

Lea Monde

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Rated: R for Restricted

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Chapter 12: Ending the "The Endless Waltz"

Fellania had engaged the Vampires... quite successfully too. She seemed to be enjoying herself.

All of a sudden, I found myself with friends, people who trusted me enough to do a task with hardly even knowing me, knowing nothing of my reputation, and having faith that I would deliver. It was a feeling I'd not experienced in a long, long time. It felt good.

It felt kinda like... flying... which I simulated by jumping out of the second story window and hurtling to the ground, rolling briefly before skipping forward, scampering across the muddy ground, now covered in wet, muddy earth. Reaching the gate, I leapt up it and then immediately pulled a small periscope out of my sash... which was loaded with so many gadgets even the Batman would be jealous.

Batman was a flying rat; I hope you all know...

But looking down at the village of Deadwood in my periscope, a thing that had magically enhanced optics in it, I found myself looking at some despicable sights.

I was witnessing firsthand the plague of the Dark Ages. Bubonic Plague aside, this plague killed more denizens of those ages than any mere sickness could.

There was screaming below, fires, explosions... I saw Wolfmen tearing from their clothes as seemingly dead bodies turned into Wolfmen on the spot. Nothing was funny about what I was watching, even when the women were turning. What they were experiencing were horrid, painful transformations that caused them to scream and bellow, shrieking turning into howling as they changed into a befouled semblance of the noble breed all Lycanthropes gave their name to.

Other than rats, wolves were the next most proliferate were species... and they were the most powerful and the most well known... it was only right they be the basis for the changing breed. We rats like that... most humans, even if they do believe in Lycan, typically don't realize that we rats can also exist. Anonymity helps us to remain hidden if no one really realizes we exist.

But what I was watching below was a violation.

It was passed by rape, feeding, biting, claws... and with the Blood Moon above us, the change was only accelerated, made more violent, the unfolding bodies becoming far larger than even the legends of the Wolfmen should dictate. The change for us was soft, pleasureable... sometimes even erotic, for them there was no pain more excruciating. A splatter of saliva, blood or semen, even the milk from a female's breasts, anything that can be passed by the mucus

membranes would cause what many referred to as Lycanthropia. Psychiatrickerists would dictate that it was the mental state that someone thought they were a wolf, or turned into a wolf on a full moon.

We Lycan know the truth of that.

But there was nothing laughable about what I saw down below, nothing that any sane man should see. It was good that I was already marginally insane in the first place. But I was watching the Wolfman plague happening first hand, watched it spread faster than it should, like some sort of super virus.

Medically, it super enhanced the thyroid gland, caused a mutation in the blood triggered by the brain seeing the full moon, caused excessive hair growth and a bestial mutation. Mentally, the subject would completely lose their higher-cognitive reasoning in return for an unparalleled desire to rip things apart. Some accounts of actual Wolfmen turning, would sometimes recall deep, sexual dreams.

“Even a man who is pure in heart,” a voice said, and I looked to the squeaking and squealing of the fence’s face. “And says his prayers by night, may become a wolf when the wolfbane blooms, and the autumn moon is bright.

“I have to tell you, rat-man, no matter how many times I’ve witnessed this... it still holds me in incredible awe.”

“Why is that... do you think?” I asked, and the face squealed as it turned toward me.

“At how quickly... an entire town... can be reduced to nothing in one wild, erotic night.”

I smirked. “Then you’re going to be held in awe soon again.” I commented.

“Why. What’s happening?”

“I’m going to help stop it.”

Madoushi was complaining that he didn’t want to be babied by the time we’d made it to the top tier of the catacombs, so I set him down. All men were babies when they wanted to be... till their masculine sense of duty kicked in. I found myself purring that I was already sharing such a relationship with him as I squatted slightly to push myself against my smaller lover’s body and hump the base of his tail. I still felt horny for him now that the excitement of the construct wasn’t around anymore. Our shared love felt right to me and I rubbed my breast with one hand, glancing the nipple there with my fingers and feeling the silken moisture of milk leak from it since it was so full now. Milk kept leaking from me that they were so full, and ever heart beat seemed to be generating more. I could almost feel our babies nursing from my tit already. I wanted lots of kids all of a sudden... but that’d be a discussion he and I could have later.

But squeezing through the solitary iron-wrought door leading to the catacombs, having to twist my body and compress my tits through and twist my hips to make it through the human-sized door way. I couldn’t believe it... my hips were wider than a door frame was. Once through, I pushed the door shut and ripped the handle and lever off, and just in case something still tried to follow us, I hammer-fisted the ceiling above our side of the door leading to the crypts and a rush of broken stone and metal fell in front of the door way to block it.

There was no way that I was going to let anything else that was down there get out of there now.

My size required me to duck through the stairwell as we climbed, but a few steps upward I was again caught with the sensations riling through me. Much of the drawing sensations that had recently pulled me in three directions were gone. Drake had been minimized in me to almost nothing in me, I had the scroll in hand and Madoushi was right before me, so a flight up the spiraling staircase I found myself kneeling behind him and pulling him close to me, breasts rolling over his shoulders as I grabbed his groin through the pouch on his lower body and began to alternatively stroke and massage it. Soon I was grinding the base of his thick tail and bottom again while I kissed and licked his fur with my tongue comb, purring deeply with my tits leaking more milk and my pussy dripping its moisture onto his backside.

“I want you, Mad.” I murmured, and slipped a thumb and forefinger up into his pouch to stroke his growing shaft. He turned as I pulled that prick from its pouch, and in short I was soon straddling him, the great pillows of my many breasts pressing against his body as we kissed and humped and kissed and jazz hands and...

A sheering metallic sound disturbed us both out of the gyrations right there on the stair floor... and the tip of Mad's stubby prehensile tail was probing the base of my bottom then. With a wet slurp I slipped off him and I rose, letting him up as my bowels quickly drained from the combined moisture that had already gathered there.

A noise like that was a danger in this hour. True... we were making brief love right then and there, but... that felt like a need that had to happen. This was after all my first heat, and Madoushi was more than obliging.

Climbing the stairs several steps at a time thanks to my lengthened leg-length, Mad and I rose to the overlooking platform that looked down into the laboratory Fell and I had passed when we'd last come to the crypts together looking for those bones.

“Great Maker... what on earth is he doing?” Mad queried aloud and actually rose, took a moment to slip his prick back into its satchel pouch and he greeted the doctor.

“Victor!” He greeted and I paused amidst squeezing myself through the double-wide opening of the door. “Doctor... what on earth are you doing?”

“Victor?!” I blinked as the doctor turned around in a flurry. “A doctor?” something occurred to me just then, and I was surprised for the life of me that I hadn't thought of it till now. “Wait... his last name wouldn't happened be Frankenstein would it?”

“Yes, of course.” Victor paused, straightening his glasses.

“Of course it is.” I groaned and forced my way through the door way, knocking a few bricks out of the way as I did that tumbled to the ground. “Do any strange experiments in reanimation, doc?” I asked.

“Of course you're speaking of the book '*The Modern Prometheus*' by: Mary Shelly.” The doctor said and resumed his work. “The Count showed it to me when he acquired it a short while ago. Haven't read it, no time to read it.” And he pushed some apparatus closer to a bench that squealed metallically against the stone. “But nonetheless, my work did pose as a success, oh yes indeed it did. Much to my own chagrin the creature ran amuck, and if not for the count I would've easily gone the way my creation ultimately did. But sadly when Van Helsing did his trick...”

“Van Helsing?” I broke in. “Whoa... what did Van Helsing really do?”

“He was the final element that banished us all to limbo.” Victor mentioned and pulled on another apparatus, dragging it toward a table, and I helped him move it over. “Completely manipulated into it by the Black Lady, of course.”

“How?” I demanded.

“Truth be told, it was the Black Lady who manipulated the Hunter.” Victor said as he continued bustling, hanging jars of liquid that looked similar to Pepto-Bismol close to the same table, and I eyed what he was doing with a discerning glare.

“Van Helsing had an ancient relic with him.” Mad replied. “He brought with him a virgin, a young girl who committed herself as a nun of the church to use the relic so as to keep her virginity intact. She spoke an ancient incantation, supposedly to banish the entire castle unto hell. But the Black Lady laughed upon the completion of the spell as Van Helsing, the woman, and the entire castle and the village around it were sucked into limbo. Here, the castle lives forever, as do everyone else inside it.

“It’s a place of punishment.” Victor added, and I blinked as I watched him shoving un-cleansed needle tips into the veins of his arm without so much as even using a tourniquet to get his veins to thicken for the things.

I moved to stop him but paused. It would make no difference actually if I did do anything.

