

## **Lea Monde**

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

**Rated:** *R for Restricted*

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### **Chapter 14: End Game**

"It's a good thing I don't have OCD... or I'd be counting these stupid ass stairs. Don't mind the view though." Remy said behind us both and we both turned and growled at him. "Hey don't look at me... you're the ones who insisted to be in the front. You only have yourselves to blame for putting your rears in a lecher's face. All except Fell there... we can be standing side by side and your naughty bits are at face level. You are a man's dream."

"Any other person and I'd be glad to hear that... maybe... but not from you." Fell growled inwardly and hugged herself, groaning.

"What's wrong Fell?" I asked, standing several stairs higher.

"The Blood Moon. While I was fighting I wasn't concentrating on it, but now it's just climbing these stupid stair... GRAH!" and she hit a wall, knocking several blocks out that went tumbling out of view on the outside wall of the tower to crash far below us.

"Remember, she's nearing a heat." Remy mentioned.

"How can you tell?" I blinked.

"The nose knows. Like I said... her naughty bits are at my head level. But Fellania... I would be willing..."

"No!" she shouted and we both fell silent before she noticeably calmed herself. "No. I will not be so weak to let my body dictate the man I mate with." She said and continued climbing.

"You're a virgin?!" Remy gasped and Fell rounded on him with a jostling of tits.

"What's that supposed to mean?!" she snarled, showing her long white fangs.

"What do you think it means? You're a strong, attractive woman. Surely there must be dozens of suitors clambering to tap that ass. And a female of your maturity... especially a bear of your maturity... Great Maker it must hurt."

Fellania paused, and then I saw her lower lip tremble and I moved to comfort her with a hand on her overly large shoulder, but then her eyes actually burst into tears then as she embraced herself and gave off a sob.

"Yes..." she moaned and then whimpered with her lower lip trembling even more now and I hugged her now.

Well... I hugged her from a few steps up from her actually... she'd grown that large. Maybe eighteen to twenty feet now.

"Then suffice it to say I've been cruel for tempting you." Remy managed. Fell merely nodded, and then we were all thrown back as the castle rumbled again.

Looking up the distance to the peak, I then looked down the distance to the floor. Remy joined me, hocked a loogie and we all heard a table break from the weight of his snag. "Damn. Now I know how those guys on the Death Star monitoring the output of the super laser felt. This is poor design right here... we should have a railing or something."

"We can take it up with the Black Lady when we get up there. Fell... think about kicking her ass, Remy... stop thinking about Fell's ass and mine and start thinking about the Black Lady's ass."

"Ew... I think I just got limp." Remy answered and we both looked to him sternly. "About the Black Lady's ass. Sure she's hot and everything, but that's like me telling you to think about Hitler's ass."

"Wow... suddenly I don't feel so bad inside." Fell blinked. "What a mental image."

"See what I mean?" Remy nodded and the castle rumbled again and Fell caught us both and yanked us backward short of falling off the precipice.

"All right... no more talk about asses." I said and began to climb. Hurry... we only have half the tower to go."

"Only?" Remy and Fell said in unison, and we continued to climb.

The new tower was a strange thing. It was a tower built into a tower. The center was like a stalactite meeting a stalagmite, one continuous flowstone hundreds of feet high that had a bit of a twist to it like it was some great stone towel someone had started to wring the water out of. It was laden with holes and tiers and such with hanging chains and implements of torture and crevices for bodies. The thought occurred to me that this was the catacombs telescoped upward somehow, and then un-spiraled greatly to allow it to extend more. This presented several problems actually. For one thing, there was nothing other than the comparatively narrow walkway for us to be on, no railing as Remy observed, and there was several dozen feet in which it was nothing but open air before the sloping pillar in the center. Sure there were chains spread like a spider web here and there, but I wouldn't want to fall regardless to that.

I was glad the girls were with Madoushi at the base, and I hoped that the skeleton guardian couldn't reach any of us now, or them.

Climbing the stairs was arduous, even for us hyper feminine beasts. Remy didn't seem bothered at all by the climb, but still we nonetheless managed to do it, climbing near the top and pausing. Rubbing my tits as we were just below the top, rain water pouring from above to make the last flight of stairs tricky, I moaned to myself at how full my tits had become. They were as firm as Fell's were, and just as large... which was saying something being that I was perhaps a third to a half of her body weight and about five feet shorter.

Fell palmed the small of my back as we paused to catch our breath.

"What's wrong?" she whispered to me.

“Milk.” I moaned. “I’ve been generating so much of it, I have to keep siphoning some of it off. I know mothers develop a lot of milk, but I thought that that was in the final trimester or something.”

“Well... yeah. Normally. But then you’re not a normal Lycan.” She told me.

I smirked at her. “Neither are you. Titaness isn’t a strong enough of a word for you.” I hugged my breasts and moaned low like a cow lowing to be milked. “Something’s causing this though.” I said and let them go, and the pair wobbled and distended heavily as I stood there for a moment before I heard a scream of rage from above.

“What is *happening*?!” The Black Lady’s voice snarled, and looking at Fell and Remy, we hurried up the last few steps to stagger ourselves to peak over the opening on a broad stone platform at the top of the tower.

The whole top of the tower was a massive basin with a fountain at its center and Lilith was screaming in rage at it. “This thing should be spurting with luscious life fluids by now... I should be bathing in it... I should...” she paused and straightened and the three of us ducked out of sight. “You!” she snarled. “You did this. This is all your doing isn’t it?!”

“Yes mother, yes it is.” Drake’s voice came and one by one we all dared to peak over the top again to see Lilith facing Drake. “You vicious... disgusting bitch. You’ve ruined my name through the whole of history, smeared it, made our kind the most hunted of the Night Species. Any time one of us becomes known, hunters and Templars galore appear in droves to wipe us out. We’re little more than the taint of the Wolfmen that you engineered yourself using your fowl blood magic.”

“An experiment, Drake.” She snarled in return. “And it worked! The hidden races are as feared and as cursed and in hiding just like us!

“You silly little boy, God Himself mocked us, punished us, drove us down, but we stay alive! He curses us so that the very light of the sun itself burns us, and we overcame it; or do you not enjoy being a Day Walker? Other Vampires celebrate you as being the god of our race because of me. They worship you!” she raged.

“And why me? Why not you, mother? Why don’t our people know you to be the first of our race? Why is it that *Vlad the Impaler*’ is the de facto leader, king and god of Vampires, mother? Are you such a coward? Our people are disgraced. Our people are the most hated of all the night species. We are hunted by everyone, befriended by no one! Every human who falls into this world fears us by sheer instinct. They *loathe* us.

“Instinctively, everything about us they hate, despise and want to destroy! And who’s fault is that?! I helped the hurt and dying into death, else wise I fed on cattle and livestock and...”

And there was a spasm of motion, an explosion really, and there was a crack so massive that rain drops were scattered as Lilith plunged her hand directly into Drake’s chest with a vengeful lunge from more than fifty feet away.

