

## **Lea Monde**

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**Warning:** *This story contains elements of a sexual or violent nature that should not be shown to minors. Viewer discretion advised.*

**Rated:** *R for Restricted*

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### **Chapter 1: All Things Great and Small**

My name is Susan, and never before in my life could I have ever considered that I'd be in the places where I'd be.

A few months ago I was in a place called Wormwood, what the rest of the world knew as Chernobyl... where I and a couple of friends fought against an ancient evil known as Chernavog. I met Death even... an experience I really don't want to repeat any time soon to tell you the truth. I considered not for the first time that this really wasn't the life I'd foreseen for myself, and my life all changed thanks to a little magical kitty known as Ivan giving me a little love bite.

So imagine then my surprise when I learned of the location of the next scroll that my ancestor had left behind for me to obtain, and believe me... it was a surprise all right. In hind sight, this one was the easiest for me to obtain, but it was no less frightening. Katrina was the one who was leading me into one of the most guarded archives in the world, an archive that just so happened to be located in Rome.

Well... to be more specific ... beneath Vatican City.

I remembered thinking that this must be some sort of sacrilege on my part that any moment the finger of God was going to come down and strike me down for what I was doing. I mean... we were following a hidden pathway, the real '*Path of Illumination*' which just so happened to have been built over a prolonged period of time by none other than Leonardo Da Vinci and Bernoulli themselves, and it just so happened to lead directly into the restricted religious archives of the Vatican City.

"Kat... I don't think we should be down here." I mentioned once shi'd opened the portal that led straight into the high-tech chambers in which eons of scrolls and religious works were stored like hazardous materials. Well... more to the point that they were stored against the damages that time, air and sunlight would ravage against them.

"Don't think of it like that." Shi'd said. "Think of it that we're retrieving something that they have absolutely no right to have... along with the majority of the things they keep down here."

A trick of a Raccoon was that they could mimic anyone or anything, so they could choose what gender they were and what traits they wanted to be. Kat had once told me that shi couldn't even remember what hir gender had been, or what hir real physical traits were, and shi really didn't care about all that either.

And for those of you who are just joining us, I use the term Shi to describe hir because shi isn't a she, shi's a hermaphrodite... by choice. A hybrid of genders to obtain the best aspects of both. Hir outlook was different, hir face, hair and so on changed on subtle levels, but everything was up to hir.

I stood back looking upon her and her tight shorts, made tighter because of the male package she still kept, usually at the expense of any semblance of a feminine sex, but she nonetheless still had pert boobs.

She knocked on chambers as we passed them.

“These vaults hold the truth about Christianity that the Council of Nicea faded and obliterated thanks to Constantine.” She knocked on another. “The hidden works of Leonardo Da Vinci himself, pages that were reportedly destroyed by him.” She knocked on another. “The original Hebrew version of the Old and New Testament written on what were known as the Brass Plates.” And so on. “The Vatican is a government hiding behind religion. They’ve set themselves up as the chief authority on Christianity, despite that there are instances in the religion of Catholicism that just don’t make any sense.”

I was raised as a Catholic... and these sorts of words if heard by anyone else, anywhere else, would be shouted down as heresy.

“Like... what?”

She turned to me. “Well let me ask you a few questions, Sue. Where in the scriptures does the following appear?”

“Nun, Nunnery, Cloister, Purgatory, Pope, Cardinal... or the fact that their clergy were to remain celibate despite that numerous priests and prophets of old always, *always* had one or more mates that they bred with? Or what about that Christ was reportedly single, never married, and yet he was still called a ‘*Rabbi*’ which in Judaism has always required the man to have been married first? There was a wedding in the scriptures, the fabled moment that Christ turned water into wine, and yet they never really spoke of *whose* wedding that was. And as to who the bride was... think for a moment. If you were a loving husband, and you were coming back from the dead to visit the one that was most precious of all persons on earth to you, who would you visit first? A person who was just a ‘*follower*,’ a former ‘*whore*’... or a mate? Christ visited this person and not His own mother first, to whom he loved dearly nonetheless. Now who in a man’s heart does he love greater than his own mother?”

I thought for a moment, remembering my religious history. “Marry Magdalene.” I said at last.

