

## "Eat Me, Drink Me"

### The Tale of the Jabberwocky

By: Daniel "Pendragon"

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**Warning:** *This story contains acts of growth, breast expansion, lactation and transformation. Viewer discretion is advised. Also, be aware that this story may be considered by some as destruction of a classic, to whom I thumb my nose at you and don't care about any criticism you may have about that subject anyways, so don't bother giving it in that regards.*

**Rated:** *X for Explicit*

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#### Chapter 1: Alice

My name was Alice, but in this strange world that'd really care that my name was Alice or not?

I knelt in the middle of the garden, sobbing with my face in my hands. The flowers had been so nice to me at first, singing me a beautiful song, accepting me at first, but then just like that they started calling me a weed and shooed me away, throwing things at me and shouting at me, calling me names.

All of this just because I'd been curious.

A curious white rabbit with a curious vest coat and a curious pocket watch started crying "I'm late! I'm late!" and ran off. It was a curious thing to cry out, and I being a curious young woman, followed my curiosity and went to find out what the rabbit could've possibly been late for.

First I followed him into the rabbit hole, but then the rabbit hole gave way beneath me and I plummeted through what felt like the center of the world, winding up in a room of many clocks. A doorknob told me to drink the formula up on a table and it made me small, then it told me to get the key but I couldn't get the key so I had to eat something to grow large enough to get the key but I over did that, and when I started crying it caused a flood!

When I drank from the bottle again, I shrank down so much that I actually fit inside the bottle and floated through the keyhole of the doorknob.

The Dodo, Tweedledee and Tweedledee, numerous adventures, and now I found myself here in the middle of a garden, shrunk to the size of a bug.

It was so terrible being so small.

*Oh if only I weren't so curious!* I thought to myself.

But in my reprieve, I heard the sound of someone singing about letters in a strange Indian way, and choking down my sobs, I lifted my eyes and saw smoke letters rising above me in the grass outside of the garden. Blinking away those tears and wiping them off on my white satin glove, I rose, straightened my skirts like a lady should and dusted the dirt from the white stockings I had, and then followed the floating pink smoke letters.

Something was screaming at me in the back of my mind, trying its hardest to remind me that my most recent grief was happening because I was curious, and here I was following my curiosity again. But that voice was so silent in comparison to my curiosity. Instead it drew me finally to the sight of a fat caterpillar, dressed like a sheik in India might be dressed, reclined atop a mushroom, smoking from a hookah while coiling letters like another person would exhale smoke rings left his lips.

"Excuse me, mister caterpillar." I said and waved my little woman's hand, and the caterpillar immediately stopped his singing and regarded me.

"You... Who R U?" he asked and blew an R and a U smoke letter at me, right in my face! What nerve! How rude! I coughed and smelled a serious smell of the bog hemp that some of daddy's workers smoked.

"Well **\*cough\*** my name is Alice and..."

"That is not correct. You must do it properly."

I blinked, and trying to remember myself curtsied. "How do you do sir, my name is Alice, and..."

"It is still not correct. Recite for me." the caterpillar said with a flick of one hand... He had many hands, and many feet.

"Oh... Ah, how does the busy bee..."

"Incorrect. That is not how you do it."

Well... Everything got worse from there. He eventually made me so mad that I stamped a foot and dismissed myself, only to have him call me back with all urgency... Only to tell me to control my temper. Then imagine how much of a hypocrite he turned out to be when he later downright lost all his nerve when I said that three inches was a terrible height to be and he took such offence at it. He smoked up a billowing cloud and then transformed into a butterfly and left hotly.

But before he left... He told me about the mushroom. Something about the left side making me bigger and the right side making me smaller, yelling that at me too before he left, and I immediately remembered about the "Eat Me" "Drink me" mints and bottle.

But... Curiosity was a horrible vice. So I ripped a piece off, and ate it. It was delicious... And good! Very good in fact. So good that I ripped off another piece and ate that too. Before I knew it I was engorging myself on the mushroom, eating the side and stopping and even spitting out the parts of the other side that I found were bland and tasteless and rather disgusting.

Soon, half of the mushroom had been devoured by me, and I had a bit of a pot belly now. Belching and excusing myself, I rubbed that pot belly that bowed out the front of my dress and apron while sitting in a chair made of the mushroom.

Pushing my dress down as I sat there dreamily while kicking my feet idly, I felt the little heart inside my chest, felt it tapping lightly, felt it caressing me in places, places that my nana told me not to ever touch, but then sensations flowed through me that were actually centered in those places. Within my pert little breasts, within that flattened cleft of sex between my legs, with the sensations deepening behind those bits of me and making me feel genuinely euphoric.

Half closing my eyes dreamily as I exhaled a sigh, I lifted a hand and rubbed one side of my chest, feeling the contours of my immature little breast through all the layers of clothing I wore, and through it all I found a lump.

A tiny lump... Right where the nipple was. Only the nipple was changing. It was... Stiffening, hardening, pushing outward and firming up. Then I felt the contours of the areola around it puffing outward and I rubbed that against the silk of the undershirt I wore, sighing deeply while my thighs pressed together of their own accord around my sex as it started to grow hot. I felt like I had to pee.

Pushing the skirts down with all their layers of frilly petticoats, I slid a hand down over the hot sensation of my sex there, caressing it through the layers of pantaloons and garment bottoms below those, and closed my eyes completely as I felt a wave of sensation drive completely through me, touching off my heart in a maddening sort of way.

I liked those sensations. I... *Explored* those sensations, and my nana be damned. It felt so good to touch them, and a shock of sensation unlike any I'd ever felt before lanced through me, rising up my navel in a clenching way with a wave of heat and a buildup of moisture before the little nipples I had erected harder, standing on end and quivering in tune with a quickening heartbeat.

I began to pant as I gripped a breast, fondling it and rubbing it, and I started to cry from the pleasure of it all as I felt the undeveloped woman parts between my legs rapidly thickening, my heart and breathing quickening as it felt like to me that the weakness of my girlhood was transforming right then and there into that hard to find womanhood I'd been trying to obtain for so long.

I heard the beating of my heart in my ears as I arched my lithe body with its pot belly, finding the cleft between the lips of my sex that was like a camel's toe or a cow's hoof, caressing it nicely and discovering a nib of flesh inside me that awakened the moment I touched it. A flush of moisture filled my loins then, trickling from me as a wave of pleasure so intense that it was painful roiled through me, and I tensed and pinched my hand against that sex between both legs in reflex, exhaling several gasps as my insides rolled up and down my navel. Before I knew what'd happened, the lips of my cat... No... Pussy, as the workers called it, clenched and a little jet of warm juices sped from me.

Not like going to the bathroom, no... These fluids were hotter, thicker and I felt them sticking to my flesh and the downy hairs about my growing womanhood as the trickle continued.

I groaned... That release was like... Like... My womanhood awakening fully inside me, and it felt so powerful! I felt another squeezing, clenching sensation roiling down my loins, and despite that I tried to stop it, I nonetheless felt another squeezing clenching of my loins and two more smaller jets just like the first slipped from me and I felt the moisture seep through undergarments and bloomers to decorate my hand, creating a shallow wet spot along the slit of my sex.

And just like that, with a snap and a rush, something woke up in me, something dormant, the rush of power thrusting into my little breasts and throbbing in that pussy between my legs, and I wept as the sensations rose rapidly inside me. My mind awoke to the feeling of sensations the grown women who worked for my father had told me I'd feel one day... When I met the right man, but they talked about special hugs and kisses...

Well there was no man here. This was all me, and I liked it!

And then underneath the hand that was gripping and massaging my immature tit, I felt more mass filling the inside of that hand, and dreamily opening my eyes a little, I saw that the swells of that chest with its pert little breasts were expanding outward. Gaping in amazement, feeling the flow of superior feminine strengths surging inside me, pushing against my insides and shoving my flesh outward, I bit my lower lip and groaned loudly as my pussy lurched forward. The twin muscles of the labia distended forward, swelling steadily while disgorging the clitoris and dragging some of the vaginal folds from the inside me outward with it, that clit engorging and thickening, hardening as it became the spear head of a lance of pleasure that started at my heart and tunneled downward through me to erupt as an explosion of sensation that made me shiver with enjoyment of it.

My hand clenched around my immature pussy as it rapidly matured beneath my hand, unfolding and spreading, thickening with muscular might, the once flat pelvic region surging outward, throbbing energetically and engorging rapidly with the muscles hardening...

I gripped that cunt harder, groaning through grit teeth now, feeling the rhythmic pulsating of more fluids welling up inside me a moment before another surge erupted from me, a long pissing sort of surge that rushed from me before I was able to stop it, likely unable to stop it even if I was able to try.

The apron I was wearing was steadily pushed forward from the expanding swells of my chest, the loose cloth of the bodice of the dress I was wearing tightening about those growing bosoms, and beneath all the cloth I felt the taut growths of the two thickened pads over those bosoms, and on top of those were even smaller yet harder nibs that grew outward into things that were as hard as rocks yet as sensitive as the nib between my labia and thighs.

My clothing was tightening around me as I thrashed lightly, rolling my lower hips forward as the throbbing in that pussy built steadily more powerful. I groaned and churned, my blonde hair growing longer about neck and shoulders, growing well beyond the short shoulder-length locks I had, spilling over shoulders and down my back while the heart inside me seemed to grow and throb harder with each beat it made till it was like a boy punching at my chest rhythmically only the beating coming from inside me.

My coltish legs clenched about the one hand as another rush and yet another rush of juices slid from me, each rush clenching my insides in a mind-numbing sensation that tweaked teats and clit and made my anus pucker and butt muscles clench. I moaned deeply like the women papa brought to his room from time to time, and closing both eyes tightly I felt a surge of strength flowing into me from my loins. As it matured I felt myself growing stronger, felt the world's pull on me weaken while the rest of me steadily thickened. I wasn't growing fat like Pansy Parkins up the street, but rather I was growing up.

I felt myself, actually felt myself growing into a woman!

And then I felt a euphoric and dizzying sensation, and daring to look down at myself, I saw my belly lengthening, dragging the skirts of the dress I wore and the petticoat beneath them upward, dragging them from around my knees and up along both thighs.

I was growing again, but not like before when I ate the mints on the table in the clock room. That was a very, very different sensation than this. That was just growing suddenly, like a bean stalk, and then my clothes had grown with me. This was... This was energizing, empowering, and whatever it was it was filling me with strength... Incredible, incredible strength!

I felt power in me, I felt... Capable! Empowered unlike any woman I knew. I felt ready to challenge even the men of the world with this growing strength, and it just kept growing! Keep me from voting; keep me from having simple rights that you enjoyed. Ha! I dare you all to stop me now, you stupid men.

Neck and then both arms, and most especially my legs started growing then too... Pantaloons sliding up my calves now too, baring more and more of the stockings I wore as those too slid down the lengthening legs I had, going so far as to bare my naked knees.

The loose cloth steadily grew tighter and tighter about me, the crotch of the pantaloons, the underpants beneath those stretching about my lower bodice as a groaning and a cracking came to my ears. Lifting the layers of skirts I wore, I saw with my own baby blue eyes that view of my hips flaring widely... Spreading steadily with each crack that echoed dully from inside me, and that immature pussy swelling outward still to floss the fabric in between and around the engorged lips of my sex, the pair developing well beyond any woman's pussy that I knew of.

I'd bathed with Nana, had seen what a woman's vulva looked like, saw the hairs that decorated it and protected it. I knew of the swollen lips and the folds of inner vaginal flesh that stuck out of it, but I didn't feel hairs growing about my loins, nor did I feel too much of those curtains of flesh that hung from one woman's sex... Instead they just thickened and blimped, fattening with muscular strength as they rounded outward, tugging at the cloth and the cloth clenching back.

Then I cooed and rubbed my thighs together about the thickening pad of my sex, feeling it bulge and unfold, but at the same time something was happening to those thighs as well. Both legs from their tops to their bottoms began rounding outward, thickening quickly as they telescoped beneath me, with both arms likewise rounding outward and lengthening as well. The white satin gloves I was wearing actually slid out of the shoulders of the dress I wore as that happened, barring some of the upper portions of both arms.

How lewd!

Then looking at those hands inside their gloves, I saw points appearing on each of the stubby little fingers I had as they all grew long and slender, further pulling the gloves downward as my girl hands turned into women's hands.

This created a webbing of sorts in the gloves because they just couldn't quite stretch enough, while at the end of each finger appeared the protrusion of a growing fingernail that pushed against the threads on the inside of the gloves.

I was turning into a lady... Not a girl but a lady! A fully fledged lady viable enough to drink tea with the other adults at long last. Finally, I was growing up!

I gave a cry of elation and then swooned as the next wave of elation hit me, and pressing both thighs even tighter together amidst their billowing growths, I cradled the growing breasts before me with one arm to view their swelling masses as I grew and lengthened.

Then I felt that pussy between those burgeoning thighs throb excitedly as both boobies swelled to completely fill the bodice of the light blue dress that surrounded me and grew ever tighter as I continued to mature. The white apron slid upward as those breasts pushed forward, their erect teats hardening and enlarging, pushing the layers of fabric forward to poke out on either side of the apron, the pair stretching the cotton cloth around them in a long band of folded cloth that spanned across the heaving swells of my bosom.

Fluids rushed into those breasts, causing them to throb steadily, my narrow neck lengthening as the golden hair that was all about my scalp and brow spilled down to the center of my back now and formed a golden shower that ringed me passed the shoulders, curtains that I had to take a moment and push back over both ears as my bangs blocked out all sight.

If only those stupid flowers could see me now! Dirty flowers... *They* were the weeds! I'd show them what a real flower looked like. Oh I'd show them.

Biting my lower lip then as I felt my body slow in its maturing, leaving me as a grown, buxom woman, with broad shoulder-width hips and a chest that continued to swell, my growth in all other areas paused briefly.

And then a new sound began; a different sound that was lower in pitch than the grinding and cracking bones and the stretching flesh. This sound was deeper, and it brought with it a surging feeling of power unlike any I'd ever felt before now.

"W-what's happening to me?" I cried and gripped the fronts of both tits as they continued to swell unchecked, and with a gasp and a moan a double shot of new pleasure lanced into me, shot down the length of my bodice, clenched my pussy and reverberated back up from the way I touched those nipples.

A new groaning came about me as the dress about my middle stretched to its limits, testing its draw strings briefly and the tightness of the corset below it before my pot belly suddenly compressed in on its self and all that stored mushroom felt like it was forced through the whole of this diminutive body.

The awareness of greater power, power a woman like me might've never have experienced till now erupted in a place just behind my loins... And it grew, and it kept growing, filling me and surging into the backs of bottom and anus, either tit, and every square inch of my flesh. It clenched bones and it filled my mind with thoughts and sensations changed the very way that I was even thinking!

I hugged myself, feeling the outsides of both breasts press against the insides of both arms as I did, that chest still pushing ever forward. And then another lance of sticky juices ejected hotly from me to give me a steaming wet spot over my pussy now as that power in those loins grew and billowed like a great orb of fire that had been pressed just inside that woman's vulva before it began expanding. Every tenuous inch it expanded it... It *aroused* me ever the further. I moaned, I engorged, I chortled and then moaned nasally as that power surged and surged, shoving itself up along the canal inside my body, throbbing and forcing its way deeper like a thick fist punching its way inside my body. It pushed deeper and deeper, throbbing inside me in ways that made me writhe and churn, rubbing both legs against each other while that pussy at its head billowed and pressed against the insides of either thigh.

Clit enlarged, its nib growing as thick and as hot as either of my teats, its greatness engorging as it dragged some of the folds of my insides out, the flaring lips to either side massaging it with each rapid beating of my virgin's heart.

Women - I thought then - weren't meant to have power like this, but it was nonetheless filling me, nonetheless enticing me. It was filled with sensations that made me feel like a goddess with them, strength and power associated with unyielding confidence like I never had before. They were sensations that I quickly grew to learn were called erotic... The sort of sensations I was told to avoid by Nana and every adult woman I'd ever known but realized that they were the sensations that every last man I knew of would try to evoke in their women. It was a power struggle, women guarding these things, allowing them to happen only when properly enticed, but now that I was having them I couldn't help but enjoy them!

And I began to grow again as I grit my teeth and hugged myself tightly, but this time as each beating of my woman's heart came to me, it filled something other than bones and breasts and pussy.