“So be it... my child.” She said and pulled her bloodied hand out of Drake’s body to show off a hand full of foot long claws extending from each finger and he fell ponderously to the ground and bounced sloppily in the rain, falling back placidly. “What a waste. I would’ve really made you a god-king, Drake. I would’ve allowed you to rule over this world as I conquered the next, but alas...” and she strode to the spigot of the fountain here, but nothing more than a little trickle came from it.

“Damn you child. Damn you.” She snarled. “There’s barely more than a mouthful here. I will have to consume you instead. But... this is too much for you to do alone. You had help.” She wiggled her bloodied fingers and long fingernails in the rain to wash the blood off it. “At least two more. One powerful enough to stop the wolves, another powerful enough to stop my children, neither of whom would’ve helped you. That leaves your servant Madoushi and the Doctor. Hm... I will show them their own hearts before I devour them.” She smirked. “But first... time to reset and...”

“You will do no such thing!!” I screamed and was on top of the platform in a vaulting leap and Lilith slowly turned to face me, focusing on me with what was now a pair of blood-red eyes that were punctuated only by a pair of black dots for pupils.

“Intriguing...” she said with interest, cocking her head to one side. “Such... *power* in one once so small.” She amazed. “It must be providence that you are brought to me at this time. I might be able to not loose so much if I drain you dry.”

“You can try.” I told her darkly, growling as my ears flattened against the back of my head. “I won’t let you so much as touch Mad or Alice and Jenny.”

There was a pause, and in my vigor to protect my family I’d just made a very major slip of the tongue.

“Alice... and Jenny. Why would you be worried about me hurting them unless it was now possible for me to hurt them?” I blanched, eyes wide. “Ah smart girl. You released them both! Oh their power inside me... I’ve coveted them for ages!” and she folded her long nailed fingers together before her as she chortled. “Kings, Emperors and even gods have never denied me what I want, Lady Susan. What makes you think you can stop me?”

“I’ll stop you.”

“So confident are we? Well then... I’ll have you know that I’m a lot older than you think I am.”

“Three hundred thousand years?” I prompted and she looked surprised. “I know a lot of the forgotten history of man. I have teachers that are older than you.”

“Curiouser and curiouser of a creature you are. Centuries have passed since I’ve last stepped on Earth Realm... a strange thing if something so common as a Felix Lycan can grow so grand and so powerful as you.”

“You better believe it bitch. You go back to the real world and you’ll be overcome.”

She threw her head back and laughed mightily before pacing in front of me, a cruel cackle. “Insolent little kitten... you have no idea what I’m capable of. Look there!” and she jabbed a long nailed finger at Drake. “That was my first born son... for our kind he was like unto your Jesus and I slaughtered him without a second thought.”

“He wasn’t like Jesus. If anything you are...” I said and began to pace around the corner of the stairs, gripping my first mother’s scroll in one hand. “But as good and beautiful as the Savior is, you must be the damned Antichrist.”

Again she cackled. “Is that all I am? You’re foolish to limit me so. Oh... the Son of Man died for our sins, was crucified and ritualistically buried and then rose from the dead three years earlier. That’s nothing new. The Atlanteans and to a lesser extent the Egyptians figured out that little trick long before your Christ did.” She chortled. “I did it a long time ago. I garnered all the powers of the Dark One before I sapped the rest of his power. I am a

*goddess!*” she snarled. “Not some pathetic excuse for a demigod like your Christ! No... if you compare me, then I am an anti-GOD!” she shrieked and threw her hands up and a fusillade of lightning cracked overhead.

“Someone oughtta wash your mouth out with soap for speaking all this sacrilege. I’ve felled bigger than you.”

“Oh? Bigger is it? Then try this on for size whelp.”

And she moved.

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Perhaps a few thousand years had passed between the time of Adam and the time of my first mother. Her teachings were of light and love, the seed of which was given to her by one of the eldest of dragons, but were developed by her into a phenomenal power of light and love and warmth that fit with the race of man and it’s Denizens instead of the race of dragon. She made it our seed...

But as Lilith moved, my mind instinctively began recalling my life, it literally flashed across my mind as I saw my death coming. For a moment, I saw a flicker of death there, black wings and black swirling robes smoking a cigar... and I would’ve stupidly remained there, seeing that bitch sliding through slow motion at me faster than any enemy could before her, while images of Madoushi and Jenny and Alice danced in my head. I would’ve been impaled by her charging hand if not for one thing:

“Move stupid!”

It was Fell’s voice, and moved I did, and it was close all right, close to feel the vampiric mother’s claws rake across my belly, across the flesh and muscle that protected my womb, the cradle of life that carried my baby inside me. In the next flicker Death was gone, and suddenly something snapped inside my head, my eyes going wide, the world slowing down even further while I moved almost unhindered. Her claws had nearly ripped my belly open. She’d nearly torn my womb apart, in which rested my baby as it started to develop. It made me angry... the hackles on my back rising and standing on end despite the rain as my back arched angrily. I wanted to punish her. I wanted to hurt her! I wanted to make her pay for daring to hurt my baby! She was threatening my family!

My leg reacted on its own, a protective instinct even as the bitch tried to turn to rake at me again, and it felt like I only tapped her with that knee. She felt frail, she felt weak, as if I were doing this to a real woman her size, as if her body were so thin that it’d break like a twig from such a blow. And then in the next moment time returned to normal and she was launched from me through the rain with a tremendous explosion of light and sound, and she crashed against the spigot in the center of the basin, snapping it straight off.

Lilith wavered briefly, panting with a clawed hand over her face as she rose; dress trapping her legs as her bosom heaved within its confines.

“You... struck me!” she said disbelieving. “No one has ever dared to strike me!”

“It won’t be the last.” I snarled and rolled a lip.

“Who warned her?! Who dares to interfere?!” and she looked around between her fingers and pointed with her other hand at Fell as she walked up the last few steps to the top of the landing. “You dare! Y...” and she stopped as more and more of Fell’s titaness body was revealed with all its rippling strength and power, her breasts giving a subtle bounce with every step till she was level with me. Lilith actually gasped at her size.

“That’s right... me...” Fell mentioned with her caber-thick staff coiling at its end into a sharp point again. “We’ve come to put you down.”

“Put me down? You and what army?!” Lilith shouted through her hand.

“‘*You and what army?*’ Holy cow... how cliché” Remy said as he hopped up and squatted on the edge of the platform, tail wrapping about his long pink feet. “You’d think for an ancient, she’d have better come backs. You’re not used to losing are you?”

“So it’s you three. I knew Drake couldn’t do this by himself, but I did teach him to be opportunistic.” Lilith growled darkly, still covering her face.

“Oh I’m certain he could’ve.” I said and tapped my first mother’s scroll with one finger. “When one thinks of crafty and manipulative, he’s the master... not you.”

“You... you all have no idea the orchestration I’ve created in this place. You’re all merely pawns in a game! True I wasn’t aware of till now that I was playing the game but...”

“Blah, blah, blah.” Remy said and worked his hand like a mouth. “Look, if you’re going to monolog, can I get a pillow, because I want a nap. And a pawn?! I’d think I’d at least rank a bishop or a knight... maybe a rook. No... no... Fell’s the rook...”

“Perhaps.” Lilith growled, actually growled, her voice rumbling bestially in her throat. “But if...”