“Like I said, the Council of Lycia removed several instances of the scriptures... things that certain other Christian religions refer to be lost pure and precious truths.” She waved a grand hand. “Martin Luther was the first to challenge the ways of the Catholic Church when he posted his protest to the doors of the Wittgenburg Chapel. All that’s contained in these vaults belongs to the world, Sue... all of this... and yet it’s ferreted down here. Hidden... secret. Behind a singular access point that’s laden with some of the best security in the world, right along with other pieces of artworks and artifacts... like those kept inside this chamber.” And she knocked on the final chamber, one that was marked with a ‘*miscellaneous*’ tag on it. “Recognize anything familiar inside it?”

I pressed against the security glass, breasts flattening against the darkened and shaded surface as I saw the subtly glowing shine of my ancestor’s scroll inside it. Seeing it there, seeing it inside the Catholics secret vaults, I had only one moment of thought, and that thought was how dare they keep and hide it? So I entered the chamber... and I took it.

This one had been the first of the eight scrolls that I still needed to find. Irony that the Vatican had held onto this one, especially being that the Crown Chakra that this one taught had nothing to do with combat or magic, but was nonetheless one of the seven Chakras that I needed to master. Whereas the scroll I’d found at Chernobyl acted as the primer for the other seven, this one acted as the teachings that enhanced a person’s awareness of the universe.

“Greetings my daughter.” My first mother had stated once I had a private moment and had sat down and opened the scroll like I’d done with the first one. Only this time there wasn’t a greatest corrupted earth elemental empowered by an atomic pile bearing down on me. “I’m unsure in which order that you shall find my many scrolls that had been left behind for you, but this scroll shall impart upon you the knowledge of your place in creation. Listen now as I teach you how the universe affects you... and likewise how you can affect the universe. Receive you this knowledge.”

I awoke after what felt like hours later, after coming to understand the innermost workings of my own mind. I won’t tell you everything that I experienced as I absorbed the knowledge and sensations from that scroll, many of the sensations I felt were so powerful was that there were no words in my head potent enough to describe them. Tantric was the only one that even came close, but I will tell you that milk leaked from my breasts as if I’d just given birth to love itself.

And what was more was that I *changed* during this ordeal... and it was an ordeal. It was sexual tension so powerful that it was painful to feel. Pleasurable... yet painful. Nonetheless, when I had mind enough and strength enough, for it absolutely robbed me of all my strength to do this, I rose as weak-kneed as a new-born calf and stumbled to the bathroom, only to lean in to the mirror, and I blinked as I looked upon myself.

The first thing I noticed that had changed was my eyes.

They were brighter... more potent, ancient looking. My flesh had smoothed, the contours were firm and the blemishes were gone. My skin was taut yet soft and supple, like I’d undergone years of detailed moisturizing to get the texture perfect. Widened hips, a shapely behind, enlarged breasts, and after peeling off the panties I’d been wearing – the things were quite wet and sticky – and I took a shower, I found that my sex had distended with enhanced strength. Just glancing a fingertip against it made me sigh with euphoria. It was so ready for lovemaking that even a glancing touch made it react. My mind numbed and I shamelessly found the pleasure centers of my sex, things that were more than just the clitoris and the labia... there were pin pricks from my fingernails that excited more inside me than just that base sexual pleasure.

Nonetheless... I returned a changed woman as I arrived in the shrine in Japan to put this scroll with the other. Pen smirked at me and at the way the clothes I wore were tighter about me. My butt was eating and swallowing the seat of the shorts that’d once covered my butt instead of being eaten by them.

“Ok... what’s with the look you lecherous old fairy dragon.” I asked.

“No-thing...” he said slowly and carefully and reached up and patted my tight, muscled and rounded feminine behind. I froze with eyes wide as he did this. “It’s just that it’s been a long time since I’ve been met with the sight of such a perfect behind. Ah... I love being only four feet high.” He said and gave off that chuckling wark-wark of his.

“Hands off Pen.” I shot with a smirk. “Them’s Lee’s till I say otherwise.”

“Oh that’s not fair.” He mock-pouted. “You’re a pleasure to see! Every day I see you, you become more and more like your first mother.” And he took several steps upward as I took to fidgeting, wringing my fingers.

“Pen... did you... ever... make it with her?” I asked and he stopped, his pole ending with a click on the stair he was stepping onto.

He turned and lifted his antennae, and suddenly the joyful and humorous look had turned knowing and thoughtful. So strange how easily he could change his face like that. One moment the trickster, the next moment the master.