“This realm is meant to be a place to banish dark and ancient creatures, or to punish the wicked people of the world.” Victor continued as he moved about again. “The Black Lady learned to use this world, learned how to enter and leave it, but in order to open the gateway in and out, it required the gem, a spell, and a maiden of a pure and an untainted heart to open the door.”

“And ever since... people accidentally fall into this place.” I finished off as the good doctor then climbed up onto the table, and tearing open his shirt to reveal a bare chest, he breathed deeply, and produced a stiletto like needle that he jammed with surgical precision right up under his sternum and into his own heart. Blood began to seep from the blunt end of the needle where there was an open hole before he quickly grabbed a tube and attached it to the needle to stop any further flow.

This act struck me as such a surprise that I didn’t have time to stop him. I just froze in surprise. I thought he was killing himself for a moment.

“W-what the hell are you doing?!” I gasped.

“Possibly my final experiment.” He said then and added tubes from the vials into the needles in his arm and the one in his heart.

“I-I can’t let you just kill yourself! You...” but he grabbed a wooden handle and looked at us with a small smile from beneath his glasses.

“It’s not my safety that I worry about... but yours. And if I were you... I’d seriously consider running.”

And then he flipped that handle that was a part of a switch, and with a deep clunking sound, heavy machines started up, pneumatic pressure started flows of the pink fluids in the hanging vials as well as from a green one that was flowing toward his heart. Electrical charges in dynamos began to spin and churn.

“Unto Thee, O God, Father of all, do we come in this hour of grief and bereavement,” Victor began, laying back against the table and pressing his wrists into latches on the table and circular wrist cuffs turned to lock his wrists into place before more needles lanced into his wrists, causing his fingers to spasm. *“Unto Thee do we send up the cry of our sorrowing hearts. Thou, who dost mark the sparrow’s fall, and number even the hairs of our heads, look with infinite compassion on our weakness, and, in this hour of need give the strength which Thou alone can impart.”* And laying back two more cuffs about torso and waist spun into place and locked, before he kicked his feet downward into the circling cuffs for his ankles and two more needles injected themselves into the backs of his ankles. *“Standing by the open portals of this house appointed for all the living, we pray for light — for light to illuminate the dark path which our brother has trod, for light to drive away all the shadows of mortality and reveal to our anxious souls those serene heights of joy and beauty, whither, we trust, our brother has ascended. As we consign his body to its resting place may we realize how weak and impotent is every human arm, and trust in Thy might alone for deliverance from the dominion of death.”* His voice rose in might as the fluids crept closer to his wrists, ankles and body, and the machinery grew louder. *“Grant Thy sustaining grace to these mourners and bereaved friends. May all find rest and comfort in Thee, and, relying upon Thine infinite love, wait in patient hope for death to be swallowed up in victory.”*

“A...MEN!”

I stepped back from him then as the fluids reached him, and with a gasping wail, a wail that made no other sound than the rasp of air across teeth and tongue, this man, the notorious Doctor Victor Von Frankenstein, spasmed within his table, his body rocking and thrashing while the spit in his mouth soon frothed and foamed about his lips and gums.

Staring in stunned amazement as he convulsed, my ears folded against the back of my head at the sound of the Masonic Prayer to lay one of their brothers to rest, a prayer I came across while studying ancient brotherhoods in my attempt to find any tell tale of my scroll, finding none in a brotherhood since it was a scroll meant for women. But the Masons. The organization that held the greatest concentration of America’s and the rest of the world’s most powerful men throughout history, their organization transforming repeatedly through time with the Free Masons being pre-dated by the Knights Templar, and the Templar being predated by the workers of Egypt that built the pyramids. They were an organization of artisans that had claimed profound influence in Europe prior to moving to America.

It was only fitting that Victor Frankenstein was a Mason.

I watched as the veins in this man’s body thickened broad and blue, and then grew discolored from the fluids pumping into him. The veins coiled and churned their way up his arms as the muscles in those arms that were visible strained and tensed.

“Great... Maker. Susan!” Mad shouted at me and I turned to him, seeing again fright in his eyes. “Run...” he breathed, and I took one final look at him and turned, scooping Mad up in my arms and holding him to my voluminous bosom as with a single skipping leap, landed on the observation platform above the main lab floor and burst through the doorway with my broad form and turned and rose in the larger hallway beyond.

Turning I gazed in awe as Victor’s body began to turn ashen gray, the veins roiling through him feeding his muscles with the fluids with blue veins turning a throbbing pink and red veins turning a throbbing green. Victor gave off another wail, and this time sound came from it, singing across his vocal chords in a singular chiming note that roared through the halls.

“Mad... w-what’s happening?”

“He’s doing it to himself! I don’t believe it! He’s doing the process to himself!” Mad gaped, holding his head with both hands.

“I don’t understand, what...” and Victor’s muscles and bones simply began to billow like filling water balloons, the sleeves and fabric of his shirt and lab coat tearing and bursting open, seams snapping in half, rent in twain while his body grew grotesquely beneath it, revealing sizeable muscles and masses of strength and physical endurance the likes of which even my body currently didn’t have. Soon I looked frail in comparison to the body that was spasming against that table, in a hulk-like way, the groin even growing voluminous, with the belt snapping as pants stretched wide, creeping up forelegs while shoes and socks burst open about his feet.

His dark black hair turned shock white as muscle built on top of muscle, roiling and stretching his flesh, tearing the flesh even as it healed immediately, creating broad stretch marks as he transformed amidst roaring and billowing, thrashing against his bonds. And then Mad gripped my hand with both of his and tugged on it to get my attention.

“Susan... we need to leave! We need to go! You don’t understand, once the transformation is done he’ll be a murderous, ravenous thing! He’ll want to do nothing other than find the nearest living thing and kill it!”

I stared at him with stunned shock and looked back at Victor even as the apparatuses that were around him started unfolding, revealing pieces of shaped and formed metal, even as Victor’s body burst open over the heart and a webbing of wires lanced out and attached themselves to the metal pieces while spikes and bolts burned white hot before they were inserted into his flesh and they burned their way through him to connect to other pieces on the other side of him. And the first piece, a metal plate over the heart with a single white hot spike driving itself into his heart made his whole body spasm.

“Susan! Come on! You don’t understand! H-he’s turning himself... into a Denizen.”

“Find the closest living thing and kill it...” I breathed and whimpered. “Jenny...” and my hand gripped around both of Mad’s, and with a jerking motion I dragged him along behind me, his body flapping through the air as I ran on one hand and three legs, dragging him along behind me.

My name’s Fellania.

They were amassing against me now. It didn’t cross my mind that in this castle there were loads and loads of weapons and armor, and soon I was dealing with vampires in full plate mail wielding flameberges, the two handed swords once wielded by William Wallace himself, but they wielded the weapons one-handed.

And here I was in a dress and a staff...

My arms shook from exertion. It took a lot of strength shoving a wooden staff, no matter how magical it was, through a sheet of hammered and folded steel. I couldn’t believe how weak I was now... But Sue and Remy needed me. I had to hold this line, I had to keep this door closed!

“Ha!” I shouted with a short skipping leap, and thankfully I was still a bear, I still stood head and neck taller than these damn leaches, and I still weighed more than a couple hundred pounds.

That was a lot of weight to pound a sharpened spear tip through the chest plate of a vampire who dared to get close, but it took my whole body to enact it, took all of me to penetrate that chest region and thrust my spear tip into his body. It was satisfying to see the vampire lit from the inside with holy fire, burning him to a crisp as the armor fell apart around him, and twisting and flinging the chest and back plates off my staff, they forced another Vampire to block, lifting his swords upward to do so, blocking his view of me.

It was all I needed to sweep down and upward, lifting the damn vamp off his feet before the spear extended, it's have burying itself in the floor behind me and its end extending so long that the vamp scraped against the ceiling and landed on the floor above me before my staff retracted. The vamp disintegrated, right before I got a hammering blow to the back of the head with a sword hilt.

It dizzied me, and as I fell I had just enough mind left to tuck and roll and roll back up to my feet, fending myself off from the swords he was striking me with as I mentally forced myself to awaken.

And then I saw a servant of the house hurrying to the doors, trying to fling them open, and I turned and threw my staff at her, impaling her to the door and she disintegrated, her clothes burning from the death of undeath, but in the next moment I got a sword to the hilt right through my belly by one of the armored vamps.

“You are only mortal... bear bitch.” The Vampire snarled at me through his mask.

I coughed, swallowed a load of blood, and straightened tensed my belly muscles and held the blade in me, and reaching upward, I calmly wrenched his helmet off, and poked my finger through the hollow of his throat.

“We’re called the undying breeds for a reason... dick.” I said and spat in his face, even as he died from a Lycan’s blow and burned around my hand, scalding my knuckles before I pulled the sword out of me, strode to my staff and pulled it out before I jammed the sword into the door handles of the castle’s double doors.

