

Lea Monde

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Rated: R for Restricted

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Chapter 11: Assault on Raven Castle

"Dracula?!" This time Fell got to her feet and backed away promptly while Drake smiled and lifted an eyebrow at us.

I rose to my feet in stunned awe. "Count Dracula?!"

"Apparently my reputation is made all the more poignant thanks to Stoker's fable." Drake smirked and stood before us. "His book made its way into my hands about a century ago. One of the many travelers who mistakenly fell into the Castle's trap brought it with him. Apparently I'm well known in your world."

I looked to my friends and Mad and then I lifted a hand to cover my mouth with a fist as I cleared my throat. "Your name is world-renowned, Master Drake. I'd wager that anyone who can read will have learned of the infamous Count Dracula."

"Infamous am I?" he smirked. "All my *mother's* doing. She was the one who made it so that I'd be known as one of Europe's most despicable individuals all so that she could feed and feed and feed. But that wasn't filling her as quickly as she wanted to. So she designed this trap." And he gestured around him. "She took *my* castle, stained with the psychic power of a thousand deaths in its walls and gave it consciousness. It's all I could do to keep her from feeding upon those things she most desperately needs, or obtaining those things she wants."

"Like what?" I asked cautiously.

He eyed me. "My secrets are my secrets. What do you mean by *'like what'?*"

I paused and he and I stared each other down. I'm sure Fell would kill me later for daring to stare down the fabled Dracula... but time was short and I needed his cooperation.

"A scroll for one. I know you have it. It belongs to me."

"A Scroll." He said cautiously. "Surely you can describe it to me to claim possession of it."

"Vampires are all about possession, Susan." Remy said quietly. "Despite their nature, there're certain rules they must abide by."

Drake merely looked over his shoulder at Remy and Remy fell silent.

“He is correct.” Drake mentioned and then turned back to me. “Certainly you can describe it. I was entrusted with it after all... and I’ve held onto it for all this time for a specific person who would come along some day. A dwarf gave it to me for safe keeping... and told me to do what I could at all costs to hide it from my mother.”

“A dwarf?” Fell mentioned. “Or a little man?”

“A little man.” Drake replied.

“Pen.” I whispered and then cleared my throat again. “The scroll is gold, made of curious marksmanship with two rolls to the scroll instead of just one. It is a thing you have undoubtedly tried to get into but never could... not because you are unwise enough to solve its puzzle, but because it will only open for those in whom possess the blood of the scroll’s creator in them. Different colorings of gold make up its crossing bars and the pieces of the scroll, while the writings on its case are those that no human language possesses.” I took a step closer and stared up into his red eyes and tried my damndest not to flinch. “Does that satisfy your requirement of ownership Master Drake?”

Drake eyed me.

“No one... knows of the scroll... let alone what it looks like. I’ve not looked upon it in over six hundred years. I have tried to get into it, and not even I can enter into it. I am... lax... to let go of it. It has been the only comfort I’ve ever known in this hateful world of repeating death. I need more proof that you are the person I’ve been looking for.”

“More proof?! Who else would know about the scroll?” Fell gaped.

“The true seeker would know the final proof!” Drake bellowed and the caverns shook from his voice before he took his cape and whipped it close about him before returning his gaze toward me. “What final proof do you have that I so much as even possess your scroll? The little man you call Pen was most specific that only the seeker of the scroll could truly find it.”

And I looked him from head to toe, and remembered the second aid the devil gave me: “*Your scroll resides with the Master of the House. He keeps it upon him... at all times.*” I said aloud, and lifted my hands to palm his chest. It was chilling to touch such a supernatural creature of legend, and my bowels leapt suddenly as I grew aroused. His presence was electric, enticing... The simple fact that I was a woman made me more his prey than a man would be. The sexual might of the mightiest Vampire of legends was indeed implicit, but nonetheless... that thing in my bowels was drawing me to a place, and I felt myself embracing him as I laid my cheek against my chest, holding him, and here... this close... I felt it right next to his heart.

“You keep it with you at all times... all times means even while bathing... when you’re naked, with no pockets on your person in which to hide it. I can feel it here... right next to your heart... like a second heart beat.” I palmed it and fingered the spot in the center of his powerful chest. “You spirited it away, and its light and love have kept you warm for all this time.” Drake looked down at me as I embraced him again. “Please... give it back. I need it.”

Drake fell silent for a moment.

“I’ve... sought... such a comfort for ages. My three wives have yet to make me feel this way. Strange that I finally find the feeling I’ve sought for from the arms of an enemy.” He said quietly, and then taking me by the shoulders and pushing me away, he then lifted his black-clawed hands and pulled his coat, vest and frilled silk shirt open,

leaving only the frilled tie hanging about his neck. “If you have a weak stomach... I suggest you look the other way.”

And using his middle finger claw like a scalpel, he slid it down his chest from sternum to navel, making a surgical Y-incision, right before his ribs flared open by themselves, the muscles stretching them open, and I saw his beating purple heart and all his guts, and resting within the cage of his bowels was the scroll.

Reaching inside himself he removed the scroll and his ribs, muscles and flesh closed themselves again with a sickly snap and knit the wound shut. With a moment of hesitation, he handed me the scroll while the blood and ichor on the scroll melted away, and the moment that my fingers curled around its case, I felt my loins tense and nipples harden as my breathing quickened.

“I-I will need time to read it.” I mentioned.

“That is the last thing we have.” Madoushi mentioned. “Master... the first wave of the werewolves will be attacking in less than an hour.”

“I’ve died before that point so many times I have no idea what will happen.” Drake admitted while Fell pursed her lips at his fine muscular body and... rather large and impressive meat popsicle.

“We’re going to fuck it up anyways, does a schedule matter?” Remy mentioned, finally lowering his blade but not putting it away.

“We must keep a significant enough amount of blood from spilling inside the castle.” Drake said while I hugged my scroll to me.

“Why there?” Fell asked.

“The machine...” Remy whispered suddenly and we looked at him.

“Correct.” Drake replied with a nod. “The castle has shaped itself to channel the blood. Its insides have been geared to channel the blood and bring it to all to Lilith to feast on. She needs a certain amount to restart the cycle... or else she’d’ve long ago cast this place off. The rest is what she enhances herself upon.”

“And what happens if she can’t restart the world... or doesn’t?” I asked.

“The castle must eventually return to the real world... but all else would be cast off when it does. Only remaining inside the castle is any certain proof against that, but as to the *when* of our return is a different matter.”

“What’s that mean?” Fell asked.

“He means do you want to return back to the fourteen hundreds Fellania. Possibly before America was even found?”

“America?” Drake asked and thought a moment. “Ah... man has found the western continents. This is good. What exactly is the population of the earth?”

“I don’t think that’s a good thing to tell...” Fell began but then I blurted out the answer.

“Six and a half billion.” I said aloud and Drake raised his eyebrows at me before I turned to face Fell who had a look of shock on her face. “We need to trust each other. If we cannot trust each other than that opens up for a break in the partnership.” I paused. “Or... at least that’s what my first mother said.” and I turned back to Drake. “I trust you. We need each other to throw a wrench in the cogs of your mother’s machinations, Drake. Do we have an agreement? Can we trust each other?”

And I held out my hand. Drake took that hand, clicked his heels and bowed deeply over that hand before laying the peck of a kiss on my knuckles in old German style.

“Implicitly.” He mentioned quietly.

“Then what do we need to do to break the cycle?” Fell asked.

“Stop the outpouring of blood.” He said and rose, still holding my hand. Madoushi looked to the connection but said nothing. I wouldn’t’ve dared to if I were in his position either. “The Vampire lords and ladies here of the coven will need to be culled. And I don’t mean slain... slaying spills blood... not a drop can find its way to my mother. So they’ll need to be executed. Holy water, silver, sunlight, wood to the heart.”

“I’ll do that.” Fellania stated as she stood with thighs together and arms folded again. She was trembling with a need to get her sexuality out again.

“Are you significantly armed?” Drake asked, and with a smirk Fell removed the oddly shaped wooden thing styling her hair and pulled it apart. As she did it twisted and bent and coiled, straightening into a long wooden pole. Then looking at the pole, it suddenly twisted further, the ends of the heel turning into a hard white wooden point and the other end turning into a hardened white wood twisted spear point.

“White Oak. Very potent.” Drake said. “And while we’re on the case of trusting each other... I would fear the point of such a staff... especially one as ancient and as powerful as that one.”

“*Point* taken.” Fellania mentioned.

“And the Wolfmen?” I asked.

“Wolfmen are an infectious breed. They can be burned to death, but that process is far, far too slow. Silver is their one and only true weakness. In Lycan like you three, silver merely wounds and cannot be healed till the silver is removed. In them, the curse enhances the damage, makes it far more potent.”

“Then you let me handle that one.” Remy said and we all looked to him in muted surprise and he merely grinned back. “I still want to break stuff, and putting down something what never should’ve been risen up again would make me feel... just right.”

“My mother currently has control of the Vampires and the Denizens.” Drake mentioned. “Worry not about the Vampires not bothering coming to slaughter you, Lady Fellania, as for the Denizens... at the right time I will reassert my control over the Denizens. Even if I’m unable to usurp my mother’s control I’ll nonetheless split their control with her, which may slow and confuse them.”

“Or make them go haywire.” Madoushi added. “In which case they will do what your mother wants anyways, master.”

“I prepared for that my faithful servant.” Drake smiled.

“Prepared how?” Fell asked.

“A third controller subservient to me.”

“Great... we have a plan then.” I said. “Then that just leaves me and Madoushi.”

“What do you plan on doing?” Remy asked.

“Break the castle, rescue the girls, and then...”

“The girls?” Drake interrupted. “Alice and Jenny?”

I stared at him. “Yes... Alice and Jenny. I knew you knew of them. They both speak of you fondly.”

Drake smirked and then sighed. “Then a pair of warnings for you then. By all means, take those poor children away from here. They’ve already endured far more than this castle and this repeating death ever did to them.”

“What do you mean by that?” Fell asked tersely.

“Never you mind. It’s a past that even I am keen to leave buried, and let’s leave it at that.” Drake’s eyes flared a darker red in warning and Fell fell silent. “Regardless... if you free the children then by no means are you to let Lilith get her hands on them. It would spell disaster for all if she did. And if you intend to sunder the castle... just be warned... the castle is the ultimate controller of the Denizens. If it feels threatened, the Denizens will be released even earlier than planned, and then there will be a fourth controller in place.”

“I understand.” I said.

“We must make haste.” Madoushi stated looking at his watch.

“Ok... one last thing.” Remy mentioned. “What are you going to do to do these things, Susan?”

I smirked at him and hugged my scroll tighter.

“Well first... I need to change into something a little more appropriate.”

The name’s Remy, Remy LeBeau. I always wanted to say that... like some sort of double-oh-seven trait... hair slicked back and a white suit with a martini in my hand. The closest I’ve ever been able to get on that, though, was hair slicked back with a pound of gel, a white polyester suit, a plastic glass where the bottom came off, and the thing filled with wine from a box.

Yeah... the ladies weren’t impressed with that when I did it.

But no time to reminisce now! We had mischief afoot. Speaking of which...

“Now tell me... what is Susan doing back there in that deep dark and creepy place with her man?” *I asked Fellania as she and I hurried up the ramp to the top of the catacombs to exit.* “And what’s with all this of her changing into something more suitable?”

“Her scroll.” *Fellania replied in a tone that I couldn’t read.* “Every time she opens a scroll of her ancestors and reads it, she claims some of her ancestor’s prior power and ability. She grows stronger and more powerful than she was before.”

I blinked. “Grow more powerful just by reading a scroll? Sounds like secret Ninjitsu arts.”

“I’m not sure what they’re called.” *Fell responded as we raced pasted the next tier of the graveyard.* “But whatever they are, they unlock her powers, open up her potential, make her ridiculously greater than she was before.”

“She does this regularly then?” *I asked calmly while listening to my companion breathing controlled through her nose.*

I wasn’t winded... long distance running for a weak little guy like me was a necessity, especially when I was usually having to run away from something. Usually it was after I killed the guy I was contracted to kill, or stole the thing I was contracted to steal, all the guards that protected that person or thing would get angry that I’d done the thing and chase me down. Being faster than most and able to be faster for longer than they could was a necessity in my job. I wasn’t a Native American Navaho Brave, mind you, I was no long distance runner across a desert, but give me roof tops like Florence and I was a freaking ghost. Regardless, I wasn’t even winded yet.

