

## Jersey Devil

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For the purpose of this story, you can call me Angelica Novae.

Europe isn't the only place that has its legends of monsters. Sure they got the classics like Count Dracula, Werewolves and Frankenstein's Monster, but we Americans got some legends too. Like Sasquatch, Windigo... or...

### The Jersey Devil.

Some say that the Jersey Devil is some large bird, like the Sand Crane, which has a seven foot wingspan. Easily such a creature is considered to be '*Monstrous*' simply because of its size. The truth of the matter is that the Jersey Devil has had a multitude of descriptions, the most recent of which is a horse-like creature that walks on its hind legs and has two great leathery wings. Ugly thing that. I mean... I've seen artist renditions of the creatures they *think* are the Jersey Devil, but in all honesty that sort of a creature is something that I don't think would ever manage to crawl out of the primordial ooze. It's too ungainly... to... ugly.

It speaks nothing of the *glory* of what the Jersey Devil really is.

But I know the truth of the matter, and the glorious creature that is the Jersey Devil isn't some haphazard impossible combination of ugly... no... the real Jersey Devil is a glorious creature, and whether or not it's a fallen angel or a risen devil, not even I'm certain of that.

And how do I know so much about this creature? Simple really.

...I'm the Jersey Devil.

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My family's history is as old as the nation was. Older perhaps if one considers exactly who we are. My family is older than the civil war, older than the War of Independence, older than Christopher Columbus sailing the ocean blue in fourteen-ninety-two even. But the pin-point beginning of my family began with a particular purchase. No, not the Louisiana Purchase, that's too far west for us to care. No, do you know how the Native Americans '*sold*' the White Man the island of Manhattan for a handful of beads? Well... some *historians* – what do they know? – will argue that the white man just walked up to the Native Americans and told them that we were taking their land and they could have these beads in return.

The truth is that there was a bargain between White Man and Native American, and the White Men were duped.

There was a... *entity*... that nestled on that island, which is now one of the densest populated places in the world, a native to the land that preyed upon the weak-hearted men of the area. Indian braves were brave... and oft times the White Men in the area were quite weak-willed, and so became ready prey for this creature.

White Men being duped became a regular occurrence through history of the New World. They took advantage of the Peruvians and got Cocaine in return. How do you like that monkey on your back? They took advantage of Indians and got the Jersey Devil. Go Figure.

The forgotten legend, that part of their history that the Native Americans conveniently *'forgot'* was that this entity was a corrupted spirit of the land that had taken possession of a beautiful princess – excuse me, read that as *'Daughter of the Chieftain'* since most Native American tribes never even heard the word *'Princess'* till the White Men came along – and this princess had been cursed with an incredible power. Like the sword of Damocles, it was a sword of double meaning... both blessing and curse.

But this creature had a taste and a hunger for the carnal things of the world. Changing back into her maiden shape, a shape made all the more beautiful because of her power; she seduced and bedded a multitude of White Men. One of them, whose name is lost to our family line, perhaps that bedding was done without our first mother ever even learning his name, but regardless... she took from him his strength, his power, his presence... and his seed.

In her womb stirred a babe, a womb that because of the curse the children of that womb would never be a male so that she'd bare only daughters, and so be worthless to the men of the world. She gave birth to that babe, she gave it suck, and as it grew older, it lived as a human would live... a filthy half-breed as many had called this beautiful creature that was as much a part of the land as she wasn't.

Till her twenty-first birthday.

Upon the first full moon after her twenty-first birthday the curse moved from mother to child, and before the eyes of the people in whom she tried to be a part of, she turned into a monstrous creature of devilish might, and not being able to help herself, she fed on the small hapless town that she was within, a colony with no formal name lost to history. The church nonetheless learned of her and hunted her, till even priests and soldiers and Swiss Guards of the Holy Church hunted her viciously. So the child took her mother, the former barer of the curse, and they left the area.

Up and down the coast they moved from one colony to another... finding that once the curse had left the last wielder, the last wielder became mortal again and would grow old and die. So when the first mother eventually died, the second mother of our bloodline was left alone in the world, returning with great personal risk to the island of Manhattan and buried her mother in its soil ... that is, before the city of Manhattan and all its skyscrapers were built. Our first mother's grave might've been lost to all that construction, but then again there is a chance... a small chance but still it's a chance that the grave marker of the first mother still exists. The approximate location of her burial site according to our verbal legends places her about where Central Park is located now.

The second mother, whose name is also lost to us, wished to stay with her mother's grave, living as a human for years... till the Malleus Maleficarum, the Witch's Hammer, was indoctrinated by the catholic church and the fabled Salem Witch Hunts began, driving her away from the island of Manhattan to hide within the Pine Barrens of Jersey, where she escaped into the wilderness.

Generations of hunger of the carnal arts had assailed my family as we lived in Jersey as man steadily encroached upon us, surrounding us, turning wilderness into civilization. Witches, as my family once was called as they burned past holders of the curse at the stake, unwittingly not realizing that fire did nothing to them, were forgotten and rendered as little more than myths. We became the *'crazy women in the forest'* and later the *'queer folk that lived up the road'* and eventually *'those women up the street'* as our lands continued to be pressed in on by houses and businesses and such. Eventually we were just encroached in on so much that we simply were... no one realized that the eldest daughter of this family of bastard girls bore a powerful curse.

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Upon the first full moon after the twenty-first year of birth for a girl born of my family, the curse would move from one body to the next. My mother had died, killed when I was a little girl and I lived with my aged grandmother who had strange Wiccan habits. Strange to me, because my mother raised me Lutheran. Grandmother always scoffed or laughed at the silver metal collar about my throat that bore the crucifix of the savior, the thing locked around my neck and so strong that my weak, girlish fingers and slender, spindly arms had no hope to pull it off.

“God will not save you.” Grandmother had always told me when she would pick up the cross and then eye my mother. “You’re doomed.” She would say.

My mother and grandmother always got into heated arguments. Oh they both loved me... but in different ways. Mother was stern, grandmother was spoiling, but I do remember that as a girl of eight I did suckle from both my grandmother’s tit and from my mother’s tit.

Till the day that my mother died.

I was told by police, and confirmed later when I was older and looked up the newspaper clipping in a library, that my mother was found naked in an alleyway with a nine inch stake of silver through her heart. The coroners stated that her insides were filled with a man’s seed and that her body had been covered with cuts and burns, so the police obviously said that she was raped and mutilated before she was murdered so brutally. They called it the Succubus Slaying.

I didn’t know it then, but that was a lie.

Grandmother was devastated from my mother’s death, and for days she didn’t speak, she just held me tight. She likewise gave me incredible freedom, but with my mother gone and the key for the collar missing, the thing so acutely unique that no locksmith could remove it, I grew up with the thing stuck around my neck. It was like a warm hug, and a part of me wanted to remove the thing... the other part of me never wanted to take it off.

And then there was a night, a night of the second full moon in the month – a blue moon – that was the very night of my twenty-first birthday.

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The stigma of being one of the bastard girls followed me through the whole of my life. I was the daughter of a raped and murdered woman who was the daughter of an old crazy crone who oft times danced to the full moon in the nude in the back yard of our spacious home. Not a pretty sight for a spry woman of eighty-seven, even though grandmother had kept her body very well, and looked... *mature* instead of crooked and wrinkly like some women do. The ravages of a woman’s own body wringing them once every twenty-eight days in their menstrual cycle for decades works its toll before menopause strikes, but nonetheless, grandmother had weathered that toll like the Rock of Gibraltar. Her breasts still produced milk, were still full and firm and large, and she had that elderly beauty very, very few women manage without extensive plastic surgery.

Because of my family and its known history, the other kids were told to stay away from me and not to play with me by not only their parents but by teachers and community officials too. What kids dared to try to become my friend didn’t stay my friend for long.

Books became my friends, and I was a straight-A student and on the honor roll through high school. Post-Secondary Enrollment Opportunity Program – Or PSEOP as it was called in some states – allowed me to leave my high-school early and enter into college early... right as I was starting to develop. I did manage to be relatively cute, perhaps instinctual application of makeup and hairstyles. I had short shoulder-length blonde hair I kept from my eyes with cute plastic Barrettes. I didn't wear makeup, mainly because I didn't believe in them, but secondarily because my skin was so supple and smooth anyways. Alabaster skin, natural blushes, bright blue eyes often times got me the attention of guys now that I was out of high school.

Again, thanks to PSEOP, I'd entered college rather early, two years early in fact, becoming the first daughter of the family to actually enter college according to my grandmother, and for the first time I didn't have the stigma of my lineage hanging over me. I was just another girl here. Here guys liked smart girls cause not only could we help them with their homework and look pretty while hanging on their arm, we can even suck dick and give lap dances when we're so inclined. I've already sucked cock, swallowed that hooga and liked it, and almost got laid once too... if not for his damn roommate barging in on us...

But that biological clock of mine was tick-tick-ticking its way down, and I'd become incredibly incensed as of late, and every day that passed in which I didn't have sex felt like I was losing my mind a little bit more at a time. The pert little breasts I had and the narrow hips of mine made me look like a teen, but the nipples I had... and the voluminous sex that was nestled quietly and hidden between my milky thighs were evidences of the sheer sexual power that was contained within me.