Fingers grew numb then and I unfolded them from around me, clenching them in front of me, my eyes grew wide as the fingernails of each finger cut quickly through the tips of the gloves to immediately turn a lady's gloves into fingerless hobo gloves as the stretched cloth slid backward into the crooks between each finger, eliminating the webbing look they had before. The fingers telescoped out of the rent tears of those once fine white satin gloves, but those weren't a woman's fingers... Well maybe they were woman's fingers, but they looked like the fingers of a woman who's washed clothes and dishes all her life, the fingers of a servant woman. Only... Unlike a working woman's fingers, these fingers were new and un-calloused like a young woman's, but nonetheless they were strong like the hands that had known many picking of apples or grapes, the washing of many clothes, shining of dishes or silverware or washing the floors. They spoke of hour upon endless hour of work with their strength, and yet as I touched them, felt the silken feel of new flesh in them, I felt wonder and awe at their strength and beauty.

The nails looked like they were manicured, the pads of the fingers grew thick and strong, ever stronger, the tendons standing on end... And when I clenched those fists I heard their strength grind along with the stretching of the gloves around them. They felt strong and they were only growing stronger! Stronger than a man's hands only more delicate looking... Feminine.

The fingers of those gloves ripped open along their seams as the strength in both hands grew greater and thicker with the undulating feminine power surging throughout me. Clenching both hands, the long fingernails that came to sharp points at each fingertip, came to lay over the bases of my palms, and with my face turning into one of awe and wonder at this strength, this *power* surging and building inside me violently while my pussy engorged and grew, I curled those hands and felt the rest of the white satin gloves groan about not only my hands but about wrists and forearms too.

The hems of the gloves that came up to the upper arms were pulled downward toward the elbows from this act as those upper arms swelled rapidly; two swelling bulges like little apples billowing outward along those upper arms. The girths of both arms were changing I could see, and creases were forming as the spindly columns of either limb swelled oddly for a woman's arms. They looked like the swells a young boy gained from hard work as he became a man, and I wondered if those boys felt as I do as the pulsating, surging fluids of blood charging those arms, filling them with unendingly greater and greater strengths was the same.

Two great rounded swells of the upper arms, like the arms of an apple picker as the backs of the arms and both forearms also thickened with slow groaning sounds along with what sounded to me like the stretching of leather. The backs of those arms thickened in equal proportions to their tops as well as narrow channels to either side of those two swells of either arm bulged outward with muscular strength, canals of veins charging and throbbing thicker and thicker while the muscles carved themselves outward in order to hold the thickening of either forearm that at that moment cleaved into two halves down the insides of either arm.

The white satin gloves ripped some more, separating at the seams here and there with snapping pops as those swells of the forearm thickened and rolled outward. My eyes wide with amazement from the superior strength that was surging into them one thrusting heartbeat at a time, and holding both arms outward, stretching the fingers, I looked on in amazement as long channels of veins carved their way up those arms, coiling about what was undoubtedly a swelling biceps and disappeared into the shoulders of the dress that was now stretching its elastic bands at the tops of either arms.

The gloves were torn asunder about those swelling arms, ripping and popping and snapping threads as I turned those strengthening arms and with a mighty double-bicep curl like I saw the worker men do whenever they showed off to the worker women to reveal how strong they were, those gloves popped noisily off my arms with a mass of rents and sheers bursting the cloth apart about the swelling masses of my body, leaving both arms totally naked now.

Only common women showed their bare arms, Nana had told me numerous times. Naked arms and borne flesh, I'd been told it was unladylike to show any flesh below the collar till I was older, and then it was only permissible to show that collar across the clavicle, my upper back and maybe the tops of both arms. But with arms like this, arms that were womanly and smooth, free of blemishes yet strong arms like a man's, who would stop me from showing them off?!

The throbbing, surging power inside my loins riled me as I flexed those arms, gripping first one wrist and poising before gripping the other and poising in the opposite direction, chest flaring as I tensed that too, breasts still subtly throbbing larger and larger with the beating of my heart pushing several droplets of life fluids into those breasts to expand them. More moisture leaked from between the tight vaginal folds secreted beneath dress, petticoat, pantaloons and undergarments, and I laughed and palmed one of the growing swells of an arm as my bodice slowly spread ever the wider with the cracking and groans of the collar bones thickening.

I felt myself taking deeper and deeper breaths, each breath seeming to force my ribs to flare and push outward, pulling the undershirts and the dress I wore even higher to bare off more of the thighs I was told never to show off, but soon too was I showing off the contours of my pussy, a grand moist spot already showing there. This was uncalled for! I should never show this much of my body, but it felt so good. I'd even been spanked that time I lifted my skirts as a little girl, and harshly told never to show off my lap to anyone except my Nana who'd been more of a mother to me than my real mother ever was. But hiding this once petite body of mine was becoming harder and harder as the clothing made for a young woman was nothing to cover the fully mature body that I was developing as this flesh continued to unfold, flesh thickening and stretching at the same time as I continued to grow taller and thicker.

The once little bosom was now billowing outward into thick swells that were flattening and pressing against each other inside their binding fabric since they had nowhere else to go, the ties of the dress along my sides groaning while my form swelled to a weight that, at that moment, crushed the mushroom seat beneath me and I collapsed to the ground with the stalk projecting up between my legs.

With a moan as I tried to breathe through all this constrictive cloth, and with one hand that was now naked of its glove, gripping at the dress over my bosom, I tugged as it; feet bunching up within the girl's shoes I still wore.

And then with a tensing groaning, I breathed deep, tried to breathe deeper, my chest rounding outward slowly with the nibs of my teats projecting further and further outward, my lungs filling with air as strength surged into chest and shoulders, broadening me and thickening each set of ribs, till with a wrenching snap the drawstrings along my sides all ripped open in rapid succession. With a lurch my chest thrust upward, pushing out the apron over two enlarging breasts, the bodice spreading and swelling while arms and legs, neck and waist steadily lengthened more and more, hips widening as the cute dress I was wearing rose higher along my navel, the frilly petticoats rising over the hips now instead of resting around them. I tried tugging those folds of cloth and silk back down but paused after a couple of pulls and lifted my arms before me, gasping for air despite that there was room for my chest to move again.

The rounded muscles of both arms were thickening imperiously, the forearms spreading wide while long tendons were binding and tightening, pushing steadily from the flesh from wrist to each finger, from the wrist to the elbow, and stringing tightly from elbow to arm pit.

The biceps just kept spreading outward, separating in half and each half swelling till those halves separated into individual muscle chords, the triceps behind them flaring grandly as well as rounding outward, separating into their own long coils. And flexing those arms... Flexing them got them to amass grandly, almost endlessly it felt as I continued to grow taller and taller yet, body flaring into clothes that weren't growing with me this time like with the box of mints and the bottle of juice in the clock room.

Breasts were filling the inside of the dress around them now, their growing swells engorging and pushing against the dress that was now loosened by the drawstrings having been undone. Widening shoulders slowly drew the cloth apart across the chest while the mounds of my teats became hard and arousing; the twin mammaries that were becoming like the breasts of a nursemaid took to poking out to the sides of the white apron that still miraculously laid over the light blue dress I wore. My hips widened steadily, broadening the bowl that held legs and contoured the slope of its pelvis, the base of the dress lifting slowly like it had when I fell down the rabbit hole, the garment saving me as I fell by slowing my descent. Only now it was being opened by the developing hips I had and the length of navel that was above it, showing off everything right up to the drawstrings of the frilly pantaloons I wore, my legs, hips and pussy so thick that those pantaloons and the garments beneath them had drawn taut across my lower bodice.

Petticoats and dress were tightening about the upper portion of the wide hips I possessed now as more of the bloomers I wore tightened about thighs and crotch, drawing so tight that they invaded the folds of my pussy and showed of the erect clit as a fold around a rounded band of flesh between the vaginal lips there. The dress was soon stretched tightly across my hips like one of those alluring corsets some of the women my daddy brought home wore once they took their clothes off.

Knees were borne naked out into the world as the stockings I wore slid down and the bloomers I wore slid upward passed them, and still I grew.

Ribs pushed forward and outward, hefting chest and tits as I flexed my arms tighter and tighter, feeling a torrent of those same hot and sticky juices flood from my sex and into the undergarments and bloomers around them. The sensation of those fluids leaving me got me to moan, set me aquiver with a wave of erotic sensation that billowed inside me. This release came in three short lances that deepened the wet spot that was filtering through the clothes I wore about those developing loins. I wasn't wetting myself... I was doing something different. Though those juices were exiting me through the same gates of my womanhood as when I did have to pee, they were drawing from some place far deeper inside me than when I had to pee.

Another wash spilt from me and my hips rolled of their own accord as I moaned, arching my back deeply as my legs spread apart and I took to rubbing that bulbous love mound between my thighs. I heard a groaning sound then, my apron hanging off the shelf formed from my breasts creating a grand rounded oval across them from the dress hemming them in, with a smaller lip formed across the erect teats of mine, the groaning coming from the seams in my dress. I panted excitedly, waiting and watching as the edges of the seams down my bodice stretched deeply. There was a snap at my neck from the collar of the dress snapping open at the throat clasp and I swallowed reflexively as that feminine throat was freed while the bodice of the dress then started stretching along the loops of cloth holding onto the buttons.

I breathed and watched the stretching, heard the groaning of the waist buttons beneath the apron, and biting my lip as each breath swelled my bodice little by little from breasts billowing like filling zeppelins, the conic bulges flattening slightly atop a chest that was slowly pushing outward atop ribs that were slowly flaring and thickening with strength of their own. The hair atop my head spilled majestically about me, growing longer and deeper, splitting to the front and back of me with my shoulders while the headband that kept it all back split about a skull that was expanding slightly. It was the first piece of clothing to break entirely, but indeed not the last as the choker about my throat also broke about my throat while the golden hair fell before my eyes now, disheveling itself and free to grow as it willed even as it reached the center of my back.

One of the loops snapped off the toggle-like button just beneath the collar of the dress while the straight blonde hair I had curled subtly, the lot of it filling outward like the mane of hair of an African Warrior woman... like Jane of the Jungle! That white Amazonian Princess with her flowing golden locks, her full and ample bosom and wide hips with no fear against man or beast... she was my personal heroine as she would shout and bellow and fend for herself better than any man!

Looking down at myself, comparing myself to my heroine as I lifted both hands to grip the engorging mammaries growing upon my chest, I curled the fingers of both hands about the glorious nipples that were steadily swelling and erecting, feeling like knots of flesh that throbbed and coalesced, either clenching and unclenching repeatedly in a way I didn't think nipples could do. They felt like my pussy as its inner muscles tried to climax again, tried to erupt



a jet of nectar again, and behind those breasts I felt a welling of juices and fluids, the throbbing of blood swelling those engorged tits... just as I felt a similar expression between my thighs that were knotting with muscle about that engorged twat, the cheeks of my bottom clenching hard about an anus that puckered tighter than a snare drum. I felt those Areola and nipples strengthening, two more sources of my gloriously growing femininity, my three sources of sexual power outweighing any man's one.

I felt the areola and the nipples as those thickened and hardened till they ached, and then they thickened and hardened till they ached some more, the sensations causing me to swoon slightly while channels forged themselves out of those developing powers of my womanhood. Thighs clenched together, pussy throbbed and surged another pissing jet of nectar, the whole of me curving as my back arched and hips rolled, and with a moan another loop of cloth snapped open across my bodice which was followed by another and another, the toggles and buttons of the dress holding it shut along the navel popping off while the whole front of that dress simply folded open and disgorged two rounded masses hemmed in still by the undershirt that was now being pulled rapidly from within the girl's corset I wore.

My palms immediately rubbed the bare section of flesh between the folds of a shirt that hung off the swells of my chest that heft free of the corset and separated, billowing outward with the undershirt stretching and hanging off them, and I moaned at the feeling of such sensitivity in this woman's bodice. I loved being a woman, loved being an adult, and loved being built this way. Now those incredible womanly swells of mine were swelling over that corset, billowing and stretching the undershirt nicely.

But then with my bodice still spreading apart, stretching the collar of the undershirt across my collar bones and a neck that was bulging and billowing outward with thickening muscles, strengthening into a stalwart column of flesh to support my head, I shivered and ejected another jet of that moisture from my pussy that was soon followed by two shorter ones, the two vaginal lips suddenly engorging and flaring wide between my legs, pushing parts of me outward into the folds of the underclothes and the bloomers above them.

Then with a pair of dual snaps, the buckles over both feet that held my shoes on napped apart with a wrenching of fabric, the toes curling painfully within those shoes briefly before the top separated from the sole of both shoes and my sockinged feet slid from within those shoes. Kicking off the bottoms of those shoes, the top of the shoes clung about my feet and ankles like a pair of spats till the fabric and leather broke open about my widening ankles, sheering the remainders of my shoes off to leave me just in my stocking feet.

Such thick ankles... A woman shouldn't have such thick ankles, but then a woman never had this much muscular bulk on her, did she?! I stuck one leg out, wiggling the foot that was large for a woman now, the toes spreading and foot lengthening inside the stocking, the ankle rounding outward as the foreleg thickened steadily below the knee, stretching the elastic white stockings about my legs.

Then rolling upward onto my rump, knocking the column of the mushroom out from between my legs and tossing its remnants deeper into the underbrush, I felt a sudden spasm between my legs as my loins jostled and churned with the stew of juices inside them, and I stuffed both hands between my legs right as another rush of juices surged into my underpants. Rocking that pussy into those hands, seeing my breasts squeezed between arms, I lifted one hand and looked at the thickness of its attached arm, and clenching that arm, curling and coiling it, I gaped and then lifted the other arm and curled it too before thrusting my womanly chest outward, the pair still filling with fluids upon the pectorals they both sat upon that also were swelling steadily outward as they sat atop several ribs that thickened and rounded my bodice outward along with breast and the meat of the chest. But the reason I gasped was about the two arms that were pumping and filling thicker and hotter, their biceps blushing and the arms burning with the might that was growing in them, reshaping and chiseling me as if from stone. The double bicep curl nonetheless arched my chest upward, and combining the motion with the surging and engorging muscle and breasts formed an overhanging cliff over the narrow column of my narrowed waist that had grown long and definitely thinner than it had been before. I knew my middle was narrower because the once tight corset I wore as a young woman before all this began was now loose about me.

Or at least it was...

As the dress I wore tightened snugly about the ruffles of petticoat which was drawn taut across my hips, the sopping wet wedge of my sex bulging outward and showing off its two lips and the nib of muscle between them through the fabric, that corset of mine started to once again tighten about me from the thickening chords of muscle and bone that connected my bodice to my hips. Yet another pissing jet lanced from me of that sticky hot moisture, the wetness sliding up the fabric of the clothes about those loins to sneak in between butt cheeks and moisten the wedge between them. I tossed my head and tensed my arms more to either side of my head, feeling my back and shoulders spreading as the neck thickened and bowed outward, rolling over the shoulders and pinching the base of my head as the whole of my chest thickened from widening bones. This stretched the chest muscles wider, the twin packs of muscle pushing outward as well as they thickened, tits still growing and surging in pops of growth now as back and chest thrust outward in opposition to each other. The frills of the undershirt I wore pushed over the corset I wore, carrying the apron up with them thanks to that surging and enlarging chest and swelling breasts, either of which were growing well larger than my head and capped by two thick nooks for teats.

Panting readily as my body thickened and I grew as tall as the short grass now, I took to rubbing my breasts again while the silk of the undershirt strained to hem in my breasts, and then two new rushes of moisture leaked from me, but not from my sex, but rather from my chest! Pulling my hands away, either as thick and as strong as a man's but were demure like a woman's, I saw moisture on my palms. Lowering my head and arching my bodice, the apron rising slowly along my waist to curve deeply over the growing shelf of tits, I saw moisture rushing repeatedly into the front of the undershirt I wore, creating two growing plumes of transparency through the silk. Gasping and looking to my palms, I licked one of them and tasted milk! Sweet, sweet milk! It was delicious.

I was lactating like nana did when I was nursing! I was a definitely a woman now!

I laughed aloud joyously, and lifted both arms to flex them both yet again, the shoulders of the dress I was wearing catching at the thickening and rounding and creasing shoulders, and by the simple act of lifting both arms the top half of my dress tore right off the bottom half. And I hardly even felt the pull from it! It rippled like tissue paper!