“No... I changed my mind. Just shut up.” Remy called. “You’re doing a lot of this.” And made a one-hand clapping motion with his hand now. “You need to start doing this.” And he slowly pinched his fingers together.

“Yeah! Just shut up!” Fell called and drove her staff into the ground and it made a deafening boom that made all the water on the platform jump slightly.

“Eager for a fight are you?” she laughed, her voice dropping an octave, sounding discordant as her eyes darkened – if that were possible – and dragging her hand from her face, it revealed cracks in the porcelain of her features, like she were a woman with layers upon layers of makeup that had suddenly all cracked. “Fine! Then I, goddess-queen of the Vampires... shall give you one.”

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There’ve been many movies, anime, cartoons galore, where the heroes just stand back while the bad guy grows more powerful. They just stand there gasping like idiots while their enemy grows in power! I always thought that it was stupid and unrealistic. I mean... why would the heroes just stand there?! While the enemy is distracted, you should go in and try to cause as much damage as possible as quickly as possible and diminish that strength upgrade!

But... now that I’m in that position...

You’re startled. You don’t expect people to grow stronger. You’re so shocked and amazed, especially when it was done grotesquely, that you’re stunned into inaction... and all you do is stand back and gasp in amazement as your enemy grows more powerful.

Lilith gripped her hands and began to heave, and with every heave she made her body grew and thickened. Her long sinuous legs rounded as her dress tore up those legs from the hem to the waist, the slippers she was wearing shredding as her toes spread and feet lengthened, the tips of each toe growing a long and thick toe claw.

With her dress hanging down to the front and back, revealing those long legs, there were several splintering cracks in the perfect porcelain flesh, and the cracks spread open where the thighs met the hips even as those hips widened, revealing a dark almost ebon flesh. Blacks of the world were often times considered ebony in color, especially Africans, but their black skin was nothing in comparison to the molted black of the flesh that was revealed beneath the splintering cracks that separated legs from hips in the horrid creature that was Lilith.

And then similar breaks formed around the knees as those hips flared wide. The porcelain skin broke about those knees as well as her feet as well, leaving the porcelain skin like a sheathe about what must be her real body.

A tail telescoped from between her butt cheeks, a long and sinuous thing appearing as her neck and navel lengthened, dragging her perfect breasts from within the red dress even as her torso flared grandly, tearing the dress's sides open so that the front and back fell over the sash about her waist, leaving the dress in tatters before her belly tightened, cleaving into two long pairs, before the pairs rippled and rolled, cracking and breaking along the clenching ridges of each muscle from navel upward toward her throat.

Loud snaps echoed out from her body as her flesh broke open here and there, forearms lengthening and biceps and triceps swelling continually into a muscle-bound look, forearms flaring in their lengthened form with fingers and fingernails lengthening into long talons, especially the middle and forefingers.

Ears migrated upward and lengthened into long flaring points, her eyes spreading and growing angled with her face pushing steadily forward, cracking the other side of her face as it did so, revealing wide slits for nostrils while thick, hard fangs slid from her mouth.

And when she shrieked... it was like a bazillion fingernails on chalk boards.

Her breasts swelled as her chest grew hard and chorded, her back breaking apart while spines slid from her flesh and little clefts and horns hooked out of her brows while her long black hair rose and twisted into a fringe of wicked design like Malfasant's hair from Sleeping Beauty, only with more twisting spikes.

"Fuck..." Remy gasped as she reared and with one spastic lurch several hooking spines erupted from her back and flared wide, more spines erupting from knees and elbows and spikes drove out of each rip and splayed around her flaring torso as her neck lengthened and thickened.

Blinking, gasping, I lifted the scroll and placed it on my back where it adhered immediately to my chi lines. I hoped beyond hope that this one could act like the one from Wormwood and be a battery for my powers, but no sooner had it anchored itself to me than Lilith screeched with a tremendous wave of sound that deafened me like a grenade blowing mere feet from me. I had to dig my toe claws into the platform's flooring to keep from being blasted back, Fellania squatting to hold onto the ground while our claws literally squealed against the brick to hold ourselves into place. Remy, on the other hand, didn't have long hooking claws on his fingers and toes, and he tumbled immediately back beneath the stairwell.

When her screech ended she came hurtling across the ground, leaping with tremendous speed and force that raked my arm with claws like stilettos, each claw searing at me with hissing pain. I screamed as her claws boiled my blood, and I tried to counter attack but she merely hopped up over it, back flipping easily away from the blow and wrapping her tail around my ankle before snagging that foot and snapping her tail back to trip me to the ground.

With a deafening blow, Fellania's fist slammed against the ground where she was at, or rather where she was, and she surged forward to attack Lilith to protect me, but the Vampire blood witch did a series of acrobatic back flips to get herself out of the way of the fusillade of sweeping kicks and punches and staff strikes as she laughed at us.

Remy appeared on the platform again as Fell hurried to help me up, and there was a moment as Lilith was laughing at us and Fell and I were growling at her that we lost track of Remy... till there was a deafening bang and I heard the buzz of something fly by my head that took up some strands of my wet hair in the shockwave while simultaneously a red spot erupted against Lilith's breast and a lancing shot of blood on either side of her body.

She gasped in surprise from the unseen attack.

"W-what?" she gasped and Fell and I looked back to Remy as he tossed up several silvery pebbles in his hand playfully a couple times before fingering one of them in a flicking motion. His fingers tensed before there was another boom, and Fell and I got out of the way as the second boom struck her, and I realized that the boom sounded much like the peal of a gun!

Very rapidly, a dozen shots rang out from his hands, opening several body shots and even a head shot to the Queen of the Damned.

"How the hell did you do that?!" Fell gasped as Lilith fell to one knee. "I can't do that!"

"Have you ever tried?" Remy smirked and hooked a thumb into his belt sash and Fell blinked. "I'd assume it'd be less of an effort for y..."

But he cut off as Lilith began to laugh, a cackling sound as her voice deepened slowly another octave, sounding almost man-like now.

"Silver..." she said in a low screeching sound and began to rise, her flesh resealing itself as she rolled her thickened neck, and even the head shot that she'd received sealed itself. "I'm the Queen of the Damned!" she bellowed. "You think I can be killed by the weaknesses of a lesser Vampire?! Silver?! Stakes?! Holy and running water?! Not even sunlight!" she cackled. "Nothing hinders me! Nothing stops me! I am immortal! And even God's curses have made me all the more powerful!"

She shrieked again like before, that deafening screech that made a gale wind that she then leveled upon us again, and this time Remy leapt to grab my tail as I set myself in a stance to better take the blast, feeling myself growing excited... sexual, and then I realized that I might've made a mistake donning this scroll like I did with the one in Wormwood. This scroll was filled with the Sacral teachings... sexuality! How on earth could that becoming enhanced help us here?

So it was as the scream ended that I moaned and orgasmed in a jet, Remy hanging off me as Fell stared wide-eyed at me in surprise. Hell. Even Lilith was surprised as I gripped my sex with both hands as I throbbed passionately, feeling that pubic mound swelling as it dripped sexual juices between my fingers, breasts swelling as they all leaked milk...

