

Lea Monde

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Rated: R for Restricted

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Chapter 10: The Endless Night

Vagrant's body was trembling, and he was foaming at the mouth. The sound of cracking bones and grinding sinews and a steely erection in his pants told of the strengthening and realigning of bones and muscles. He was nearing a transformation, and as it was, I was certain that he was about to transform into the most feared of all Lycanthrope species.

"And that's everything." I asked him and he nodded, eyes fluttering, facial muscles twitching as he gurgled and choked on the blood and frothing spit that were mixing together in his mouth along with trace amounts of bile. His gyrations were beginning to hump the air and a cloud of male pheromones were erupting up into the air to draw females to him despite his condition.

Rising to my feet I climbed up onto the bars of the cell, hearing Calhoun in the next room doing jerky motions.

"W-wait. You... said that... you'd... k-kill me." Vagrant mouthed and I turned to him, and flicking the scalpel like blade I carried into his chest, his very heart.

"Rest in peace you poor bastard." I mentioned and slipped through the bars, and on the other side I watched as Vagrant deflated some, becoming thin and slender once again as his musculature deflated again.

Shaking my head, I then leapt up to the roof top and then vaulted away to the next roof and then the next, running over the roofs like any good thief or assassin would do, halting as I came to someone coughing in the middle of the street, a woman who immediately dropped her umbrella and fell to her knees in the mud. People gathered around her until she threw up a mouthful of blood, and squatting on the edge of the roof, my beady little eyes spied her back rolling outward, the spine thickening and turning outward.

She was changing.

"Plague! She's got the Plague!" Someone cried and I shook my head, but nonetheless, I lowered my gaze to my hand and saw that the fingernails had become long and pointed already. Then lifting my gaze, I saw flickers of light coming through the clouds... only it wasn't a pale moon light... the color was darker... the wrong color.

The full moon should never be that color. But nonetheless... it was a full moon.

Perfect. A full moon... just what we needed with the most virulent and animalistic Lycan ever to curse the earth.

With a leap forward and several bounds across the rooftops, hearing cries and screams going up in the town of Deadwood as the transformations began, I ran like my butt was on fire.

No way in hell was I going to be here during a Wolfman infestation!

There was a dining hall... nice and long. A servant came to fetch us, though I'd hoped it would be Mad. Fell was dressed in a brilliant yellow gown, I in blue... and Remy wore a gentleman's tuxedo of old Europe that he was still donning even as he was let into the dining hall. His hair was wet and he looked harried as he moved to where Fell and I were. All of our garbs felt like they would be better suited to us maybe one or two centuries ago.

"And it's the finest fit for a French Cut of the time." Remy mentioned, tugging at his bow tie. "There's a reason the Creole left France." He growled.

"You don't like the French?" Fell blinked as we waited to be let in.

"Well I can't quite say that now. We are Creole, we are French-American, but I find it degrading that my own motherland didn't make an exception to us when they called American's '*arrogant*'... the hypocrites. I mean, who do they think they are?! The only wars they ever won were against themselves!"

"I feel that way exactly..." Fell said with eyes wide in surprise.

"Yeah but you still owe me a coke, Fellania." He smirked.

"So do you." She chuckled and I rolled my eyes right as the door opened.

"But regardless with all the polite conversation out of the way... I'd like you ladies to both know... we're all fucked!"

"You... found out what you wanted to know?" Fell asked and Remy merely nodded. Fell started wringing her hands.

"Guys... what's the matter?" I asked warily, but then Madoushi arrived and bowed to us then stepped aside while a gentleman servant for Fell and me and a lady servant for Remy led us to our chairs. When I was sat down first, however, I found it rather odd that I was in the chair to the right of the head of the table. I knew enough about etiquette to understand that if this was my chair then I was supposed to be the honored guest that night.

There were other guests that night...

"The silverware is actually gold." Remy mentioned.

"Don't you dare think of stealing from these people." Fell hissed back at him.

"Steal? As if. Take note Fellania... are all the silverware actually goldware? For example... is Master Drake's place settings silver or gold?"

Fellania did take note. "It's silver." She blinked. "What do you suppose that means?"

"It means that he knows we're Lycan." I replied. "On the one hand it's courteous that we aren't eating off the same elements that will hurt us each time we take a bite or a sip of soup let alone hold the substance, but he also has several weapons at hand in case we try something."

“And are you intending to try something?” Remy asked me on the other side of Fell from me.

“I’ll have to soon, there’s only one more day left if your theory is correct, Remy. But I won’t tonight unless something tips my hand.”

And just then others were being placed at the table as they arrived. Lords and ladies of royalty they looked like. And then I saw a man who was dressed in a white lab enter.

“Victor.” Fell mentioned at my side.

He was sat the fourth seat down and had a definite German look to him now that I could see him up close. Black hair set at a wave across his brow, his hair slick perhaps with machine oil. Before now I’d only seen the back of his head.

There were more individuals dressed in finery that all arrived and were seated before Master Drake came to sit at his place at the head of the table with three luxuriously beautiful women dressed all in white with some rather revealing clothing sitting all to his left.

And then Lilith entered; a crimson creature of dark beauty that I refused to look at. She would not sway me again.

Drake and Lilith sat at the same time; eyed each other briefly across the table, and then full of smiles, Lilith began the meal.

Servants entered, flowing through the room with platters and trays, and each time that a platter cover was lifted I half expected to see a severed head or limb being served, but instead the meats were a great boar roast and slabs of fish. Pitchers of drink that looked like red wine were circulated, a gold one and a silver one.

We weren’t served from the silver one...

Eventually, someone began banging on their crystal goblet, and all eyes moved to Drake as he rose to his feet holding his goblet in hand.

“Friends... welcome to my home. Welcome for ages of productive work that has made six hundred years of this fantastic experiment worthwhile. And to our matron...” And he raised his glass and everyone else at the table lifted their glasses. “We salute you.”

There were several murmured salutes that felt half-hearted before everyone drank from their glass.

“Why Drake... what a wonderful... sentiment.” Lilith smiled dangerously.

“In six hundred years you’ve never lifted your glass to me, and your speech was so genuine it felt... sarcastic.”

“I have no idea what you mean.” Drake said in a monotone, his voice and eyes betraying absolutely no emotion.

“We shall see.” She mused and Drake took his seat again.

After dinner was completed a desert was served. Again, there were two dishes, with the majority eating off silver getting one kind of desert, and Fell, Remy and me and a select few others getting another one. We were oddly

excluded in any conversations, but even the good doctor was excluded as he scarfed down as much food as he could. He looked like he was starving.

“Doctor... are we ready?” Drake said behind his glass as he made like he was drinking from it, saying the words just loud enough for the doctor to hear... which of course needed to drift across Fell, Remy and myself in order for him to hear it.

The doctor merely nodded, but it was easily a look of him choking down more food. It was then that I felt something slide across my knuckles, ever so slowly brushing against it like the lips of a lover, the erect nipples of women... the enticing caresses of a wet tongue licking me. I felt myself shiver, reacting instinctively. My breasts moistened as my breathing deepened, and a cold sweat rose up against me that immediately sent a trickle of sweat down between breasts and butt cheeks. Panting, legs squeezing together as my loins engorged so fast that they felt like a spastic twitch before I moistened. Milk surged in my breasts, and half expecting to see someone naked licking and rubbing up against my hand, I instead saw a shaft of red light shining against it where I held a gold fork, and turning to see where the light came from, suddenly I spied a grand curtained window that wasn't there when we sat down.

Panting, dropping the fork, I waved my hand in the light, and panted more heavily as it felt like there was someone between my legs, their tongue lapping at the moisture escaping from me as the nails on my fingers started extending and the veins on the back of that hand thickened and throbbed.