Neck and waist, arms and legs all thickened and lengthened suddenly, carrying me even further upward, head swelling thicker only slightly by comparison as the corset I wore once again clenched about my navel tightly. The apron hung off both heaving breasts that were still steadily pushing outward away from each other, pussy lips thickening and throbbing, pulsating between my legs while bloomers snapped their drawstring that clenched them about my waist, the garment spreading wide then across the deepening hips, the frilly cloth stretching about thickening legs as more and more of my knees were borne out into the open air.

Stockings stretched wide about forelegs that kept bulging as they lengthened, calves rounding outward, flaring slowly wider like the legs of the strong man at the fair.

Skirts were stretched like a wrap tight about my hips, buttons over either hip popping open and leaving the bulbous mound of my pussy open with the legs of the bloomers and their frilled stitching popping one after the next as my legs grew too thick for the narrow stitching to hold anymore, and the fabric came undone to the point before they were added; the threads snapping and ripping out of the fabric to allow my thighs to spread within, transforming the garment from bloomers into leggings. The socks I wore steadily slid downward and caught on the calves of both forelegs, the dress top I wore turning into a jacket that covered the undershirt that left the underside swells of both tits open while both those tits continued to eject creamy milk, turning the fabric fully transparent with both teats flaring out to the sides of a now narrow apron. The corset clenched about my middle between chest and hips, having risen high enough to bare my navel and belly button, the thing starting to bunch between flaring ribs and sides and widening hips.

I was so strong, so hyper-endowed... With breasts larger than a woman who'd nursed children her entire life, with even the poufy shoulders of my dress top having flattened about the thickened chords of shoulders muscles I now had, I knew that that I was stronger than any strong man alive. Every muscle in me was engaged to the brim it felt, with the back of the dress I wore drawn taut across my shoulders. *All this muscle, all this power*, I thought as I flexed my navel while smirking to myself.

I felt able to do anything... and with a smirk I turned and strode back toward the garden of flowers that were still gossiping about me.

## Chapter 2: Not a Girl Anymore

"Hey! Weeds!" I shouted, and they all screamed like women, shunning me.

"Get out! Get out!" they shouted and threw seeds at me, and catching one, I stuffed it in my mouth and ate it, swallowing it down, and some flower screamed and fainted.

"You! Get out of here!" the purple flower that started all this in the first place said to me, covering her eyes with that vine that looked like glasses.

"You! All was going fine till you started all this. You called me a weed!" and I strode to her, gripped her narrow stem, and yanked once with a jerk, and the flower screamed as she was uprooted before I tossed her aside and pointed.

"Remember that!" I shouted at the flowers that covered themselves with their fronds and vines and leaves to ward me off. "This is what happens to gossipers and meanies! Remember that if you don't keep those nasty opinions to yourself then someone will come along and uproot you too!" and I pointed at one and she fainted. "Or you, or you!" and they swooned one after the next. "Or... Or.... Oh no..." and I trembled... That seed doing something inside me.

I started to perspire as I felt a throbbing between my legs and reaching between them I gripped the swelling love mound there as it surged steadily outward, the reservoir that had been piling up inside them suddenly spilling outward in a long pissing jet that got my eyes to roll back partially in their sockets and for me to bite on my lower lip.

And then the flowers all gasped as they saw the fluids leaking from me.

"She's spilling her nectar, mama! Just like a Venusian..."

"Shush! Or she'll uproot you too!"

It had been an overly large poppy seed, and looking around I found more of those seeds that had struck me, and I picked them up one at a time and swallowed them and pissed more of that rushing hot... What was it they called it? My nectar! A good name for it, for as I lifted a hand, seeing the glistening and stringy fluids that were there, I dared to taste it and the flowers all gasped and groaned at what I'd just done.

It was so sweet... Almost like honey, and so I started sucking that hand as I rubbed my pussy with the other and felt that womanhood engorge, shudder and throb before another jet lanced from me, but devouring the food of this strange world was only fueling my strength now.

"R-remember my vengeance you stupid weeds!" I shouted and ran back into the grasses, rubbing and gripping that cunt, tensing and squeezing the juices that burst from me regularly.

And with a groan I started growing again.

Muscles tensed and spasmed, rippling while neck and belly started growing again, that waist rolling forward along the abdominals and long bands of diagonal muscle joined sides to belly, back to bottom, sides to waist, and of course ribs to that vivacious crotch of mine. And then the waist strap of the apron I wore was tugged tightly against those broadening sides before the heaving expanse of thrusting chest snapped the bow at my back right off, and the whole white apron flipped forward to hang only off my chest now, the rolling orbs of tit spreading the top half of a dress that was becoming nothing more than a jacket while the collar of the undershirt I wore ripped open slowly from the neck downward, spreading wide over the heaving mammaries I possessed.

But soon those breasts pushed so far forward that they slid out from under the band of undershirt, first one and then the other rolling downward over my ribs as I rubbed the slit of my pussy through the former bloomers that had stretched so that all the ruffles had ripped their seams and the garment was now deeply clenching my pussy and

invading my behind. The legs were stretching wide around the peaks of either leg now and the stockings had slid down to just around my ankles.

Another jet of nectar lanced from me as I gaped at those heaving breasts, the pair lifting steadily and pushing the remainder of the undershirt I wore over and across them, the garment now ripping apart by sheer sake of the thickening bands of coalescing chest muscle as they all rolled outward to carry those heaving mammaries out with them; the apron flowing neatly between those heaving tits. But then I saw what was unmistakably milk flowing from either nipple... Just like milk had flowed from Nana's breasts when I'd nursed from her. Those tits of mine suddenly swelled and engorged, filling with all that fine milk, the pair undulating and sloshing with the fluids as I rubbed the nipple that was like Bessie's cow teats. Rubbing that one erect teat in my hand, caressing it with the whole of my hand like I did when I milked Bessie; I squirted a lance of creamy milk out of that nipple with a sensation that was very similar to the feeling of when nectar shot from my pussy.

Smirking to myself and panting as my muscles spread my bodice wider and wider, parts of me detaching from the whole from the inside it felt before sloughing off to one side before reconnecting and firming up again while muscles fought each other for supremacy with the limited square footage – relatively since I was still so small – of my body, I hefted that tit I'd been playing with and inserted that large and erect nipple into my mouth, drinking straight from the teat unlike I'd done since I was a little girl.

And the milk... It was so sweet, so creamy...

I sucked from it as deeply as I could, rubbing the lips of that pussy still with one hand and tweaking the clit with a finger, I soon found that as I drank from my own breast that I felt more and more of that surging strength coming into me, that tit swelling and engorging while muscles and bones all over my body slowly grew and grew and thickened and grew... all while muscle grew on top of muscle and flared me and rounded me rapidly.

Leg muscles rounded outward, separating with deep creases into long bundles of chords like piano wire, train wheel pistons making up the insides of either leg and the tops of either arm, both forelegs engorging steadily while the power flowed up my body into the tightening and hardening middle I had. Again suddenly it became hard to breathe again as the wrap of the corset around me tightened like a pair of clutching fists about the whole of my waist... Right before there was a snap of a chord at my back where the spine had turned outward and the bodice had flared so much. I blinked, wondering where the snap had come from, fearing that it'd been my own spine breaking under the clutching might of that corset, but then there came another snap and an elastic release this time before another snap and an unraveling, and with a burst of motion that corset came undone down the cinching strings down the back, leaving only the securing ties along the front intact. But it nonetheless wrapped my belly as huge heaving creases appeared there beneath the corset, and I had to thumb part of the corset downward just to see the tops of my belly starting to clench and crease.

Letting go of the tit in my mouth, the thing lolling downward with a sloshing of fluids, a heavy bounce and a shifty wobble while my pussy lips throbbed rapidly like a fluttering of wings from my heart beating so fast in their attempt to release more of that nectar, I palmed that belly and felt more strength suffusing the column of muscle and flesh between bodice and sex. I chuckled to myself, feeling biceps pressing in on the outsides of either tit while I stood there with thighs pressed together, the boomers turned into pantaloons due to my amassing thighs slid downward at the hem to stretch across my widening hips there. Those pantaloons stretched widely across the flaring hip bones I had, the under garments of silk see through while I felt the juices of my vagina that had leaked from me slide upward along the insides of my bottom.

Sweat trickled down the insides of my breasts, my body glistening as I flexed both arms, feeling the veins there thickening all over again as they likewise broadened along the insides of my neck around the throat, throbbing energetically as they pumped blood into my brain, making the brain grow.

Nana always told me that women were secretly wiser than men, while men always told me that I was just a stupid flighty little girl. Nana instead told me that we only let them think us stupid, and it was their simple male thinking that kept them thinking we were nothing. As it was as all that blood pumped up the column of neck and throat, deepening and broadening that column of muscle, my brain swelled and skull thickened, keeping a proportion with the rest of my body, though that proportion had lessened some. But it was feeding my brain and making it swell and

suddenly I became aware of deeper thoughts... though those thoughts soon disappeared as I also became aware of deeper erotic sensations that numbed my poor mind all over again amidst my hands exploring this strengthening body.

More veins coiled across belly muscles and about chest muscles, even a thick pair engorged along the undersides of both tits to feed the overly enlarged teats just like they did with Bessie's udder; pumping straight into the tips of those teats and getting milk to leak from them constantly. That milk slid over the swells of tit and dripped from their bases onto the tight corset about my belly which then slid downward to mix with the sopping wet bloomers and undergarments I wore.

My body heaved with growth while the stockings about the toes burst open, revealing the toes that spread out of their ends like the socks of a hobo. Those stockings stretched and gained runs in their surfaces now, runs that soon tore around the broadening of not only the feet and ankles, but also the forelegs as well.

My pussy surged with moisture again while the skirts of the dress I wore that were stretching across the bony and widening hips suddenly began to likewise become drawn across a bottom that was thickening with more and more meat that rounded the two bulbous pads of behind and then creased them into halves and then into thirds before rippling them into individual chords, the short pants rounding about every contour of my loins like a second skin, their fabric stretching to the brink now while I continued to grow. But with those clenching butt muscles growing and thickening like that, the lap of the skirts of the dress that I still had managed to retain through all this decided to start to tear at that moment, snapping the waist band first and then tearing across the rounding thighs. I moved my legs to free them of the constrictive fabric while seams also tore and popped, spreading open along every opening and stretching and pulling threads along with them while the whole of my sex erupted in another jet of ejaculate, transforming both undergarments and pantaloons into a transparent mess about that pussy that one could see the contours of my loins through while the frilly skirts I wore stretched across my hips and bottom now. Those several layers of petticoats thusly were now stretched across hips and thighs, making several layers of wraps that now shred themselves open one on top of the next while I flexed and churned and grew over and over, rippling with strength as I now grew head neck and shoulders and imperious bosom taller than the grasses.

Slowly raising both arms behind the billowing mane of hair I had then and arched myself in rolling and churning motions, I felt those skirts rip and spread about my lower bodice while the undershirt and the remnants of the upper half of the dress turned jacket tore open in several places across my back.

The corset I wore rolled and churned as my belly lengthened, the first of its binding ties down the belly that kept it on me breaking as it also broke another securing tie at the base as it tore across the peaks of both hips, revealing more of my navel and the sunken belly button beneath. The rest of the heavy linen cloth made to hold a woman's belly in scrunched downward about the rest of the belly while the whole of the torso flared wider and wider now, showing off more and more of the upper reaches of the heaving and tightening belly muscles I had.

I reached down, keeping my back arched and one hand behind my head as I touched the peak of my belly and felt the beating strength of my heart pulse into the backs of those belly muscles, surging them forward, deepening them, hardening them into steely bulges that one could wash clothes on. Looking between the heaving breasts and the bundle of cloth that remained of the undershirt, what I saw was a long and sinuous belly that was like a washboard that had had separated in half right down the middle to bisect the belly button, and at its base were two puffed vaginal muscles showing through the fabric of undergarments and pantaloons that could perhaps be used as a washing mangle. Beneath the touch of that one hand I felt the once supple and soft muscle growing firm as they rolled outward, billowing with a greater and greater number of rippling muscles now.

With my chest broadening, the undershirt I wore was torn apart along multiple tears, snapping string after string till both my breasts undulated outward freely and now completely unbound, the pair jiggling and sloshing with milk as they actually rose upward and separated, leaving only the jacket that was the top of the dress I wore that was likewise binding so tightly that it was pulling both my shoulders back, the apron now laying between the engorged swells of those mighty breasts, dangling over my belly. Panting for breath now as my back spread away from a spine that slowly pushed backward, ripping additional holes in the dress top I wore and creating a hump that slid straight backward from off my head and then led downward into the deep curve of my amounting back, each

vertebrae thickening with loud crunches, I felt the back of the undershirt and dress top ripping slowly against the spine that was now almost like a serrated knife with all its knobby spines in the way.

Yet another moan rippled from me as the two halves of back that had separated to either side of the spine billowed outward one multi-angular section after the next, mid back heaving above lower, upper back and the ox-bow of the shoulders heaving into that muscle hump over the middle, each of those six sections cutting themselves again and again to disgorge the plates of my shoulder blades along with the carving and creasing of massive chords of muscle even greater than those that held either tit, my back rapidly swelled and disgorged, unfolding outward and billowing as it flared wide, stretching the securing ties of the corset as a part right between chest and the hollow of my throat to some place down my middle past the belly button just steadily widened. The dress and undershirt in turn tore apart one over the other, their two halves hanging off shoulders that were billowing and bulging now and were filling the puffy shoulders completely, but with the thickness of both arms being what they already were, now that they grew they were soon billowing out of the shoulders of the gown, deepening and ripping the arm holes open, shredding the fabric till it all fell in tatters from about me.

Looking down at my body, I marveled in its surging and heaving strength, but I was slowing down in my growth. No! Not now... More! I wanted more!

So I hefted a tit, the other one now to see how its milk tasted, and slurping in the fat teat into my thickened lips I began to drink fiercely from it, drawing in deep mouthfuls and finding that its milk was just as sweet and just as desirable as its fattened twin while I flexed and pumped the other arm in an attempt to keep its might growing.

And just like that I continued growing.

The stockings around my legs tore opened completely as the forelegs lengthened and rippled with creases, just like my thighs and just like the rest of me did as heaping piles of muscle wrapped me, heaving and rolling back muscles, surging that ox bow across my shoulders outward. Parts of me bubbled and roiled while I sucked milk from my own tit, drawing mouthful after mouthful, feeling veins throbbing with each heart beat, carving more of their girth through me while my back muscles and shoulders and arms engorged themselves... Biceps thickening as they billowed along their individual muscle chords now.

My chest rippled, it creasing into individual chords as well, the thickness of that chest growing greater than a foot in depth with both tits continuing to roil and fill. My free tit, cradled atop the bicep and forearm of one arm, began to squirt its milk outward as my body surged larger and larger. Not abiding the loss of that precious growth serum, I pulled the other tit upward and inserted it into my mouth too, engorging myself, quite literally, on my own strength, reusing and enhancing what was in me.

Both sides of the petticoats that were around me ripped open and cascaded to the ground then, the leftovers of the stockings I wore fraying completely and falling off me while hips and thighs and calves flared ever the wider.

I moaned around the thick tit in my mouth, neck and waist growing as another rippling motion rolled down my belly, repeating the spastic engorgement as the swells in that belly thickened over and over again, snapping another tie on the second rolling growth and then another on the third, and then bursting the remaining ties on the fourth as the rolls thickened and strengthened that belly into a rounded girth of a multitude of belly muscles that counted many times greater than any man. Men were weak in comparison to me. Behold this power!

And then lateral obliques carved their way in long heaving bands along the sides of that belly as ribs separated and broadened, dorsal muscles spreading wider as throat thickening and neck widening straight to the shoulders, lifting my subtly thickening head atop this mountain of feminine muscle that heaved outward in the back in order to appropriately counterbalance two tits that were many times the size of my head. It was as I was growing to waist high in the tall grasses that the sides of the bloomers turned short pants ripped open along the outsides of both legs, belly and pussy continually rolling over and over again in their spastic growth to enlarge and grow with each billowing roll, every few rolls or so adding another pair of belly muscles while lats and ribs thickened and flared, and with every roll it charged pressure into my loins and drew me ever closer to that imperious climax.