“I had tried.” He admitted. “There were... carnal arts... I wanted to teach her and only to her. But it never was.” He rubbed his staff with the index finger of the hand holding it as he thought. “I’ve had many women in my bed before... your first mother was the first... and only female... I’d ever considered to want for a mate. The first female I’d ever thought to say the words: *‘I love you’* to.” I blinked. “Come Susan... let’s get your birthright secured.”

His words stuck with me for awhile. A long while. He’d wanted my first mother, and I was supposed to be a lot like her, but then again I wasn’t her. Pen explained that there was no such thing as reincarnation. Even those who looked like they were reincarnated still nonetheless had a different soul. I only looked like her, walked like her, talked like her... but I wasn’t her. Her experiences were many and varied... and they differentiated me from her... but still I couldn’t help but think...

Make it with Pendragon? Told her that he loved her?

It plagued me actually. Pen was a nice guy, not quite my master, not quite that father figure... he was a nice guy. Perhaps my mother had pushed him away because she loved him as a father and a master... but he wasn’t there quite yet in my mind.

There was still a possibility.

But then there was Lee. Lee who’d always been there for me, who’d always shown his affections for me. But... who’d never said he loved me. He was afraid to, I knew. Afraid to give his heart again... and now I realized that I had a crush on Pen now. Oh what the hell was I supposed to do?

“You could be a little more selective now, you know.” I said to the swollen pad of my vulva as I laid back in my comfy chair back home later on. Jet lag was a vicious bitch to me from all this teleporting.

But then again, my sex couldn’t talk back to me. Sure it had the lips, but for it to talk back would’ve been a freak show trick. Sighing... I picked up a book and began studying again.

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Every girl has their fantasies. They grow up hearing fantasies and fairy tales, like Snow White, Cinderella and of course Sleeping Beauty, and I’d like to believe that every young girl dreams of being a princess sometime in their lives. The glamour, the love stories... and of course there’s that *‘happily ever after’* part. Who wouldn’t want that to happen to them?

So then we become programmed with certain wishes and desires, cultural wishes and desires that make us want for such things. Why do you think that romance novels sell so well?

So how then, would one consider, I would react as I was woken up with a kiss?

The lips were warm, they were passionate, they drew me awake from my slumber and for a time there I dreamed that I was doing a reverse swoon, waking up into incredible passion as I found myself returning the kiss that felt so familiar to me. I moaned, sighed through my nose and pawed at the air before me for a body and found the masculine musculature of a prince, and automatically I soothed the flesh I felt as I imagined myself being cradled in

his arms, dressed in a flowing blue gown with a diaphanous tiara holding back my long golden hair that was like the unicorn Amalthea's.

My body reacted, my nipples erected and I cupped a breast, soothing it and caressing it as the other pressed against his body while I felt the firm press of his groin against my belly. But then the covering over my eyes was being drawn away and I blinked my eyes open, my fantasy world fading in favor of the penthouse suite I lived in, and the Prince Charming that was over me wasn't some fair-haired prince, but rather Lee in his human form.

"Lee!" I exclaimed with a gasp of surprise, and then realized that I was naked still from when I'd come home and started to study. He was dressed in only a loin cloth and a pair of leggings.

"Hi." He greeted and cupping my face kissed me again, landing several pecks on my lips before I pushed him away with a laugh. The curvature of his loincloth drew my attention briefly.

"What are you doing here? It's not the full moon yet."

We were only able to see each other on full moons, or so I thought.

"I finagled a teleport from Wind." Wind was his tribe's shaman, a mute holy man older than the two of us put together. "I remembered what you said, that you wanted to spend more time together, and I missed you. Oh I missed you." And he kissed me again, spreading his legs to sit on my lap, straddling the muscular legs I'd developed.

What could a girl say? Passions were our bane. Passionate things made us stupid, and there was a scent on him that made my mind numb. Soon I found myself removing that loin cloth of his... soon I found myself churning and arching, sighing and moaning as he worshiped my body with his. And it wasn't just like our usual romp... no. Something had changed, something in him I felt, or perhaps it was with me. Having become aware of deeper more sensitive things in this body of mine, the pleasure he gave last longer, was more mind-numbing... I succumbed to him. But then again, he also had so much to give me. Much, much more than ever before, and he came into me repeatedly to where I overflowed from it.

The last thing I remembered was laying on my belly, gripping the sheets and biting the pillow as he thrust repeatedly into me, kissing neck and cheeks and back and rubbing my spine and massaging the muscles of behind and back... and then I blacked out from the pleasure of it all.