That night, as I walked home I remarked that I felt so horny! Grandma wanted me to attend a local college... the old bat could control me so well too. She just said that she's been feeling weak lately and I melted to her whim with thoughts of her death and attended college locally. I was actually in walking distance between school and home baring a brief bus trip. Lifting a hand to my breast I caressed the little B-cup thing, noting that the golf tees I had for nipples when they were erect were indeed peaking out well atop their hardened areola.

One could start a few rounds of golf on these things, though I wasn't too keen about having a damnable four wood whacking at my tit... lest it was the sort of wood that guys get when they're hard. I gave a guy a titty fuck once, sucked him off like a cheap hooker with an industrial strength vacuum cleaner on the event horizon of a black hole, sucked him like his cum was my life line, but before that, feeling his penis raked across my breasts and nipples still made me moist in just the thought. It was such a powerful thing... so strong, so virile... so full of their power. But nonetheless, despite my thoughts of penis against nipples, I had grown aroused hours ago with thoughts like this, and despite that I was wearing an undershirt, a bra, a blouse and a sweater, still these things poked out of them. They were so hard and sensitive.

Maybe it was the fall weather, but at the moment I was feeling rather... lewd.

There was a growing warmth between my legs, and I was pretty sure I was getting overtly horny again. The heat between my legs was more than enough to keep me warm this fine September evening. It was very late, as certain night college courses could go, where the class itself got out after midnight, so there wasn't a soul around and all the shops were closed and only the night owls were up watching, playing videogames... being voyeurs on their computers.

Pausing in my step on a street corner lit from above by a street lamp, I paused and reached down to caress that swollen pad of womanflesh between my legs, tracing its contours and caressing the slid and the delicate inner musculature that included the hardened nip of a clitoris peeking out from underneath its clitoral hood. There was the moisture of sweat and the subtle trickle of sticky ejaculate that was slipping between the swollen love muscles. Perhaps touching and thusly rubbing that supple pair of labial muscle wasn't necessarily the brightest thing I'd done,

for as my fingers pressed in on the nib of my clit that bulged powerfully from within me, much larger than any other woman's clit as far as I knew, the thing abnormally developed for a woman like me, so much so that as it erected it actually erected outside of my body. The nib of flesh pressed against the white polyester panties I wore, and I bit my lower lip, pressed both legs together and felt my insides clench in a micro orgasm that spat a little more of that vaginal nectar of mine into those panties.

The contours of the underpants folded stickily about those loins, the soft downy muff of vaginal hairs adding a gentle cushioning as I sighed nasally, a blush rising up upon my cheeks that soon crossed the nose and the tops of both breasts and flushed those breasts with added warmth. Both areolas puffed outward and their nipples erected to their hardest... erecting till they ached and throbbed from my heart trying to force them with more blood.

“Hey there sweet thing.” A low voice said and I turned immediately, removing my hand from between my legs only to see a man step out of the shadows and into the circle of light cast by the overhanging lamp post. “You enjoying yourself? Mind if I play too?”

It was a woman's instinct to immediately fear strangers asking for sexual contact with her, and that was when the man was cute. This man set off that fear in me straight away, and he was anything but attractive. He was dirty and greasy... his eyes had the look of a predator and as he licked his dirty yellow teeth he looked upon my breasts... wanting me.

“N-n-no... no... I...” my blush deepened as my loins surged thicker, clenching and I tensed as I held back the swelling orgasm that was filling my bowels. My heart was pounding, throbbing from fear and erotic elation.

“Oh come on now... let me help you...” he licked his dirty yellow teeth again and removed a knife that he thumbed open.

Though knife makers nowadays would shape a knife to have serrated cutting edges, notches and sharper points, making them look cool in the eyes of some, when viewed in the eyes of a person who was about to feel it being used on their clothing, to cut off panty straps and bra straps and perhaps even slice through your skin, such a knife only enhanced the fear of the person in our eyes.

Realizing the danger, remembering my mother's fate, I didn't want to follow in her footsteps in that way – found naked, brutalized and raped before murdered with a silver spike through the heart – so I turned and ran, dashing down the street as quickly as I could.

“Oh come on now... don't make me chase you!” the man called after me and I heard his feet pound as I rounded a corner into an alleyway.

Girls... when running in fear away from a bad man like this... alleyways aren't necessarily the best place for you to run, because alleyways often times turn into a maze... or worse, a dead end. Your best bet is to run straight ahead and cry... scream for help! Instincts will lead you to try to ditch him and remain quiet so he can't find you. The more noise you make the better the probability someone will hear who'll want to try to help you. And if you ever get held hostage... fake a faint. A limp body makes a poor hostage, and dead weight makes a poor shield.

Unfortunately... I am a woman and women are often times considered blessed, or in this particular happenstance cursed, to be creatures of emotion. When the fear is pounding in you with every heartbeat like the hoofs of a race horse pounding against your chest, you don't think about such things. You have the instinct to flee and hide, get away at all costs... which for me meant that I took random turns in the alleys between the dense city streets, and eventually came to a dead end.

“Here pussy, pussy, pussy...” my pursuer taunted, dragging his knife against the stone of the buildings, which made a shrill metal and stone scraping sound as he went.

I hugged my book bag to me, panting heavily, strangely superbly aroused at the moment, biting my lower lip and arched in erotic elation despite the fear flooding me. My mind told me that this was supposed to be an impossible combination of emotions but I was nonetheless experiencing it. One hand snaked downward and cupped my pussy in an attempt to quiet it as it surged and clenched repeatedly, and a jet of hot nectar slid from me like I was wetting myself. A spot of welling nectar darkened the crotch of the pants I was wearing, making the panties I wore stick to me as I gyrated, and soon I felt the heat and the sticky moisture through the panties and slacks I wore till it glanced against my hand.

There was no way I should be enjoying fear so much... I shouldn't be experiencing this... I shouldn't... shouldn't... oh God!

Another lance and a third and then a fourth and a fifth, each smaller than the one before it shot from me in pissing lances till my pussy just continued to heave repeatedly, rolling the vaginal muscles inside my navel, clenching and gripping like fists about the empty space inside them as I dropped my book bag and cupped that heaving hot cunt with both hands. Moisture had seeped through the slacks I wore, making my palms sticky with ejaculate and nectar as those clenching loins shoved my organs out of the way with each orgasmic roll. I panted as steam rose from my pants and escaped my mouth as I exhaled in a moan, wondering why oh why I was so aroused while being so afraid...

And then I looked up into the sky as the clouds parted, revealing the fullness of the beautiful silvery moon and the face of the Man on the Moon looking down upon me almost luridly it seemed. That gaze held me transfixed and I tensed and groaned, right before I felt another heaving orgasm roll down me, the most intense in my life, and it felt like it was some great hand that clenched into my guts and pulled them downward. Inside me the little woman's heart, the weak woman's heart as I'd considered it for my entire life, suddenly surged with such incredible might that the whole of my bodice spasmed from it, and the surging mass of engorgement in that one first heartbeat made my clit and nipples harden till they absolutely ached and vibrated like tuning forks.

And with a primordial snap... I began to change.

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Both thighs pressed together as I continued looking up at the moon as it shone down at me, my pussy going into a tirade of continuing multiple orgasms that quickly rocketed into the dozen, two dozen, four dozen orgasms... I soon lost count as to how many escaped me. In my head I felt the inexplicable sensation of my eyes dilating open as far as they could go, right before the irises flared wide to flood over the irises before the pupils squeezed again, only this time when they squeezed they instead pinched together to form a pair of barely discernable vertical slits. Both eyes steadily absorbed the moonlight till they both glowed with a silvery blue light like a pair of cat's eyes.

Squeezing those eyes tightly and bending my head downward as I sank to my knees, still holding myself and shivering as the heart in me pounded fiercely, like someone punching me lightly in the chest over and over again, I felt the power from that heart flood down my veins, thickening the blood canals of this body of mine so that the veins of my body steadily stood on end. They formed a crackelature that slid slowly over the whole of me, carving down into the backs of both hands and the tops of either foot, across back and shoulders and down the length of my navel to grip at my pussy lips and force those vaginal folds to engorge grandly.

The fingers of those veins slid and gripped me, cupping sex and breasts and sliding into my bottom and fingering my anus even, driving me to even greater levels of eroticism. The throbbing, pulsating engorging sensation made my flesh sensitive, and I became acutely aware of the moisture between both thighs as it cooled in the cool fall air, felt the sweat trickling downward between both breasts and down my back toward the crack of my ass, and the touch and flow of all the clothing around me. The polyester and cotton glancing against my flesh enticed me all the more, like many lovers hands about me, as if I were lying naked on a beach with a hundred or more men and women kissing and touching and caressing me in every possible way.

It was enough where I forgot all about how I even got here in the alleyway, until...

“...Pussy, pussy, pussy...” the man said, dragging his knife along the wall with him as he rounded a corner to enter the alley with me. “There you are pussy, pussy, pussy...” My mind was losing its fear as the power surged through me and I panted, phenomenal power that gave me confidence... even against this situation welled within my chest to steel me. “Oh I love it when they wet themselves in fear.” He chuckled and I felt him grip the front of my sweater as I moaned, eyes closed and chin lifted as the throbbing continued, a tension happening inside my mouth as my teeth clenched tightly.

I could actually feel the moonlight on my face and skin, seeping into it. I wanted it all over me!