Dropping the tits in my mouth and letting their swallowed milk make me grow, I surged taller and felt the last remaining strands of the short pants burst open about the surging and rolling leg muscles, revealing my undergarments that were already tearing open and stretching open across the crotch that I was no longer really caring to cover myself any longer, revealing the bulbous sloppy wet pussy that was there as short pants ripped open across the crotch, revealing silken undergarments that clenched at my pussy, flossing it before those wet silken strands steadily tore open as well. Their strands as they ripped continued to snug my vagina, and not able to bare wearing clothes any more, I simply reached down, knotted a fist into either side of the remnants and pulled upward, forcing the fabric to floss my butt and pussy at the same time. But the strands all snapped easily in my hands before I tossed them behind me and immediately flexed both arms and stood powerfully as I continued flaring, billowing with ribs, chest and breasts thrusting ever forward, back ever backward, and every bit of me growing taller and taller as I lifted both arms and flexed them, taking pleasure in this nudity as I stood high and powerful... and still growing more powerful!

Ngh!

I was like the size of a babe now as I looked about me, finding myself in the backyard of some thatch-roofed house, and standing there my hand automatically wandered into my crotch and I started pleasuring myself by stroking the fingers up and down the slit and then dared going inside my pussy like the pastor said I never should do. But it felt so good, and so I rubbed more vigorously while milk spat from both nipples from their mammaries growing so full of that precious milk that was likewise enlarging and swelling to pair of mammaries while I continued to rub the thick nib of flesh. Pulling a lip open with the other hand I groaned and rolled and churned my hips onto those invading fingers, helping to stroke myself with the dual jostling action till an explosion of ejaculate burst from me and splattered my thighs and fingers with hot juicy nectar. Lifting that hand with those juices I saw that indeed they were too sticky to be pee, to crystalline to be body waste, and it felt like it'd shot from somewhere else in me. I decided to taste it, and lifting that hand to my mouth, licked the effervescent fluids, finding them to be just as sweet as my milk, if a little tangy as well.

I panted and moaned again, my form slowing in its growth again and I immediately flexed my body with a double bicep curl, biceps engorging with their flexing strength, pressing into the sides of both tits and mashing the pair together to eject more of my milk while I tried desperately to empower my muscles to grow further, getting a few brief pops and groans that swelled me a little more.

The strength and physical power that was roiling through me was so fantastic, the feelings that were working between my legs were so enticing and erotic... I needed more!

Hefting one tit I tried to draw as much milk from it as I could, supping and drawing till I sucked and drew as hard as I could swallowing a few mouthfuls and fueling the change further but soon got no more from it. That nipple fell from my mouth, the heavy tit wobbling freely with its end moist before I hefted the other one and drew from that as well. Flexing my free arm, feeling the bicep roil outward and billow ever the larger, my back rounding outward from the fuel of the one tit, I drained the second and whimpered as I ran out of milk to drink from that tit as well.

"No... More!" I groaned as my back deepened and chest thrust forward, tits wobbling while I inhaled and swelled larger but exhaled and remained the same. "I need more!" I groaned and then rubbed my pussy, running out of this extreme sexual high. But then I remembered... There were flowers... Flowers grew in a garden, and if they grew in a garden then that garden had other things growing in it more than likely. Possibly more vegetables too!

So I hurried back in the direction of the flowers, getting there in several quick steps as I violently caressed my pussy amidst the loping walk, trying to keep that build up of strength and power going and fuel that sexuality that was giving it to me. And then I reached the garden and saw carrots; I saw rhubarb and celery also but lots and lots of carrots for some reason. And then I turned and saw a field of mushrooms.

Mushrooms! I knew those'd work.

Moving over to it, knowing that mushrooms grew on rot, I tried not to touch what was obviously under them, but plucked a mushroom that looked very much like the one I'd eaten before it, the one the caterpillar had been resting on. Still stroking my pussy and examining the mushroom, I looked at its two sides and tasted it, and almost

immediately felt a tingling sensation made me shrink slightly, and I moaned at the loss of strength and then turned the mushroom and licked the other side. With a shudder my muscles bubbled again ever so subtly again and I felt that recent loss of strength from licking the wrong side of the mushroom return. Smiling with glee, I bit off that half of the mushroom, recognizing which side was which now.

Funny, the last wild mushroom I ate before coming to this world didn't make me stronger and bigger... it just made me loopy for about an hour.

Almost immediately a surge of strength exploded inside me and my loins spilled with a rush again about my fingers penetrating it, releasing a heady jet of nectar from me that exploded outward with such force that the jet of silken, sticky hot water cut into the earth. Both hips suddenly cracked as they widened greatly, flaring outward to either side and separating both legs even further than ever before my belly lengthened and neck flared as it too grew longer, increasing my size by several more centimeters. My head swelled with a throbbing as the hair atop it grew all the more voluminous, and rising sharply with a jiggling and swaying of tits, I mashed those tits to me and felt the power surge into me, panting deeply while my body heaved with greater and greater levels of strength.

Now I bubbled and expanded; my back exploding outward as the two sides creased and rippled with muscles, the thick muscles to either side of the spine growing like bridge cables while the hump on my back grew like a rising mountain out of an expanse of hills.

Arms billowed, doubling and redoubling every few seconds, and with one pop one of my tits exploded outward to half again its former size, and with a trembling and a few seconds later the other tit popped outward as well, right before I felt the welcome rush of fluids filling them again, the warmth of my milk and the pair swelled subtly larger, the nipples erecting and reddening and heaving while I changed and grew. Then rubbing my pussy as I arched deeply, thighs flaring and roiling forward and outward, butt lifting and clenching tighter as it creased and rippled, pussy swelling wider as it shoved itself forward along a broad pelvis attached to the column made of all those navel and lower back muscles.

I groaned and cried sweetly, tears of joy running down my face as I soon surged in height from thickening bones and such, doubling my height every few minutes till the transformation slowed, and suddenly I looked down at myself and felt awe enter my heart.

My breasts stuck from me like cannons on a battleship, and my soft flesh was like glistening wet porcelain. Lifting an arm and flexing it I marveled in the way that the bicep just kept and roiling outward, rising like a mountain unto itself and just kept expanding till it billowed larger than my head and continued to billow till it was as large as my tit, its tops pressing against my knuckles as thick veins swelled all along its surface and throbbed.

"Yes." I groaned; my voice like that of a deep breathy woman's voice.

I was more powerful than a man, more powerful than dozens of me... Hundreds... Thousands! And looking to the house, I saw that in a very short period of time I'd grown taller than the lowest portion of the thatched roof! I was... I counted on my fingers... At least ten feet tall now, twelve in all probability. But then I spied a hopping bunny approaching and I hid so that he couldn't see me, peaking over the lowest edge of the thatch roof to see him approaching.

The White Rabbit!

He came to the house and opened it, hopping inside muttering something about gloves before he called out for some female asking where his gloves were. "Mary Ann! Mary Ann... Where are my gloves?! Come out here this instant and help me find my gloves and a fan!"

Stepping after him, my naked body rippling and every little step expanding my legs and body slightly, I pushed open the door and leaned downward, hair and breasts dangling heavily from me, with hair like the curtain of leaves off a willow tree and breasts like great prize watermelons in hammocks at the market.



"Hello?" I said, and reached between my legs to rub the bulbous pussy, feeling its silken juices slipping from me as I rubbed those fluids into my flesh. "White rabbit?"

I tried to enter, curiosity taking me now but immediately my shoulders bumped up against the edges of both door frames.

"Oof..." I groaned, and tried hard to wedge myself in, and then pushing the door further open to remove the little nook of its jam from interfering with my passage, I led with a tit and a shoulder like one of those Chinese puzzles to get a large object through a small object, and wedging myself this way and that with the second tit needing to be flattened and scraped against the jam, it's nipple being flicked enticingly that got a rush of pissing nectar to lance from me from the sensation as my butt rubbed first one cheek and then the next against the opposite door jam, I entered and then rose like I was used to but cracked my head against the ceiling.

"Ow." I hissed and rubbed my head.

"Hello? Who's there? Mary Ann?" the voice of the rabbit said and there was the thumping on wood of him hopping upstairs toward the stairs. "Mary Ann I'm glad you're home. Help me find my gloves this instant and..." But when he appeared on the landing from upstairs. "OH! Monster! Monster!!" and he raised a horn and blew it. "Monster!"

"Wait! Wait! I'm not a monster! I'm a little girl." I said in my deep woman's voice that was breathy and sensual.

"Ha! Little girl?! I can see plainly that you are no little thing! No girl looks like that either! MONSTER!" and he rushed out the door between my monstrous legs.

"Wait! Can you please tell me why you're..." and I thrust against the door jam and got stuck. "...Late?" I groaned.

*What a predicament Alice, what a profound predicament your curiosity has gotten you into this time,* I thought to myself.

Looking at the bent wood of the door frame and the heavy door jam, growling as the rabbit ran off blowing a horn and crying "Monster! Monster!" wherever he went, I snarled and planted both hands against the frame and pushed. The beams bent and snapped easily in either direction from me, crushing the wall in the process, and slapping a hand upward as the jam collapsed, I thrust that upward immediately to widen the door for me, thrusting the whole of the roof upward with my phenomenal strength and escaped with a snarling growl.

"Grah!" I shouted and flexed my body toward the sun, breasts hefting themselves firmly as they became tight with milk. "Damn it all to hell! I hate this stupid world!" I snarled and then covered my mouth for the slip of the curse. The Lord said one shouldn't hate, and I'd just cursed. A lady should never curse.

"Mister Rabbit. Please! I'm not a monster!" and I rushed after him, amazed at how fast the world rushed behind me as I ran. I ran like a tiger, or those stories of cheetah's being able to outrun anything on the land. I rushed by so quickly – breasts bouncing from side to side in a grand figure eight maneuver for each one, occasionally bouncing off each other and off my arms as they pumped me forward – that I actually passed the rabbit, the poor little guy screaming like a jackrabbit as I passed him, the two of us staring at each other in that moment that I passed him. But before I noticed it, tits wobbling and bouncing heavily against my chest as I scraped to a stop, finding myself in the middle of a dark forest.

### **Chapter 3: Tulgey Wood**

The World of Wonderland as I had learned it was called, which was easily a world of dreams beyond the looking glass, indeed also must've contained nightmares. Where everything had been colorful and mad yet crazy, this place I found myself in was anything but bright and colorful, still mad, but I had the distinct feeling, especially upon looking at the eyes staring at me, that this was a world of nightmares.

"H-hello? Mister Rabbit?" I called out and looked for the path I must've just come in through but found none. I was standing in a clearing in the middle of dense, hard woods that were heavy with dark shaded leaves, right as the world seemed to set with its sun and shove itself right into darkness here. "H-hello?"

"Tsk-tsk-tsk... That's quite a tryst you've got there." a voice said, and turning, amidst the clearing I'd wound up in with a small pool of water on one side and looked for the voice, I found only the light of a crescent moon lighting my body and caused it's sweating form to glisten.

"W-who are you? Where are you?"

And then the light of the moon started to waver and weave, rocking left to right and looking up I gasped as the moon descended from the heavens and neared the earth, the crescent moon turned and landed on a branch, right before two orbs were thrown upward from the inside of the bow of the moon, and two eyes opened as the moon became a grinning mouth.

"Hello there. Lost are we?" the voice said, the crescent moon moving like a mouth now.

"W-who are you?" I asked.

The mouth suddenly depressed several teeth in a sound similar to a harpsichord. "Ooo... one second" and the teeth kept depressing and played a short song as the body of a slinky Cheshire Cat slowly appeared around the moon for a mouth and the eyes as the song ended. "Ah. There we go." And the cat rose, putting its paws into his back and arching deeply, cracking his back. "Introductions aren't necessary actually. I'm afraid it's too late for you. You're all grown up now... And now that you're grown up... It... Is approaching.

"It?" I asked and the cat leaned in, raising both paws with its claws on a tree branch, his alternating striped body suddenly coalescing its coloring, shifting the black to purple and black to purple again several times before the coloring resettled.

"It." he grinned, well he still grinned, but it looked like he was grinning... More, if that were possible

"What is...? It?"

The cat sighed and then inspected his claws.

*"Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did Gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All Mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.*

*"Beware the Jabberwocky, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The Frumius Bandersnatch!*

*"He took his vorpal sword in hand:  
Long time the manxome foe he sought --  
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,  
And stood awhile in thought.*

*"And, as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwocky, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffling through the Tulgey Wood,  
And burred as it came!*

*"One, two! One, two! And through and through*

*The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back.*

*"And, has thou slain the Jabberwocky?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Calloh! Callay!"  
He chortled in his joy.*

*'Twas Brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did Gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All the mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the Mome raths outgrabe.*

"That answer your question?"

I stared at him. "No! What the hell does all that rubbish mean?! That's the worst poetry I ever heard!"

"Well first of all, this here be Tulgey Wood. See?" and he pointed and I looked and saw a sign that wasn't there a moment ago. In all actuality, several birds with heads like hammers and shovels were planting the sign now while several more birds with pencils for heads were drawing on the sign. "And that over there... Be the Jubjub bird." and he pointed again and I beheld a bird unlike anything else I'd ever seen, like a bird of paradise that had... Well an accented bust and was rubbing the two breasts there with the tips of both wings, its tongue lulling out while it... She... Cooed and chirped in passion. "And this here is the realm... Of the Jabberwocky." and he pointed down with two fingers and somehow grinned even more. If he grinned anymore his lips would meet behind the back of his head and separate his skull from his jaw. "I do hope you have your Vorpal sword." and he started to hum and dance slowly while his tail slid up his body in a magician's pass to make him disappear, his voice seeming to echo now.

"Wait!" I shouted and surged over to him and his tail lowered immediately and he came back.

"Hm?"

"Where do I get a vorpal sword?" I asked desperately.

"Well if you don't have a vorpal sword, then I guess you can't use a vorpal sword. Guess you'll just have to beat him on your own raw strength. Bye."

And he spun on his heel and his tail slid upward and then with a snap his tail disappeared and he was gone.

"Oh bother." I said, miffed, but without the light cast by his shining grin, the forest was suddenly dark... And very quiet.

I began to fear, I began to tremble despite my incredible mass, and as I feared a roiling fog blustered in as I tried to find my way out of the forest. If I could do that then perhaps I could escape from this Jabberwocky creature. But in my fear I didn't realize that I was shoving trees aside like they were cat grasses, wedging my massive milk-laden breasts which were so full that they didn't slosh any more but did nonetheless still leak subtly, the spherical orbs greater than the greatest of circular weights that muscle men at the fair lifted with their supposed hundred pound bar bells and to me the pair felt weightless. But also while I walked, feeling muscles groan and churn as they tensed and thickened ever so subtly with each step, suddenly I found a path and with glee I hurried along it, rushing headlong along it but came up short as it led to another clearing with a great cave at the base of a craggy hill that opened like a maw at the base of a massive mountain.

I was about to turn around, but then I saw a sort of dog with a broom end for a head and a tail tip sweeping the path away.

"Oh no... Go away. Shoo!" but the dog simply finished what he was doing, shook the path from his face and tail and turned back into a forest that had crept in on itself when the path had been removed, the trees growing spontaneously in the now vacant area of the path.

"What kind of a crazy place is this?" I said aloud.

And then there was a churning rumble, and a billowing cloud of black smoke and gray mist spilled from the cave and washed around me. It was like the grip of death itself. And from within the fog and smoke-filled cave, a pair of deep, blood red eyes opened.

There was a growl and more mist escaped the cave.

"Who dares to enter my domain." a deep and gravelly voice said.

"M-my name is Alice."

"Alice... Alice. I know no Alice. You are not from here, you are new and different. How fortuitous that I have found you then so that you and I can be better... acquainted." The creature rose in his cave, and the eyes lifted high above my head, right to the peak of that cave.

"Your meat is thick and fine, your breasts large and succulent and your bones are thick and meaty. Larger than a cow and more juices I bet. You shall wet my maw and I shall feast upon you."

"Y-you wouldn't!" I gasped and clenched at my throat with both hands.