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The next thing I remembered was waking up; being spooned by Lee as he... he embraced me. It was rare that we got to sleep with each other, but feeling his arms about me comforted me. But nonetheless, my mind and body were numb, and my pussy churned from his lovemaking.

Lee was best suited with an '*Out to lunch*' sign on him because he was out cold. Wow... talk about giving it your all.

Looking at the clock on my beside table as I arose, I sighed at the fact that I was now late for meeting Fell.

Showering, dressing, giving Lee a kiss as I left him, I strode past Mew in her basket as she slept still, her belly definitely showing the extent of her growing motherhood. Strange that cats only held their kittens for nine weeks

and humans and Lycan still held them for nine months. Smirking at my kitty friend I went to join Fell for our weekly work out session together.

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“Sorry Fell... I had a late night.” I managed as I arrived, dropping my duffle nearby and immediately started working curls with the weights.

I’d dressed in a work out leotard, one of those ones that had a biker short bottom and a one piece bathing suit with a thong back. I know it was totally eighties kind of women’s work out, but then again it’s kinda stuck for a long while around here.

Nonetheless, slipping up to the weights I began by doing curls, and soon got that thick throbbing bicep vein of mine to stand on end and throb and pulsate. Of my entire body, that was my most favorite spot on me, the way it beat and strummed in tune to my heart, forcing blood into the bicep muscles... making them erect. It was a sensation that very quickly got me aroused.

Usually Fell and I worked out together, but my schedule of finding scrolls and her work schedule kept us from meeting each other as often as we liked, and now even our weekly schedule was faltering. Throwing in this stuff with Lee and it was putting a monkey wrench in our shared schedule.

Nonetheless, she was already lifting weights when I arrived. Luckily... stretching for a Lycan was unnecessary, and actually aided in the muscle growth process of exercising. Any little bit of rippage in a muscle from working out saw nigh immediate results, so not stretching made the muscles more prone to rippage, and thusly gave a quicker muscle gain and growth potential.

Fell eyed me and smirked. “So I can tell.” She said after a few moments of discernment. She was already on the bench press of our routine.

“You knew I was coming back from Rome today, it was just jet lag.”

“Sue... the nose knows. I can smell the stank on you, and you should really be careful taking a guy to your bed who’s in a rut.”

I paused in my curls and blinked at her. “A what?”

And now Fell paused, setting the weight of the barbell back onto its brackets. “Oh... right... you don’t know about that. No one ever sat you down for our version of the birds and the bees.”

“Fell... I know a pee-pee goes into a gi-gi and nine months later a baby pops out.” I smirked.

“Um... yeah. Those are the basics. A lycan’s reproductive process is more complex than a human’s.”

“More complex. How can anything be more complex?” I asked and resumed the curls. Fell sat up and turned to me, using a towel to wipe herself down. Her workout outfit was a two piece rig... one designed to accent her muscles and show all the guys in the gym she was far stronger than they were. And that was taking into account those real freaks who exercised every waking hour of the day.

“As a human, you’d menstruate once every twenty eight days, right?” and I nodded. “Now you don’t menstruate. You’ve been a Lycan less than a year, so I doubt you’ve even experienced the feline reproductive cycle.”

“Feline reproductive cycle?”

“For a prolonged period once or twice a year, you enter a heat. A vicious series of sexual sensations and tensions that can drive you mad if unsatisfied, but is designed to be an obvious sign that you’re receptive enough to be impregnated, and it only ends after it either burns itself out, or your body gets the hormonal triggers that tell it that you’re pregnant now. Bears like me get the same thing too, but ours are always in the late fall, yours is always in the spring or early summer. Like now. It goes with our bond animal’s habits.

“But a rut is a male’s version of a female’s heat, Sue. Something the cat species is much more prone to than any of the others. The male’s sexual activity multiplies several times over, and he seeks a mate, often at all costs. He’ll go out of his way to go to the female he sees as mate, or not having a mate, will seek the strongest female he can find and tries to trigger her heat through sexual tension. To give him a love-bite is a sure way for it to trigger in you.”

I stood there as she began again with the bench pressing again, but then paused again when she saw me staring at her.

“Fell... what the hell does that all mean?” I asked.