Holding my wound as it quickly healed itself, it would still be a soft muscle for some time now, it was a wound that would take a human months to heal fully... for me it’d take hours.

“All right leaches... is that your best shot?!”

“I... am out of my damned mind.” I said aloud as I watched the Wolfmen below gathering, following their senses for prey. It was only a matter of time.

“I don’t know much about your chances, but if you ask me, I think you’re fucked.” The gate said.

“Shaddap you!” I shot back at the gate. “You’re a part of the castle... you can just sink right into the ground and are made out of metal. It’s not like they’re going to hurt you. Besides... you have no idea what I’m capable of.”

“Running with your tail between your legs?” and the fence began to snicker through its teeth. “If I were you... I’d start running! Hopefully you can find a nice, quiet place to die!” and it snickered again.

“Go stuff your head.” I mentioned, right as a lead wolf, a tall creature wearing a vest and a star on his chest – Calhoun – howled and the Wolfmen answered that howl, and from all over the city Wolfmen came running with more howls.

Why did I agree to do this?

The castle rumbled as Victor's tumultuous screams echoed all around us, and now that we were far enough away from his screams, I could hear more screams. I could also hear howling.

"The Siege is beginning..." Mad shouted as his whole body waved in the air behind me as I dragged him along, he using his feet to bounce off surfaces as I rounded corners sharply with the claws of one hand and both feet tearing deep grooves in the flooring in my race to get to Jenny. "The wolves are gathering for their attack. They're still in the village, but they'll get here in a short while. We need to hurry!"

"Hurrying..." I whimpered, seeing the doors of the ruined chapel before me, and launching myself at the doors, burst the pair of them open, sending them hurtling out into the darkness as I skid to a stop on the floor.

In the center of the chamber, amidst all the charred columns and the burned pews, there was the grand spell circle that contained Jenny inside of it. She sat kneeling there, and looked up forlornly at me.

"Jenny! Baby!" I shouted and put Madoushi onto his feet at long last where he teetered and wiped his brow in relief as I hurried over to the red glowing barrier that kept Jenny inside and everything else outside.

She looked at me distantly.

"It's no use... no use... not even the Black Lady can get through this barrier, Susan." She mentioned, gesturing with one small hand at the chamber around her. "She nearly broke the cycle, expended the blood available to her in her attempt to get to me, and charred the castle's memory in the process to where this room permanently remains like this, and now even when the castle resets this church remains ruined."

I looked about. "Every circle can be broken." I groaned, and paced around the barrier on all fours, smelling and hearing what I could, scratching at the edges.

"Beloved," Mad urged. "This is a lost cause. Jenny is trapped in there. Drake and the Black Lady couldn't get her out of there."

"No!" I shouted back at him. "I'm not going to leave..." and I hammered at the wall with one fist and it flickered violently. "...a little girl..." and I hammered at it with the other fist and expelled some spiritual energy in the process, but the barrier shone a brilliant red that obscured my vision of Jenny till it was done. "...In this hell hole!" and setting my first mother's scroll down for a moment, I hammered at the barrier with everything I had, both fists, collapsing myself against the barrier with both hands and released a double-fisted blow against it even.

The whole barrier lit up, red as crystallized blood before it slowly faded away, showing a frightened little girl on the inside. The young woman that Jenny was inside was frightened enough as it was as I slid down to my knees before her.

"I won't let you go." I told her and planted my head against the barrier.

Jenny rose and came to me, pressing her hands against her side of the barrier where my large head was.

"It's ok. I'm... used to this life." Jenny said... but I heard the let down in her voice.

I trembled, and then struck the floor with a fist. “No!” I shouted hearing the crunch of the stone beneath my fist... and then blinked as the barrier flickered. For the barest of moments... I thought I felt the touch of a little girl’s hands against my forehead.

Looking down I blinked as the place where my ham hock of a fist had struck had created a radial crack in the floor tile that the magic circle was drawn upon. There was a crack in the floor that actually invaded across the magic circle... breaking a portion of it. Magic was energy, and just like any sort of energy it could arch across gaps, but it wasn’t like electricity, it had nowhere near the ability to arch across the gaps electrical power could. A series of cracks was doable, but a crack in any barrier... was a weakness.

“Stand back baby...” I whispered quietly, and Jenny moved off quickly as I raised a fist, and made ready to test my thought.

Jenny hurried back and my fist fell, cracking the heavy stone plate and creating a deep crevice in the plate and splitting it.

Let’s face it, very little could compare with being able to arch like lightning could... going between the clouds in the upper atmospheres to the ground. In this case, the magical spell that I was currently dealing with flickered and weakened across the stone plate that it’d been drawn on till the stone plate could repair itself, but for a moment, the reddish film in the air thinned and almost disappeared before it came back.

“That’s it!” I gasped. “Jenny! Take cover!” I shouted, and arching my powerful woman’s body, tits bouncing with the ferocity of the arching power as I raised both arms above my head, I summoned a tumultuous power and began a charging cry that started low and then rose in pitch and decibels till it was like a Valkyrie Banshee’s raging battle cry. With the rising of the cry my body energized, lancing more and more spiritual power upward into those raised fists as if they were a Jacob’s Ladder as I trembled briefly and then hammered those hands down.

There was an explosion as I collapsed downward, breasts pressing fiercely against my knees and thighs and against each other, and several tiles in every direction from me shattered...

...And the barrier fell.

“Yes...” I breathed and looked to Jenny as she uncoiled, disbelieving in her prison finally fallen. “B-baby... quickly! Come!” and I held out my arms and Jenny rushed to me, and I snatched her up even as the tiles rapidly repaired themselves. She ran across the barrier and leapt into my arms and I folded the lengthened masses of fur, soft flesh of my tits and hard muscle around her, squeezing her between my heavy boobs.

“Mommy!” she whimpered, and I kissed her head with my great lips before there was a sound like a massive bell ringing once.

It was so powerful of a ringing tone that it made my heart flutter inside me, and the whole castle shook violently.

“I think we made the castle upset.” Mad stated, looking up at the ceiling and stepping back sharply as a sculpted stone fell and shattered against the floor where he’d been a moment ago. “I think it didn’t like you releasing its little caged bird.”

“Shh... shh... it’s ok baby.” I said and then looked at him. “Who cares? It’s not like the castle can do anything to us for it.” I said and rose to my feet, towering over my new love as I cradled Jenny in my arms.

“Sure it can.” Mad replied and followed in my wake as I made to leave the ruined temple. “It can sick the Denizens on us.”

When I die... I want the words ‘Is that your best shot?’ emblazoned on my headstone, for it’s words like that that often times get me invariably in trouble.

Like now.

Oh no... they hadn’t sent their best shot at me... the guy who was striding down the stairs to me with a clunk-clunk-clunk with every foot fall was their best shot. He was so big that his flesh peaked out of the edges of his armor, and there was a kite shield folded over his chest plate and bolted to his body to keep me from getting at his black heart.

The vampires sniggered and laughed at me as they clung to the walls and ceilings, even as this monstrosity of a vampire, the mutated flesh visible through the heavy plate mail signifying that this person was a Nosferatu, a type of vampire that mutated heavily whenever their vampiric powers were active. He carried a giant cleaver like sword, with a blood covered apron, and if his helmet was pyramid shaped, it would’ve been the last straw of what this castle could throw at me.

“Meet Jago.” Someone jeered. “He’s a castle guardian! And he’s very, very hungry!” and that vampire on the ceiling laughed right until I skewered him with an extension of my staff before retracting the extension again as the charcoal and ash remains rained down on the one called Jago.

“Give it your best shot Jago.” I growled and flipped my staff in one hand, and Jago began lifting his sword into a combat stance.

Being a woman in the world has had me at a disadvantage. Not because I was a woman, but because of how others perceived a woman. They see a muscle-bound man, and they said good job. You’re a powerful man! They see a muscle-bound woman, and they call me ugly and disgusting. Because I was a woman, people, usually men, sometimes other women, assumed that I was stupid in the head. They assumed I was powerless, weak despite my phenomenal strength, so I grew stronger and fuller of body just to show them they were wrong, I studied to prove that I was smarter than they were.

In a challenge of men versus women, despite my size, I was assumed I would fail. Their assumptions regularly failed and ended with me showing them their place... sometimes with nothing more complicated than a thump on their head.

*But coming here, I’d lost all my physical strength. If I’d had it, then these fights would’ve been simple and quick, especially with my claws able to turn them into ribbons, punch through that shield and chest plate to rip out Jago’s heart and show it to him before I crushed it. I wouldn’t really do that, that was a guy thing, and un-lady like, but the fact I’d considered it was an indication of how much this **damned heat** was driving me insane!*

But what they don’t understand, is that even with Jago’s enhanced strength and speed as a Vampire, that huge sword of his could only swing in two ways: From side to side and up and down. There was a thrust possibility with a vampire wielding that weapon, possibly an angular sweep, but nonetheless...

