

Little Red

By: Daniel "Pendragon"

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Warning: *This story contains subject matter which is of a sexual nature, including transformation, growth and hyper-trophy. Reader Discretion is advised.*

Rated: *X - Explicit*

Chapter 1: Red

Every tall tale, fairy tale, mythic legend and so on has a precursor in life, where a very real person doing very real things gets... Embellished a little bit.

A prime example of this is the legend of William Wallace. Before long, tales of his exploits said that he was a forty foot tall giant who could shoot fireballs from his arse. As tales spread they get taller and taller until the person or thing that is being made legendary by these tales is completely blown out of proportion!

Take Little Red Riding Hood, as another example.

Little Red Riding Hood is a story about a little girl who wore a red cloak who was sent to grandma's house but was confronted by a big bad wolf before being saved by a hunter.

Well, I'll tell you right here and now that that story is a load of hog wash.

True, in those days, there were valiant men who'd save lone girls in the forest should they get lost, but even then they got it all wrong! The story tellers perhaps had to dummy it down for your modern day fairy tales to make it sound all cute, nice and fluffy so's not to scare kids. You can't sell a fairy tale if it's not approved for all audiences.

You may ask on how that I know that this story was told wrong. Well, I'll tell you why...

It's cause I'm "Little" Red Riding Hood.

Chapter 2: Grandmother

This story took place, oh... About five centuries ago in and around the once lush forests of Germany before the scourge of Napoleon crossed over us during the Napoleonic Wars and later the Russians and Americans and English devastated this land during the first and second World Wars, all within a Land that was better known as Bavaria.

I forget the exact year this all happened because that was before I learned to count and read, and honestly I just don't keep track of things like that anymore. What I did know was that it was in the late fall, where it still rained but the first snowfall could happen at any time. The place is in the wilderness of Germany; in a place so far removed from the rest of civilization that I swear that to this day the place hasn't changed one iota in all those many centuries.

Merciful moon I hate that town.

America was found by now, and like Australia it was being used to send Europe's unwanted and unmentionables, but the Americans hadn't yet declared their independence as of yet. That wouldn't happen for another two centuries yet.

Mum and da died when I was very, very little. Accident they said... Da in a hunting accident and mum giving me birth... But somehow I didn't believe those stories. Grandma said she'd teach me all about it some day when I was old enough to learn...

I was sent to live with her when they died. She's the only family I've ever known. She was the woman who fulfilled both mother and father to me, the woman in whom I was weaned from the woman who cared for me during my infirmities and so on. She was my mother's mother, and she doted on me, protected me, cared for and provided for me with the sternness of a man but the gentleness of a woman.

"Now hun... Go straight to the market and come right back with the list of things I wrote down for you. Just hand the paper to mister Vogel and he'll get you the things you need."

"Yes grandma..." I said quietly.

I was an obedient girl. I brushed and I bathed when I was told, and I learned the skills of a woman at the time, which included sewing and knitting and darning along with cooking and cleaning. I didn't need to count higher than my fingers because a woman then didn't need to. Some of you modern women may scoff that me saying this is all sexist, but you girls must understand... a woman wearing pants and counting and doing business was usually burned at the stake as a witch.

My goodness, she's using *numbers!* She *must* be of the devil. Same went with swimming and anything that even *hinted* at witchcraft.

Oh and yes, that's right... Grandma sent me out, not me being sent to grandma like the stories say. And she wasn't sick in bed either, but I'll tell you all about the nightgown and the wolf in bed a bit later.

This is a key point that I need to state. Grandmother wasn't sick... as a matter of fact, I don't think I ever remember her getting sick or ill or invalid as long as I'd known her thus far. She was as strong as an ox, with grown men a full head and chest taller than her shying from her strength, and her shoulders thick and her chest bulged firm.

But regardless... Grandmother spoiled me. Though I was sixteen at the time, perfectly old enough to have a husband and start a family at the time, by all manner of the word I was past due to having a husband and a child running around the house by now, but Grandmother shooed away any boys who came calling. Perhaps it was because I felt something stirring inside me, something that was awakening inside my loins;

something that I hoped to nudge awake at night as I palmed and fondled that flattened pad of maidenhood between my legs at night or in the bath.

That or I was getting my first period... I just didn't know at the time.

Because she spoiled me, my education was more advanced than women had at the time in the fact that I had an education. I believed that I had the ability to read then at what you might call an elementary school level, but it was shoddy at best so I still considered myself unable to read, and I could only count to ten if I had both hands ungloved. It was the bare minimum needed to keep me more aware of my world, Grandmother had told me. I could read road signs after some difficulty and stitch my sewing in the correct count, so that's all I needed and most men wouldn't be aroused and try to burn me as a witch.

And as a woman, even one as young as I was, the fear of being named a witch was always there, for during this time, the Malleus Maleficarum – that's the Witch's Hammer for those of you not in the know – first found its popularity. The Malleus Maleficarum was a book written by two Catholic Inquisitors and published here in Germany that was made to identify, interrogate and convict witches, in which a conviction usually ended with the hapless fem being burned at the stake.

To this day I have distaste for Catholicism because of that damn book...

Because of that book, millions of women were unjustly drug from their families and loved ones and burned or drowned. Oh sure... there were successes... but to kill hundreds if not thousands to find the one is no excuse.

Grandmother tried to shield me from this as much as she could, going so far as to give a boy a cauliflower ear for pointing at me and calling me a witch teasingly when I was a girl. Grandmother said that she'd tan that boy's hide should he ever do such a thing again and sent him on his way with a slap on his behind.

In as such, I depended greatly upon my grandmother, and despite that grandmother didn't seem to have a job or anything that I could see, there was always money for cloth, and grandmother always knitted and sewed some of the most beautiful clothes for me... Enough to make me look like a princess!

I had knickers and an undershirt, a frilly petticoat and a pretty embroidered skirt and a pretty embroidered blouse with long knitted leg socks. Even my jacket was embroidered and the curly brunette locks atop my head were soft and supple. Grandmother and I bathed every night in the bath house together which was always filled with herbs and oils. And I know what you're thinking right now too when imagining a grandmother and her granddaughter in a bath, well that never happened, and she wasn't old and wrinkly... Just old. If you remember, I told you that she was strong for a woman, but she was also quite lovely... an ageless mature beauty that I rarely saw on old women.

I didn't know how old grandmother was because I couldn't count passed ten, but I knew she was very old. Old enough to have my mother... old enough for the men in the village called her a crone.

I had patterned leather boots with actual heels and pretty buckles and pretty white gloves, but the thing that I cherished the most was my red velvet cloak.

It was velvet on the outside, red satin on the inside, with strips of leather sewn on the inside so that it'd keep the rain off me. A good thing too... Because then only the orient had umbrellas and only the real princesses had parasols, for on this fateful day it was raining.

Gathering up my basket and my cloak and drawing it tight, I opened the door and was about to head out when grandmother called to me from the kitchen.

"You be mindful of the time, Red... Don't want The Big Bad Wolf to find you when it gets dark."

"No grandmother." I acknowledged, and on my way out I rolled my eyes.

I was obedient... but even I was strong hearted enough to think certain things stupid to be concerned of then. In all honesty, looking back at these events and knowing how ignorant I was of the truth, I shouldn't've rolled my eyes.

Chapter 3: Stein

In town I heard that The Big Bad Wolf devoured two little pigs last night. One farmer kept his pig in a straw hut, another in a wood shed, The Big Bad Wolf tore through both of those like nobody's business, but luckily he didn't get the third little pig that was being kept in a stone slop house that that farmer locked every night.

One farmer recalled that The Big Bad Wolf barked so loudly and howled that the straw hut he kept his pig in blew right over.

"Biggest damn monster you ever did see! Hackles that rise taller than a horse when it snarls at you. Lost a pretty penny with that pig, next year I'm going to keep it in a brick hut like Franz there does."

Yeah... That's right... That's another *'Nursery Rhyme'* that they got wrong. In the rhyme, the first two little pigs got away and hid with their brother, but the truth is was that The Big Bad Wolf slaughtered those little squealers for his dinner.

It was later found out that the only reason that the third pig escaped was because as the wolf was breaking down that stone wall, Franz loaded his blunderbuss with the closest thing at hand, which just so happened to be his wife's silver forks, and shot at the creature, making it run away.

"But the looks in that beast's eyes told me that he'd rather com slice me in two. Got the same look from my wife when she found out about the forks. Had to polish those things till they shone I did. But still, I wonder why the wolf ran away... nothing else seemed to scare it before."

"Maybe it's your breath!" someone guffawed and the rest of the store joined in... Except me.

Talk about a big bad wolf to a sixteen year old girl was enough to rattle one's wits... Especially since it took longer than I expected for me to get into town, which meant it just might be after dark by the time I got home.

I was waiting on the proprietor of the general store as he joined in the laughter with everyone else when I felt someone take my shoulder.

"Hey there Red... You're looking soft and as pretty as usual." and I winced before turning to see Stein, a man twice my age that had a taste for young girls standing there, rubbing the moist velvet of my cloak to caress my shoulder. "I've been noticing you a lot lately. Your breasts are coming in nicely... Perhaps you and me could..."

"Leave you for dead on the road side for The Big Bad Wolf to devour your heart and then poop it out on the poor bunnies you routinely shoot?" I said and lifted a hand, took his by the wrist and shoved it off me like it was a dirty thing before slapping the counter. "Quickly! It's getting dark!"

Stein's attempt to look pleasant turned into a sneer.

"Looks like I'm not the one who fears The Big Bad Wolf." he said, and I turned to stare at him, growling under my breath. "You dare give me the eye?!" he raged and lifted his hand to backhand me, and I had only enough time to gasp and wince. But the blow never came for a hand came out of nowhere and grabbed Stein's fingers and squeezed them so hard that they cracked.

Stein yowled and then turned to confront who'd dare stop him but stopped when he saw a tall mound of furs and skins with legs. Stein's hand slipped from the gloved hand that held his hand before the newcomer removed his hood of thick furs to reveal the most handsome man that I'd ever seen. Young, virile, eighteen or nineteen perhaps, still at the age where he was gaining his adult muscle mass.

"Where I come from, Stein... Men don't hit ladies." the newcomer said, old enough to have small sideburns and a goatee.

"Yeah they beat them over the head with a club and drag them off by their hair!" Stein yelled cradling his fingers.

There was the start of laughter at the newcomer's expense till of course there was a click... The sound of the hammer of a flintlock rifle being drawn back. Sound ended as the man moved closer to Stein, eyeing him darkly and Stein hurried off, slinking away like the dirty, slimy thing he was. As if I'd ever fall for such a dirty rotten scoundrel.

"Thanks for saving me mister." I said quietly, and he turned to face me with a wry smirk on his face.

"Miss." he said, nodding to me before lowering the flint in his rifle back before striding away.

"Here Red. Your purchases." Vogel said, but I merely stood there smiling at the retreating hero till he was well out of sight.

Chapter 4: The Hunter

Nightfall did come sooner than I expected... Perhaps it was because of the rain, but it got dark very, very quickly. I knew grandmother would be worried for me so I quickened my pace, my feet splashing along in the water of the random puddles here.

I was still dry though, thanks to my pretty red cloak and hood, and checking to see if the items I'd retrieved for grandmother were locked tight in my basket, I hurried along. And then I saw the flicker of fire in front of me and paused as a dark shape revealed itself on the side of the road ahead of me.

Bandits were a common thing during this time period. They were everywhere. Not like today when the worst you have to deal with is a common thug who's too scared to pull the trigger of their guns, these bandits had only three things in mind.

Ass, Gas, or Grass.

But then of course Gas was stealing your horse or your money purse, Grass was usually tobacco or whatever spices you were carrying and Ass was... well... me.

It wasn't unknown for young girls of twelve or thirteen to be kidnapped and either sold to foreign lands or raped and beaten right then and there and left for dead. So you could imagine what I was thinking there on the road at night in the dark in the rain with an unknown stranger in front of me...

But I wouldn't be a coward. I could still scratch and bite and kick, if they wanted this body then they'd damn well earn it. So I stepped forward, one halting footstep after the next, trying to be brave till I stood in front of a bundle of something with a cigar sticking out of the mass.

"It's a dangerous night out tonight," someone inside the bundle said and I relaxed, recognizing the voice of the man who'd saved me from Stein.

"If you say so. Look, Mister..."

"Daniel." he said immediately and I blinked for a moment before smiling.

"Daniel... Thank you for helping me back there. For some reason most people don't like me or my grandmother."

"I can't understand why." he replied and sucked on his cigar, apparently savoring it.

"Are you a trapper?" I asked, fingering his coverings.

"Soldier, Warrior, Trapper, Hunter, Ranger... Depends on who you ask."

He lifted his head enough to look at me. His face was moist with the damp, and the light of his cigar when he sucked in a breath lit his face briefly to thrust it into a strange and almost menacing light.

"You should go. Be wary of The Big Bad Wolf."