The throbbing of veins was what really enticed me as the veins on the backs of my hands, biceps and inner thighs all started to beat, and the veins to supply blood to my nipples thickened grandly to throb and pulsate as pressure entered my breasts to firm the pair rapidly. The laces of the gown I wore tensed sharply and began to dig into the fat of those tits.

“Sue... what's wrong?” Fell asked.

“R-red m-moonlight.” I moaned and Fell looked, gasped and then tugged down at my hand.

I moaned low in my throat at the loss... it was like having a solidly good humping and my man suddenly withdrew right before orgasm. Fell started rubbing my hand, staying out of the light as much as possible herself.

“N-not good. Not good.” She muttered in a low panic. “A red moon... this is worse than a harvest moon. This is bad... bad... bad-bad-bad...” And then there was another chiming of a crystal goblet, and looking up this time it was Lilith who rose.

“My children, we have at long last come to the crux. The final cycle... where I promise that each of you... each of you will at long last reap the rewards of your long waits, and at long last we will become supreme and rule the world! Now! Unveil the window!”

I could feel my nipples harden, breasts swelling with the surge of milk in their sacks, filling them rapidly till a trickle of milk leaked from me into the velvety cupping bust of the evening gown even as servants strode to the windows and flung the curtains open... Revealing a blood red moon.

Revelations Chapter 6, Verse 12: *I watched as he opened the sixth seal. There was a great earthquake. The sun turned black like sackcloth made of goat hair, the whole moon turned blood red.*

The castle rumbled, the red moon, full in its greatness shone down on the gathered denizens through a part in the clouds, and there was a tumultuous sound of moaning and grinding and creaking, and though if I looked with a sane mind, I might've been frightened out of my mind! But instead, I felt the full thrust of the moon light cascade against me, and I was bathed in such phenomenal inner power unlike I'd ever experienced in my life!

The erotic, *might* of the sensations that clenched within me made me feel like I just deep-throated Lee and buried the bone with Madoushi, right before I began to change.

The veins in me spasmed, their coloring darkening before they all stood on end, and panting, groaning, surging as my hair tussled, coming undone as it rapidly grew, I felt my bones bend and crack, snapping erotically before someone grabbed me by the hand and hauled me to my feet, pulling me out of my chair with ferocious strength and dragging me along with it. I followed blindly as my pussy throbbed and swelled, moistening into a sopping wet mess rather quickly before a trickle of juices leaked from nipples and pussy as I was pulled from the room and spun to land against the wall with a thud.

A groan escaped me, my eyes rolled back in their skull as I lifted both arms, the nails extending sharply as I snarled, feeling the muscles of my face push outward while a realm of goose bumps billowed all across me from head to toe, prickling against breasts and labia, bottom and inner thighs most of all. A low growl rose from my throat even as my jaw broadened and the whole of my face pushed forward. Fur escaped the goose bumps as I grew subtly, feeling added strength surging inside me, my legs spreading wide as their hips gyrated, moisture leaking from me to wet the frilly, turn of two centuries ago undergarments I was wearing, pussy throbbing as an actual jet or two of nectar ejected from me.

Breasts swelled till they pressed against each other, rolling up along my chest while my form compressed against the gown, making it groan, and I hissed deeply with a comb rising bristles on my tongue, nostrils flattening and mouth and nose pushing forward into a cat muzzle, even as my tail dragged from between the cheeks of my ass and dropped down within the skirts to my ankles.

I rose atop both sets of toes, big toes forming a dew claw, the other four toes thickening with claws as they spread, and with a look to my arms I felt phenomenal feminine strength roiling down those arms, the veins throbbing... thick as my pinkie, before the effects waned and I panted, gripped the fronts of my tits as the rest of the dozen breasts formed down my navel, and I gripped the first pair I had.

Though I might've been ashamed any other time, I moaned like a whore amidst her orgasm.

When I opened my eyes the pupils were pinched, the green coloring flooded wide, and panting, fur moist from sweat, I saw Remy clawing deep rends in the wall with his claws as he changed, banging his head against the wall to crack the wall there, torso and thighs seeming to grow unusually thick, his back tearing open at the jacket he was wearing as he snarled and hissed, even amidst Fell rubbing her sex through her skirt. She was still thickening, and the synching strings of her gown were breaking one after the next.

"Are you all ok?" a voice asked and I saw... a blur at first as my eyes focused irregularly in and out, and squinting and focusing I saw Madoushi before me before I stepped zombie-like to him, and fell against his body and gripped his clothes tightly in every finger even as I started giving him what no man of his era would've truly experienced:

A lap dance.

“F-fuck me... fuck me hard.” I whimpered and pressed my sex against his groin and gave him the best semblance of a standing lap dance as I could. “Straight up pile drive me!” I moaned. “Work me over like a cheap whore! Get your money’s worth out of me! Ngh!”

“This isn’t you, Susan. It’s the moon.” Mad reminded me as I gripped to him, humping his lap as if his maleness would go right through his short pants, trousers, my skirt and undergarments to pierce me.

I watched as the vampires transformed briefly, eyes red, fangs and claws forming as they necked with each other, and by necking I mean that they were feeding off each other. The good doctor quietly excused himself.

“I don’t care. I... I want... oh...” And I palmed my belly as something lurched inside it, clenched and churned, and as I perspired more deeply the world became alive with smells... most especially the hot pink fumes wafting from me. It came off cheeks that I wiped against Madoushi over and over again, from arm pits and between my breasts; and clenching suddenly I orgasmed solidly in a mass that lanced a jet of nectar into the silk-spun undergarments guarding my loins.

“It’s the effects of the Blood Moon, Susan. You need to fight it.” Madoushi said as he cradled me, but then there was a snarling sound of tremendous ferocity.

“Fight?! You wanna fight mister *I’m a tight ass.*” Remy snarled and turned around, panting and heaving, so tense I thought he was going to pop.

His eyes burned, his muscles rosy and thickened, his clothing stretched open around his rat frame as he hopped up and slapped his tail against the ground before baring his claws and that sharp chisel on his front teeth.

“I’ll fight joo! I’ll fight joo right he’ an’ now an’ I’ll be pulling yer ass’ole out thru yer mouth, turn it in t’ eh sausage an’ feed it back t’ ye I will... Rahhhh!” Remy’s voice was dripping with the Creole accent that he’d been very good up until now to hide.

“Ohh...” Fell groaned, weeping and panting with both hands pressed into the bowl of her lap as she rubbed it up and down, up and down again, the leather strings of her gown stretching wide to allow her fur-bearing breasts to press outward into the open.

“Take me away, Madoushi, I must... get you... inside me.” I moaned again and pulled at the bosom of the gown I wore, and with a minute flick the strings were undone and a fierce buxom motion I bore much of my naked bosom to him as steam escaped between my thickened breasts.

Pressure, phenomenal pressure was welling up inside my loins. It needed to be popped and it was too deep for a pair of fingers to do. I needed a man in me to pop it... and I was pretty sure that Mad was long enough and strong enough in the dick department to do it! The strength of my tail ever so slowly lifted the skirts I wore as it lifted along with my arching back. The back of the bloomers that were sopping wet already as a cloud of more steam escaped from beneath those skirts rose into the air as that tail turned those skirts into curtains that bore off my furry ass covered only by a thin sheet of white frilly silk.

“Master Remy... do you think you’re competent enough to help Lady Fellania to her room?”

“Competent enough? Competent enough?! Ye tink meh weak, like some stu-peed country bumpkin? Do ye tink meh t’ weak t’ carry a *woman* along?”

“Then prove it braggart, and follow me.” Madoushi said, and literally swept me off my feet. I gave off a cheerful and almost drunken wooing cheer as I found myself in his strong, capable arms, now in the perfect place to rattle off my affections directly to his face.

Remy helped Fell to her feet, and in one fluid motion flung her over one shoulder, he still snarling and growling and swearing the most foul potty-mouth language I’d ever heard in my life, rumbling a curse or two every other word.