"I would," the creature stated simply. "I do as I please, and a woman is much, much more preferable to anything else I've eaten as of late. Her blood is sweeter and her loins even... Just as sweet." Jaws clicked with a flash of white fangs and the eyes approached and I saw the tip of a snout now. "Oh delicious woman, but though I starve I starve for something other than meat. You are... Just right to give me pleasure as well. All previous women were split in half by me. Perhaps then I can find all that I want with you. And who knows... If you can sate me then maybe I won't eat you. Well... Not right away at least." and the creature chortled low and gravely, like people stepping on a rough road and large rocks being smacked together. "All women do eventually grow old, and I'd rather feast on you while your meat is still succulent. But there's nothing about a little... tenderizing."

"No!" I felt fearful. "Who... What are you?!"

"Who am I? You've entered my domain and you don't know who am I?! I am the Jabberwocky!" the beast snarled, and a brief gout of flame burst from a maw that for a split second lit up a creature of such horror I nearly fainted. But no. I was strong... Stronger than any man, any thousand men. I would not shirk in the face of this. "All that you see is mine! The Kings and Queens of these lands obey me!"

"Yeah? Well... Y-you're nothing but a great big do-do head!"

That wasn't necessarily my best attempt at trying to purposefully swear and cast an insult for the first time, but it nonetheless angered the creature.

A gout of fire and black smoke roiled from the cave's mouth, the earth started to quake and the rocks bounced along the ground about my feet before the cave's mouth split and a truly terrible thing, a nightmare, the worst I'd ever seen, surged from within.

"Impertinent little witch!" the creature said and rose to his full height above me, half again my tremendous mass, rolling massive arms laden with claws back, and leathery wings that were great and gossamer ruffled in his irritation before a tail slapped the earth with the force of a falling tree.

He was a dragon, plain and simple, mighty and ancient, with scales and plates of scales and scales that were like bucklers and shields and a grand array of horns about his head. His wide red eyes burned like hot fires, red vapor pouring off them before a clawed hand came from nowhere and slapped me.

I collapsed to the ground, my breasts cushioning most of the fall as I bounced heavily on them before coming to a rest, and coughing, gripping at the ground, dust decorating me as I rose and spat up some blood mixed vomit from having been struck for the first time. It made me frightened at first, and then angry that he'd dare do such a thing.

"Such insolence I shall not tolerate." the creature said, as I pushed some hair from my face, coughing, but then the creature spoke again. "Such... Flesh." It said, and I felt it move and touch my leg, and I squeaked and turned as it gripped my bottom and easily pried the tight cheek open to look at my behind like one might inspect a piece of livestock. "Such a woman I've never seen before."

And then I was turned and forced on my back, and there I faced a beast's head and maw as it sniffed my breasts and neck and then... Tasted me.

"Such flesh..." it said and then gripped my face with a grip like a vice and held me tight, "I shall let you live," the creature stated, "If you agree to mate with me."

"M-mate? You mean marry?" I whimpered.

"No." the creature chortled with the sound of grinding rocks again and pressed its groin against my womanhood so that I felt its thickness against my sex and shivered from the cool and clammy contact. "I mean mate. Marriage is nothing more than a silly ceremony people do to create a contract for a partnership really. I... don't... partner anything! As my mate... Think nothing greater than that I want nothing more than pleasure from you."

He began to chortle and then laugh, touching me and caressing me, gripping one of my tits hurtfully and I grew fearful, and then angry that he made me fearful, and doing what nana told me never to do, I spat. I spat very unladylike at him, and a bead of spittle shot from my mouth and its thick lips and struck him right in the eye.

"Forget you!"

The beast lifted a clawed hand and wiped his face off, and then slapped that hand my spittle on it to my neck and gripped it. I choked... I was still able to breathe as those neck muscles tightened instinctively but only just.

"The proper term is *'fuck you'* insolent bitch. But then if you won't concede, then I will simply *take!*"

I struggled against him, breasts jostling and jiggling, the pair sloshing with milk since some of it had been squeezed out from his gripping hands before he clamped his fingers about both my wrists and with his supernatural strength forced my arms down to either side of my head, and stepping up he gripped me by the ankles of either leg, his toe holding my just like a pair of hands. I still fought, lifting him a little at a time but he just thrust me back down to the ground again with nearly enough force to break my back, and then bending his head he sniffed and nuzzled and then licked the milk from my breasts before that rough cat-like tongue lined with bristles that were made for sheering the flesh off animals he'd killed licking my face like a wire brush. And then he kissed me on the mouth and shoved that tongue down my throat and I coughed upon the foul saliva but nonetheless reflexively swallowed, and immediately upon its tail came a force of power that rushed into my tummy and then flushed through the rest of me to enhance me with a mote of strength. I blinked; looking up at this creature that was doing things to me I definitely didn't like and realized something:

Fluids from him made me stronger too...

And then he rose sharply, projecting his pelvis forward, and suddenly I saw the bulge in his loins swelling, and in the ridges of the horizontal plates that covered his belly from neck to inner thighs, one of the plates pushed forward slowly, unfolding a gap of black flesh that soon started to project something pink and long and tapering with a spear-like head at its tip that flared like the head of a squid, and started to bulge as that thing slid from him.

I eyed the queer thing, right before it began to telescope in earnest, growing thicker and longer, widening as it fell onto my belly and slithered like a snake or a tentacle up my belly. A fringe on its end throbbed and thickened like the waving fronds of a sea anemone as veins quickly carved their way down the entire length of the thing to bulge its flaring and nearly flat head, and once it got to a certain distance, the fringe turned outward like the slats on an umbrella and then telescoped another extension from that bulging girth, dragging more flesh from the inside of the bulbously fattened thing that had its own sea anemone fringe as well, the new length turning outward and thickening too till it fully extended and the two halves bulged as one. The length of the thing pushed between my breasts and neared my face as I grit my teeth warningly at it, turning my head as its dip wedged against the firm cheek muscle I had, and I saw a hole at its very end that was very nearly as large as the slit of my sex was, and as it rested there I saw the whole thing flare wider along the top and bulge downward along its underbelly toward two melon sized bulges at his pelvis like a bullfrog croaking slowly and deliberately but not un-croaking. There was even the sound of a frog croak as that bulging and fleshy mass surged out toward me.

Jabberwocky laughed at me, chuckling deeply as he bit his tongue while licking his teeth, and at the end of that extension was that greatly swelling pouch with two growing and engorging lumps in it that spread the bands of flesh grandly to reveal softer flesh between and beneath the wedges of belly plating he had, and eyeing it, looking at that dragon's face and back at it again, I realized with a gasp at what I was looking at:

It was a penis! Or a dork rather, with this thing far long and thick to be just a penis. I'd never seen one, knew that males had one and females didn't, but beyond the fact that a male could pee standing up, I didn't know what it was for. I didn't even know they could grow longer and fatter like that... or grow harder... but his was doing it! It was definitely doing it.

But when I gasped, Jabberwocky seized that moment to grip my nose and pinch it painfully, and I gasped even wider and louder. But then he thrust forward, pushing that massive extension into my mouth and passed the teeth, filling my mouth enough to bulge the cheeks and strain the jaw as it was forced wider as he bit his lower lip, exhaling smoke from his nostrils into my face as he began to push that extension repeatedly into my mouth.

"Yes... Lick it, taste it... *choke* on it. Know fully what I will pierce you with." he snarled and planting his wing tips onto my wrists to hold them down still, he released those wrists with his hands to instead grip my breasts, massaging them, tugging on them painfully and pulling on the nipples as he slid between those massive swells and into my mouth over and over again, my milk squirting from those teats and splattering his chest.

*Well this wasn't so bad*, I thought. The worst thought that I had was something like he peed out of in my mouth, but that thick member was quite tasty to me, like roasted chicken... So I gnawed on it. He seemed to like that though.

"Yes! Chew on it. Let me feel... Your fury!" he groaned and screeched an odd sound that was like a stag dying in the woods after being shot by a hunter.

And then I tasted something... Thick like pudding that slid from his extension, and rolling my tongue about that fringed head with its thick, fleshy bristles, I lapped up the pudding and tasted it, swallowing it, licking the sweet and sour tasting mass that was like warm tapioca.

But... I'd just eaten something, or is it drank with tapioca? I swallowed something from this world, and whatever it was that my body had in this world it drew power from the thick penis-milk of the Jabberwocky, and closing my eyes I felt that feeling of change returning to me just like before. My pussy started to moisten, growing slick as I moaned from the feeling and started to suck on his extension, sucking more of his pudding into me and groaning as the sensations of change quickly grew inside me, surging and beating, and moaning again I churned as my back arched.

There was power in that goop, that tapioca that was like creamy milk only curdled sweetly, and I hungered for more of it. So I sucked... I sucked deeply and drew from his penis, the thing the men often called a cock when they talked about putting it into a pussy. Now that I'd seen a penis I understood now that they were talking about putting their penises inside women's vaginas... Or pussies instead of cats, cocks instead of roosters, and all this time I thought they were talking about putting a rooster inside a cat and wondered if they were going to feed a rooster to my cat

Dinah. It seemed sick to me now, but such a copulation would indeed be wise. Having their penis sliding against all that thick muscle in me, coaxing me deeper than my fingers could reach.

Oh yes please...

"Oh you like that, don't you bitch." Jabberwocky snarled and thrust deeper into my mouth, pushing it further into my throat and yet I merely continued sucking till I tasted more of that curdled milky substance rushing into me amidst the penile muscles spasming repeatedly to release it all. A flush of power ploughed through me and surged powerfully right into my cunt and made it slip its ejaculate out, and I felt the feeling of growth suffuse that sex, pulse into the backs of both nipples and erect them more before sliding into each finger and toe. The power even slid into the very follicles of my hair. Veins started to throb as I swallowed over and over, my mouth filling and a wash of that goop spilled from my mouth and slid down the thickened muscles of neck and throat, pooling in the hollow of that throat before spilling around shoulders and down to the ground.

Jabberwocky shrieked low and baleful as he repeatedly thrust his extension into my mouth, the fingers at the ends of his wings holding my arms down as he gripped my head down in order to hold me still for that thrusting. But I was enjoying this meal too much to care, but soon the pressure was rising, my cheeks puffed outward as I just opened my throat and let it flow straight into me, my belly distending from it all till all at once the pressure became too great and with another screech the Jabberwocky slipped from me and a jet of milky cream from that penis plastered my chest and belly in a streaming jet like cream lancing from a spigot.

I swallowed what was in my mouth, eyes only opened lazily as I felt things changing inside me, felt power racing through me, making my porcelain skin blush deeply across the breasts, cheeks and nose, my loins feeling on fire as the Jabberwocky's creamy expulsion slowed and drained onto me. Rising dominantly over me then as I felt muscles in my fingers quiver while veins started throbbing all across me to thicken and stand on end, I felt a lancelet of nectar speed from my cunt, and instead of escaping I scooped up some of his milk and spilled it into my mouth, doing the same with the other hand. I didn't want to waste a drop.

"You like that, don't you bitch?" he repeated, licking his teeth while his penis soon started to swell larger than ever, the thing turning beet red as it rose upward, the fringes waving like sea anemone's in the water. "Then try this on for size!"

And crawling backward and pushing his tip down, I watched him briefly as he fit it against my pussy... and pushed.

I had to brace myself, and I screamed in the immediate pleasure it gave me... So intense! So incredible was the sensation that it stung, it actually was so great it hurt!

"Ah! Deeper!" I cried, eyes closed quite shut, and he laughed, pushing till the first fringe slid inside me and its individual little tendrils waved and tickled me from the inside.

I screamed at how intense the pleasure was as the Jabberwocky gripped my ankles again and pulled me tighter onto him. I felt the whole of his throbbing cock pulsating like a rising Jacobs Ladder inside me, sparking off somewhere near the heart and I moaned as it did. I was weak at first from the experience and I panted, laughing and then lifted a tit to lick its surface off while I lowered the other hand to massage the individual labia to either side of his rooster, I mean cock, invading me.

Much to the Jabberwocky's unawares, as I licked my teeth suddenly lengthened, sharpening into fangs, and the tongue that slid from my mouth grew long, extending two and then three and then five times its prior length as I lapped his cream from my body and swallowed mouthful after mouthful. My vulva was spread wide into a wide O-shape, its powerfully distended lips thick with arousal, my clit so erect it was like the tip of a man's penis projecting from me as it rested and rubbed over his own member.

And then I looked down as the creature, oblivious to me as he gripped my ankles while thrust himself repeatedly into me, suddenly I felt dull explosions, heard them along with the rough sliding of his velvety penis against my silken labia, like two kinds of cloth rubbing against each other. But as I gripped my tit, squirting a jet of milk onto

his chest, I saw the nails on each finger and toe slowly lengthen, turning outward, extending to points and then pinching before turning downward into hooks.

I chortled to myself as the Jabberwocky's own expelled power was filling me, changing me, making me even more than I was before. Then with a sudden spasm, the finger and toenails of each finger and toe transformed into definite claws while the flesh on the back of those hands blushed along with the swelling of several thickly throbbing veins that spread like a starburst across the back of that hand. All those veins swelled at a nexus of where they met with the tendons, the blue blood throbbing in those hands changing the blush into a bruised sort of look right before the muscles of those hands thickened and the tendons stood on end.

The pads of each fingertip and toe tip thickened grandly as the claws sharpened, thickened and lengthened, and opening my mouth and moaning as I wiped more of that pudding from off my body, lapping it up and swallowing it, I heaved and rocked my hips onto that mighty dork that pierced me and invaded my body. Then the backs of those hands suddenly rippled and the bruise started spreading, creating a freckle just past the edge of the blotch that quickly spread into a blotch, the blotch spreading into a molt and the many molts that were forming merging with each other to change the coloring of my flesh while more freckles and blotches formed further and further up both arms. That flesh readily swelled and started transforming, the fingertips bulging wide and pushing the claws further outward while the wrists flared and became notched, and gripping the earth now as more milk erupted from breasts that were starting to grow outward again, the pair rolling along a highly muscled navel, I tossed my head of hair that was growing thicker and longer in the meantime and licked teeth with a lengthened tongue even as nearly all those pearly-white teeth from nightly and morning cleanings lengthened into fangs.

Bursts from Jabberwocky that he was shooting into me were filling me as he pressed against my welling breasts and slowly thickening body while I laid there with legs spread wide, his head bowed as he breathed and heaved deeply his hot acrid breath onto my body, he not paying attention to me while the changes and strength continued completely unawares to him. I felt the strength in me rising, pressing tantalizingly against the skin of this body, my arms completely changed below the elbows into a beast's clawed hands while I churned and rocked those hips of mine. My belly welled out further, thickening and heaving as his ejaculations continued to fill a space inside me that wasn't my stomach, and there my body sucked it up and spread its strength and power through the rest of me.

That strength rolled and churned, rocking from head to toe as realms and waves of bristling goose bumps rose upon my flesh that spasmed from the thickening muscles below its firm softness.

My chest pushed forward, breasts expanding and pressing against each other, being hemmed in by thickening biceps and forced to press against each other as the whole of my curving back spread and surged backward, the spine being pulled further out of the back and the tailbone turning outward, the thing dragging tantalizingly from between the clenching cheeks of my bottom as it tugged on anus and the bands of womanflesh between my legs as that womanhood grew and swelled and grew stronger.

Thighs flared and swelled, their quadriceps rounding outward between hip and knee, the bulk of the thigh swelling around the inner thighs as they tightened into a plethora of muscular bands that tugged my pussy apart, those thighs pressing around knees and engorging backward along with the thickening swells of butt muscles. Both calves spread wide to the sides of either foreleg, with those forelegs rounding thicker and thicker, the bands in those forelegs only growing deeper and harder as they formed overlapping and clenched bundles joining knee to ankles. Those ankles likewise became notched like my wrists were, the toes of each foot thickening and their claws spreading and lengthening right before the veins on the tops of each foot followed suit of both hands. Moles soon appeared around the bruised center of several veins, those moles turning into blotches, blotches turning into molting, molting changing my flesh color as the swelling blood vessels changed the shape of those feet. The four small toes lengthened and spread wide with groans and cracks coming from both feet, stretching long tendons that led to each toe as I shoved my pussy deeper onto his cock, sheathing that mighty sword right to the hilt.