What these vampires didn't understand yet, possibly because they saw a pair of ungainly huge tits decorating my chest, so therefore I was a stupid woman with a stick in their minds, they didn't realize that a part of the teachings of my elders in a family line that was commonly well-endowed as women, was that I was a druidess, a druidess that was taught exclusively on how to fight with a staff, and proficient enough to fight with these big boobs of mine. Used properly, big boobs helped in ways a flat chest couldn't... like the rebound effect of an arm compressing against the tit and bouncing off it, or the block and tackle maneuver... which wasn't my favorite move in the world, but the guys loved to watch it. It involved me swinging my heavy chest and smacking a person in the head with both tits. And when they were milk filled, those sacks of glands were like being hit with heavy gel-filled sacks.

Jago then attacked. Using a weapon like that meant that he telegraphed his moves, and if there was one benefit for a woman like me now that I wasn't as strong and a whole lot lighter, I could jump better and be more nimble, a harder target, and leaping up, landing on the flat of his lunging blade, my spear flipped and struck.

With a snap the shoulder strap of the shield over his chest, followed by the next were snapped, and with a lunging scream and driving every bit of my strength I could muster, the tip of the White Oak glowing brilliantly as I jammed it into Jago's chest, twisted it and plunged it deeper before I pushed my face into the faceless armored mask of this castle guardian.

"You failed... because you underestimated me." I told him, and twisted the White Oak again, and fire billowed from the eye and mouth holes and from all the opened chinks in the armor as their champion died, and as he failed, with all the Vampires staring in stunned disbelief, in their shock I twisted and snapped the White Oak and it lanced upward and got one of the Vampires avoiding me on the ceiling, and that one fell as he disintegrated. I nailed two more before they began to scatter again.

"Enough?! Come on! Have at me! All at once or one at a time, either meet me and be brave or hide from me like a coward, I will nonetheless find all of you leaches and destroy you all!!"

The castle was shifting... halls were lengthening; the floor was breaking open along coppery grooves whose purpose definitely didn't go over my head. They were there to channel blood... all to service the Black Lady and make her more powerful.

As we hurried through halls that were growing taller, new rooms opening here and there, the castle rumbling more and more, I saw a servant of the castle, a woman wearing a maid uniform rush in from a side hall. One moment she wasn't there and the next she was that she moved so fast, and for a tenuous moment we faced each other, the servant woman's eyes glistening a deep red.

"More vile betrayers! I'll rip the brains straight out of your skull!" she seethed.

Jenny moaned and hugged deeper inside my bosom, right before the Vampiress hissed, showing huge fangs as her face mutated, its loveliness becoming terse, demonic looking, with lengthening ears, paling skin, stretched molted folds rippling forward all to show off a mouthful of thick fangs. She screeched at me and without thinking I defended my baby. My body flowed as naturally as water crashing against the shore in a tidal wave, my hand lancing outward, the claws coming to a point, and I felt my fist lance upward into the creature's body as she beheld in great surprise her defeat.

“No!” Mad shouted and I blinked, watching as the Vampire’s blood seeped from her around my arm, falling in long black streams toward the ground. “Crush the heart! Quickly!” Mad shouted at me and shook my arm holding Jenny. “Destroy the heart!”

And I did what he told me, finding a lump of something beating inside the fem’s chest that was roughly round, and opening my hand I squeezed it and it burst, and a moment later the Vampire shrieked as her body began to disintegrate about my arm. She and her clothing burned from the inside out, turning into so much charcoal and ash.

But as her body disintegrated about my arm, her remains falling off as ash and burning charcoal, I stared at the hand that had done what I’d done. I’d killed a thing with that hand.

Mad seemed to sense what I was thinking, and stepping before me gripped the hand of the arm that still cradled Jenny.

“You didn’t kill. You need to remember that she was mostly dead all ready. You merely put her out of her misery.” Mad told me. “But we cannot spill any more blood. Not a drop more.” And I looked down as the spilt blood slid into the coppery grooves in the floor and flowed down subtle inclines and slid into drains.

“Crud.” I said quietly and lowered my arm to my side.

“Go for the heart; destroy the heart before anything spills.” Madoushi told me. “They must die quickly, or else their blood will feed the Black Lady.

I nodded.

“Are we going to go see Alice now, mommy?” Jenny asked quietly and I nodded again, more fiercely this time.

Despite how crass and adultish Jenny had been, there was still a little girl in there somewhere and she was frightened now that she was no longer in her cage. True she couldn’t get out, but then again no one could get in either. But now that she was out, she was now a frightened little girl.

“Yes, honey, we’re going to go see Alice now. Mad... how do we get to the highest tower from here?”

“The castle’s changing quickly.” Mad replied and turned to lead the way forward. “But I’m quickly getting to the longest point I’ve ever been alive beloved during the cycle. There’ll be a moment soon from now where I won’t know how to get anywhere. The castle is very tumultuous, protean even. It changes faster and quicker the more time that passes.”

“Then lead the way lover... we’re going to get out of this place... all of us. I swear it.”

“Here they come mister rat.” *The gate mentioned.* “You ready for this?”

“As ready as I can be.” *I mentioned as the Wolfmen began to advance up the curving pathway that led around the castle toward its top.*

“I still think you’re fucked.” *The gate said and I rolled my eyes.*

“Well you’re wrong.”

“You sound so sure.”

“Because I know something you don’t know.” *I smirked in a sing-song way.* “A fortune-teller said that I’d walk out of this place alive.”

“Yeah... but in what condition?” *the gate asked and hissed through its teeth in laughter again.*

I sighed. There was always that. All I knew was that I walked out on my own two feet, and not what condition I’d be in when I did. Pen also didn’t say that I’d stay on my feet once out.

“Whatever...” *I mused and smirked at the advancing wall of fur.* “...Just bring it.”

“Fell!” I cried and Fell turned back to me and gaped up at me amidst defending herself amidst a ring of Vampires that were steadily growing greater and greater in number.

Her staff had shaped itself into a spear, the ends twisting around themselves into a hardened point that twisted at its end, and when we entered the grand hall before the front door, her staff had effortlessly plunged through even the armor of the vampiric soldiers of the castle’s servitude.

“Great Maker, Sue! How...” and she took a moment to deflect a sword, twist it out of the Vampire’s hand and plunge her staff unerringly into his heart and the creature hissed and howled as he burned to dust, charcoal and ash. “...How did you break the castle’s hold on you? Jeeze... you’ve *never* been bigger than me!” she moaned.

She looked distraught. Her strength was always her... well... her strength. She had no physical equal... ever! No man or woman or any Lycan that we knew of had strength greater than hers. Not even Lee, and he was a Siberian Weretiger, the strongest and largest of all the cat species. It was a shame and a sacrilege for her to be as small as she was now. Even in her hybrid form, she was only merely Olympian in size and strength, with two breasts that strained her gown, and legs that only filled not stretch to breaking the slacks she wore.

“Madoushi... hold Jenny.” I said and knelt while the Vampires hissed at us, gripping at walls and ceiling while Fell waved some of them off with her staff.

“N-no mommy... no don’t...” Jenny protested, tearing up but I pulled her from my fur and pushed her into Mad’s arms.

“Don’t you worry.” I told her. “Madoushi can protect you better than I can, and I’ll be right over there helping my friend. You will be able to see me at all times.

“Promise?” she asked.

“Promise.” I said and then turned to Fell right in time to find a Vampire leaping at us. I gripped him by the head and tossed him away like he was a rag doll before vaulting off the upper balcony and landing next to Fell who’d dropped her guard at that moment for some reason. I only found out why when she spoke.

“Mommy?” she blinked, and then she got punched from a Vampire that she’d been battling with, before with a shriek Fell destroyed the Vampire with one quick jab of her staff.

“There’s more to that story than I can say now, Fell.” I said, and in one hand I summoned a sphere of spiritual light, and pushed the power into it till a brilliant golden light shone from it, and the Vampire’s hissed and shunned it when they found themselves burning from its light, some of them even burning right then and there to the might of its golden light as I held it up high in one hand.

Then embracing Fellania, a woman who was a sister to me in spirit if not in blood, I palmed her chest, my fingers fitting between her breasts so that I could cover her heart.

“Hey! I like you and all but that’s a no-no touch Sue.”

“Just shut up and take it.” I smirked, and I shunted my power into her bosom, and Fell shuddered, lurched and spasmed and gasped, her eyes lighting up from the inside as I pushed into her enough power for her to break free of the spell that was over her from the castle.