And then I felt the knife against my inner thigh, the flat of the blade sliding over the bulbous camel toe that was attempting to swallow the zipper of those slacks that it'd bulged out so. “Oh you are so ready.” He mused, and I could smell festering smells on him with such growing intensity that I could actually see the smells... my mind translating the smells despite that my eyes were closed into clouds of color, of reds and browns and grays. I could hear the sounds in the place echoing off the walls, saw the vertical surfaces, but then I also heard his heart beating inside his chest.

At first I saw a shadow of him in a shadow world, surrounded by various colors of funk – alcohol, sweat, feces and other random filth – but I also saw his form throbbing. It was throbbing from his chest outward like drops of water in a pond along pathways of red and white, and biting my lower lip and whimpering as his hand that was about my collar relaxed and lowered to grip my tit and squeeze its sensitive mass painfully. I groaned and tensed, feeling my pussy lurch again despite his actions, but soon I saw the pulse of a crackelature formed by his veins throbbing deeper and deeper into his body, and then slowly saw the red pulse of the blood beating through him straight from his heart. I panted deeper and deeper and lowered my head as his fingers slid down my bodice, sliding inside the belt and waist band of my trousers as his knife rose to slide against my neck, and then I opened my eyes and he stopped immediately.

“W-what...” I was panting in surprise as he took a step back, and his threatening knife blade became defensive as he looked into my eyes as they flushed red with my blood, the red color flushing first through all the red veins in those eyes till the red flooded the irises. “What the fuck are you?!”

I laughed. I laughed at him because all of a sudden he looked so weak to me. So pathetic, so... *insignificant* with his larger body and little dick and knife. I could actually see his little dick, and it was surprisingly little even in its erect form as it diminished from the sight of me.

I kept laughing as my teeth clenched; the power growing exponentially inside me, pressing against my insides, warming me while my pussy continued in a tirade of multiple orgasms that must be over a hundred by now. Jaw muscles strengthening and smoothed the skin as it thickened and stretched, my face bubbling at the cheeks, jaw and temples as the canine teeth both above and below started to lengthen steadily.

“I’ll fucking cut you, you whore!” he said and tried sawing at my neck, but the sharp edge of the knife just slid back and forth, irritating the skin with its edge but not necessarily cutting it.

Lowering my head to his fingerless-gloved hand and the knife in it, I laughed again, and then reached up and gripped his thumb in my fingers, bending and squeezing it toward his palm till I heard the satisfying snap of it breaking. He bellowed a cry of pain as I held the break open, the knife falling from his hand and he began to sag from the pain but I reached out and gripped his dirty collar and held him up.

“You are an insane, lecherous creature that preys upon women.” I said, a grating sound escaping my voice along with the beautiful woman’s voice I had. The grating sounded like gurgling bowels and crushing rocks. “It was your desire to rape me, beat me, cut the clothes off me and then cut me and leave me for dead in a back alley in the middle of fall. In all likelihood I would’ve died... and that gave you pleasure thinking I’d die a slow, cold death.”

It was true. Somehow I could... *hear* his thoughts. His eyes dilated wide as I held him there, and then shifting my fist lifted him up higher above me so that his feet barely dangled off the ground.

“You are an evil creature...” I continued and then opened my mouth wide, almost in a yawn as my tongue sought out the sharp points of thick canine teeth that now were so long they overlapped the teeth across from them, my mouth opening wider than it should; practically unhinging as the cheeks stretched endlessly it felt. My tongue also lashed outward wide and long, the tip flaring into a fork that cleaved immediately to either side of the tooth it played with before I closed my mouth again. “...I cannot let you be.”

And immediately I pulled him to me in a tight embrace that trapped him against me; and opening that mouth just enough for his throat I gouged his tracheal arteries to either side of his throat. The flow of sickly sweet blood filled with iron and disease rushed down my throat and I drank and drank without ceasing, swallowing rapidly while humping his side. Trickle of his blood slid from my mouth to slide imperiously down his neck and into his shirt as his body rapidly thinned. His strength was sapped from muscle and sinews, and even the marrow in his bones thinned as I sucked it all from him, and when the flow all but halted and his heart was so weak he was going into a shivering coma, I released him and swallowed the last of the pooled blood in my mouth. Groaning and then exhaling a low roar as red mist rose from my mouth along with a hot vapor that was like it was escaping off a fire in my chest, I cupped the vicious cunt between my legs as it surged and heaved and moistened itself.

I’d just drank blood! More than a gallon of it even. I’d just fed off another human being! One part of me reviled off this fact... the other part of me reveled off it. It was like being hungry and finally finding the one food that mattered to me.

I started panting heavily, deeply while licking my lips free of blood with the long forked tongue from my mouth, and looking down at my hands as they rubbed and caressed my cunt, I saw the muscles in those hands throb and pulsate before I lifted on hand to watch the fingers slowly stretch. They became long and grasping before the nails on the backs of each finger grew thick and pointed, curving subtly into claws as they extended long and hard. Turning those hands, watching the throbbing veins and the tendons that were thickening like base piano wires to hold each finger, I felt more of the teeth inside my mouth lengthening and sharpening till nearly every tooth was like hooking fangs; lips widening and jowls thickening and brows bubbling forward to give the impression that my eyes were sinking deeper into my skull.

Something monstrous was waking inside of me, stretching and growing steadily as it flared, drawing such incredible feminine power the likes of which I’d never known existed! And yet... all this power had always been in me... I was just awakening to it now... finally realizing that all women had this power, they just never fully realized it. But



for me every mote was awakening, and it was changing me, transforming me... making a monster grow from within me like some Jekyll/Hyde transformation.

“W-what’s happening to me?” I gasped again, feeling a pressure on my chest from the throbbing of the heart between either lung even as I heard snaps and pops from joints of my body grinding against each other. My fingers cracked and popped as I twisted and flexed them, the claws splitting the fingertips as they thickened and enlarged, taking up the whole of each finger tip. Gritting my teeth tightly, feeling the fangs feather with each other while turning those hands, I saw them start to thicken as well, the pads of the palms bubbling outward while the forearms steadily lengthened out of the sleeves.

I groaned and clutched at the air with the one hand, it’s mate filling the cleft of space between thighs and pelvis as it rubbed a swelling and sexually empowering sopping wet pussy, the might throbbing into them while I saw the veins in me deepening in color right before multiple bruises that purpled and blued from those veins spread into the skin of both hands. Muscles in me ground and stretched, thickening steadily first in those hands as they made their way up the lengths of those arms toward my body, steadily thickening and stretching and flaring as the bruising in the flesh deepened into a deep blue. Then making fists with both hands out to my sides, thighs pressing around my swelling sex, I felt this... this *corruption* spreading through me, creeping up both arms through the flaring veins before sliding into my chest.

I could feel the pressure from a dozen different veins surging toward the heart, and the moment it reached the heart there was an explosion inside me, a billowing eruption of power that made me arch backward, balancing on my toes, fingers opening to clutch at the cold air while nipples and pussy clenched tightly.

Another heartbeat erupted and a shot of erotic power rolled right down my navel and into my pussy, and despite that I’d been dry heaving up until now, a splattering lance of hot cum sped from me in a torrential release that made my anus pucker and the hairs on the back of my neck stand on end. The torrential release of hot sticky ejaculate sped from me and created a welling wet spot over my loins.

“Ngh!” I groaned and felt the heart striking me on the inside of its cage of bones beat harder now, and gritting my teeth, hugging myself, I shivered as the heat in me turned to a chill and back to a heat again like I was sick.

But then there was a shivering and a tightness in my muscles as I started to clench and tighten, and with a shivering in my bones I felt the spines in my back popping outward, thickening and lengthening steadily to lengthen neck and middle, blouse untucking from the trousers I wore before both legs and arms started to extend slowly. Bones popped and cracked as I changed, my head swimming from the feeling of the feminine power suffusing me with every beat of that heart while I gasped and moaned and felt my pussy lance brief spitting jets of nectar into the crotch of the slacks and panties I wore. Swallowing some excess blood from my feeding while the bluing of my flesh through those swelling bruises flooded rapidly up both arms and into the chest, giving me a tingling feeling that made the bumps of my skin stand on end and caress me with wave upon wave of tingling sensation. The bluing cupped my breasts like hands, flooded over my pussy and fingered me, pressing into the sopping wet slid and sliding over my bottom and into the crack while caressing back and shoulders. It flooded down both legs to every toe, and changed the whole of me from head to foot in dark purplish-blue arousal.

But as the bluing reached my scalp, the coloring changed immediately as it flooded into the hair, but instead of changing the hair blue, it transformed the once golden blonde into a platinum blonde before that white hair started to cascade from my head; spilling about neck and shoulders while that hair thickened and billowed from the scalp while every muscle in me clenched harder and harder.

I rose up onto tip toes as I pissed another jet of climactic nectar.

The panties I wore were giving me a wedgie all of a sudden, sliding in between the swells of bottom and gripping tightly at my pussy, invading the naughty bits, and I soon found out why as I felt both my hip bones popping, the bones thickening as they spread wider, my pussy distending and billowing to press against both inner thighs, the panties over them sliding downward as the thickness of my pelvis grew. Sweater, blouse and undershirt rose upward to bare a blue tummy as it tensed and clenched, the supple body fat on my body thinning as I grew taller, shoulders spreading to pop the buttons of the collar of the blouse I wore, ribs flaring outward to force the bra straps around me to stretch and then dig into my body, right before I came again.