Clenching both arms and flexing them, I snarled and growled, feeling those biceps flaring apart, spreading into halves and the halves spreading into halves again, the swelling bulges rounding and engorging, enlarging rapidly till they were the same sizes as my breasts and continued swelling to the same sizes as those mountainous mammaries; the pair of those biceps pressing against the insides of those monumental mammaries that squirted more milk at my assailant as he unwittingly fueled my strength and growth.



Ribs lurched upward, each pair thickening and broadening one pair after the next, the sternum becoming like a rock while my back grew so thick that it actually kept me laying at an angle from its thickness without me needing to rest on my arms, the thick neck and shoulder muscles becoming almost grotesque in their surging strength supporting my head. Neck muscles flared so wide that they pinched at the back and sides of my head while veins carving up from the hands and feet, creeping up both arms and legs, my pussy swelling as the clit enlarged and erected against that thing the men sometimes called a rooster... No not rooster... The other word... A cock! It was a silly name for a penis, but it made them happy to call it that. But panting for Jabberwocky as he thrust deeper and deeper into me from my navel and neck lengthening, I felt each rib pair growing thicker as they all pushed outward to barrel my chest over the comparatively narrow stalk of my navel, each bone creaking and cracking as it shifted with dull thuds and crunches, the vibrations from the shifting bones vibrating both tits and subsequently the lengthened and fattened nipples flared to broad teats at their ends. Spines along my back grew thicker and harder, each vertebra creating an extended nub against my back while the sternum between each of the upper ribs hardened so greatly that it started cutting through my flesh. My spine was almost just as equally hardened, and the pinching sensations I felt back there told me the spines themselves were cutting outside the flesh.

With a moan I palmed that sternum plate as my flesh tore open between both breasts as my bodice flared wider, separating the rounded orbs of my tits while either forearm lengthened along with both feet to inhuman proportions, right before my tail bones started lengthening, adding one link after the next to the end of that spine while the stretching and spontaneously growing flesh for that tail tugged on the pussy flesh and tugging on my anus out from between the two swollen butt muscles to the underside and base of the tail as my spine quickly into a thick stubby thing that hung over that finely rounded feminine ass I had, to coin one of the phrases a gardener used on me once.

The dark bruised coloring of my flesh had crept up to biceps and thighs now as I rubbed my legs like a cricket would, rubbing his cock in me and squeezing his balls together, getting them to burst more of his juices into me, and after a few moments that great dork churned and erupted more of his pudding into me to be absorbed by this heaving and growing body of mine. But it was as he climaxed in me that I noticed that he was thinning, growing subtly smaller with each eruption his cock spat into me, and smirking I clenched my pussy lips like I had to pee, feeling his pudding swelling my insides so greatly with that massive dork that I felt it slipping out of me still. So I clenched harder and kept it all in, not allowing a single drop to leak from that pussy so that I might absorb everything he had for me.

I wiped what moisture there was leaking from me from me then – my own nectar that had covered his cock as he slid in and out of me before I'd clenched so that his maleness glistened with my juices and dripped with them onto the tightening cheeks of my ass – and massaged the glistening juices into my pussy lips. Lifting a hand I even licked the sweetened juices – like strawberries – off my fingers as I held Jabberwocky fast so that his thrusts had no purchase to heave in or out of me thanks to the strength of my sex. With me able to hold him fast like that, that told me that I'd grown stronger sexually than he was, or he'd weakened enough and I'd strengthened enough so that he was no longer my superior physically. To whichever it was I smirked triumphantly at him.

It was over... he just didn't know it yet. He'd tried to violate me, but my body gained power from consumption in this world, and even now as his sexual strength left him and entered me, I felt my clitoris, the nib of flesh that was normally hidden beneath its hooded pocket between the lips of my sex erecting larger and larger, and I felt then what a regular man must feel to have an erection. That clit then turned beet red, its sensitivity intense as I reached down to massage and stroke and even pinch it between two clawed fingers, the curtains of flesh inside me that created a seal for the juices between the vaginal lips changing into a similar color right as the veins that were creeping up my legs from either foot gripped at those pussy lips and climbed inside me along the vaginal walls, massaging me and enticing Jabberwocky with my heartbeat. The veins surged upward deeper and deeper, throbbing like fingers sliding along those inner muscles upward, ever upward and strengthening me from the inside now as well as the outside while the veins likewise crept up my belly now. In turn, those pussy lips clenched so hard that I made the Jabberwocky groan with their strength as the two lips clenched like a fist about his cock and momentarily stopped the flow of his seed.

Veins and arteries crept up my navel and into my neck and breasts now, the changing of the skin coloring flowing right along with them, and lifting my knees I saw how they framed Jabberwocky's thrusting hips. I decided to let him discover on his own that I was becoming greater than him by sucking him of all his vaunted might and power.

The veins creeping up my body from both feet and to the body from both arms met then at the bony plate between thickening and heaving chest muscles and swelling breasts that were squirting milk all over us like fountains now, and inside me an explosion of my own fluids formed a rush that distended my belly again briefly before those belly muscles lengthened even further, and jabberwocky's penis surged to the hilt inside me.

"Oh your flesh, like silk and velvet." Jabberwocky groaned then. "You body... It can take... It can..." he paused and then shot a glance at me that turned into a shock of horror. "...burry my bone." he gasped, and with a bark of laughter I reached up and took him by his long throat with both hands and flipped us, both my breasts sloshing with the milk in them as they rolled like unbound and rounded cargo in a ship's hull, and as I pressed against him those breasts weighed him down so greatly that they pinned his arms to his sides.

"Too late," I said, my voice changed now, sounding like it had the background of a screeching falcon as I quickly pinned his arms to his sides, the swelling veins sliding up my lengthening neck and gripping at my head with its fingers and cupping both breasts like gripping hands. "Far too late you hateful creature." I snarled showing him fangs while neck and throat thickened and bulged like I was croaking like a bullfrog. "You're a destruction on these lands, and I will not stop till I take all this strength and power from you and end your reign. Vorpal sword indeed..."

"Now give that power to me!"

And I began rocking on him, keeping his erect penis hard inside me as it slipped easily up and down, the little frills tickling my insides and getting me to spray a jet of nectar from inside me from just beneath the clit onto his navel. That navel of his had been highly muscled just a short while ago, but the creases of those muscles were disappearing and the rounded abdominal muscles were deflating while I sucked the strength from him by massaging his prick with the muscles of my womanhood.

And then my face changed into that bruised purplish-blue coloring, and now that the whole of me had changed so greatly, the changes that then wrought themselves from me grew violent and powerful.

Clenching my jaw, a foam of spit spraying from between teeth that were weaving with each other as they lengthened and sharpened simultaneously, my jaw spread wide then, broadening my grinning snarl like the Cheshire Cat's smile was. Ears drew up to points and then lengthened long till just the basic shifting of my head made them bounce and fold before the muscles of cheeks and brows bubbled forward, my eyes widening in the process as they sunk into my skull and quickly brightened into an electric blue.

I laughed through my lengthened and sharpening teeth at Jabberwocky as my whole face pushed forward, my skull lengthening with the golden hair topping it lightening, whitening in streaks before mouth and nose pushed forward of that surging face and merged together. I laughed again while folds of flesh about my face broke with sprays of blood and points of bone started lengthening straight off my skull through the skin that bunched and thickened around the bases of those points into solid lips while the points themselves curved and coiled over my head from behind either brow ridge and likewise hooked around my skull into flaring horns.

The length of my neck grew then along with the length of my belly between ribs and pelvis so that inside me there was more than enough room for his cock to fit inside me. As a disappointment though, his surging maleness didn't fill me as much as it did a moment ago. I was just becoming so much greater than he was now.

And just then my bodice crunched and lurched outward and apart, and tensing between the shoulders along the spine, the whole upper half of me seemed to detach and slide upward, leaving behind half the chest muscles and half the upper back muscles, the cliff of ribs thickening all over again and billowing outward along a bony and fleshy ring of flaring body parts that bubbled outward from sternum, curved along the ribs and then back upward to my back just behind and below either arm. One side of me seemed to detach then and sloughed off to the side like it was hinging open inside me, broadening the whole of me at the shoulder and thickening clavicle bones, lowering one tit, two pectorals and realigning and lengthening that collar bone further while the shoulder blade on that side fanned and thickened right before the other side of me followed suit in a series of growths and shifts that echoed the other side. This broadened my neck, tugging neck and shoulder muscles into a wide fan that spanned from head to shoulders while lengthening it at the same time while spreading both shoulders wider. Those neck muscles rolled

thicker and hotly while my throat muscles thickened to protect the tracheal arteries and the hollow of the throat like twin billowing bladders that creased and separated before billowing all over again. A crackelature of veins thickened all about those throat and neck muscles, my throat bobbing as I threw my head back and laughed, and Jabberwocky even tried to claw and bite that throat out to stop me, but I only laughed louder as his efforts were received by me with little more than just a love bite that didn't even draw blood.

Gripping one of his horns and hauling him backward, still laughing at him as I bent him back away from me, my rib bones thrusting forward then as the whole of my spine shunted outward as each vertebrae engorged in rippling growths from the base of the skull to the tip of my growing tail, each ripple pulling the whole of the spine further outward, lengthening the spines so that they actually broke from my flesh, I trust a jabbing poke into the hollow of Jabberwocky's throat that sent him coughing and gasping.

As I lay back, still massaging vaginal muscles to suck that power from him, Jabberwocky gripped his throat with a thinning hand and shrieked at me before I slapped him silly.

"Silence!" I growled deep and feminine as those spines along that back tore my flesh open, creating hooking knife-like protrusions while likewise lengthening the tail upon each ripple they made, likewise broadening the whole of my back and lengthening neck and waist at the same time.

Jabberwocky then set himself to pulling out of me, but I tightened those pussy lips, holding him inside me while both sets of my chest muscles billowed outward, both sets rapidly billowing to more than a foot apiece in their depth like thick slabs of firm steak that resembled bundles of cables, piano wire and pistons covered by a webbing of veins and taut purple-blue skin. This was right before I felt the tensing of flesh along the edges of both new pectoral muscles tense. But the tensing happened again and again, lining my belly from peak to base, that belly tightening and bulging with more and more muscle might, abdominals doubling and redoubling themselves in thickness and in quantity, and right after they did, I felt a new pair of teats appear lining those belly muscles. The new teats arrived on every belly muscle except for the pelvic ones, but then upon the two new chest muscles, their teats that had appeared before all the other ones on my belly erected and grew outward, swelling and billowing, rising atop thick areola before I felt two whole new breasts swelling from out of the flesh there. Again I laughed as I rose and arched, gripping Jabberwocky's clawing hands as he tried to free himself and then holding those wrists down like he'd done to me while the weight of my chest alone held him in place. His wings thrashed and he tried to slip from underneath me continually but it only added to the pleasure, for if he slipped all I needed to do was push myself back on, and the fringe of that penis sliding in and out of my insides tickled me, driving me insane with the sexual power thriving in me.

But then along my ribs, that swelling ring along the cleft split of my ribs broke apart suddenly, shattering and tearing the flesh open, and amazingly, two curving L-shapes fell downward before the bends of the L's broke and the shapes straightened before muscles bubbled outward and several fingers uncoiled as the joints extended to reveal wrists and elbows. They were two whole new arms that were forming as they laced themselves with the lower back and lower chest muscles, attaching to my body with two new shoulder blades as the fingers spread and extended their own long claws. They appeared just in time to cup the two newly swelling mammaries before I felt more swelling, and slid those hands downward to feel a third pair of tits, growing at the peak of my belly, growing into the open air. Then laughing I spread all four arms out before curling and flexing the upper two and then curled and flexed the lower two to reveal my new power out in the open for Jabberwocky to see.

"Impossible!" Jabberwocky breathed as he laid there on the ground amidst trying to pull from my heaving vagina, its power greater than the whole of him now it seemed. I hardly even had to clench now to keep him inside me those pussy muscles were so tight and strong and powerful.

"Not impossible... for look here at me!" I chortled. "Your power does better in my body, don't you think you foulretch?!" and I laughed at him before coiling the palms of all four hands to play with all those tits and nipples of mine together, two hands cupping the largest tits and playing with their areola and nipples, another playing with the lower four while the fourth hand rubbed that tightening belly of mine and all the throbbing areola and nipples that were there.

I chuckled and then flexed all four of those massive arms of mine again but did so in earnest this time and the second pair of arms grew thick quickly, their biceps also swelling as I flexed them, knots of flesh crisscrossing the forearms while brachials bubbled outward like boils under the flesh. Soon they rivaled the thickness of the upper arms while the additional breasts I had, the second set growing nearly as thick as the first as the third set grew half as large as the second set and the dozen or so smaller mammaries below those swelled into thick pads of woman-flesh before all of them spontaneously leaked milk that swelled from behind them.

"All this power, all this strength... Mine now." I laughed and arched over myself, gripping his ears with two hands and his wrists with the other two; I arched my body massively, breasts pushing in under his chin. "All your terror dies now in me." I said while the back muscles between four shoulder blades all heaved and bubbled and roiled, the spines lining off the back of my head down the length of a tail that pulled itself from out of my bottom, stretching my pussy and hiding my anus beneath the tail that was even now continually telescoping from off the small of my back.

"This is my world! My domain! It dies without me you disgusting whore!" Jabberwocky snarled.

"You mean *my* world, *my* domain." I smirked. "Your power is now mine, remember?" I chuckled and bent and kissed him and his shorting muzzle, trying to keep from retching from the decay on his breath till I was able to suck more of that incredible power and strength from him even as I expanded like a rippled balloon filling with water.

Then suddenly there was the tearing of flesh as a rip formed down the center of my being from just below the jutting chin, the flesh ripping apart from between the thick and heady bone in my chest, separating from breast and abdominal alike, pushing a supple yet muscular bodice outward from the inside that was fleshy like that of a blossomed and ripened woman yet creased with horizontal ridges like the belly of a lizard. The tearing of flesh peeled off my abs as the two sides of my body spread wider than ever, flaring my upper bodice and allowing the mound and hump of my back to engorge and roll further outward from me.

The flesh peeled open around my sex as hips widened even further than ever with a series of cracks, and the flesh also peeled open from crotch to about half way down the length of the tail while the whole of me stretched the body open to reveal this new fleshy and rippled skin. I was growing majestic in the power I had while I sucked a dark blue light from Jabberwocky's mouth that was wrought with globules of deep purple motes, and each globule that I swallowed, throat bobbing briefly to draw each one in, parts of me hammered outward with thicker bones and thicker muscles while parts of him just seemed to pop and deflate like balloons. My throat swallowed over and over again as I sucked his tongue into my mouth and I bobbed up and down on it, drawing more power from him as his loins kept climaxing unendingly now unloading all that power-enriched seed in me.

And then that monumental back of mine hardened and then cracked as I swallowed about the hundredth purpled mote from him and absorbed the most recent number of what felt like countless ejaculations into my bowels. I felt something new growing from me and I lurched suddenly, spreading fingers and arms, feeling the long plates of hardened flesh fanning as they cracked from the rest of me, ripping through more flesh and then lifting up off of me as I reared, thrusting the line of tits along my chest outward in a deep arch, the largest pair heaving and rolling erotically and ejecting milk from me repeatedly.

... And I roared.

The piercing, screaming roar that escaped my throat, like a thousand falcons and the wind of a gale mixed with the rumbling of thunder escaped a pair of lips that had blackened through these changes, the trees bowed themselves away from me and mome wraths went scurrying away. From the bases of those new arms that were tearing from my back, those arms with their great flat fingers that had once been the long striations of flesh that had once covered the back muscles there, suddenly grew a roiling and bubbling shoulder at the peak of my back to either side of the spine, as if the shoulder muscles at the peak of my body suddenly doubled in thickness and ripped in half to carry these new arms, right before my back spread even more and hooking spikes of bone arose to either side of my back spines. Those back spines then grew longer and thicker while the newest set of spines hooked into overlapping plates as both my neck and navel lengthened monstrously, thighs billowing and calves flaring wider with legs thickening.

Rising to my feet then, holding Jabberwocky to my loins, I felt him shrinking and diminishing rapidly while his cock in me reduced in size as he expelled the last of his heady power into my loins.