The light of his cigar waned and his face was shoved right back into darkness.

"Oh-ok..." I said quietly for a moment. I almost wished that he would ravage me. "Thank you." and I turned to leave but then paused and turned back to him. "Are you staying for awhile or are you just passing through. If you need a place to stay..."

"Thank you... No. I'll only be staying so long as it profits me. Now go... Quickly. You're scaring my prey."

Chapter 5: Wolf

*Who's afraid of The Big Bad Wolf?
Big bad wolf, big bad wolf.
Who's afraid of The Big Bad Wolf?
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!*

The children in town sang that song... And I tried to sing it softly as I walked, occupied with the sounds made by the rain, the occasional crash of thunder and of course my feet splashing in the puddles. No other sound existed save for those, and as I walked along toward home, hoping that in the next minute I'd see the lights of the house grandmother and I lived in round the bend, all while my voice continually cracked more and more.

And then there was a flash of lightning, and there in the middle of the road was a huge black shape with red eyes. I gasped when another flash of lightning came and the shape was gone, and swallowing, shaking my head, suddenly the only sound was my rapidly beating heart and breathing. Whimpering I looked around me, looked every which way, and then I broke out running.

My feet splashed rapidly against the puddles, splashing muddy water onto the stockings about my legs, the dress and skirts I wore shuffling about those short girlish legs of mine as I ran.

Now when one is running away from something that frightens you, it's best to never look back. But what does a person stupidly do under such situations? They look back. And what did I do just then?

I looked back.

There was a shape... A shape that was chasing after my little form as if I were standing still, and right then the lightning flashed, showing red eyes and flashing teeth stained almost crimson from all the blood it'd consumed before the lightning faded. Screaming I ran harder and faster, tripling my efforts to get away but then I was snatched up.

It wasn't the cold feeling of a pair of powerful jaws closing down on me, but rather it was the feeling of something grabbing me by the coat and cloak I wore before I was hauled upward. Screaming again as I was hauled up into the air I was turned to face a hulking black-furred creature whose hackles rose and the fur spiked even despite the rain. The snarling maw that was like a wolf opened up and howled putrid breath into my face, and I very nearly wet myself if not for the fact that I didn't have to pee then; though my body tried very hard to anyways.

I whimpered and cried... Merciful Moon I was so weak then... While the creature that walked on legs of a wolf yet had the body of a man with black fur all over it, spoke with the head of a wolf.

"She denies me." it said, it's voice sounding like it came from the deepest abyss while it's other clawed hand touched my face. "She always denies me, but she cannot always protect you... Just like now." The voice rumbled, coming from deep inside the chest while a growling grating sound came from the throat amidst a screeching pitch placed to the voice. "You're so pretty, so innocent and soft... So very deserving of being befouled." and the monster laughed, the sound like nails against a slate.

"W-what do you want with me?" I whimpered.

"I want your body... I want your power... And I want your soul... But before I can the bonds..." and he pulled open my collar with one finger to reveal the necklace that was secured around my tiny throat. "Will need to be removed first."

The necklace was a gift from my mother I'd always thought. It was a necklace of woven leather thongs, laced metal wires laden with beads that were one continuous loop without a hook or a clasp. No matter what I did I could never remove it, I just wasn't strong enough and its width was narrower than my head was.

And yet this monster broke it with a simple twitch of a claw.

But the moment that the necklace was broken I felt something slam into me and I gasped, freezing where I was amidst that clawed hand while the monster walked off with me.

"Now to my den... Where you and I can mate and complete the rituals that will turn you into my thrall while transferring all that insurmountable power in you into me. And then... I will be the greatest..."

I remembered the peel of a gunshot then right before the monster yelped and dropped me. I collapsed into a patch of moss and duff somewhere in the forest while the monster howled and snarled before it ran off. I heard something chasing after it on horseback, the hooves of that horse very nearly cleaving my skull in two as I felt that rush of whatever strange feeling thing it was filling me like a golden light now that my necklace was gone. It was a power that surrounded my heart and then spread in every which direction through me, flushing into my head and downward into the rest of this diminutive body of mine, swelling into my loins and tantalizing me in a way that I didn't understand but it felt so... Good!

The last of the beating of the horse's hooves faded away and became drowned with the beating of my heart inside my ears while the sensations that were flooding into me focused on my sex, causing the twin lips to swell with the strange golden light filling me. I breathed hard as the golden light slid down both arms and legs to every finger and toe, and I moaned again as my sex quivered and bulged. It became difficult to breathe and I clutched at the corset wrapping about my middle, trying to pry it open while I gulped the cool wet air like a codfish.

Today, centuries later, I knew exactly what that feeling filling me was, and though my first sexual high was coated mildly with the fear of ignorance, I nonetheless enjoyed every minute of it. But as such, it was a little too much for me to take, and very shortly I swooned and then fainted dead away right there in the leaf-covered mossy ground.

Chapter 6: Awakening

It was that same sensation in my loins that woke me again, and with a subtle moan and a tensing of my body I gasped and rose, whimpering and stuffing a hand between my legs as my little sex throbbed in tune with my rapid heart beating, each beat of that heart seemingly to make that little flat pubic mound to bulge thicker and thicker, the twin lips flaring and the insides of my sex flaring outward.

There were still the distant flashes of lightning and their even more distant answering peels of thunder, but the rains had reduced to a cool mist that fell onto everything. My body was moist not from the rain but rather from the sweat that covered it and would've chilled me further if not for the throbbing warmth I felt inside me.

Then suddenly my heart leapt in my chest, feeling as if it were trying to burst its way out of me and run off like the little gingerbread man, and I gave off a whimpering gasp as my loins suddenly felt like something was swelling just inside them just before a little moisture escaped me from there. I rubbed my sex, trying to get it to calm down as I tried to get my bearings.

My precious red cloak had kept me dry despite the sweat, and only a little moisture given up from the moss decorated me.

Something in my head told me that I had to get home and get to grandmother for safety... And wedging myself up, still panting, my body growing hotter and hotter, I stepped off in one direction only to kick something that crunched like dry grass, and looking down saw the basket full of things grandmother had me go fetch. Bending down and picking it up, holding it tightly, I looked about me again and tried to determine in which direction I should go to find the road, but realizing that in the act of feeling that light enter me I had no idea in which direction The Big Bad Wolf had carried me away from the road, or how far he'd carried me.

There was also that strange golden feeling in me... It was like I was exhausted but there was always just that little bit more of energy in me that allowed me to take the next step forward.

I began to sense things I never paid attention to the further along I moved, like that time I ate that mushroom, smelling things like the different scents in the air from the newly fallen rain, the smell of the dew-covered moss, the duff on the ground with the wet earth, the different kinds of trees and the mushrooms all around me, the smell of small critters in their lairs and so on. The world suddenly became alive with dulled colors that weren't there before, each color a smell that added further detail to everything around me. The darkness slowly faded to me as well, becoming brighter and brighter to me where I could see more in striking detail, with the whole world covered in a subtle blue tint.

Still gulping for air, I rubbed my fingers together, feeling the insides of the white gloves I wore, both seeming more supple than they'd ever been before.

But then the warmth in my loins suddenly rose and I groaned as I stopped dead in my tracks, instinctively pressing both virgin thighs together before pressing a hand over my maidenhood as it throbbed and pulsed. And then... A squirt of something hot and sticky flushed from me... I knew immediately that I didn't just wet myself... Something else had left me, and so pulling forward the various waistbands of skirts, petticoats and knickers that I wore, I looked down upon my loins and blinked at what I saw.

First of all, there was something stringy and sticky clinging to my loins, but secondly was the appearance of a supple tuft of hairs appearing at just above the slit and the nib of the clit. Removing a glove and sliding my hand against the little hairs, I felt the slick of the moisture that had exited me, but touching myself like that also wailed upon my mind sensations of pure enjoyment and I nearly fainted again as a wash of pleasure assailed me with a secondary wash of euphoria following right on its heels.

I moaned and felt another rush of moisture escape me, and then another before I fell to my knees with the heavy cloak falling about me, I began to explore that pleasure, touching parts of me, finding what was more sensitive than the other. Grandmother had taught me about the parts of a woman's sex one day in the bath when I'd asked, and though she told me I'd someday find out what they were for, I found that today was that day. I touched my clitoris, touched the twin bulges that had flared and thickened during this strange pleasuring ordeal, and slid a finger up and down my slit even!

Why had this never happened when I touched myself there before now? What was different where I could derive pleasure from myself with a mere touch? It was mind-numbing even, but nothing more so than when I pushed too firmly on my slit and a finger slid inside me.

I never dared to push inside myself before, and pushing harder and harder I discovered how deep it went, pushed so far till I'd buried two fingers inside me to the first knuckle and the hand and still had yet to find its true depth. Rubbing my insides though I found that the pleasure I got was far more intense inside me than it was touching the outside as I felt muscles inside me I never knew I even had clench about my fingers. And they were mighty muscles! Powerful and thick muscles that pinched my fingers as they invaded me, muscles that I would've wagered were more powerful than even a man's.

I took pleasure in that thought... that something in this frail body of mine was as strong as that. The thought alone enhanced me, filled me with confidence... but then I felt another rush of juices that filled my cupping hand then flush from me. Pulling that hand carefully out of me, I found a shallow pool of crystalline moisture that actually bowed outward instead of slipping off my hand. It was strange... But regardless I knew it didn't escape me the same way as my pee did.

I smelled it, and then for the first time in my life I tasted something that came out of me.

I mean... Grandmother's breasts produced milk, and she often times got me to suckle from their swollen goodness, so I thought that maybe a woman's body produced things a person could drink... Another thing we could do that a man couldn't.

So I tasted it, and tasted it again, finding it like the sweet nectar from flowers, like honeysuckle even, and since I heard women referring to their sex as a flower, or when a maiden became a woman that they were deflowered, I thought that if it were like a flower where else would nectar come from?

So I supped that delicious nectar, lapped it up like a bee might, and found more pleasure from it.

Till my heart leapt again inside me.

Then that golden light that had at last filled me started to press against my insides, started to push outward here and there, and I groaned from every bit of this little body of mine stretching from within. Bones filled and flesh expanded like bread in the oven, and tears slid from both eyes from the sensations that assailed me then. Those sensations were pleasurable, but they were so pleasurable that they were also painful to me as little tiny bits of me hardened and tensed till they ached. The little teats atop my chest, things that I thought served no function other than the place where milk came from on an adult woman, felt like when that boy was twisting them and laughing at me before I decked him, only that the sensation was far more desirable in its painful intensity. It felt like they were swelling outward, growing and expanding while at the same time throbbing. The same was happening to my clit too, and with a gasp I palmed my chest with both hands, allowing the waistbands of the clothes about my loins to fall back into place, but when I touched my chest, I gasped as I felt it swelling subtly.

Jerking my gaze down I gasped and moaned, watching with awe-struck trepidation as the little swells on my chest... well... swelled! The flesh firmed up immediately, and the pads becoming lumps almost immediately as they did, just before fluids began to rush into my chest and those little lumps began to billow and engorge; the two swells slipping outside the slimming girdle that I had on that grandmother said

if I wore it then it'd give me a better figure when I was older, but it also held in my boobies, kept them close to me. But right now those boobies were pushing outward like they'd done with the other girls my age long ago, swelling till first one then the other pushed up and over that girdle till I noticed they were only able to do that because... because I was growing!

I could hear the groaning of the muscles in me and the cracking of bones as I grew taller while those bosoms continued to swell outward; pushing over the corset and rounding outward within my hands while the little nipples also grew and erected to stand on end and quiver hotly in tune with my heart beating. They vibrated like tuning forks, the blood pumping inside my head throbbing inside my skull, and biting my lower lip while my loins clenched, I caressed the growing nibs of those nipples that were rapidly becoming like grandmother's were: hard and thick and constantly standing on end. They created two separate little mounds upon the swelling mountains that were becoming like a grown woman's breasts! More than what other girls my age had, they were swelling beyond that, maturing across years of life both missed and not experienced by me yet.

Gasping for air and pressing both thighs together, fondling those breasts and their erect teats, I heard more cracking about the lower half of me, and squeezing my growing breasts in surprise with a gasp, I looked down and sure enough saw both hips widening now, spreading apart beneath the girdle and filling the tops of the skirts I wore.

The frilly knickers I wore steadily slid up my legs, pulling over either knee, and I realized that my body wasn't the only thing that was lengthening right now as both legs and both arms were growing as well with the sleeves of the dress I wore pulling backward to reveal my forearms while the knickers I wore tucked tightly against my sex and tightened about both widening hips and swelling bottom. The loose fabric all about me was rapidly filled with my thickening body, the loose fabric tightening about thighs and legs, arms and body, conforming around a shape that was becoming more and more womanly for each moment that passed. The hems of those knickers slid up to the bases of either thigh, and luckily the long socks I wore still covered much of my legs to just above the knees. There was perhaps a band no more than an inch wide of bared skin currently.

