some fresh linen I had to tear from my own clothing. That was ok, I could hunt for some leathers soon, but linen was better as a dressing, I'd learned.

Carrying him to lay in one of the rooms, I forged a fireplace out of the stone with just a touch, and though fire was difficult for me, I was able to create a small fireball till I could get some real wood for that fire.

I had spare blankets and furs that I could lay him on, make him comfortable. Laying his swords by him – warriors were keen about keeping their blades close – I then sat back and watched him sleep for awhile, keenly aware of my heat suddenly leaping inside my loins while I did. Looking down between breasts and legs, I saw the swollen patch of sex there with its erect clit and flared open slit, the patch burning red with the tops of my breasts with the heat. I was keenly aroused, and this male's scent was making me even more so.

I was nearing my time of change, as did happen every year as I entered a heat... So I thought it was best to make myself scarce for awhile. So rising to both feet, looking at him for a short time longer, I then turned and left to walk naked into the forest surrounding my sacred home.

My loins tensed as I arrived panting at the front door to my home, laying another armload of wood into its covered holder near the door.

It was approaching rapidly, very rapidly, and adjusting the strap of leather and the wrap that held my staff in a clasp of shaped and hardened leather, I felt my pussy throbbing as I stood there, the thing clenching and releasing repeatedly while it leaked juices over both thighs. It'd been like this for hours, a feeling that I was on the verge of the most explosive orgasm of my life, but even trying to pop the bubble – as Sue called it – I couldn't manage to do so even with my long claws. It just stayed up inside me, while the ball of chi in me burned hotter and bulged in my bowels so grandly that I even felt constipated from it.

Panting for air, feeling muscles in me tensing, nipples erect and leaking their cream, I exhaled a long gasp of air that escaped me in a billowing cloud of vapor.

Every muscle was flexing as I clenched both arms into fists, and closing my eyes I felt the rising explosion of change as my eighteenth cycle approached me, rising into a violent culmination of power.

And then with my bowels filling somewhere behind the navel, I moaned low and hard and suddenly spasmed violently at long last, so fiercely that I arched backward with nearly enough force to break my back, the spine crunching as I arched deeply as a climax erupted in a explosive release from my loins and splattered both thighs as it jet toward the ground. And suddenly I felt the bones in me crunching and breaking violently now before healing rapidly, each of them growing ever so slightly but thickening grandly, but with the number bones in me growing this way it increased my height and width into new definitions of *'massive.'*

My bear's muscle hump surged from between both shoulders in a great knot as my chest blossomed forward in more mountain building; breasts engorging, squirting their milk and pectorals rounding outward into heaving masses, sternum hardening while the fur over both breasts thinned into a sort of velvety peach fuzz. I came again in another jet of nectar as I grasped both nipples with either hand as they ejaculated their cream repeatedly, the white milk billowing about my fingers as I whimpered and compressed both tits together, holding them in close as they swelled outward with another year of maturity. Those twin swells grew to thrice the size of my head, nectar seeping from my loins that were swelling outward into a thicker feminine pad while yet another pulse of climax built up inside me as quickly as someone filling a bowl with a pitcher of water.

Abdominals rounded outward, the plethora of abs growing even greater in number with a fifth set sets of lats appearing between the flaring and thickening ribs while the dorsal muscles and back muscles flared me steadily like a kite or a sail in the wind.

Another eruption of ejaculate splattered from my loins, my clit erecting from inside me, dragging the folds of womanflesh from inside me as I panted with my bodice steadily thickening forward and backward to where the whole of my back, chest and breasts were easily half the distance front to back as I was tall!

My pussy started throbbing energetically now, and I in turn pressed both thighs together as the pair of them rounded outward, calves flaring as forelegs bulged, thighs billowing and lifting my butt higher to pinch the base of tail and spine while sheer muscle chords and tendons stood on end with billowing veins. The fur on me thinned along the belly and inner thighs as I spread apart and over both biceps and inner thighs, but thickening at forelegs, hollow of the throat, over both shoulders and calves.

Shoulders and arms rounded and flared with added thickness most of all, with the biceps growing to the sizes of watermelons, the claws like curved Kris Knives, the forearms flaring and rounding outward into great heaving mounds that burned with muscle might.

With yet another burst of ejaculate, my navel suddenly curved serpentine-like, sloping inward from the sternum as its muscles rose and fell with their thickness, and then again bulging outward at the pelvis in order to support my now voluminous sex.

Both legs grew thicker than that chorded and sinuous waist, both arms equally as thick, and with all this growth, so too did an explosion of my powers in my womb erupt through me into incredible power of added physical might from the earth, and greater magical power from the green magic of life to where beneath my feet, where once was bare ground, plants and flowers bloomed suddenly as the life magics inside me blossomed.

I was like the fabled Earth Mother father used to talk about to my brothers when he thought I wasn't listening. A sex that could give birth to the world and breasts large enough to nurse the whole of it. I certainly felt like that now.

Gasping as the transformation started to wane, I reached for my staff as it extended slightly, forming a long knob, and leaning against the wall of the cave mouth near the door to my home, I inserted the staff inside me, and its knob pleased me as it vibrated and fed off that life magic that was in me and absorbed the excess heavy water I exuded as I came again and again... more times than I cared to count amidst the finer and smaller muscles engorging as well.

White Oak too grew stronger right along with me, thicker, longer, and with it I found precisely how deep my bowels went. Practically to the sternum in fact as I found it penetrating a second gate deep inside me.

Withdrawing the staff once I'd orgasmed several more times, slabs of muscle sliding about me as I grew thicker and thicker, deeper of chest and greater of back, having musculature that could also hold up the world I could give birth to, I shivered and then leaned there panting, the White oak staff absorbing the last of my fluids as it glistened briefly in the fading sun.

But unlike before when this happened last year and the year before, I still was unsated.

"Oh me..." I whimpered and took to rubbing that firm pad of womanflesh between my legs.

I needed a bath.

I bathed, washing the juices and siphoning the milk from my breasts before I combed and lotioned my fur to remove it of gnarls and burs.

It was then that I went in to look in on my visitor and change his bandage. He'd moved, and now laid an arm over the blankets as he rested there, and cleaning his wound, purifying it and closing it up a little more with my life magics, unfamiliar with the healing magics as of yet other than a few tricks to close small cuts and heal rashes, I was busy grinding herbs and reaching for more linen strips when he woke up. As it was, this was as I was leaning over him, which at first pressed my breasts into his face before I had to lean way over which likewise placed my crotch right over his head and into his face. Our first kiss was not between the lips on my face and his lips...

I didn't know he'd awoken till I came back and he looked to me with his eyes open.

A deep blush immediately covered my face, but I didn't bother covering myself up. His wounds took precedence.

"Needle and thread." he said then, and I blinked at him.

"I'm sorry?"

"Bring me... a needle and thread. And a basin of clean hot water." he said quietly, and not knowing what else to do I went and fetched what I could, returning with a bowl of hot spring water a bone needle and the thinnest leather strips I had that could serve as string.

He took one whiff of the water and threw it out onto the floor.

"Clean water." he said and handed me the bowl again before rising. "Sulfur doesn't do well with wounds unless one intends to burn it."

I didn't know what he meant so I went to go fetch some natural spring water from the nearby river, and using my magic I heated the water before bringing it back to him. But when I did, he was sitting upright, the blanket about his loins and he was removing the compress.

"Oh no... Don't do that." I said and approached, laying the bowl down to try to stop him, but he shoved my hands away, looking at me sternly.

"You can apply your compresses when the wound is sealed properly." he said simply, and with a clean linen cloth, he dipped it into the water and cleaned the wound, sterilized the needle, and began to sew his flesh back together. Actually sew it back together.

I was amazed that he didn't wince or even hesitate in sewing a thick bone needle with a strip of leather through his flesh to close the sword wound in his chest. His hand was steady and direct, not a single mistake even when he tied the string off with a few deft twists of the leather string and then cut it off with a claw before laying back.

"You may reapply your salves now." he sighed and closed his eyes.

I paused, staring at him before shaking myself into motion, and I began to use the healing arts I had to service his wound and reapply the salve with a new bandage, leather this time. I was out of linen, which meant I was now out of clothes.

But amidst my work, of touching him now that he was awake, there was a sort of fire or electrical connection now, and when my breasts touched his skin... I actually sighed and shuddered, becoming stingingly aroused in nipples and crotch, and I half moved both legs further open before I closed them both immediately like a lady should.

"All done. How do you feel?" I asked, not able to stop touching him. I rubbed his chest, felt its chorded masses, felt his strength. For as small as he was, he was solidly ropy right now.

"I'll live." he said quietly, and opening his eyes he looked into the fire near him and sighed. He sounded disappointed in the fact that he'd live.

"Can I get you anything? Anything at all? Food, more blankets, water?"

"Water." he said blankly, and I rose fluidly, fiercely enough in order to break the touching contact with him that my breasts jostled and the milk sloshed inside them minutely. Looking down at him for a moment longer I then hiked back to the mountain stream to get more water for him, noting that the chill in the air was getting colder. Winter was soon approaching and it wouldn't be long now before the snow near the peak of the smoldering mountain covered everything here.

When I returned with a wineskin full of water, hoping to please this new male, feeling as if everything in me were moving to lead me to do precisely that, please him in whatever possible, I brought a hand bowl of water to him but dropped the bowl when I found that his bed was empty and his swords were taken along with whatever clothing he had.

"Hello?!" I said immediately, and then did a thorough check of all the rooms in my home before I determined that indeed, he wasn't here. "Hey guy? Where are you?" I hollered and surged to the front door, pausing with a hand brushing through my mane, before I saw the unmistakable prints of a cat-man... Followed by the oval shaped print of a walking stick... No... His sword scabbard.

Following the trail was nothing difficult, especially when it went through snow... But by the time I caught up with him, he was at the road site where the carnage had happened.

He stood with billowing black pants flaring about his legs and his coat laying across his shoulders, one sword and its scabbard held before him with both hands holding it like it were a cane while he stared at the graves.

"Hey you... You're in no condition to..."

"My name is Anhogamon." he said quietly. I fidgeted, fingering one hand with the other as I fell silent. "Your work I presume?"

"Yes." I nodded. "It seemed the only right thing to do..."

"I'm sure they will thank you." he said calmly, and then lifting his sword, he removed the red laces that held the sword in the scabbard by the hand guard and unsheathed the thing.

I gave a start, remembering samurai giving up or taking their own lives in defeat as he strode from the graves and I immediately surged to him and gripped his arm. "No. Whatever you're intending to do, no matter how bad you feel right now, it's not worth taking your own life!"

He was half my size now thanks to that last change of mine, maybe just less than half, but when he turned to look at me I immediately let go of him as if burnt by mere gaze alone.

I stood there, frozen, never having felt so... So useless as he moved with purpose, and I assumed he was going to end his life, and yet I couldn't move to stop him. Something in that gaze, something fierce... Froze me. His mere gaze froze me! Was this some samurai skill? Some power he had?

But then he approached the carriage where I'd pushed it off the road and hobbled it by removing its wheels, and raising his sword, wobbling briefly as he hissed in pain, he nonetheless struck at the hind portion of the wagon, and in a rush of wind the whole back end sheered off despite that his sword was no where near long enough to do such a task. It slid, and then fell to the ground with a clattering thunk, revealing a hidden box just inside the frame work. Re-sheathing his sword and tying its knots back to the hand guard, he reached in and took the ornate chest by the handle and dragged it out with that one good hand, and turning, using his wounded side to hold the sword, he began to pant as he dragged the heavy thing along behind him. It was when I saw the plume of blood rising up in his bandages and his sweating that I was finally able to move.

"D-don't do that. You shouldn't..." I said and made to help him but he shrugged my touch off angrily with a snarling growl.

"Damn it woman. Nearly a score of people including the princess I was guarding died because of this thing. I will not have you impeding my duty just so that..."

I didn't know why I did it, but I simply lifted a fist and thumped him on the head. He quivered and then fell as I scooped him up.

"Stupid man. Duty isn't worth your life." I said to him right as he fainted, so it was the most prominent thing in his head as he lost consciousness... But I'd just knocked out a warrior.