She set the barbell laden with over five hundred pounds of weight back on its resting point. It was fun making the guys feel inferior whenever she and I were in the same room together... especially her. She was so powerful, so strong I couldn’t stand it at times, but it gave me a point to try to reach. I should be proud, though... I was kind of like a mutant at how strong I was. No Felix Lycan was as strong as I was. But Fell... she gave even Tanya’s Green Mode competition for who and what was strongest.

“Sue... cats don’t breed as often as other species do. Though you’re more prone to have multiple babies in one birth, both genders contribute to triggering pregnancy. A female heats and she takes a guy, she’s going to get pregnant. But a guy in a rut can trigger a heat. Have you been feeling any hornier than usual?”

My pupils dilated wide. I even felt them dilate that my surprise was so intense. I had been feeling a little bit peckish ever since returning from Rome.

“Fell... I’ve never made love for so long than last night.” I said and felt faint as I sat down.

Fell sat down beside me. “This would be my fault then, Sue. My suggestion... you might want to... you know, pick up some birth control on your way home.” She paused and looked grim. “And maybe a pregnancy test... make sure you get one of the ones that can detect it earlier than any of the others.”

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I picked up what Fell had suggested, but when I got home after spending most of the day at the gym, making muscles and being anxious, I couldn’t even feel my veins throbbing after a workout like I loved them doing, Lee was still there, and he’d done something rather... romantic.

One wouldn’t think that an Asian raised as a traditional Indian would know such things, but he’d prepared a sumptuous lunch for me from whatever he could find in the kitchen. And it wasn’t just some hastily put together sandwich... but rather a grand fish filet laden with spices that brought out the taste just perfectly. Rice and breads

and one of the cheaper wines in my stores – he'd left the older ones alone, getting something newer – and arriving, dressed in my work out gear as he just finished preparing for me that wonderful meal, I felt my heart take over, and romance immediately gripped my heart.

Mew was already sitting at the table in the high chair I bought for her, the dingle bell on the collar Ivan had given her jingling as she cut the sumptuous meat with a baby fork.

“Nom. Oh this is so good!” she panted after swallowing. “I can't get enough of it!”

Lee could cook. Perhaps because he'd lived on his own for so long, how long I wasn't sure, but nonetheless seeing him working in that loose white shirt of his – he'd removed it before assailing my pussy with his dick last night – a loincloth and his chaps, I couldn't help but look dreamily at that tight solid pack of ass he had.

I ate, there would be no leftovers, Lee cleaning even as plates were cleared with Mew picking up her plate and licking it clean with her combed tongue.

“I taste it! I taste the universe!” Mew murred and couldn't leave the plate alone.

Lee still... had that sumptuous smell to him that drew me to him. So a hug became a kiss... and the next thing I knew I was panting and sweating on the floor while he drilled me oil derrick style.

I had no idea how it happened so quick, but he was going to town on that pussy of mine, and it was very late before I realized I'd purchased condoms for him and hadn't even had the chance to get them on him. He'd tweaked my freshly enhanced sexuality so much that I'd grown that incensed. And it went on like that for days... more than a week even. All the toe curling, pillow biting, sheet gripping panting and moaning... I'm sure I heard the neighbor below me banging on the ceiling with a broom handle amidst one of the more exuberant ejaculations I'd experienced.

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So, there I was in the bathroom after showering the day's exertions off me, dressed in just a robe while I paced back and forth before the mirror. The sound of the wrist watch with its expandable metal bands so it could stay on me when I shifted forms ticked inside my head in tune with my racing heart. Not once all this week had I managed to get that jacket over Lee's purple-headed little soldier and I'd not confided in even Mew about my concerns. Looking down, picking up the watch where it rested, I saw that only thirty seconds or so had passed so I put it back down and waited, tapping my toes. Every clicking second was a pound in my head and a stab to my heart, and I must've checked that damn watch a dozen times before ensuring that enough time had passed before I picked up the pregnancy test and stared at the window that showed the results.

It was negative.

Strangely my heart... fell... in *disappointment* when I saw that. I was disappointed in not being pregnant? I was agonizing over this all week, why was I disappointed?

I sighed and chucked the test with its box into the trash and leaned over the sink, breasts heaving as their cleavage pushed out from within the robe I wore. I was so preoccupied that I didn't even notice Lee come in after knocking till I felt his hands upon my bottom and his groin press against the crack that was covered by the soft fluffy fabric of the robe.