Ripping him from my loins and pinning his wings behind his back like a boy might hold a butterfly just prior to tormenting it as I grew over the trees even with this body continuing to flare and bulge and grow, I felt the forearm and upper half of those two new arms telescope longer and longer, flaring to my sides as I flexed them too, feeling biceps coil and engorge, those long biceps separating into halves with the triceps roiling outward. The fingers of those long arms fanned wide and telescoped layer after layer of long flat and wide plates that were like the wing covers of a beetle, only they arrayed themselves like... feathers.

As such, two of the longest horns rising from my brow, already coiling like goat horns, suddenly sectioned off and became prehensile like a pair of antennae, the dozens of other horns twisting and extending as they flared backward like a jagged crown.

I laughed as the purplish hide on me hardened, cracking into scales and plates of purplish insect shell, some of which merged into more beetle like plates and some of those merged into even larger and larger plates.

The elbows of all four arms erupted with more blood, that blood spilling outward and twisting and coiling, hardening into reddened bones while more flesh ripped open across me, another layer along my chest and belly that revealed more reddish flesh while the four largest of my tits likewise tore as they swelled, the flesh revealing the reddish under flesh beneath the taut belly hide.. Throbbing veins merged all over me like they'd done on the tops of both lengthened feet and the backs of both hands, and wherever they merged crystalline eyelet-s opened, right before the bony protrusion in my chest likewise spread open and spread my bodice wide along with it, and a great blue crystal surged forward like a jagged point from my chest.

"Impossible!" Jabberwocky squeaked. "A mere girl absorbs all that power?! Impossible!" Jabberwocky shouted his last words, waving his fists and thrashing with his voice many octaves higher than it was a short while ago. I shook him and held him aloft while the fanning plates along my wing arms fanned ever wider, spines ripping from out of shoulders and knees, feet spreading as planes unhinged, slid and realigned all about me into a fantastic looking body armor one would see only on Knights and Paladins and Templar of old..

"You underestimate a Britton Woman then!" I smirked.

And then my eyes slowly closed, and I felt my heart pounding harder and harder, right before both sets of chest muscles shoved themselves outward and then separated into even smaller chords and tendons before those tendons and chords swelled immensely. The growth hefted their attached tits and causing them to jostle and the milk in them to slosh and erupt from me, and lowering a hand to my pussy, I spread open the lips and caressed the woefully thickened head of the clit tucked inside me as it erected from within me, dragging the folds of vaginal flesh inside me out with it as I moaned deeply amidst my back spreading wider and those growing wings spreading wider still. Butt muscles hardening as they clenched, the rounded planes creasing into the shapes of butterflies with both thighs unfolding and broadening massively below them and their calves unfolding just as massively below those.

Further outward my back rolled, the spine rolling outward like a bladed chain, the whole of that back becoming a layer of swords and spears that became tipped and lengthened with more reddened blood that hardened and crystallized while forearms bubbled and flared as they too lengthened. The whole of this surging, amassing and already powerful body of mine grew longer at neck and waist, at all three joints of the legs and at the lengthening forearms, fingers grew longer and toes thicker while at the base of that long navel, my pussy distended from me as the end of my tail suddenly spiraled open along three individual tendrils at its end.

Topping my head, nestled within all those head plates and horns, my mane of gold-white hair crept down my body as all the opened wounds in my body disgorged blood that stained me in places, and created the largest armored coverings yet.

Flesh over biceps tore apart into their three separate layers my body already had, plates on forearms now flaring while two great thumbs ejected from the hands of the great and flaring wings upon my back, the feathers of those wings clacking grandly with two elongated dorsal fins snapping from within me like Sarasin blades.

And then my belly rolled forward from all the thickening navel muscles, its length serpentine as it curves outward again while all the lower back muscles became like long tendons, and then finishing that transformation, I felt... Knowledge, of a sort, filling me.

And then I looked to Jabberwocky and glared at him.

"Where's the rest of it?" I demanded.

"There is no more... No more to be had... Now please let me go?"

"I understand now that you tried to rape me. Even as the knowledge of this... this... act fills my head I grow angrier and angrier at it."

"Fills your head? From where?" Jabberwocky gasped, twisting his fingers.

"From you!" I bellowed at him and he squinted from the heat of my breath. "What you did to me is a terrible crime, and by all rights now that I'm grown I should kill you outright, strangle the life out of your twisted little body." And I gripped his neck and body with both hands and squeezed till he squeaked, and only then did I relax my grip. "But instead... You shall help me obtain more power, you will help me conquer this world of yours and I will be the Jabberwocky!"

"But there is no more power, no more to be had, no more to..." and his little ears pinned themselves against the back of his head as I growled at him.

"You... are *lying*." I grit at him then lifted him and gripped him in two hands again, palming a tit with one hand and rubbing my clit with the other, and gripping his belly and stretching him, he gave off a loud **\*Gack\*** and spat up a purplish orb that danced with runes on it. In a snap I brought my jaws down about it like a viper striking, and felt it sink into my chest and hang there... Where it soon burned.

"Yes!" I growled as my eyes and the myriad of crystals that were on me suddenly started to glow, the red blood stains that formed blades and spikes about me burning and charring nearly black, their edges like crusted molten rock burning hotly for a moment before its surfaces cooled, but not before Gaelic spirals formed in that black armor.

Spreading my wings, still gripping the former Jabberwocky tightly in one hand as he shrank to the size of a bird in my hand, I roared and flapped once, shooting up into the air.

#### **Chapter 4: Long Live the Queen**

My mind filled with four women as I flew, four dark, evil and hateful women who abused their power much like the Jabberwocky had done. Each woman held a rod of power; each rod was a thing of power and authority in this world, and the four of them together balanced the Jabberwocky. I thought about playing cards as these memories rushed into me from Jabberwocky's memories spilling in me and I thought of Clubs, Diamonds, Spades and Hearts, and rising to the apex of that first flapping leap, I dove downward as the night turned into day suddenly in this mad, mad, mad world.

Tulgey Wood rushed beneath me while my wings buzzed against the wind amidst this first flight that I undertook expertly, flapping a couple times as my body flared and grew thicker and stronger yet, tendons roiling outward as breasts filled to the brim with milk.

There was a garden party going on, and I spied them from afar, and taking a deep breath, I swooped from the sky, falling beneath the cloud cover and blew a stream of hot fire as I landed. There was a strange bird here with a body like a cage, and forcing its cage door open I shoved Jabberwocky inside and planted the bird on a perch before turning toward the gathered people with a jiggling and a jostling of breasts, a terrible clacking of wing plates and a slap of my tail.

"I am Jabberwocky!" I bellowed in a roar that would make lions shrink from it. I burned briefly with terrible power as I brandished teeth and claws.

And then I saw her, a woman dressed like a queen with a timid little husband as she floated forward and brandished her rod of queenly might, a thing with a heart on the end of it.

"Off with her head!" this queen shouted and three more, likewise dressed as a club, a diamond and a spade arrived and brandished their rods, each of which shone with separate power.

But there was a key here... And that was the Queen of Hearts.

Inhaling deeply, I breathed a jet of flame that I washed around us, creating a wall of high flame that surrounded us all on three sides, with a hedge row on the other, and the Heart Queen cowered for a moment at my terrible strength and might... The horse-faced bitch.

Hey! I was getting better at these insults!

And reaching idly forward I ripped the scepter from her hands and the glowing on the other three stopped. Laughing I went to each of the remaining three women, leaping to two of them and taking their rods firmly with two other hands and finally leapt to the fourth and wrenched her scepter from her hands as well. And then slowly stepping back, gripping the four scepters with their different caps in each hand, I brandished them, my powerful fists gripping them tightly.

"No! You don't know what you're doing!" Diamond queen shouted with the voice of doom.

"Those are all keys to the kingdom! All of them in the wrong hands..." Club Queen began to say.

"...Are doom. But they're not in the wrong hands, they're in my hands, and my hands are far more just I dare say than four selfish women who scream and holler *'Off with his head'* all the time." I said and the soldiers, all wearing different tabards that were like playing cards, of aces and twos and threes and so on, gasped as I held all that power inside me.

"But... These scepters aren't just keys to the kingdom; they are objects of power, taken from the last Jabberwocky to keep him at bay when he lay fat and drunk with the whore you fed her. To sacrifice anyone in such a way... that is such a terrible thing. You had a chance to kill him, and instead you decided to take his power for your own at the sacrifice of a woman." and I leveled the heart scepter toward the cage made from a bird and the little winged lizard inside it who was sadly gripping at the bars with hands, feet and tail. "That was power that you all brandished unwittingly for all these many ages in order to force your absolute will over the people of Wonderland.

"But no more! Now... You'll all see exactly what real power is."

And twisting them all in my four hands, wings flaring grandly and sweeping backward in a grand gesture, I stabbed myself in the chest with the Diamond and Cub, shoving the Heart up underneath the crystal and bone protrusion in my chest and the Spade I inserted directly into my pussy. I shoved each of them to the golden and ornate plates at their bases, weeping from the pain of having just done that to myself... but...

"She did it!" "We're doomed!" Soldiers cried and dropping their weapons they scattered, pushing at each other as I started breathing deeper and deeper, closing my eyes in this very vulnerable moment, right before the four scepters turned inside me and a series of sounds like locks being opened could be heard from me while bursts of light with many glyphs erupted around the rods before each one slowly slid deeper inside me so that only their golden medallions were left outside: two in the crooks in my shoulders, another at the base of the bone and crystal, and one more spreading the lips of my pussy open around all that incredible power that was there.

There the disks turned again, attaching themselves to the flesh and bone around them, and groaning through my long nose and lengthened nostrils flaring as they exhaled smoke, I grit my teeth and laughed through them and the twinges of sharp stinging pains that was in me. The four disks then locked into place before the one in my pussy

sank inside me, disappearing from view behind the two lengthened lips of vaginal flesh, surging deeper and deeper and disappearing inside my bowels, penetrating into my woman's womb that was now alive and plentiful since I'd entered this world with just a girl's womb. My breathing grew deeper and deeper, sounding like bellows inside me as I chuckled a little between breaths, and then I sucked in a deep, deep breath, my chest expanding endlessly, breasts separating while that chest pushed further and further outward with deep cracking and crunching, sounding like cracking French bread and wood snapping in a fire, the claws of my ribs around those lungs expanding as I breathed almost endlessly inward.

"Run for your lives!" The Queen of Spades shouted and hiked up her skirts, and the four queens ran from me, but it was too late for them.

Their running slowed and they struggled to escape, till the Queen of Clubs screeched as the wisps of her clothing were being pulled from her, turning into ghost-like threads. Then the other three women noticed that they too were becoming ethereal as I continued sucking in though my chest wasn't expanding anymore; I was just endlessly inhaling through mouth and nose.

Cheeks billowed and my maw opened wide to show off all those incredible teeth, and feeling pleasure awakening in my breasts and cunt, I drew in their clothes, absorbing their raiment and pulling in all the might of their queenhoods. But as their clothes were stripped from the four women who were tall and strong and beautiful without compare, that strength and beauty likewise started to draw from the four of them.

They begged me for mercy, they clawed at their escaping strengths as their breasts deflated, their bodies wrinkled and the strength in their arms and legs and bodies thinned as it flowed toward me and diving into my mouth and nose. The four women fell weak as their beautiful hair thinned and started falling out of their skulls, till one by one they collapsed forward onto the ground and slowly disintegrated into ash and charcoal that evaporated and surged into me nonetheless. The last of their strengths slid into me and my jaws clamped shut with a snap as I rubbed my breasts with all four hands, breasts and chest and ribs still swollen from when I'd sucked in all their power, the lot of them not deflating now that it was in me.

"Yes... YES!" a voice said and at first I thought it was me. "We're free! We're finally free!" and I opened my eyes and saw the four kings throw their crowns up into the air before they began dancing and singing praises to me.

They took off clothes, they dropped their scepters, things that were merely ornamental and had no real power, and I smirked at them as they danced.

But then a rumbling happened inside me and I groaned and rubbed my belly.

"It's... Working!" I groaned, and suddenly there was the sound of churning mechanisms inside me that sounded the clockworks of a giant clock tower.

And then suddenly my muscles started stretching and billowing, and with a series of dull thuds the two major halves of my back exploded outward, flaring the spines and plates there, hefting the two arms of my wings right before all its feathers spread and lengthened. But then the center of my back all along the spine lurched outward around the sections of my back that became rounded and bulbous in their muscular might, folding over shoulders and ribs in their race to swallow me from behind, and a serrated edge lined me from the base of my skull to nearly the tip of my tail, with a mighty horn projecting from my skull like a unicorn's horn. This change shoved my head forward which flared along the jaws, and grinning to myself while my navel bulged forward, suddenly the whole of my upper body rose higher atop my body, neck lengthening and throat jutting outward and curving deeply, forming a small waddle that burst with spikes.

The top four breasts cleaved and separated from each other, jiggling violently as the four chests of my body spread wide and thickened hotly with deeper chords than ever, dragging off what appeared to be four more chest muscles beneath the webbing of hide-like flesh that had been beneath them, the spreading open chests with the breasts they held breaking open and flaring plates and glittering scales as my belly rippled and churned as it grew thicker and wider. That navel grew heavy with muscular might, the number of its abdominals growing almost endlessly while the bands of muscles of lower back and middle created long columns of muscle that framed my lower bodice



Butt muscles cleaved as my thighs seemed to break apart and slide forward; flaring their plates and their muscles swelling while the existing blades grew long; new grooves cracks and breaks forming with calves flaring wider and forelegs rounding thicker as they separated into long columns of chorded muscles themselves, becoming crisscrossing bands of overlapping muscle leading to both feet. Spikes erupted from the heels and knees and burst from the sides of my thighs and the backs of both calves while sheaths of bone grew down the length of my legs.

Biceps and triceps roiled, spikes erupting from the shoulders and flaring wide, more spikes erupting from the forearms close to the biceps and elbows as fringes of fur billowed about those forearms before they merged into bristles and then turned into fringes of quills. Claws lengthened like curving daggers as I snarled and bellowed, the crown of horns on my head thickening and becoming thicker and more ornate as a band of gems spread my brow apart beneath the unicorn's horn, and again I roared, throwing my head back and a column of flame shot upward into the heavens from me, splitting the heavens and parting the clouds in a ring around that hot flame.

My tail thickened wide as it telescoped further, wings growing gossamer, both unfolding as the biceps and triceps and forearms of those wings absolutely engorged mightily to hold those flaring wings.

A stomp of a foot sent loose structures around the gardens cascading to the ground, knocking the fleeing armies to the earth, and I huffed and puffed, throbbing with veins creeping beneath my flesh and armor to spread the center of my chest along a larger, thicker crystalline protrusion.

And then finally... One... Final... Transformation literally slid from me.

As my bodice billowed with incredible unending might, engorging across the back, swelling and widening with hooking talons sliding from the edges of the great gossamer and petaled wings I possessed, I felt my sex distending, felt the billowing, surging sensation of those loins swelling and pushing steadily forward, the clitoris engorging rapidly to fill the slit of that sex. The cables of muscle that stood on end all across me drew taut and thick, spanning sections of this massive and powerful body while horns grew to new and thickened masses with a radial disk billowing across my brow that creased and cracked like a rising sun. That clit of mine rounded outward, the folds of vaginal muscle and flesh refolding about it as its growing and heaving mass, drawing power from the Spade Rod, pressured aside the swelling lips of the pussy around it, the folds of feminine muscle churning and unfolding, flipping and twisting inside my loins. A stream of crystalline nectar lanced from me with such force that it dug a trench in the ground in the initial lance and then drained like maple syrup off the tip of a spoon from that enlarged clit of mine, the labia to either side of that swelling girth rounding outward and engorging.

Talons finished growing to their largest girths ever, the golden disks in my bodice twisting and several new locking sounds came to my ears before my eyes rolled backward into my head and whole new glowing blue eyes that were solid in color without iris or pupil slid into place instead, and that clitoris began to slowly erect outward from within me, surging with quivering sexual power that vibrated the very air around those hot steaming loins. Nectar dripped off its surging strength as it erected like a thickening column of hardened red flesh, that clitoris telescoping steadily from me just like a captain of a ship extending his spy glass to see unto the horizon. This new girth curved from me like a growing horn of flesh that was rippled and creased with overlapping layers of chitinous protrusions that wrapped around powerful muscles, and both labia throbbed as they spread open and bulged with flushing fluids. That column of flesh likewise disgorged a fat underbelly just like a bull bullfrog's croak-pouch, the column of flesh extending fully and then sliding upward a bit so that my vaginal crevice slid down to its base and pinched tightly together, carrying with it the thickening orbs of vaginal flesh that swelled into thick, vein-covered fleshy sacks that distended quickly from me.