Steam from sweet smelling ejaculate and intoxicating pheromones wafting off my own sweat rose from my body as my body heat grew deeper inside the chest, and my senses showed me a glittering pink cloud of feminine stench that was like a mind-numbing perfume from me.

And then I felt the bones in me changing as I grew to be well over the height of a man, climbing rapidly beyond my diminutive five and a half feet that I woke up to this morning as, surging past six feet, extending past seven feet now and easily passing eight. The cuffs of the slacks I wore rose up to the shins of both my blue legs and the wrists of both blouse and sweater rose up to the elbows with waist bands of pants stretching across hips and blouse and sweater across ribs.

Then came the strength.

It was like a growing plume of heat inside me that swelled and swelled against skin, muscle and bones, billowing inside me till it began to fill me with its liquid heat, fill me like a balloon. Immediately I groaned and clenched harder, gritting teeth till they groaned as my jaw snapped and popped as it widened, facial muscles strengthened thickening to push the whole of my face forward into something feminine and bestial. The changes stretched the youthful contours and repairing the blemishes of scar tissue and sun damage while I shuddered and shivered, thighs pressed close together to pinch the billowing pussy that was deep inside me between them.

Within the very core of my being I felt the bones of my body realigning oddly, felt them thickening and flaring in strange places, and thanks to the improved hearing I had, with both eyes closed I could hear what was really happening inside me.

Rib bones were flaring into overlapping plates, while spinal bones pushed between lungs and organs, hooking around the thickening heart, encasing it in a shell of bone as those bones hardened and quickly became laced together by muscle fibers that just spontaneously grew into place. Those new muscle fibers, with the consistency of piano wire, crisscrossed and laced the bones in a layer of internal armoring that was like a latticework of muscle wires which likewise made my physical strength skyrocket! The rolling of my spine reached my tailbone, rising me somewhere beyond eight feet, perhaps nearly nine feet, but as it touched off the last few vertebrae, there was a sudden shifting of muscle and pelvic bones and so on and the tailbone dragged right out from inside me, out from between both butt cheeks, stretching the length of my pussy and dragging it further between both thighs, lengthening the crevice in the labia.

“Ah-ahhhhh!” I cried out, red saliva dripping from white fangs that thickened and grew larger as I exhaled a deep breath, and a light of fire opened up deep inside my throat as a heat like a blast furnace exited me. A plume of fire formed inside my chest, heating me up from the inside amidst a billowing organ that felt like it was inflamed.

Neck muscles thickened as arm and legs slowly swelled as they tensed harder and harder, pressing against clothing as the panties I wore tugged into my naughty bits. The clitoris between those legs hardened and erected larger, the

swelling lips of vaginal flesh billowing like thick balloons, while the organs behind that pussy knotted like it was making balloon animals out of my intestines.

My spine began another cracking and popping series of rolling growth that started from the base of the skull and rolling down my back, quicker this time, but this time I felt the changes it did.

The back of my skull flared thicker and I got an instant headache from the tension before the vertebrae met. Each rib that the vertebrae were attached to flared wider one pair after the next; those flared, overlapping plates with thick knobs between them grew thicker with those muscle fibers lacing them in a latticework, forcing my bodice to flare wider to force the clothing I wore to tighten about me.

The shoulder blades thickened and flared in turn, the clavicle bones spreading wide before my back clove itself to either side of the growing and thickening spine that was created a serrated blade between the two halves. Each spine thickened to create a hard knob that pushed outward to stretch the skin, especially over the third, fourth and fifth vertebrae that rose upward out of the collars of the blouse and sweater that I wore while the skeletal growth led by the spine continued downward.

Into the pelvis it drove itself, and immediately it forced the bowl of those hips to widen and deepen, my body rebalancing itself automatically as spine arched and churned while my hips widened deeply. The belt I wore stretched wide and then snapped at the buckle before the button at the top of the fly of the slacks cracked neatly in two while the bulging mound of my pussy lips made the tines of the zipper hold on for dear life. Those pants slid down about the hips, revealing the upper swells of my bottom that were now engorging with thickening strength, right as the tailbone that had turned outward flipped over the hems of those slacks and the panties I wore that were digging deep into my anus. Those panties had dug so deep that it'd take a spelunking team of miners to get them out.

But from there the spine actually telescoped by several additional vertebrae, the muscles growing within that little tail to allow me to wag it ever so slightly.

Anus tucked beneath that tail, pussy lips stretching long in their heart-shaped configuration, right as the cuffs of both pants burst open about a pair of thickening forelegs and flaring calves, while the once coltish thighs had suddenly billowed into monstrous thighs that stretched the seams of the slacks around them.

My hips gyrated then, as another orgasm rose from me, but unlike before, my bowels had grown longer and tighter, and the force of the orgasm that split my loins somehow but literally burst open the zipper guarding my pussy, releasing more steam from sweat and wet ejaculate as the sopping wet and soggy panties covering my loins surged outward over the zipper.

“Why is this happening to me?” I asked the lone moon above me, hearing my deep feminine voice and the grinding after echo of some demonic thing repeating everything I said.

Why was it that in every film showing a monstrous transformation that the person undergoing it always asked about such things? No one was going to answer them. I'd chasten myself later for bothering to ask it myself, but now that I'd turned into a tall, blue woman, hair cascading down over my chest and back to the waist, with my once spindly body flaring and thickening, only then did the true changes start to happen.

The veins in my arms thickened all over again, swelling outward with a sudden tensing, my nipples clenching tightly, and unfolding those arms enough from where they'd embraced me, I looked down at them as the forearms rapidly flared wide and I felt prickling feelings about the edges of those forearms close to the elbows. Lifting those

arms and looking at them both, I then saw the flesh tearing open, revealing rips in the skin that little hooking quills were poking out of that thickened and extended in tune with the broadening and bulging of the forearms. The two masses of the inner forearm on either side of the bicep thickened and bulged, separating from the rest of the forearms flesh, the upper arms and lower arms extending further outward, the bicep and tricep swelling slowly to fill the blouse and sweater sleeves to stretch them firmly and almost painfully about my arms. Then with a violent ejection on both arms, the elbow bones in those arms extended like switch blades, extending two long bony spikes that erupted out of the elbows and locked into place with loud clicks. I moaned with the slashing sensation as blood that was such a deep red it was almost black spilled out of the wounds briefly before the flesh healed themselves.

I groaned and gripped those hands, poking myself in the palms briefly before my hands flashed open.

The claws... I couldn't grip those hands into fists anymore. So gripping the air instead, I watched the flesh of those arms rip apart around those hooking spines, stretching dark blue skin over lighter blue skin while the palms of both hands grew thicker with pads like an animal's paws. And then the long fingers suddenly started to thicken with growing strength, the claws hardening and turning black from white, the outer flesh becoming like leather while the inner flesh became lightly scaled.

I gasped and then held my throat as another rip opened there; spreading downward along my neck, between both breasts, down my belly and over the pussy, digging in between both legs and ripping open both inner thighs beneath the pants, like a bodysuit that was being slowly torn open as I grew. As outer flesh continued separating from inner flesh, I felt more spines and spikes rip from me with both knees ejecting their own spikes like the elbows had before both heels did too, bursting the backs of both shoes and socks before I rose upward onto my toes.

Bones thickened, hardening within me as small spines bore out of both shoulders, ripping through the layers of clothing there and several tears formed across the collar bone.

I feared the change... but I so liked it at the same time. Oh I liked it so much... it filled me with power and rage and confidence! It was like I was becoming two minds, or my head was two minds as I changed.

I opened my mouth and moaned loudly, the voice coming out like the guttural lowing moan of a bear growling, right before I felt the strength surging in my muscles, rippling through the flesh as I stood there steaming with heat. Chest started pushing forward, back began to swell rearward, butt muscles thickening, arms and legs rounding impossibly till the silk blouse I wore started tearing on its seams and the sweater I wore stretched about biceps, chest muscles and shoulders. Seams of slacks ripped open to either side of the legs as panties and the seat of the slacks wedged into the crack of my bottom, and then the laces of both my shoes tore open right down the middle and with a bobbing motion I rose upward into the air further atop my toes as both feet spontaneously started lengthening, rising my higher and higher.

Standing there briefly before my toes spread, and thick claws ripped the toes of shoes and socks apart, I looked down as my tail whipped behind me, flexing my muscles now, trying to help them to grow, ripping flesh and clothing open, I marveled at this power and decided that I definitely liked it.

"Th-this is incredible..." I said and then moaned again, gripping my chest and rubbing the sensitive nipples with a pair of massively enlarged hands as my spine rolled again, but this time as it rolled, widening me all the way down as it went, the spines actually ripped both layers of flesh apart, ejecting little spines of their own that poked through the layers of clothing I wore, and I groaned as the bra I wore tightened powerfully about my chest.

But as I cupped my chest with those large hands, closing my eyes, reveling in the sensations that touching myself there caused, I groaned and bit my lower lip again, that lip having grown suppler from the muscles growing upon

my face, I felt that with each breath my chest was expanding outward, pushing forward as the pectoral muscles swelled with each breath and each heart beat, ribs thickened with each rolling of the spine's growth, and of course... a steady swelling of my breasts.