“This would be the third of seven scrolls.” *Fellania answered.* “One for each Chakra of the body, keyed specifically for women of her bloodline. No one else can use her scrolls, or if they did they couldn’t use them to their highest capability. Only she benefits from them in their fullest.”

“The third of seven? Does that mean that with all seven, she’ll be bigger and stronger and more powerful than you?” *Fellania slowed and then stopped and stood there with the thought I’d just given her, and I was brought up short as she did.* “What? What is it? Did you hear something?”

“Yeah... you.” *She said quietly.* “I’ve always been bigger and stronger. Always. Having Sue as the one that’s bigger and stronger... that would just... just...”

“...Not suck at all because you would be proud of her, wouldn’t you?” *I mentioned to Fell and she looked at me.* “Whatever she’s doing, the whole reason you’re going through this is for her, isn’t it?”

“Well... sort of. Yes... I’m doing it...”

“...Because you’re her friend.” *I interrupted quickly.* “Believe me when I say that I fully understand that you’d do anything for a friend, Fellania. You’re helping her grow stronger, helping her grow more powerful regardless as to whether or not that final point is greater than you in those regards.

“In all honesty... I’m doing all this for an ass load of money. Well... *originally* I was doing this just for money, but now I’m doing this for the sake of doing it. Money is only worth it if you can get out to spend it, so all this,” *I gestured around us.* “Is for two very precious women in my life, and I’m glad to do it. But you... you were always doing this for friendship, weren’t you?”

Fellania paused and rubbed one of her thick womanly arms and then nodded.

“Good, then you should be happy for her,” *I continued*. “And if this is some sort of competition, then don’t you think you should let her know about it? Else wise you shouldn’t be mad if and when she supersedes that... incredible... incredible strength you already have.”

“What incredible strength?” *Fell asked and flexed an arm, but there was barely even a lump of a muscle*. “Look at me. She gets to go super again, and me... what if I’m stuck this way?”

“I wasn’t talking about that strength Fellania.” *I mentioned, and she blinked at me*.

“Wat...” *She asked slowly*.

“Fellania,” *I managed and reached out to take her arm for contact, rubbing her arm fur with one thumb. I was glad that she didn’t revile against me in that instant like she would’ve when we first meant a few days ago. It was a measure of how much we’ve been through thus far that I can touch her now despite what I represented to her: a French Rat*. “Have you ever considered that losing all that phenomenal muscular strength of yours was a blessing?” *She stared at me still*. “Think for a moment. Look at me. Do I look particularly strong to you?”

“You look downright scrawny.” *She admitted*.

“Exactly. When you and Sue were reduced physically, I wasn’t. It’s because if I were reduced any more physically then I would be just skin and bones. I’d look like I’ve been struck with famine or the ‘*thinner curse*’ or something similar. But no. I’m a rat. We’re physically among the weakest and the smallest of all the Lycanthropes, if not *the* weakest and scrawniest. Other than a lengthening of the feet and a slight extension of neck and waist, maybe a few pounds of added muscle when I change, I don’t get very big when I change. No rat does. I think you’d be hard pressed to find any other were-species that was smaller or weaker than us. Unlike you, even in my hybrid form, I can’t bench press a car. But you can, even in this reduced state of yours.

“But I’m not really talking about outward physical strength, Fellania. We rats are stalwart creatures. We eat what makes most people sick. Sometimes...” *I looked around*. “We eat other people’s sick.”

Fellania’s eyes went wide. “That’s disgusting!”

“Yes... yes it is. But when you’re starving on the streets, you tend to eat anything that you can to stay alive, Fellania. Even if it’s molded and diseased. It gives me a cast iron stomach and the ability to resist nearly any poison and disease on the planet. I do what creatures many times my size cannot hope to do because of that developed trait.

“Most people don’t recognize in themselves too easily what makes them strong. Many focus on the outward physical strengths... it’s what’s made women consider themselves so inferior at times. Physically, on average, across all species on Earth, you’re smaller and weaker than your male counterparts. But despite having lost so much of that physical prowess yourself, you’re still a strong, beautiful woman... with an unbreakable spirit that’s carried this expedition at times. Susan needs you for that support you give her... and... well... personally I’m glad you’re here, even if you don’t think the same thing about me.”

Fellania was very silent at the moment.

“I still think you’re very strong. That may not seem like much coming from me... but you are still a very strong woman. Stronger than Susan is even.”

“How am I strong? Please tell me what you find strong in me?” *Fell asked me directly, her eyes fierce and powerful.*

“If only you could see yourself in a mirror now.” *I smirked.* “Your eyes are challenging, fierce... powerful. Despite having lost all that strength of yours, you’re still nonetheless a powerful woman to be reckoned with, and losing all that strength and power has brought that inner strength of yours to the fore. You are our bulwark, and in all honesty... Susan couldn’t have done this without you.

“I’m... certainly not the right sort of person for her to latch onto and gain strength from. Look at that... you have so much strength others need to borrow it from you to carry on.”

“And what about you little man?” *Fell smirked.* “Why do you think you’re here?”

“I don’t know. It’s a mystery to me so far.” *I smirked, winked and gave her a thumbs-up.*

“You are growing on me at least.” *Fell sighed and she led the way forward again and I jogged to catch up.*

“Good to know.” *I smirked.* “But if Susan’s man Madoushi is correct, then we got little time left to get into place. I suggest we hurry, lest the world decide to start this battle without us. I’ll see you after all this is done.”

“Promise?”

I paused in thought. “You don’t have to promise me... I know you’ll get through this. Someone as strong as you can’t help but to succeed. You don’t know how to fail. But I promise you... I’ll be there at the finish line.”

“Good... cause if you’re not... I’m going to come back and pummel you.” *Fellania smirked, and the pair of us hurried up the stairs and split at the top to get ourselves into place.*

The others had rushed off, separating to go take their positions to stop this damnable cycle. There was only one choke point where the Vampires and Wolfmen could meet each other, and that was the front door that led into the courtyard of the castle.

Madoushi opted to stay with me.

Standing there over the Demon Hole, feeling hot air blast its way upward onto my undersides, I reverently caressed my first mother’s scroll.

“What does this scroll do?” Madoushi asked as he neared, kicking a piece of the cask that’d been balancing on a bar of the sealed metal grate over the Demon hole to cause it to fall into infinity below. We heard it clank and ricochet repeatedly before we couldn’t hear it anymore, and it was still falling even when its sounds disappeared.

“My first mother... ages ago, hundreds of thousands of years ago, had created them at the height of her power at the behest of a... little guy.”

“This Pen person?” Mad asked as he came to stand very close to me.

“His name’s really Pendragon, but... mmm.”

My words were silenced as Madoushi immediately grabbed me by the shoulders and kissed me as passionately as only my fantasies could possibly make it before now... and then that kiss crushed that fantasy with the power of this reality. It was quick, it was just as long as it needed to be to convey that passion, and when he broke, it was only long enough to take a couple of quick breaths that he shared with me before kissing me again, only softer this time. And then on the next time that he broke...

“I told you last night... but I don’t think you heard me.” He said and leaned his forehead against mine. “But just in case... I find myself daring to...” he sighed. “I want you to know that I’ve fallen for you. I love you.”

I trembled and bit my lower lip. *Finally...*

“I heard you, Mad, I heard you.” I smiled and I kissed him this time, gripping his collar before I broke. “I’ve fallen for you too. Now stand back dear heart. I don’t know what will happen to me but it’s best that you not be nearby.”

And lifting the scroll case I began to unlock it, solving its riddle automatically because I knew the solution to the puzzle already. The scroll broke open like a book before the golden paper that had been burned with its etchings rolled open, and Mad took a decided step back as I laid my hands on the pages and summoned up all its glyphs and things, taking time to solve its glyphs quickly and align them, and then like the scrolls before it, planting my hands on the pages, I channeled my chi into it and immediately I was washed up in the message my first mother had left for me.

I was nude as always, surrounded in white again, just like all the other times. In some scrolls my first mother was mighty... powerful... the sort of woman who’d’ve give even Fell a run for her money. She looked identical to me in absolutely every way as if I were her twin, with even her spots being the same color and appearing in the same place. I’d assume we were identical down to every pore and ever strand of fur.

...But this time when she appeared she was sitting on a slab that looked like a white crystal with dark blue edges. She was also naked like me, but in this form she was very decidedly pregnant.

Her breasts were so fattened with milk that the fur over them had thinned to a velvety surface, with all of her mammaries, even the ones on her belly, were like this. Each breast was capped with a swollen and puffed out areola that was reddened with all the blood feeding her breasts now for the rapid production of milk, and thick and hearty nipples that’d known many mouths of many a suckling cub capped each tit.

She looked so radiant, so beautiful, so graceful and pure with her tail curling around her thick thighs and calves to wave its end idly.

“Hello again my little love.” She smiled with her voice so musical and sing-song that it was motherly, and looking down she caressed her belly. “I’m a bit different, as you can see. Pen tells me that by the time you’re born, the offspring from this little one inside me will be so far away you can’t even consider them blood relatives. Sad that, but it’s unavoidable.

“This, my daughter, will be a fruitful time for you when your loins bear the seed of your man. This is a woman’s true power, and though my babies have each taken a piece of my strength with them when they were born, they’ve nonetheless made me stronger as well. Cherish the days you carry your children, especially your first one. Cease any act of war, stop fighting and revel in the sensations in your body and glory in the unmitigated power of womanhood as your body labors to produce and later succor a child of your own.”

I palmed my navel and watched her as she looked down lovingly to the rounded bulge in her belly that propped up her uppermost four breasts.

“As always, I’m unsure in which order that you’ll find my many scrolls that had been left behind for you, but this scroll shall impart upon you the knowledge of your sexuality. Be aware that this is more than the beloved sensation of your man penetrating you... there is far, far more about your precious sex than just that. It is a holy gift that all women have as a birthright. It separates us from our male counterparts in the act that we don’t need to remain worthy for this holy power, and it is holy; it is our gift from the Creator regardless as to the sort of women we become in life. We are the vessels in which the next generation enters this world. Remember that and try to live a holy and clean life.

“If you’re the vessel of life, then what sort of new life does a dirty vessel produce?”

“As such, this scroll is nearly worthless to a man, not only because only the fruit of my loins can use it, but because only a woman may share in everything that I am about to teach you.

“There will be times of combat and battle, times of desperation, but then there will be times of much love, much erotic sensation. Sometimes these will be done by yourself, others it will be done with a mate or a lover. Understand these words that I shall give you and receive my knowledge.”

There was pleasure in the chakras, but there could also be intense pain in them as well, and pleasure brought to a certain degree was painful. This was like that, to be so aroused that it hurt. Nipples and clitoris erected and your loins and areola puffed out with a flush of blood in them, growing firm and hard as your heart beat throbbed into their back. It caught me, numbed my mind as the ache in those naughty bits struck me firmly.

Yeah it hurt, but nonetheless you liked it and wanted more.

It was pleasure that transcended the very word that described it, and certain people did stupid things trying to duplicate it, stupidly doing so on the other end of the pain spectrum, as far away from the pleasure they were trying to induce was.

With the scroll before me, the lance of energetic power that rushed inside me drove me straight to my knees. I practically swooned and lost consciousness from it but I forced myself to stay awake no matter how much my vision blurred, feeling myself blacking out while in a matter of seconds my sex was throbbing with life right before a squelching explosion wet the crotch of the thick fabric guarding my loins. It was a jet of nectar that lanced into the bloomers around my lower bodice and thighs, my navel knotting inside me and I moaned from the suddenness of the orgasm that split me in two it felt, and I gripped my belly with both hands as it felt like every muscle inside me from pussy to sternum had tensed suddenly and knotted itself into a balloon animal.

Inside me the second chakra in the line of eight chakras lit like a furnace, setting a blush to my pussy lips and turning the naughty bits of my body to burn a beet red with the flushing of blood in them that made them throb and ache. Now three of eight chakras in me had had their light and fire fanned with the power of the scrolls, and they only compounded upon each other exponentially.