Ooo... He was going to be mad at me.

But taking the chest because it must be that important to him and picking him up and cradling him in one arm with the weight of one rounded breast of mine covering him and keeping him warm, I took his weapons and walked back to my home with him. Sure it would hurt his pride... But life was all important.

The indignity of this when he woke... He'd probably kill me... Or try to... But nonetheless he needed strength, and I had only one true magic to me. Pen had called it Mother's Milk; a trait of someone potent in life magics like I was could possess it. Only a woman could possess it as well, it made me that much more special. He also called me very fertile, though I didn't know what a soil's quality to bare crops had to do with me.

So laying against this Ronin called Anhogamon, I'd fit his lips with one of my nipples, and he instinctively sucked from it.

I wrapped myself over him by the fire in all the furs of my room, thinking it'd be better if he were more comfortable. A blanket was all that separated him and me from being naked together in bed.

This was the first time I'd ever laid with a man... And it felt very... Soothing. Comforting. Despite that it was I comforting him; his mere presence comforted me... Everything from the ropy feel of his body, to the scent of his fur filling my senses.

Laying one hand against his wound, I laid where I could smell his mane, growing aroused because of it as I perspired, that nipple of mine erecting deeper into his mouth while the magic in me worked to heal his wound while I hoped my milk in his body could help him further.

And then I felt him stir.

Opening my eyes, I saw him open his, and when he realized where he was and what he was doing, he paused, swallowed what he had in his mouth and then pushed my teat out with his tongue.

"I awake in madness." he said simply and then tried to rise, but I immediately moved and straddled him, using my weight and strength to hold him down, but this placed my sex directly over his, and after some jostling he settled and looked up at me.

"Now then... I can go two weeks without sleep. I'll do it too, to make sure you get yours. Stupid man... You're going to kill yourself for your duty!"

He merely stared at me, and at first I didn't know why. But then I felt a change in his body beneath me, felt the bulging of his groin as it... Thickened... Beneath me. Erected. I blinked and stared at him, remembering what Sue told me of what happens to a man when they were aroused, feeling the lips of my sex flaring to either side of his sex as it thickened steadily beneath me.

Not knowing what to do I sat up and slid back subtly, but that put his nads against my sex. I moved back farther and then dared to scold him.

"Now you stay put... I-I'm... Going to go fix you some stew. You get up from that spot and I swear I'll thump you again."

"Where are my swords?"

"I hid them... Along with your chest. You will do as I tell you or you won't get them back."

"You despicable harlot! Return my swords! Return that chest!!"

I rose so fiercely that both my breasts jostled and the milk in them sloshed fiercely this time. "No. Now you get some rest or I'll thump you good again, I swear it." and I stormed off, going outside naked into the cold and slammed the door behind me, and no sooner was I outside did I hold myself, cradling both breasts and pinching

them between either bicep for a moment as I leaned against the door, and then I scrunched up on myself, pressing both thighs together as the terrible sensation of pleasure throbbing between my legs got the better of me.

Despite how cold it was right now, despite that it even started to snow right then and there... I felt so incensed! Both hands eventually lowered to cup my sex, and I clenched it, pinching it with my fingers, trying to keep it from enticing me like it did, and in short order I went to the nearest cold stream and punching a hole through the ice threw myself in the river.

I laid against the shore, breasts pillowed beneath me, the pair of them so engorged that the nipples stung that they ached so badly. Both were leaking my creamy milk that soon turned into a vanilla-like ice as it touched the frozen water of the river. Despite the snow falling against me, despite the cold, cold water of last year's run off from the peaks that formed this spring, the water artesian in nature, I barely felt it. I'd developed a thick skin and thick fur, so despite all my efforts to calm my racing heart down, which caused my sex to throb and cream repeatedly, even pleasuring myself did nothing, I was still wild with the heat inside me.

I sighed and laid against my muscular arms, the whole of me so tense that I was flexing every muscle in me, and as I flexed I steadily and surely felt myself growing stronger and stronger. And then there was a snap in the air, and looking up, I saw a peculiar thing... A sight of every snowflake floating in the world having been stopped in place.

I looked around me, looked every which way, and then turning onto my side and twisting myself to look behind me, I saw... A woman, a fox woman, approaching me. Her breasts were voluptuous and she had four of them, with numerous reddened nipples coursing down her navel that peaked through her fur instead of being hidden by them. She had wide child-birthing hips and a superbly muscular body; she just didn't have a body like mine that was thick and wide with such muscular girth. Ropy like Anhogamon was a better term...

And she was walking on the water.

The other thing was that she glowed brilliantly, her naughty bits and lips were like hot coals, the rest of her was orange like the fire, and she had... Ten tails?!

She walked to me, standing on the water and seeming to be lit on fire, and then did a very peculiar thing. She bent; she caressed one of my breasts, and then kissed me on the lips... But as she did, she exhaled a long, long breath of vapor into my mouth, and I swooned and soon fainted.

Just as I was loosing consciousness... I heard...

Oh Fellania,

I am Kitsune, mother of my kind. Accept from me this fire and be one with this mountain. Grand, tall, lofty, strong as the earth and stone, alive with the trees and animals... But with a heart, a belly and a womb full of fire.

Take this, fill that power with your own, be one with this mountain after I am gone, and be Fellania...

Queen of the Mountain.

I awoke with a start... And rising, fur plastered with ice crystals as the snow fell heavier now, I churned and then whimpered and then came in a torrent into the stream, felt my pussy throb for a moment before it then came again before I managed to have strength enough to pull me from the river. Ice chunks clung to me as I rose, having been half frozen into it and the shore to remain till I either died or a late thaw came.

It was night time too as I dislodged myself from the river, shaking myself fiercely, tits barely wobbling now that they were so engorged, the pair stretched grandly and having perhaps gained several spans just in having been so engorged for so long.

Brushing the ice off me, breaking some of the larger chunks in my hands as I hurried away, I made it only a short ways before I had to pause, cradling my navel, feeling the surging burning inside me.

And then I remembered. *Kitsune. Mother of her kind.*

There were rumors of a powerful witch on the mountain who lived near its top. Was that she? What did she do to me? Fill me with her own power? Oh it burns!

And groaning, pinching both eyes tightly, I came in a torrent, a jet that lurched from me in a tight stream. Panting after it left me, I gripped some snow and rubbed it into my crotch, partially to clean it off, partially to cool it down, just before I hurried home, opened the door and brushed myself off of any remaining ice or snow.

The heat of the cave warmed me, ridding me of the ice, but it still nonetheless also worsened the heat in me and I immediately began to perspire. But swallowing, drawing myself upright and trying to keep myself from rubbing either nipples or sex, I nonetheless massaged my navel flicking several of the still hidden yet erect nipples there, and then strode into my room where the warrior still laid.

He turned to look at me, opening his eyes and stared at me sternly. But I ignored his glare as I knelt and moved his arm away and lowered the blanket covering him to work upon his wounds a little bit.

"You look larger than you did a short while ago. Did you suddenly grow stronger?"

"It happens to me around this time of year." I said quietly. "Each year for three years I've grown stronger during these months. I can only assume it will continue happening."

He remained quiet as I magically stitched his wound in the deep depths of the wound, where his lung was and the muscle was instead of the flesh, working there because it was more important to do so. When I was done, I reapplied the poultice and reapplied a bandage, more leather this time.

"Your face..." he said then, and I looked to him, "It appears far more pleasant when you forget to be angry at me."

I smirked. "Stubbornness... It runs in the family." I smirked. "Now rest. You're not going to be leaving any time soon now." and I rose and was several steps away when he spoke again.

"What do you mean by that?"

I paused at the door and the leather curtain that was there, and exhaling I merely hung my head and said it.

"It's an early winter this year." I said at last. "The snows have come. Traveling on the mountain is practically suicide for all but the strongest. I need to get to a town quickly and back with food or else we'll starve to death. I'll bring you your chest and swords before I leave."

I heard him sit up, but he said nothing as I left. My words stated that there was the possibility I wouldn't return.

Donning some of my old leathers, which I had to cut in order to make them fit me, especially around the chest region, whereas the bottom only covered my loins, I grabbed several blankets and what food there was here and gave them to Anhogamon before I set out, walking out amidst an approaching blizzard dressed in only a furred leather thong and a few strips of leather for a bustle and coverings for my breasts, walking barefoot through the snow with what spare leather I could find on my back.

There was only one town left that I knew of on the mountain. It was midway between the peak and the base on the leeward side of the mountain in relation to the storms that kissed the mountain like they did now, so it felt reduced effects from the winter. It was... A trade town, the largest that was on the mountain before the warlords took the others apart, with this multi-tiered town being a sort of fortress.

It was the town that was home to none other but the Matron and her brothel.

There were traders here, and warlord minions as well, but the town guards – the Sons – largely kept an eye on them.

While I was in the midst of trade of the leathers I brought with me for bolts of linen, barrels of rice, and sacks of potatoes and whatever else I could find. Matron herself entered the store to buy the makings for more sake' out of her... Earnings... And noticed me.

"Child... I didn't expect you see you again." She greeted with a broad smile, but then her smile faded. "Child... I can't believe I didn't notice it before, but are you perchance a Bloodclaw?"

"Y-yes. But how did you know?" I asked, and she came to me and palmed my belly.

She was such a small woman, taller than Anhogamon, but still small. Human women on this mountain were rare, but at least they were more common than Spirit Folk women, so their beds were just as precious, my brothers used to say but I didn't really understand that until now.

"Signs and portents. Kit, my adopted daughter, has dreams of you. She tells me her mother Kitsune will send you here and I am to help you."

I blinked. Certainly this wasn't just happenstance.

"Kitsune?"

"You would know her if you met her, dear." this human woman with one of the most ample bosoms I'd ever seen given her size said, and likewise displayed her cleavage with a kimono that barely clung to her, and even as she turned, she threw off one side of the kimono to display her naked tit, and from a purse on her side she withdrew a large sack of coins and offered it to the proprietor who was smiling at her breast happily.

"What did she come here with?" she asked then.

"This pile of furs mum." the simple man replied, and she leafed through them, found the one that was to her liking and took it.

"Give the rest back to her."

"Yes mum." the man said and bowed, obviously smiling at his good fortune, and at the free sight of Matron's breast.

"And give her whatever she wants. If there's anything that this won't pay for, come to me and I will make the difference."

"Yes mum."

"W-why are you doing this?" I choked, overwhelmed by such rare generosity in this world, and I was surprised as this human woman came to embrace me gently.

"I remember your father. I remember your mother, and your brothers. I... Fell in love with your father once, little Fellania." I blinked that she'd know me well enough to know my name. It never came up the last time I was here. "I was heart broken when your father took your mother to wed instead of me. You could've been my daughter." and she stepped back, but just a little to look at my face between my enormous chest. "Now listen carefully, Fellania. I've heard news from the men who come from the warlord camps. They say things they shouldn't to my daughters amidst their song and their drink. The information my girls obtain is sometimes more precious than their wares or even the gold they collect for them. They tell of your father. He yet lives... Making weapons and armor for the warlords and their camps, with the rest of your village and others as slaves."

I gaped down at her, and looking up I very nearly leapt out that door and down the mountain, but then I remembered.

There was someone who needed me. What was more important? Rescuing your family when you didn't know where they were, or saving a lone man who was wounded nigh to death and needed you? Depended upon you.

"Do you know where they are?" I asked turning back to her.

"No child. I do not." she said sadly. "But those minions who wear the red squares on their chests and upon the bandannas upon their brows... They come from that camp."

I bent and embraced this woman, rubbing my head into her breasts. "Thank you... Thank you for your kindness. This is the best news I've had in ages."

"You're welcome dear." she smiled at me and caressed my mane with her long fingers with their equally long yet trim fingernails. "Kindness is an incredible commodity in this age... And without it, can any of us call ourselves civil?"

There were no red squares in the town when I left, or else I would've fought one of them and shook him to death or till he gave me the information I wanted. Walking home, trudging through a blizzard now with all the supplies I could carry, which were quite a lot, I assure you.

A great big heaping mound of the leathers I'd brought with me bound in rope, filled with food, blankets, cloth and whatever else I thought might be needed, with a big old jug of sake that the proprietor even donated to me hanging from one hip.