And deep inside her... something happened.

I’d become jealous of Susan. The stories that were told by many people told tale of the sidekicks becoming disheartened because the hero or the heroine was the one who continually got to have all the glory and wonder in their life, while the sidekick was merely the person who supported the hero or heroine.

Go fetch my sword squire, go get my horse squire, and so on... and they went and did so, supporting their knight sometimes with an arrow or two imbedded in them. But the squire was an extension to the knight... not a person themselves. The knight got more glory for the squire’s actions...

I didn’t want to be like that. I was an individual with my own dreams and aspirations, and my story was just as important as Sue’s was.

But I wanted to be special like she was too. I wanted to have some sort of destiny, some sort of glorious story to tell my babies someday. I mean, Sue had already mated with a guy. She’d even moved from Lee and now moved onto Madoushi, and now she was bigger than me and had a little girl calling her mommy and all that and me... I was still just Fellania.

I’d grown... jealous. Plain and simple. I wanted a family too. I wanted a baby to call me ‘mommy’ too. Why not me? Why can’t I have a destiny like Sue did?

...

Little did I know that that horrid little fairy dragon named Pendragon had placed the object of that very destiny right into my damned hands. Damn that tricky little guy... he knew what he was doing when he gave me the staff, and other than knowing it belonged to my first mother, and held a profound natural power, I’d felt I wasn’t using it to its utmost potential. I just didn’t have enough in me to use it like my first mother did.

I considered that I might even be unworthy of it.

But nonetheless, after feeling that loving, embracing light from my dear friend Sue flood into me, which was like feeling a close friend embrace you to her bosom when you felt down and felt debased and on the midst of tears, the soft press of her bosom against your cheek felt comforting, her arms about your shoulders supportive, her kiss on your forehead loving. It was more than a hug, it was an embrace, and suddenly I found myself in a great white plain of white grasses waving in a warm wind, grasses that slowly gave way to a hillock of pure and natural green grasses, and on the top of the hillock grew a grand, glittering white oak tree, whose leaves glistened and sparkled like with pixie dust as they danced with the wind. It all stood in a shaft of golden sunlight that made me unabashedly free in being naked at that moment.

I loved the sensation of the warm breezes brushing against my thighs and breasts, stirring up the mane of hair spilling from my scalp...

And then I realized that I was naked thanks to the caressing glances of the wind against my bodice and loins, caressing and kissing, wrapping me up in the pure natural love of the Earth. I was bare and thinned from my former glory, looking as I looked inside the castle a moment ago.

Reaching the top of the knoll, standing before the tree, I looked up at its heavenly glory, and for a moment, one anxious moment, I wondered if I was dead, for this looked so much like my concept of heaven that I was almost certain that I was there.

But then from within the thick bark of the tree slid out a personage like a ghost sliding through a wall in certain movies, the bark of the tree stretching around this form as parts of the tree swelled and distended, and long vines formed semblance of hair and knots of the tree appeared as enormous breasts that swelled and distended, wobbling realistically before a face formed and a pair of eyes opened, showing me the leafy green of their visages.

The bark peeled back, revealing then flesh and fur, and the mighty and enigmatic body of a woman whose physical power was, in a word... matchless.

Muscle piled atop muscle, all built to support the enigmatic sexual power of this fem with her enormous breasts and distended sex as she slid from the bark of the tree, her fur brown and her muscles heaving. Her pinkie finger looked like it was stronger than my whole body!

And once she'd stepped fully from the tree, there before me was a bear-woman like me, who towered over me like an adult would tower over a child, muscle upon muscle upon sweet muscle piling over her, with a love mound and breasts that were of the earth goddess herself. She was a brilliant visage for a moment of the semblance of a goddess... till the light about her faded and she stood before me plain as day.

I was immediately taken aback with a gasp when I saw the details of her face, for it was like... looking at myself.

"Hello my daughter." She smirked, her voice soft and motherly. "Though I'm unsure of how many generations that separate me from you, Pendragon nonetheless told me that he'd care for my greatest treasure with his very dying breath till he found one of my many daughters that would be able to take up the staff, the mantle and the power of the White Oak." And she gestured toward the tree behind her that twisted and creaked briefly, its leaves moving momentarily so that it sounded like an entire forest blowing in a strong wind. It felt as if it were greeting me. "I cannot live so long as to do the task that would be needed of us. But you can. You need to grow strong... very strong. Sue needs your help; she needs your help... for our bloodlines were chosen from the very beginning to do a great work and a wonder. Though I didn't believe Pendragon at first, I've seen too many things now for me to doubt the validity of what he's told me.

“My daughter... this mantle and responsibility falls to you, and so you need my strength, the strength of the Earth, the strength of life... to carry the whole of the world if need be upon your shoulders like mighty Atla. So I pass this power onto you. The tree is filled with all my strength and I give it unto you as your birthright. You won't be able to get it all at once... not at once... but eventually... let it fill you, let it take you, and your life will be wonderful... till the day you're needed.”

“But...” *I began and she smiled and lifted a finger and shushed me, pressing the great thick thing like a sausage against my mouth. She was so big!*

“No buts. You are chosen... chosen by the very Mother Earth which you already have sworn to protect, and the very road you take to avoid it will eventually lead you to that fate, or so Pen tells me. Prepare... grow stronger... but right now... you have some work to do. Break this castle... because Sue cannot do it by herself, but then you cannot break this castle by yourself. You both need each other.”

“How... how do you know I'm in a castle?” *I blinked.*

“Because Pen told me you would be.” *She smirked with a face that was bright and smiling and I gasped at that revelation.*

“Why that little...” *but my first mother shushed me again.*

“Shh. Don't lament that now, just do what you need to... and make your many mothers proud.”

And she wafted away like smoke in the wind, and I was left with the great white oak tree. Ever so slowly... I approached it, and taking a deep breath, placed my hand against its bark.

There, inside it's bark, in the heartwood itself, was untold strength. This tree was considered ancient even before my first mother obtained it as a staff, and it had lived even longer from the time my first mother had taken it from its roots and it was now handed unto me. A tree grew stronger the older it got, and this tree was ancient twice over.

It drew me into its strength and warmth, and with a rush of emotions, thoughts, feelings and experiences, I felt the experiences of my first mother from the time that she withdrew the tree from its roots... in the middle of a freaking volcano?! Till the day she... died.

But the tree has been lonely. With only Pen having been able to communicate with it for so long, and with me baring the blood of my first mother, it took me into its warmth and shunted directly into me all that strength, all that knowledge that it and my first mother had obtained together.

And I learned something phenomenal!

Where Sue had the prestige of being the descendant of the woman who'd created the core teachings of martial arts... I was the descendant...

...Of the first druid.

My first mother had trained with the Monkey King himself! She'd felled warlords, stood against armies and had sons and daughters and... and... she'd fallen absolutely, irrevocably and undeniably in love with a man... a bobcat.

His name was Anhogamon.

And then I was given the pain of seeing him leave me – I mean my first mother – one cold day... leaving me with his daughter.

He promised to come back... he never did.

The sorrow, the ache... it was rather... poignant. It broke her heart, but nonetheless... she never gave up the faith and hope that he'd return to her one day.

So it was then that I came back to the real world, or that world in between worlds that this castle and all these dark and terrible things were within, and I gripped the staff and felt my heart spasm inside me, seeing Sue, my Sue, not the Sue that my first mother knew, still holding onto my heart. By God... how was it she and I were so like our precursors?

But then with a jerk and a spasm I lifted the staff and thrust it against the ground, groaning, twitching as I felt a connection between my hand and that staff as that hidden pocket of strength I'd felt in the tree, all of it, all that my first mother could give... with another pocket like a fruit in the bark having been made when she died with the staff in her hands. It surged from the heartwood and raced up my arm, and heaving, panting, growling as the spell barriers broke on me from this damned place reducing me into the form of just a simple, frail woman, and all that insurmountable strength I'd once had combined with the strength of the heartwood, and it crashed and roiled into me. I began to pant and then heave while the thickness of my hand grew upon that tree.

That hand broadened continually, the muscles inside that hand billowing with strength, the tendons standing on end, the claws hardening and lengthening as the whole hand widened steadily with the fingers spreading and the claws sharpening as they curved. All this began while the staff thickened steadily within my hand, telescoping longer and harder, twisting and growing into something as thick as a wood telephone pole or a caber.

I gripped my wrist with the other hand, feeling fluids pumping into the arm holding the White Oak, feeling those fluids flow into the veins as they passed the wrists, thickening the veins up the length of that arm before coiling over the shoulder and spilling into my heart, and I heaved, thrusting my chest, feeling Sue let me go as I heaved amidst being surrounded by all these Vampires.