My feet grew to tightly fill the boots I was wearing that were to last me well into adulthood, grandmother had said, while shoulders and ribs and hips widened, back deepening and chest pushed forward with lurching crunches. I gurgled and gasped as the girdle I wore pressed against my body, clenching it like a vice and making it hard to breathe, but as I grew it further shaped that hourglass form of mine, keeping my navel narrow and shoulders and hips wide.

And all through this... strange things kept happening between my legs and inside my body as something awakened inside me, those muscles inside me that pinched my fingers seeming to strengthen and swell steadily, the smooth curves of my sex turning into thickly bulging pads of vaginal flesh that ejected and spat that sticky nectar now and again as I changed. Ye more of that same sticky moisture slid outward while the fabric of the knickers crept in between a pair of swelling butt muscles that were forming long arcs from lower back to thigh and likewise conformed tightly about the lips of my swelling sex as it tucked firmly between the swells. But on that sex as it bulged and distended, the clit wedged between the lips quivered and hardened like my nipples did, only it grew more and more intense, making me weep with the intensity of the sensations quivering there. It was like my nipples were now, only many, many fold more intense.

A deep and hearty moan escaped me, a reflex from the sensations while the blouse I wore slid upward out from underneath the tightening girdle, all so that it and the undershirt I wore beneath it could contain the breasts that were firming up with how full they were getting from the fluids and the swelling of whatever it was that made up those boobies, the pair continually growing and swelling to be almost as large as my head was! And atop either were the growing lumps of either nipple; and behind those nipples the continual rush of fluids made my boobies grow even faster. It felt like my body was squeezing moisture into those boobies as they swelled, a liquid water weight that caused either tit to engorge hotly as I rubbed those

boobies, my mind growing steadily numb even as longer tresses of my hair spilled out from the top of my skull. The chestnut curls coiled long and deep about my face, waving before face and spilling about neck and shoulders to coil down my back.

Again, it was like years were passing on me, and though I was sorrowful for not living through those years, afraid that my life span was shortening in a world where I had little hope of living much passed my thirties, I was greatly enjoying the changes that were happening to me nonetheless.

The red cloak no longer covered the whole of me like it used to, it didn't come down to my ankles any more and was only long enough to cover me to the knee as all the lengthening and growing subsided, and by the time it had, I'd grown half again my prior size... A fully grown woman!

I gasped and moaned and then felt my sex leap as it flushed a wash of those same sticky juices from before, only a whole lot more, moistening the crotch of the knickers I wore with hot sticky juices that warmed my loins.

Now this is called an orgasm, a term I only learned about a long time later, but it's a wonderful, wonderful sensation that makes a woman swoon when it happens. And I swooned... and I felt giddy and I felt... aroused from it. Reaching between my legs I clenched my ungloved hand in my loins, squeezing the juices from my knickers and earning myself a refreshing jet of nectar.

And then rising unsteadily like a newborn deer, licking my hand clean and standing upright, I looked down upon myself and beheld a body that was like the women the men went to that Bordello house to meet. Wide birthing hips with equally wide shoulders framed a waist made narrow from the corset I wore. A thick, firm bottom held my legs to the hips and waist while full, firm and engorged breasts that pressed against each other inside undershirt and blouse and had spread open the blouse and undershirt I wore due to their girth hung over the corset I wore and accented by two great mounds that were my teats. Either tit was as large as a head of cabbage, and the long brunette locks that hung about my face and neck and down to the middle of my back billowed beautifully around me like an earthen halo of wavy locks.

My clothes were so tight, and the long skirts that had once hung to my ankles only managed to hang to the stockings about my knees.

"My word... What..." I paused and clasped a gloved hand about my throat. "What happened to me?" I finished with a choke, finding that my voice had become a deeper feminine one, a woman's voice and not just a little girl's.

Caressing my belly, feeling my arms and breasts, I cooed and pressed those breasts together, butt cheeks clenching and thighs pressing together while my sex did tricks between my legs. And then I felt my face, finding the lips fuller and the cheeks firmer, my chin coming to a point, I realized that I was a woman through and through now, and ever so slowly a smile spread across those pert lips, and suddenly hugging myself I laughed with the joy of what'd become of me. Things were stirring inside me, the golden light flared within me, and I felt that these things were the strength and power of womanhood, and I had it now. After being left behind all the other girls in town, I'd not only grown up to them, but I'd passed them as well.

I was an adult and I could do adult things like marry and have babies!

Reapplying the glove that I took off earlier to its appropriate hand, I felt one of those shifting and writhing things inside me dive downward into the bowl of my hips, and I pressed a hand over my lap as if to quell the sensations that seemed to burn between my legs; my insides squirming as those new muscles that I'd only just been made aware of clenched and released repeatedly inside me.

I grew hungry, hungry for something, and picking up the basket that was nearby and looking inside, rummaging for some of the edibles, I picked one, a root, held it up and bit my lower lip as I inspected it, but as I did I found that I wasn't hungry for food... But I was nonetheless famished for something.

Hopefully Grandmother would know. But how to get to grandmother? And where was I for that matter?

Smelling the air though, sensing deeper detail in the scents that were there I sought for something familiar. But then something caught my attention, something strange and unfamiliar, something that was tantalizing to the smell... And so ignoring my want to go home out of curiosity, I followed the smell.

Chapter 7: Hunger

There were strange scents assailing me, and I felt the golden light inside me swelling and concentrating itself inside me, assailing me with new sensations that made my flesh sensitive and my loins ache. I noticed then that both my boobies were still swelling subtly, and gasping in realization, I received the pleasure of sweat sliding in between them. But with those heaving breasts growing still, the tightness of the fabric around my bodice grew tighter, making it hard to breathe, and gasping for air I took a deep breath right as the buttons on my shirt collar all burst open to relieve much of the strain.

"Goodness." I gasped, wiping sweat off that growing bust as twin fleshy swells appeared in the now opened gap of my collar, either breast filling with the fluids pouring into them it felt, either swelling till they were both engorged, firm, rounded and sensitive... so full that either ached. "Owies. What's wrong with my boobies? It feels as if they're about to explode." I said aloud.

How did all this happen to me? The Big Bad Wolf removed my necklace and all that golden power flooded into me, and from that power I changed. What was with that necklace where it kept this light away from me?

"Ngh..." I moaned nasally as my loins clenched and a trickle of more nectar slipped from me. "What's wrong with me? I feel happy and sick at the same time... I..."

I stopped, finding that scent I was following suddenly triple in intensity. It was like musk in the air... Like when that boar was living near to grandmother's house, but never before had musk ever effected me like this. Immediately both nipples firmed up till they ached, my loins swelled and distended, the clit being pinched between them.

With a sigh and a gasp I stepped forward, following my nose, starting to smell other things in the air like hot tea and cooking food, and feeling more than one hunger in me now that I smelled freshly cooked food, I rushed forward toward the smells, rubbing one tit as it ached and engorged; the flesh stretching wickedly it felt as if it'd all tear open. The strange thing was that I had to follow my nose for a prolonged period of time, for more than a mile it felt, far further than I thought I could smell fresh tea or that musk or whatever it was, till I finally came to a clearing in which there was a camp made here. A large lean-to sod hut was projecting off a hill with a tree above it, and beside it was another lean-to hut that was open to the outside air with a hobbled horse underneath the covering.

The horse, a mare, nickered at me as I approached, and tugging at the undershirt and blouse I wore to pull them a little further from the corset to relieve the stress on my chest these growing breasts were causing while they billowed larger and thicker with every moment that passed, I took a deep breath of the air and filled my senses with everything around me.

Rubbing my breasts, pressing the pair against each other while teasing the nipples at their end, seeking relive from the aching pleasure that was surging from those heaving mounds that now pressed against the insides of both arms, I wandered into the clearing looking around for the person who made this place.

"Hello?" I ventured, my pussy clenching like a vice between my legs, squeezing out more hot fluids into the white knickers I wore, and I paused and murred to myself before calling out again. "Is there anyone there?" I asked and stuffed both hands between my legs as if I had to pee, palming the bulging sex flaring between those thighs.

I moved further inward, and approached the horse, a dappled mare that nickered again and tossed her head this time, even shied from me as I approached her, but showing her my hand she smelled it and then snuffled it. Reaching into the basket I had with me I drew out a small carrot, thinking that Grandma and I could do without this little morsel, and offered it to her. The mare snuffled it, seeming to forget whatever it

was that upset her about me and gobbled it up while I pet her long well-groomed mane. She was a beautifully well kept work horse, standing there in the soft earth without her shoes on.

The metal horseshoes hung from a stray stick in the three walled pen she was in.

"You're such a beautiful horse. Yes you are." I said to her, soothing her and brushing her mane with my fingers, going so far as to remove the white gloves I wore in order to do so. But when I did, I noticed that the nails on each finger had lengthened some.

I didn't know how to explain all this, hoped that someone would, but until they did I could only wonder and assume that it was something natural for me having gone through such a change as this.

And then turning, patting the mare, I looked to the center of this small campground and spied some things cooking on a broad fire pit. There was an iron grill here with covered pots and pans on it and a spit with hanging cooking tools. There was a broad staked out piece of leather that was in the midst of being tanned and cured near the fire, with several furs hanging freely on a rope between two trees.

Though I still felt the churning of an as of yet unidentified hunger inside me, a hunger I did know and recognize came on its heels to make my belly rumble. It was the familiar need of food, and looking about, smacking my lips, I ventured to call out to the owner of this camp one more time.

"If there's anyone here... Please forgive me but I'm so hungry I need to eat." I said aloud, but when no one answered again, I stepped to the food cooking and looked under the lids.

"Ick... This one's too cold." I said aloud, spying a roast that was in a crock pot that must've cooled down from the coals under it having died down.

"And this one's too hot!" I said and scalded my hand before putting on a glove and lifting the lid to find a hearty soup. But if the metal would do that to the touch, then I certainly wasn't going to put any of it in my mouth.

Finally there was another dish, a simple pot of porridge that was slow cooking on the cooler end of the fire. Stirring it lightly, finding that some of it had scalded to the bottom of the pot, I ladled up some into a bowl and smelled it's deep aroma. "And this one's just right."

Before I knew what I'd done, I'd eaten every last morsel of porridge that'd been in the pot.

My belly full, and offering up a subtle belch with one of the hungers inside me sated but the other only growing stronger, I rubbed my tummy and looked about me. Suddenly I spied the inside of the hut and found a place to sleep.

Smacking my lips and then wincing as there was a crack of thunder above me, I knew that it'd rain soon, and hoping I wasn't being too forward, I slid into the makeshift hut. There was a part of a wagon here, the wheels having been removed and stored somewhere, but the box was large enough for a bed, but try as I might...

"This bed is too hard." I pouted, and then looked about, finding a hammock that was folded up, and unfolding it and stringing it to its obvious hook on the other side of the hut, I crawled on top of it, but being used to a bed, the hammock really wasn't any place for a lady to sleep.

"This bed is too soft."

And swinging out and falling onto some hay that was being kept dry here for the sake of the horse, I looked about and found some blankets and furs, and folding the hammock back up, I made a bed of furs and then

made a pillow out of one blanket and pulled another blanket over me and very promptly fell asleep with a sigh.

And this one's just right, I thought even as I drifted to sleep.

If all of this sounds familiar, it's because it's another messed up fairy tale by those Grimm Brothers. You'll recognize it as Goldilocks and the Three Bears.

Only I didn't have golden locks, not quite at least, and the bear... Well... you'll find out about that in a moment.

I didn't know how long I'd been asleep. The sound of falling rain against the roof lulled me into a deep sleep that I didn't want to wake from, but then I heard a voice...

"Someone's been eating my food." the voice said, and then stirring awake slowly, waking from pleasant dreams in which I found myself in a meadow, naked with my new body with various young men, hundreds of them in fact, and they were all naked too and pawing and caressing me while I found myself kissing all of them.

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed... And apparently she's still here."

The young men all disappeared and in a flash I was slammed into my body, and coming awake I almost screamed at the sight of a great furry monster before me. He was broad and tall, the fur thick covering him was shaggy and brown like a bear's, and the way the voice growled made me think that it really was a bear that lived here at first, but then the man pulled back the broad hood of furs and suddenly I was looking at that Daniel chap.

He was a man, and I was a woman, and upon seeing and realizing that, that unknown hunger slammed into me immediately. "I... I... I'm sorry." I whispered, feeling my body firming up and nipples and clit erecting rapidly, why I didn't know then, but now I knew that it was because Daniel was *hot!* "I was caught out in the rain, and then The Big Bad Wolf attacked and..."

And I stopped as I heard the clicking mechanism of a flint-lock, and at first I thought he was going to shoot me, but then I realized that he'd just un-cocked his gun that he'd cocked in preparation for trouble. Apparently he saw me as no threat.