But by the time I reached the safety of home, I'd had to trudge through the blistering snow amidst the power of my heat burning in me, so as I walked, other than the scant clothes I was wearing, I was nearly naked in a snow storm. The plastering snow against my body was actually a boon, and I gladly let it collect against me when I could.

But getting back home I was met with a different obstacle. With all this stuff, I had no way of getting through the barrier of trees and brambles...

Blowing a wisp of hair that'd fallen in front of my face out of the way, I pulled that mass of things off me, and then gripping its knotted straps, I turned with it, twisted, wrapped my body and threw it up into the air before dashing through the trees and vaulting over the brambles only to be there to catch the huge bundle that was easily as big as I was once it'd sailed over the trees and landed on me.

The immediate strain caused my muscles to billow and heave in order to hold all that weight amidst it falling from the sky, and the sudden growth of muscle snapped the straps of the leather wrap containing my breasts off at the back and then the strap of the loincloth I wore over the hip. Gasping as the sudden and unexpected growth of my body made me leak juices from my loins, I waited for the change to be over before then placing the massive satchel on the ground and turned with a smile of triumph and then halted upon seeing Anhogamon standing there before me.

He wore his pants and sash, but walked barefoot in the snow. The arm of his injured side was cradled in his shirt that was folded around him, but his other arm held his katana sword before him. He had his mane pulled back into a top knot as he stood there, looking at me.

He'd witnessed the whole thing.

And then as if this most recent show of power from me were nothing, he merely turned and began to swing his sword at a post that was recently added to the grounds... Obviously from a chopped down tree that he'd shaved with his slashing sword strikes, and was now notched from the blows of the sword.

"I thought I told you to rest." I said stepping toward him, not caring about the leathers that had torn from me, there was nothing I could do about those now anyways.

"This is resting. Can't you see I'm not using my other arm?"

"By resting, I mean in a bed." I replied, and then laid a hand upon his wrist, holding it gently.

"Resting in bed is for women and children." he said and then eyed me... He less than half my size. "Now take your hand off me."

"Not till you go to bed." I smirked and closed my fingers firmly about that wrist. "If I have to treat you like a little child, Anhogamon, to prove to you that you need rest, I'll do it. Now you'll go to bed when I tell you or I'll give you a spanking and then send you to bed without supper."

Anhogamon's eyes narrowed. "Let me make a bargain with you then, woman..."

"Fellania. Or Fell." I said tersely in return.

He merely stared for a moment, and then continued, not using my name that I'd just given. "...If you can force me into bed, then I will stay there. If you cannot, then I will seek your arts to tend me when I need them and not before."

"Are you kidding? I have your wrist already that's holding your sword, you're injured, and you're half my size not to mention maybe a tenth my mass. You're like a child to me!"

"Are we agreed?"

"Oh what the heck. Sure."

And he moved. His wrist twisted, and strangely it slid right out of my grasp even despite its great strength, and his sword came up before I could react, and even when I was reacting the butt of his sword rapped me smartly on the center of the sternum. The blow compressed my ribcage, both lungs emptied of their air, and his spare hand that was in his shirt snapped outward and his fingertips almost lazily pressed me somewhere in the belly.

I started to suffocate, I couldn't breathe! I couldn't believe it! It was just like what the Monkey King had done, but with one less blow! My lungs were empty, my diaphragm was stuck in a compressed flex, and the two together made me rapidly lose consciousness.

Anhogamon planted his sword over one shoulder and folded his injured arm back into the folds of his shirt as he watched me pass out with nary a word.

I awoke in my bed, the soft furs feeling nice against my engorged breasts. I had a mild headache as I opened both eyes, and then groaned, grateful that the light was dim. Long-arming both arms, the rounded swells of my tits still resting in the furs as I did, I paused and took in the surroundings before settling back onto both heels, feeling my body aching subtly, but realizing where I was and remembering what'd happened I was first angry at Anhogamon for such a cheap shot, but then surprised at the fact that he was able to move me to my bed.

Rising then, moving to the hanging leather flap before my door, I slid into the main room and stopped as I saw Anhogamon quietly putting all the things from the satchel I'd brought from the brothel away. He regarded me for but a moment, and then returned to his work. There was no gloating, no boasting... No nothing.

"How'd you do that?" I asked.

"My master. Preypacer." he said quietly and I blinked at him.

That name held just as much legend on this mountain as Kitsune's did, and then thinking about Kitsune and what she did to me made my arousal suddenly peak. At least it made my headache go away.

Preypacer was an old samurai, a white tiger of impeccable size and strength. As tall as a bear, and just as strong. Or at least... When he was young.

"But Preypacer must be five hundred years old by now. Isn't he dead?"

"Unlikely. Death himself would be inclined to leave him be." Anhogamon said. "But the art I used against you is his art. The Death Touch... Acupressure and acupuncture used as a killing art."

"How deadly is it?" I asked sitting down near the wall as he worked.

Anhogamon paused, weighing one closed pot in one hand, testing its weight before he looked to me.

"It was said that with a single finger press, he could stop your heart." he said quietly, and then placed the jar up into the recessed shelf I'd formed here that ringed the whole place.

I was quiet for a moment, thinking, and in all honesty, I craved such ability. Not to stop a person's heart, in all honesty... But... To be able to paralyze someone briefly, take them out of the battle?

"Can you teach me?" I asked him, and he stopped immediately.

"Do you realize what you ask?" he said.

"What... You're going to pull one of those males are better than females stuff, because if you are, despite that whole sword strike finger press thing, I'm going to have to kick your butt."

Anhogamon finished placing the pot he had, and then approached me. "Can you forgive and forget?" he asked me.

"Huh?"

"Can you forgive a person when they do you ill or harm, and then forget the affront?"

"Why does that matter?"

And he lifted his hand and slapped me in a burst of speed that was blinding to even me! And I trained with the Monkey King!

I stared at him, and then bared my fangs, and was about to rise, and he said: "Forgive. Forget." and he back handed me on the other cheek. "Forgive... Forget." He demanded and then took one step back, the arm on his injured side still held within his shirt.

I took a deep calming breath, and then sat back, trying to pace my breathing and heart rate like they showed me to do at the monastery. I calmed myself.

"Now forget the affront." Anhogamon said sternly, and I nodded.

"Why did you do that?"

"Because what I will teach you... You can kill a person with. You can do it in ways that the average warrior has no defense against. You can kill a person if you don't know what you're doing, so the ability to forgive and forget an affront, to stand against every instinct of preserving your honor which will lead you to use the art on an unsuspecting person is paramount."

I smiled. "Have you forgotten? I'm a woman. In the grand scheme of the warrior way, we're considered to have no honor."

"No... I haven't forgotten, but in the grand scheme of things, in my experience, women as a gender may be apt to forget affronts, but they are not ones to forgive another of that affront. As a gender, you will remember an affront and attack another person with the subject of that affront months, years and even decades after it happened, holding it against them for all that time. You're most apt at doing it against your own gender. So, while you help a poor injured warrior with these chores, I will ask you to forgive me for overcoming your insurmountable strength with such a simple little attack as a butt stroke and a finger press."

The next stage of my training began then. It was a secret art in which I finally got to see the sealed chest that Anhogamon had risked everything to retrieve, showing metal books and paper scrolls along with pots of things and writing implements... sacred artifacts it seemed.

My training at the monastery had taught me vaguely about reading and writing, and this training, due to the use of philosophy and written word, was the hardest for me to do. It required a very large portion of mental skills as opposed to physical. I spent most of my time copying texts so that I learned them, and in the meantime Anhogamon drew on my walls with bits of colored inks, temporary things in the shape of men in fighting stances.

And my first lesson:

"This is the center of the body, the center of all things. The heart." he said and tapped one large red circle on one of the diagrams he'd drawn. Surrounding the heart are eight radial points on the body. Their positioning differs depending upon the type of body, as does their depth. Every night you will tap between the center to each point, all eight, as quickly as you can and as forcefully as you can a hundred times."

"Ah... How many is a hundred?" I asked then nervously and he slowly turned to me.

"What is the highest you can count to?" he replied.

I held up my hands and counted all the fingers in succession. "Ten."

"Then you will do ten sets of ten, and that will be a hundred." he said, and then returned to the chest, opening it up and taking out various writing implements, he then began to copy from one scroll to another and I faced the wall and began to do as he asked. Ten times ten.

There was another issue, and that was that my heat was growing painful and maddening to me. It'd never lasted this long, it'd never, ever... Ngh... Made me loose concentration as easily as this.

Growling to myself I faced the image of a man, and did his exercise.

Anhogamon, though a Ronin, a mercenary, was every bit as good as any other samurai... Possibly better. Better than a warlord I was sure. Even one handed and without his offhand weapon or two handing his main, he was showing himself to be a master at that blade. For his own exercise mostly, he and I sparred daily. I was to land the blows with my staff that he directed me to do, while he one-handed parried and blocked my staff despite all my strength.

He had tremendous leaping ability, and was light and nimble, and I was suddenly met with a terrible problem. Despite my incredible size and strength, there was the issue of small subjects like Anhogamon. Perhaps even regular sized Humans, Spirit Folk and Oni. Smaller targets were harder to hit.

A sword in the hands of a nimble creature like this and I could be hamstrung anywhere in my extra long legs, and when I fell to the ground, unable to move, he could go for the killing blow.

Regardless, he made me pay for my mistakes with cuts no thicker than a paper cut, but would nonetheless sting and remind me amply of the mistake.

"Enough." he panted and I collapsed to one knee. I was still taller than he was that way. "I will go bathe... Continue with your exercises Fellania." and he sheathed his sword and bowed before leaving me alone.

Days had gone by like this. And so panting and then moaning softly with eyes closed tightly from the sensations gripping my sex, I rubbed my pussy and then ground the White Oak staff fiercely into the ground, and with it properly rooted, I began to attack it with my hands. It was slender and narrow, and unbreakable, and hitting it would only strengthen it, and as it strengthened so did I, we strengthened together. It helped my accuracy, and I was to strike it with finger tips on occasion too.

Till I ached and shook, breasts wobbling as I arched in a wide turn to strike the staff, and the moment that my hand connected with the oak's staff there was a click in the air and the world stopped.

Everything stopped, the wind stopped, the snow stopped falling... Even I stopped. I couldn't breathe or move or do anything, everything was paused. And then I saw her. There was a flash of her appearing in the woods in a column of fire, a burning light that was there one moment and then gone the next. When she reappeared it was just inside the ring of the clearing right before she disappeared again with a laugh, and when she reappeared again it was to have her glowing form before me, floating in mid air while she palmed my face with both hands.

"I see now that you need help." she smiled, and she kissed me again, and exhaled so much more of that vapor into my mouth that I had no choice but to swallow. It was the only time that I ever enjoyed kissing another woman, and I even tried to return it, when suddenly it was over.

I need you... To realize your full strength, Fellania... If the mountain is to survive.

Her words voiced in my head as I snapped back into motion and recoiled.

I stood there panting, and then of its own accord my hand reached out and took hold of the White Oak staff. The staff tried to immediately reach inside me and stop what was happening to me, but that thing inside me worked back against the staff and put it to sleep, and the staff immediately condensed into its slender, etched and ornate wooden bar.

And then I turned, feeling my very way of walking changing suddenly as every step made my hips and bottom rock from side to side as I entered my home.

I never entered when Anhogamon was grooming himself in the bath, or I stayed in my room as he was doing that, and when I entered he turned to look at me. Not in annoyance, not in anger, he just... Looked at me.

His katana sword and its scabbard was gripped in one hand as he leaned with his back against the bowl of the pool, and I looked down upon his naked form again, eyeing his penis immediately before I felt myself smile. I didn't smile, my body smiled... It was as if I were merely watching all this unfold; my body nothing more than some marionette.

Entering, closing the door behind me, I walked forward, stepping toe to heel, toe to heel, walking around the ring till I was standing before him, and biting my lower lip, both breasts heaving, I felt that arousal inside me peak so grandly that I ached from it... Even as my body moved to push down the loincloth I wore, baring my sex to him, showing him how the pinched together pair of folds unfolded as I grew aroused, the clit flipping upward and erecting, burning red in an arousal that I definitely felt. My labia and breasts and cheeks glowed with a flush while I pushed that loincloth down till it fell from me.