Sue defended me. She didn't have to be asked, she placed herself in harm's way as she ushered Madoushi who was carrying a little girl in a dirtied red dress down the main stairway to her so we could all be together. She kept all the vampires at bay for me as I panted and felt the sensation of the change... but it was like my first change when I reached puberty and felt the moonlight upon my bosom for the first time as I transformed from a little girl into a hulking woman within a matter of minutes that first night after my eighteenth birthday when I was finally uncollared.

Sue's globe of golden light burned the unprotected vampires, made the armored ones shun away from it as she swiped with her hooking claws while I trembled and heaved, and then feeling my innards clench from the base of my loins right up to my throat... it all happened.

It was viral, but in a good way. The sensation rushed up my arm holding White Oak and flooded into my heart before bursting through me with the pulse of a single heartbeat. Veins and arteries stood on end, my heart quickly pounding like a pneumatic pump and the P.S.I. of my veins climbed into the hundreds. It was a tensing sensation that spilled into my loins and pressured into my head, throbbing in throat and temples as I clenched from all that blood being forced into every recess in me. It pushed into bone marrow, it flushed muscles everywhere, making my

loins flare and bulge my nipples erect till they ache and the areola puff out, breasts expanding subtly as they filled with so much blood that they blushed a deep red beneath the brown of my fur.

Every sinew flushed with strength galore, more than I'd ever knew before, too much for me to know what to do with it all at the moment, and with another spastic lurch up the one arm holding the staff, the muscles therein erupted!

The sleeve of the dress I wore shattered as the forearms flared wide and the bicep and tricep thickened amidst the shoulder rounding outward, the remains of the sleeve steadily tearing apart and ripping threads and seams as my arm continued to swell with each beating of my heart... or was it with each beating of the wood feeding me. The violence of the growth that'd slid up that arm had knocked me sideways slightly, forcing me to rebalance myself. That's how energetic all those expanding muscles had been as the knuckles of my hand became knobby, each of them turning white beneath my grip beneath their fur while the bands of muscle of that arm carved their way outward, stretching the throbbing veins while bicep, tricep and shoulder rounded endlessly outward.

Within moments that arm was thicker than my leg, and I could feel the growth pushing its way into my chest now amidst the veins and nerves, gripping and fondling the tit on that side of me, caressing and massaging my back and shoulder and slowly caressing down my ribs. I tried not to moan from the sensations, but it was hard. Feeling all that strength! There was so much of it, so incredible!

That arm just kept growing longer and longer, rolling outward as the bones clicked and groaned, the tendons creaking while primary muscles cleaved into secondary muscles and then tertiary, their strands standing on end as that arm grew and grew and the rest of me began to grow as well to compensate for its mass.

There was so much more strength than ever before, by far a lot more than I was used to as I leaned against that pole, resetting my grip higher and higher as bones kept thickening with knobby ends in that arm while the veins crawled up my neck muscles, gripped my tit on the side of my body that held that staff more firmly before snaking its way downward like a lover's fingers between my butt cheeks to caress at my sex from behind.

My tail flicked as the first orgasmic juices lanced into the bloomers I wore, my sex becoming voluminous as its sexual muscles continued to roll out, becoming super engorged, my sex growing stronger and stronger along with that one arm.

Panting and shaking my head deeply, my mane lengthening steadily and the twists and ties and hair stays in my hair came undone, there was another burst of growth as one whole tit, the one attached to the arm holding the staff, expanded deeply, snapping all the drawstrings on the bust of the gown and bursting open half the dress I wore as my shoulder blade there flared and fanned into something like a serving platter as my spine formed knots that pulled out of my back to stretched the back of the gown I wore.

I was granted a brief view in my mind's eye when I closed my eyes, seeing a ropy looking bobcat that was perhaps half my size making love to me. Such a tight knot of muscle he was... especially that one between his legs...

I gasped at a remembered sensation of love, especially when it became physical from that bobcat piercing me, and then I did moan, vapor escaping my mouth as the staff I held burned with light. That light forced the vampires even further away, aiding Sue's power as my growth continued to crease this body of mine as my other arm fell limply to my side as if dead while I held onto the caber-thick staff in my other massive and disproportionate hand.

As the remembered sensations of lovemaking made my body curve and churn, gyrating sexually, suddenly that other arm of mine sloughed off to one side as its shoulder blade and clavicle widened, its forearm and upper arm

lengthening and thickening while knots and spasms of hard muscle, sinew and tendons wrapped around even harder bone that thickened steadily.

With a watery rush, like a small weather balloon filled with fluids, my other tit rushed forward and quickly gained size to match its mate, the pair pressing together now before they grew together in equal size and bearing. My second arm tensed and began to swell slowly now as my first arm sloughed off to one side, broadening my upper body into a broad trapezoid while the other sleeve tore open around all that burgeoning muscle, flaring neck muscles, broadening back muscles, and beginning rending tears against the back of the gown. My breasts hefted themselves as their undulating sacks filled with mater and the fluid weight of both blood and milk, the pair rolling atop my chest, suspending themselves despite the pull of gravity while the pectorals beneath them bubbled and bounced as they rolled outward with greater and greater thicknesses.

Neck muscles flared wide, the curvature from head to shoulder slowly disappearing to form one singular broad trapezoid as back muscles rolled straight off the back of my head backward into a heaving hump of muscle growing between my shoulders that ripped the back of the collar of the gown still clinging to me apart, throat muscles deepening into a thick broad column supporting my head while clavicle and rib bones pushed my chest steadily forward. The growth of that chest separated those heaving mammaries of mine as the pair continued to swell and fill with milk till that thickened white fluid pressured into the backs of those heaving rounded tits and leaked from the tips of my nipples.

Another lance of nectar heaved from me, followed by a second and a third, and this time I did moan loud and clear as I moved to grip the staff with both hands now, my tits flaring to either side of the pole before I arched forward and humped that staff with my sex like a young woman discovering the joys of sliding down the banister.

Slacks ripped open about my legs from burgeoning and lengthening thighs and calves, forelegs rounding to where those slacks beneath my skirts burst about the calves and then at both the inside and outside of the thighs. Those muscles rounded and kept round, hips flaring and butt turning outward, pinching cloth between the engorging and heaving butt cheeks, my tail flicking briefly while the grip of both hands tightened.

It was like I was becoming a force of nature, a bear spirit of the forest only that my forest was taken up only by this one ancient tree but that one ancient tree filtered timeless ages of strength and power into me from it.

Skirts pressed and then snapped open at the waist around my widening hips as my belly rounded and muscled, the broadening width of chest and back tearing the corset I wore directly in half down the thickest and sturdiest portion of the garment, ultimately snapping it in half. Thighs, naked now with slacks and skirt hanging in dangling strips about my hips like a tattered skirt rolled outward, tendons standing on end and bulging hotly, veins coiling about those legs and standing on end as my feet likewise grew massive and broad, slippers tearing about those feet and the sharp pointed claws growing out of each toe.

Tossing my head, throwing the deepening mane of hair about as I was now able to rub my sex more directly against the pole, my back spreading still, the breadth of it deepening as chest continued to heave outward, tits still growing and filling and leaking their milk, I gasped and moaned gutturally, my voice deepening grandly as strips of cloth fell from me. The back of the gown shred apart easily across the thickened column of my spine, the top ripping from the skirts below, my belly muscles bouncing as their numbers rapidly increased in heaving abdominals. They grew one pair at a time, rolling from sternum to pelvis, occasionally thickening even my labia as those belly muscles steadily sunk beneath the overhanging cliff that was becoming my rib cage, while laterals obliques carved their way in to pinch that narrowing belly as all their strength drove their way straight into my labia and wracked yet another orgasm from me.

I began to pant for my hair, and with every pant I grew larger and larger, back spreading still with shoulders amassing, snapping the arm holes of the sleeves of the gown that were left over before the whole top of the dress fell from me, and only the tattered skirts and pants and bloomers remained.

Biceps growing like thick watermelons, growing even thicker into pumpkins that were hard and chorded and thinned of fur that they were so muscular. Fists were like ham hocks, forearms flaring wide from elbow to wrist as I felt the primordial power of the tree creeping through me still, power that was further unlocked by the Blood Moon's gaze upon me and enhanced even further by my first mother's strength that now heaved it way inside me.

Sue actually looked to me and gaped as I grew ever taller than her twelve foot frame, and rolling my hips back, feeling the last strips of clothing snapping about hips and sex, I was soon left completely naked, a mighty Earth Goddess... and I was still growing!

Thighs and arms grew wider than the knots of rippling flesh that were my belly and middle, chest lurching forward and becoming a cliff with grand peaks of tit hanging over my belly, those tits enormous and round, like bean bag chairs attached to my mighty frame that would make even the Hulk look weak by comparison. Gripping my staff tightly for support as it twisted and reformed beneath my fingers and a plethora of runes lit their way all up and down its surface, I lifted the staff and hammered it downward once and the room shook from the force of the blow.