But then again... there was something I didn't realize at first. Whether a person was male or female, the source of their strengths were, at the most basic of levels, gender based. Like I'd discovered when I'd regained my strength, Chakra was like an obelisk, with the broader, stronger bases at the bottom. The bigger the bases were, the stronger the thing was.



So groaning, churning, purring deep and warm, I lit from the inside, a shining radiance as the Sacral Symbol formed against my back like some glorious halo, and as sex and the objects of my sexuality enhanced, in order to support that sexuality the rest of me had to grow too.

I billowed, I engorged, muscles flaring and rounding outward while I laughed and moaned, and this time it was Lilith's time to stare in stunned awe as I grew stronger and stronger, and cupping my tummy with both hands as its muscles hardened and bulged outward, there was something extra in this body that made that strength and power in me rise exponentially.

Sexual power changed in definite moments in a person's body. As a baby it was nearly nothing. Regardless as to if the baby were male or female, their powers were virtually indistinguishable from each other. As a baby turned into a boy or a girl, then the shift became more definite, leaning to one side or the other but was still largely neutral. But the first major shift happened at puberty, as boys became young men and girls became young women, then their power became decidedly male or female. From the time that most of us young women, maidens as we were called, bled for the first time and began to develop breasts, we became decidedly female, our sexual power awakening with the *capacity* to bare young.

The things it did inside our heads, inside our souls, made us sexually more powerful on the inside. Where boys wore their power on the outside of their bodies, a female had tremendous power on the inside. She developed a powerful will, determination... it was why historically women were magicians while men were warriors.

Sexual power grew again the first time one has sex. I've known sex, I've known love-making and could tell the difference between the two... and from the first time that Lee, bless his heart, especially now in this battle, slid his penis inside me and literally awakened my womanhood, my sexual power skyrocketed because of it. Mental awareness awakened and mental blocks disappeared, my spirit empowering, making my inner power even greater in that one moment of truth as I became a woman. The same happened to men too... their bodies strengthening as their bodies generated greater amounts of testosterone from heightened sexual activity.

All for the sake of the *possibility* of breeding.

But something else had happened to me, and in my womb was nestled a tiny little creature no larger than a cell. My body was pregnant, I was mothering a child, and so my womanhood had transformed into motherhood.

And that sacral scroll latching onto me like a barnacle and feeding that power, I moaned again in sexual elation, arching myself, feeling muscles bubble, veins throbbing as they spread deeper and deeper across me, my mane waving about my head, deep inside my navel grew a brilliantly, glorious energy that billowed inside my belly.

I felt full... like I'd just engorged myself on a huge meal. I felt whole... like a piece of me that had been empty, something I'd instinctively felt for most of my adult life but it'd now been completed like the missing piece of a puzzle, engorged inside me as my loins swelled and distended. And so it was with one hand cupping my sopping wet pussy and the other lifting to massage my navel and its swelling breasts, I realized that there was one bane left that Lilith still feared... one that she could never completely avoid.

The power of life... it was always the bane of undeath.

"Overcome this then... bitch!" I called, my voice echoing as my body swelled and enlarged slightly from the tremendous inner strength that was in me now pressing against my body and enhancing my outer strength from it.

My growth was a testament as to exactly how much of that inner power was in me now... it was the same testament to Fell as well.

Lifting a hand, my fingers spread and a stroke of golden light lit from my fingers and struck Lilith full in the chest, and she screamed as it burned her before she rolled out of the way.

I stopped the beam and re-aimed, firing again and she flipped out of the way before with a snap of pseudomotion she disappeared and reappeared next to me.

The glow... the inner glow, the glory of this sexual power acted like an armor for me. Her claws no longer scraped me as she and I entered melee. She and I were working with such speeds that Fell and Remy seemed to be moving in slow motion, but regardless, I actually out maneuvered Lilith and got her into a full nelson, my tits flaring to the sides of her body with her back spines pressing against my sternum before I turned her.

“Fell!” I shouted and Fell spent no time wasting the opportunity. Despite that I was quicker, Fell’s body was several times stronger.

I had no idea what it’d be like to be hit with her fists now, but she drew back and struck Lilith’s face and she screamed like any woman might who’d developed such beauty like she used to have. Fell snapped her other fist forward after planting her staff, and with a continual one-two punch combo that beat her skull over and over again, she roared during every combo.

Blood was sprayed from side to side with nearly every blow and Remy cheered us on, hopping in one place excitedly until...

The explosion blasted all three of us in every direction. A fireball that consumed the roof seared the three of us and Remy went flying over the edge of the tower.

“Remy!” Fell screamed as our little Rat friend fell away from view.

It was a death sentence. No one could survive falling that many feet. Turning, I saw Fell slowly swivel toward Lilith, and I saw for the very, very first time... a werebear truly, truly loose her temper.

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With a mighty roar that would make anyone pause, flexing her body in a way that would make even the Hulk envious, she launched across the platform, forgetting her staff as she closed in with Lilith.

Lilith tried to dodge but Fell long-armed her back in, tapping her with an almost ponderous sweeping arm with her massive claws, her muscle hump shaking as she planted Lilith, and struck her in the head to make her crumple to the ground. Lilith tried to rise, but with tears flying from her eyes Fell began to scream as she swung again and again, over and over, every fist pound driving that bitch harder and harder into the bowl of the platform, every blow so powerful that it shook the tower and made the castle quake.

Her scream was of tormented rage, her eyes hard as ice as she gripped Lilith’s chest with her sharp claws, knotting those claws into Lilith’s very flesh before she began power-striking her head with one fist, froth forming from her spit as she struck and struck and...

Lilith whipped her feet upward and Fellania was knocked backward, and with Lilith's legs still upward, the flaps of her dress remains falling up her body to reveal the supremely muscled legs and her naked sex and bottom, she then kipped-up to her feet before rising, snapping a broken nose back into place.

I was stunned again with surprise. How... how any creature could take all that, could take such blows I couldn't understand. She should've been a fine paste on the ground!

But she was still alive... and angry!

"Remy..." I breathed as Fell tried to get to her feet.

"You whore! You killed him!" Fell screamed accusingly.

"Insolent rabble! I kill lots of people! I do what I wish! I'm a goddess! Not even your weak Creator can stop me!" she shrieked, her voice booming with every syllable with such power that the rain drops were blasted backward away from their falling trajectory in broad booming spheres of sound. "And you!" and she pointed at Fell. "And you..." and she leveled that pointing claw on me. "Have hurt me. My beautiful *face!* No one! No one *dares* touch my face unbidden! And I think... no one... not even your Christ, will suffer as much as I will make the two of you suffer.

And then she began to change.