Through the house we went, Fell and I panting and wheezing and moaning in apparent ecstasy, with Remy growling and muttering till we got to our rooms. First Fell, which Mad locked in her room, and then Remy in his room. Shortly after locking him in, there were the sounds of things being broken and thrown.

“Ah will not stay in mah room! Ye wanna fight about it?! Come on! Daddy’s a rooster and he’s got a new pair of...” Remy shouted as Mad paused, walked back to the room, unlocked it and opened it again. “Ye will no keep me in he...”

Remy began charging but Mad merely stared at Remy with eyes wide, rather intently, standing in place as Remy charged toward him. Focusing his steady gaze on the white rat, after a few moments Remy slowed and calmed, coming to a stop right before the door and began wobbling on his toes for a moment before slumping backwards before striking the floor unconscious so that he bounced. Again Madoushi closed and locked the door.

“R-Remy?” I moaned as my mind only barely recognized that this’d happened.

“He’ll be ok. He’s sleeping.” Mad told me and then moved to my room.

When he tried putting me down on my bed I clung to him, pulling him down with me and when he rose I rose with him. “I... *need* you.” I whimpered.

“It’s the Blood Moon. After awhile you get used to it, but being female it’s like feeling the effects of the harvest moon... only several fold stronger. You’re feeling hot...”

“Yeah.” I moaned.

“...Aroused...”

“Yeah, yeah!”

“...And truly erotically bothered.”

“Yeah...” I breathed and surging up to him, gripping his jacket I kissed him full on the mouth and slipped him my tongue.

His firm, strong lips against my full soft ones on that long snout of his made me swoon, and practically dragging him to the bed, I released him, holding him only with that kiss with my tail lifting high and forming curtains out of the skirts I wore.

“S-stop... Stop it Susan.” He gasped when we broke, and purring deep and loud I sat before him, tugging on his poufy tie as I licked his cheek with my tongue comb. “This is an effect from the Blood Moon. It causes anger and violence in males, and p-passion... and loving intent...” I spread my legs and slowly pulled back the skirts I wore, feeling more nectar leak from me so that the silk undergarments I wore were transparent. “...in females.” He

breathed and fingered my pussy with both hands as I pulled on the laces and strings that held the bodice of the gown I wore shut, and the ties and laces pulled apart as the swelling masses of my breasts pushed them apart even further.

“I want you.” I told him as I leaned back, legs spread wide, toes curling in and out, alternating feet as my tail waved energetically back and forth behind me.

“Susan...” he complained, but fell for loss of words as my breasts continued spilling out, their cream thickening as I closed my eyes briefly and moaned, exhaling steam even as I palmed a breath.

“I need you...” I moaned and whimpered as the pain of my own sexuality felt like it was building to explode like a reactor from between my thighs. More moisture leaked from me as I lifted my arms... wanting him... beckoning him.

“It’s... just the moon...” he groaned now, and I felt his hands on my sides as he pulled on the synching strings that conformed the dress to my shapely body, and purring even deeper now, I pulled him into my bosom to smell the brilliantly potent pheromones wafting from between my breasts before I pulled the shoulders of the gown down and spilled my breasts into his face.

His hands hesitantly touched my sides, and then cupped them... right before his fingers slowly slid down to my hips and waist before he pulled downward on the already moistened bloomers on them. They peeled away slowly as we kissed and kissed again, and my legs came together one more time, just to get the garment off them before I bore the protected wedge of my sex to him.

The dress came up over my head, and a dozen swelling breasts bounced as the garment slid against them, leaving me naked in my sensuously lithe super feminine and feline form. As the anticipation of sex approached and the strength of the sensations inside my bowels kept growing and growing, I felt my mind slip away toward something bestial, primal. I felt dizzy for a moment, and when I opened my eyes I was laying fully on the bed now, body opened wide, placating, waiting for my sweet lord to take me, and there he was at the foot of the bed, rapidly prying open the various layers of shirt, vest and waist coat, pulling the tie apart and unshouldering them.

I pursed my lips... looking upon his hard, ropy body in this shape. I didn’t consider that he was possibly physically enhanced from the moon powers, I just didn’t care. A little meat gazing showed me he was getting ready for me, and kneeling at the edge of the bed, he actually laid down before me, between my legs, wrapping those thighs of mine with his arms, just before he buried his long muzzle in my crotch and began palming my belly with both hands.

The only thing that I recalled from that first moment amidst the burst of pleasure was that his tongue was surprisingly long...

The intensity was like he was making that balloon or whatever it was in me bigger... driving me into madness, making me writhe and churn, grip at my belly with both hands as he licked and lapped from my nectar, every teat lining my bodice leaking its milk.

Deep inside me something was happening, something new, something I’d never felt before as my sweet lover did tricks with his tongue that made my pussy do tricks like a ring master making a lion stand on small stands or leap through rings of fire. I churned and jostled and writhed, whimpering under his masterful tongue lashing till he rose slowly like a primordial creature himself, puffing his ropy chest forward before stripping from his pants and short pants, and that... hard... vein covered – *ooh... veins* – phallus flipped upward like the hook on a gaff stick.

Greed entered my eyes, greed to feed the hunger in me as I rose, but he pushed me back down, kicking his trousers off and bent to kiss me and then dipping his head into my chest, licking the pheromone-laced moisture between them mixing with the thick cream leaking from my breasts.

He didn't purr, but I heard strange whining sounds... more like a puppy wanting to be picked up. He gripped one of my tits and a hand went between us briefly... right before I felt the head of his powerful cock pushing against the blushing and thickened labial muscles between my legs.

Clit went up over his penis with the hood of my sex dragging along with it, the gates of my body spreading wide to that battering ram that was ribbed with its own muscular might, the inner folds of my body forming a seal about that shaft before clapping hard on it. My insides kept on clapping on him as he invaded one moment and in the next it tried sucking him deeper, and I tossed and moaned, and then rolled my body in an wave-like motion from head to toe till he buried himself into me.

He then rose again and I arched to keep the connection buried, rising up on tip toes to keep it in, his erection straining against my insides from its penetration, and I cried out in loving elation while that shaft throbbed and beat in me. Rising up onto his knees, my knees flaring to his sides as I caressed and squeezed my tits, feeling the overly sensitive nipples tensing and squeezing their milk out in little climaxes of their own.

My mind was on automatic as I reached between us and felt that burning rod of man-meat penetrating me, and I found myself jerking him off as he made love to me, my fingers rhythmically glancing off my own sex as I did to entice me more. My body wanted something and my mind was working on instincts alone now to get it as I diddled myself amidst helping his body release it. It felt endless, it went on forever it felt, one humping thrust after the next.

And so with a pump, and a thrust, stirring my loins and one final thrust, I moaned as that bubble finally popped inside me... or at least that's what it felt like to me.

Instead it was Madoushi as he spasmed, and with a snarling, barking growl, his throbbing maleness began to pulse and beat like a tom-tom on a snare drum within my body, offloading into me two nads full of nutter-butter. The connection was so electric that I shivered and tensed and came at the same time, spilling a mixture wash of our love juices onto his abdomen and thighs to form rivulets around his cock and drip off his thick balls.

It was at that moment that I blacked out... for the first time in my life sex had grown so intense that I'd fainted from so much passion, so much pleasure erupting in that sex of mine that it literally swooned me and I blacked out.

The last thing I heard though, right before dreams and more took me, was Madoushi whispering in my ear...

"I love you."

Ever wake up content?

Ever wake up after having great sex or lovemaking that you still feel the euphoric and pleasures of it into the next morning? Ever wake up so phenomenally alive that you just want to lay there for a time and feel it?

As such, the first thing that I did as I woke up was break into a purr, and sliding one hand that had been gripping the sheets downward beneath me to rub the still thickened and aroused labial muscles between my legs that were sticky with drying juices, I murred and caressed myself into further enticement.