I felt the veins roiling across those muscles, feeding them more and more strength and flushing them with blood, forcing them to swell through this bruised body. But also I felt the veins creeping about in the breasts, their veins thickening to feed the throbbing nipples, but likewise to feed the mammary glands behind those hard, raging teats, and all at once, both tits began to swell with the rushing of fluids. Blood pumped into the flesh, the mammaries behind them swelling radically to completely fill the bra that had cupped them and swell over and about the cupping things, stressing its taut seams and straps as they grew, the glands themselves flushing with heavy moisture as well while areola and nipple both pushed outward.

That bra rolled forward as the fat of those two tits pressed against each other, colliding and squeezing a space between them that my sweat slid down between, and I felt my breath catch as the compression of that bra kept diaphragm and lungs from filling. I grew lightheaded... I grew faint... but then with a combination of swelling tit, engorging chest muscle, flaring ribs and filling lungs, the knots of fabric of the shoulder straps burst off me and both tits fell downward, and feeling the muscles tensing in me, I dared to try to breathe again and with a violent snap my bra snapped right between both breast cups. Tits exploded forward, surging into the blouse and sweater, snapping another button in the blouse as a jet of nectar leapt from my loins in elation of the freedom of my breasts.

The breaths that I took then felt like my first ones I've ever taken in my life as I then gripped the swelling mounds of mammary that engorged from the thickening pectorals of either chest muscle; both areolas puffing outward, their nipples thickening grandly and hardening into things as long and as thick as the last knuckles of either thumb. The pair slid from beneath the tight undershirt that I had on me as they hefted the blouse and sweater upward, the undershirt stretching across the tops of those surging breasts that kept swelling and filling and rounding endlessly.

My hands, as large as they were, gripped those mammaries while the thickness of bicep and tricep and the thickness of the rest of the arm started to tear the blouse sleeves open, allowing those arms to fill the sweater I wore. Shoulder muscles rounded outward, broadening me even further, and I laughed low to myself, my voice dropping an octave within the feminine range while the demonic voice echoing it rumbled in the background.

The man in whom I'd fed from opened his eyes then to look up at me, seeing me changing above him, and looking down at him, all it took was for me to lick my lips and he fainted dead away, and I laughed dark and sinisterly.

The panties were digging into my pussy now as I lowered my hands to the panty straps and tugged upward on them, pulling the seat deeper in between my ass crack and the crotch in between the pussy lips, stretching the cloth into my naughty bits as my hips gyrated. The arousal in me kept climbing endlessly as the objects of my femininity grew and grew, those panties having become so wet that they were translucent, just barely revealing the blue flesh of my pussy and the naughty red glow of the heaving and surging clitoris and the inner muscles and folds of that vulva.

I panted as my bowels squeezed out more nectar, the sweet scent of my own vaginal juices filling my nostrils even as my spine did another rolling series of popping and cracking growth, that spine pulling from my back, ripping open more of my flesh, tearing it asunder and telescoping the tail bone by several more vertebrae as the sharp bony protrusions telescoped further from my back. Neck and navel telescoped even further while the breadth of my flaring ribcage that was now a series of overlapping rib plates laced with muscle deepened, belly sinking deep beneath it while both hips flared even wider yet. The thigh muscles at that point had grown so taut and so thick that the rolled fold of the seams of both legs of the slacks I wore started to tear apart, the spikes that were extending from either knee cutting them open and tearing them deeper as both the superbly muscular womanly thighs billowed forward and backward, and flared outward. Supporting butt muscles rounded outward, flaring and engorging,

thickening steadily to make both thighs thicker than even my waist was. Inner thighs sunk beneath the outer ones, the tendons clenching to either side of that voluminous pussy who's lips were even now peaking out of either side of the panties that now arched high over either hip.

The moisture of my nectar that had seeped into those panties moistened me between the tightening masses of butt muscle with a sticky slick that cemented both butt muscles together as I rose up slowly upon my toes, those toes thickening rapidly, the claws on the ends of them growing larger and deeper, forming sheathes over the big toe and over the other four toes of either foot separately before those sheathes started to fuse together, leaving a cleft between them. Stepping out of those shoes, the remainders of both socks ripping about those thickening feet while the stubby tail I had lifted itself, I slid both hands up the length of my body, feeling the tightening slabs of belly muscle and the growing contours of my abdomen, before I reached my breasts, cupping the pair and squeezing my nipples. Again I bit my lower lip as the surging fluids in those tits made them swell into the blouse. The blouse was stretching between the buttons, and as my breasts continued engorging atop thickening chest muscles atop flaring and deepening rib plates, soon that blouse began to pop its buttons in rapid succession, jiggling my tits erotically and making me moan, making me cum again in a squelching release that filtered through the panties and drained onto the ground.

Both tits disgorged for a second time after breaking through another barrier of clothing as my spread legs finished tearing through the legs of the slacks, the remaining fabric of those slacks being drawn up tightly against the creases between pelvis and thighs, the seat being drawn in between the thickening butt muscles with the fly open to show off the powerful cunt that surged outward from my body. The feminine erection of labial muscles and clitoris swelled outward, and I panted deeper and deeper, like a pair of bellows rapidly beating while my tits flowed outward like surging ice shelves of a glacier to fill the sweater and stretch its Polartech™ fabric. I panted faster and then tensed, whimpering as the knot of fabric that joined the fly at the front of the slacks with the legs pressed into the lips of my vagina as well, the front folding open and a skirt of tattered cloth flowing about my waist.

I pinched my nipples and felt my hips buck, and suddenly my tits engorged with a rushing of more fluids, much more than the blood that filled and flared them, my thickening arms cradling the tits as they surged outward, ever outward, pressing against each other and stretching the waist band of the sweater as it crept up onto the twin swells that were rolling down over my ribs, while my spines extended further out my back. Neck muscles flared wide as the back of the blouse ripped apart on a perforation caused by those back spines, the two sides of the blouse ripping open about the thickening of my arms till they shredded completely beneath the sweater. Both nipples enlarged steadily with both swelling tits, their areola puffing further outward to force their contours to show through the stretching sweater I wore, and I cried out in the pain of the pleasure from me gripping my own nipples like that as I felt two more climaxes approaching, just as intense as the ones that spilt almost continually from my pussy, but instead of flowing from my loins these are pressuring against the backs of my nipples!

And then it began as a trickle, and then the pressure swelled harder and harder as the collar of the sweater stretched to its limits tore open across my throat with the broadening of neck and throat muscles, the collar with the crucifix on it digging into my neck, choking me. I tried to swallow as my headache grew; the climaxes in my breasts numbing me till the trickle flushed moisture into my pinching fingers even as my nipples hardened like sailor's knots. And then the fluids rushed, squirting from my nipples, creating twin plumes of moisture in sweater over those breasts as tears formed in the sweater between the band of fabric stretching between those nipples as well as between the spines across the back.

With a gasp and a moan that sweater tore open down the front on several holes, holes that spread steadily as my chest pushed forward and rolled outward, forcing the tits to separate and tear open that sweater of mine till at long last I was able to see the moisture spewing from those teats. My mind couldn't grasp it... they were disgorging the white moisture of milk! I was lactating! But I shouldn't be able to do that! I was too young; I'd not even had a

baby yet! How was this possible? But nonetheless those tits rolled outward and tore through the sweater, right before the collar of the sweater snapped open, revealing the band of undershirt that soon tore apart across those heaving tits, leaving my blue tits out in the open and blushing a subtle red from the eroticism I felt.

Every heartbeat that pounded like a fist punching me in the chest made milk squirt from my tits, and it was milk... I could smell the smell of milk in it. But as I saw the heaving sizes of those tits, the thickness of the nipples, the tongue that had lengthened inside me extended and licked my lips... and cheeks and face, I hefting one tit, feeling its incredible weight that looked as if it held gallons of nourishing, creamy milk, and opening my mouth I extended that tongue, wrapped it about the nipple and accepted my own breast into my mouth.

And then...sweetly... I began to suck.

A hand lowered to rub my sopping wet pussy as I sucked from that tit, my back spreading and ripping the remainders of undershirt and sweater against my back spines while I breathed heavily. I felt like I were climaxing from pussy and both nipples as I freely sucked from my own tit, my free hand snaking downward to the panties covering my pussy and with two fingers began to rub the thickened and aroused labia and clit.

And that milk was absolutely delicious, creamy and thick, and as I nursed from myself I thought that perhaps every woman gets the thought as she looks down at her own chest at the pert little mounds the Maker blessed her with. The smaller-chested fems like I'd once been secretly bemoan the fact that they cannot suck from their own tits like a larger-chested woman could. I know I did before now, but now that I could suck from my own tit, tease my own nipples, pleasure myself in that way while likewise masturbating at the same time, I knew for certain that my knowledge of my own sexuality, and therefore the level of eroticism I could feel, grew simply because I had such large tits. The climax of lactating added to the sensation as the other tit kept leaking the milk down my blue body as I felt my flesh ripping open still, creating layer upon layer of flesh that spread and distended while my shoulders and back bowed outward and ripped apart the last of the clothing I had on.

The two great slabs of back muscle separated into thirds as they swelled outward, the rolling of my spine thickening that knots of bone over and over as the two slabs of back bubbled into six individual muscle masses that in turn disgorged and separated from each other and creased into secondary and then tertiary muscles that ripped and snapped each layer of clothing I wore to cover me on the top.

As I nursed from myself, I smeared the nectar from my loins onto my belly, and gripped that belly flesh while it cleaved down the center, separating the two sides of my navel into two separate bands that were scrunched into a long-bodied hourglass.