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*I am Fellania.*

*Every villain in every anime or game, right when you think you've defeated them, they manage to knock you off and then they have some hidden form that they transform into and become a whole lot more powerful.*

*I thought that she'd already grown powerful enough, but nonetheless, right before my very eyes, again, she began to transform one more time.*

*She breathed deeply, heaving, huffing and puffing, and with each breath she took her body grew all the larger. Back muscles ballooned, a muscle hump rising between her shoulders while her toes spread and feet lengthened even further to lift her up onto her toes. Her arms lengthened so long that she palmed the ground then while still standing up, their muscles billowing as her porcelain skin blushed pink and then turned a naughty red while the black of her body stretched and gained gray highlights to it.*

*The sash about her waist unraveled some as her middle widened, more and more abdominals rippling into view as another pair of tits appeared as her chest muscles separated into two sets of chest muscle, her primaries filling and swelling into rounded packs of mammary that were just as grand as mine were.*

*Index and forefingers of her hands merged and lengthened, their claws joining together while her tail doubled in length and in thickness, the remnants of her red dress now nothing more than a loin cloth to her as the spines on her back literally unfolded spread, lengthened, the mass of spines clicking against each other and stretching a webbing of thickened hide between them to form a pair of bat-like wings that then unfolded and spread gossamer like behind her.*

*Face pushed forward, the red flesh turning into carapace plates as her mouth widened and pushed forward subtly into the face of a bat, her ears enlarging and sweeping backward while her hair spread and hardened into hard carapace that swooped back from her head like horns.*

*A red glow rose upon her form as she burned with dark demonic power, the spines on knees, elbows and back growing thicker, longer, harder and sharper while every square inch of her bubbled with thicker and thicker musculature that throbbed with black veins.*

*Heaving, staring at us with widened red eyes as she grit her teeth, heaving for breath, I saw her inhale and direct her attention at me.*

*Anything inhaling meant only one thing... a breath weapon of some sort, and leaping sideways I gripped my staff with both hands to brace myself, use it as a partial shield, and gasped even as time slowed down to a crawl.*

*There was something else there... something I missed inside the White Oak. It wanted to protect me. It loved my mother, it was overjoyed to see me, and as a record of my family history, as a storehouse of its strength, I felt it reach into me suddenly as my flesh and its wood merged as one. And then the white wood broke and danced about my arms and splashed against my chest, ringing my head and shoulders, waist and thighs in a light breast plate, shoulder guards, collar, headband, belt and thigh guards that were largely decorative with flaring bright green leaves, but about my hands and forearms were two mighty gauntlets. All of it forged itself and hardened, hardened like steel like only ancient wood could do when it petrifies, melding with flesh and wiring itself about my insides along veins and muscles.*

*Immediately I reared and thrust my chest into the column of flame that blasted toward me, a healthy white glow sheathing me, embracing me.*

*I will admit that the blast of fire, fire that screamed and clawed at me, with faces of the tormented damned appearing in the fire – hell fire – did hurt. Oh damn it, it hurt like a bitch! But the fact of the matter remained that I survived the blast, survived it enough where I drove myself through the blast and closed quarters with Lilith enough for the two of us to grapple.*

*Her four fingers grasped with my five, and I held her off primarily from the sheer utter thickness of my bosom while the snapping bites of her mighty jaws unable to reach my throat, but as she strained me, an ancient evil strained this body, this body reacted immediately. I felt my strength increasing, muscles bubbling outward, popping and snapping as bones realigned and crunched and thickened to hold that strength back. The long claws that sheathed my actual claws and fingers dug into the backs of her hands as I forced her backward slowly.*

*She might be an ancient evil, but I had a doubly ancient good empowering me now!*

*“S-such... strength.” She snarled above me. She was taller than me, but as I grew stronger I began to smirk at her.*

*“You better believe it.” I chortled. “But I got a question for you. When you’re in the hood, what’s the best thing to do to a homie?”*

*She blinked in surprise to the question, but it was all a set up anyways. This was a question for Sue to answer as she sailed in from the side, a power strike charging on her coiled fist as her body arched powerfully through the rain stroked air. A strike of lightning lit behind her as she swung and answered the riddle in a singing and rather glorious voice.*

“Respec’ KNUCKLE!” *she cried, and blasted Lilith upside the head, knocking her sideways and out of the grappling lock she and I had, and Lilith, despite her increased power just now, was rocketed sideways, almost spilling off the edge if not for the claws on her wings and the claws of both hands scraping thick grooves in the platform, saving her short of tumbling off.*

*Sue came to my side and I folded my arms beneath my breasts, cradling the mighty orbs upward while Sue panted and smelling like she was in heat. Well... yeah... actually she was.*

“Is it me, Sue... or is that fear in her eyes that I see?” *I laughed and Lilith snarled and hauled herself onto her feet, but then gasped in shock... but not at us. Her gaze was directed over our shoulders.*

*And so we glanced back, I for one was readying myself for a trick, but what I saw was truly remarkable.*

*Drake... was getting up.*

“Y-you should be dead!” *Lilith gasped.*

“Funny... Helsing said the same thing on our second encounter.” *Drake smirked as the hole in his chest quickly knit and resealed itself, a broken sternum and several bones likewise repairing themselves while he dust himself off, splaying the poufy cuffs of his white silk shirt while even the blood of the shirt slid back into his body and cleaned the shirt. “And I’ll explain to you the same thing I explained to him, dear mother.*

“I’m not like other Vampires.” *He grinned, eyes reddening as he showed a clutch of teeth in his mouth that knit together as a load of fangs. “Human blood may be a delicacy, it may be sweeter, but in all honesty, dear mother, animal blood is more filling. And... when one absorbs the qualities of animals one obtains a few... strange... mutations.”*

“You’re talking foolishness!” *Lilith barked, and Sue and I backed away slightly, letting the violence of a family matter exert itself.*

“Oh? What’s stronger... a human or an ox? Or here’s a better question... what’s even stronger, an ox... or a creature of legend like the minotaur?” *Drake asked and Lilith’s eyes widened as she gasped slowly. “My mother may be the great betrayer of the world, possibly the Antichrist itself, but that’s only if you live past this night dearest mother.”*

“Is that a threat?!” *she howled, her voice low while fire escaped her mouth.*

“You don’t realize it yet mother... but I have you in check. This is a game of chess with multiples of every piece. My queens are safe, my knight is ready to strike as are my pawns, and you are hounded by a rook,” *he gestured to me. “A knight,” he gestured to Sue. “And a couple of bishops.” He folded his hands together. “Your pawns are all defeated, your rook has been captured, your knights lie beneath our feet and you play the role of both queen and king because of your incessant selfishness. Your next moves will dictate as to whether or not you survive this night, but regardless...my next move will defeat you, and what’s even more delightful is that you’re trapped in this trap of your own making.” Drake smiled and then reaching up, tore his jacket and shirt open, ripping off the frilly tie as he transformed too.*

*This time we all, Lilith included, stared at this transformation as Drake modified himself. That ‘Blade Three’ movie doesn’t do justice to what the real Count Dracula turned into. Muscle upon muscle upon muscle piled and piled upon him, pants tearing and ripping open, shredding about him while his silk shirt and jacket ripped neatly in two*

*before shredding open around his arms. Two great wings unfolded that splayed upwards like they were reverse wings, the points pointing upward instead of downward, and his hair lifted into two great horns and a crown of more horns and a jaw fringe of still more horns. If anything he looked like that Darkness guy from 'Legend', only with a more bat-like face.*

*Spines erupted from elbows and knees as well as heels, each growing as black as his claws and horns were, a thick tail studded with a fringe of spines and ending in a spiked mace lowered from his back side while his wing arms and even the wings themselves became impossibly muscular.*