"The Big Bad Wolf you say?" he said to me and I nodded, and turning, he looked at his fire and then turned back to me. "Were you ever taught any manners? You eat a man's breakfast with his own bowl and pot and you don't even clean up after yourself?" he walked to the wagon, opened up a box in its back that was set on a door hinged lid and placed his rifle in there along with several other rifles and guns.

"I'm sorry..."

"Sorry doesn't fill my belly or clean my dishes, woman, whoever you are..."

He didn't recognize me?! I thought to myself, but then looking down at myself, I realized that I didn't recognize me.

"Red." I said aloud and he merely nodded before turning to face me. "Well Red... You have a debt to pay."

"W-what sort of debt?" I asked and shied from him.

Grandmother said that scoundrels tried to do naughty and hateful things to little girls and women. She never said what sort of naughty things they were, but she said them with enough stress that I should fear them.

"Simple things... You will work for your food. A day should be all that you will need."

I relaxed. "Sir... Thank you sir, I am sorry for stealing but I was very hungry." the musk smell was getting stronger around me, and my body reacted on its own to the scent to where my nipples hardened and my sex firmed up even more. It took me a moment to understand that that musk smell was coming from him! "Perhaps I can use your services." I ventured as I rose before him, noticing that it was daylight outside now but still very gray from overcast clouds.

"Services?" he questioned with an uplifted eye.

"I... I'm lost. I don't know how to get home. Could you perhaps... Help me get home? After I'm done paying off my debt of course..."

He wavered for a moment, eyeing me. My increased size made it so that my knees were bare, as was a portion of my belly, and I didn't like the way that my precious cloak didn't close about these massive boobies any more, and after rubbing the goatee about his chin and considering a bit longer, he finally nodded. "Certainly." he said at last.

"Great!" I beamed and bounced a little.

"For an additional price..." he added and my face fell immediately.

"Oh..." this wasn't going well for me. I was getting a crash course in the ways of an opportunist. Experience later taught me what he *could've* demanded from me, which makes me grateful that he didn't... But still nonetheless... Even then I knew that I was being exploited. "Oh-ok... What do you want me to do then?"

Come... There's much for you to clean.

Chapter 8: Cleansing

There was a significant chill in the air, so much so that there was frost on the ground and I could see my breath today. Winter had long been approaching, and now that it was nearly here, all the beautifully colored leaves falling off the trees, it wouldn't be long till ice and snow wrapped this world.

Strangely, though, I found that I wasn't cold, not in the slightest, not even with the bared flesh at throat, belly and knees. The bothering sensations in my chest and loins continually kept me panting and hot as well as moist, so much so that I perspired heavily through out the day even despite that the temperature was steadily dropping.

The first tasks that he got me to do were to clean all his pots and pans and dishes. Not just the ones I ate from, but all of them... And some of them looked like they hadn't been cleaned in months, if ever.

A nearby pond fed by a babbling brook hidden from his camp by a knoll allowed me to clean each and every last dish he had till the metal sparkled and there were no stuck on or cooked on chunks in his dishes. Then he got me to clean several hides for him. He'd gut and remove the skin from rabbits and deer and even a bear, and then while watching me and sharpening his knives I knelt before him and worked on cleaning them.

I didn't notice it then, didn't realize it was a problem with how innocent I was then, but with how much I'd grown and how much the skirts about me flared about my hips and bottom and how tightly the knickers I wore conformed about my flesh, he could see right up my skirts and view every contour of my undercarriage. The knickers I wore had turned translucent from the sweat and nectar that I'd exuded, and he was able to look at the swells of my bottom and the tightly swollen lips of the pubic mound caught just beneath it, tell the contours of the inner muscle and the folds of flesh between those long puffed out bulges of labia, as well as the utter size of the clitoris. Oh I must've been a sight for him, for I cleaned leathers of their guts and entrails and combed their furs free of dirt and gnarls and little ticks longer than I cleaned dishes, more than half the day even, and for that whole time he must've been sitting there looking at my bottom.

He fed me a small meal, nothing more than just strips of meat and cooked roots that he told me right away that I had to make up for as well, but I was so famished I ate it anyway. Then he told me to wash all his clothes. And he had a heaping pile of it that smelled like an outhouse. Seriously, I think fish in the stream and pond just up and died when I started washing them with a bit of soap and a wash rack, hanging his clothes up on ropes strung between the trees.

But there was something about the smell... It was that same musk that I smelled off him, the same scent that was driving me so insane. Quite often while washing his clothes I had to push a hand beneath my skirts, rub the mound of womanflesh there that had distended and clenched so tightly that it felt hard to the touch. Only a man's bicep had ever felt so strong to me before, and yet... I felt that my sex had grown stronger than that man's arm!

What was more was that that mound of sex occasionally clenched even harder and a minute jet of that sticky nectar was shot from inside me to keep a syrupy wash over my sex.

The sensations in me engorged themselves and I found myself growing short of breath and every strip of clothing on me felt like it was tightening around me. The front of the shirt I wore steadily spread open for the two breasts that now decorated my chest, the pair having continued in their swelling all throughout the day and were pressing firmly together tightly like the Madame's breasts did in the Bordello, with the pair that now decorated my chest being engorged and firm and hard like my sex was. And atop them were the two erect nipples that formed two larger lumps over both my boobies.

Moaning softly to myself and tugging the neck part further open and hefting those boobies further upward, I breathed and rubbed those breasts as they grew as hot as the mound of womanflesh between my legs. It was an uncomfortable sensation, pleasurable but nonetheless uncomfortable in the firmness and the achiness. I felt like I needed some sort of release, as if I were tense all over with this pleasure, something I didn't think was possible. I nonetheless managed to persevere through every scrap of clothing he had amidst this condition I was in, cleaning socks, knickers, pants and shirts, gloves, coats and cloaks till all of it was finally arrayed about me to dry in the air that warmed only a little during the noon day light, just enough to melt the frost that had been on the ground this morning.

Near the end of the day though, as I sat back and looked upon myself, finding that my bust had engorged so that either tit was nearly as large as my head, I noticed that my clothes were dirty as well. Most especially was my beautiful red cloak.

Biting my lower lip I took that off and cleaned it inside and out, picking away flecks of dirt and combing the felt before putting it up to dry. But then I noticed that my corset and shirt were also dirty from having slept on the ground last night after The Big Bad Wolf had taken me. So I removed those and cleaned those one after the next as the sun began to set.

But that wasn't all... As I cleaned each strip of cloth I had on me I found to be dirty and messed, most especially were my pleated knickers that grandmother had bought for me from a traveler from France. Soon I found myself naked, kneeling on the sandy shore and finishing with the last of my clothes, experiencing a wholly new sensation from my breasts wobbling and rolling with every little movement that I made. Their weight sagged against my chest, and now that they weren't compressed and held firmly together some of the tight tension that I felt was relieved... but it also seemed that they were firming up even further now that they were unbound.

Sighing and bending down, I picked up the undershirt I'd just washed and wrung it out before hanging it up, feeling my breasts undulate, roll and wobble, the pair distended slightly from my chest as I moved between the clotheslines and the pool, hanging up the undershirt with a couple of clothes pins. Then returning to the water from where I'd been washing clothes all day, I stretched myself, feeling those breasts tilt upward and roll apart from one another as they were compressed and stretched across my chest and then lowering those arms I regarded these breasts I now had.

They were odd, strange things to me, having not had them yesterday and having them now; I lifted both hands and tested their weight as they were now, finding them to be heavy things in my hands, though it was so strange that they felt so light while they simply hung from my chest.

More than once through that day I'd risen to kneel upright and rub those boobies or stuff one or both hands between a pair of thighs that were thick and strong while the long and slender fingers of either hand teased the sensitive flesh of those boobies and sex. While I stood there, regarding this highly feminine form I now had, I once again caressed myself, stuffing a hand between my legs while the other arm cradled both boobies.

Exploration of one's own body was an integral part of growing up. Knowledge of one's own body was a necessity to know where its limits were; so tracing my fingers about one of the bulbous things of sex and breasts, I caressed flesh that never felt so smooth to me before. It was like a baby's skin... Soft and smooth and absent of those little hairs people got whenever they grew older save for the growing tuft that was forming just above my womanhood. And then I touched the nipple of one breast and felt it erect, and now that I was naked, I actually watched it erect as I hefted the tit with one hand, caressing that areola and the nipple at its center, coaxing the first to puff outward and the second to harden even more than ever.

I gasped as the other hardened along with the first, and it wasn't much longer before my sex puffed outward and throbbed in tune with both nipples and my heart. And smiling to myself, taking pleasure in the

sensations this body gave me, I caressed my sex again, feeling moisture slide from it as I glanced my fingers through the downy hairs at the top of that sex.

Then those two breasts felt like they were swelling as well, and almost moaning to myself in elation, I massaged and squeezed those magnificent things. After a moment I arched myself moaned softly from the pleasures sex and breasts were giving me. Either was a whole-heartedly pleasurable sensation that I enjoyed, and smiling to myself, feeling warm despite the cold air around me as I caressed myself like I did, I touched and cajoled, and in the cases of my breasts even hefted them to kiss them and taste the flesh of my own breasts.

Only a woman could do that... and hefting a tit high enough, I even inserted a nipple into my mouth and sucked on it, and sucked on it before standing up, tasting the salty moisture of my flesh while rubbing that boobie, drawing on it and sucking until...

and really did moan, rubbing the soap against my body before I looked at that tit, saw the huge nipple, and remembering my experiences with grandmother when I supped from her breast, I hefted my own tit upward, kissed it, nuzzled it, the hard nipple rubbing against my cheek before I turned my head and kissed the nipple.

Only a woman could do that... and hefting a tit high enough, I even inserted a nipple into my mouth and sucked on it, and sucked on it, tasting the salty moisture of the sweat on my flesh while rubbing that boobie, drawing on it and sucking like Grandmother allowed me to do with her at times.

Those two breasts felt like they were swelling as well, and almost moaning to myself in elation, I massaged and squeezed those magnificent things. After a moment I arched myself and really did moan till at long last there was a trickle of something creamy that entered my mouth, covered my tongue and I swallowed a flush of warm liquid that slid silkily into my mouth then. Sweet and salty at the same time, though it was sweeter than it was salty, it was thick and creamy and delicious, and opening my mouth and lowering the tit in surprise, I watched as milk, just like with grandmother's ample cleavage, slid from the nipple.

Wondering if the other did this, I sucked on that one too, getting more milk from that one as well, but this innocuous act changed my nipples, thickening them. That nipple throbbed inside my mouth as I sucked on it, draw from it, my thighs instinctively pressing against each other while my loins throbbed harder and harder. More moisture leaked from my loins, trickling down both thighs while I breathed heavily through my nose.

My thighs instinctively pressed against each other while my loins between them throbbed harder and harder, right before I tensed and arched myself, feeling a pressure building up behind those loins while still more juices leaked from me.

The pressure in those breasts and my loins continually built and grew stronger and stronger, and I felt surges of rushing fluids fill into my bowels, forcing me to instinctively clench harder to hold it back, pressing both thighs together tightly as I came up for air from sucking on my teat. Gasping for air, I watched in amazement as creamy milk leaked from that teat, sliding down its rounded base and dripping off the fingers that held it upward. Laughing to myself I squeezed the other tit and watched a spray of more milk leave it, and hefting that tit I sucked simultaneously from both at once now, hugging the pair to me while I strode to the pond's edge and quickly knelt down before promptly stuffing a hand between my legs to caress that throbbing sex of mine.

The sensations of fluids leaving my new boobies and sustaining me was the most sensual emotion I'd ever felt. It was erotic for those of you who'd never felt such things, and it numbed my mind. But I was growing stronger against the sensations and I didn't swoon this time, instead I delved deeper into those feelings, my loins throbbing powerfully now and the pressure behind them billowing inside me.

Dropping both tits and feeling them bounce and wobble heavily, the liquid inside them sloshing, I then palmed my sex with the hand covering it, caressing it and touching the clit at its peak, and shivering as I wept from how intense the pleasure was inside me now.

My fingers began to tease and caress that clit while both my legs spread open ever so slowly, till I began digging into myself with the fingers of that hand while milk continued to leak in greater quantities from my engorged breasts. I shook and shivered, whimpered and moaned, till at long last...

Orgasm!

I wept and almost sobbed from the sensation that it was so grand, and it erupted from me in a spilling of nectar that splattered my hand with a flush of hot nectar that steamed from me in a jet of water that steamed in the cool dusk air.

Milk spat from my nipples for several seconds at the same time that I flushed all that nectar, and gurgling, saliva sliding from my mouth while my eyes rolled back in their sockets, I worked that sensation in me till its last mote had done its work inside me. My insides wrung and tensed and clenched over and over again through the entire process till two more answering hot rushes of nectar escaped from me, and once they were gone I was left energized and exhilarated!

Looking down at myself, seeing the mess that I'd caused of myself, I smirked and rubbed some of those bodily fluids into my silken flesh.