Ribs billowed and chest swelled thicker and thicker, either chest muscle more than twelve inches thick now while I arched deeper and deeper, the tail swelling over my clenching ass that was even now clenching into thirds and then clenching into tightened bands while at the same time it extended slowly downward along either thigh. Coming up for air from nursing from myself and panting as jets of milk squirted me in the face, the white hair billowing off my head into a deep mane wafting about me in the cool night air, I went down upon my tit again while the panties I wore dug even deeper into my womanflesh from them becoming so tight, the remnants of the slacks tightening across the hips.

I needed a dick in me, I was certain... I wanted the power of sex to take my virginity away. I needed it taken away; it felt... a psychological imperative.

But then that thought died in me as I felt myself starting to choke, and reaching up, letting the tit fall from my hand as I spat out milk that I couldn't swallow from being choked, I gripped for my neck and tore away the remnants of the clothes that'd been on me, only to find what was choking me.

The collar with the crucifix.

Panting and holding my breath, not wanting to experience the sensation of passing out again, I wedged my claws beneath the band and... and it broke! Just like that...

It came away and I held the simple silvery thing in my hand, the symbol of the living God that had held fast to my throat for all this time was now off. It was... strange... strange to feel it gone as I rubbed my thickening throat and the bulging neck muscles around it that flared like the neck of a bullfrog around that throat. I was free of the restriction.

As I panted, feeling my pussy doing tricks between my legs, my nipples ejecting milk still as the flow of strength and power continued to make me billow, the sleeves of the sweater that had somehow remained about my arms tearing apart, I looked at the symbol and gripped it in my hand to hold onto it. It was my mother's after all.

Standing there then with both thighs pressed tight together, I whimpered as suddenly my loins spilled more of its nectar and I hunched over myself, feeling beneath the hand that still gripped my belly as the length of the thing started to compress and tighten, forming a multitude of horizontal creases while lateral obliques slowly carving their way in from ribs to belly, and I grew all the taller as my feet lengthened, belly and neck grew longer and tail extended.

The next thing that tore from me was the remnants of the slacks as they burst their thickest seam, the part where fly and legs met, the bursting open sensation causing me to orgasm as I twisted and thrashed, and I screamed out into the night air, and a column of red mist billowed from my lips and thick fangs before I shivered and scrunched in on myself, tits dangling heavily as they drained their milk onto the ground even amidst still swelling atop the thickening slabs of chest muscle.

I shivered and tensed again before my voluminous back suddenly mutated rapidly and then tore open violently, fanning two great slabs of meat that rose off the main back, and then stretched and unfolded as new bones grew within these flaps.

Where the flaps met the back, two great shoulder muscles formed, the pair rounding outward as the chicken-wing like slabs stretched across mutating muscles that wrapped around the new bones, right before bony fingers, six of them, spread like opening hands from the ends of those wings. Another pair of bones sprouted from the elbows, carrying with them weaving musculature and a film of flesh that stretched like soapy water across the hoop of a bubble blower, veins carving through the film and thickening it steadily as the film spread across the finger bones of either wing. Two thumbs formed on each of these hands, either thumb having two long claws at their ends while the finger bones telescoped outward like spyglasses, each erupting smaller claws of their own at their ends upon thick finger tips before these new arms and hand billowed gossamer like behind me.

Embracing myself and moaning, eyes squeezing tight as my other senses told me all that was happening to this body; I felt my headache grow suddenly as the skull plates and brow muscles all thickened, right before knobs of bone formed just above the brows. Those knobby bones extended steadily then, piercing the flesh in four locations as my hair was pushed backward against my scalp and a knob of more bone bulged outward between the brows, ripping the skin open like an eye to reveal a glowing crystalline knob that was like the center jewel on a crown. Daring to lift my free hand not holding the crucifix up to the growing things, I felt a pair of devil's horns with two



smaller horns in front of those growing from the peak of my brows to flare backward over my head. And then from the temples, a sharp pain coming from both that made me moan from it, two more horns slid backward, flaring while the ears to either side of my head felt like they were being pinched and then tugged upon. But then those ears extended, becoming elfin in form, the pair extending slowly to the sides of my head to enhance the depth of my hearing, as well as their sensitivities.

And then my heart started to punch me harder, my chest thrusting outward and throwing me backward against a wall as that chest crunched forward several times with each heart beat, the flesh ripping open and sliding off the breasts to leave a light blue flesh for tits, navel and belly, right before the sternum rent open and a new gem like the one in my forehead disgorged... the thing red like the color of my blood.

Whimpering, then as my pussy got the mother of all wedgies from my panties, I felt that cloth finally tearing over my loins as that pubic mound welled forward, and with a snap of the seam between crotch and seat and a gripping of my hand I tore it off and flung it aside, panting heavily still as I lowered a hand to my pussy and felt the naked flesh that had grown nearly hairless from whatever was changing me. Only a soul patch of downy white hairs just above my pussy remained.

I was naked now, totally naked in the middle of a night in the middle of late fall. Snow was soon to fall on us and yet I was perfectly comfortable as I now started to thicken instead of grow taller, the whole of my bodice broadening as a hot blush suffused cheek, nose and the tops of both swelling tits and chest muscles. My pussy throbbed and pulsed as it was also reddened from a blush as I caressed its flesh that had become new and smooth again, as new as a child's butt fresh from the womb, and shamelessly as I rubbed those pussy lips I slowly pushed my clawed fingers inside me, penetrating that vulva and shamelessly pleased myself, my other hand becoming the hand of a lover while I grew heavier and heavier, thicker and larger.

Muscles transformed into things the consistency of piano wire and bridge cables wrapped about pneumatic pistons atop super structure of bones that was hardening like steel themselves.

The power and flow of my body disgorged continually, spines and spikes growing larger and longer and more numerous while my tail bulged, folding over my bottom and lengthening as it pulled the whole of the spike-ridden spine I possessed out of my back. It telescoped and fattened, butt muscles clenching and creasing into deeper into thirds even when in a relaxed state, quadriceps roiling outward thicker and thicker before a fold of flesh unfolded from my outer thighs and ejected a plethora of more spikes and spines. Forelegs billowed and grew chorded, fattening with imperious muscular growth while the claws on the ends of the four little toes fused along with the toes, the claws fattening and sheathing the ends of my feet as I stood atop them. Toes finished mutating into cloven hooves as my upper body disgorged and shoulders spread and lowered, broadening and widening neck and upper back as chest muscles thickened and pinched together. More spikes erupted from the outsides of both calves like a fringe as well as out of my shoulders, and up from my back grew towering bony spikes that hooked around the serrated edge of spines covering my back even as that heaved and grew and grew and grew.

Flesh continued to spread and layer, knot and tighten about me, ripping apart all around me, thickening over itself, over and over while the muscle billowed beneath it.

And then I felt a new change, a paradigm shift in me as my navel cleaved itself repeatedly, over and over again, creasing horizontally, separating into thirds immediately, and then sixths and eighths, and then twelfths... but it continued there with my navel clenching tighter and tighter, more lateral obliques rolling in and thickening like more bridge cables...

But as twenty solid abdominals finished forming and swelling outward out of my narrow navel that sunk beneath the grand rib cage, I felt tightening nibs forming over nearly every abdominal save for the pelvic ones. And then with a shift the whole of my upper body swelled upward as a second set of pectorals swelled beneath the first set, peaking outward beneath the top set of pecks and boobs, and from those swelled another set of nibs. I scraped a hand along my belly and felt those many nibs, felt their sensitivity as they reddened, turning into a naughty pink first and then a hot passionate red, right before they swelled atop disks of areola and thickened into nipples.

I moaned and used both hands now to caress my bodice, but then felt the nibs on those second pectorals swelling rapidly along with the ones atop the top-most pair of abdominals. Sacks of blue flesh swelled outward, rippling, disgorging and billowing, filling with rushing fluids like water balloons on a tap. The pair directly beneath the primary pair swelled the largest of these new tits, the ones atop the abdomen becoming pert things... larger than the ones I had originally that were now my primaries. Each abdominal with a nipple on it swelled slightly now into little A-cups that lined my supremely muscular belly, my middle a trunk of thickened chords and tendons compressing organs and a column of sexual muscles that churned and coalesced repeatedly still like it was ejaculating, syrupy vaginal juices leaking from it to the asphalt beneath me.

Back muscles roiled as those second arms flared wider and wider, growing gossamer in their greatness, spreading a leathery blue webbing riddled with darker blue veins, as the muscles of those new arms bulged and billowed and bones hardened and little spines tore from the flesh. The back muscles they were all attached to unfolded steadily, billowing and pushing my head forward, new vertebrae adding to the middle of the back while yet more were added to the thickening and telescoping tail that broadened into a spade at its end while arms and legs kept roiling outward and bubbling with thicker and thicker musculature.

And then slowly the transformation slowed and I exhaled a hot breath that was like a blast furnace, my breasts blushing a deeper red briefly as I stoked that fire, and a red glow billowed in my chest before an actual flame escaped my lips.

Then on my back and the wrists of both hands, the wing hands and my original pair of hands, eyelets opened and rounded red crystals pushed outward, right before my flesh cut open in places with strange symbols that painted face and upper chest, shoulders and upper back with strange lights that burned an eldritch green.