*The whole of his red body, wrapped in black leather and his form gilded with dark iron armor clasping across his form, along chest and sides, thighs and forearms, actually grafted into his body as he stood on equal footing with his mother. Bracers and chains forged themselves around him of knotted gold, and twisting burning and angry glyphs of red-orange light burned about his body, his ears merging with horns and becoming grand and bat like, but his face was still handsome... if loaded with razor sharp teeth.*

*Lilith hissed. "You dare hide such things from your own mother?!"*

*"I hide everything from you, mother dear." He said in a deep baritone, the very sound of which was like a siren's call on me and I shivered, aching for his man-muscle which – like the rest of him – had grown massive and powerful. But I shook that off with a visible shiver of the body. "Like... for example... that my black heart has regenerated not once... but twice today." He continued shifting as more spines and spikes sped from him, his wings unfolding wide briefly as he spread his hands open, his flesh cracking everywhere and becoming a hard carapace about his form as new flesh beneath it swelled outward. "I shared my power only with my brides... but, mother dearest, I've ensured that I'm on top this time around."*

*"It's impossible! You cannot survive without human blood!"*

*"True." He chuckled. "But life given is better and more powerful than life taken. I will admit, I have fed from humans... but they come when sick and dying, or wish to end their lives... so I give them release and they sacrifice their lives to me. Each one a willing blood sacrifice... willing blood magic inside this body, and each one hundreds of times greater than your pitiful feedings." She gasped as Drake lifted into the air, floating it seemed without the use of his legs as he sat on what may've been an invisible throne. "Let's face it, I fed from your teachings like other babes suck from the tit and made them my own. I've simply played the game better than you, dear mother." His use of dear mother was so sarcastic it dripped with menace.*

*But then Lilith began to laugh, chuckling darkly, and then shrieking with laughter and using that screeching breath weapon to scatter the rain above us while bursts of lightning erupted overhead.*

*"Foolish, foolish child! I'll show you the price of your insolence."*

*And she made for Drake, who merely sat and smiled as she hopped into the air, balancing on her wings briefly before she swooped in. But a blind sighted chance was a chance neither Sue nor I was willing to waste.*

*Other heroes could be honorable... war was hell and in a fight there were only rules when both parties were honorable. Though Sue and I did have honor, the price of failure was too high for either of us to care about such things, so as one we raced in and Sue gut-checked her while I sucker punched her as hard as I could.*

*We both heard the tell-tale sound of a satisfying crunch as she slid to the ground at Drake's feet, and he chuckled darkly as he looked down at her. And the look that was in her eyes as she lifted her head while Sue and I restrained her while beating on her was enough to kill if Drake wasn't already dead.*

“Fine... you want to talk about hidden power child?! You want to talk about secrets?! Then look and behold the full power of the Consort of the Dark One!”

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She began that huffing and puffing trick again, and even the arm I was holding onto rapidly grew too thick for me to hold onto, billowing and barreling before she lifted me off the ground and cast me aside like I was a rag doll. I was able to flip and twist in the air to land on my feet – all cats land on their feet, but it's still hard to do when you have twelve tits unbalancing you – my tail lashing as I rose as even Fell was knocked away.

Lilith's body became riddled with veins, hard throbbing veins that seemed to solidify while her body bulged with chests pushing forward, breasts engorging, arms swelling and breaking open, tearing flesh apart. The remnants of her dress tore over one hip and fell away, revealing the lengthened cleft of her sex atop her projected pelvic bone, tail thickening as she grew rapidly over even Drake who stared blankly up at her as she grew.

Her back unfolded and wings spread wider and wider, becoming gossamer while her back rolled outward, the muscle hump she had before widening and distending so massively that it filled the whole of her back! And still it grew, flaring and folding over shoulders and sides, merging into her tail and widening, bulging, flaring till her bodice was a narrow thing surrounded by that hardened back and its wings.

Hard hooking spines tore from her back as she swelled atop her legs, torso flaring unendingly and body hardening with red and black sheathing carapace over chorded grey muscles. Her head rose up atop a lengthening and flaring neck, tail thickening as it doubled in length again, toe talons spreading wide and thick, scraping the ground as biceps and triceps and forearms flared, thighs rounded and spread as a film of wing flesh spread from her ankles to wing tips.

She grew larger than a seven-forty-seven as muscle masses overloaded and swelled about her breasts, the hardening bone plating and carapace flaring across wide tears as the realm of horns and spikes and things decorating her head like a mask of a demon bat as she grew twice as tall as even Fellania was!

Drake remained where he was, sitting still as she leaned forward and roared at him, a blast of hot flame roiling from her mouth to consume him in its baleful red and black heat as she continued to strengthen over and over again, and even amidst my heat-like pleasure that was empowering my inner spiritual powers, including the physical enhancements it allowed for, I still felt fear from such a tremendous evil.

Chernavog was a pussy in comparison to this chick.

But I was reminded just then... reminded of Remy, who'd fallen, of Fell, Madoushi, Alice and Jenny... and all the world should such a creature escape, and getting to my feet I ran toward her... ran full head-on even as she rose from her flaming blast, and in one hand I formed a javelin of light, much like what maybe Zeus himself may've wielded long ago to rain death on the ancient world from atop Mount Olympus. I leapt, brandishing the light, and Lilith turned even as I fell on her, jabbing the javelin into the a hollow formed between neck muscles, chest and clavicles, driving it deep, pushing hard in an attempt to get to her heart through a soft spot.

She screeched as I twisted it, blood splashing against me like a fire hydrant sprays water after it's been ripped from its mooring, and I grit my teeth, driving it deeper and deeper, twisting and plunging deeper... till it struck something hard.

I plunged again but it didn't go any further... plunged with all my might and it only moved a smidgeon, and with a hooking swipe I was pulled off her neck despite that I tried to hold on with my claws knotting into her flesh. I was like a small animal being torn off a human body. Oh I scabbled and scraped and clawed with all my might, but she was determined and I did come off. There I was shunted straight to the ground, her hand pressing against my chest and squishing me between her arm and the ground with such force that I coughed up blood from it and heard several ribs crunch.

She shrieked and screamed and clawed at the javelin of summoned light, pulling it from her body with a wet crunch and shivering in pain before she cast the thing aside.

"You!" her voice echoed all around us like shouting in the Grand Canyon. "You shall pay for that!" she snarled and picked me up with both hands, her lengthened foreclaws made of index and forefingers wrapping about me on both sides before she began to squeeze. I cried out immediately as all the breath left me. "You cannot hope to kill me by piercing my heart." She laughed. "It's protected! My heart has long since been encased in multiple layers of bone harder than steel! In order to kill me you must pierce my heart, but in order to pierce my heart you must kill me! You have no hope!"

She squeezed again and I yowled, arms trapped at my sides, and with several ribs broken there was no way I could get enough support to fight back.

She laughed, she chortled and laughed again right in my face so loudly that my ears rung from it, and then her laugh was cut short as a massive stone block struck her in the head and with a snarl of rage she turned even as Fell dug her hands into the great tiled floor, ripped another block out and chucked it at her effortlessly, and despite that Lilith was so huge, you have a multi-ton block of stone getting thrown at you, it's going to phase you.