Anhogamon sat there and stared at my sex even as I stood with thighs framing it, hand lowering to encircle it so that it was the focus of his view, and though I wanted to warn him that something was wrong with me, that I was enchanted by Kitsune, I couldn't open my mouth and just kept smiling at him.

And then lifting both hands, I found myself undoing the wrap that contained my voluminous chest and its hyper engorged mammaries, and dropping the wrap I stood naked before him before I squatted and slid into the pool.

Before, the pool was deep enough to come to my waist, but now that I'd grown some, the lips of my pussy fanned open right at the water level as I knelt before him, and began to do some very peculiar things...

I took his feet onto my lap and began to rub and clean them beneath the water, kneeling there so that my breasts bobbed and waved in the water before him. But then my massaging hands moved up his legs, doing things I'd only vaguely learned how to do at the monastery to soothe joints and ligaments, till I slid forward between his legs, my hands sliding about his groin. Not really touching it, but then I pushed forward, my breasts cleaving about his body, my nipples pressing against his shoulders as I felt his thick biceps with both hands.

Not nearly as thick as mine, but then I bent forward and before I knew what I was doing, I was kissing him.

And then I discovered something else... He kissed me back. Actually let go of his sword to palm my face, and he kissed me back. His penis stiffened and I felt it quickly press against my sternum, its tip sliding upward to press between both breasts and its thickness grow.

I kissed him again, and again, and then sliding back I rose, moved to the edge of the water and strained the water out of my fur, and then went to my room.

Only when I was lying in the furs did my body return to its own control.

"W-what was that about?" I whispered aloud.

It was help, dear Fellania, Kitsune's voice said, If left to your own designs, to your own lack of knowledge, then you'll never realize what your heart is beating. And then I felt her presence leave me. But in its wake was a burning in my belly, a roiling burning feeling as the green and brown of my power suddenly gained motes of red. And those motes... burned.

And just then... the mountain rumbled gently.

We were both in the main living room, the one with scattered furs from our hunting. Anhogamon was no longer wearing his bandages, but the knot of the leather strings in his flesh could still be seen as he knelt before the chest he'd sacrificed his health to retrieve, dressed in his pants and shirt.

He was drinking the sake I'd brought back with me. He drank a lot of sake, genuinely sipping at it all day long it seemed. He didn't seem like a drunkard, but it did concern me, so I drank some as well. The alcohol set a blush against my nose and cheeks, which further blushed against both breasts, and I felt the heat in my loins flushing the labia and flaring them wide, the clit erect, its slit moistening.

I was in a state... We hadn't talked about our kiss three days hence, but Anhogamon seemed to have grown nicer toward me when we weren't training. Right now he was having me copy a chart, but I was noticing something with the keen eye I was developing.

He'd been staring at one page long enough for the coals in the fire to burn down some. What was more was that I'd learned that Anhogamon's drinking habits would not leave a poured hand bowl of sake un-tasted for as long as he did.

Looking up at him, laying back naked and subtly on my side as I regarded the papers he'd provided for me, I watched him for a moment and then nodded.

"I may not have as much experience in battle as you, Anhogamon, but I know enough to understand when someone is focusing out of their peripheral instead of looking ahead of them. Tell me... What are you looking at?"

Only then did he take a drink of the Sake, but not just a sip this time, not in moderation, he downed the whole hand bowl before turning to regard me.

"The truth?" he asked and I nodded.

"I was... Finding myself tempted. And despite my usual ability to avoid distraction, for some reason I cannot look away from your sex."

I blinked. "M-my sex?" and I sat up a little, and suddenly his eyes shifted from my lap to my chest, and he swallowed.

"Yes. I've... Known many a woman before. Harlots, slaves by debt that were coerced into paying back that debt with their bodies, vagrant girls... But all of them were made women; all of them were familiar in the ways... Of men. But not you. You don't have the sex of those women. Yours is tight, with the lips rounded and firm, the fur not so thick so that one could see... See them blush when you were warm or... Or aroused."

He said this while staring at my breasts, and suddenly I realized that the Creator had given me a power over men... A phenomenal power. Perhaps the realization came from the inebriated state I was in, but nonetheless I smiled as I suddenly found myself having absolute power over a man, and that with the right man I could captivate them with a mere view of my body.

Problem is, now that I realized that, I had no idea what to do with it.

"Oh?" I blinked and smiled. "What else?"

"And your breasts are the largest I'd ever seen. You are the largest woman I've ever seen... You're strong, you're powerful... you're... *beautiful*." He breathed the last word before finally flicking his eyes to my face, and he and I stared at each other before he rose fluidly, and then moved near me, taking my hand and bending to kiss it before he remained bowed over it.

"I am at a loss. Before, if I wanted a woman I'd merely need to pay for her time. I... Don't know what to do now. All I know... Is that I want you."

"W-want me? What do you want me for? To do?"

He lifted his eyes, those feline eyes with the almond-shaped pupils that were now flared wide, his ears pressed against the back of his head. He was nervous. "Allow me to touch you. If there's a thing you do not like me to touch... Tell me... And I'll stop."

I thought about it. I thought about it some more and laying back there, not really knowing what I was getting myself into, I merely nodded.

And Anhogamon reached forward and he palmed my knee then, and with gentle pressure he got me to spread that leg away from the other. This revealed my sex in its fullness to him, it made it open, made it revealed, and though nervous, I left it open, let him look upon it, right before he shifted one hand and laid his hand directly upon my sex.

It was the first time that someone other than myself had ever touched it... And in its sensitive state, it sent a wave of pleasure through me and it clenched tightly of its own accord. I bit my lower lip nervously, feeling the skin on me prickle, felt the hairs over my sex and much of this body stand on end while the opened slit spread open again to his touch, its clit erecting harder yet, the vaginal lips puffing outward till they ached. His thumb slid around the outside of one lip, three fingers around the outside of the other, and his index finger came to rest within the valley formed of the two puffed out lips right before he pressed on the clit.

My hips rolled and I made a soft moan, rolling my head back against both shoulders and both eyes backward within their sockets as the touch of another did to me what I'd only done to myself in the past.

"Such a response..." he whispered, and then slid forward, leaning against me as his hands moved up my body, over each abdominal and lat, his thumbs finding each hidden nipple and caressing them, before he pressed in onto my primaries and got their cream to slip out.

I moaned nasally again and actually spread both legs wider in instinct, finding myself on the flat of my back now while feeling his groin against my crotch, and I felt his groin steadily swelling over that sex and over my navel. Over those breasts his hands slid, up my muscular neck to hold my face, and there he paused and he looked at me, I looked at him, and I understood that he wanted to kiss me.

And so he did... But not like the kiss we had before... This one made me swoon that it was so full of passion, and he rubbed his groin against my navel, his waist slid in between the great breasts topping me. I never knew passion till that moment, and perhaps never would again, but with such a kiss and such touches, I succumbed to his loving embrace.

When he came up for air, I reached up and slid my hand through his bound mane in its top knot before pulling the lashing from his mane to free it.

We were both breathing deeply, and he was caressing my areola... I began to sweat, my loins moistened deeply, and I moaned from the ache it caused me as I then palmed his chorded chest, fingering his navel, slid two fingers into his trousers and actually felt his penis, felt how hard it was, how firm... Like a clenched fist.

And then he rose, arching deeply, keeping his groin against my hard abs and I was certain that I heard him... Purring? He pulled his shirt from his trousers, and then wrestled with his sash, and suddenly his erect manhood in all its glory flipped outward from his trousers, a heaving reddened thing that throbbed and pulsated, the thing easily as long as his forearm and as wide as his fist, pulsated there before him before he slipped from those trousers fully.

He was naked before me again as he kissed me again, and somehow the feeling of his naked body against mine as he massaged my tit, its areola and nipple, fingering it, touching and kneading it while we kissed, drove me insane with the pleasure welling in me.

Instinct struck me, and suddenly my legs flared as wide as they could go, I moaned deep in my throat and arched myself deeply, not knowing why I did it, I just did. I reacted and I bent like that in a reflex I couldn't control. I moaned again, weeping tears being that this pleasure hurt so much, till I felt him finger my pussy again, fingered it, spread the lips open and pressured the clit upward. A whimper escaped me till both eyes opened and I saw what he was about to do. For a moment, seeing him poised there, his penis erect and arching, riddled with veins and ribbed like his flanks were, was poised against my sex. I remembered Sue telling me of how a man and a woman join, and I wondered briefly whether or not I was ready for such a feeling. But the moment passed, and he pressed it against me... And he entered me.

A solid moan shook itself from me as I spasmed, and I heard him groan as my muscles gripped him from inside me, and yet he was able to push forward. Certain things stung at first, but he delved deeper, penetrated deeper and deeper, penetrating me to the very depths of my innards it felt.

He pushed, getting caught as my body spasmed from time to time, till eventually he drove his mighty sword into my hilt, and there we were... joined.

But that, I found, was only part of such a connection. For a short while that was all there was as he purred and panted, his sack pressed against my bottom with his maleness buried to the pelvis inside me. But then he began to rock, and suddenly I was wrought with a whole new level of passion, a whole new level of pleasure.

And I was wrong. Every time that I believed that I'd reached my peak of the level of pleasure I could feel, it happen again. And again, and again! Each thrust wrought more and more intense pleasureable sensations than the one before.

Once a year for three years, I hungered during my heat. I knew a hunger that I didn't have a name to or an idea about how to sate it, and no matter how much or what I ate I could never make it go away. Over the course of that night as I found myself on my back or on my side or belly while he pumped me repeatedly for awhile with his shaft, and a couple times as I rode his prick like it were the saddle horn of a saddle, I learned what that hunger was as he at long last fed it.

And after that night... That strange hunger in me was at long last sated. Mostly.

My training and our battle continued for the next several months. Occasionally the mountain would rumble, but it always rumbled from time to time.

Anho and I were snowed in, and there was literally nothing even I could do to escape this. The snow was just too thick to traverse. So during cold and blustery days, he and I sparred, and during the nights he and I... Made love. Anho taught me the meanings of sex and making love, and likewise taught me the difference between them, and finally taught me that I liked being made love to a lot more than just being sexed.

He taught me more than just his art in a combat sense. There was more to it than just being able to hurt or kill... There were healing aspects, some that gave intense pleasure especially during love-making. For several months there when we greeted each other in the morning we made love, and we said goodnight in the evening by doing the same, and often times had a groping poke or two here or there through the course of the day...

I never felt so relaxed or soothed, and my heat died very, very quickly thanks to him feeding its need.

And with my height in opposition to his, he was able to walk right up to me, and lay a kiss upon my loins after prying the loincloth from me, tonguing and licking either labia and sucking on the clit. This more often got me on my back as he commanded me in another sexual performance.

As his wound healed, I would lay with him and heal him with my growing skills and powers, in which the life magics in me seemed to be growing by leaps and bounds lately... As was my earth magics. I was able to pull iron right out of the ground for him so that he could use my father's anvil; Anho showing me that he was also a blacksmith.

The first thing he did was to create a rounded helmet. Or at least... I *thought* it was a rounded helmet when I put it on my head, and he smirked at me and took it back, and while I watched him he added handles and placed it before me and I blinked as I realized that it was a grand wok.

My embarrassment was apparent, but he stepped to me and kissed me on the brow and then the lips before I embraced him to me, fitting him between breasts that either of which weighed as much as he did probably.

Later, I found that he'd placed my family's seal on the thing, which was a red bear claw inside a red octagon, but he placed it upside down. When I asked why he'd desecrate my family seal, he turned it over and placed it on my head.

"A leather chord across the handles and held beneath the chin... A big thick bowl of black iron should do well to keep arrows from hitting your head, and when you're done with it..." he took it off my head and placed it so that the bowl was facing up. "You can cook with it!"

I laughed and embraced him again. We made love shortly thereafter, and I reveled in the feeling of his penis inside me. It made me feel so soothed now that my sex had loosened for him to allow sliding easier.