I murred again, purring deeper, feeling so phenomenally euphoric at the moment as I rose, and laying in a mild pool of moisture from the thick, distended breasts as they leaked their milk, and from the salted sweat that was leaking from my pores. My nose was moist as I pushed up to my knees, breasts projecting from off me so thick and full that they completely defied gravity in their thickness now. Both thick and heavy with milk in their torpedo tit form, with even my secondaries being of the same size. Murring, still purring, a hand covering my loins, I lifted a tit and supped from it mindlessly while caressing the twin muscles of my femininity.

My brain was still numb, still recovering, and in all honesty if it meant that I could feel like this forever I'd gladly give up higher cognitive reasoning.

But sadly this was merely a peak that I was still slowly coming down from, and as my mind reasserted itself, slowly yet surely I began to notice that I was alone in my room as I automatically moved onto the second tit. But so I was alone... I still sat there, strong, meaty fur-covered thighs pressed together around one hand and the sex it pleased as I supped from my other tit, draining off the ache in it.

Rising absentmindedly then, I sat on the edge of the tub and washed myself with a washcloth, cleaning myself with cool water, coming more and more awake before I rose nude and cleaned, spying a vase with a flower. Giggling and hurrying over to it, mammaries swaying I snatched up the rose and smelt deeply from it.

How do they get these flowers so red?

And then brushing the flower beneath my chin and along my neck... across my nipples, I then saw a folded card before the vase.

Supposing it was a love letter of some sort, I lifted it, fingered it open and looked upon the note scrawled there. It read one word:

Sorry.

I blinked, and with a snap my mind came instantly awake, and looking about again for Mad, I looked over the whole of my room twice before I noticed what was missing from the room:

A key.

Moving over to the stand beside the door, I fingered the bare spot where the door's key had been, and feeling concerned I tested the knob to the door... and found it locked.

"No..." I moaned and jerked on the door with one hand, and then both hands, tits wobbling as I jerked and pulled on it. "No! Damn it Madoushi!" I flattened against the door and hammered on it with my fists. "Let me out of here! Madoushi!" and I kicked the door and hissed as I jammed my toes, and grabbing my long foot in this form, tail thankfully able to counterbalance me as I hopped on one foot, the realm of mammary glands bouncing with each hop, I cursed and swore rather unladylike.

If I were in my fully muscled body I could rip that damn door right off its hinges and throw it across the room!

After massaging my foot and planting it on the floor again, I stamped the other, with a jiggling and wobbling of unbound tits with a mild sloshing of milk, and strode for the door again I kned it; pounding on it again, but it was a

thick door, made of oak and bound with iron. It's hinges were thick and heavy and made with heavy tools... there was no way that anyone, ever... could get through this and...

click

I blinked and stopped, right before the door handle turned and I saw Remy slide around the side of the door jam, looking gruff and stern.

"Your man lock you in your room too?"

"*Too?* Then he locked you in as well?" I asked and Remy nodded. "wait... No. I remember him locking you in last night... and Fell too. How did you get out?"

"Locks are only there to keep honest people honest, Susan." He said and lifted a finger to show his long claw that he wiggled the finger of. "And these locks are so archaic that I could pick the lock with my bare finger." Then he looked me from head to toe and back again before smirking. "But enough of that, Susan... I wouldn't be a gentleman if I didn't at least remind you that you may want to put something on."

I gasped, remembering that I was naked... but then nude in hybrid form wasn't too bad... if I wasn't so aroused that is. All twelve of my teats were erect and the fur between my legs was gapped enough to show naughty bits.

"Turn your head!" I said sternly and strode behind the changing screen and gathered up some clothes at random.

I had no idea where my real clothes were, they disappeared when we arrived, but I dressed in some simple bloomers with no lace on it, some tight slacks, and a gown that was split open at the hip to let my legs move freely. A corset to help bind my chest up before I gathered up the lengthened tresses of my hair behind my head into a long braid before stepping from behind the screen... finding Fell now there with Remy.

She looked like she was hugging herself and looking rather disturbed.

"Fell? Are you ok?" I asked quietly.

"Y-yeah... yeah fine... oh..." she moaned and tensed suddenly and shivered.

"Fell..."

"It's ok." Remy mentioned. "You look like you worked it off like me. Fell... didn't get the same chance."

"Work what off?"

"Th-the Blood Moon." Fell moaned and she pressed her thighs tightly together and my nostrils flared as I smelt her musk reach me suddenly. "Y-you're incensed!" I gasped. "Fell..."

"I know!" she roared suddenly, fists to her sides and chest jumping in the blouse that she wore. Then she restrained herself noticeably. "I'm sorry." She gasped and then whimpered. "Damn it... even Lycan females have it rough. What's the Creator have against women anyways?"

"I'd say he's blessed you well, Fellania." Remy mentioned as he squatted on the top of a chair now... on the back of the chair rather, however he managed that balancing act, dressed now in his black body wrappings of thick and thin

strips of cloth, the cloth hiding not only his white fur, but also black armor pieces, whose sharp metal hooking spikes poked out from within the wrappings. “Possessing the lion’s share of sexuality, beauty, sensitivity and inner strength that makes us guys look just pathetic by comparison. But Fellania... if you need release...”

“I’d rather not Remy.” Fell said and half glared at him. “I don’t know you enough to trust you that far.”

“You very nearly did, Fellania...” Remy mentioned and Fell whimpered and hugged herself tighter.

“Wait... wat?” I gaped.

“Nothing...” Fell retorted quickly.

And Remy nodded. “I was merely offering.” He bowed while still balanced on his toes, his pink tail wrapped about those toes. “But the effects of the Blood Moon will only rise in you as it ascends. If you don’t...”

“...I’ll deal with it!” Fell said and pressed her thighs together and hugged herself again, tensing.

“What’s wrong with her?” I asked.

“Didn’t you feel funny last night Susan?” Remy managed.

“Well... um... kinda.”

“So you throwing yourself on your man Mad, who locked us in our rooms by the way, very chivalrous to protect us from whatever, but rather dangerous to try to cage a rat.”

“A rabid rat.” Fell panted.

“True... but nonetheless, Sue, you were undoubtedly incensed last night. Instinctively so. And I assumed that that was made all the worse because of your condition.”

“Yes I was incensed and...” I began but then paused as I remarked on what he’d said. “Wait... wat?” I remarked, borrowing from Ivan. “What condition?”

Now it was Remy’s turn to be surprised. “Y-you mean... you don’t know? How can a female not know?”

“What on earth are you talking about?” Fell said testily.

“You don’t either?! Can’t you smell it?”

“Smell what?” Fell growled, huffing and puffing now that she was slightly agitated and what I assumed was inordinately horny.

“She’s in heat.” Remy indicated and directed both hands toward me. “You both are actually.”

Never before had anything struck me so hard... so solidly. Not because of the revelation... but rather the implications.

“W-what do you mean?” I asked, obviously shook.

“You really can’t tell.” Remy said in wonder. “Well... this has never happened. I knew a woman’s body better than she knew her own body... *or* her best friend! Ha!”

“Quiet! Sue’s new to being a Lycan! There’s a lot she doesn’t know yet. A-and... there’s no possible way a rodent knows better than a cat and a bear anyways.”

Remy fingered his little pink nose. “The nose doesn’t lie, Fellania. And I’ll ignore the implication that you think yourself better than the most proliferate were species given your own condition. You’re not fully heating yet... but you’re all sorts of hot and bothered. I can smell your juices from here.”

“Pay that no mind or I’ll bite your nose off!” Fell growled.

“Been doing that... but it still remains a fact... Susan is in a heat. Been so ever since I arrived on that hill overlooking Paris. The headwind carried her scent straight to me when I was a hundred paces away... she must’ve been that way before I ever arrived.”

“Oh Lord...” I groaned and had to sit. Again... implications struck me.

“Sue?” Fell asked, uncoiling now that her concern could overwhelm her other sensations.