Gasping and panting to myself as the forward growth of this thing finished surging forward and outward and instead began a steady rearward growth into my body, climbing up the length of navel behind it and down the thighs beneath it, strengthening me one last time from toe to toe, fingertip to fingertip, from the top of my crown to the tip of a tail that flared wide and engorged along several columns of flesh that all led to those individual tendrils at the base of the tail.

Standing above all, an eighteen foot monstrosity of absolute power in this world as all the strength and authority and power of this world throbbed through the veins in this body; I chuckled low and laughed at those who were still

around me as I gripped my most sizeable rod of power, the great long rod of thickened and muscularly armored man-flesh.

"Now... Bend knee to your new queen." I laughed at last, fully transformed as the new Jabberwocky, and the world all around me bent knee to me and made me their queen in one glorious voice before I spread my wings, and with one flap that created a flattening hurricane of wind, I surged up into the air and flew from end to end of this kingdom, roaring my commands to every person there was that I was their new queen, commanding all to come to the palace.

## **Chapter 5: The New Wonderland**

I commanded trees to leaf and bloom in the dismal place that Tulgey Wood was; I commanded mountains to bow and valleys to rise, reshaping the world as my plaything so that the tallest point of this great world was the center of the vast land that was where all the mountains were gathered. I commanded that the moon set and the sun to rise at my command, and they did as commanded! And high, high above the world I lifted my four taloned hands and all the world cracked before the different lands all rose with their houses and farms and animals. The towns and villages and remote cottages and farms were all arrayed, with the four palaces that once held the four different queens being broken apart and realigned into one great palace at its center atop all the mountains before I placed their cities roundabout and the cottages and villages and towns round about those, raising my new palace highest above all so that all roads led to and from it, and all the terrains led to and away from its towering peaks... Like a mountain of man-made stone.

Then returning to that garden that surrounded the palace, that was now high, high within these towering mountains like a great Mount Olympus, I strode to the Queen of Hearts grand chair, and folding my wings about me like a grand cloak I sat before the people, crossing my legs with one knee over the other, with my sexual horn projecting heavily from my lap along the surging and heavily muscled belly I had. I stroked that manly horn and felt how sensitive it was and smiled hungrily at the people even as thick white pudding called seed I now knew slid from its top onto my hand, and lifting that hand I licked it all off and tasted a sweet, sweet tapioca like substance before I gestured at the crowd with one great hand.

"Bring me the old Jabberwocky." I called out to the gathered nobility, and they hurried to bring the cage made from a bird with Jabberwocky still encased inside it, placing the bird cage beside me. I stroked the bird cage and it cooed while Jabberwocky shook the bars of the cage, staring at me angrily.

"Bring me eleven sacrifices." I commanded then, and the people looked at each other in fear. "They must be maidens, free of being made women by a man and choice in their strength and beauty of all the land."

It took time... A long, long time for them to choose eleven sacrifices, eventually drawn by lot, and to the last they were all young maidens who were lovely of face and lithe of body, each delivered to me in sackcloth and chains.

"Y-your sacrifices, my Queen." the Mad Hatter bowed, gesturing to the eleven women, and I scowled at him.

"Approach, Hatter." I commanded and despite his madness he still feared me greatly and winced amidst his hurried escape to leave me and turned back and approached even as I rose before him. He cowered before me as I strode from the throne that, though it was immensely large for the woman who'd recently sat upon it, it was just right for me. "You were a fool once, and you are a fool now, so a fool you shall forever be." I stated with a smirk and lowering one hand toward him, a ray of light fell upon him, and his green hat turned white and his green garb melted away to be replaced with white garb and a tabard of the joker. "You will serve me as the fool that you are for delivering these women to me like this.

"And where is the White Rabbit?" I called then, and the White Rabbit was thrown from the crowd before me, unceremoniously chucked from the crowd to come skittering to a stop before me.

"I-I am here, oh great Queen of Wonderland."

I looked upon him, two arms hanging to my sides while the other two clasped together just before my muscled belly, and lifting one of the hanging arms, directing a hand at the White Rabbit, I charged him with power. The White Rabbit shivered and then clenched, and then began to grow, muscley strength surging and bubbling all about his body before he rose and squealed, flexing these manly muscles with broad chorded pectorals surging and popping forward with a thickening neck, his old garb with the red hearts ripping asunder about his surging body till he was a rabbit of Olympian might, and with a gesture... I made sure his manhood was thick and large, befitting his new station. And then I covered him with similar garb to the Mad Hatter, and he gained tight white slacks with the four suits on them, and another tabard with the symbols of the Joker on them before a great gilded and golden horn snapped into existence within his hand while his great ears, also riddled with strength and thick throbbing veins were gilded with thick golden earrings. A bow tie around his throat finished the look of the gentlemen who served the Queen in my world.

"You served your old queen in diligence, and now that I know why you were late, I shall reward you with this strength and power and use you as my herald." I smirked, and turning with my many breasts wobbling and the thick horn of sexual might projecting from me still, the thing having remained erect these many days, the rod of power from the former Queen of Spades still strengthening it with the nads swelling with seed and the underbelly thick and heavy with a stored climax, I sat then with legs spread wide for all to see my majesty and glory.

Flexing an arm and seeing the physical might flare and engorge the muscle a dozen times over till the peaks of the muscle glanced against my armored claws, the one muscle greater than all the might that there was in this world put together, I barked with laughter and felt that horn between my legs surge upward, its underbelly thickening greatly while fluids welled up from inside it and a white juice slid from it. I stroked that staff, and wiping the fluids from it yet again, I licked them off my hand.

"Now which of my eleven sacrifices shall be the first to..."

"Me! I will be first Great Queen." One of the eleven said as she rose with her arms bound behind her back and her sex that bore the hairs of an adult upon them said before me, her large breasts full and ripened said as she faced me. She was plain and small in the eyes of some, the smallest of all the women, with her hair deep and blonde, just like mine used to be, but her eyes held fire. I knew she was brought to me because she was a free-thinking woman, and these people frowned upon free-thinking women. "Take me and leave the others alone, my Queen. Do not let these other women sacrifice themselves to you."

I smiled and gestured to her and she approached – head down – and with another gesture her bindings fell from her. She had the chance to run then but she didn't, and with one claw I tore the sackcloth from her body to look upon her nude form. She blushed deeply.

I took pleasure in seeing her body, seeing how beautiful it was despite its meager proportions. But I could change that... I knew I could. The flood of knowledge from the power I'd absorbed was still flooding into me even days later, and reaching forward, my heaving breasts pressing against the mountainous thighs I had, I picked her up and carried her to me. I then embraced her and kissed her, feeling urges rise inside me as her bottom slid along the erect length of my cock, and I knew desires for a woman as I tasted her lips. She whimpered, especially when I stuck my tongue into her mouth, sliding down her gullet before pulling it back, and when it came back the saliva I'd deposited inside her made her swoon appreciatively despite her previous fear. She fell limply in my hands as I lifted both clawed thumbs and massaged her pert tits.

I then cradled her bottom with the lower of my two hands as I lowered her onto my pelvic horn, thumbing her vaginal lips open. The crowd gasped as the tip of that horn slid into her and she moaned deeply as its tip pressed the lips of her sex further apart before just the head pushed inside her virgin's pussy.

Shivering lightly I felt both the nads resting over my labia swell and clench as if they were being gripped rhythmically by two fists made of the veins, and a rush of fluids rose up the length of that steeling column of penile muscle, swelling the underbelly before leaving me. Out the head that she barely fit upon and into her body did that male nectar, the tapioca, rush upward and burst from me to shoot repeatedly up into her body. She moaned immediately, eyes going wide before she bit her lower lip and spasmed in pleasure, but the expulsion of the power

enriched fluids from me, even if it was the power my body cast off, it nonetheless did everything necessary to her as my horn throbbed and pulsed repeatedly to feed her that power.

Her belly rapidly filled like a balloon, swelling with those fluids till her vaginal lips slowly parted and she sank further on top of my horn, she herself wiggling and jostling to lower further onto it as she pressed her smallish hands into my breasts, she panting and gasping, looking as if she were definitely in pain but enjoying that pain.

And then the fluids began to slide into her, her belly slowly compressing at first as her body filled with power from those juices, and immediately her body rounded at the hips and bodice, and then started to balloon at her breasts, both of which swelled quickly to fill even my hands. Her bottom rounded likewise to fill both my hands; her thighs and calves and arms did too, neck and belly stretching, arms and legs strengthening as her insides became flushed with all that wonderful power that I was gifting her with.

She grew much to the awe of the multitude who watched this debacle, and eventually she slid onto my lap, taking that horn to the hilt with her legs spread wide open, her tits pushing steadily forward atop barreling ribs, thickening chest muscles and swelling mammaries as I closed my eyes and felt the sensations of a woman's vagina around my penis, and greatly liked that sensation.

Her supple form cleansed itself, blemishes like freckles and scars eliminating themselves, her skin growing smooth and porcelain with just the right kind of blush before the bones in her thickened and rounded, making her grow and grow, grow till she was twice the side of a man and more than able to ride my bone as it jostled and spasmed inside her, still launching moisture into her body that was now slipping out of her righteous cunt and slid over my nads to eventually pool between my legs on the grand throne.

And then her muscles billowed, turning outward and bubbling, thickening her, empowering her as her short hair lengthened almost endlessly it seemed, like a mane about her head and brows to trail down her neck and back to the small of her back.

I lifted a tit and she immediately attacked it, sucking the milk from it and growing stronger still, her fingernails growing long, almost like claws but not quite, and her musculature cleaving into finer and finer strands and chords with veins standing on end. Her breasts grew to enormous proportions, like a large woman who was a wet nurse her entire life, growing breasts that were greater than cow udders with enormous singular teats.

She nursed, absorbed my juices and grew stronger, and one last time she and I kissed as she dislodged herself from my teat with lips thick and supple and red and pouted, the pair tasting with the cream of my milk on them.

Then when she was spent I lifted her off me with a wet slurp and set her kneeling upon the ground, facing the crowd of nobility of all sorts, and lifting two hands toward her, I blessed her with raiment, belt and metal gloves and shoulders to cover those supremely thickened arms with their coiling biceps and triceps and flaring forearms. A helmet with a golden circlet decorated her brow and the belt was about her waist became laden with gems with a breast plate that didn't necessarily cover those breasts of her entirely laid the beautiful tabard I made for her, with the tabard and its epaulets that bore the Club, Diamond, Spade and Heart symbols on those epaulets, with the tabard also baring the symbology of a red and black J on its front and back.

"This is my Jak of Suits. You shall call her Jak, and she is my Knight Captain, what you will all refer to as a Templar." I said, and with one more gesture the woman who was now supreme in her feminine physique rose as a halberd like weapon with a red diamond for a spear point, a black spade and a club for a mace and axe blade just below the diamond and a heart at its base appeared in her hand. "She is chief among my soldiers."

And then I summoned to me, one at a time the other ten women, and blessed them similarly, with their tabards being marked instead with the numbers one through ten, each of them also with epaulets of all the suits.

"These are my Knights of Suits; you shall call them by their numbers of Ace, Two, Three, and Four and so on." I commanded and displayed the ten women who though they weren't blessed as greatly like my Jak, were nonetheless half again as tall as a man, and had the strength of hundreds of men, all of them naked save for their belts and breast plates beneath their tabards.

"This world is now mine; now and forever." I commanded.

"So shall it be written, so shall it be done!" White Rabbit called out in his deepened man's voice and the suits all came to attention and I sat within my throne again amidst cheers of "All hail Queen Jabberwocky. All hail Queen of Wonderland!"

## Chapter 6: Epilogue

I sat in my throne, the thing I'd learned that was called a penis, a man's organ, having slid inside me with the nads having clenched together to give me what appeared to be an overly large vulva. I was arrayed in a long white apron over an even greater white tabard that covered me from neck to ankles front and back for the tabard and just the front for the apron, covering the voluminous vagina I had with my faithful Jak beside me like a powerful queen and my ten suits guarding my throne room. A baby blue loincloth and heavy flowing scarf around my neck marked the only habits of an old life as a girl called Alice. There were many young women who were beautiful and pure, wearing only white tabards over their naked bodies who were gilding my horns with gold and braiding and decorating the white-streaked golden hair I possessed, painting claws red while armorers grafted metal plating onto a body that grafted them to me immediately.

My kingdom had grown and become prosperous, with the old Jabberwocky kept as a pet with a spiked collar and a golden leash on a perch like a parrot.

I'd locked away all hope of dethroning me, finding the individuals who could unhinge me and sapping their power and strength from them and only growing stronger still. I heaved like a blacksmith's bellows with every breath, the milk from my bodice fed the kingdom daily and all were strong and prosperous.

"So... Does this all... *Suit*... You Queen Alice?" someone said and I looked up with a shot.

"Who knows my name?" I demanded.

"Oh... No one special. No one at all special... According to your highness at least, or else wise I would've been absorbed and taken by you already like you've done with all the others."

"Show yourself!" I demanded and the my knights set their naked bodies into battle stances with their weapons while a legion of soldiers of the four different suits set themselves at the ready.

My knights needed little armor that wasn't decorative... but my soldiers were all armored heavily like the knights of the Queen of England, with my knights were so powerful that not even the fabled Vorpal sword, which was driven to its hilt in a stone in a magical vault to keep all from obtaining it could not rend even with its phenomenal edge. I too was impervious to it, seemingly. But I nonetheless took precautions against it.

"And then in a curling of a grand tail that appeared from nowhere working in a full rotation, the most peculiar of sights made itself appear to me, and I saw a cat, wearing tall boots and heavy leather riding gloves and a white jerkin with a grand hat like the ones the Spaniards wear that had a feather in it appeared before me. Taking off that hat in a grand sweeping gesture as he bowed like a gentleman, a ruffled collar about his throat jostling lightly, I rose a little in my seat as I looked upon this cat that had fur that was striped between purple and black. If the shape and clothing didn't identify him, the fur coloring marked him pointedly.

"Cheshire Cat." I said and settled back into my throne with my grand tail hanging over one thigh. "I almost feared a new enemy."

"Oh... There are enemies..." he said and twirled his whiskers together that formed a narrow moustache, and he gripped a fencing sword on his hip. "But they aren't new."

Cheshire cat smirked at me, and then turning on his heel he disappeared and then reappeared directly before me, sinking to one knee before my knights could react, but Jak, my templar, was there in an instant and leveled her weapon upon him. He didn't flinch, not so much as a strand of fur or a twitch of the whiskers.

"You are indeed powerful my Queen and Wonderland has indeed been changed, though is it for the good or the worse? That remains to be seen, true, but as its faithful guide and servant I too have been changed by your hand." he lifted his hands to the white haft of my Templar's halberd and used it to rise before he cleaned his nail on the club mace on the back end of it. "And yet... There is an old enemy, my queen, who has sought reason to try to test the borders of this land and challenge you. Under the four queens they wouldn't've dared to test those borders, but now..." he looked at his newly cleaned claws and then grinned that broader than broad grin of his, an radically insane grin that was riddled with teeth that overlapped and interlaced each other, a grin he pointed at me. "You will need help... If you are to survive this unscathed.

"Who is this enemy?" I demanded

"Enemies." Cheshire cat corrected and his lips closed to just a smile. "They're nothing less than the White and Black Queens. You'll need my help."

"White and Black Queens? How come I know nothing of this?"

"Because they're not a part of your realm, but as you already understand your cards and suits... Then you will understand that they are not cards... But rather pieces of a chessboard. Knights, Rooks, and Bishops, Kings who aren't so pathetic as the four figure heads who once *ruled* this land, as well as many, many Pawns. That is nothing to say about the Queens themselves, who are far more powerful than all the other chess pieces combined.

"And they're coming... For you..."

I lifted my chin as the Cheshire Cat grinned that same grin, going so far as to lick his teeth in that most unnerving way. And even as he said these things, at the borders of my realm I felt... presences, one arriving on one side of this land and the other on the other side, pinching me on two fronts.

And for the first time since achieving this vaunted form of the Jabberwocky... I feared.

<End>