And there I stood, transformed completely, a beast unlike any ever known by man, the syrupy nectar of my loins sliding freely from me while milk leaked from each nipple upon me, my breasts – the primary pair – swollen to intensely massive levels. I grinned and flexed, bouncing pecks which bounced two sets of boobs at the same time, and tensing those chest muscles lances of milk shot from my nipples to splatter the ground around me.

There I stood, trembling with pops of smaller muscles engorging still as I tensed them, forcing them to grow thicker against the resistance of my own body, tendons and muscles twitching, and when I opened my eyes they glowed a bloody red as I opened my fingers and spread the claws wide.

Just then the man, my attacker, awoke one more time, and when I looked down at him I said one simple little thing:

“I... hunger...”

He squealed, pissed himself and fainted dead away.

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The police got a deposit on their front door step... an emaciated man who'd wet himself, while carved in his chest, back and forehead over and over again were the words "I rape and brutally murder women." Dropped the fucker from twenty feet up, let him bounce on the ground right next to a pair of cops eating doughnuts, before I leapt away.

They remarked at seeing a great blue shadow before looking down at the degenerate I'd deposited before them.

The night sky hid a blue thing quite easily. In the dark of night I was nothing more than a shadow... a bruise in the sky. Instincts, strange instincts were pouring in on me as I instinctively climbed a building before I figured I could just leap up to its top, and spreading my great wings, horns flaring, I tipped off and flew. The breasts on my chest wobbled heavily, occasionally draining milk that splashed to the ground below while I flew through the night air, my very being impossible on how something as heavy as me could fly, but nonetheless I did fly.

Little fanning blades had flared from my back and were rhythmically waving, clacking against each other as if they were pushing me along like an angel fish's fins. Below me I saw the burning throbbing pulses of people, the pulses coming from their blood flowing through their bodies. They were the people and creatures of the night... the predators of mankind and the few individuals who worked in the night to protect man from those predators: policemen and women, vigilantes and such.

Unbeknownst tonight that there was a different kind of predator out there tonight.

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He was beating his wife. He was hitting her... the sound and the screams and the mental shouts of both him and her drew me like a moth to a flame, and I flew lower, landing on the building and folding my wings against my back. I heard him hit her with such a blow that sent her crashing against a wall, spilling several things and breaking something... her grandmother's vase. I heard her sobbing, heard her thoughts that what was she to do? It was either an abusive husband or an abusive boyfriend or predators in the world hunting her. Better to have a protector who battered her than villains who murdered her, she thought.

... And all of this was about some spilt beer.

My hearing told me where they were, senses showed me the blood beating in their bodies, smelt the woman's fear, smelt the man's drunkenness. He was the one who'd spilt the beer, but he was beating her to bring her down to make himself feel better... superior.

So reaching down I yanked the man out the window where he leaned back against it, let him see me, let him know real fear as I slapped him a couple times. I was afraid I'd knock his head off if I slapped too hard so I only did it lightly but even that still caused violent snaps in his head as vertebrae cracked from the blows. But then bending forward, licking his neck as he screamed, I then opened my mouth and pierced his tracheal arteries with both sets of teeth, my mouth having filled with two more layers of sharp teeth. Soon I was drinking his blood, swallowing over and over, the hot-blooded strength of a man filling my feminine body, and I felt myself flare thicker, bony protrusions growing stronger and harder as they edged themselves and sharpened, my pussy throbbing while his muscle fibers thinned and his blood fed me.

His bones thinned, muscles weakened, body shrinking till he was a fraction of the man he was before, the alcohol in his blood feeding me just as much as his blood did, making me mildly tipsy from the feeding before I opened my mouth, licked the excess of blood off him and then dropped him to the ground. Flexing my muscles, chest billowing forward, compressing both tits as I came wetly onto his weak and shivering body, my biceps swelling outward and tail thickening while my upper body spread, I felt more of the strength of a man filling my feminine body, felt it

bulge in me, felt new powers flood into me from the engorgement of power from him before I came again and again onto his face and body.

And then I turned with a jiggling of tits, smirking as I heard the woman rushing up the stairs in her night shift, and I swung around with another wobbling and swaying of many tits, twisting and cart wheeling with a little hop to hide behind the stairwell as she appeared. My hair dragged against the wind, fluttering behind my back as I watched her naked form beneath the shift as she appeared with a red throbbing flushing her being, and I heard her scream at her husband there on the ground, twitching as he went into shock from lack of blood. Oh he'd live all right, but he'd be weaker than she was now, especially after I got done with her.

"You're a weak woman." I commented, my voice rumbling with that after-sounding echoing and quite demonic effect following my super feminine... almost heroic voice.

She whirled and gasped, looking into the darkness for me but not seeing me in the darkness of the rooftop.

"W-who are you?" she gasped. "Show yourself! What did you do to my husband?!"

"I am the person who freed you from your torment. Saved you from more bruises that you'd have to explain to the neighbors that you had another 'accident'. How often do you run into things with your head or fall down stairs before neighbors begin to wonder? And when they try to help, how often do you wave them off for fear of what your husband will do?

"Tell me weak woman... why do you stay with a person who beats you?"

"I... he... I mean he protects me."

"So you would give up being beaten by one man to be beaten by another... your spouse even? Is that fair? Is that a good trade? Or did you simply fool yourself into such a relationship with a man who's abusive when he's drunk or not. Physical abuse and emotional abuse? How do you live with that? How do you live with yourself... weak woman?" She fell silent, not answering me as I squatted there, almost invisible as I rubbed my pussy, feeling untold powers rising within me. "You need to be made stronger. I can make you stronger... strong enough to protect yourself from any man who might come along. I can give you confidence, I can give you power unlike any you'd ever felt before."

"H-how... how would you do that?"

"You have something I want. Your body contains an untapped strength... I will bring it out... but at the same time... I want some of it."

"H-how... how would you..."

"Is it a deal or isn't it? I can do this; the question is whether or not you want it." She was silent and then nodded. "Then say it." I said and she replied.

"I-It's a deal!" she cried loudly and began to cry.

"Then turn around. Know that if you look at me... I will have no choice to do with you as I did with your husband."

She looked down at him; naked beneath her shift... oh she had a pleasing form to me. "W-will he live?"

“Yes. I kill only monsters. Now turn.”

She turned, her shift glancing against her in the night air, and I rose and walked behind her, my feet clopping against the ground like horse-hooves, and when I was behind her, I lifted her shift past her bottom and noticed something else, and lifting her shift higher I saw that her back was laden with scars and even some fresh wounds. I fingered one of the newer ones and she hissed, keeping her eyes closed lest she see me.

“Consider this one free.” I said and palmed her, instinctively doing my will, which was to repair her back and all those afflictions. Scars healed themselves; wounds closed themselves, leaving her flesh clean, soft and new...

And then I lowered a hand to my pussy and massaged it again, summoning the power of man from inside me, and labia distended, clitoris erected, erected and kept erecting, telescoping from my vulva while labia turned into nads. Flesh folded about clitoris as inner vaginal muscles swelled hotly, thickly, reddening as a column of flesh slid from the vaginal folds I possessed, my tail lifting steadily, till a thick and heady mass of womanflesh had wrapped itself into an imitation of a thickly erect, uncircumcised penis.

And then palming her forward till she leaned against the roof's retaining wall, I penetrated her and she moaned in surprise as I began to hump her body with my powerful extension as it thickened and penetrated her deeper and deeper.

“Eyes closed.” I reminded her and she nodded as that penile mass penetrated her deeper and deeper, past labia major and minor, past cervix, penetrating her into her very womb while I rode her, thrusting her deeply and making her aware of her womanhood. I closed my eyes and focused, drawing from her with my sucking extension, looking, searching... and then I found it, hidden in her womb, and there I drew it out at the same time as taking a mote of it for my own.

Instantly her body reacted as I rhythmically shoved that penis tip deeper inside her body as I fed upon that mote, and soon her voice was deepening into a breathy feminine voice as she began to massage one of her breasts. That breast immediately started swelling along with its mate, her bones thickening rapidly, her body growing... right before thickening grades of muscle swelled beneath her skin. The column of flesh that I pierced her with began to spasm then as I gasped and humped her, gripping her bottom, pushing its cheeks out as I drove deeper, and I deposited into her a creamy ejaculate that was riddled with power and energy that I didn't need, emptying that power into her body before I pulled out of her, ejecting more of what looked like creamy seminal juices all over her bottom and lower back before I turned hurried off several steps and then leapt up into the sky, flying away even as she continued to transform.

The collar of the shift she wore burst open as her tits continued to engorge, atop thickening chest muscles and barreling rib bones, her body growing taller as biceps and triceps roiled into such muscular might as her mind never let her body attain. It was the same for most women, the collective thoughts that despite all that sexual power they held, that a lady shouldn't indulge in such things, so instinctively their bodies remained small... demure... weak.

Her forearms flared, hips broadened and thighs and forelegs rounded grandly outward. Her sexual power grew exponentially till her shift was tight against her body and she came onto the ground... what was left to her was her own desire at this point as her breasts filled with milk and her pussy engorged between a pair of thickening thighs and rounding calves.

She was now truly a human woman, what she was meant to be. This was her body's full potential... like a Jekyll/Hyde transformation, just like me... only my Jekyll/Hyde transformation held far, far... *far* more potential than any woman could.