“L-Lee and I... were making love the night you found me in the park, Fell.” I said and I started crying... I couldn’t stop! It just started and I had no damn control over it. “We’d been doing it for days. A week even! And then here comes Madoushi... oh God... he filled me so much I overflowed from it. Twice!” and I sobbed. “W-what do I do?” I whimpered, lower lip trembling.

“Do you want the truth or do you want me to lie to you?” Remy replied.

“Shut it... you’re not helping!” Fell shot at Remy with a bear-like snarl, her body spasming so tautly that her toe claws scraped groves in the floor and her heavy bosom bounced fiercely.

“Fine... go ahead... lie to her. That’ll help.”

“Th-the truth.” I said and stood up, standing tall and both Remy and Fell fell silent for a moment.

“The truth?” Remy replied at long last. “You’ve been in heat for a week and in all likelihood your womb now has a seeded egg inside it that has undoubtedly attached itself to your uterine wall and is now growing into a child, and the identity of the father is presently unknown. If it’s some guy in the world we came from, how do we get back to him? If it’s your new man Madoushi... how do we un-cage someone who’s caged in here with you?” Remy slid off the chair and came to a stand, looking taller and thicker than ever. “On top of that, if we fail and the cycle begins again... what happens to that child inside you... even if you are seeded? Does it just... go away?”

“M-my baby!” I sobbed, stood there and palmed my belly, trembling as I shook my head repeatedly. “No! No! I will not let that bitch take my baby from me! We’re getting out of here. And we’re leaving with ourselves, Mad, Alice *and* Jenny!” I shouted and smacked one fist into my other palm.

“Bravo! Yay!” Remy cheered sarcastically with a raised fist. “Now... how are we going to do that?”

I took a deep breath, trying to take in all my skills and mental abilities and race memories from my first mother and...

"I have no fucking clue." I deflated with a sob.

"Great... fly by the seat of our asses and the tips of our tails." Remy grinned and then stepped to me to rub my shoulder. "But I got one more question... who's Alice and Jenny?"

"Alice and Jenny are two little girls kept separate from each other. There's another world, a world in between worlds, in which Alice is in on the other side of a mirror."

"Let me get this straight," Remy mentioned as we walked down the hall, Fell, though physically reduced, was still head, neck and shoulders taller than me, and still was bulky enough to lumber as she walked. "This little girl is in a world that is in between the real world... and another in between world?" I nodded. "Ok..." he soothed. "I'm just glad I got all that aggravation out last night or I'd be shaking you to make you make sense."

"Aggravation?" I ventured, still palming my belly.

"He was masturbating all night." Fell smirked.

"No..." Remy said slowly and shot a glance of annoyance over his shoulder at Fell only to see her chuckling at his expense. "Males don't get sexually aroused on a harvest moon... or a Blood Moon which is apparently the amplified version of a harvest moon. We get... aggressive."

"Then what did you do to work it off?" I asked. "I think if I had a big long hard dick I'd self abuse myself till I passed out."

"It's not like that. You chafe." Remy smirked. "But what I did... well here..." and we paused at his room as he turned the knob and opened the door.

"Holy... shit..." Fell breathed and then looked down disbelievingly at the diminutive rat-man. "You ripped the friggin wall paper right off too!"

Remy's room was demolished. The chandelier had been pulled from the ceiling, there were hand and foot paw prints on the walls and ceiling, claw marks in the walls and floor, and there wasn't a single piece of cloth or furniture left unbroken or un-shredded. And then there was also...

"Hey! I thought you said you weren't doing self abuse."

"I never said such a thing... I just said I wasn't doing it all night." Remy grinned that silly buck-toothed grin of his.

I peaked in, looking on the floor, the walls... I gasped and scoffed and then shot a look at the rat "The ceiling?! How the hell did you get it way up there?!"

"I missed." He said innocently and Fell and I stared at him and then looking to both of us with a raised eyebrow... "Muscle control." Remy smirked. "Speaking of which Fell..."

“I said no! You crazed rat bastard...” Fellania said immediately. “Now get your hand off my ass or lose it.”

Remy lifted his hands and grinned, wiggling his fingers as I closed the door and shut off Remy’s funk from sight and smell.

“Good thing that this place resets itself.” I said quietly. “I’d hate for a bunch of servants to find that room.”

“Vampire servants?” Remy smirked.

“Ok... fine... then I don’t care.” And then I exhaled a sigh. “We need answers. So time for us to go confront Madoushi before anything else happens.”

“How are we going to find him in this place?” Fell began. “It keeps getting bigger in here, and I think I saw eyes in a painting in my room watching me while I... er...” and she cut off abruptly.

“Abused... yourself?” Remy prompted with another lecherous grin.

“Shut it!” she shouted back.

I on the other hand slid into a meditation, focusing on my innards, palming the place of my chi within my navel as I focused on the myriad of sensations that assailed it. A compass baring to two somethings... primal urges inside me that worked off instincts... and a pulling sensation toward...”

“I have him.” I said immediately as Remy and Fell were about to start swinging at each other.

“Wat?” Remy managed, eyeing between Fell’s fist and me.

“Follow me... I can feel him.”

“You can feel him?” Remy asked incredulously. “Like... use The Force Luke? Wow... I wish I could feel fems like that.”

“I’d still find out and kick your ass.” Fell growled.

“Um...” Remy put on a look of deep concentration, shutting his eyes and tensing briefly. “Right.” And then he farted. “Ah... Pardon me. Anyways... let’s get going before that catches up with us.”

“Remy, I swear that is melting the paint off the walls.” Fell woofed. “Damn it lingers.”

“Here let me shake it out a bit.” He said and jiggled a leg as we found ourselves in a part of the castle we’d never been in. “And oh look... there’s your man.” Remy said and pointed right as Madoushi appeared, carrying a cask and Remy skipped across the floor toward him.

“Remy no!” I shouted right as the rat leapt and drew a knife.

“Hey Mad! There’s something I want to ask you!” and landing on Mad’s chest and wrapping his pink tail about Mad’s throat before he put the knife up to his jugular, Remy balanced imperiously on Madoushi’s chest with his long pink feet. “Can I have bacon with breakfast? Cause I really like bacon...”

“W-what?” Mad managed and looked to all of us.

“Remy!” I shouted and hurried over to them.

“Oh yeah... and one more thing...” and Remy gripped Mad’s throat with his feet now. “WHAT’S THE BIG FUCKING IDEA LOCKING ME IN MY ROOM?!”

And I reached Remy and pulled him off and handed him to Fell who bapped Remy’s nose. “No! No!” Fell shook a finger in his face. “Bat rat.”

“I’m so sorry Mad.” I prompted and pawed at him, brushing his suit off as he rubbed his throat. “But yeah... what’s the big idea locking us up in our rooms?”

Fell dropped Remy suddenly and Remy landed with a thud. “Merciful Maker! Sue... do you have any idea what Madoushi is?!”

“He’s an Australian Werewolf-cat... thing.” I gesticulated a little and grinned when it was revealed I really didn’t know.

And Fell gripped Mad by the head, lifted and turned him around and then jerked up his coat tails and shirt to reveal his back before letting him go.

“All this over bacon?” Mad gasped and turned to look with me at Fell’s shocked look. “Ok... I’m sorry for locking you all up, but I thought it’d be better than...”

“Sue! He’s a Tasmanian Werewolf!” Fell pointed.

“Really?” Remy blinked. “Damn... I never killed me an extinct breed before. So let’s see here, bucko. Do you want me to feed you your nads first or...” Fell thumped Remy on the head and the rat went straight to the floor again and laughed insanely briefly from a cranial short circuit before scrunching up and holding his head.

“Ow. Now I don’t know math...”

“Wait,” Mad prompted. “What does Lady Fellania mean by... extinct?” and I shrugged.