Vampires fell from the ceiling and walls, and those standing were knocked off their feet while I heaved thicker and wider... to the point where one would think I'd seize up from the muscle thickness. But muscles merely rolled around each other, stretched grandly and billowed as I flipped the grand weapon in one hand, rebalancing myself on two flaring and massive feet.

My eyes glowing green like new leaves, deep swirling etches appearing in both shoulders now that glowed mightily with the mantle of a Grand Druidess, I pat the thick staff in my other hand and grinned while I continued to grow, continued to unfold, the grooves of the green swirls growing brighter as they opened up in my flesh and fur, my strength still growing as every square inch of me continued to separate even as the growth slowed.

Even now... I was head, shoulders and chest taller than Sue was... a mighty bear-woman in my own right. I was bigger than mom and dad put together!

"Ok bloodsuckers... Time to get real nasty." I said... and with a snap of speed I was unaccustomed with, I once again renewed my attack.

I stared at my friend, seeing her still thickening, growing stronger and stronger, head, neck and shoulders and very voluminous chest taller than I was... and I was twelve feet tall! Maybe more than that!

It was just like it should be. Fell was stronger than me again!

With a lance forward and a stab, the pole she had in her hand actually extending rapidly in length, she skewered a Vampire on the second floor balcony in one shot!

"That's it! No more Miss Nice Fellania!" she roared, and her voice was so powerful that the chandelier shattered overhead and the plaster on the walls and ceiling cracked.

I stood with Madoushi who still held Jenny, he covering her from the falling glass while I watched Fell batter and break the Vampires before her, the damage she was causing to the castle making it tremble nearly with every blow she made.

“Fellania?” I gaped while her powder puff tail wiggled atop the powerfully rippling backside it rose atop.

Fellania snatched a Vampire off a wall and he immediately tried to bite her, but did little more than find his jaw broken as she flexed her hand and her flexing muscles flared so wide they broke his teeth and jaw with a violent crack. She then lobbed the bloodsucker away sending him slamming against a wall before she drove her twisting spear point against his chest. With a staff so big, one didn’t need to be real accurate to get the heart... just hit the guy in the chest.

Regardless, the Vampire disintegrated into ash and charcoal.

“Sue!” Mad shouted and I turned, seeing a Vampire going for Mad and Jenny, and skipping before them and shoving the miniature sun into his body, he burned alive, incinerated actually within a moment.

I checked on Mad and Jenny, kissing them both before turning to Fell as she toed – TOED! – a stone bench before the doors to barricade it. Even like I was I’d’ve had to kick it into place.

“Fell... we have to go save Alice!” I told my friend and palmed her arm that was like scored steel it was so strong.

“Go! I got this. These bloodsuckers won’t get past me!”

“Have you seen Remy?” I bellowed and Fell merely shook her head, suddenly looking worried.

I nodded and then keeping my miniature sun before me, grabbed Mad by one hand and dragged him along while he carried Jenny, disintegrating a couple of Vampires foolish enough to get in our path on our way up the stairs and through the door before we began the climb upward. The further up the castle we went, the fewer Vampires we saw, but also the more tumultuous that the castle’s shaking was. It was shaking more and more now, almost constantly, as if it were shaking from its very foundations.

Jenny buried her face into Mad’s thickened chest as he briefly checked a clock. There was a thick tuft of fur in his chest that was perfectly appropriate to hide a little girl’s eyes. His memory of the cycle was based on the time, and he was checking to see where we could go now to get to Alice as I neared them, still holding the most potent weapon we had against the Vampires, which was that golden orb in my hand. My breasts flared to either side of my two loves, and Jenny gripped the fur of my tit in an attempt to transfer to me but I couldn’t cradle her just now. Nonetheless, I palmed her head and kissed her crown while Mad got his bearings.

In the safety of her prison, Jenny was a very strong-willed person... very mature. Being free, however also meant that she could be harmed, and for someone who’s lived centuries like a caged bird, it was rather frightening for such a young person to deal with.

Mad ultimately moved again to lead the way up the towers, to the highest tiers that lead to Alice’s tower.

“M-mommy... are we going to go see Alice still?” Jenny asked and I paused and a step higher up then Mad was on as he cradled her and she wrapped her legs about his waist.

“Yes baby. We’re all getting out of here.” I told her, and pushed the iron wrought door open, only to be greeted by a crack of thunder and lightning and pouring rain.

“Watch out!” Madoushi shouted at me and I paused. “It’s out there!”

“‘It?’ What exactly is ‘it’?” I asked back and Mad squeezed in passed me so that we were both beneath the covered walkway and he pointed.

I looked through the haze of falling rain and gazed at the great pod that had grown even greater since I’d last seen it, with the pod having cracked open and revealing a light blue coloring of petals. That aside, the vines of the plant had spread wide, and had actually crossed our path and broken open the doors to the pool of blood beyond. Reddened veins were throbbing and pulsing in the tendrils of the plant, and I could see red liquid being drawn toward the plant from that room.

It was actually feeding on blood?! What sort of plant does that?!

“That is a castle guardian. It was planted here to protect Alice and the inner sanctum of the castle itself. No matter what you do... do not step on its vines.” He said and began pointing them out for me.

Luckily... cats saw very well in the dim and I was careful not to step onto the growing creepers and vines and tendrils of the plant.

“What is this thing?” I gaped. “It’s growing faster than bamboo does.”

“A Venusian Demon Flower empowered by the castle.” Madoushi commented. “Quiet now... it can hear but not very well when it’s sleeping like that.”

I’d never heard of such a thing, but we made it across to the other side without any mishap, throwing open the door and vaulting up its spiraling stairwell on all fours with Mad following with Jenny still in his arms, till we got to the very top and stopped.

The portal for getting to the top floor where Alice was, was man-sized... there was no way in hell I was getting up there like this. Hell! The hole was too small for my *tits* let alone my whole body! I tried to shrink, shift into a human form, or at least a lesser hybrid form, but my body refused to. Instead it sort of gave a mild spasm and thickened instead.

“What...?” I gasped looking at my hands before bonking my head on the ceiling as I grew that much larger.

“The Blood Moon.” Mad replied. “Any full moon form-locks us into a hybrid shape, beloved. So long as you’re under its effects you can’t shapechange.”

“Damn it... I forgot.” I growled and stared at the little portal, and then... “Shield your eyes.” I said as I stepped toward it, my head brushing against the ceiling, and grabbing the portal with both hands, yanked down on it sharply.

My muscles strained for only a moment before they both exploded with might along with my thighs and chest muscles that made my tits bounce and wobble down my front. It was an orgasmic sensation to feel the veins in your body throbbing, standing on end briefly before every muscle in you doubles in thickness. A guy might reference it to getting a hard on, as soft malleable flesh suddenly grows, the veins and muscles in its length throbbing and pulsating as its length burns and aches. Nevertheless, no matter how good it made me feel, my might yanked the

solid metal portal right out of the heavy wood so fiercely that the molded metal slipped from my hands, crashed right through the floor and lodged into the floor beneath us.

“Oops.” I blushed, but nonetheless took to ripping boards above my head off before a quick hop up led me into the low ceilinged children’s play room.

There we were in for a surprise. Drake stood there in all his finery, his shirt wide open to bare a great chest of powerful muscularity, his clothes now skin tight against his form, and that unit of his bowing the front of his trousers out. He looked... so much bigger now... in more ways than one, and I chewed on my pinkie nail for wish for more sex. With a hop, Mad arrived through the hole and paused. His arms immediately went to hold Jenny tighter.

“Master Drake.” He blinked.

“Madoushi,” Drake nodded and drank from the goblet in his hand. “Good to see you.” He licked a trickle of blood off his sharp teeth before setting the goblet aside. “I supposed the two of you would eventually come here.”

Alice stood on the other side of the glass, looking frightened. She kept looking off to one side at something out of our view.

“Why did you suppose we’d be here, Master Drake?” Mad sounded accusing. “Have you come to stop us?”

“Quite the contrary... I’ve come to help you. Think for a moment. Have you ever considered the positioning of Alice and Jenny in this castle?”

I thought for a moment, my mind raced.

“They’re aligned... aren’t they?” Madoushi mentioned finally. “This room is about the size of Jenny’s prison, and that prison is probably in the exact same spot down to the micrometer beneath our feet.”

“Precisely. And there’s a reason for that... or haven’t you been noticing the castle creaking on its foundations lately?”

I blinked even as the castle walls shivered. “It’s a resonance.” I blurted out and Drake nodded.