But in me... I felt that power that I'd obtained from her join my own and then together both swelled like a plume of force that detonated in my loins, and quite violently I grew larger with bubbling pops and snaps and crunches while I glided amidst the transformation. Muscles thickened and heaved, engorging massively till pectorals pressed against my throat and swelled over clavicle bone, arms and legs bubbling thicker and larger while both my primaries and secondaries swelled titanicly while in midair.

I only just managed to land on a water tower atop a tall building as my loins erected harder both femininely and masculinely, my steely erection arching upward before I grabbed it and began jerking on it in an imitation of a man jerking off, and soon first a heady jet of feminine nectar lanced from me beneath that clitoris-turned penis... right before that penis erupted with a powerful water jet of more sexual juices. Holding onto the lightning tower, I heaved and churned, humping my hand while muscles still unfolded and spread from me, still growing from that magnificent power in me, the artful green lines in me flaring wider and burning brighter as I came again and again in dual climaxes in a sticky, splattering wash all over the top of that water tower amidst my transformation, and then flaring both wings wide and screaming loudly into the night air... I became... more.

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My back yard had lots of trees.

I didn't realize the convenience of that at the moment, didn't realize there were so many trees for a reason other than my grandmother dancing naked before the full moon at times. The trees covered me nicely as I swooped over it and then folded my wings to drop through the foliage into the middle of the yard where no one could see me.

Smiling to myself and reaching down to the big cock I'd grown, I pushed it back inside me and the flesh slowly refolded back into an engorged vulva within a matter of moments, and I paused to finger myself. Panting lightly as I caressed my loins, I got myself to climax in a hot, steamy jet of nectar that literally bore a small hole in the ground from it escaping me.

"Hmmm..." I gurgled and then tensed, legs spread wide as I pulled my fingers from me and licked the creamy, sticky nectar off them.

The powers I was developing were growing, all of them sexual, and I'd already fed off seven more men and two more women... the women by using this wonderful phallus that grew from my overly large clit and borrowed folds of feminine muscle that was inside me.

I caressed my vulva with both hands now, feeling the supple vaginal lips and erect clit that the penis had turned back into.

Feeding took two roles... blood... or sexually drawing it from them.

Those that I fed off their blood were my prey. They were individuals who were trying to do evil, prey upon other people. Those I had sex with... and there were many of them... I fed off their hidden powers while likewise bringing those powers to the fore in them. I was strengthening still, muscles popping and roiling outward as I folded my wings and then turned with a violent jiggling of tits that sloshed with the milk in them, only to stop dead in my tracks at the look of an old woman in a warm robe with warm slippers sitting in a chair smoking a thin cigar.

She smiled at me as she drew from the cigar, its tip burning brightly before she moved it to her side and flicked its ashes off.

“So... had fun tonight Angel?” the woman said and I swallowed.

“I-I don’t know what you’re talking about old woman. Now run away before I eat you!” I tried to feign violence, but the old woman merely cackled. “Granddaughter... I know you won’t hurt me. For two reasons I know this. The first is that you wouldn’t hurt your own dear grandmother regardless of how batty you think her to be, I am your only kin in the whole wide world. And two... the curse won’t let you.”

“C-curse.” I said and looked down at my hands, clenched the power in them and the air vibrated about those hands from my strength.

“Curse, blessing, it’s a double-edged sword really, Angel.” She mused and then picked up a glass of sherry and sipped from it.

“H-how do you know this?” I asked her, my red eyes shining in the darkness.

“Oh... quite simple, granddaughter. For you see... the, oh what shall we call it? The *condition*, moves from mother to daughter.”

“What?” I breathed, taken aback. “Y-you mean...”

“That’s right... everything you are now... I was. Once the condition passes, always at the first full moon,” and she pointed up and I looked up at the full moon there, which was a blue moon this month and a Hunter’s Moon to boot, so it was extra big. “On or after the twenty-first birthday of the new recipient, it leaves the old wielder and enters the new. The old wielder, like me, becomes mortal, able to live like a mortal from that day forward.”

The wheels in my head were going round and round... round and round... *round* and round...

“But that means that after you... there was first... mom.” I said this last in a whisper and grandmother nodded before I squatted before her, my tail wrapping about my ankles.

“I have questions.” I said sternly and leaned forward to grip the ends of her wicker rocking chair.

“Surely... I have answers... but... before the sun rises and others can see you, I think it’s best for us to go inside.”

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Like Windigo, like Sasquatch, the Jersey Devil was considered a demon that preyed upon the evil hearts of men. A predator’s predator, if you will.

Grandmother was actually a hundred and eighty-seven years old, a full century older than I thought she was. “Before I die child, which will happen eventually, I must convey to you the knowledge of our breed. Here... let me give you a primer.” And she held up two vials of what undoubtedly contained blood. “This one first.” And she gave me one which I drank, and then the other which I also drank.

Knowledge was among the powers that came with that blood, and I strengthened immediately because of it, for unlike any other blood, this blood contained the know-how of two prior wielders of my condition.

It made me grow, it made me horny, and it made me powerful... and right before I went to go look for a man...

“Hold it. Something you should know. Be careful with whom you sex, especially with men. For your first child shall be a daughter, always and without fail, if she matures to twenty-one, you will lose your powers. Before you have a child, Angel, be sure you really want to. Know your menstrual cycle, and make him wear rubbers for goodness sakes. The thicker the better. Two at the same time would be nice too.”

I also learned of the Templars. Despite that their organization was decimated on Friday the thirteenth in thirteen-oh-seven, there were still members of their order out there, and currently there was a group of them in North America that sought to hunt down creatures like me. The Malleus Maleficarum still in effect. They were the ones who'd killed my mother.

“Now before you go on rampage and go killing them, understand that even one of them has ways of dispatching you.” Grandmother had told me. “So... as the kids say these days, *'slow your roll.'*”

I was immune to disease and age, immune to sickness, so I had no fear for aids or cancer and sexually transmitted diseases, and could heal almost like water being cut, but that didn't make me un-killable.

Beneath the house was a cave system, filled with the ancestry of our family, the entire bloodline as far back as the second mother all stored in crypts in sealed walls that descended well beneath the sewer system, hidden from the rest of the world for ages. There was a library of journals here, written by the many women who held the condition of the Jersey Devil for the past six hundred years or so, and the written down verbal legends of another thousand years prior to the arrival of white men on this land.

That first night, I had to admit, was pretty informative.

But when I returned to my human form, when I learned to actually, it was nearly as sexual as the transformation out of it. My hair returned to blonde and short, but... there were a few changes to me now.

My breasts were a lot bigger, full, rounded... milk-laden even... the pair perhaps P-cup in size. My hips were likewise wide and flaring, child-bearing hips with a thick, developed pad of womanflesh between my legs, whereas my waist was narrower. There was more strength on my body, with thick thighs and rounded calves, strong arms and rounded biceps, with an actual subtly muscled hour-glass navel that was pinched into a beautiful eight-pack of abs with four lats. Every blemish, every mole and every scar was now gone. And my face...

For the first time I felt beautiful.

But beauty it seemed was only skin deep for me, for beneath it all... I was a monster.

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Her heartbeat throbbed; it beat so quickly that I could dance to the rapid tempo it made as she hurried sobbing across the campus grounds.

Three men followed close behind her, laughing and jeering, throwing bottles at her, but it was hard to run in high heels.



And then they finally captured her, one binding up her arms behind her, another taping her mouth shut while the third stood idly by with a camcorder while guzzling the last of a bottle of Jack Daniels. And then they took hold of her blouse and ripped it open, revealing her naked breasts that bounced violently from the shameful acts they were causing to her. The men laughed... they laughed right until I landed with a violent thud that cracked stone tiles that functioned as the walk ways here at the school, and turning to me, they gasped as I rose to their full height, twice as tall as even the tallest of them.

They panicked, and now it was time for their hearts to pound and patter with fear as they ran and I hunted each of them down, one by one, draining them till they were emaciated husks on the verge of death. The curse only allowed me to kill only the most vile of creatures. And then I hunted her.

“N-no... no! Leave me alone!” she cried, clutching her blouse shut about her naked chest as she backed from me.

“If that’s what you wish. But you’re the innocent one here, Rebecca. You have nothing to fear from me here.” I told her and she blinked.

“H-how do you know my name?” she asked.

“Because you know it.” I squatted before her, my voice rumbling while my voluminous tits pressed against the powerful thighs I possessed, the pair of tits rolling in between my legs as I squatted with legs spread wide, hands on knees and fingers flaring to either side of the knee spikes I had. I wore clothing... barely; pretty much it was a bikini bottom about my pussy like a G-string and a really big shirt that barely covered my nipples. “I have a gift for you, Rebecca. I want to make you powerful enough to never fall prey again.”

“A g-gift? W-what do I need to do?” she gasped, and planting the hands of my wings against the ground and walking on all fours toward her, I reached forward and cradled her face and the whole of her head in my hands.

“I must deposit it into you... “

“D-deposit?” she whimpered.

“This time it will be your choice. I will not force you. I am not allowed to. But you must choose to accept it. Don’t worry.” I smiled. “You will enjoy it.”

Eventually she accepted it. Eventually they all accept it in the end... and I turn them into goddesses of womanhood, powerful enough never to be prey again, watching them transform steadily into flawless beauties. And for each one I change... I take a piece of them... and grow more powerful myself.

I am Angela Novae... and I am the Jersey Devil.

<End>