“Extinct... as in gone. That’s all folks, no more of you left, gone the way of the Dodo Bird. Madoushi... your breed died out half a century ago. You were betrayed by a group of cats and wolves. The last tribe of your breed was trying to make peace, and the tribe of wolf and tribe of lion decided they’d rather slaughter you all and still fight each other than make peace. In our world... there’s none of you left. The last known sighting of your bond animal was fifty years ago.”

Madoushi’s face froze in shock.

“Oh perfect.” Remy smirked as he rose and drew out his knife again. “Now he’s comatose... so it should be easy now. Now let me give him a Cuban necktie and...” Fell thumped him on the head and sent him in a crumpled heap onto the floor again.

“I think he likes getting hit on the head,” I commented. “You suppose he’s Masochistic?”

“I don’t know... but this is fun. It’s like Whack-a-Mole... and since a mole is like a rat anyways...”

“Omigosh... I’m sorry Mad.” I said turning back to him as he palmed his forehead.

“Dead?! All of them... dead?!”

“In all honesty...” Fell added and tapped her finger tips together. “You’re the last of your kind.”

“No he’s not... I’ll make him the last of his kind...” Remy said groggily and Fell rolled her eyes and hammered the top of his head again.

“Stay down there if you know what’s good for you Remy.” Fell said darkly.

“Yes Ma’am... just make the hurting stop.” Remy groaned.

“I-I’m the last?”

“I-I know honey...” I managed.

“Honey?” Remy said and Fell nudged Remy with her foot to keep him quiet.

“...But... all that doesn’t matter if we can’t get out of this place. We need your help.”

“It’s no use. Those who’ve attempted to leave through the forest come back dead when the realm resets. I’ve been here for three hundred years, and I’ve learned every nook and cranny of the castle. My... nature... may’ve given me more intuition about the castle than even Master Drake does. I’ve lived the cycle so often I know what happens when you disobey the cycle... try to interfere with it.”

“The Denizens.” I said immediately.

“H-how do you know about them?” Mad gasped.

“I’ve met Alice and Jenny.” I replied. “Jenny is rather... astute... for her age.”

“Jenny is ancient in comparison to Master Drake.” Mad replied as I found myself grinding his lap before I realized what I was doing and stopped.

“So there’s no way for us to get out?” Fell asked.

I thought... while Mad shook his head.

“In the night without a day, pass through death to retrieve your scroll, found before the lowest gate before hell after the undeath falls. Then travel through the door that will not open, through the unseen wall and sunder the world

before travelling through death again to leave through the unseen door to exit into the place of the remembered dead."

"What's that now?" Remy blinked as he sat up from the floor and sheathed his knife.

"Something... a man told me." I replied nervously. "Do you know what it means be-beloved...?" I heard myself say before I could stop myself, and then laughed nervously and tried to keep the horror off my face that I'd just said such a thing. I mean... I wanted him to say it first. I felt like a cat out on a limb now.

Mad smiled at me, and reached to... accept me it felt, holding me close to him.

"I have my thoughts... I have a task I must complete. If I don't I get punished."

"Punished? By who?" Fell asked.

"Or by what?" Remy added.

"The castle. And none of you want that now, do you?"

"Well..." Remy began and this time I kicked him.

"The cycle is for the Black Lady." Madoushi mentioned when we could all meet again. The windows were remaining dark except for a subtle red glow everywhere. "She... feeds off the violence... the castle filters it to her, and she takes it all in like the damnable leech that she is.

"Your arrival modifies the cycle... ever so slightly, but major issues continue to roil unbeknownst to us. When you arrive... something happens to make you choose a side."

"Choose a side?" Remy asked, picking the dirt from beneath his claws. "What are the sides?"

"There's the vampires... and the Wolfmen." Mad replied nonchalantly.

"Wolfmen?" Fell blanched. "But that curse was expelled!"

"Wolfmen? Curse?" I asked.

"The Wolfmen." Remy replied. "When most humans are asked about werewolves they think about them. It's a curse that takes several forms. Drinking from a wolf's paw print on a full moon in a cursed forest is one, but later certain mages duplicated the spell. Their experiment went awry and escaped. Created a plague on the Earth till they were all killed by one particular notable human who hunted them all down."

"Human?" I blinked, holding onto Madoushi now as he held onto me.

"More than likely that would be the legendary Van Helsing." Remy supplied. "And other than Lycanthropes and Wolfmen, he also did a lot of vampire slaying. The bane of the supernatural world he was called. Brought the Assassination of all our kinds to an art form."

“So why are Wolfmen so bad?” I asked.

“Because of how infectious they are.” Remy replied. “A single scratch and you become one... if you’re not a Lycan or something else supernatural yourself... oh and provided the Wolfman doesn’t feed on your first.”

“The most humble and gentle person turns into a ravenous beast intent on ripping apart whatever it sees. It’s a creature of phenomenal violence.” Fellania supplied. “So there was a period several centuries ago, where everyone who was so much as even known to have known the spell was mercilessly hunted down by Templars. Pages were burned, stones were shattered... metal plates were melted... absolutely every last instruction on how to make a Wolfman was destroyed while at the same time anyone who was proven to be a Wolfman...”

“...And a few who weren’t...” Remy added.

“...Were put to the torch.” Fell finished. “Burned alive.”

“That’s horrible!” I gasped.

“It was cheaper than a silver bullet in each.” Remy smirked. “But then again the healing factor on a Wolfman is ridiculously fast. A thousand times faster than the average Werewolf. It would’ve taken them a long, long time to die.”

“That’s even more horrible!” I gasped

“But true.” Fell added. “But... we are in trouble. I think I saw a Wolfman in town.”

“You weren’t mistaken.” Remy acknowledged as he leaned against the wall. “The one they called the Vagrant has been rather busy already. Marshal Calhoun and all his deputies are already infected, as are several other people in town. As I was leaving it yesterday evening, right before moonrise, I watched a woman begin the change.

“A scratch, a bite, spittle spat in your face, semen injected into your body if he rapes you... any little bit of him enters any little bit of you and the infection happens. I can assume that in the village right now that there is a sort of change reaction going on. They were crying *‘plague! Plague!’* when I left.”

“Can’t they stop it? Aren’t they aware that they’re Wolfmen?” I gasped.

“How many Wolfmen are aware that they are Wolfmen?” Mad replied and we shrugged. “Usually, only those waking up in their own aftermath give them the suspicion, else wise they remember nothing, which is why every cycle that passes, regardless of how random it is, very few of them know of all the violence that happens. And since the land here resets every six days...”

“...So it is six! I was right!” Remy interrupted.

“Yes. You’re very smart Remy, now hush...” I shushed him and turned lovingly to Mad.

“...But since the realm resets, none of them learn what happens. They wake up again as if nothing’s ever happened, going on with their merry lives, aware of only five days at a time.”

“Why five?” asked.

“Because on the sixth day, the moon rises.” Fell said and folded her arms. Now that she was focusing on something she didn’t seem to be effected by her loins as much.

“Exactly.” Mad added. I really liked how he was kneading my butt. “The other side of the coin are the vampires. If the Wolfman curse doesn’t get you, then the Vampires do.”

“Great Maker!” Fell gasped. “With all the Wolfmen being the villagers, that’d be several legions worth! And couple that with hundreds of vampires...”

“Against vampire lords and their servants...” Mad clarified. “Which makes up one legion. True... they’re overwhelmed, but that’s the point. Everyone... is supposed to die. Vampire and Wolfman together... and by high probability... the Wolfmen win, but at huge losses.”

“Then how do you survive?” I asked... and Mad fell silent. “Mad...”

“I don’t.” he said at last and even Remy fell silent as Mad pulled out his pocket watch and read the time. “In just over fourteen hours... I am slaughtered from the Wolfmen getting into the castle. If I happen to avoid getting killed by the Wolfmen then in twenty minutes afterwards the vampires kill me. If I avoid being killed by either vampires or Wolfmen... then the castle kills me by releasing the Denizens to kill every last Wolfman and vampire in the castle. I’d hoped... that by locking you in your rooms that the castle would be kind enough to leave you all be. Best you all be bored than dead over and over and over again.”