But this particular chakra was the Sacral Chakra... the one that focused on sexuality and reproduction. It was the only Chakra that had different variances to it depending upon the gender of the person wielding it, and in my case it’d become supremely feminine, super feminine, power spread from that chakra into every pleasure center I had and made them enticingly aroused.

Fitting that such a sexual creature like a Vampire had kept it inside him for so long... no wonder he aroused me so, especially with the scroll built for me, I above all would've been deeply attracted to the infamous Count Dracula, the Lord of all vampires.

Mad took a step back from me as I moaned, stuffing both hands in between my legs beneath the strip of gown that hung before my loins, my fingers knotting against the fabric of the moistening slacks and bloomers as the moisture kept spitting from my sex as I began to orgasm uncontrollably now.

It was a repeating cycle, almost like the metronome tick-tock of a clock, my heart keeping time with its pattering, acting as timing chain and pump to swell inside my loins steadily as I breathed and panted quickly, feeling a blush rising up on my cheeks and nose that dipped down my neck and into my primaries. The cycle built and swelled and my insides would clench, spitting another jet of sexual fluids as the whole of me tensed and firmed before a moment of relax before the whole process began again while my inner muscles did tricks and orgasmed repeatedly before each release.

All the moisture that my bowls had stored at each cycle spilled from me in a tight jet, the moisture seeping up between butt cheeks in a sticky slick as my back arched and I thrust my chests forward, feeling the moisture soak the bloomers and slacks down both legs and likewise decorate my navel as the moisture seeped up the shirt I wore. When my bowels had been emptied from that for the umpteenth time, it felt, I just kept on orgasming nonetheless, feeling those loins clench and try to release more nectar from me, and as I opened my mouth to moan again, steam and vapor actually escaped from it.

I was vaguely aware of Madoushi nearby as I felt my insides growing with the power of sexuality. As one breaks it down, it is sexual power that makes a person... that's why it was so low on the chain of Chakras. It was based upon the Muladhara or Base Chakra, which unified all chakras, while this Chakra, the Sacral Chakra, was the next tier in the tower on which all other strengths of the body were based upon. My sexual strengths started growing inside me, pressing against my flesh, and as they grew, all the other Chakras had to likewise compensate and cooperate and change, which likewise created a domino effect of growth inside me that made me grow and grow in every regard.

My awareness of self grew, my strengths grew, my powers grew... over and over as that one Chakra plumed inside my bowels and I was fed with the sensation of my pussy being invaded with what felt like two cocks gyrating in opposition with each other, with a third up my ass, a fourth down my mouth and a fifth between my tits. The power of the universe was making love to me it felt, and with every ejaculation they did inside me, I grew greater and greater because of it.

A dozen times, several dozen times, a hundred times I orgasmed. I'd once heard that the world record for the most orgasms felt by one woman was a hundred and thirty four within an hour. I think Fell told me that once...

I broke that record in a matter of minutes... easily. Every few seconds I clenched and tensed and tried to ejaculate... but with none of my nectar left, my loins pretty much just squeezed what was left. But as my insides churned, I... became aware of something else... a connection inside me, and I felt one of the sensations that had plumed inside me recently and had slowly started to grow, and even in the heat that was assailing my body, turning my skin hot pink with a full body blush with a few parts of my skin turning a deeper blush of red, I felt that gentle little thing inside me... so tiny the naked eye had no hope to see it, nestled within my womb and already feeding from me as it changed and grew.

It was a zygote, fertilized and attached to my uterine wall. I was pregnant...

My arms immediately slid upward to cradle my belly, even as my spine charged with power, energizing with fire and electrical impulses as the energy in me unfolded and then exploded like a pipe bomb in my guts. I realized in the next instant as I realized that I was indeed pregnant that my first mother was right. Your children did indeed make you stronger, for at that moment my will hardened as firmly as tempered and folded steel, and I swore that this place was *not* taking my baby from me! I wouldn't let it... she can't have it!

And just like that, I exploded on the inside, like a reactor going critical, creating a rising billowing plume of power in my bowels that thrust against my insides and set off other explosions, the blast waves overlapping themselves while my flesh rippled from spasming musculature. Inside me were tethers, tethers from the castle that put restrictions like binding ropes and chains, manacles and binding restrictions upon me, tried to bind me like a marionette and make me dance to the cycle, and with an act of defiant violence against those strings they were all severed inside me as a billowing wave of energy washed from my body and rocked the room to make everything shake and rattle, strumming the foundations of the castle itself. The castle shook in fear of me as its every chain and string was cut violently, the mists being pushed away from me from that one wave to clear the chamber, the winds swirling the room overridden by my own tumultuous power that was like a maelstrom in the air that canceled out the winds.

Mad stood staring at me as I opened my mouth, revealing fangs that thickened rapidly, long and sharp and deep, able to rend any sort of flesh as my face pushed forward and I roared like a lion, facial muscles firming up as they pushed outward, cheeks thickening and eyes sinking beneath the musculature that held those mighty jaws. The strength of the roar actually blasted against him and snatched at the trailing wisps of his mane and clothing, while the effects of the energy wave made his shaft bow out the front of his pants as he grew aroused in a reaction to my sexual power radiating from me to caress and kiss him, give him a hand job and a blow job at the same time.

“Shit!” he bellowed right as I bent over myself, still feeling my pulsating vagina swelling as it super engorged with my own blood beating into the strumming lips of that sex, forming a deep camel toe in the slacks I wore, while inside me I filled with sexual power the likes of which few in the existence of this world ever possessed.

I was going to be a mommy! No one! No one was going to take that from me!!

“No one!” I screamed and struck the iron grate of the Demon Hole with my fists, denting it before my fingers gripped at the grate, thighs spreading wide as I arched and made rolling humping motions to the feelings of the dicks in me and the powerful sensation of men pressing against me, loving me all at once and filling me with their power; thrusting my chest forward in the most erotic moment of my life.

My tail lifted high and I started to huff and puff, and with a spastic lurch that made me shiver and quiver as another dozen or so orgasmic clenching happened between my legs, the hold of the castle over me waned enough where I started to change and reclaim my lost strength and power... and then some.

It'd locked away so much strength from me. It's made me a typical woman with atypical sexual traits. I'd been left only with my sexual strengths and none of my additional physical powers. It was keen to enforce a view of femininity on me that consisted of a weak-bodied but affluently endowed woman. Wide child-bearing hips, huge suckling breasts and nothing else. But as that stolen strength slid into me, I gasped and then moaned with another exhaling breath of steam as I lifted my chin and felt the veins in my neck engorge, standing on end as enzymes of a sort flooded from their membranes in my skull, thrust downward toward my heart behind the thickened breasts that were even now filling quickly with more and more milk. That milk squirted from me like it was coming off a spigot, and a wash of cream slid down the insides of dress and corset, leaking off my navel as I gasped and moaned repeatedly now, feeling like I was changing for the first time again as I sucked in all that strength and power while at the same time absorbing all the new strength and power the scroll had given me.

I felt more moisture escape me as all those hormones and transforming enzymes reached my heart, and in the next beat all those strengthening hormones and enzymes spastically raced through the whole of my being to the tips of every finger and toe, and to the tips of each of my twelve nipples. It pounded into my pussy and even up my ass, forcing them to quiver while the sensation of thousands of fingernails slid enticingly against my flesh and made me gurgle from the sensitivity I felt.

It was like every square inch of my body was as aroused and engorged and aching as my nipples would be whenever I was just horny, and someone was sliding their fingertips against that flesh. My clit and teats... however... burned, twisted and erected harder than ever. They were so hard that I felt they'd all burst, their strength rising, their girths thickening as I rolled my body in a long, rolling and curving arch and another jet of rapidly produced ejaculate lanced from my pussy, and this time filtered through the clothing over it and seeped in a long trickling wash that fell downward through the grate.

“Ahhh!” I screamed, tears wetting the fur beneath my eyes as I experienced true sexual torture. Not the sort where people would melt hot wax on their naughty bits... this was the sensation that certain tantric monks spent their lifetimes to experience and then die from it.

All along my bare arms one could see the darkening of the fur... the blood vessels there as they thickened with blue blood before they pushed outward, bulging over my biceps – my beloved bicep veins – and spreading throughout the rest of me. I immediately I folded both arms; feeling those veins as they throbbed beneath my fingertips and lengthening claws. I felt those veins crease me, pushing into temples as I shook my head and rolled my body again as another sort of ultra orgasm rolled from the base of my throat, between my lungs to strum my heart strings, coiling down the entire length of my spine to be spat up through the lips of my womanhood and eject a sticky juice that fanned off the super erect clit projecting from me so powerfully it dragged some of the inner muscles in me out with it.

I spasmed and yanked on the grate I knelt on, and even this thinned body yanked so hard that the metal slats bent upward with the force of my harms and hooking fingers, right before the metal squealed as my hands gripped the slats, bending the slats into twisted bars that bore the marks of my fingers in them now.

“Ha-ha!” I laughed, tears still seeping from my eyes, ears flattened against the back of my head while I shivered.

I yanked again and some of the slats actually broke and squealed more as they bent just for something for me to hold onto, and now every muscle in me tensed so greatly that they creased deep grooves in the spindly arms and slender body I had from the growing power in me now pressing against my flesh enough to start shaping it, and in engorgement I felt the life fluids of my blood duplicating inside my bosom, pumping into each sinew and unfolding me from the bones outward.

And then there was a crunch...

It came from the base of my head, the first vertebra spasmed like it did last night, and then engorged suddenly, the tip of the spine folding a knot of my flesh over it before the next vertebra and then the next followed suit. Each one sent a vibration of such incredible strength through me! The core of my skeleton and nervous system flared and rolled outward, and I felt each one spasm me and erupt a package of intense strength that rushed into the veins and nerves that only bulged and throbbed thicker and thicker inside me. Even a pair of veins that led to my nipples on the undersides of my primary and secondary breasts engorged outward, the two pairs feeding the thickening nipples capping those mammaries to likewise quicken the generation of milk they produced and made them engorge even faster, even further.

I laughed again, high pitched and tensed as the next several vertebrae exploded with greater thickness, pulling my spine out of the muscles of my back, rolling toward my butt, but as they tipped off the ribs connected to each vertebrae of that spine and likewise sent a spastic lance of growth that curled outward toward the very tip of each rib pair and shunted the power of their growth into the sternum that acted as the keystone of my body. That sternum pushed forward, the strings of the gown I wore snapping steadily as breast, chest muscle and ribcage pushed forward, my sternum thickening and hardening as they did. With a series of lurches as each rib realigned, my chest was thrust forward and more of the draw strings of the dress I wore snapped neatly in half, not having the time to untie themselves as their strings were pulled taut. My two largest tits thrust apart from each other as I rolled my shoulders back and roared cat-like again, showing fangs that were still thickening as my short muscle thickened and rolled and my jaw strengthened hard and firm with the thickening strings of muscle that could crush bone now with a bite.

Pounding a fist into the grate and denting it again, my clavicle bones thickened and broadened, wrenching my shoulders wider, shoulder blades fanning and thickening and thrusting my back further backward, a muscle hump developing between those shoulders before the engorging spines of my back slid deeper down my back.

Looking down at my chest, I marveled at the thickness of it, reveled in the engorging masses of my tits as they swelled and billowed till they ripped the chest of the dress apart from the tied wrap that hemmed them in, and as my naked tits swelled forward, the front of the dress fell to hang over the corset, baring the two sets of primaries and secondaries into the air as they leaked my milk.

Laughing again and tossing my head, the mane growing long as my cheeks burned from them widening atop the thickening neck and throat muscles I had, my head wobbling from side to side while my neck and body lengthened from the vertebrae thickening into a broad column that bulged deeply from my back. The cinching strings along my sides burst then, loosening gown and corset as my body flared, most especially on the flaring dorsal muscles as my chest bulged forward and my back deepened and flared backward, right before the growth of the vertebrae struck my hips. With a deafening crack, those hips widened grandly, popping the button of the trousers I wore immediately and stretching the sash briefly before it slid upward to hang loosely about my thickening waist.