"Sue!" Fell cried, but Lilith squeezed my body again and I shuddered and choked from no air left.

"The last thing you shall ever hear... is your vertebrae cracking one... by... one." Lilith snarled and shifted as she was hit with another block... and steadily... I began to black out.

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*My feet barely touched the stone stairs as I raced up the entire length of the tower, taking several stairs at a time as I spiraled around and around. I heard much of the things that were happening above, which hastened my speed, making me run faster than I'd ever run before.*

*I'd done it... I'd accomplished two things I'd never been able to do... that no rat in centuries had been able to do. I feel from a precipice the height of a skyscraper and lived, and now I was running on slippery stone at cheetah speeds up a skyscraper-sized tower without pausing for breath.*

*I was pretty sure I wasn't even breathing, but my Ki was charged in me, the ancient assassin arts riling inside my loins... I had a hard on for some reason, but no time to ponder that now. I was blind with determination.*

"Not another one!" *I thought aloud.* "I've seen too many friends die! I will not lose more when I can stop it, damn it!"



*Those words screamed repeatedly in my head as I let go of all my self-inhibitions, and fueled by the Blood Moon, empowered by techniques ancient and carried along by my breed for ages, I lowered to all fours and ran up the stairs now, moving even faster than ever, using my special brand of magics to do the impossible as I arose with a spastic snap of pseudomotion onto the platform, leaping up the last dozen steps or so and vaulting onto the platform to come to a skid at its peak with a snap of my tail.*

*There I saw Lilith, a monster... an absolute monster the likes of which the world has never known before, I saw Sue... being crushed alive, not strong enough to resist it, I saw another monster, but I ignored him since he didn't seem to be doing anything, and I saw Fell even as she threw a massive stone and Lilith turned and shoved Sue into the blow of the rock only to laugh at the shriek Fell gave off.*

*She looked around, trying to find something to throw now, but was afraid to hit Sue before I shunted with a snap of motion into her view. Fellania froze, blinking at me, and there were tears breaking in her eyes as she saw me.*

*“Remy...” she gasped, and never before... never ever, ever had I been more overjoyed than to see a woman cry.*

*In times past I made a woman cry on purpose to make her feel bad... cause she was a bitch. But this meant... she mourned me falling... she thought me dead and it pained her.*

*“You missed me.” I smirked. “Now throw me!”*

*“W-2hat?!” she blinked, surprised as I drew my two last blades, assassin knives akin to Arab Kris Knives, my saliva turning their surfaces a sickly green as I quickly licked them both.*

*She blinked in even more surprise when I did that. Rare was it known that a rat licks their blades, coating it with our deadly venoms. Few live through it when we do, for if you do see it, you're usually our victim.*

*“Fellania! Throw... **ME!**” I shouted at her.*

*Damn feminine emotions... sometimes it stunted intelligence.*

*Fellania however recovered, and reaching down picked me up easily one-handed as I straightened myself out like a Javelin.*

*“You die again... I'm going to kill you.” She told me.*

*“Miss... and I'll come back and return the favor.” I replied, and she spear-chucked me at the monster.*

*I must be insane, must be, there's no other explanation for why I've given myself over to a werebear to chuck me like a spear at an ancient evil so that I can save a cat from certain death. But then Sue never looked down at me because I was a rat like most cats do. She looks down at me as a friend. Fell looked at me as a friend... that's why I was doing this... so ancient evil be damned. As a matter of fact, as I was sailing through the air, rain pelting my face as I sailed toward that massive bitch, one thing ran through my mind:*

*‘Ancient Evil can go fuck itself...’*

*I landed on her, crumpling against her and jabbing both of my blades into her flesh, and the searing pain of the Six Deadly Venoms flooded into her as I lowered my entire mouth onto her neck, imbedding every tooth and fang into the soft flesh between carapace plates before throwing up.*

*The scream she gave was most satisfying as she thrashed, jostling herself, in the sheer, unmitigated pain that she must be feeling as all that disease and poison slid into her. One of her thrashings dislodged me while I was repeatedly stabbing her with my knives, the knives getting lodged in her body with the poison, and I tore a chunk of her muscle out with it and accidentally swallowed it along with a mouthful of blood.*

*Gak! What a nasty flavor.*

*I'd resorted to die. I'd resorted to sacrifice myself for my friends. Right now... I'd just swallowed a mouthful of the eldest of all Vampires. I was as sure as dead. Vampiric blood was the deadliest of venoms to a Lycan. But I threw a weighted spike attached to a wire at her, lodging it back in and yanked myself back onto her, sinking my teeth into her trachea now and throwing up again.*

*She tried to get me, claw at me, drag me off her, but if there's one thing any rat knows is that there are parts of a body that a huge muscle bitch like this couldn't reach... the back being one of them, the snake spot being the most specific of them.*

*The snake spot was a spot on the back that the arm control of any normal human body could not reach. It was located dead center between the shoulders on the spine, and it was here that I eventually dug my teeth in and hung on for dear life... or... whatever was left of it.*

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I was falling. I felt light, I felt as if I were flying. For a moment I felt like I were caught between life and death, floating upward into an angel's embrace as the rain fell against my dimmed vision, making it seem like a tunnel with a light at the end.

Then in painful reality I landed, and with a gasping cough I was brought back to the real world as light and sound pressed in on my head all at once, only to find myself in a different kind of angel's arms.

Fell was shouting at me as hearing re-entered my head, and she was shouting but I couldn't hear her at first. She sounded dull, far away. But slowly... surely... I began to see her more clearly and hear her beautiful voice once again.

“...Sue! Susan! Can you hear me?! Are you all right?!”

“P-Put me down.” I said amidst the sounds of screeching, and Fell shunted sideways first and then put me down and we held onto each other as Lilith thrashed and flapped, flying up into the air and twisting churning, screaming in pain while a wound that arched from her neck backward onto her back bubbled with green ichor.

It was as she turned that I saw why she was screaming.

“I-Is that...?” I began.

“Remy! He came back!” Fell sounded glad. Strange amidst all their arguments over the past six days.

But finally Remy fell, and Fell gasped and left me to go catch him, leaping at the last second and rolling with him to save him the harm from falling before Lilith thrashed and then fell to the platform with a tremendous thud, fire burning from wounds all about her before she coughed up a pool of coagulated black blood and green vomit that spilled into the basin.

“Ew...” I groaned and stepped back.

“That... is what puking up your guts literally looks like.” Remy smirked weakly, and then turned and puked on Fell’s feet and Fell immediately rolled her eyes and dropped him. “And so’s this apparently.” He coughed repeatedly, and then puked up blood.

“Remy...” Fell gasped and bent again but he held her off, shaking his head before he hacked up more blood... and still more... and another.

“N-no... it’s too late... I already did it.” He groaned.

“Did what?” Fell gasped.

“I ate a bit of her...” he smirked, and spat more blood out, coughing as he scraped his fingers against the ground. “...It’s not settling well.” He gasped and Fell went to comfort him, rubbing his ropy back when the screeching, gurgling sound of Lilith was brought to our ears.