I gripped his chest with my clawed hands.

“Bullshit...” Remy breathed.

“That is the Endless Night, the night in which there’s a thirteenth hour... it is that thirteenth hour that the Black Lady obtains all the blood of the realm, growing stronger and stronger after each infusion... and then she leaves for wherever it is that she goes to in order to avoid the reset and retain her newfound power. Six hundred years of the cycle... she must almost be done with it... if not done with it today. At the end of it... we’re all just cast off and forgotten.”

“Blood...” Remy said aloud as if he’d just realized something.

“She’s a monster.” Fell gasped. “Bitch has got to PAY!” she shouted and hammered a fist against a table and it crushed beneath her strength. Now only if she and I had the full power we had when we arrived.

“So that’s what happens every six days, but what do you think of my riddle?” I asked Mad.

“Firstly... who told you these things?” he asked... and just then the castle shook briefly and we all looked at the ceiling.

Why do we do that? Why does everyone look instinctively at the ceiling whenever there’s an earthquake? Maybe to make sure the ceiling doesn’t fall on you?

“Um... a gentleman wearing a bowler hat?” I grinned and he raised an eyebrow at me again.

“A devil... wearing a bowler hat?” he asked and Fell and Remy stared at me. “What did you sell him?”

“Not my soul if that’s what you want to know...” I said and drummed my fingers against his chest and then looked at Fell and Remy. “And I can’t sell what isn’t mine either.” I told them immediately. “That night you found Fell and me in the graveyard beneath the castle... I was... collecting bones.”

“Bones?!” Remy gasped. “And they call rats bone gnawers.” And Mad lifted a shushing hand toward Remy. “Don’t you shush me!” Remy said and rose challengingly. “I swear I’ll...” and Fell lifted her fist and Remy shrank from it, shrugging his shoulders. “...I’ll be good.”

“What... bones... Susan?” Mad asked warningly. “Be very... very... specific.”

“She had wings.” I exhaled as a sigh. “And Remy got blood from Drake to create a spell circle that brought her back.”

“Well I wouldn’t say that I got it more like I stole it...” Remy said absentmindedly while Mad’s eyes wobbled back and forth. One could see the cogs in his eyes whirring.

“Show me where you brought her back!” he said and took me by the shoulders and shook me.

“D-downstairs...” I whimpered and taking my hand he dragged me along, past vampires that were half-naked and amidst acts of... feeding... and debauchery. I swear some of them were butt-ass-naked.

And I led him to the small armory which was now a large armory... and sure enough, the statue of the Gray Lady was now decimated like I’d left it.

“S-she’s gone.” Mad said in stark amazement.

“She... who?” Fell prompted.

Mad whirled and chewed on his claws for a moment or two. “The Gray Lady.” He said at last. “A winged blind woman as far as we knew. But she was a... cornerstone for the castle... she was the balancing edge here. Without her everything will unravel.”

“And that’s... bad?” Remy prompted as he picked up a Kris Knife and promptly stowed it in his shirt somewhere.

“I can only assume it’d be end of the world sort of stuff.” Mad added. “No wonder the castle is shaking. Surely Drake knows about this already... then why isn’t the Black Lady doing anything about it?”

“Because she either doesn’t know because Drake didn’t tell her, or she doesn’t care because she doesn’t need this place anymore.” Remy said immediately.

“Drake is the next keystone. He’s the Master of the Castle so long as he is able to be.”

“What does that mean?” Fell asked.

“It’s like a line of dominos. He’s the first piece to fall.” And Mad turned to me. “*In the night without a day, pass through death to retrieve your scroll, found before the lowest gate before hell after the undeath falls.* That’s the first line of your riddle, yes?” I nodded at him. “‘*A night without a day*’... the sixth day that heralds the Endless Night. ‘*Through Death*’ must mean where death is greatest here and you have to pass through it. The Graveyard.”

“Whoa... what makes you think that, home slice?” Remy asked. “There’s another grave yard in this place. The town Graveyard.”

“Because of the next line: *‘to retrieve your scroll, found before the lowest gate before hell after the undeath falls.’* The Dark Lady kills Drake... stabs him through the heart with a stake. With him out of the picture the castle reverts to her, as do the control of the Denizens. I’m not sure what it means about a scroll...”

“...That’s why we’re here. I need that scroll.” I said immediately and he looked to me and paused in thought before shaking his head.

“...Ok... we get the scroll if you need it. But the reason why I believe it’s the castle’s graveyard is because by the time the sixth day occurs and the Endless Night happens, there are nine tiers to the graveyard, and on the ninth tier is a grate that leads into a Devil’s Hole.”

“Dante’s Inferno anyone?” Fell mentioned. “And the part *‘after undeath falls?’*”

“I believe that’s when Drake is murdered. How else do you describe it when an undead vampire is felled with a wooden stake?”

There was a pause and then Remy interjected. “An undead vampire is felled with a wooden stake.” He nodded. “Yup... that’s perhaps the most direct way of describing it in my book.”

“Ok... so the devil is a dick.” I said at last. “What are you suggesting Mad?”

He was silent a moment. “Presently the three of you are unknowns to the equation. You three can disrupt quite a lot on that account before the castle starts forcing you into a cycle. I believe that Master Drake is the first key to usurping the Black Lady. Though I seriously doubt we can stop her from actually felling Drake... we can nonetheless be there to revive him. But regardless, I have no idea what will happen with both the Gray Lady and Drake gone. Two corner stones falling... puts a lot of pressure on the remaining ones, however many there are. They’re liable to break.”

“And sunder the castle.” I gasped. “And sundering castle is a keystone of this world. Break the castle and the world breaks with it.” I paused in thought. “But how do you revive a vampire?” I asked. “I thought vampires die when you stake them in the heart.”

“Not... exactly.” Remy replied. “Vampires are perhaps one of the hardest things to kill. When first born they have all their usual weaknesses, like garlic, running water... stake through the heart, but a vampire who’s at least six hundred years... chances are he’d take a little more than a simple stake through the heart to fell him.”

“True enough.” Madoushi stated. “He instead enters into a state of topor, a unique form of hibernation in which all their body functions halt and they appear defeated and dead... but...”

“But their bodies don’t burn and crumble down into ash.” Remy replied. “Their bodies might decay, turning into dust, but a drop of blood happens to fall into that dust... and we got mister happy back! As a rule of thumb, if you don’t see them burn to ash... they’re not really dead.”

“What do we do after then?” Fell asked.

“Master Drake will know more.” Mad said simply.

“Ok... let’s see if I got this right.” Remy mentioned. “We’re going to un-stake an ancient Vampire and hope he feels nice enough when he comes back to help us after having his heart pierced, taking all that damage to his system... losing a lot of blood...?”

Mad turned and smiled, drumming his fingers on a small cask. “Not if you bring him his wine first.”

On the descent to the catacombs underneath the dungeons of the castle, Mad carrying the cask of the Master’s ‘wine’ over one shoulder, I paused as I looked down into the laboratory environment, seeing that doctor from earlier tooling away, using a magnesium wand like others would use an arc welder to weld pieces of metal together.

Madoushi palmed my elbow. “Best you not linger in watching him.” He said quietly into my ear. “The Good doctor has been working on honing a process for over a century, trying to perfect his science.”

“What does he do?” I asked and pressed into his side as we walked down the stairs.

“He studies...” Mad swallowed hard. “...The Denizens.”

The look on his face told me not to press that further, so we continued down into the dungeons, and traversed into the graveyard.

The Graveyard had grown. There was a spiraling ramp that now had not two but nine projecting tiers built into the rock holding up the castle. As we walked deeper into its depths, there was a trembling in the rock, and a pillar of rock actually fractured nearby to us. Wayward looks were exchanged, and we continued downward, the way lit by our various spells and the glow of a short sword that shone a soft blue that Remy held – where the hell was he hiding all those weapons? – while we continued deeper and deeper into the underdark.