I explored my womanhood for a short while longer, squeezing milk from those breasts, watching it spray about the fleshy nibs of the nipples they came out of, and I thought to myself that I must truly be a woman now. What else was there left to do?

But as I stood there, long hair waving about me in the wind while I rubbed those thick feminine orbs, I chanced to look at the water of the pool. I saw then an inkling of the woman that I'd become... and I also saw that I was disheveled and dirty... like a wild woman of the wood.

"Great... Now I gotta clean myself."

Chapter 9: Womanhood

It'd been a couple days since I'd last bathed, and adding the layers of sweat and the juices that seeped from my loins and the milk that evacuated from my new boobies that'd plastered my body, I decided that now would be a wise time to cleanse my body with a swim.

In those days, women weren't supposed to swim. It was socially a wrong thing to do so therefore women never learned how, and therefore in the minds of men, those women who could swim were typically called a woman who floated, and since a body didn't float – despite that's what you're doing when you are swimming – then men immediately called a woman like me a witch.

They even called grandmother a witch from time to time. I remember when a brother and sister named Hansel and Gretel got lost in the woods and were never found, that they came to our home that was so bright and beautiful that it looked like a gingerbread house, and accused her of being a witch who lured children in with her candied house and eating them.

But no proof could be found, and for the sake of proving herself to be a witch, they nearly drowned grandmother by lowering her into the water of the river repeatedly till they were satisfied that she couldn't float, and so therefore by extension wasn't a witch. And all through this, Grandmother had to keep herself from swimming like she taught me to.

So I swam, sliding through the water, feeling the strange sensitivity of breasts and sex as water slid passed them. The water was strangely warm to me despite that the temperature and the lateness of the year were crystallizing the water into ice at the edges of the pool. I swam and I cleaned myself, swam and dove and cleaned before at long last coming to the edge of the pond and sliding out of it, water cascading off my body and ample boobies as a deep blush suffused cheeks, breasts, bottom and sex while the rest of my body turned porcelain white with the damp and cold.

Even the chill of the wind evaporating the water on my body didn't calm the heat in my loins, and stepping from the water onto the shore, rubbing my sex and whimpering, I paused and slid my hand up onto my navel, finding that it had creased in half and had hardened, with three distinct swells on either side of the crease down the center. Tightening my navel made the swells more pronounced so that they nearly creased horizontally to make my navel crease into sixths.

It was then that I looked at my arms. The set thick and meaty with feminine muscle, looking like an apple-picker's arms. My legs had likewise thickened, something I couldn't see properly when I was wearing skirts, and with their sinuous calves and rounded bottom, they were the legs that only dancers normally obtained.

And then of course were my breasts, and with arms of an apple picker and legs of a dancer, my breasts were of course the breasts of a milk maiden.

Laughing to myself, wiping away some of the milk still seeping from my breasts, I turned and stopped immediately, finding myself face to face with Daniel.

It was a tenuous situation... It was the first time that I'd ever been naked before a man, and suddenly I was very self-conscious. But I froze, dreading a man seeing me naked, but desiring what he thought of me at the same time, especially now that I'd changed.

He and I stood there, two separate beings, me at a crossroads in my life, and wishing his approval, I didn't even bother covering myself up.

"What were you doing?" he asked, his rifle hanging in his hand as he looked upon me idly within the cloud of hanging clothes.

"I... I was dirty so I was taking a bath." I said quickly and hugged myself, which hefted and pressed both boobies together and held them over the thickened arms I now had.

I'd later come to learn that this little act could bend men to my will, for even for a taste of what a woman had to give, whether it was a glancing touch, a vague sight of a sexual swell or arch or dip on our bodies, a man would conquer nations for us. And anyone who doubts this truth, I have only one woman in history in which I'd have to tell you about.

Helena of Troy.

And if you needed two, then let's also call to mind Cleopatra.

"You are the strangest girl I've ever met." Daniel said and stepped to the clothes strung across the trees around us, and I turned to him as he felt several of the large blankets, took one down and then tossed it to me. "It's going to snow soon. Best you keep warm lest you catch your death here." I caught the blanket and held it but didn't cover myself.

I still wanted his approval, but he wasn't saying anything one way or the other about it, all he started doing was collect and fold all the clothes, keeping his back to me. He did this for a minute or two while I idly dried myself before shooting a comment over his shoulder at me.

"There's a fire going inside the hut, Red. You should go warm yourself there. I'll collect these things."

Biting my lower lip, I turned and walked toward the camp and found a seat inside his open hut in which there was a small fire burning in the center of the hut. Sitting there naked with only a blanket covering me, I merely stared at it for a bit before he returned with an armload of his and my clothes that he started hanging up on ropes inside the hut to finish drying.

"Here..." he said quietly and handed me a larger blanket from that box on the back of the wagon in the hut before taking the one he gave me earlier back to hang it up. "This one's still clean and dry."

"Thank you." I said and bundled myself up this time, and with the larger tent of fabric over me now, I took to caressing my labia gently with a pair of fingers, rubbing the new hairs that were attached to my body just above them.

"Daniel... Honestly... Am I ugly to you?"

This brought him up and he turned to face me immediately.

"No." he said after a moment of pause and I smiled at him.

If I wasn't ugly, then I must be at least fair, or perhaps even beautiful to him. It made me feel relief that I made at least a fair woman before his eyes. I wanted his eyes to behold me as a fair maiden...

And then there was a bowl of something being thrust at me, and I accepted it before looking up at Daniel.

"Here... You earned this." he said quietly, and I accepted it.

"Thank you." I replied before he moved a large leather frame before the doorway.

The leather frame blocked the wind coming in and stilled most of the air. With a vent cut near the ceiling of the lean-to lodge we were both in to allow the smoke of the fire out, this place became a warm home in the wilderness all of a sudden. He then made a bowl of food for himself and sat opposite me, and together

we ate in silence with only the crackling fire in the center of the hut and the growing wind outside breaking the silence.

It wasn't porridge this time, but rather a hearty stew with potatoes and other vegetables, herbs and a meat of some sort that tasted like venison.

"It's getting cold out." I prompted and he merely nodded, swallowed and then replied.

"It will snow tonight. It'll make it easier to hunt my prey."

"The Big Bad Wolf?" I asked and he looked at me for a moment before nodding. "Why do you hunt it?"

Daniel didn't answer and I didn't press the issue, took a few more bites of the stew before I ventured toward normal conversation again.

"Will you be able to get me home tomorrow? Have I worked off everything?"

He nodded. "Tomorrow we'll venture to the road, and I'll walk with you till you're safely in your abode."

"Thank you." I said yet again, and finished the stew.

He took the food from me, a meager earning and I sat there with the blanket wrapped about me. Wanting to know his heart about me, about if he approved of my body, I ever so slowly let the blanket fall open, revealing the cleavage of my chest and then the tightened expanse of navel beneath it. With both legs pressed together, he would be able to see only the downy brunette hairs decorating my loins but not the sex itself.

Swallowing I sat there and crossed those legs, the warmth within the hut growing steadily. I didn't know if it was the fire or if it were something within me, but there were certain things that were happening in me; desires I didn't know how to explain, wants that wished to express themselves. Looking to Daniel again while he busied himself about the hut now, I let another bit of the blanket fall open as I moved, and at this point it simply slid open steadily till it fell off my shoulders and onto the straw bed that I was sitting on.

When Daniel turned around he found me sitting totally naked again, breasts heaving with each breath, while I watched the fire with legs crossed and arms behind me as I leaned back on them.

"Are you usually want to be naked?" he asked and I looked innocently up at him.

"Hm?"

"Nothing." and he sat down opposite me and after looking straight at me for a moment he turned his head away.

I was unfamiliar of such actions at the time; the innocence I had then prevented me from understanding him, but what he was doing was trying to distance himself from me. He was a gentleman despite his woodsman ways, and spying on a woman and taking advantage of her was against his nature, but that didn't stop him from truly wanting me.

Silence prevailed in the hut while the winds whipped outside, starting to howl as the night fell, and holding myself more for comfort than for warmth, he and I remained distant from each other with a fire between us.

"Well... I get up early, Red." Daniel said as he rose, and looking up at him, following him as he rose, I watched as he took off his shirt and tossed it aside.

My lips pursed at the sight of a man's body, broad at the shoulder, thick chest muscles and a muscled navel that was chiseled and angular and separated into a full eight pack of abs with six lats. It was the body of a man used to being out in the wilderness, working hard and eating little so he didn't get fat. The sensations in me rose and my sex actually bulged with the sight of him... Especially when more of that musk hit me right in the face. I didn't know why it bulged and distended and flared open, or why I started to cream juices from it at that very moment, but that sight and that smell did something to me, it excited me, and I wanted nothing more than to press close to him, flesh against flesh and smell that scent, and in turn my nipples erected till they throbbed and ached with the arousing sensation. Instinctively I arched my body and nearly swooned before him.

"Best if we get some sleep." and he walked by me to fold his shirt up with the rest of the laundry, and I looked at a back that was even stronger and more muscled than his front. Grandmother told me that when I looked for a husband that I should look for one with a strong back... and honestly, I'd never seen anyone with a back as strong as his.

It was then that I reached up and touched him.

I don't know why I did it; it just felt the right thing to do... And so my hand palmed his side and as he turned to face me immediately so that that hand of mine slid onto his muscular belly before I lifted the other one to rest beside the first.

A man's body was infinitely different from a woman's body... His was firm and the flesh wasn't as smooth... More like velvet instead of silk. With a sigh and a gasp I began rubbing his stomach, leaning forward just enough so that the tips of my breasts pressed against that navel.

"Red..." he said quietly, standing there before me, but my mind was becoming numb and I barely heard him.

I didn't think much past the moment; I just wanted to touch a man, know a man as I traced his muscles with my fingers, but as I did, I noticed that the bulge in the front of his pants was swelling. I wasn't totally clueless then, I knew that there was a difference between men and women, and that women had breasts and men had a penis, and though I was remarkably familiar with what breasts were, especially now, I'd never ever seen what a penis looked like. I knew it was there in his pants, right between his legs where my sex normally was, and seeing it do a trick inside his pants I wanted to see what exactly it was doing.

So with a gasp and before he could stop me, though he tried, I palmed his groin and felt something like a firm sausage inside his trousers with both hands before I deftly opened up the front of his trousers and pulled down his own knickers – a simple white cotton thing with no frills like mine were– to reveal a curiously shaped thing attached to his loins. I thought he might have a slit like me, but no... The closest he had was this tiny little hole at the very end of a hugely growing mass that projected in an arch from his pelvis toward my face. The head flared and the rod bulged and lengthened till it was easily the length and width of my forearm.

Not his forearm, mind you... Just mine.

"It's so big." I said aloud, and in spite of himself and his normally gentlemanly ways, he took the compliment and erected further, and before I knew what'd happened the thing leapt and extended and bulged just enough to where it pressed against my mouth and entered it a little.

I blinked in surprised as he gasped at what'd happened and tried to move back from it, but then I tasted his flesh and the sweat that was on it, and suddenly my body found what it'd been looking for, searching for. A warm, calming sensation slid over me as I opened my mouth further and began to suck on its end like it was a candy stick, and despite that he was trying to move back, my sucking made me slide right onto his extension while I reached up with one hand and held onto it to feel its strength and its throbbing power.

I slid further still onto it, palming his belly now as his trousers and knickers fell off him to the ground as I pushed further and further onto his mass, feeling it slide against the roof of my mouth and the down the throat, the thing firm yet flimsy enough to shape to the downward contour of my throat.

Normally, girls... The first time you give a guy a blow job you have to watch out for that little dangly thing in the back of your throat from getting touched or else you'd have to worry about the gag reflex, but for whatever reason my first time didn't produce that reflex... Nor did any time thereafter. So I kept moving forward, tilting my head till I buried his thick bone and its hot throbbing mass inside my body. Holding it there for a moment, I then slid slowly off him, leaving my saliva on its length and gasping as it arched upward, and looking up at him I saw what a man looked like when he was incensed.

It was silly looking and I very nearly giggled at him as I licked my lips before returning to playing with his penis, the thing riddled with veins and muscular bands just like the rest of him. I had no idea, but it was a remarkably hard and long penis... It wasn't till I could compare it to other cocks out there did I know that he was exceptionally gifted as a man.

And so sucking on the head of the mass again, I felt his muscularity throb while my fingers slid about its length. I searched for a hidden slit on him like I had, pressing fingers beneath his underside but found that a man doesn't have one like me. Instead I found what felt like a marble sack with two large marbles at its base before I lightly tested and squeezed it.

Daniel's breathing deepened, his hands knotting in the branches of the hut above him while he breathed deeply, and smiling to myself; I clasped both my breasts and pushed them about his penis. He shuddered and slapped a hand to his pelvis where he squeezed the base of his cock as I rubbed the silken flesh of either breast against the velvety mass of his erect manhood, pressing them around it, sliding them around it and then he placed his hand upon my head like a Father would to bless one of his parishioners.