And later we cooked with the wok/helmet.

Over those first few months of winter we ate, we slept, we made love and we trained. He taught me how to work the iron, I helped him train, helped heal him... And I learned what it meant to fall in love.

Anhogamon's tastes for Sake led him to make more out of the stored rice or potatoes we had, and after awhile he had an ample supply of it.

Till one day I got drunk off it, and when I woke up I had to rush outside and throw up all over. I was much more careful with my drink after that, but... That wasn't the only time I threw up. Every morning for awhile there I awoke and found myself ill. After morning passed I was well again. It was the oddest sickness I'd ever had.

That happened for a couple weeks till one shining morning, as I was standing outside feeling rather sated yet sleepy, trying to calm the sickness in me with more Sake and bread – the bread seemed to help the most – Anho approached me, and laid his hand on my wrist that held the hand bowl of Sake even as I was lifting it to my lips.

"You've felt ill again today?" he asked me.

"Not that ill." I smirked and tried to lift the Sake again but his arm tensed to stop me. "Anho?"

And he stared at me, a look in his face that I couldn't read. But then he lifted a hand to my belly and fingered a bulge that was there.

"Been putting on some weight?" he asked me.

I scoffed at the affront. "I'm a bear! Bear's pack on the weight during the winter."

"Bear's pack on the weight before winter, Fell. Answer me. Have you been putting on weight?"

"Yes. What of it?" I asked angrily.

"And yet the bulge is firm... Not soft." he told me, and I blinked, confused now. "And you've been sick in the mornings for the past two weeks."

"Anho... What are you talking about?" I asked.

He lifted his hand from my belly and took the hand bowl from my hand. "No more Sake for you." and he drank it in one gulp.

"Hey! I was..."

"Fell... I have to remind myself that you know very little about your body, about what it was built for." Anho said to me then and held the hand bowl tightly in his paw-like hand, the claws hooking over its lip in order to better keep it from me. "I have to remind myself that there really wasn't a feminine figure that could really raise you. If there was, then you'd know why I'm doing this."

"And why are you doing this?" I asked and folded both arms, either of which was possibly stronger than his whole body beneath my breasts.

"Because I won't have the mother of our child, drown it with Sake while it's still in her womb."

I blinked. "W-what... What did you say?" I asked and unfolded those arms again, only to find him stepping close and palming that bulge in my lower abdomen again.

"You were in heat?" he asked, and I nodded. "We made love?" and I nodded vigorously and grinned. "Those are the two things, along with a virile male and a fertile female... To conceive."

"Conceive?"

"Make a baby." Anhogamon said and looked up at me with a smile. "Fell... You're pregnant with our child."

My training changed immediately. I stopped anything that was extremely physical... And by extremely, if Anhogamon could manage it, he'd keep me laying in bed all day. I didn't let him of course, but he fussed over me. This was strange, honestly.

That first night when I learned about it, I laid there for the longest time just pawing at my belly, feeling a plume of life magic that wasn't my own swelling inside me. I couldn't believe I didn't notice it before! It was a mote right now, but it was multiplying, changing and growing inside me, fueling my magics at the same time as feeding off them.

I was allowed only one cup of sake a day, and that was at breakfast, but it was only after I ate the necessary amount of breads and meats to cool my stomach. If I threw up, then I wasn't allowed any at all. That period passed eventually, but... Despite the negative interests of Anho pawing at me, when we were intimate, laying naked with each other, that pawing became all the much more grand. The life growing in me rapidly made me realize certain instincts which were that I was becoming remarkably careful of my belly now.

Anho turned my combat training into learning certain social graces. Reading and now writing, calligraphy and tea making and other boring stuff.

But as the days passed, my knowledge of things grew, and stuff I never knew about herbs was added to my mind, and all the while my belly grew and grew and grew. The belly button turned outward, the muscles of my abs largely thinned and went away in the stead of a grand swell in my belly. But it was at about six months that I had... An experience.

I transformed.

It began as a throbbing in my loins; it came on the coldest, night of the year in which I laid with Anhogamon in my bed, the wind sucking the sparks of the fire right up the chimney.

I laid there, Anho clutching to my belly, my form spread out before I rose quietly, and gently so as not to disturb him. Palming my belly as I walked out into the main room where the large fire was still smoldering and spreading both legs wide as I bent to kneel in order to make way for my belly, I warmed both hands over the ripe coals.

Things were changing in me; I knew they were. The flow of magics that I possessed had a great big stone that was my growing baby that'd been thrown into their churning rivers, changing the flow just prior to a flood assailing me. But as had happened with all other times in my life, altering and strengthening the flow always had the same effect. I'd expected this to happen, felt it approaching, so when I suddenly tensed and felt my muscles clenching, I wasn't surprised.

My loins clenched and a jet of nectar lanced from me in a long stream that petered out, but for that whole period, I felt every muscle in me clench and engorge, tensing and tearing themselves apart to realign and coalesce about me.

It was a ripple that started at the heart, a ripple that rapidly slid down all the veins and arteries inside me and filled me, and power was literally force-fed into my muscles. Holding those hands out to the churning fire, which burned hotter and brighter and leapt up into roaring flames as I groaned with the swelling of life in me, I felt long chords of muscle carve themselves within my flesh, throwing long arching bands of strength crisscrossing and overlapping over my form, nipples standing on end and pussy churning to cum again.

Back muscles rounded outward, belly distended, chest muscles pinched and arms literally doubled in thickness while legs gained half again in thickness.

The muscle hump between my shoulders matured then, all so that my tits could swell unabated now, engorging with so much milk that it hurt. And coming with all this strength was a fanning of the fire inside me, and gasping,

cupping my belly then with one hand and my cunt with the other, I panted and then rose and turned toward the bedroom.

Still feeling minute sparks of growth churn about inside me, I walked into the bedroom, feeling another orgasm approaching as I crawled up to Anho, and then straddled his lap. Then taking his limp manhood, I shoved it up right inside me and let the heat and warmth and wetness of my pussy help him get hard.

He woke up only when I was churning gently upon his erect mass, hands palming his chest and biceps pinching my now lactating tits between them which had enlarged so much that they both rested minutely upon the swell of my belly that held our baby.

It was then that he reached up to palm my belly, but then started to love me back for a moment before stopping. "You've grown." he stated.

"Yeah..." I moaned, and humped him more, churning and cajoling my hips rhythmically for him, and tensing I whimpered as my muscles tensed and hardened muscle chords separated even further from each other and I unfolded into even greater thicknesses, all of those muscles bowing even further out. Anho groaned as my pussy clenched about him, and he came immediately into me before I coiled over him, breasts cleaving about his body as they swelled and swelled with milk.

And we kissed.

Through the rest of that night I felt my body heave with growing strength... A warrior mother I was becoming, it was remarkable.

One snowy, blustery night, during the months where the cold of winter was at its worst right before spring claimed the mountain again, many months later, I gave birth.

There was no other woman who could tell me what to do, no midwife, and we couldn't journey to the brothel... firstly because I was not fit to travel, especially as I began to experience labor, and secondly... I wouldn't have my child born in a brothel no matter how kind those people were.

So here I lay, Anhogamon the only one in attendance, preparing what he knew of births, which was perhaps only slightly more than me, which was absolutely nothing. There were clean blankets and clean warmed water as I laid there with legs spread open.

But... My body seemed to be contributing to most everything in this process. Never before had I felt instinct take over as much as it did. I felt the bear spirit in me doing most of the work, leading me on how to lay, how to push with the muscle spasms in my belly, when to push, when not to push... And likewise my mind became numb and sleepy. It even felt... pleasureable, and Anho kept trying to get me to stay awake. I was barely even aware of anything happening as I pushed and pushed rhythmically, endlessly.

Oh yes, there was stinging, but the little creature passing from my loins was a tiny creature, and there was a sensation from this process which was muting the pain of it.

Most of the weight that I'd carried up until now was a cushioning well of water that spilled from me in a grand sloshing explosion before I felt my baby sliding from me.

Strangely... The mountain rumbled lightly whenever I pushed.

And then there was a hiccup, a gurgling and then a cry, and with that first yowl I opened my eyes and stopped as Anhogamon rose, holding our daughter who was covered in fluids and blood delicately in his arms. The look on his face was the same as mine. She wasn't born as a human... She was born as a beast-girl... Covered with fur, ears like a bear, claws on fingers and toes, fangs in her mouth when human babies had no teeth at all. She was also blinded with her eyes pinched shut like a beast's. To my knowledge... something such as this had never happened before. Hengeyokai babies were born as humans, not Spirit Folk. I was born as a human baby... and I was quite sure so was Anho.

But nevertheless, Anho cleaned her as I expelled the thing called the afterbirth, and though I tried to resist it, my body reached out, gripped that mass of cast off flesh, and gulped it down.

Ew!

But the task was done. I didn't know why, I just did it, and then my daughter was being brought to me, laid upon my chest to where she could immediately nurse. It was instinct I supposed. The moment she touched my fur she gripped it with her tiny hands fiercely, and began moving around till she found a nipple that fit her mouth, and when she did she fastened on it immediately. And boy was she hungry!

"She's beautiful." Anho mentioned and kissed my forehead, petting her back.

"Congratulations, you're a papa." I mused.

"Yeah... A papa." Anho said, and if I hadn't been so overwhelmed in the emotions of the moment, then maybe... Just maybe... I would've realized that he was... Disappointed... In that fact.

The last of the winter clutched at the mountain as long as it could. Anho bonded with me as soon as I was strong enough. Some called this act a marriage, others called this mating, but for us it was an act of cutting open the palm and the two of us sharing blood before wrapping both hands in a chord and then making love. Anho did it to make me a wife and give our daughter a father. If he had a surname, he would've given it to her right then and there... So instead she bore my surname of Bloodclaw.

I wondered what my papa would think that I married a bobcat, but at the moment I didn't care.

I regained my strength very, very quickly, and even gained more than I'd had before our daughter was born, and I was on my feet and exercising the next day after I'd birthed her, keeping our child in whom we named Portia in a close hammock near to my secondary breasts. We even sparred with her settled neatly beneath my primaries.

Spring then assaulted the mountain long after it came to the plains, the burning mirror of the goddess Ameratsu that was the sun slammed against the mountain and melted the snow away in a matter of days.

A week later the trees began to bud and give their sap.

Through that winter I'd learned reading and writing and several courtesan arts, as well as a great knowledge of pressure points. I'd also gained a husband and a daughter.

It was then one night, when I woke up automatically when I needed to feed Portia, I hugged myself and smiled at seeing Anho squatting against a wall by the fire, cradling our daughter in a clean fur, holding a bladder with a nook formed of leather at its end so that she could suck from it like it were a tit. Our daughter, who'd long since opened her eyes to show cat's eyes instead of bear eyes, purred contentedly in her father's arms.

But it was strange to see Anho's face so passive, so distant as he caressed our daughter's face with a finger. Again... I wished I could read my husband more than I did... Else wise I would've clung to him that night instead of going to sleep, for when I awoke the next day... He was gone.

He was not in our bed in the morning. He was not in the main room making breakfast. He was not in the yard training. He was not within miles of the cave I found before returning to find a scroll tied to the front door.

With Portia nursing from me I took the scroll and opened it, and with a certain degree of difficulty, I read.

I am sorry,

I am so sorry, Fellania Bloodclaw. How does one weigh the duties of a man? How does one weigh a life-debt against the debt of maintaining the lives of his wife and daughter?

As a woman, I don't expect you to understand honor and duty, but both require me to uphold my family's honor. I cannot call myself a man, and because of that I cannot call myself a husband and a father without completing this life-debt.

It's not fair to you... It's not fair to me either, for the first time in my life I knew happiness. But the real world has at long last melted and my path has been opened again, so I leave with the thaw.

Know that I will return, I swear it.

Your husband and our daughter's father,

Anhogamon

I'd fallen to the ground amidst reading the letter, and my vision had blurred as I fingered the text, and then a tear dripped from my face and splattered the text. I panicked and blew on the ink to dry it and then closed the scroll up immediately once it was dry.

This was after all, the only thing I had left of him aside from our daughter.

Entering my home I found that his chest was still here, but its contents were missing. Some of the food was missing as well.