The mists kept rising up on us till the fog was ceiling to ground, and this deep in the ground all was still. I began getting self conscious and kept expecting some skeletal arm to reach out and grab hold of me before pulling me down into the soft spongy earth.

Mad led us along the outer wall... to hide our foot prints. We passed caskets and sarcophagi and even open bones that were partially turned to dust on the way down, and on the bottom tier, which curved inward and was instead in a cavern at the very base of the mountain that the castle stood upon it was partially made of dripstone and partially made of hewn chiseled stone. Way down here there was an oddity, and that was an air current that swirled the room, seemingly to be emanating from a large grate in the ground sucking endlessly downward like a drain.

There was an ominous orange-red light shining from below and waves of heat rose above the grating.

Along the edges the mists were still thick and could hide us, but the center of the room was remarkably clear... like this place was the source of the mists that were exiting that hole upon an expelling vortex despite the sucking undertow in the room. Around the room were thirteen chiseled oval pillars the size of a short bus that were decorated mildly with dripstone. The doorways of the crypts built inside them opened toward the center where the grate was.

There was a definite pentagram drawn in blood here, and a plethora of candles lining the circle and concentrations of candles at the end points.

Madoushi checked his watch then, and putting a finger to his lips, gestured for us all to lower ourselves... Remy absolutely disappeared. Squatting or kneeling he checked his watch again after setting down the cask. Here in the mists we could see out, but seeing in would be an entirely different matter. And then he lifted his hand and begun to count down from five, curling fingers inward till at long last his hand was closed, and at that moment there was a sound of a foot stepping on a grate.

Drake materialized from the mists, wafting in from them as if he were the mists being given form, and he stood briefly looking down at the grate with his hands in his waist coat.

He was an impressive figure... super manly, but the revelation that he was a vampire had dwindled any infatuation I may've had for him, and Madoushi had all but squashed it. But nonetheless, though one of those two remaining draws that were inside me, like compass points pulling me to a thing, had waned somewhat over the past day or two, it strengthened suddenly with his appearance and yanked at my bowels toward Drake. I realized it was drawing me toward him. But also when he appeared there was a second compass point that engorged suddenly and I had to palm my belly. He had... something else. I recognized this feeling now. In Wormwood it was the thing that pulled me to my scroll when I was near it.

Drake has my scroll!

"All right you cunt... you're delaying the time table. Do you really want to do that?" Drake said aloud suddenly.

"Oh yes... my sweet little baby." A pair of red eyes and white teeth said as they materialized in the mists almost right in front of us.

"*Sweet little baby*'... you're the definitive example of a rotten mother. How many times have you killed me now, Lilith? I've stopped bothering to keep count."

Red mist rushed about the red eyes and grinning teeth and Lilith stepped forward, carrying with her a wooden stake in one hand. The mists solidified into a brilliant red gown that left her long sinuous legs and wide hips open down to the red slippers on her feet, the gown wrapping about her bodice with a red leather corset now and red shoulder-length gloves, while her flesh seemed to be made of solidified mist. Her hair... was from the blackest shadows of this place.

"Oh... my little baby... resentful much?" she pouted. "You should be glad that I trusted you so much... that I gave you so much. You can still be revived, still be given much power... I can give that to you." She said and caressed his strong, taut cheek with a hand. She was more than a head taller than him.

Drake lifted his own now clawed hand, gripped her hand briefly, and then threw it off his face. He then looked to Lilith, slowly opening what now became a pair of deeply red eyes.

"You were merely the vessel that created me. Tonight, this night... you shall meet your demise." Drake said and Lilith was actually taken aback by these words. Whatever she saw in Drake's eyes that I couldn't, she nonetheless had fear in her eyes.

With a scream she lifted the stake and with flawless aim and precision plunged it into Drake's chest with the sound of breaking bones and the squelch of bursting organs. Her mouth opened then, wide... horrifically wide, and she inhaled and a jet of blood lanced from Drake from the wound right into her mouth and she swallowed repeatedly as the blood of a whole body like Drake's leapt from him to her like that.

When it was over, he spasmed, and then fell onto the grate.

“I am the Queen of the *Damned!*” Lilith shouted when her mouth fell shut, and she daintily wiped some blood off her red lips and licked it off, and then looking to Drake’s body she promptly kicked him in the ribs to cause a loud crunch. “When I elevate and become a goddess... when I take the Realm of Earth itself from God the Father, I would’ve made you a king in my stead. And now my son... you will remain here this time... and die!”

And she turned and slid effortlessly into the shadows with a rush of wind.

Madoushi waited a minute or two before he rose and we all rose with him, light spells flaring to illuminate the area and we hurried to Drake’s body as it diminished and thinned from all his remaining blood seeping out of his chest. Long fangs and burning solid red eyes that had only dots for pupils in their centers stared at the ceiling as his blood seeped into the grate. Looking down from here I saw more than just a demon hole as they explained it in Angels and Demons... this sight redefined the term *‘Demon Hole’* for me forever more.

Tier upon endless and unending tier of metal structure plummeted below, lit by fire and brimstone, while the movement of certain bodies could be seen lapping at the vampiric blood seeping from the Master of the Castle as it fell through the grate and dripped into their mouths.

Remy appeared almost as fluidly as Drake and Lilith came and went, his dagger in hand now as he looked about.

“How long does it take for a vampire to get up once the stake is removed?” Fell asked and Mad planted the cask of blood on Drake’s chest for balance and then lifted it.

“The moment you pull it out. And he’s going to be hungry.” He said and balanced the cask on the palm of his hand and aimed the closed spigot for Drake’s mouth. “Pull when I start pouring.” He said and aligned the cask and opened the spigot.

Gripping the stake and tugging on the stake, Drake’s body pulled upward with it and some of the falling blood splattered his face, and when I tugged again and again, and finally got up and planted a foot on his chest, Fell rose immediately and with our combined strength pulled the thing out.

Immediately, and so suddenly it was a frightening thing, Drake came alive, his hands rising with a slapping motion to the cask as he drank deeply from it.

I’d heard of vampiring yourself in and out of something, but physically it just wasn’t a possible thing to do. The act of vampiring yourself was reminiscent of certain movies where a person could rise or fall, pivoting on their heel completely unsuspended by wires or similar. It’s how they showed vampires entering and exiting a coffin. As he engorged himself on the cask, his chest wound healing, his body thickening once again to press tightly into his clothes to make the seams creak, Drake vampired himself to a stand before crushing the cask and turning to us, his lips stained red and his eyes burning the same color.

“Madoushi...” he said in a gravelly growl, his voice an octave lower while his massive fangs evident with every syllable he spoke. “... You acted perfectly.” He smirked.

“Master Drake... I don’t understand. This was supposed to be a spur-of-the-moment sort of thing.”

“It was chance. I bargained on that chance, and I bargained well. True Lycan in my home...” he said and looked over Fell, Remy and me. Even Remy took a step back. “...Our kind often times contends with each other, but right now we have a greater threat than our old hatreds.” He wiped his mouth off and with a surprisingly long tongue licked the blood off his hand. “But perhaps true introductions are in order. Though I was born with the name Drake, I believe after Stoker’s fable you would all know me better as Vladimir Tepes Dracula the Third.” And he bowed before us deeply.

“Fuck me...” Remy gasped and took another step backward and actually lifted his curving short sword and it glowed brighter. Drake smirked.

“Why the hell does that cause fear in you, little Rat?” Fell smirked.

“Are you daft woman? Stoker’s fable? Bram Stoker?! Vladimir Dracula was known as Vlad the Impaler during his rule. Stoker used Dracula as a character in his book. Th-this vampire... Drake... is *THE* Count Dracula!”