Whether or not he had holy powers I knew not, but I took this as something right or else he would've stopped me, so I sucked harder, pressed my breasts against him, squeezing my cream out of those two nipples to moisten his navel while the pad of femininity between my legs moistened, and as I got more and more enthusiastic with what I was doing, Daniel suddenly tensed and shuddered, and his penis slammed backward and deposited something that tasted like salted sweet creamy pudding.

I loved pudding and so I swallowed immediately, mostly on instinct, but then he erupted again and yet again and I swallowed those too. Some of that got out of my mouth and trickled down my chin and throat, sliding between the thick breasts on my chest, but I swallowed what I could amidst the spasming of his penis in my mouth.

Now that was a trick...

I got nectar from my sex, and milk from my breasts, and he exuded pudding... Or so I thought then. I was so innocent. But the truth of the matter was that he'd just come into my mouth, and I did the thing that all men enjoy and love when that happens, and I swallowed what he gave me. I gave him a titty fuck, which drove him mad; and unbeknownst to me... I'd just made him mine now and forever.

Sucking out the last of the pudding though, I felt his manhood deflate subtly till it became soft and malleable around a stiffened center, and with my chest still holding it between the delicate, silken swells of my boobies, I slid off his penis, licking my teeth and lips and looked up at him breathlessly. I was impassioned before I really knew what that meant, and really I was working entirely on instinct at the moment.

"More?" I asked, meaning I wanted more from his penis. I mean... My breasts could make pints of milk now... I wasn't even full yet.

And his response was surprising.

He took me by the hands and lifted me before him. I rose in confusion, wondering what he was doing as he held my hands with me standing before him while he slipped from his boots and socks and the discarded remains of his knickers and trousers, he then brought me over to the makeshift bedding I'd make with the furs and blankets the night before. I knew not what he wanted me to do, I simply just did it, I did it because he wanted me to, because he directed me to and I thought that he knew better than me. I mean... he was the man after all; a backward degree of thinking back then in comparison to today's equality, but that was how I thought then. I certainly don't think like that now... but because he was a man and I was a woman, I believed he obviously knew best, and I trusted him.

So when he had me sit I sat, when he had me lay down I laid down. The furs were warmed from the fire, my bodice glistening from sweat, the sensations in me maddening as I watched him steadily erect again while lifting my knees and spreading them open. It placed the delicate flower of my womanhood opened before him, the thing grandmother said I should guard above all else.

But I trusted him... I knew he wouldn't hurt me, even as he climbed up onto the bed naked with me, straddling the straw feed for his horse and sat between my spread open legs. It was the most vulnerable moment of my life... with the sex that I'd guarded and protected all my life spread open and pointed directly at him. Laying there, watching him between my breasts as he soothed the flesh of my navel, I watched him reach back and grip his penis in order to hold and massage it, and as he did I witnessed his manhood growing again, only thicker now. Then while he sat before me with my legs over his legs, I wondered upon what he was doing.

And then he touched me... his hands sliding along my silken flesh, before they took hold of my boobies and massaged them, squeezing the milk from them before he bent and sucked on those nipples for a moment one after the other. The sensations in me grew eleven fold, my sex moistening as I felt that hard thing of his sliding against my pelvis as he caressed me, held me and nursed from my heaving breasts. I arched and churned, sighing from the sensation of a pair of lips teasing my nipples, licking and blowing on them to get them harder and start to release their milk on their own.

His pudding in me that I'd swallowed earlier felt like it was energizing inside my navel, spreading out through me to its very edges and adding his strength and power to my bones and sinews. Daniel's kisses rose onto my neck and cheek, till he finally kissed my lips, his erect penis sliding against my navel with some of his pudding sliding from him onto my navel.

It was my first kiss from a man, the first ever on the lips from anyone... And it was long and passionate, loving... Filled with many promises. And then those kisses slid back down my body, from neck to breasts, down my navel and right to the pelvis where he found my sex and kissed it, licked it as he spread the lips open with his thumbs, and this time it was his fingers that slid into me to touch me instead of my own.

It was like he knew my sex better than I did, and soon I was arching even more deeply, my loins moistening into a sopping wet madness that spilled onto his hands. I wiped his pudding over my navel and sipped from it, licking it all off my hands and fingers as more and more of my cream slid from me, sliding between the cheeks of my bottom to moisten my anus till he came up licking his lips.

I looked dreamily at him, like he was my prince from a fairy tale and he'd just awoken me, his sleeping beauty, with a single kiss from all the dark things in the world. He smiled at me, rubbed my tight tummy for a moment while he gripped himself and held his penis tightly with one strong hand, stroking it lightly. I watched him amidst me gulping and gasping for air through the clenching emotions in me, learned what he was doing to himself and remembered it.

And then he was arching forward.

His tip pressed against the pad of womanhood between my legs, its tip pushing open the twin lips of my sex, and I rose in immediate surprise and astonishment at what he was doing that my breasts bounced and jiggled, sloshing with the milk that was in them and spitting twin gouts of milk repeatedly from my chest onto his. And then he pushed deeper and deeper, and I groaned as he lifted a hand to play with a tit of mine, the girth of his penis forcing my loins to open to him while he penetrated me deeper than even my hand could go.

It was invasive, surprisingly violating and yet... It felt so good. I tried to let it pass deeper inside me but my body kept clenching on him, and there was the pain of the stretching of my flesh around him that made me wince and hiss from the pleasure of such pain. To steady myself from falling, I lifted a hand and held onto the back of his neck. Whimpers, cries and moans escaped me as he took hold of my hips and pulled me onto him while he pushed into me, and the pain of the sensation was so sweet so beautiful and so painful at the same time that I wept from it.

He dipped his head to kiss and nuzzle my breasts as I was pulled onto his lap, his hands spreading the cheeks of my bottom open to allow him to slip deeper yet, and reaching between us, he took hold of my clit in his hand and started to pinch it lightly, and before I knew it I flushed a wash of nectar all over his lap... Several washes even, the clenching and unclenching of my body as that succulent moisture leaked from me left me numb as I held his head to my chest for giving me such an experience.

And then he drove himself to the hilt, sheathing his mighty sword into my flesh, and I felt his mass deep, deep inside me, so deep that I felt as if it were pressing my heart higher upward which pressed against my throat which made me gurgle for air.

Then with his face buried in my chest, he laid me down again, bending over me before he started to slide in and out of my sex, stirring it, driving himself fast and then slow inside me as he maneuvered both hands my above my head to get me to arch more. He and I clasped hands there as he gave me my first truly sexual experience.

And something billowed inside me as he and I gave each other pleasure like this... It was as if something else were awakening inside me, something primordial... something incredibly powerful as I transformed from a maiden into a woman. It was like his mighty sword had slain me and I was being born again into an entity that personified that power that was spun between us.

My flesh crawled, my body surged, and the strength that blossomed in me as the golden light unfolded like a golden rose made me cry out in joy.

Chapter 10: Hidden Secret of the Hunter

I found myself near dawn on my belly, the light of the fire having waned down to softly glowing coals that still warmed the hut nicely while Daniel laid against my back. I moaned solidly as he plunged reflexively into my pussy – that's what he called it – amidst a scaling down of all that repetitive pleasure we'd both dealt each other. I felt his lips upon my cheek and neck while I reached between my legs and played with our conjoined sexes, feeling the syrupy slick of our mingled love juices leaking from me and coating his cock – again... That's what he called it.

Beneath the blankets, Daniel embraced me tightly as he humped me several more times spasmodically amidst his own orgasmic lances that offloaded the last of his cum – more of his terms – Into me. What milk I had had been drained from my tits and the pair drooped lightly now that they were empty. It was nearly an hour till dawn as I laid there before my new love finished deflating inside me and I heard the sounds of him sleeping.

I grew to learn that this was largely typical... Bless a man's heart that they give their all in loving us, that's why they practically passed out after a spat of lovemaking, but since I wasn't male then I never took to looking down on them for it. I mean how could I? I wasn't male, I didn't know what it was like for a male to orgasm, so in all honesty I couldn't say anything about it.

I was merely sleepy for not having slept for so long.

Rising, still naked, I heard a loud slurp as his prick slid from within me, the moisture being held inside my body as I rose from the bedding, shivering not from the still cool in the air but rather the sensation of his velvety penis sliding from me. Sliding further from him, standing naked and stretch, I then moved to the leather door and looked outside on the world beyond the leather frame that served as a door only to see blustery winds and heavy snow.

Sighing softly to myself, my breasts heaving, I hefted one breast and kissed its nipple, drawing a small mouthful of the sweeter milk that came out after the foremilk did before I started to bustle about the small hut that was made for only one man. Adding a couple of logs to the fire and stoking the coals and placing the iron frame over the fire, I retrieved some snow from outside and started melting it for water. A small strip of cloth served as a means to wash myself off and make myself clean from warm water poured from the pot, before I made a breakfast for Daniel and I.

When there was a groan from Daniel and he turned, I twisted myself and smiled at him as he awoke, and seeing his blue eyes as he smiled at me, I rose, moved to him, and slid beneath the covers to lie with him.

It wasn't long before I was starting the lovemaking while the food cooked, his prick tucked deep inside me again while I rode him like he were a pony. There wasn't enough moisture in me to spill my juices again, but there was enough to lubricate and add to the pleasure for the while.

After sexing him again, I slid off his body and moved to attend to the food again, officially remaining naked for the longest period in my life since being a child.

"You've been surprisingly quiet, Daniel." I said as I stirred some bits of bread and milk into the pot to thicken and make creamier the concoction I was making for him. "Is something the matter?"

Daniel rose and sat on the mound of hay with a blanket about his waist to cover his groin. There was still the towering bulge of his erection pitching a tent in the blanket as he sat there looking at me, watching me with a smile. Due to the small size of the hut, with the small space between the stacks of hay and the fire in its rock rimmed pit, he was able to easily reach out and palm my face. Turning to him, pleasantly kneeling there with widened hips and engorged breasts with a sinuous feminine body, I must've looked like an angel to him.

"I've been alone for so long." he said quietly. "I've sought the comfort of a woman, but the only ones I've ever been able to get... Can't really be called ladies."

I palmed his hand with both of mine and kissed it before looking up at him again. Again I had no idea what he meant, and this was Bavaria after all. What he was telling me was that the only women he'd ever been with were brothel women... Women in which many might call '*whores*.' Even then it wasn't uncommon for a man's first sexual experience to be with a woman who was well experienced in the act already and got paid for doing just that. It was a woman's privilege to unlock a man's sexual power. Often... A woman would either have their first time on their marriage night provided they managed to escape the bandits and if not then or on their wedding night... Well... There's a reason why the term '*Old Maiden*' came about. It literally meant '*Old Maiden*' and a maiden was a woman who'd not yet tasted the carnal acts of sex and lovemaking.

In modern days though... I might've been upset to know that the new love of my life wasn't a virgin like I was...

"And I've never known a man before you." I said quietly. "I never knew such things were possible till you did them to me. I'm happy it was with you."

He smiled at me, a dotting smile that was odd for me to see from a man. So far, I only saw that look from my grandmother.

And so with him watching me, I finished making the food, dished the majority of it into a bowl and then handed it to him to eat. And as he started eating, I slid in close, pulled the blanket open from off his lap, took his penis in both hands and began to suck on it.

Amidst me sucking on him, he put the food aside and caressed my face and hair, keeping his eyes closed and not interfering with me till he let loose that pudding into my mouth... Just a little of it this time before I sucked the last of it from him.

Taking me by the face after I licked my lips and teeth clean, he kissed my forehead while my back was warmed by the fire.

"You've been the first... *Anything* that's ever come along that's presented itself to me as reason enough to stop this foolish quest of mine."

"You're on a quest?" I asked and he nodded. "What for?" and immediately his face grew distant before he settled back, took up the bowl of stew again and idly began to stir the warm parts of it back into the parts that had cooled.

Rising and sitting next to him, my breasts cleaving to his muscular arm as I held onto it with both hands, palming his bicep, I looked him in the face.

"What quest?" I repeated and he stopped stirring.

"When I was a boy, I watched my mother and father and little brother killed. It was all done by a vicious black wolf that could walk on two legs. He tortured them all, making me watch before he killed them one by one and then left me to die. Taking up my father's gun afterwards and packing what I could while taking our family's horse, I began to track the beast all through the countryside, burning his dens, killing off his den mates and his brood till at long last I came here.

"I discovered certain things about that monster... Terrible things... Things mankind was never meant to know, and I find myself in a world that I cannot unlearn of.

"But despite that, I find myself desiring for the first time in a long, long time to be done with this quest. I don't want to be alone any more, and you were every reason I ever had to do so."

"Then end your quest." I said to him. "Stop hunting the beast."

He sat there for a moment and then sighed before rising to the hanging clothes. He'd dressed in his knickers and his trousers before he turned to me again.