“How is it that you have such a strong, powerful body... but when you relax your bottom turns soft and rounded?” Lee asked as his fingers curled over the wide hips I had working to untie the sash of the bathrobe.

“Muscle control and proper feminine body building.” I replied. “Fell really knows her stuff.”

I knew it was happening, and I merely stood there long-arming the sink as he undid my robe, spilling both heavily laden and milk-filled mammaries that wobbled and distended into the air, the rail of long hair hanging off my head as I started to breathe more quickly. His hands found my naked hips and pulled up on them, getting me to rise up on tiptoe, back arching into position to be penetrated. I was so weak against him... he could take me at will and I couldn't stop him... he made my heart weak with his romance and his affections, and he knew just how to tweak my nipples, massage my breasts and behind and caress my crotch to entice and woo me. I cooed and moaned, sighing nasally as he penetrated me yet again, and as he began to make love to me, I looked up into my own face reflected in the mirror, breasts wobbling while I bit my lower lip... and saw the vaguely unhappy look on my face.

And very suddenly I had an epiphany.

“Lee?” I prompted and he looked up at my reflection.

“Hm?” he managed and I groaned as he pushed rather deeply. If he came in me then I was sure I could taste it.

“Do you love me?” I asked and he slowed.

“Of course I do.” He managed, palming my back and rubbing the sunken space between the flaring piles of back muscle and bone that pinched around my spine.

“Then say it.” I almost begged it from him.

“I...” he began and then something got caught in his throat. “I mean yes I...” and it got caught again, and then he looked at my face. “Susan... you know I do.” He said to me.

But he must've seen the disappointed look on my face as I turned back and looked at the sink, falling quiet. “Just finish.” I managed to say, and found myself swallowing many times, my body trying to choke back an emotion that felt like I was about to throw up.

Lee never did finish... he simply slid from me immediately. He tried to soothe me... oh he did try. But still... I couldn't look at him. I was sure he took that badly, as if my disappointment in him was absolute, but nonetheless, I didn't want him to see me crying.

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*I am Fellania, and at the moment I was a friend of Susan's.*

*I got a phone call on my cell phone when I was face down and sleeping, drooling of better days in dream and such. I always seemed to dream of the orient when it was my fantasies at work, dream of some bobcat-looking guy with swords and a deep penetrating wang. At first I thought the cell phone was a bird chirping, till I woke up and my fantasy dream world evaporated.*

*Groaning, lifting my head and griping my phone, I flipped it open, placed it against my ear and groaned aloud.*

“H-hello?” *I moaned, needing sleep.*

“Miss Fellania?” *the voice sounded like a little girl’s and I opened one eye briefly, pulled it away and saw that it was Sue calling me. Alarmed, I rose from the bedding I slept in, breasts rolling across my ribs within the confines of their undershirt as I turned in bed and held the phone to my ear again.*

“Who is this?” *I asked with some alarm.*

“This is Mew, Miss Fellania... Sue’s in trouble.”

“Mew? Sue?” *I groaned rubbing my head. Sue’s cat was a magical cat. I’d heard her speak before like Tanya’s cat Ivan. Sue said something about having an adventure with Tanya after Sue had turned, but hearing Mew over the phone was strange. “How’s Sue in trouble?”*

“She had a falling out with her man. Then she left and has been gone for several hours. I’m concerned for her, and I can’t leave the house in my condition.”

*Mew was pregnant.*

“Ok, Mew... very carefully... tell me what’s happened.”

“Well... it all started when that Lee fellow came around looking for some tail...”

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Supposedly it was a random street corner. I wasn’t even in Saint Paul anymore. I think I was in Frog Town somewhere, a place that was on University Avenue between Minneapolis and Saint Paul. I had a six pack of beer with me as I sat on a park bench in an area of town where some thugs tried to rough me up for sex or for money or something, but in frustration that was three fold, I kicked their sorry little asses and hung them by some chicken wire with their hands forced through the loops. Then I punched them all in the balls, dialed nine-one-one on a pay phone, screamed like a victim and left the phone off the hook.

Police were there to arrest them within minutes.

Guzzling the bottle I had in my hand, I chucked it like a German grenade and watched it shatter against a rock that I’d been aiming for on the other side of the field.

I burst into tears again at the fact that I could still hit the rock unerringly after having pounded away a six pack already and this was three beers into the second! And I could still hit a rock with a bottle that was several hundred feet away!