"Oh Portia... Bless you." I said as she rested against my body. "You're the only real thing I have of your father."

She cooed, and sitting down with tears still in my eyes, I wept as I nursed her.

There was strength in sorrow. I had to stay alive, and now that I was a mother, I immediately tread down the mountain with my daughter, leathers, a grand cloak to keep me warm from the spring rains, and I walked with the wok on my head like Anho had directed me to do.

My body was flaring steadily, I was only growing stronger and stronger, every foot step seemed to shoot up my legs and strengthen me and my sexuality and any muscle that felt tense caused those around them to engorge with strength. So in my journey from my home to the monastery... I easily doubled my prior weight in strength, and by the time I arrived at the gates, I was able to push the doors open easily by myself one-handed and stand as proudly as an abandoned wife could.

"Fellania!" a voice cried and suddenly a ball of fur embraced me. "Wow! You're so strong and..." and then Portia cooed as she woke up, and I palmed her head.

"Sue... Please... Bring me to the head monk Pendragon immediately. There's something I wish to discuss with both you and him."

"M-me?" she blinked and I nodded.

Pursing her lips together she nodded in return, and taking me by the hand led me through the monastery, right up to a familiar door, and lifting her hand to knock it was about to descend when:

"Come in." Pen's voice replied, and with both of us looking at each other, Sue opened the door and we stepped in, me ducking beneath the door jam and squeezing through the narrow doorway before we entered Pendragon's private meditation chamber.

We both knelt and waited. Waited long enough where Portia began to fuss and I nursed her. After awhile longer, Pen finally clapped two of his hands together, bowed over them and then rose. With a simple gesture the candles that were before him all winked out and he turned to face us.

"What is it that you want, Fellania? And why does this involve Susan?"

"Declare me a master... So that I may leave." I said and Sue gasped.

"And?" Pen said and quirked his eyebrow.

"Declare Sue... My sister... So that she can... So that she can..."

"Care for your daughter provided that you don't return." Pen nodded and Sue gasped again.

"But Fell..." Sue gasped.

I immediately pulled Portia off my tit, and she cried a little as I moved her to Sue, and moving her arms so that she cradled my child, I prompted her so that her fat breasts could nurse my and Anho's child. Her heart seemed to melt immediately, and she cooed to Portia as she suckled from Sue's breast instead of mine. I felt a pang of hurt inside me that it needed to be done this way, but I had no choice.

"Why?" Pendragon asked.

"I was taught about duty, recently." I replied and palmed my daughter's head with a hand that could literally engulf her. "My family still lives, they live in slavery. I cannot call myself a mother... A wife... Till I can free them. It was my original quest, and it is incomplete, and those I care about are still in duress. I need to rescue them. Now... Before anything else happens."

Pen was quiet for a moment as he folded his two lower hands together, folding the upper two behind his back.

"How's Kitsune?" he asked at last.

I blinked and gasped as I lifted my head to Pen, and he regarded me with a raised eyebrow.

"She... She seems well." I said at last.

Pen nodded and then turned to step toward a pedestal before he raised his staff and ground it at the floor.

"I don't like it when my plans for a student are redirected by the interference of another immortal." he said quietly. "I had to undo some of the training of The Monkey King, and now I find Kitsune herself interfering with you. You are now snagged to the mountain in which we find foothold within. The mountain claims you, and it is your fury that it will release now." he turned to me while Sue and I stared at him.

"W-what does that mean?" I asked.

"It means the further from the mountain you travel, the weaker you become Fellania. All this power and strength you have will wane the further from this mountain you go. She has linked you through the life of your daughter... To sever the connection, you daughter must die."

I gasped and surged to my feet so fast that I created a crushing dent in the wood ceiling with my head.

"Kitsune is a despicable bitch..." Pen said quietly. "But there's nothing I can do about that now. Kitsune Fox Magic is on par with Dragon Lore magic, and she is the first of her race, the only ten-tail in existence. I can perhaps persuade others to release you, but..." Pen sighed and waved a hand dismissively. "I sense that your training is complete. There is very little I can teach you now that you don't already know. Your time to journey is at hand, so I release you."

All this news didn't feel as good as I thought it would be because some immortal had linked a spell between me and a mountain through Portia.

It made me so angry... So furious...

And the earth trembled beneath our feet, and there was a grating sound of stone against stone as I felt a surge of anger rise from the earth where the mountain was, and my surprise and loss of anger calmed the mountain.

"As you can see... You're linked, Fellania." Pen said. "Now... Is there anything else you'd like to ask me?"

I blinked at the wall where I felt the mountain roil, and then I turned to him.

"Yes... Can you tell me where the warlords who wear the red square are?"

The plains beyond the hills of the mountain were seemingly endless. Each step lessened the power of fire in my navel first, but lessened earth and then life magics second and third. I was still a heaving giantess as I walked amongst derelict villages, with some recently smoldering into the ground.

I paused and regarded slain bodies everywhere in one town, with women and children murdered and strips of the square banner warlords here and there. I was getting close...

Gripping my White Oak staff, it was the greatest source of power to me right now... It flared with life, carrying with it its own source of power for me to use... And it'd been storing it for centuries. But it was the call of the mountain that I felt draining from me; it was its pull that kept me wanting to turn around and go to it that struck me most solidly. This damnable connection would keep me from following Anhogamon like I'd planned. At best I could only travel onto the plains but no farther. The smaller the mountain became on the horizon, the weaker I likewise grew. I imagined that the moment I lost sight of it that all that grand power would leave me and my strength would rapidly wane.

Kitsune... You bitch.

But thankfully, at long last, I came upon the encampment. There was a tower built out of the ground, one of five separate towers across the land surrounding the mountain, this one marked with the red square on all its banners and flags. It was surrounded by a grand wooden wall and a gate, and despite how much I grew angrier and angrier as I approached it, I reminded myself that killing was wrong... Even with these desperate bastards who only banded together for the illusion of power and friendship in these desperate times.

The warlord was a different matter. He was the puppet master, and the great corrupter.

There was a market outside the encampment in which gentry would buy stolen horses and stolen grains and women and female Heng who'd been captured, the only possible purpose was to subject good decent females into lives of whoredom, were on display in torn clothing that was made to be very revealing.

Seeing this later instance I strode straight toward them, throwing back my cloak so that they'd all see a female striding toward them. With tits like these, who wouldn't notice?

"Hey lovely... You have a nice fine ass." and I got slapped on the butt. "How much are you?"

"Me?" I asked; arm and fist tensing as I grinned at him, baring all my fangs that overlapped each other, especially with the canine teeth, my eyes wild while a vein on my forehead throbbed. "I'm the same price as any other woman... Priceless!" and I bonked him on the head with such controlled force that he was driven right into the earth down to the chest and wavered in a daze.

"Hey! What are you doing?!" Someone shouted and I turned and bore off the heaving mammaries of my breasts wrapped within their leather bindings that stretched and groaned tightly about their heaving masses.

"Me?! I am Fellania the Mountain Queen! And the fury of the mountain frowns upon your actions! I give you all this one chance to lay down your arms and go home... Or else you'll be counted amongst those who will be beaten to a pulp today!"

The silence was palpable. And then they all simultaneously barked out into male laughter... The grating kind that meant most of them were drunk currently.

"You? A woman? What can you do?"

I bore my White Oak staff, and it suddenly ejected outward on either side, extending to its full length and then thickened into a pole the breadth of a tree trunk.

They stopped laughing.

"Me? Why I can beat you all up!" And throwing away my cloak with a wok still on my head, I surged forward and began causing havoc.

"Thank you. Thank you my lady." a deer woman said as I broke her bindings, metal shackles that braced her arms and legs and she immediately embraced me, wiping her tears on my breasts. I was twice her size and had to squat before her so that she could do that.

"Take what you need... Anything that you can carry and go home." I told them.

"But we have no home." they told me. "The warlords killed our families... destroyed our homes."

"Killed our husbands..."

"...our children!" one fem sobbed and was embraced by another woman.

I pursed my lips. "There is a monastery at the base of the mountain to the east. Do you know of it?"

They shook their heads till one spoke up. "I do."

"Then you will lead them. Hurry now, before these braggarts wake up." and I stood tall, grounding the tree-like White Oak pole and made sure they were all able to escape before I walked right to the guard house in which men with armor and swords greeted me.

"You! You will not *urk*" their leader began, but my hand, a hand laden with claws that could snatch the heartwood out of a tree faster than a viper could strike, caught the man by the throat and I lifted him off the ground, eyeing him.

"Coward." I snarled at him, curling a lip, and with a subtle jab with the end of my staff, I knocked a charging warrior flat on his butt. "I can see into your heart, and you have a chance for redemption. Do you wish to redeem yourself Ronin?"

He stared at me, dangling there, and then he looked down before returning his gaze back to me. "I am no coward. I will prove it."

"Good... Then be brave, don't fight me, but instead there are women who need protection heading across the plains toward the mountain. You will protect and guard them with your life. If you are still alive when they reach their destination and I come for you, you will be rewarded. Fail them, hurt them at all, and I swear I will hunt you down and do nothing more or less than rip your dick off." I dropped him and walked forward. "Go." and I swung my staff like a battering ram and it knocked the gates off their hinges.

I did not feel the blow of a sword against my back when my back was turned... A few of the other Ronin left as well without so much as drawing their swords, and I looked upon a narrow rock corridor supported far below by wood and iron braces.

There were slaves here, most wearing nothing more than a loin cloth, with some women even topless as they worked in the earth with small tools that could never be thought of to be used as a weapon.

As I entered, I saw the task master, and twirling my staff, I twisted it and turned and launched it toward him, with a trailer of vines from the staff hanging around my wrist. The staff imbedded itself into the earth beside him, the shockwave from the great wood passing by him alone knocking him to the ground. The trailer of vines pulled me across the chasm as I leapt off the high cliff with the deep, deep strip mine within it, and when I landed it was on the end of the White-oak pole before I squatted down, staring at the taskmaster.

"Keys." I said simply and held out a hand, and he shakily pulled them from his belt and handed them to me. "Thanks." I smiled, and then socked him right in the face with a boulder-sized fist. He was knocked back, slammed against the near rock wall and then knocked on his face where he remained motionless save for his breathing.

Guards rose and hurried to me, and I heard the buzz of an arrow that I lazily caught before tugging the White Oak staff from the ground. More arrows peppered the staff before falling harmlessly to the grounds as I twisted it quickly about me to block their stings, and when these men came at me they were met with a tree-trunk width of wood hammering at them, and soon it became apparent to them as to exactly how powerful a woman could be.

Seeing this as a sign that their freedom was nigh, the slaves also attacked, choking the men with their chains, or attacking them with their tools. I arrived in time more than once to stop a woman from nearly strangling a man to death, or from another slave splitting a guard's chest open with a pick axe.

"No killing! No deaths!" I shouted right before I hammered at another guard with my fist and he collapsed to the ground in a single blow.

"Keys!" I demanded of the task masters, and spreading them amongst the salves they all began unhooking themselves from their metal bonds.

And it was many long hours before I'd freed the pits.

It was then that I came upon the first familiar faces. My brothers.

"Fellania?!" the eldest of the two greeted, and it was then that I found that I was head, neck, shoulders and very voluminous chest taller than they were. "Y-you're still alive!"

It was a warming reunion to say the least. We embraced, we hugged and we laughed, and there were others here, others from the village.

But then I dared to ask the most important question that was on my mind right now.

"Where's father?"

"He still lives." the younger of my two brothers replied. "The have him in the tower base of the tower, endlessly making armor and weapons. The warlord said he'd kill the lot of us if he didn't put his very best. And... And there's something else, Fell."

"What?" I asked, and suddenly both my brothers looked reluctant to say.

"Your mother yet lives." another of the group said and I whipped entirely around to view an old wolf that was tall and proud three years ago, but was now bent from his labors.

"She was kidnapped that day she went for a walk in the forest. The Warlord keeps her locked up near the top of the tower. He keeps her as a prize, and your father works even harder to keep her alive. They don't even need to chain him up so long as she remains safe in their clutches."