Those hips continued to creak and grind as they continued to widen, flaring and broadening, deepening in its scope, becoming *real* child-bearing hips. They were the sort of hips certain men desired most of all and certain women lamented in possessing, but as they developed on me, I realized that the term '*Child-bearing*' was the most appropriate word for them. They weren't widening for a man's pleasure, they weren't allowing my sex to puff larger as it was now to make sexual contact more fitting for me or them, but rather those hips were flaring wide, deepening into a fit cradle for the babe that now grew inside me.

I laughed at the timing, the serendipity of these changes and these strengths as the ties over my crotch in the slacks I wore broke open one after the next as that sex distended from strength, the slit deepening with the change to my hips, the strings slipping into fabric bars that stretched over my bulging and heaving cunt right before I came in another jet that pissed from me and trickled far below.

I was so aroused that the slit that led deep inside me, the gates of my vulva thrown wide open in my arousal, burned red along with the nipples decorating each tit. My fur darkened from the blush I felt.

I arched and spread my legs wider, pushing my pussy into the grated floor, clenching both ass cheeks while my tail lengthened and thickened as it curled into a deep S-shape behind me. Both shoulders and then both upper arms thickened along with the bones cracking and groaning inside me, and the bony knobs of both thigh bones billowed and the knees cracked almost arthritically, the feet and hands engorging wide while forearms flared hotly.

The muscular creases deepened and the webbing of veins engorged, and I found myself hugging myself, naked breasts rolling as they filled larger and greater than ever over both forearms, and lifting my fingers and purring deeply as I churned like I was riding a big huge dick, I at long last slid my fingers over the throbbing thicknesses of my bicep veins, gone these past many days.

I moaned sexually as my pussy gave an extra lurch as it always did in the sensitivity of those two particular veins while I felt them engorging, the biceps thickening into definite pipes over my arms as I felt my strengths returning to me, while at the same time more strength swelled inside me, tightening and bulging musculature, making the muscles denser and the quantity of muscle strands greater in number now as the muscles ripped and tore and engorged with blood.

Again the vertebrae rolled in growth from the base of my skull to the tip of my tail, each thickening all over again from head to tail tip, but this time it happened faster than it did the first time. Again it barreled my chest outward, the two sets of pectorals flaring apart, spreading their four heaving mammaries along with them and smartly scrunching the corset I wore downward as my sides flared wider. The spreading growth, ripping its top of the corset right below the sternum and likewise tore a swath down the center of the gown's back I wore. When the rolling growth of the spine reached the hips the pelvic bones thickened and the tail bulged as thick as my forearm, sending more growth down both arms and legs to thicken fingers and toes and the claws on each finger and toe.

With a mindless gurgle as a particularly powerful clenching erupted between my legs as the thickness of my pussy bulged from within the slacks with only the strip of gown hanging before it hiding it from view, it was then that my muscles started engorging like never before, feeling like I was being covered by nipple and areola flesh along with clitoral flesh all across my entire being!

A third rolling growth leapt down my spine, violently broadening me and ripping the corset neatly in two, and with a sultry moan I palmed my belly as the thick fabric of the gown I wore ripped into shreds about the power and might of this body.

Pectoral masses rolled outward, overlapping each other and hefting the top four tits till my throat was being pinched by the barreling chest muscles. Abdominals sunk below the rib cage, briefly clenching and compressing my waist as it lengthened further. Tilting my head back, my mane billowing grandly about my head as I purred deep inside my chest, my hands slid down my body, feeling the tearing and snapping shreds of gown ripping open beneath my fingers as my body clenched harder and harder before I palmed the thickly bulging vulva between my legs and knotted the clawed fingers of my other hand in the grating. I felt my breasts roll against both biceps as their supporting chest muscle rolled forward into four continually thickening slabs of woman meat even as the muscles tightened and clenched into differing tendons and muscle chords.

The seams of the slacks I wore stretched open before their threads snapped rapidly, the lengths of both inside and outside seams popping like a zipper being wrenched apart. Those seams tore first at the cuffs about the flaring calves, and then at the thighs, and then rending completely open from hip to knee and from knee to calf before the remaining strings of the fly ripped open from my disgorging pussy, the sopping wet bloomers over it showing off the bulging, distended and billowing leaps of my vagina, both now reddened from the blush of the flesh below the thickened fur. Moisture dripped off the silken fabric as it tightened around my pelvis and thighs, the legs slipping up to the crooks, the silk stretching and tightening around me, the seat sinking into my butt while the front slowly crept low as the drawstring at the waist snapped from the flaring breadth of my hips.

With my pussy borne outward into the open now, with only a thin strip of silk guarding it, I clenched and moaned and ejected another jet of nectar out into the air, pissing it from myself before shivering like a leaf in the wind, right before my body began anew its growth in earnest.

The thickening and bulging of my rounding ass billowed outward, firming up and rounding into hard slabs of chorded and curving power, thighs thickening and shredding the remnants of the slack's legs to snap the harder seams over the hips, while the bloomers about my lower bodice tensed as wet silk could only do before even their seams exploded open about my thighs. I gyrated, rubbing that cunt against the slats of the grating as it creaked beneath my weight, the silk digging into my hips as the bloomers quickly transformed into a pair of transparent tattered panties with the remnants of the slacks burying itself into my ass and beneath my disgorging sex.

The remnants of gown and corset shredded about my burgeoning navel as it rolled outward, and with a titanic snap, the seams of the trousers between my legs broke, and the last of the seams of the bloomers broke across my hips, right before those last pieces of clothing fell off my loins with a series of sticky strings of ejaculate connecting my body with their fabric.

Already I was naked... that must've been a record! I'd never lost *all* my clothes that fast. Perhaps tailoring in the modern age was more stalwart than it was ages ago...

Nahhh... I'd grown that powerful!

"Ha!" I laughed again and stroked my thickening labia with both hands now, rocking onto my hands as I did, and lowering my head toward Madoushi, I smirked at him and saw him stunned, standing there, and I laughed again as my body continued to engorge... and this time... so too most definitely did my sex.

The hot steaming power of the throbbing set of sexual muscles between my legs was paramount at the moment. They were the strongest muscles in my body aside from my heart, but as I tossed my head again as another cracking spasm of growth rolled down my back, my spine becoming like a serrated saw blade of thickened knobs of bone covered in flesh, my back muscles flared wider and piled themselves deeply onto me, rolling over shoulders, pressing into the back of my head, hugging my sides with warmth and driving deep into the rounding swells of my flaring ass.

My tail waved energetically now, lashing from side to side as I felt a hunger for Madoushi enter me, steeling my pussy, surging and throbbing the column of powerful sexual muscles twisting and knotting inside my body. Each wag of my tail stretched my labial muscles one way and then the next, tantalizing me further as the stamen of my clitoris, extending like the tip of a lotus flower dripping with nectar and reddened like a beet throbbed as it thickened and engorged.

That ass of mine bulged grandly to support the thickening thighs beneath them, with either ass muscle thick and hard like two bowling balls before the pair clenched tighter and tighter, rippling and creasing as they tensed harder and harder, so hard that I could crush rocks between them.

Then, as yet another rolling spasm of growth plunged into my sacral bone again, another lance of orgasmic juices sprayed from me like I was pissing it out, the splattering juices dripping from the grating while the grating itself creaked and moaned even more violently, sagging even beneath my growing weight.

"Yes..." I groaned with a deeper feminine voice that growled and rumbled now, a voice that was one filled with breathy, sensual and womanly power while chest muscles repeatedly cleaved and rolled outward, bubbling with popping and exploding muscle that bounced my tits with their violent growth.

The four slabs of chest muscle separated the four uppermost tits from each other, my primaries rolling outward, their fur thinning as a bare chest pushed forward, each boulder of rounded tit capped by a red hot and sweaty disk and nipple, the flesh of my thickening hide laden with hard throbbing veins so taut now that they could block sword blades and razor edges and not burst. The chords of tendons stood on end as the chest muscle rolled upward and pushed against my throat even as that throat thickened outward, neck muscle rolling and widening grandly till they bowed outward wider than my head was, each chest muscle thickening inches over the tenuous seconds that assailed me till each was well over a foot thick.

Belly lengthened and stretched even further, the chords of muscles of the lower back thickening like bridge cables before transforming into things like the shocks on a car, with another pair just like them spreading my back even further as a hard knot of bone formed right between all my tits, the results of a hardening, thickening sternum.

My tail slapped downward as the last vertebrae in its length thickened and bulged, bones in me hardening like steel rebar and hardened stone, and when that tail hit the grating it bent several of the slats from the sheer strength of it. I palmed the fronts of my growing tits as they engorged grandly, their milk flushing my palms and expelling a cup of milk per heartbeat as I lifted and pressed them together, licking their firm velvety flesh while the fur between them thickened into a soft downy warmth as soft as a baby chick's downy feathering.

The breast flesh, with all its little hairs making it like velvet was soft beneath the hairs, soft like a the skin of a newborn, and I moaned at the sensitivity of those tits and kissed them even as my abdominals hardened into repeating slabs that rolled repeatedly like a belly dancer of their own accord. They rolled from the overhanging cleft of rib and sternum that those navel muscles sank below, dragging taut chords of lateral obliques with them that creased in pairs from two to four, then six and eight and finally ten lats as the plethora of overlapping belly muscle actually scrunched so tightly they formed a sort of overlapping ribbing that rounded forward since they were so strong.

Then letting one tit go, the thing falling heavily to bounce and slosh against the still barreling ribs supporting it, I rolled the other tit upward into my mouth and sucked from it, tasting a cream that was vanilla sweet and thick... nourishing.

This would be the milk my cub would drink... and it was good.

Forearms lengthened and flared mightily then, rippling and exploding with erupting muscular might right before the arms and my middle started to thicken in tune with both thighs flaring thighs; each muscle fiber rolling from their beginnings to their ends and rippling and stretching my flesh with each little growth they made.

I could feel the creeping sensations of spiders beneath the skin from smaller capillaries thickening inside me, their veins rippling up and down my arms especially as I let that tit go from my mouth and the thing sloshed heavily like the first one had, shaking milk off its tip and shooting minute jets of cream before I lifted both arms and flexed them tightly to either side of my head. It was like flexing their veins, forcing them to billow first before the actual muscles beneath them engorged, and closing my eyes and moaning, panting hotly I broadened and deepened explosively along every flexed muscle I had while shoulder muscles rolled and thickened to form a single rippling banding of muscle from primary pectorals to the backs of each shoulder where they met the blades of my back. Biceps separated and swelled unendingly, the triceps growing equally with the biceps just to counterbalance those monumental masses, and the forearms flaring and rounding into thickened hams that seemed to cradle the immense biceps that burned with a blush like forearm and arm were cradling the huge chorded balls of bicep like they were baskets specifically designed for them.

Every muscle and tendon swelled and billowed beneath the flesh of my body while the whole of me lengthened studiously now, the fur thinning from inner thighs and belly now as muscles hardened like piano chords, that same fur thickening at the hollow of my throat and on both forearms and forelegs. Pussy fur became a muff that stood out like a fringe on a belly that was barely colored from the velvety fur over it, while my thighs disgorged hotly and rounded hotly, billowing wider and wider, growing larger than my middle could even boast while the calves flared open like the wings of a bird.

Quadriceps billowed upward and flared wider, inner thighs becoming a plethora of tendons and chords, the Achilles Tendons drawing taut and tugging on my pussy lips to pull them outward. Arching my back, the thing little more than a hinge now from how thick I was, I felt my upper body slough off to the sides at last, something that usually only happened at the end of my transformations, but was happening now... so soon... so quick!

I laughed and flexed an arm as I gripped the soggy lump of vaginal muscle between my legs with the other hand, fingering my insides with two fingers as I showed Madoushi how strong I really was as chest and back muscle on that side distended, tits on that side compressed from pectoral muscles and were then wedged aside as a bicep billowed so thick and so large that it was easily as large as my primary tits were.

And it was still growing!

That arm was growing as thick as my thighs were my thighs remaining thicker than my navel was despite that waist and lower back were still enlarging, still thickening, and kneeling as I was, I was actually taller than Mad was standing!