“You... you will die! You will all die!” she gurgled and threw up more coagulated blood.

There was finally a pair of hands clapping, and all attention was brought to Drake as he approached his mother, tiny by comparison to her.

“How are you feeling mother? A little down in the mouth?” he asked and then chuckled darkly.

“Y-you... son. H-help your mother.” Lilith said and tried to smile reaching out to him, but he lifted a hand and broke her fingers and then her hand followed by her wrist and as she screeched at him and more viscous black coagulated blood escaped over her fangs to splatter his chest and belly.

“End Game mother. This time... I win. And this game was for keeps.”

And there was a screeching sound as a Denizen suddenly raced up the stairs, tripped, and then rolled to his feet, heaving and panting before thrashing in the rain.

Lilith smiled and gestured with her broken hand, which was having troubles healing.

“Denizen! I am in command of the castle! The castle commands you! Destroy these whelps!”

I lifted my hands to defend myself, but the Denizen stood there and laughed before several more Denizens, three males and a female dashed up the stairs as well, but just stood there.

“**DENIZEN! OBEY ME!**” she screeched and coughed up more black blood.

The Denizens didn’t move, they just stood there, looking insane and vicious, and Fell, Remy and I looked at each other in surprise and Fell shrugged her great shoulders and splayed her hands in question.

And then there was the sound of metal feet against stone... a rhythmic sounding stomping beat that drew nearer and nearer...

And behind us, from up the stairwell... stepped Victor.

Lilith's gaze was of utter surprise as he stomped his way up onto the platform, and this time when a lightning strike hit it struck him, scattering about his body but he completely ignored the power of a bolt of lightning which was hotter than the sun and had the power to electrocute a bull elephant.

"W-what is this?!" Lilith gasped.

"Lilith... allow me to introduce you to my rook. The former Doctor Victor Von Frankenstein, the newly forged Omega Denizen. His control over the Denizens, combined with my control over the castle as its master, usurps yours."

Lilith looked from Drake to Victor in horror.

"V-victor! I can make you my son instead. Kill Drake. Kill him and I will fulfill all your dreams." Lilith almost begged.

"Oh... that sounds nice..." Victor said with that mechanical voice of his, and Remy, Fell and I perhaps lost several heart beats and stopped breathing. "...If I hadn't died in various horrible ways every six days for centuries to feed your hunger. Now the elements of my past destruction," and he gestured to the Denizens around him and they all snapped to their semblance of attention while still more Denizens leapt continually up the stairs and filed into formation. "Are now yours. Ironic... Poetic... sweet justice."

Lilith reared. "**DENIZENS! OBEY ME!**" Lilith bellowed, rising as Victor was struck by another bolt of lightning as he just stood there. "**KILL THEM! KILL THEM ALL!**"

And then from below the rest of the Denizens rushed up, leaping from below to flank the other side of the stairs now till every last remaining Denizen in the castle was here. And in one voice, Drake and Victor spoke simultaneously:

"Denizens... Kill Lilith."

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One, two or even a few Denizens were bad enough, but hundreds of them?

Their voices screamed with a cacophony of insane and enraged men and women's voices, each of them being the victim of a cruel process that must've broke them in an asylum and then transformed them into these death machines. The lot of them rushed forward like monkeys toward Lilith as she tried to breathe hell fire on them, but the only thing that came out was more of that black sludge.

And then with more screaming they were upon her, dragging her down, hauling her back as they raked her with claws apparently designed to hurt anything, bludgeoned her with their metal fists, scraped and tore with teeth and spikes, hauling her back, slamming her down before Drake idly rose into the air and then landed on her chest, staring down at her.

“Good bye... mother.” He snarled, rolling a lip and snorting smoke before he lifted his hand and punched downward. The blow wasn’t perhaps as grand as a blow as Fellania could enact, but it was nonetheless deafening and some of the Denizens in their mutilation were blown back slightly, but they soon reasserted themselves in their assailing of the Vampire mother-queen.

Drake punched again with his other fist, and then hammered both down and caused a loud snapping sound that carried above even the horrible screaming of the Denizens, and we stood and watched in muted awe and horror as Drake gripped each pair of her ribs and broke them open from the sternum, one by one, and reaching into her body, he took hold of something with both hand, wobbled it, and with a loud crack disgorged a heart that was armored with black bones. He strode off her, leaving her gasping for air as he held her still beating heart momentarily, and then devoured it right in front of us.

When he was done, an aura of baleful fire rose around him, and with a tremendous roar he grew thicker, larger, massively stronger and more demonic.

And then he turned toward us.

I hoped I wasn’t the only one who flinched noticeably.

His stride was purposeful as he approached us, smiling with a glint in his eye before he lifted his hand and cradled my head in his fingers that were as thick as Fell’s were.

“The three of you have done me and my people a grand favor.” He said in the vibrato baritone voice of his. He burned with power now, and it sat on him like a fiery crown and halo. “I am now the undisputed master of this castle thanks to you, and now the eldest of my race as well.” Behind him the body of Lilith burst into flames, a roaring inferno that rapidly burned to charcoal and ash. “I owe you, and I am nothing but a man of honor.

“So... pray... what would you ask of the Lord of all Vampires?”

He couldn’t have been more clear lest he said it outright. He was in our debt. All this wasn’t possible without our aide, and he knew it. But... the Lord of all Vampires would not live in the debt of a Lycan. It was an image thing.”

“Let us go.” I said, swooning into his hand. It was all I could do to keep myself from asking him to take me. “Fellania and Remy, Madoushi, Alice and Jenny, and me with what we came for.”

“What you came for?” he eyed the slowly spinning emblem on my back. “I see. That I suppose is a bargain for me then. You’ve freed my people, given me a kingdom, given us the right to choose our own way in the world... so the freedoms and the possession of a few are worth the freedoms and possessions of the many. I gladly grant your request then.”

And he strode from me.

“What will you do after?” Fellania asked and Remy tapped her fiercely in the shin but she ignored him.

Drake paused. If I understood what Fell meant by asking that, Drake certainly did. “The world fears Vampires. If I can... I will make them forget us. Even if I have to slay every last Vampire on Earth Realm myself and start anew.” He turned back to us, his upside-down wings tensing briefly as he flicked his fingers and his claws clicked together dismissively. “For now... we shall find a quiet place away from the world... so my suggestion is that when you’re out peaking into the hidden places of the Earth that you beware that we still exist.”

Our eyes followed him as he strode to Victor.

“Your prize?” he asked.

“I have it, Drake... but should I ever wish it, you will release me from my servitude.”

“In which case the Denizens return to the control of the castle.” Drake responded immediately and Victor merely nodded.

“Then return to the place in between places, Victor. Take the Denizens with you. You are the knight of this castle now.”

Victor bowed his head, and a spell circle opened up beneath his and the feet of all the other Denizens and they sunk into the ground before their holes all disappeared.

For a time... the quiet of the rain was deafening from the lack of all the chaos and violence.

“This world will end soon.” He replied. “Anyone who remains when the sun rises will perish.” And he turned to us quietly as the castle began to rumble dully. “I suggest you leave as quickly as you can.”