“Penny for your thoughts?” a woman said and I turned immediately, picking up a full bottle to smash it over the person’s head, but stopped and blinked against the moisture in my eyes before I hastily wiped the tears away on a sleeve. And there before me stood Fellania.

“Fell. How on earth did you find me?” I blinked. “How did you know to find me?”

“Mew called me.” Fell said and sat beside me, the bench creaking beneath her phenomenal weight. Most women wouldn’t want to weigh over three hundred pounds... but in Fell’s case she enjoyed every minute of it. Even as a

human woman she was an Amazon of phenomenal strength and sexuality. “Finding you was a matter of smelling you... or rather Lee’s scent on you. I’ve been to your place, that boy is truly distraught. What did you do to him? Mew says he wouldn’t quit crying.”

“Lee? Crying?” I said aloud and slumped solidly onto the bench with a loud sigh. “Damn it... how come I can’t get drunk?!” and I lifted the bottle and cracked the cap off my nipple.

Fell blinked as I did that before guzzling the bottle and yet again chucked it across the field to crash against the rock on the far end of the field. She took a moment to finger her own nipple and tried what I’d done, managing to do it with a wince.

“Damn... that smarts. How do you do that?” I stared at her, smelling the beer on me that made me smell like a men’s bathroom in a bar as I eyed her with mild annoyance. She sighed and palmed my back. “You’re a Lycan now. Your healing factor pulls toxins and heals wounds at least fifty times faster than any human might. It takes a special concoction to get you even mildly tipsy.”

“Bull shit!” I growled and sat back and pouted.

“What happened?” Fell asked after a moment.

I looked sidelong at her and then back to staring and pouting for a moment.

“I asked him if he loved me.” I replied at long last.

Fell was silent for a moment; she merely sat back with me. “And did he?”

“No.” I said quietly. “Or... he tried to... but he couldn’t... he couldn’t say it.” I paused and blinked back tears. “D-did I ruin it for myself?” I choked and looked at Fell.

“I don’t...” Fell began but stopped. The world around us seemed to be changing.

The color was rapidly fading out of everything but Fell and me, and soon the world had gone chromatic in every direction.

“W-what’s happening?” I asked and picked up one of the last bottles, about to break it and use it as a glass knife but soon there was a crack and a little figure with his back to us turned left and right for a moment and then turned around. I blinked at the strange appearance of none other than Pendragon himself.

“Ah-ha! There you are.” And he looked at Fell. “And there you are too... just like you should be.”

“Like I should... who... the hell... are you?!” Fell blinked. “Or more to the point... *what* are you?”

“Search your memories, Fellania Bloodclaw. I think right now your mind is telling you that you at least recognize me.”

I looked at Fell. She was staring at Pen. “Come to mention it... you do look familiar.”

“Perfect... then I’ll ask you both to come with me.”

“Whoa, whoa, whoa... I said you look familiar, regardless of how familiar you might be, I don't know you. Who are you and why should I go with you?”

“Think of it that you're not coming with me; think of it that you're going with Susan here.” And Pen gestured toward me. “There's a matter of importance that you come along with.”

“Me?” Fell asked.

“Her?” I asked and Pen nodded looking to us both.

“Her.” Pen acknowledged. “She needs to come with you this time Sue.”

“Come with? This time? You found another scroll?”

“We have, and I don't know why but we need to act quickly.”

Fell turned to me. “Sue... what's going on?” Fell asked as I reached out for Pen and he cradled my hand in one of his that was remarkably small in comparison to my woman's hand. Like a child's.

“I trust him, Fell. If he's here, personally, then whatever it is then it must be grave. And if he's here for you too then I seriously suggest that you take his hand too.” Pen lifted his other free hand to Fell, his other two hands hidden in his robes.

“Why?” Fell asked, at least coming to her feet.

Pen smiled. “I don't know... it's a mystery.”

“And you're just going to go with him? Just like that?” Fell asked me and I nodded.

Fell licked her lips for a moment while looking down at Pen, who wasn't even half her size.

“Just like that.” I agreed. “And for whatever reason, he thinks you need to come with me.”

Fell paused a moment longer, and then lifted her hand. “I must be insane.” She said and placed her hand in Pen's. Pen's hand looked even smaller in her hand than it did in mine.

“Ah... but are you insane... or sane in an insane world.” He chuckled, and with a crack we were both yanked away from that spot, hurtling across the Earth to some strange location elsewhere.