Pounding the metal grating with both fists again as I felt the other arm pop and distend like the first one had, bouncing my tits as the muscles underneath them rippled, I roared again a deep screaming roar that screeched terrifyingly now even as the muscles of my back grew so thick they had to push my head forward and grow right off the back of my skull! And then my shoulders sloughed off to either side, stretching my neck so that it flared straight to the shoulders, neck lengthening as well while my arms billowed and thickened and hardened, gaining more veins that rippled as I flexed them.

“More!” I growled, licking teeth that were as thick as my claws were, each long and sharp and hard, each overlapping the next layer opposite them and able to chew through steel!

I thrashed, dragging the grand mane of mine from side to side in the air as I laughed, my pussy managing to eject another lance of nectar from me as I held onto the grate, the weight of the world disappearing from me rapidly while another rolling spasm of growth surged through me.

From heaving, rounded shoulders to fingers, from buttocks to toes and from heart outward into chest and back and belly. I unfolded majestically. Like decades of mountain building happening over minutes, frozen ice breaking and heaving massive slabs of ice into the air and similar grand changes were the only things that could be used to describe me as I grew and grew, grew almost entirely outward instead of upward, though that did happen to a degree.

Feet and hands widened, body broadening titanicly before I was forced to hunch over myself from the tightens of all that muscle before chest and belly had a chance to grow in opposition, and moaning, pressing my tits against the grating and feeling their nipples heated from below, the twelve teats ejected warm creamy milk unto the hell denizens that were below. The bulging mound of my pussy slowed in its vibrating as it was caught against the underside of both ass cheeks, either nothing but hardened chords of bundled muscle that unfolded from my titaness's body with its relatively small head.

Tits mashed against the grating, their flesh pressing in between the cross hatchings and getting an impression of the grating in their flesh before I came a final time before my insides lurched and spilled an amount of heavy water that a pregnant woman might disgorge when her water broke.

Muscles twitched and spasmed while I shook and shivered. And then the transformation ended with a thickening of the overall fur over my mighty form.

And then... it was over.

I needed to get to the courtyard. Having run around the castle so often, I knew its hidden places, but I needed to check on something. I had a few minutes to spare, so I went to go check on the apparatus as it was.

The room had... changed.

There were pipes ringing the basin below, more pipes that led up the tower toward the top, electrical cable spanning this way and that way, and what was more was that this entire room was now online. Lights shone everywhere from both light bulbs and fire lanterns. Electricity lit the chamber spastically, and I could hear the churning and grinding of machinery now.

Regardless, with a knowledge of thousands dying within these walls, spilling all their bodies blood onto the floors, the floors directing all that blood to this room and to this basin to be sent upward, I discovered now a little too late to induct a little sabotage of what was allowing the Black Lady to feed off all that blood.

Vampire blood and Wolfman blood. What sort of vampire could absorb both and grow stronger from it?

To a Lycan, vampire blood was the – to use a French saying – the crème de la crème of poisons. Nothing was more virulent to us... nothing had an assured hope of killing us. Alternatively, our blood was also the most potent poison against a Vampire. We were destined to kill each other, even on a cellular level. As such, for rats, being able to ingest and survive vampire blood... was the seventh Deadly Venom.

Once we could take all previous venoms, and vampire venom and grow immune to it... we were easily considered immune to every poison there was. The ultimate assassin.

But sitting there as a rat, I transformed into my hybrid form, a massive transformation from a one pound rat to a two hundred and fifty pound hybrid. It was perhaps one of the most massive transformation changes imaginable, which necessitated the need for magical clothing and wrappings for me. So what if it looked like a Sailor Moon flash whenever I changed shapes... it was functional damn it.

But now squatting as a great big white rat with pink eyes and tail, I looked down from my view upon all the multitude of pipes and gears and cogs and electrical devices, and thought perhaps to do just a little bit of... mischief.

If the flow of blood can be stopped upward, then she couldn't get anything that didn't reach her. But then this castle and everything attached to it had the propensity to repair itself. Hmm.

Lifting a scroll from my belt, I unraveled the thing and rapidly twisted my fingers into a multitude of hand signs before the ink on the paper rose and solidified into a multitude of knives dragging strips of paper on knotted rope. Snatching them all up before the scroll they came from burned to ash, I leapt at the central column and jabbed my knives in key locations, stopping pistons and gears, wedging them into pipes and things, making sure to add clusters of the little knives with their strips of paper in the best locations to do the best damage and...

The sound of a large metal object flying through the air at your head was unmistakable, and luckily a rat had such good hearing. I flipped and went spread eagle right as a meat cleaver with a chain on it imbedded itself into the pipes right beneath my nuts... and on a rat... those things were huge!

“Little rat, little rat...” a voice grunted before the cleaver was yanked back, and I twisted with legs wrapped around the pipes like a stripper on a pole, only to see the castle’s cook there looking up at me, laden with meat cleavers and knives and things. “So you’re the guest in my kitchen. I cut off your tail!”

Sonofabitch...

I crawled upward and continued to plant my knives with their paper.

“Don’t you ignore me, you disgusting little rat! You leave those machines alone!” and there was the tinkling of a chain this time as I moved out of the way, caught the hook on the end of the chain he’d thrown at me and hooked it onto one of the machines, and when he pulled down...

I made the motion of covering my mouth and shaking, pointing a finger at him as I balanced on a single spike of the machinery like I was laughing at him as the cook pulled down a large section of the machine, and then I kept pushing knives into place.

“Bastard!” And the cook started to aim now as he flung his knives and things at me.

But then... hitting a rat was no simple thing.

I ribbed and jibed him, pointed fingers and made like I was laughing, and knives and cleavers kept flinging at me at deadly accuracy. If I were any less of a person they would’ve hit unerringly, but as it was, I was certain that he never expected for a person to grab his blades out of mid-air and jam them into the gars and pipes of the machinery. Every knife jamming a gear reduced the sucking pressure of the machines, every knife in a pipe damaged the pipe’s ability to transfer fluids, created low pressure points, made it harder for even a machine to move liquid.

And then with the last of my own daggers used, I flipped off my high precipice, and then fell toward him, drawing my knives as I fell perhaps faster than a person could do.

It was a trick of the ninja, doubly made true by the rat clans, to be able to control one’s fall. One could slow or speed up a fall to increase or reduce the damage from said fall. We can thusly leap up or down higher distances than the average person. Now what I was doing was useful, provided I didn’t miss, but luckily, he was a big fat fatty fat-fat.

He threw another of his chains, and I turned and ran down the length of the chain, and then leapt and plunged downward, digging both my knives into his chest, and then kicked onto his body and yanked downward, creating two vertical gashes that should tear the nerve bundles for his arms and likewise open up the arteries feeding his arms. My tail snapped him, in the nuts before I slashed at his belly, disgorging his guts, and side-stepping around that blubber, I hamstringed him.

With a swivel and a twist, I watched him fall forward onto the ground twitching.

“Chop of my tail...” I sneered.

With a snap, the blood was flicked off my blades before I sheathed them again, and turning I made my way out of the chamber, about to lift my hands and destroy this place with a gesture, but then I heard the sound of metal against metal.

And then I felt the air shift behind me, and in another trained reflex I dodged, right as a hook silently flew past me to slam into the stone of the castle walls with a deafening crash. Turning and looking back at the cook, I felt my eyes broaden in surprise as the creature was poised amidst throwing one of his meat hooks at me. I call him a creature because he definitely didn't look alive any more.

Eyes had turned white, and his skin was bubbling like the surface of loaf of bread baking in an oven, his bowels hanging out of the gash in his belly. What I saw was that his wounds were healing, only they were healing grotesquely, being sewn and knit together by his own sinews.

“Surely... you don't think that's the end of me little rat.” He rumbled deep and sinisterly, his voice sounding like rocks being crushed together.

Looking to the chain of the hook, I flicked the chain and nodded at it.

“Apparently not.” I mentioned. “Lemme guess. You're not a vampire, right?”

“Heh... no.” and he yanked on his chain and it came back at him. I ducked beneath the hook. “I am the first of the castle guardians. You can call me Meat Hook.” And he caught the hook and brandished it to me as he continued to change, little arms unfolding, his body blimping like the blob, cancels bursting his boots while his muscle mass and fatty mass kept growing and growing, the pustules on his body forming white and black heads, but also green.

I raised an eyebrow at him and reaching behind me, removed a mask and pulled it on over my mouth and nose, tying it behind my head.

“What's the matter? Afraid of my little... pustules?” Meat Hook laughed and pinched one of the pustules and it snapped with a puff of green gas. I nodded at him. “Fraidy rat! Pussy-pussy-pussy!” I drew my knives and held their blades downward so that they could rest against the backs of my forearms. “Get over here!” and he threw the meat hook, and with a back flipping summersault, I landed on the chain and balanced there before he whipped the weapon back.

With a nimble-footed sprint up the chain, again I stabbed at him, getting him from ear to ear this time, finding the green mists rising from him immediately before I stabbed again with my daggers, sliding down with them to either side of his spine. This should've stopped all contact from the brain to all of the extremities, being that to either side of the spine was where the thickest nerves should've connected to it.

What should've happened, was that he should've fallen down like a sack of potatoes, and his lungs and heart should've just stopped before he emptied his bowels all over himself.

Well... at least he emptied his bowels...

The stench could be smelled even through the filters of my mask, sting the eyes behind my visor. Oh man it was foul!

“Pardon me...” the thing said as tearing at its flesh seemed to relieve tension to allow it to grow larger, ripping clothes and bursting apron strings and dirty shirt, his belly wobbling like a bowl of – no... not Jell-O, I wouldn’t insult Santa Clause like that – but a sack full of loose guts. If you ever work in a slaughterhouse, then you’ll know what that really looks like.

But regardless, the monster turned and swung his cleaver, the chains jingling and jangling behind him, and when the axe came down he nearly even got my tail!

With the cleaver imbedded into the ground I jumped on top of it and glared at him as his mouth loosely healed itself, the thing flopping around and the loose skin. Lifting a finger I shook my head and wagged that finger in a no-no gesture for daring to try to cut my tail off a second time.

“Oh ye big baby... it didn’t even get ye!” and he swung his other hand and the meat hook swung down for me, but I hopped up onto his hand and kicked him on the head twice. Green vapor was rising up from his every wound, and pustules kept popping now with rising spines and spikes erecting out of his body, flesh tearing open now for bone and stringing guts that made him smell like a slaughterhouse floor on a hot day in July.

With a swipe of my dagger, I cut the tendons of his meat hook hand on the inside of his wrist, and yanked the meat hook out and running off with it, dipping and weaving through the pipes before leaping through a cramped place and hooked the hook on a series of pipes before I leapt back at Meat Hook.

With a bellowing roar he tugged on it, pulling the hook and ruining several of the pipes that were here, right as I reached him and pulled several of his butcher knives out, imbedding one in his eye and another on the top of his head with a third and a fourth in his neck.

Meat Hook roared as I rolled down his back and scurried off, scampered was more like it... that’s right! I scamper... wanna make something of it?

“Damn it! Where are you! HA!” Meat Hook bellowed, ripping a blade from his eye and tossing at me before a demonic eye grew back in its place, and I bowed myself and balanced on my toes as the knife sped behind me. “I’m going to cut you up into sausages! I’m going to make Rat Tartar out of you! I’m going to make Ratatouille out of you!”

I blinked and then far enough away, I pulled my mask down to speak.

“Stupid! Ratatouille is a vegetable dish! You know nothing of cooking!”

“Grah!” he bellowed, one arm billowing with muscular mass as he ripped his cleaver out and heaved it at me.

At that distance, all I needed to do was run as I replaced my mask, and from a recess in my back I removed a contraption that I unfolded, creating a little compound bow that I shot its set of arrows on a flip out quiver attached to the bow at him. With a metallic twang the bow fired each little arrow bolt at him, each one laden with an explosive head that detonated in a brilliant ball of fire the moment the priming charge in the back of the arrow was struck by the metal shaft impacting it.

Meat Hook bellowed and roared with the peppering explosions, the explosions giving me enough chance to move in and leapt at him, hooking the bow over and around his neck and use it as a wire garrote.

He choked and coughed, exhaling billowing clouds of green smoke now while the green sludge on his back started eating through my two-toed boots, and as I felt a tingling in the soles of my feet, the wires cutting into the voice box, the flimsy bow broke and I tumbled away, flipping to land on my back as the bag of puss kept swelling and strengthening.