“The castle itself kept them apart. If you knew anything about the two of them, you’d understand that utter chaos follows in their wake.”

I stepped between Mad and him, having to crouch thanks to the low ceiling with my tits brushing against my knees.

“What are they?”

“Not enough time to explain.” Drake admitted and picked some coagulated blood out of his teeth and flicked it away. “Just know that if you bring the two of them together... things are going to break.”

I blinked in sudden realization. “Or... sundered.” And I thought harder before repeating my riddle. *‘In the night without a day, pass through death to retrieve your scroll, found before the lowest gate before hell after the undeath falls. Then travel through the door that will not open, through the unseen wall and sunder the world before travelling through death again to leave through the unseen door to exit into the place of the remembered dead.’*

“The first line: *‘In the night without a day, pass through death to retrieve your scroll, found before the lowest gate before hell after the undeath falls’* must be in reference to the Blood Moon. I had to pass through a grave yard, pass through death, to get my scroll, taken from your own body at the lowest point of the castle after Lilith felled you.” Drake nodded and Mad stared at me.

“M-mommy...” Alice said and looked to her side. Looking to her I stepped sideways and palmed the glass beside her and she pressed against her side of the glass to press her body against the glass opposite my hand.

“*“Then travel through the door that will not open, through the unseen wall and sunder the world before travelling through death again to leave through the unseen door to exit into the place of the remembered dead.”*” I looked to the mirror. “This is the door that will not open.” I said looking at the glass. “What if I break the mirror?”

“Then you will trap her inside till it can repair itself. I and Lilith have tried that. The reset itself will ultimately return the mirror to its original state, but till then she’s locked inside. I have no way to open this door for her... only for myself.”

“Alice said that you entered her world. How did you do that?”

“By walking through the door.” And Drake stepped forward, pressing his hand through the glass as if it were a film of soap on a bubble blower.

“W-what are you waiting for?! Take her out!” I gaped but Drake withdrew his hand.

“I cannot. Journeying through the looking glass is one effort... coming back is another in itself... especially for a creature like me that has trouble casting a reflection in the first place.”

“Mommy... th-they’re coming.” Alice whimpered through the glass.

“They? W-who’re they?” I asked immediately.

“The castle knows what you’re doing.” Drake supplied. “It’s trying to stop it. In its simple ways there’s only one thing left for it to do.”

“They. Denizens! It’s going to kill her?!” I gasped and Drake nodded, just before I heard something loud strike against something in Alice’s world and she screamed before Jenny likewise cried with her in a tone of symphonic unison.

“Mommy!”

I pawed at the glass and trembled, breasts pressing against its warm surface.

“N-no... no... my baby!”

“Do you trust Drake?!” someone shouted, and I turned to see Madoushi holding back Jenny, who was reaching for what was very nearly an identical sister. Only their hair and eye color separated them from being perfectly identical. “Do... you... trust... him?” Mad said carefully. “Trust him enough to watch over Jenny?”

I looked to Alice, in whom Drake had never harmed, or so I knew. But then again, Drake couldn't harm her before now anyways. But then he never led either Alice or Jenny astray with mean or hurtful words.

Then returning my gaze to Madoushi I nodded.

Madoushi took a long, hard breath and then walked to Drake, setting Jenny on her feet and rubbing her head.

“Stay here, little one, stay safe.” And then he rose, stared Drake in the eye and then moved to me. “Brace yourself my love.” He said quietly.

And then Mad palmed me on my back, and suddenly... there was a power in the room, a tumultuous thing, wild and primordial, and it swept in around Mad and me, snatched me up with it and despite my incredible strength it yanked me sideways.

And then there was the wailing and gnashing of teeth, screaming and shouting and the clawing of nails against chalkboard as everything seemed to crumble away. The room expanded all around us and twisted subtly, and as the walls cracked and broke I saw bodies, wailing human bodies acting as walls and cross beams, every eye and mouth glowing a deep, deep ethereal blue and the bodies writhing steadily. Skeletal and spindly arms reached up and gripped my feet and legs, tried to get my tail as I stood quickly to get out of their reaching and gripping hands that were so tight they felt like they were trying to rip the fur out of my legs. But no where I stepped could I avoid stepping on somebody... a back, a face... something.

Thankfully even the follicles of fur on my body were so strong that they couldn't be ripped out by those surprisingly strong fingers gripping at me.

“W-what is this?” I said aloud, Drake and Jenny nothing more than shades in this world as Mad immediately lifted his hands to his ears against the wailing.

He was afraid. Hell... I was afraid and I embraced him half to comfort him, and half for my own comfort. This place was a place of the damned. This... was what my definition of Hell looked like.

“This is the Dream Time.” He groaned and shivered. “This is what is real here, what you see if the walls were hewn down. Everything that you've seen since birth is an illusion, a shell hiding the real. The Dream Time shows you what's really real. This is where magic happens in its purest form, this is the fluid land of dreams where reality sleeps and dreams are the waking world.”

“You did this?” I gaped, seeing this castle for what it really was: a castle of the damned.

He nodded vigorously as he panted. “B-because I'm trained in its use, t-the reality... a-affects m-me more.” He said and slowly lifted his hands, panting and pushing me aside, revealing to me Alice who was staring up at us through the plane of the mirror. “But I will be damned if I let a little girl suffer because of my inaction!” he shouted, and lifting his hand, with a gesture the mirror snapped wide, massively wide... large enough for even me to step through.

“My range isn't far... go fetch her... q-quickly. I don't know how long I can hold this open.”

I nodded and hugged him, and he soothed considerably before I turned, faced the mirror, and stepped through it.

A rush of air like a gale wind struck me, a brief barrier of intense wind and a ringing sound like a single note from a great bell, and then I was completely through. With a gasp I stepped into Alice's room. It was girlish, feminine, bright and beautiful, and unlike the other side that was dark and creepy... evil-feeling, this side was warm and bright and beautiful.

"Mommy!" Alice cried and I stooped and scooped her up in between my mighty bosoms immediately, wrapping her snugly amidst the powerful arms and heaving musculature that wrapped and ribbed this mighty feminine body of mine.

"I got you baby... I got..." and then there was a reverberating slam, and both of us started and looked to a door that was on this side of the barrier that wasn't on the other side. There were iron bars in place that rattled as claws that were thick and metallic pierced the wood, and with a wrench a board was thrown away before a head stuck itself through the door.

"Here's... JOHNNY!" an insane metallic head jeered, right before an arm punched through another board, spikes clanging against the iron bars, the bar creaking around the strength of that arm and bending out of the way before the claws swiped at us, narrowly missed, and dragged against the floor. The claws sheered the floor, cutting deep seething grooves into the floor that burned as if by acid, creating smoking wisps that floated upward into the air while the curlicues those claws cut out lit on fire.

And the creature began to force its way through, the spikes on the back of its metal arms ringing against the bars, while behind it there were more of the things. Alice snuggled to me for safety, whimpering, frightened from the assault of the strange creature.

"Mommy..." She muttered and without another thought I rose and pushed through the barrier, and Alice gave off a shallow cry even as we delved through the long chime and the blustering cold wind. And then as soon as it'd begun we were on the other side, pushing into the terrible demonic world that Madoushi was in holding the door open, sweating and panting heavily now.

"Close it! Close it quickly Mad!" I shouted and with a metallic snap the mirror returned to normal, right as the creature leapt at it and smacked against the doorway.

There was a moment of a naked torso, with claws squealing against the mirror as the world rebuilt itself from Mad dropping the power and sinking to his knees.

"I will flay the flesh from your skull!" the creature hissed, licking the other side of the mirror, and I reached out with a snap and smacked the mirror like one would do to a friend or a sibling when they made faces against glass. The creature reverberated off the opposite side of the glass before I punched the mirror again, only with all my strength and unlike before when I was first here and hammered at the glass, this time it broke into pieces that fell to the ground.

And then turning with Alice in my arms, Jenny whimpered now as I opened my arms and the two girls looked at each other face to face... identical, but opposite.

"Sister!" they said as one and embraced each other, Drake even letting Jenny go to rush to her sister and the two giggled and cheered, holding hands and singing and spinning... till the whole castle vibrated like a gong, and some great roaring sound assailed the world we were in and the girls whimpered and cried as they held onto each other tightly.

“No! Too soon. It’s too soon.” Madoushi gasped.

“What? What’s too soon?” I gaped and went to comfort the girls.

“You’ve all disturbed the time line.” Drake said simply. “You can’t expect the castle will keep its defenses back, would you?”

We stared at him. “W-what defenses?” I gasped.

“Why the Denizens of course.” Drake smirked and nodded. “The game has become a lot harder.” And his body turned into mist before it roiled away and down the hole and between the floorboards, leaving us to stare in wonder after him.

And through the whole castle... something wicked happened.