"I hunt The Big Bad Wolf." he said, and I felt my heart sink. "Like I said... I've learned far, far too much about that monster to just leave it be." He pulled on his shirt but didn't tuck it in before he stood there looking at me. "I find myself... Wanting you, Red. I never ever thought of taking a wife... But, if I may, might I come calling on you from time to time? Whenever my journeys bring me back to you."

I smiled at him, my smile steadily broadening into a beaming grin as I shrugged both shoulders. I had a man wanting to call on me. Wanting to court me. Such a thing was common for a girl like me that the first man who ever came calling would typically become my husband. Sometimes a second or a third was necessary, but this man had done things to me that awakened me. I remember thinking to myself that he surely was a good man and would make a wonderful husband for me to cook for and tend house for and bare his children...

Yeah I know... Even then that sort of thing, the fairy tale ending, was false one and often a lie. That's why Cinderella and Beauty and the Beast were made by the French. Lots of beautiful women getting promised to ugly men who met their Prince Charming and lived happily ever after. Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet was even inspired by such a case of a beautiful woman being promised to an ugly man and instead found her love in the son of an enemy. But in my mind... This was the man who would become my future husband.

So I said yes. "But you might have to convince my grandmother first. She's chased off every man who'd ever come calling on me before. She always said I was too young. I promise not to let her chase you away though."

Daniel didn't smile much, so when he did, it struck you that he was so handsome.

"Then I shall change your mind. Here... Come get dressed and you and I will ride to get you home."

Chapter 11: Sheep's Clothing

Over the hill and through the woods to grandmother's house we go...

Heh... almost, except there was no sleigh in this story, and the man and the woman involved weren't sitting back in warm blankets drinking hot cocoa... though we were on our way to grandmother's house.

After a jovial breakfast while we dressed, Daniel went outside to saddle his horse. For centuries upon end, it took a woman a long time to dress. Even in modern days it takes a long time to dress, though it was nowhere near as long as it was in those days. Oh men complain about such things, but you guys try to dress quickly in top and bottom knickers, multiple layers of skirts and a dress, a blouse, a corset, a jacket, a cloak, thigh socks and buckle boots before doing up your face and your hair and see how quickly you do it. Plus there were all the ties and strings and hooks and buttons and toggles to secure. Daniel had time to brush and blanket and saddle his horse before loading her with his rifle, extra shot, a couple of pistols a bed roll and several trade goods by the time I was all dressed and ready.

"Time to go." he said as he stepped inside the hut with me.

He looked sad at the moment, so I stepped closer to him, pressing myself against him, hugging and kissing him first on the cheek and then on the lips. I was a bit unfamiliar with the action, but whatever I did it must've worked because I felt that mighty sword of his that was stuck in his pants swell against my crotch. When we broke I saw the corners of his mouth rise a bit before he poured water on the fire inside the hut, drew me out and pulled the leather door back in front of the entrance to the hut to keep it marginally warm inside while he was gone.

"Have you ever ridden a horse before?" he asked.

"Ah... No... No I haven't." I admitted and he smirked at me before he hauled himself onto the back of his horse and controlled the mare, bringing her near before offering me a hand. "Then let me help you up."

Giggling and offering him my hand, he pulled me up to him easily with one hand and I sat side saddle in front of him on the saddle as he reigned the horse around and she began to tread through the snow in one particular direction away from the camp. Pulling my hood up and rubbing my bare knees occasionally, I sat within his arms while we followed a game trail in silence. After a time, the mare finally carried us onto the road, the one that I'd been captured on only a night before.

"Here's the road... Do you know which direction your home is?" he asked me after a moment.

"Do you know which way town is?" I asked, fingering my supple lips with a finger, not sure where I was at the moment.

"That way." he said and indicated a direction with his arm.

"Then we should go that way then." I said and indicated the opposite direction, and turning back to him, I saw again the sadness in his eyes.

Reaching up and touching his cheek, he looked at me and managed that same small smile again, and twisting myself I immediately kissed his lips and hung my arms about his neck. The closeness needed to do this pressed my bosom against his chest. This was another thing that I later learned was a trick a woman could do to control a man or just make them happier. Breasts were usually hidden, sexual things, and just to feel such things pressed against their bodies made them happy, and just for the sensation of having a pair of breasts pressed against them, a man would do remarkable things just to have that sensation again.

For now... I was glad that they made him happier.

"You're so sad... Why are you so sad?"

He reigned the horse in the direction I'd indicated and we began riding toward my grandmother's house.

"I'm sad because The Big Bad Wolf has once again ruined another thing in my life. Here you are, right before me... And I can't have you."

"What makes you think that?" I asked. He was speaking silly talk to me. Why couldn't he have me?

"Duty. I swore an oath to kill that monster, to dedicate my life to the task."

We road in quiet a while longer with the wind and snow blowing against us, and thinking for a moment, biting my lower lip, I began to move, twisting and turning myself till I got one leg over his lap and I faced him with the saddle horn against the small of my back. And then facing him, moving closer, I sat forward and wrapped my cloak about us.

"What are you doing?" he asked in surprise, but then I resettled the skirts I wore over our laps, and untying the waist band of the frilly knickers I wore, I pushed them downward to my ankles amidst more maneuvering... and this of course bore my loins to him.

So surprised was he that he actually reigned his horse in to stop her in order to watch what I was doing, and now that I'd born my sex to him I wrestled with his belt and the lashes on his pants before seizing his penis from his knickers and pulling it and those balls out of it. My white gloved hands warmed him enough till he erected readily into those hands, and at long last I slid forward, embraced him, and inserted him right into that pussy of mine.

To the casual observer, it's look like I was holding him while we rode, but he and I both knew that he had that cock of his right up inside me.

"You can always have me..." I said dreamily, and sighing with the motions of the horse doing all the work for us both while he actually reached behind me and cradled me to him.

Many miles passed like this, with his fingers gripping my bottom, tickling the back of my sex, gripping my tit amidst kisses and caresses. I clawed at his chest from underneath his shirt, or played with our conjoined sexes, till at long last there was an explosion inside me and he erupted several lances of that pudding he called cum into me.

Then resting against him I merely sighed in contentment till the jostling of motion got him to erect inside me again, and again he and I made love atop a horse.

It was around midday when we finally came upon Grandmother's house, a place on the road by a babbling brook that was partially frozen over due to the cold now, the large garden bare and a great water wheel moving outside it, but the elaborate display of it indeed made it...

"Looks like a gingerbread house." Daniel mentioned as I slid quickly off him and nimbly replaced my knickers and tied them again. It was remarkable how rapidly he was able to put his penis away.

"Lots of people say that." I smirked and he motioned the horse forward again.

"It's so dark." he said aloud.

"Oh... I hope she's not out looking for me." I mentioned as we got closer to the place, but as we pulled up in the little courtyard that'd normally be surrounded with flowers in the smallish manner-like house grandmother and I lived in, indeed, I saw nothing on... No lights or nothing... Until...

"There's a light on." Daniel mentioned. "A dim light, but a light nonetheless. Most people don't leave lights burning lest they'll be back soon.

"Oh good." I beamed, and tried to slide off his horse till he offered me a helping hand and I slipped down onto the ground. "That must mean she's just napping. Thank you so much Daniel... I hope..." and I turned to him and palmed his knee while my skirts flared about my legs and my red cloak settled about me. "...I hope I see you again... Real soon. I swear I won't let grandmother push you away. That's my bedroom right up there... If you're interested in staying for the night." and I pointed to one of the rooms without a light on.

"I must get back to the hunt, Red. Now you take care." and he bent and I rose on tip toes before we two kissed briefly in goodbye.

"And don't you be a stranger." I said back to him before he reigned in his horse and turned her about to leave, and taking a deep breath I watched their retreating backs till he turned to wave back at me.

I waved back, waving my gloved hand high above my head, shaking it back and forth, and with basket in hand that I'd managed to keep with us all this time, I moved to the door, used the handle and slid inside before closing the door immediately.

But I found that the inside of the house was colder than it was outside, and shivering noticeably, I swallowed and stepped through the house to where grandmother's room was.

She was in her room, a place with a great big bed with heavy quilts she made herself and great down pillows.

"Come in... Come in, dear child." I heard her say, her voice a bit odd.

"Grandmother... Are you sick?"

Grandmother... Are you sick? That's perhaps where Little Red Riding hood going to her grandmother's house to deliver a care package came from. But she wasn't sick. Despite my innocence, I felt as if something was strange... Not right. Grandmother was in her night cap with the blankets pulled up nice and tight to her. Her glasses were on, but for some reason her eyes seemed so big right now.

"Gee grandmother... What big eyes you got."

"The better to see you with, my dear." she whimsied, and giggling she turned and I quirked my head to one side as I saw something else odd about her.

"Gee Grandmother... What big ears you got."

"The better to hear you with my dear." and she covered the ear I was looking at, but that then revealed a long crooked nose.

"Grandmother! What a big nose you've got!" I gasped, pointing at it, and she turned to me, her eyes squinting and shifting herself as she covered her nose now too, but now I saw her teeth, long and sharp and disheveled.

"All the better to smell you with my dear." she said, her voice lowering a bit.

"And Grandmother! What big teeth you've got.

"Why... The better to eat you out with my dear!" she snarled and rose, slapping her hands against the couch, and suddenly I blanched as her ears grew longer suddenly, her face pushed forward and her eyes widened. I screamed and...

Ok... Yes, yes... I know you know this part, I know you know that this is The Big Bad Wolf in disguise, but there's more to it than you know. What? No The Big Bad Wolf indeed did spoke right. It wasn't *'The better to eat you with,'* it was *'The better to eat you out with.'* Hey! Who's telling the story? That's right me. I wasn't mistaken. You don't mistake something like that. I didn't know what it meant at the time, but now I do. He really wanted to do that to me. But anyways...

I was screaming.

And throwing the sheets away, the monster began to... Well... unfold, change right before my eyes. Grandmother's finest shift stretched about his body as a swelling formed between his legs that pushed out the front of the shift like the pole at the center of a tent. Fur crawled out of his flesh, wickedly black claws spread from each finger and toe and a vaguely man shape rose up onto those toes that spread wide with the big toe sliding up the lengthening foot into a dew claw.

Pectorals flared as a large and red cock tore through the front of grandmother's shift and I screamed at it, not wanting to see a monster's ding-a-ling and feeling rather violated for seeing it.

Shoulders spreading and chest massing outward snapped all the buttons across the bosom of the shift and then tore the top apart, chest muscles flared and thrust forward atop a rounding rib cage that widened his perpetually growing body and shred the shift even further in apart around him. Biceps and triceps piled high about his upper arms while forearms flared and lengthened with hands turning into paw-like things with claws. A thick bushy tail dropped from his butt and huge piles of muscle bubbled and popped out of nowhere everywhere around him to shred grandmother's shift into bits and pieces before the monster reached up, grasped the remnants and tore the shift right off him like it were tissue paper, revealing that huge penis arching before him toward me.

His tongue slid out to slather his muzzle with spit as his teeth grew long and sharp, and reaching tossing the ruined shift aside; he advanced enough to tower over me, me backing up and he approaching till I was pressed with my back against the wall and that incredibly massive phallus slid against my neck and cheek.

"And now... Little Red Riding Hood... I come to claim my prize from you." and reaching down, grabbing me by the hair, he lifted me up off the ground so that I was eye level with those maddening eyes. "For too long I've gone without you, for too long I've been denied all that has been mine. Your power, your immeasurable strength, your blood... All of it will be mine." and extending his tongue he slathered my face and then smacked his lips.

"You shall replenish all my pups, you shall make my brood massive, and when there's no more use for you, I'll enjoy consuming you... Starting with your lovely entrails."

He laughed; his demon's voice cackling and growling like rumbling thunder, till the door crashed open and Daniel was there.

"Monster!" he shouted, and The Big Bad Wolf just chuckled before turning me, and holding me in a choke hold, he snarled and laughed at Daniel at the same time.

"Oh go ahead Daniel of the Wood. Go ahead and shoot! I'll tell you what! I won't even move!" and he laughed, and being held as I was, I saw what the monster was doing.

He was using me as a shield.

Daniel's teeth gritted, and then he lifted his rifle and I heard The Big Bad Wolf gasp, and with a click of the trigger and the snap of the flint, there was a loud bang and the wolf howled as he was struck by the bullet. With a snarl the wolf looked to his shoulder, seeing a seething wound there before he dug into it with his claws and found the pebble of the shot, and as he held it out I caught a glimpse of what it was Daniel had shot him with.

A pebble of pure silver!

I couldn't breathe in the grip, could barely think, but I nonetheless understood now what sort of monster the wolf was.

Transylvanian merchants and gypsies told stories of werewolves, of their ability to be both man and beast and something in between, and as I passed out the wolf snarled and surged forward, knocked Daniel aside with his massive fist while Daniel tried to pull a pistol, and The Big Bad Wolf ran away with me in his grip at speeds that were impossible for any of God's creatures to achieve.

The loss of blood to my brain made me pass out moments later.