“Gak! Kill you!” the beast bellowed and turned, his two little arms pulling out knives before he attacked with both arms downward and with a flip backward, landing on my feet, I then drove my body lancing over his weapons and drove the heels of both feet into his face, breaking his nose before repeatedly kicking and then snapping him with my tail in the face.

Meat Hook lifted his blades and swiped at me with the knives, coughing and wheezing now as that belly billowed so fat that it started to disgorge piles of fat, pus and corrosive materials that hissed and sizzled at the floor, necessitating me to get up onto high ground. There he threw knives at me, tossing his chain weapons, trying everything he could to get me while I leapt and dodged, pulling at his chains and twisting around him this way and that, till at long last I slid down the bowl of the copper basin where all the blood was supposed to go, back up its other surface and landed in a squat before Meat Hook who was now drawn out and hanging off the ground with his pudgy legs flailing and all his knives gone.

The room was covered in green smoke that was acrid and smelling, the ground was dissolving in the sludge expelling from his body while pustules snapped and popped.

“Gah! I’ll kill you when I get down from here!” he bellowed, sludge now piling out of his mouth.

“You are un-aptly named my friend.” I said, my voice muffled by the mask. “Yea behold thy name is Gluttony and Sloth. Perhaps... Slovenly would be a better name for you.”

“Kh-kill you!” he bellowed.

“Promises, promises...” I snickered and then rose. “Or maybe I should just call you... stupid. And look what you’ve done. The Black Lady’s contraption is a mess!” Meat Hook gasped and then looked around in horror. “And guess what. It’s all... your... fault! So pitiful. But I gotta tell ya what,” I said and his little hands tried to grasp at me as he twitched and flailed. “Nothing is more fun that disgorging a load of hydrochloric acid into the room and creating a cloud of noxious fumes that digest things, which means that you’ve created a concoction in the air that reacts poorly to flames and electricity.” And I pointed up and Meat Hook stared upward at the snapping bands of electricity above us, and the cloud of green smoke steadily rising toward it. “But here’s the kicker. You’re currently wrapped in all your fat and hard bones in ways you can’t unbend from. And when this place comes apart... so do you.”

“N-no! Let me out!” he bellowed and I skipped forward and hopped from place to place till I finally got to the doors on the far end of the chamber.

“Hey Meat Hook... I’d say go to hell... but I think you’re already there.” And I slammed the door.

Striding down a short hall, my hands rose and began to make several gestures with the fingers.

“Hand Jive! Hand Jive! I’m born to Hand Jive...” and I turned a corner with the last of the gestures, remotely activating the scrolls on my daggers that I’d planted everywhere, and a few seconds later there was a series of repeating pops and a deafening boom right before the door to the chamber below was knocked right off its hinges to

slam against the wall behind me with a burst of hot air. “Cut my tail off will you...” I finished and shook myself before skipping up the stairs, exiting out of the kitchen where I spilled a tub full of blood collected from all the cooked meat here, hoping to waste it before it all could be collected and transferred.

But my hope was that it'd take the castle a good long time to clean up that room, especially with the echoing sounds of aftershocks and other explosions below that rocked the castle and made it quake.

“S-Susan?” Mad ventured, and I lifted my gaze, eyes looking wildly at him, my gaze freezing him to the spot as I purred, and dragging my fingers from between the grating, each finger so thick that they filled the squares between the iron slats so I had to jerk them out, bending the grating upward in those places, I pawed over to him on all fours, breasts nearly dragging on the ground..

My mind was numbed. Despite the strength of my first mother's first scroll that I obtained from the Vatican earlier, despite the strength that I'd had when I'd first entered this place, I was even more powerful now... my physical prowess greater than ever... so much of it throbbing in me now that my sexual power, my basis, had been enhanced so. That was how powerful the sensations still roiling in me were. With thighs wide and pussy clenched I knelt before him and then rose, and even on my knees my head still slightly larger than his, and atop my knees, with the weight of one breast alone heavier than he was now – at least currently – but I needed a mate strong enough to be my mate.

He was already erect, he was already thick and his groin was standing on end, projecting from him from in a grand curving bulge in his pants in the awe of my body as he looked up at me larger and stronger than ever.

I lifted an arm and flexed it, and the sheer amount of flexing caused new muscles to react, and tensing them, straining them caused them to grow and distend, the muscles fighting each other as the bicep muscles unfolded, swelling and sliding up the inside of a forearm, pushing the shoulder chords aside while things feeling like pneumatic pistons lifted the arm and held it there. Bundles of bridge cable for muscle fibers and piano chords for tendons aligned around truck and car shocks before I lifted the other arm and tensed it as well, whimpering and then laughing as my tits separated and pushed outward into thicker and thicker swells atop their engorging and rounding chest muscles to flare to either side of him, framing his head inside my view as I gloried in the power of my womanhood and the beauty of my beloved mate.

Arm muscles grew and thickened, and a chain reaction rolled down me, beginning at the shoulders and curving backward into the heavily muscled back muscle and its plethora of muscle masses fighting each other to see who was the strongest.

I swear there were a couple of muscle masses across my back that looked like an Olympic man doing a double arm flex.

I moaned as biceps rolled upward to brush against knuckles, framing my head while chest and ribs flared to double their previous thickness right then and there, and with a rolling of belly muscles an orgasm spilt from my loins again before shooting down both legs from between the base of my ass cheeks. I even clenched my tail! Who knew it had muscles I could flex?

Within moments I'd doubled my body weight right then and there, muscles as hard as chiseled stone but as malleable as Silly Putty. Head hugged by back and neck muscles, neck forming a trapezoid straight to my shoulders that wrapped from chest to back and biceps even in a relaxed state were as thick and as hard as bowling balls; tits

like medicine balls. My hands slid down my navel as I arched backward for him, my fingers rolling over the lower eight tits along the upper most chords of abdominal I had, in which I had more than twenty four abs now; that belly riddled with a crackelature of veins binding the muscle with throbbing masses.

My arms felt like they were pulsating tubing run by a pressure motor running at more than a hundred P.S.I. through those veins with each heart beat. My fingers pinched a couple of the lower nipples, rolling them between the fingertips as I purred deeply for him like a Harley Davidson motor idling.

“Y-you’re... so magnificent. Such power in one who’s supposed to be so small of a breed!” I gasped, and murring I lifted my hands and dragged my scythe-like hooking claws along his clothes, shredding them all but being careful of his soft body beneath them.

“B-beloved... what...” he began but I leaned back, balancing on one monstrous arm behind me before with the other hand I pushed my labia apart. There was no way he was strong enough to pierce them without help now. “But... I... is this the time?” he asked flustered and I nodded sharply once while his clothing continued falling about him to leave him naked, that mighty dick of his springing upward immediately.

Looking at my opened minge... which was beet red and throbbing with more veins in my arousal instead of just a moist pink, I gulped for air once and then he plunged in... quite literally.

Arched backward, my mind still fuzzy at the moment... I needed my love to feed from me... feed on everything that I was. He started with my powerful honey pot ... the gyrations of his cock locked inside my cunt kept him close as I let go of the pinching vaginal muscles that started supping on his erect dick before I pushed him into one of my secondary tits.

“Drink.” I rumbled simply while the castle shivered and shook from the power radiating from me. I was acting as a source of that power and energy at the moment, and I knew... deep in my mind where subconscious awareness clawed its way back up to my brain, that the castle was afraid of me now.

And my sweet love drank... engorging himself on me, swallowing mouthful after mouthful as I moaned from his currently and comparatively little dick in me... but... that was soon to change. Almost immediately in fact!

Mad’s extension began to invade me, pressuring against my vaginal muscles, his veins thick and heady as they led to the head engorging and standing on end. Just as it should... his adult sexuality and thusly his physical form were getting a bolster from me while the energy radiating from me was severing strings and chains that’d held him for centuries now. How easily they were severed, how simply they were cut, and when he came up for air, licking his lips, showing me the phenomenal breadth that his jaws could open to as he smacked them wide... wider than a hundred and twenty degrees even, I pulled my mane over one shoulder and on the opposite shoulder at the tracheal artery I took a claw and opened the vein. It burst at first, and then trickled before I bent over myself, tits cleaving to his sides, pressing to my thighs even as I cradled him.

The offering was necessary... it was a bond between Lycan... and after all, I already bit him with my love bite.

It may seem bestial to sink one’s teeth into one’s lover, but it was instinctive, unwavering, an instinct as old as all the breeds were. When emotion grew powerful enough, strong enough, it just happened... especially with us cats. A little nip here and there was nothing. We showed many our love. But a bite in the heat of passion... a lapping of the blood. Whoever that was done to, that cat loved deeply.

But Mad deserved my side of the bargain... he needed to nip from me not only to finish the circle, imprint me upon him as mate and lover... mother of what I hoped was his child inside me, but my blood along with milk and sexual juices... all together that would combine together and imprint more than just that on him.

It would give him the gifts necessary to become mighty... and strong!

And by the feeling of that dick he was jostling inside me invading steadily deeper, steadily thicker as its sides flared, thickened and hardened into muscle ribs, its underbelly distending... he was getting just that.

I could feel his balls against my thighs, the pair hardening and enlarging while I embraced him as he drank, his tongue lapping while the grand radius of his jaw actually flattened about my neck that it could open so well. I panted, feeling his powerful jaws tightening and clenching against my neck, his tongue lapping up more of the blood briefly before he reared and snarled, and falling backward, laying against the spongy earth as he arched backward, rising dominantly above me despite how much bigger than he I was now, he began humping my pussy as his brownish body with its elegant black stripes slowly grew right before my eyes.

And I was pleased, legs spread wide, knees framing him at his shoulders as his bones crunched and churned, and I embraced him again automatically as he lowered to suckle on one of my tertiary tits. That jaw of his, able to open so wide, had an intriguing little trait to it. For one thing... I never felt the whole of one of my tits, as thick and firm and as round as they were, actually fully go *inside* someone's mouth. Once in his gums and tongue, he squeezed and massaged and tasted the tit, squirting milk repeatedly down his throat while the noises he made hummed and vibrated it. It was maddening.

I groaned and gyrated, rocking hips, twisting my thick, powerful tail around his and feeling his two hands gripping another tit in each hand, one being one of my primaries as he stroked the thick nipple capping it like he were milking a cow teat, all while alternatively massaging the milk vein on the base of that now bean bag chair-sized primary.

With a moan and a bucking of my hips he rode me like a bronco for one deep movement... the vein... the caressing of that vein got my primaries to fountain briefly, and then with those mighty mammaries framing my view of him, I watched him grow.

A series of cracks and a snaps seemed to extend him like someone spreading an accordion, arms and legs lengthening as I lifted my hips and he continued humping that pussy of mine, that dick of his thickening steadily and spreading the lips of my pussy apart of their own accord now while its length penetrated me deeper and deeper, penetrating into my very womb. Reaching down he held my red clit against his reddening phallus with the tip of his thumb, and the two rubbing against each other drove us both mad. My tongue slid along the deep fangs of my mouth, the bristles of the tongue comb clicking like a cricket's legs against those teeth before I yowled in the pain of the lovemaking, moisture welling up from inside me even despite the most recent transformation to make my innards slick yet sticky for the passage of that mighty maleness spearing me.

His shoulders rolled backward and fanned, deep grooves and creases separating those muscles as they rounded outward, thickened and hardened and became chiseled as he bowed his head and panted, long tongue licking his muzzle briefly before he panted again. My milk ejected onto his chest and belly even as those tits thickened right before my eyes, but so too did I witness his torso widening, flaring wider, stretching the neck and flaring it, giving him that thick-necked muscular look. The spreading torso widened his back, the length of that torso rippling with abdominals while his back curved deeply and his middle became slender and streamlined... his chest bulging and deep as the sternum lifted and rib cage thickened outward and the packs of chest muscle rolled outward and segmented into broad, hard, throbbing muscular chords that bounced with every arm movement or twist of the body.

Again, the similarities between wolf and tiger made him look like both of them as he opened his mouth and gave off a long howling whine that sounded like a keening puppy. So cute! It was a strange sound, but he was a strange breed. Not a wolf, not a tiger, but both and neither!

More! More!!