"Mama?" I gasped and turned to my brothers accusingly, wondering why they'd not saved her and father yet, but my brothers were hunters not warriors. They didn't have my training, and they were barely that much older than me.

"All of you," I said sternly. "You will not kill anyone unless you have no choice. Feast on their food, take whatever food you can with you and take any piece of weapon or armor you can carry. If these warlords don't have weapons, armor or supplies, then they're pretty much shot and their reign will soon fall."

"What are you gonna do?" my eldest brother asked.

I looked over the crowd seeing many faces missing. I asked about Madame Mae, the old crone and the little girl.

"The Crone died on the journey here." the old wolf replied. "They didn't even give her a proper burial, just left her where she fell. The child is in the kitchens now, sweeping and cleaning floors. I fear for her most of all, as soon as she's old enough, and I imagine that to be soon, they'll abuse her like they do any other woman here. As for Madame Mae... She is a part of the warlord's private Harem... Just like your mother."

I grit my teeth tightly, trying not to snarl, but nonetheless the earth rumbled from the mountain shaking. A plume of white smoke rose from its peak

"I'll get Papa, Mama and Mae out." I said quietly. All of you hurry on your way. Journey to the monastery at the base of the mountain. You'll all be safe there. There's also a group of women and some warriors escorting them there from here. Meet up with them, they'll guide you. Now go, quickly. I have some unfinished business to do with your former hosts."

Off in the distance, the mountain rumbled ominously again, and a tremor as far away as we were could be felt. The mountain itself... Began to burn now with black smoke.

The tower was narrow and the battle inside it led me back into the depths of its foundations to where the captured smiths were kept. The enemies I met here were more than just mere foot soldiers. These were ninja and samurai, all in allegiance to the Warlord. I was cut repeatedly with arrows and shuriken and knives striking in my body, remaining in me for prolonged periods of time before I could rip them out. I was remarkably tired by the time I got to the pits deep, deep beneath the tower where the earth's fire feeding the mountain a far ways off churned.

There were many smiths here in the depths, all of them with tough leathery hides from the heat of the forges, and the Spirit Folk that had feathers or fur were burned clean and bald. At the largest forge, with the largest hammers, things that would take any one else two hands to wield, I found my father, wielding his hammer one-handed.

"Papa..." I whispered as I approached him.

He wore no bonds, not even shackles. They kept him here because of sake of friends and family, and when he turned, wearing the leather chaps and apron of a forge smith, his eyes watered as he tried to see me in the din of the light.

"F-Fell?" he gasped. My father was always a towering, powerful man, but constant labor without break at the forges had made him into an impeccably powerful creature, with legs so thick that they very nearly swallowed even his toes. "My Baby!" he gaped, and dropping his hammer he surged to me, actually picking me up, a being that was actually larger and stronger than me I thought and he held me tightly to him. It'd been so long that I was certain that I'd grown larger than even him. I was wrong. Also, I knew not how people were recognizing me, since most had only seen me as a girl and not as a bear-woman, they nonetheless recognized me.

This recognition was much more preferable than any I'd had before now.

"Oh Papa! I hoped you were still alive."

"I'm too priceless for them to kill me." he said at last, but his hide was nonetheless scarred despite a Spirit Folk's ability to take and repair damage. They looked like whip marks. "I'm both a trophy and a prize. But Fell... Y-your mother still lives!"

I beamed. "I know papa. I met my brothers outside. They and the villagers told me. But you need to leave. You have to get out of here!"

"No." Father said sternly.

"B-but papa!"

"No! I cannot leave without your mother. If I do then they'll kill her. Her and Mae. I cannot even raise my hammer against them or they'll cause harm tenfold to your mother's body than what I'd do to even their lowliest of soldiers. I cannot do anything till she's safe, Fell."

"But what about everyone else?" I asked gesturing to everyone who was here.

"We stay with the Master!" Someone shouted, raising his hammer into the air and the others shouted the same in the same way. "Where Master Olympus goes, we go. If he stays we stay." more cheers.

I smirked, and picked up White Oak. "Then... If that's the only way... Then I guess I have no choice but to go save mama." I said, gripping the tree-trunk thick staff that was taller than me. It strummed with our shared power. Here, deep in the earth, I found myself getting a surge of power. The mountain had roots, and those roots spread right to here.

"Be safe." papa told me.

"Papa... Being safe isn't going to challenge a warlord. But I'll do my best." and I rushed away, running quickly on just toe tips, remembering my training from Pen and the Monkey King, I knew that I'd have to defeat the warlord or there'd be no hope for us. There were other warlords, that was for sure... But this one was our bane. This was our monster.

And the weight of defeating him was left to me. It was a good thing that my shoulders were so broad and thick to begin with.

It was a desperate fight to get to the top levels of the tower. The enemies that came at me just kept getting tougher and tougher, to the point where I found that I wasn't fighting men any more... I was fighting Oni... Demons.

"They aren't men." I said quietly to myself when being faced with more. "They're Oni, Oni are demons.

"Attention you foul creatures! If any of you consider yourselves good and just... Then leave now! If you don't then you are to be removed from this world!"

"Bitch. Whore... We shall feast upon your blood and grow stronger from it!" one demon snarled and then they all assailed me at once. Their claws ripped my clothes from me, their teeth bit me, and they tried to pierce me with their manhoods, but the strength of my loins was far too great for them to do so, but that put a fear in me... Fear of being violated, and it was a woman's vindication that allowed me to beat them all off with nary any further trouble when they started to do that.

Their lust was their undoing.

Hauling one off me and throwing him down a flight of stairs, I used mystic sutras and words of powers to disintegrate and banish these Oni back from once they came, destroying their mortal shells which they needed to exist here. Only the strongest could come here on their own.

Hours of fighting, hours of terrible battle and I found myself covered in blood and green ichor, some of the blood my own before I collapsed naked to one knee and panted.

Their poisons were in me, I was weakening and I was far too far away from the source of my power to remain strong against it. I coughed up blood, but gripping White Oak I rose, stumbled but rose again and used the staff as a walking stick as I moved passed the eighth gate leading up this bastion to find...

The gates were thrown open and panting I braced myself with my staff in a combat position, panting, but what I found weren't more soldiers more doom guards and powerful demons, and instead I found... Women.

There was a garden here, with a great pool of water, and within the pool and around it were the most precious treasure of this area. Women.

They were all healthy and dressed in revealing and see through clothing, all of them selected for their supple traits and attributes, all of them rising from their positions as I entered with the clattering of the gate, and in my relief I sank to one knee.

"Help her! Quickly!" someone said, a woman with a deep booming voice, and looking up I blinked at this woman as she approached... A towering white-furred ursine creature with thick muscles and voluminous breasts and hips that looked like they could give birth to the world. Despite my haze, I found myself happy as I recognized her.

"Mama?" I gasped.

She smiled at me, and bent to help the other women here to lift me up, and they moved me to a marble bench in which they all began to wash me and cleanse my wounds.

"Yes it's me." she mused and then sat beside me and kissed me on the forehead.

I barely remembered her, but I now knew precisely where I got my assets from... And my strength. She was bigger than even papa was! Maybe not as strong, but definitely bigger.

"H-how did you recognize me?" I asked her as the women thrust food into my hands, grooming me while I felt magics of some sort healing me.

"Mae told me all about you." she smirked, and gestured to my side to the large-hipped and large-breasted fox-woman who was using her magic to heal my wounds and injuries. "That and you have your father's eyes and strength, my size and bosom, and that Mae said you would grow big and strong, it wasn't hard to guess." she kissed my forehead again as the women dried me now.

"I've seen father. He's far below. He won't leave without you. My brothers have already left with the others, or at least I hope they did. They've been known to be stupid from time to time."

She smirked at me as I was prompted to rise, and the women dressed me in their own garb, adding a corset made of leather, and long silks with gems and gold before doing up my hair artfully and decorating it with vines and flowers, hair stays and more jewelry. Several women were cleaning my log-thick staff.

"The warlord is undoubtedly waiting for you. Our seeress has said that in your present condition, you are no match for the warlord. So we've all prepared ourselves for you."

"Prepared?" I blinked once they were done dressing me and a mostly dried staff that was still sucking up water was brought to me and I absentmindedly took it.

"Eat your apple." she said and I took a bite from it, and then I watched amazedly as every woman here removed the wrappings or jewelry decorating their breasts and nipples.

"Ah..." I said stunned as I looked upon so many naked breasts. I've never seen so many women in one place before, Not even at the Matron's Brothel, so this much feminine glory was amazing to behold. The warlord indeed had a remarkable treasure here. "...Mama?" but even she had bared her chest. And drawing me to her back to the bench, she sat and I sat with her.

"You need more strength, and so whatever strength any of us can give you that you can take, you shall have. Drink from each of us no more than a single mouthful. There are many so you'll need much room."

I looked to her, and then finishing the apple, swallowing what was left, I leaned in toward my mother, and nursed from her.

But from her... I took two mouthfuls.

There was power throbbing in me now, and it was growing. I felt it flowing from my stomach, swelling every muscle fiber in me as I climbed the grand stairway toward the warlord's chamber along the edge of the tower, garbed and adorned like a warrior princess. Every breath, every heartbeat pumped me into thicker and thicker masses, arms and legs thickening, butt muscles growing, tail thickening, and back flaring like the opening wings of a dove.

Setting my jaw, gripping White Oak as I muscled up into impossible sizes, I also felt power throbbing inside me, and rubbing my belly, feeling the strength of my womb growing grand and great, I suddenly wanted Anhogamon with me right now... He and I could fight together, and in celebration he could give me another daughter.

But he wasn't here, and I had no idea when he'd return. But nonetheless my breasts engorged, veins and arteries stood on end, and by the time I was on the final platform, standing between two braziers, I was an utter Titaness in Physique and power. I lifted my hand and balled it into a fist to break my way into the chamber, but the door opened of its own accord.

Blinking, I peered into the grand room beyond, and then strode forward several paces before the gates closed automatically behind me, and barred themselves.

"So we meet again, young Fellania. My have you grown." A voice in the room said and I stopped dead.

I looked for the voice, and there at the throne I saw a pair of red eyes open. Seeing those eyes allowed me to discern more of the shadows around it, right as the figure in the throne rose to his feet.

"It's been a long time since I last saw you, Fellania. You were just a little girl then." the figure said as he approached me, while in his hand a sword suddenly lit with an angry black fire, casting a part of his armored face into a deathly pallor.

"How do you know me?" I asked, still feeling my strength flare in me, individual muscle fibers showing themselves all throughout my being, both tits becoming like monumental block-and-tackles in their size and mass.

"Come now... You don't recognize my voice Fellania?" and then he began to say something that sparked a memory. *"My you're so pretty. Practically a woman."*

"I don't want to be a woman." I replied, my mind growing dumb in disbelief.

"Nonsense. Women are priceless, beautiful creatures. Come to me, Fellania... I'll show you exactly what it means to be a woman."

"No... No you can't be him." I gasped, and he laughed sinisterly at me and then lifted his sword to cast light onto his face.

"What's the matter, Fell... Can't believe that your first possible mate and lover is still alive, or is it that I'm the warlord who's been the bane of your family for so many years."

It *was* him. Though I was too young to understand then what it was he was trying to do to me at the time, he was the one who tried to rape me when I was only twelve seasons. But father knew... father broke him for attempting it.

"Still don't believe your senses? Not even what you see? Here... Have some more light then." he smirked and with a gesture the braziers flared with roaring fires in the room. "I've spent a lot of time gaining the power to be stronger than even the Bloodclaw clan." he snarled. "I hunted an Oni; I caught it and killed it... And I spent days drinking all its fell blood. The blood rejuvenated me, it replenished me, repaired the leg your father damaged beyond repair, it made me strong! Stronger than you! More powerful than a hundred sorcerers!"

"Behold!"

And he began to grow, his armor pieces separating, showing burning fire beneath them as his face mutated and became grotesque... Muscles flaring, bending armor plates around him while his mass heaved and unfolded. Spikes and wings broke from his back and arms and knees, while his tail telescoped and bulged, leaving the wolf's tail at the end of a long reptilian bashing tail as he hunched over himself, growing... growing... continually growing.