His arms thickened, the biceps cleaving in two as they rounded outward with an adult male's strength and power, bulging outward from pipes into thick hardened mounds that I caressed and cajoled, feeling the bicep veins throb beneath my fingers as his dick stirred me. The veins of his shaft throbbed against the veins in my loins, the pair tapping against each other in an enticing, erotic way with every heart beat at times beat in conjunction, at other times beat in opposition.

His forearms flared wide and lengthening then while his claws dragged along my belly that was literally like a washboard that I rolled as I orgasmed about that piercing cock of his. I'd have to try washing clothes off that belly next time I needed to...

Palming his chest, I watched as each of his four pectorals became chorded and laden with thin veins while they fanned and deepened, nipples erecting and hardening while his chests filled the breadth of even my mighty palms as the rest of him followed suit and flared and bulged wider. His back roiled outward, muscle hump rising and chest pushing forward to thicken his body, His waist remaining narrow as it lengthened somewhat like a gray hound, his back stripes deepening in coloring and size as they broadened across the span of his back and rump, all while his lower back actually grew wider than his navel was.

Thick, powerful thighs, broad calves but comparatively small paw like hands and feet marked this strange, unique breed, with a heady and powerful tail thicker than my own and prehensile elongated from that tight, clenched ass of his. And you bet your sweet bippy I felt up that growing bundle of chords and sinews as they swelled and thickened right beneath my hands. I growled in pleasure at the growing strength of my man as that chest arched deeper and deeper, deeper and deeper, thick and hard till he had a body like a muscular gray hound. Definitely wolfen-like... but not quite.

The wound on my neck healed itself to scarred flesh just prior to the scar fading, a slow healing effect because it was another Lycan that had caused it, and he bent to lick it tenderly despite the greatness of his newly heaving body as his penis tip tickled the back of my throat it felt. Placing a hand to my belly let me feel his length traverse my innards easily, unhindered now that he was so strong, but that shaft was still thickening, still growing.

That's it! Keep growing my love.

More tears leaked from my eyes as he at long last switched to the major mammaries decorating my chest, his body still unfolding and heaved and with a mouth that could hinge like his, the nipples that were the size of a man's fist could fit easily in his mouth.

That one tit flattened, the other rolled over his shoulder, spilling milk onto his broadening back as it bubbled thicker and thicker with muscle that I palmed and felt as it flared like a kite billowing in a strong wind, my fingers tracing the deepening, hardening musculature that transformed him from ropy to Olympian. Such haunches, what a thick powerful tail... WHAT A BUTT!

And then he reared and snarled and again I palmed him and then blinked, discovering something I'd yet to discover before. It was such an incredible oddity that I had to explore it, and sliding my hands upward from my navel onto

his, I found my fingers sliding *under* a flap of skin on his navel... like an upside down pocket of a kangaroo! But only females had pockets. What on earth was this?! A belly pouch?

He murred and palmed my hands through the skin and closed his eyes. It was sexual! He like it! And the same veins and flesh leading into his extension led from it. Ok then my love... try this on for size and... oh lord!

I'd tried pressuring on something inside the pouch, which apparently was connected directly to his dick, which in turn made him climax inside me so powerfully that it offloaded a bomb inside my pussy. I gurgled and almost fainted dead away as I orgasmed in its wake and splattered his lap and loins with our shared juices with my hands still warmed within that stretchy pouch of his. It was velvety on the inside, with the skin on the inside loose and malleable, soft and delicate. I murred as I massaged him there, finding nipples on the inside, undeveloped ones since he was a male. If he was a female I had no doubt that they would be excreting milk... but nonetheless, he reacted to my touch there as if they were the most sensitive portions of his body.

With my back so enlarged that I laid back at an angle, he palming my meaty thighs and clawing at the grooves with his claw tips as he gyrated into my pussy, gurgling and growling, yipping and keening and biting his lip. And I pursed my lips... finding something strange in his actions. As I massaged and caressed his flesh inside that pouch, he whimpered and reacted... much like a female might. His back arched and he murred, her rubbed his chest and postured as his dick pressured inside me, and suddenly... this was like I was making love with... with a hermaphrodite or something. I know he wasn't really, but the fantasy definitely struck a chord in my mind, made the motion more erotic for me, possibly for him, and with my hands up in that pocket, it was like I was double-fisting an enlarged pussy!

Wow!

And then his arms and thighs were ballooning... with that gray-hound like look to him, it gave him a waspish belly but powerful, powerful chest and haunches, long arms and hind legs, small paws, but he was made for running, made for agility, and rubbing his belly inside that pocket, rubbing those nipples inside the pouch, he and I gyrated repeatedly while he flared and grew.

Sadly... this led to the end of his growth as he experienced the slough off... what I called one part of his body seeming to detach, slough off to one side, reattach and strengthen one last time as he unfolded radically, the bow of his shoulders growing wide as his back billowed straight off the back of his skull, his belly muscles grew imperiously and his cock did a few last surges of growth inside my loins. This process was the transformation's requirement of needing more area to grow within. There he collapsed against me and bounced off my many amorous tits like they were water beds, hugging them to him and gurgling while his cock deflated in me in steps amidst expelling his seed in me.

But apparently when he pulled out of me to rise, the slurping sensation and the clamping of my womanly gates on him excited him one last time and he lanced several minute jets upon me before it finally fell limp... and hung to his friggin knees!

And just then, the castle rumbled... and quite literally the earth moved.

I am Fellania.

There was a laboratory that was just above the exit to the dungeons. It was along the most direct route to the front doors, and as I entered, I found Victor working furiously here even as the castle trembled beneath my feet. The world was in upheaval. I felt it steeped in fear and worry. Something terrible was happening here, and I could just feel it getting worse.

Technology upset the natural order of things. The cold, hard, angular precision of circuitry imprinted on plastic, the corrupting sensation of a nuclear power plant, the choking fumes of a coal burning plant, all of these things upset the natural order.

Those were high technology things. They followed the technology available during the era that this place supposedly existed by at least a century. So why was it, standing in this room, that I felt such a high level of technology that it made me feel like I was standing near to a nuke plant?

“Experimenting much, Doctor?” I asked, as the doctor hurried in a process of both metallic and alchemical manufacture.

“The experiments are long over, Lady Fellania. This is the final product... the culmination of centuries worth of work... all kept in my head.” And he tapped his skull with one finger but kept working, shoving me aside even as he moved in a direct path to the next station. “Please don’t interfere. Master Drake has me working hard on this project. If I don’t succeed, then we’re all doomed.”

“May I ask what it’s about?” I managed and stood away from him as the castle rumbled again. He looked up at the ceiling briefly and then continued working.

“You may, but I don’t have time to explain it. I’ll be cutting it close enough as it is. My suggestion is that you stay far away from me once it’s done, but in a nutshell... it’s designed to control the castle’s guardians.”

“The Denizens.” I mentioned and he nodded quickly but kept working. “You’re the one working for Drake to help usurp the control of the Denizens from the Black Lady.” Again he nodded.

“She’s elsewhere... preparing. She won’t leave her spot to stop me now, so I must work quickly. Quicker than I ever have. This time I won’t fail.”

“Is there anything I can do?” I asked.

“Yes. Kill Baron Rogan. He’s the chief Vampire now. Since the Black Lady is preparing and Master Drake is dead – so to speak – then he’s in command of the Vampires. He will grow hungry in thirty-two minutes and seven seconds, and will seek something to eat. Since I’m the only human in the castle... he’ll come for me. I’d very much appreciate that you end him prior to that.”

I stood and paused, and then felt the ground shake and I heard the far-off distant sound of what was unmistakably an explosion. It came from the direction that Remy trotted off to. I clenched my jaw. Someone would surely go investigate that.

“Consider it done Doctor.” I mentioned and swung on my heel with a wobbling of boobs that made one of the drawstrings before my chest snap and the other drawstrings loosened to their extent. Clucking my tongue as I walked off, not being used to boobs that undulated so, I strode right into the foyer through a study, and found myself amidst several couches and chairs, in which most of the Vampires that were here were all naked and copulating.

One of them, a powerful looking vampire with jet black hair and a goatee sat back as he was pawed at by several naked succubae.

“Ah... Lady Fellania. Can I get you a boy... maybe a girl?” he asked as he saw me, and all the Vampires snickered and laughed at the jibe at my sexuality “Are you going to show us a balancing act with your staff little one?” he asked and again there was a group of chortling laughter that sounded to me like fingernails on a chalkboard. “Or would you like to strip down, and once this pretty little thing,” and he caressed the bosom of the woman gyrating on his lap with the back of a hand. “Is finished, then you can take her place and I’ll pierce you so deeply you’ll beg me to bite you and kill you from the pain of such ecstasy. But then again... you’re just a female in heat, and too stupid for proper society other than being my little... pet.” And everyone laughed again.

That was a shot. He must be able to smell the heat on me, the boiling of my blood. It got my temper roiling, got my blood boiling. The shifting emotions in me were just outside of my complete control, but regardless I remained more or less in one place there in the middle of the foyer while Vampires laughed and chortled at me from behind their hands.

“I got a better idea.” I said and twisted the staff toward the back of the female riding his junk, and smirking to myself, it extended across the dozen or so meters that separated us like a shot, the twisting spear point piercing both the female’s bosom and the Baron’s in one shot.

They both hissed, and then she screamed before they rapidly burned from the inside and then disintegrated into ash and charcoal before my staff retracted.

“How ‘bout I pierce you instead.” I smirked as the staff retracted with a snap.

There was dead silence for a moment as I promptly turned and with a jab the staff extended again, and another vampire got it in the heart, the purity of the staff lighting them from the inside with rays of light as they screamed and hissed, burning from the inside out to be reduced to char and ash.

And as I moved to attack the next, the room broke into hisses and screams, the Vampire’s faces mutating into horrific images as some leapt up backward onto walls, others ran, and I hefted my staff aloft and it shone with the light of the sun, causing the Vampires to weaken from its glorious power.

“Come on all you leaches! It’s time for the stain of your existence on the Earth to be wiped out!”

And starting with those running away, my staff snapped outward repeatedly, catching as many of the runners as I could while fending off attacks from more Vampires as their screams and cries could be heard through the hole of the castle.

“Your penis goes in it?” I mumbled as we hurried up the long ramp toward the dungeons above.

Mad was still smaller than me by a head... and about half the body weight... but I had really huge tits to – ahem – pad my weight, and I also had more than just two of them to do so.

“Sure... It keeps me safe while I’m running through the bush. Don’t all males have a penis pocket?” he asked me and I stared at him, pausing in my step a moment to do so.

“No.” I smirked and shook my head, and then laughing and embracing him tightly, my tits squeezing his head between them as I laughed, I held him tightly onto him and ground my pussy into his tight abs, decorating it with the shared love juices that were left on it, holding my first mother’s scroll in one hand behind his back. “I think it’s cute. At least I know where your sex buttons are.” I chuckled then and we hurried up to the next tier of the grave yards, not noticing that the mist was thickening till we started coughing it.

Then all of a sudden the mists turned green.

“I-Is this normal?” I choked.

“No.” Mad groaned and then I felt something grip my ankle and I yowled in fright.

I summoned a globe of spirit light meaning to get just a small one, but the power leapt from the scroll, up one arm, across my Titaness’s shoulders and down the other arm, and a miniature golden sun leapt to life that snapped and hissed with bio-etheric energy. On the plus side, the mist melted away from the sun that I now gripped in that hand, on the negative side it showed me what was now trying to crawl up my leg.

A hissing skull, attached to a skeleton was sinking its bony fingers into my flesh, showing a mouthful of vampiric teeth as it hissed, right before it immediately bit down into my leg. The lance of pain and the burning, acidic hissing of my blood meeting its teeth made me bellow and strike instinctively with a hand that wouldn’t make it let go or even so much as destroy it!

And then I tensed my leg, tensing it and hardening it, pinching off blood vessels as it groaned and crunched, the fur forming bands of stripes about that leg till there was a snap and a crunch and that little Vampire skeleton’s jaws broke right in two and the rest of it just fell to the ground.

“Ow! Dick!” I complained, and now that the wound wasn’t being bitten it quickly healed itself.

Mad was before me, palming the wound. “It’s healing...” he said immediately, palming the inner thigh up and down which sent shivers down my spine. I couldn’t help it, his hands were soothing me... it felt like healing magic... and of course two lovers like us, his hands so near my pussy he couldn’t help but touch my distended sex, palming it before I just automatically arched myself and he spread open the labia and gave my loins a long lick with that jaw of his opening as wide as could be...

And then there was a rattle, a bone rattle, which stopped us from going further.

Mad rose and twisted immediately to face the sound in one movement, and lifting my arm with the light in it still and intensifying its magic, I found that at times light can be a real bitch when it tells the truth of what you can see.

More of the mists cleared, and there were more skeletons, some armed and armored even, some even headless! They were crawling out of the ground, sliding from the spongy earth, crypts sliding open as well as sarcophagi and coffins to disgorge their contents.

“Run.” We both said at once, and we both dashed away, my light pressuring the mists away as the bone rattling sound kept rising into intensely maddening sounds of jittering and rattling and knocking that made me scream against the sound to just hear myself think.

The human in me wanted to sob and cry, but the Lycan in me was trying to get me to fight. How ‘bout that for a Frosted Flakes motto?

“Door!” Mad shouted as he pointed as we rose out of the mists onto the top tier of the crypts, but before us an army of skeletons were rising from the grave, and they were legion.

“Damn it! How stereotypical can you get?” I growled. “This is right out of Army of Darkness!”

“Army of what?” Mad gaped as another wall of skeletons emerged from the mists behind us and still another down the tier of the graveyard.

“It’s a movie. Mad... I promise when we get out of here... we’re going to spend about nine months just getting to know each other and I can show you what a movie is, and cell phones and computers and lime sherbet ice cream...”

“Why nine months?” he asked suddenly from over his shoulder, lifting his hands to fight and I floundered.

“Ah... too short?” I grinned a grin full of sharp teeth.

“Definitely. I was hoping... happily ever after?”

I almost swooned, and then remembered where we were and what we were doing. “You’re good man meat and you sex me good... I’m going to kiss you when we’re done with this...”

“When we’re done with this.” He agreed, and reached forward and struck at the first of the lead skeletons.

Who would’ve thought that skeletons were so stalwart? Even with my renewed strength, even with it enhanced now, even with my first mother’s scroll activated in me, these despicable creatures still clung together. With nothing holding their bones together, there was no possible way for them to be upright and walking let alone still stay together after I punched at them. Using the Chi magics in me, I should’ve been able to shatter these things, but still...

Even a skelly that I picked up and broke in half over my knee merely pulled himself back together.

“They’re not stopping!” I cried out, and I heard the clicking and cracking and rattling of more of these undead creatures shambling toward us. Some had bones that they were using as clubs, others had bits of metal armor on them... servants and soldiers of a dozen eras straight back to Rome itself it looked like.

“P-Perhaps... perhaps I can do something.” Mad managed. He sounded frightened, which was strange given that he was so upright and driven a moment ago.

“Perhaps? Mad... baby... this isn’t a time to be unsure of anything!” I said and picking a skelly up by the feet, I slammed it against the ground like one would beat dust out of a rug and the thing broke apart, but almost immediately began reforming itself.

“O-ok! I-I’ll do it then!” Madoushi shouted back over his shoulder, and I chanced out of the corner of my eye to see his face.

He wasn’t frightened, he was terrified! Whatever he was about to do, he was afraid out of his mind to do it, and when he turned back from me, he lifted his hands and he sort of went... transparent. Opaque really, but whatever he just did there was an audible click, like something metallic rolling in a tumbler to unlock something, and all the skeletons shuddered spastically.

“B-beloved! A-act now!” Mad cried, shrieking the words in a terrified fear and the words echoing at me as if coming across a chasm, and I immediately swung at the nearest skelly.

The thing shattered in a single blow from me, and following up with another punch and another punch and then a spinning backwards heel kick, each skeleton that I struck broke apart, with even the bones breaking. Some skeletons reached Madoushi and began choking and clawing at him. I gasped and skipped to him, wrenching the monsters off him and using their bones to beat at the other skeletons while my miniature sun danced in the air around us.

A scattered bone yard was left over of our actions by the time I was able to redirect my attention to Mad, tossing the bones I was using as clubs to the ground and kneeling behind my smaller lover and palming his chest from behind, embracing him, letting him feel the press of my breasts against his body. Despite that he was opaque, he still felt real enough to me. More than real, actually.

“Whatever you did, honey, you did it.” And I kissed his cheek.

“I-It’s... not...”

“Are you trembling. My word you feel cold. Let me warm you...”

“Susan! It’s not over yet!” he bellowed out, his breath actually escaping as frost.

It was then that I noticed frost and snow seeming to gather around his feet and ankles and over his shoulders. And then I heard more rattling and clicking, and turning back to the scattered bones, I watched as several small looking spheres of colored light rushed in, angry faces within the flares of light as they seemed to bellow in rage at me.

Then there I saw the orbs draw close to each other, orbiting each other as electrical pulses lanced between them. Then with a solid stroke of lightning that lanced from between the hovering orbs of angry light that struck the ceiling and the floor simultaneously and scattered electricity across the ceiling and across the field of bones.

Will-o-wisps I think they were called, but the spirits of dead children were typically playful, wanting to play tag and hide and go seek. They tended forests and helped things grow while singing with sing-song voices childhood nursery rhymes. Spirits.

But these weren’t normal Will-o-wisps. These were dark, malevolent things I realized, even as a stroke of lightning lanced downward and radiated all the skeleton bones, making the bones rattle even louder before the bones began collecting and piling into a heaping bone pile beneath the wisps at first before the bones began to reassemble about the will-o-wisps, rising high and connecting to this or that to surround the wisps with bone, tattered flesh and leather, and bits of armor.

“Mad...?” I asked over my shoulder as I watched this debacle.

“B-beware... something worse is coming. A castle guardian! I-I w-will... *try* t-to hinder it.”

“But...” I began and stopped, and felt my eyes widen to their fullest in their sockets as the bones began to link oddly to each other, and shooting up from the bone pile and slamming down onto the ground, even as the plates of bone and armor scattered about seemed to fly across the air to reassemble to it. Several skulls lifted, their twin eyes glowing while several jaw bones came together to make a double jaw that breathed in a deep, rasping and sucking sound even as a will-o-wisp that was easily taking up the head area glowed brilliantly.

More bones formed wings, wings with swords and spears for feathers, thick overlapping plates of steel and gilded metal and strips of cloth forming around the body as this monstrosity rose.

“Oh fuck me.” I groaned even as its weapon formed from several blades and knives and it slammed it against the ground and roared at me with the fire of a blast furnace escaping its mouth as one of the will-o-wisps burned inside its chest a brilliant red, the fire crackling with black lighting, the creature rising at long last with digitigrade bipedal legs, a long and thick serpentine tail and overloaded with strips of stretched flesh and armor binding its form. A back of blades and broken bones as spikes flared, long demonic horns made from femurs and finger bones decorated the head made of three separate skulls to give it six eyes and the armor laying over it like a brilliant crown.

And then Mad was screaming and I turned, and gaped as I saw slashes and cuts appearing on him as his hands were projected forward, a strange flame of ethereal blue about him as blood seeped from the corners of his eyes like tears.

“Mad!”

“K-Kill it!!” he screamed in obvious pain as more and more slashes erupted across his body.

In a panic I looked about and found the first blunt object I could, and so grabbing it – the stone lid of a sarcophagus – and hoisting it one-handed, I lobbed the thing at the monster. It was obviously sunned from the blow as that heavy stone slab hammered into its chest and knocked it back against a column of stone that was serving as a tomb. The rock broke behind it in a splintering cascade of stone, the creature rattling and clattering as it pulled the slab of stone out of its mid-section.

With a snap of pseudomotion I was there again, moving from where I was to where it was, several dozen meters of distance in the blink of an eye to shove that slab of stone back in and driving the creature in to the opening of the tomb to restrict its movements, all while Mad’s cries of hurt and harm drove me... drove me to a maddening assault of the creature. I pulled on the stone slab backward like the drawer of a filing cabinet and then slammed it back in deeper, widening the radial crack behind it before it roared at me again with fire so hot that it fried the fur off one arm and shoulder before I snarled at it and punched my fist into its mouth with my claws leading the way.

“I’ll teach you to hurt my Madoushi!” I snarled, and a pulse of spiritual energy, pure holy light leapt from my hand still carrying the scroll, up its arm, across my body and creating a billowing plume of light in my bodice that lit up the flesh of my breasts from within and then down the punching arm I’d just jammed in its body.

It’s teeth were biting down on my arm as the charge flowed into it, and the surprise on the eyes of even a skeleton was a Kodak moment if I ever saw one as the charge of holy light lanced right into its core as its fire scalded my arm and burned me.

“This’ll teach you not to bark!” I bellowed and doubled the intensity, and a bright explosion that filtered through cracks between bones and armor pieces fried the flesh holding the construct together.

My first Mother’s power filled me as her spiritual energy engorged me further, and I felt myself growing again, muscles engorging into harder and broader chords, bones thickening and hardening, the veins beating a staccato rhythm against me, throbbing every teat, throbbing my loins, making me moisten between the legs and leak milk off my breasts as my arm filled the skeleton’s mouth and forced the bones apart till first one jaw and then the next jaw broke from the thickness of my arm.

I reacted on automatic as my knee lanced upward into its side, bending the metal before I gripped around the dark spiritual force in its core and ripped it out through the mouth. There was a tumultuous level of screaming from the creature, like countless hundreds of seething demons clawing at my brain as my spiritual energy tore at its core, my hand closing about it till my engorging spiritual power and swelling and tightening form was dissipating the dark spirit.

A shock like a lightning bolt lanced from the thing, electrocuting me, making my jaws clench and knocking me back against the wall across from it, but still I clenched. The muscle tension of being electrocuted actually helped, and though it was painful, a sort of pain I don't think I would've been able to take when I was still a human, I'd nonetheless become grades stronger since then. I rippled and churned, feeling my might seething inside me, and finally my grip crushed the thing and it screamed like a banshee, venting black mists in multiple directions from around my fingers before the thing dissipated.

And then I turned back to the construct to find that its other will-o-wisps were trying to keep it up.

With tits wobbling, nipples shaking their milk off, I snapped back before the creature with another quickened movement of pseudomotion, and reaching down, wrenching the slab of stone out of it one-handed, I used the slab like a mean teacher would batter a student with a book.

The construct's bones crushed, the metal squealed and shattered, marrow pouring out like dust as one section of the construct after the next was broken, and I destroyed the evil spirits controlling it with a raking claw attack, with claws that glowed gold with the spiritual energy, the need to protect the father of my baby, and the man who would be my mate and husband! I felt... *empowered* from the anger that a loved one was in danger. It made me feel like some Viking berserker. But then it drove me so hard that I didn't realize that the creature was defeated at first. I had to calm down enough to stop pounding cracked bone into powder to realize that I'd won!

And then I turned to Mad and gasped as he teetered, bloodied and beaten, his arms falling from what looked like a casting wizard down to his sides as if they were dead and useless.

"Mad!" And I snapped to where he was, and then daintily, almost uncharacteristic after the almost mindless and battering hulk I was a moment ago, I caught him and cradled him as I squatted to hold him so that he could lie more comfortably within my breasts and arms. "Honey... baby... are you ok?" I asked, taking heart as his wounds slowly healed.

He returned to a solid state smiling at me before he lifted a hand and rubbed my tit fondly. I began to purr.

"I'd not... *dared* do that for ages. Didn't think I could hold such a thing... I was definitely not powerful enough to do it before coming here. But your blessing a short while ago... and fighting the corruption of this place for so long... gave me strength I didn't know I had."

"What did you do?!" I gasped in awe.

"I... entered... the torrid Dream Time here. The Dream Time is a place of nightmares in this artificial world. Normally the Dream Time is a place of spirits where the real world exists, but in this world, however real it may seem now... is twisted and demented, it rakes at the mind and tends to make one lose it to the madness that this world's Dream Time seems to be. I engaged the construct's animator will-o-wisps... and they punished me for doing so in the spirit world."

“Then you just rest baby...” I mentioned and rose, cradling him close to me with both arms. “We’s breakin’ out o’ ‘dis joint.”