"I hunted more demons, contracted with more, gained power! Phenomenal power." and he continued to unfold, spreading back muscles and extending his head atop a serpentine neck. He was no Spirit folk any more. He was no Heng at all. He was an *Oni*!

"You've done much to hinder me. You've released my slaves, disarmed my soldiers..."

"Beat you up..." I growled and brandished my staff, twirling it once in one hand with a deep whooshing sound, feeling veins throbbing inside me, the muscles they fed getting bigger and bigger, with the clothes I was wearing stretched deeply across me. "You destroyed everything I knew, you took my family from me, and you took my friends from me. Why did you do that? Why did you think to do anything like that?!"

"In a word: revenge." he growled as more bones and spikes splayed from him, his sword opening and extending, long claws sliding from his fingers as his flesh turned black with red highlights. "Your father broke me, denied me what I wanted... *Nobody denies me!* Most especially your father. Time and again your father pushed back my people. My family, my friends, everything I knew... All gone! Because of him.

"The war between our peoples isn't over. It never ended. Not even when the curs that led my clan made peace, it was never over for me! So I'll be the one to end it. The Wolves will rule the mountain, they will rule the world! Even the dragons themselves will bend knee to us."

"Megalomania suits you." I replied as we began to walk around each other, he a grand demon knight, me a pristine super feminine dressed in white and purity.

He snarled and then raised his sword, and White Oak met that flaming steel and deep blue sparks splayed across us both as we switched positions in a dance to gain the upper hand.

He spat in my face, and screaming as it burned, I shoved with all my might and wiped my face clean. He laughed and swung again, but in my semi-blinded state I couldn't see too well... But White Oak knew where he was, and moved itself into the way of his blade, blocking him. Wedging a foot at White Oak's base, I shoved forward and clawed his face with the long bear claws I had, which sheered his flesh and the metal armor around it alike.

"That hurt!" I roared, twisted, breasts swinging lightly thanks to them compressed within their garb, and I whipped White Oak around in a full arch to bat at him with its length. He swiveled his sword to block, but the sheer and utter power of the blow launched him across the cobble stones, his toe claws scraping the ground with the sound of metal against stone, squealing and showering spikes and kicking up stone and tiles all about him.

I charged across the hall after him, lifting the staff, and snapping it at him.

The battle began for real then. His sword was shorter than my staff, but he could cut me more easily with an edged weapon, but then again a tree trunk swinging at one's body, even when they were wearing armor still did a great deal of damage. And then after I'd been successfully slashed across the leg, I jabbed him fiercely in the chest, knocking him far and away back, all of a sudden he whiled around and tossed a fireball at me that struck me full in the chest. The fine silks evaporated almost instantly and I cried out with the pain of such heat against my sensitive breasts, the pair of fleshy breasts rebounding outward and disgorging from the melted fabric.

"Ohh... Right on your tits. I cannot even imagine how much that must sting." he laughed, and I panted from having been knocked to the floor. The force of the blow was so great from his magic that I didn't even know how on earth I

got to the ground. "Enough of this playtime. I think that you'll join your mother as my own personal harlot... After I sufficiently break you and drain you of all your fine strength.

"Blood is such a wonderful wine, and it carries so much of your wonderful power in it."

"Power?" I gasped, and then started forcing myself upward, and holding out my hand, a vine leapt from White Oak, wrapped itself about my hand and it leapt to my waiting fingers. "Everything you think about, everything you believe in is based upon your power. If someone has more power than you, you must gain enough power to grow more powerful than them."

He clenched his jaw with all its overlapping teeth.

"Why are you stating such an obvious thing?"

"Because..." I smirked, and tensed as the burned flesh on my body healed itself and the fur stood on end. "...You have no concept of what true power means."

"Ha!" he barked, throwing his head back briefly. "A woman lecturing me on power?! Ha! You've not even lived a life long enough or near enough that is anywhere even remotely close to explain power. Women are worth nothing more than sex and breeding! Clean my floors, cook my dinner... You have no greater skill. You are possessions! Whether it's your family or your clan who possesses you, or a warlord, your lives are no different! What on earth can you, a woman, teach me about power?"

"By releasing all of mine." I snarled, ripping off the loin cloth I wore to bare my naked sex, and standing before him, seeing him eye me, I nonetheless reached as deep as I could, found my power, and wrenched it to the fore. The ground began to rumble, the mountain that empowered me rumbled and quaked, shaking the world from the power of the mountain, but as I pulled in that power... It made the mountain fury. But I began to grow, I began to heave, and I inflated with muscle on top of muscle on top of muscle, my form growing and swelling as I enlarged upon every proportion!

Muscles bubbled outward as I unfolded; my body grew larger as the power inside me flared... And on top of all that power, drawing to the fore... was the fire.

My red hair blew about head, neck and shoulders, snaking about my brows as if suspended in water, every strand shining as I gripped my pole, and it lengthened to even greater heights.

"Let me show you power, little man." I growled, and attacked.

My first blow hammered at his blade, cracking it, the second shattered it, and twirling and extending White Oak to its fullest, I slammed it against his chest and sent him sailing across the entire hall to impact the stone on the far side, leaving an impression of his body before he slid to the ground in a heap.

With a loud screaming roar, I struck my staff against the tile floor and it created a loud clacking sound amidst the distant rumbling of the mountain.

Stepping forward, walking like a mountain as I burned my magic for physical fuel, I could only keep this up for a short while, but right now I had a decided advantage over my enemy. Lifting the White Oak staff to my head, its vines suddenly snaked outward and wrapped around the grand bowl of the helmet I still wore, pulling it off my head, suddenly the great iron bowl became a steel bludgeon like the head of a monumental scoop. All the better to bash him in with.

When he shifted, pushing himself upward, laughing low at first but then much, much louder, I surged to him, tits jostling before I wedged White Oak beneath him, flipped him over and then snapped the staff toward his head, his bloodied face was laughing at me.

"You haven't won." he laughed at me. "You think that you've won but you haven't. I'll follow you, till the ends of the earth, destroying absolutely everything you love. I will kill everyone you ever knew, I will violate everything you know just to make you suffer. And when I have you in my clutches, I'll make you suffer in ways that your mother never even dreamed in her worst nightmares was possible."

"M-my mother? What did you do to her?!" I screamed at him.

I was angry, very angry, my training warned me that I shouldn't be angry, but the ferocity of it, fueled by the fury of the mountain, I couldn't help it. In the distance the mountain rumbled with even greater fury.

"I'm a male, she's a female. What do you think I did to her?" he laughed at me, and I could see him healing himself.

"I will come back stronger, stronger than you are now. I've already sold my soul to be the absolute power in this world... They are required to give me every last power till all of hell flows through my veins if necessary. Even in death you cannot stop me. I will come back."

And I struck him, a swiping snap of the metal bowl on the end against the side of his head... and... I let the anger get the better of me as I snapped at him and beat him and broke him repeatedly... but still he laughed... still he roared that laughter at me. Even after I broke his jaw.

In the end he rolled onto his back and continued laughing at me, still healing, still repairing himself, and as he did he grew stronger, more grotesque, nastier and more evil. It was then, as I looked upon him, that I found myself in a revelation...

"There is nothing good left in you." I said aloud, looking into his red eyes that were filled with madness and dark intensions. "I wonder if there ever was anything good in you at all." I said quietly, so great was my fury that I'd grown calm with it now.

I stepped back from him and he laughed at me still, pausing for a moment to reset his jaw with a loud crunch before he started getting up, still healing, and still laughing at me. His sword in its pieces reassembled itself and snapped to his hand and still he laughed at me. And I stood there and watched... And waited, waited for him to get to his feet.

And once he was there... I twisted White Oak, and it's many twisting branches that made up its body uncoiled and the pole tightened, but unraveled three long prongs with their tips hardening till they turned black, and before he could do anything about it, I calmly stepped forward and stabbed him in the chest.

He gaped at me, and looked down at the perpetual tree that was currently rooting itself inside his body, its roots coiling about his heart, sealing itself around that heart.

"Y-you... You were taught by Pendragon! You're not allowed to kill!"

"I'm not allowed to kill." I repeated and shoved the staff deeper into his body, dislodging his heart and wrapping it up into a ball of roots and ripping it out. He gasped as his dark red blood seeped from him onto the floor, and the corrupted heart was held in its knotted wood far away from the heartwood of the White Oak. "But then I'm not really killing you, am I demon?" I said then, and lifting a hand a scroll of paper covered in White Oak sap in an ancient series of glyphs to seal evil slid from White Oak's surface, and stabbing it at his forehead, the thing stuck and I uttered only one word: "Seal."

He screamed as the demon magic that kept his body alive destroyed itself, and he began to burn from the demonic powers inside him. I had to watch, make sure that he was completely destroyed so that nothing remained of him before I summoned fire to burn the remains and used my control over the stone to suck his remains right into the floor. Then looking at where his heart was, I turned and left his throne room.

Gathering up the women with my mother, I guided them down the tower. Most of the women left to flee the tower that was now crumbling apart now that its master was dead and the ferocity of the mountain shook the world, and down into the depths I went to rescue my father and his fellow smiths.

I watched a brief reunion between my mama and papa... And then together we all escaped... But not before I detached the corrupting trailers of White Oak with the corrupted heart right into the molten depths of the earth, where it sunk away deep, deep into the earth.

White Oak was diminished because of the loss of some of its roots and wood, but it would recover.

The rest of us escaped that hell... Right before the fury of the earth swallowed that accursed tower up.

They called the Demon Warlord, who was once a Heng Wolf, Liao. His army scattered, his stolen resources taken back by the people who lost them and his blight swallowed by the earth, it removed one of the five warlords that ravaged the world.

The mountain itself wracked its toll as well thanks to my fury, and amidst my battle and rage and anger, the mountain split the world, shattering the land with deep ravines that filled with water from the far away sea, dividing the land asunder. The fiery rock that poured from the mountain reshaped it.

Those who survived the blast gave the mountain a name then... Fuji. For as surprising as it is, despite the ferocity of the blast, there were parts of the mountain that still lived, namely many groves of cherry trees with their pink blossoms.

Luckily, the monastery, Pen, Sue and little Portia survived the blast as well, their monastery having been formed at the lee of the mountain... Away from all the past molten rock flows.

The mountain deflated some, it wasn't nearly so tall but it did broaden greatly from all the molten stone it puked up. Due to the after effects of its ravaging power, two more of the warlords were taken in its fury, one fell into a molten rock flow as his tower cascaded into it, another was decimated as his fortress was broken by quakes. Another warlord was reportedly killed by some panda woman, an irony that it was womankind who ended the wars of men, and though I thought immediately of the Empress, I then heard that this woman was a towering figure with incredible muscle on her body and bore the surname of Preypacer.

I recognized that name... Perhaps she was the samurai that Anhogamon had told me about? Or perhaps she was his wife?

But the remaining Warlord suddenly found himself outnumbered by the people of the land, and had to abandon his tower with whatever he could carry, making his way to a more secure location.

But in the wake of all the damage and destruction, I found myself suddenly being praised as the heroine who released the land from the grip of war. The many women and females who were freed brought forth an outpouring of breeding females again, completing families, strengthening clans and families...

They attributed all that to me.

With the mountain quieting itself, and my form so linked with it, I was soon finding people referring to me as the Mountain Queen.

What happened next happened very quickly. Father stepped down from the head of the clan, giving the clan to my eldest brother in order to carry out the Bloodclaw name. My brother's first act was to name me as the Bloodclaw Clan's champion. Pendragon forgave me for killing on the understanding it really wasn't killing but destroying a demon. He likewise named me a master in the monastery

Champion Fellania, Master Fellania... But all I wanted to really do was be called mother Fellania, and only by Portia.

And then Empress Panda arrived with an entourage of nobles and an army of soldiers, and in a grand ceremony, she crowned me a Queen in her kingdom, Queen of the mountain and all it surveyed.

And so I moved back to my home up in the mountains, watcher over the Mount Fuji and all the lofty mountain saw, and looked after the land with my daughter Portia, with my family moving the village close to me. And here I waited, the ever watchful eye over the mountain, with my daughter and family... Watching, waiting...

Waiting for my sweet Anhogamon to return.

<End>