Chapter 12: The Face Behind the Mask

Certain fairy tales have darker sides to them, like The Wicked Witch, like the village people tried to make of my grandmother, The Big Bad Wolf and so on... But typically those darker sides have to be dummied down. Once again... for the children. Heaven forbid that real people actually get a taste of the sorts of evils are really out there.

The reality is that the darkness that lives in our world is far, far worse than you give it credit for it. It's the reason why these things still exist because it's so easy to ignore it. You don't want to hear about such things, you don't want to know that people do such things to each other, and the sad sick thing is... Creatures of myth just so happen to do it too.

So when I awoke, it was to be woken up with a hard slap against my face right before the world spun and I found myself being thrust to something so firm it was nearly hard. With a gasp I tried to reorient myself, and in rising I felt a strong hand cuff the front of my throat and thrust me back down to which my eyes focused immediately upon the hand that held me, and following that hand upward to the arm attached to the body of the black-furred red-eyed monster known as The Big Bad Wolf.

And then my eyes traced downward at the incredibly massive erect cock he had while he drooled and chuckled.

"You have no idea how long I've waited for this moment you little bitch." his snarling voice said as he rose up onto what I found to be a bed with me, that arching monstrosity of a penis sliding slowly underneath my skirts and finding my vaginal crevice and pressing against it.

I whimpered, broke out into tears and trembled, the weakness I felt inside myself palpable as I felt that monstrous maleness starting to invade me, and if not for the layer of silken fabric that currently guarded my loins it would've slid right inside me. It was a feeling that I remember even to this very day. Having known the beauty of making love to one you loved, I could only imagine how it would feel for a monster like this to do the same thing only forcibly against me, and so I struggled against it but my legs kept rubbing up against that mass till his fingers tightened about my throat and I gurgled as he stopped all breath and blood to my head for a moment. The light started to fade from my eyes by the time that he released his grip and I collapsed to the bed again.

"There now... None of that." he said and pawed at my chest with a hand that was so massive that it was able to squeeze both boobies at once. "There now... Perfect... Just like your mother. You're ripe now and will bare me sons and daughters... And the ritual will do grand things to bend you to my will."

"M-my mother? How do you know my mother?" I demanded.

"Why child... I was the one who killed her!" The Big Bad Wolf barked at me in laughter. "...Right after I impaled your father!" and he laughed louder as he rose before stomping over to a dresser and opened it up. "Your mother held so much power! So much strength and ability. But damn her, she put it all into you! The same with your father, with their last breaths they pushed all their combined strength and power into you. You contained it all, you had it all, and rather they let me have their strength, especially your mother, she siphoned it all right into you."

He turned, walking toward me with a leather band in his hand, and straddling me again with that thick erect cock resting on my belly, navel and chest, its head throbbing against my cheek; he gripped me by the hair and secured the leather strap about my neck first with one hand before he tied it off with both hands.

"There. That should keep you in your state until moonrise. Don't want you coming to your full power before I can draw all that lovely power from you, and after I do then who cares? You won't have that power to resist me any more." He chuckled cruelly and then from his hand he produced a golden leash and

clasped it to the leather collar about my throat, secured it to the top of the bed, a four-poster bed with gray silk curtains, and then applied a golden lock of some sort to keep the two together.

"Damn your grandmother. A decade ago she was a prime female. Strong enough to shoo me away... But while she weakened with age I grew ever stronger... Especially with your family line no longer in the place to rule me like they did long ago."

He jerked the chord tight, enough to make me gag from the motion, and even with his strength the golden chord didn't break before he lifted himself off me and looked down at me while stroking himself. A bead of his cum slid out of the end of that penis and dripped to the floor.

"Oh... I can't wait. I watched you age, watched you grow. And the time of your grandmother and even you denying me is now over!"

"Deny you?" I coughed tugging at the collar. "How have I ever denied you, you murdering killing monster!?"

"Oh... I'm sorry... You don't recognize me do you like this." he gestured grandly as his shaft spasmed briefly and more seed slid from the end of his shaft and onto the floor, then laughing that demonic sounding laugh he brought himself up to his full height before me. "Well then... Let me show you."

And he began to change.

It didn't cross me that since he could transform from the guise of my grandmother that he could transform back, but sure enough, the bulging, rippling and engorged chorded muscles seemed like they popped like fur-covered bubbles, deflating rapidly while the hair all over his body thinned and retracted quickly. Claws sheathed and feet shortened till he settled on his heels. Groaning and cracking sounds emanated from his body as it showed that his form was lessening in bone thickness as well.

He growled and thrashed himself while mouth and nose slid back into his face, ears shortened and rounded and that face slid back into his skull, muscles loosing their definition and his body loosing much of his height. Ever so slowly, a pale-skinned, greasy-looking wiry-bodied man diminished from the incredible mass and size of The Big Bad Wolf, till a thin man straightened and pulled his tangled hair back.

I gasped, seeing the face of my tormentor as he stood before me naked, his form as undesirable as Daniel's was desirable.

"Stein!" I snarled, gritting my teeth and weeping tears of anger. "What did you do to my grandmother?!"

"Nothing... Yet. Your grandmother left to go find you, Red." he sneered. "But once the ritual is done, she'll be the first of my prey that I'll go hunt down and slaughter. I'll take pleasure in sucking the marrow from her bones!"

"Bastard!" I screamed. It was really the worst insult I knew at the time to call someone a bastard child. Oh I've learned some pretty bad curses since then... Some that literally curse you, but I digress.

"That I am." he chuckled, and then he crawled onto the bed with me again, squeezing my cheeks in one of his surprisingly strong yet thin-fingered hands.

The presence of his cock against my navel was unbearable and it got me to weep again.

"Here's what's going to happen to you." he said into my ear as he gripped my tit so hard that it hurt. "I'm going to conduct a ritual of blood on you and siphon out all your power – you *will* feel it, it *will* be painful, it will not be quick and you will scream and scream – and if you just so happen to survive, I shall keep you

around long enough to get some brood out of you, and when you're past usefulness and you no longer please me...

"I'll gut you like a pig and eat your entrails."

And he tightened the collar about my throat, and whimpering I felt the power inside me wane, that golden light that had opened up into a golden rose suddenly started to close into a bud, the leaves wrapping around the petals it while the whole of the golden flower twisted and shriveled into a gray thing inside me, and as it did I began to shrink. The blossomed boobies on me diminished, my hips narrowed and my body slimmed while all that strength I'd gained went away till I was like a girl again.

With a laugh, Stein slid from me and took to caressing his manhood again.

"I'm going to ready myself." he said licking his lips. "You have until moonrise to dread the cumming of your own personal hell. For once the moon does rise, my dear... You'll know the true meaning of pain." and turning, he left the room with much swagger, turning to smirk at me before slamming the door behind him.

Shortly thereafter I heard the lock in the door slide shut, locking me in.

Whimpering I immediately set myself to the golden chord that held me fast, tugging on it with all my strength, but a child's strength against the strength of something that was more resilient than The Big Bad Wolf tugging on it left me no hope.

Chapter 13: Moonrise

The locks in those days were simple. They remained simple except for the locks that utilized multiple tumblers found only in chests and big oaken doors... Or else everything was a simple deadbolt design. In the case of the golden padlock that hung from my neck, there was a single rotating disk that a key moved into or out of place to keep the lock shut. In essence, they're very similar to modern day hand cuffs and shackles.

For some reason, Grandmother had repeatedly taught me how to break these locks, but always I had a stick or a knitting needle or something to slide into the key opening and this lock was smaller than the ones I practiced on and I had nothing to use to get into the lock to turn it.

There was power in me, and it was straining against this band about my neck, and if I could get this collar off then I could perhaps turn into a woman again, and as a woman I had more chance than as a child to resist Stein... At least with him reduced, and then perhaps I could hit him with something and run away.

Maybe Grandmother would find me or Daniel even. And so it was while I was trying to turn the tumbler in the lock that I heard a key entering the lock of the door to the room I was in, and dropping the lock on the collar I wore and sitting back, the door unlocked before swinging open to reveal Stein in his usual raiment of clothing that was there to show his wealth more than anything else.

He smirked at me as he approached, and reaching up, he took hold of the chord that was hung about the top of the bed where I couldn't reach it and pulled it free, and wrapping it around his hand he gave it a solid jerk to tug me forward.

"Come." he said like one would snap a command at a dog.

I eyed him fiercely and slid off the bed, only to get a slap from him that knocked me back against it.

"You'll not give me such insolence! Understand you don't need your eyes for me to rape you, Red. Actually... It allows for more holes for me to screw." He issued another sinister bark of laughter at me that made my skin crawl. "Now come, dinner is ready." and he jerked on the chord again and I fell in behind him, tugging at the collar that felt like it was tightening around my throat.

But feeling that power still swelling inside me, rubbing against the restraints, I wondered instead as to whether or not I was growing again in spite of the collar.

The dining hall had a grand oaken table filled with a great feast. I noticed that the main dish was a little pig, the poor thing. He brought me to one chair, and under false pomp and circumstance, held the chair for me to sit before thrusting it in beneath me and I collapsed to my rump before he himself sat at the head of the table. I'd been seated to his left...

"Eat." he said, and started taking things with his bare hands.

"I'm not hungry." I said quietly, not looking at him.

"Fine... Be it for me to stop you at what might possibly be your last meal." he smirked at me and then commenced eating in his slovenly ways.

Shirking away from him, trying not to watch him eat like a swine, he nonetheless devoured instead of ate. Because it was his food I didn't eat a single bite, I just sat there and stared at my empty plate which was dirty and covered with dried, caked on food.

I felt sick.

My insides churned and I palmed my belly while concentrating now on trying not to listen to him eating; my eyes closed as the minutes drug on. Nearly an hour passed till he belched and wiped his mouth off with a dirty linen napkin.

"Look at me." he said then, and in defiance I looked away till he jerked on my leash. "I said look at me!" he bellowed, and when I shrugged my shoulders and continued to look away, he rose, gripped me by the curly hair atop my head and turned me to him. "You will learn obedience like the dog you are." he growled, fingering my face and throat with firm pressuring fingers that hurt me while I swallowed heavily about the collar about my throat.

It felt like it was choking me.

"Now look at me... Before I pluck your eyes out right here and now you bitch..." he growled, and closing my eyes briefly I turned them to look at him, not wanting to loose my sight. "Such defiance. Such... Hatred. I remember this look... It's the look your mother gave me right as I slit her throat and drank the blood from her body."

"H-how do you know my mother?" I gasped. "You murdering bastard... Killing and murdering wherever you are. My mother was a saintly woman!"

"Ha!" and he shoved me back into the high-backed chair I was in, and rising, he took me by the collar and the golden chord and tugged on it till I rose. "Your ignorance tells me that your grandmother has hidden the truth from you.

"Your mother was a queen, so that makes you... A princess." he grinned at me as he tugged on my leash, pulling my fiercely out of my chair again before leading me away to the rear of the house.

"I-I'm a princess?" I gasped. "I don't believe you."

"You have good reason not to believe me, but this time I tell the truth. But even if I were to tell you the reasons why, you little bitch, you wouldn't believe me... So that's why I'm going to let you find out for yourself."

And he pushed open a thick wooden door that led into the back of the house, and I gasped as I saw sorcerous symbols painted in blood on the ground all around a wooden post sticking out of the floor. It was there, in the center of a pentagram surrounded by and connected to several overlapping circles made with arcane words around them that he leashed me to that post.

"It's a pity that I cannot rape you right now." he said as he looked down at me, grinning lecherously while his groin bulged. "I wonder what would be tighter... your pussy or your ass. But that'll have to wait till after the ceremony. Can't have any of my seed in you or else the ceremony will be ruined."

He laughed at me, and then from about the room he retrieved a set of robes that he put onto himself that were red and covered with black runes. Then he came to stand behind an altar laden with candles that he lit with a pass of his hand over them, and opening a book that was covered with strange leather that didn't look like it was from any animal I knew of, he began to chant.

That book, my friends, was perhaps the most evil thing in the room, even more so than Stein himself. From the bindings to the pages, the book was made from human flesh and written in human blood. It was filled to the brim with the dark necromantic spells that made the Big Bad Wolf what he was now. I didn't know all this then, but I do know this now, and even to this day I am reviled to the lengths of atrocities that Stein had committed in its creation let alone its use.

But as he used that book, something cold entered into my chest as he chanted, and whimpering and gripping at the collar, I felt the golden light inside me swelling further in reflex against the spell being cast against me, and I immediately felt my breasts swelling subtly, felt my labia, clit and nipples bulge and erect in arousal while that golden flower regained a smidgeon of its former luster. Groaning sounds from my bones inside me signaled a thickening of my body and a little of the strength I had as a woman reentered me again.

Stein chanted and recited, and from his belt he removed a crooked dagger that he raised above his head and made gestures and signs with it. And then slicing his hand open with the glittering knife, he got a trail of his blood on it, and still chanting he began to approach me, the bloody lines on the walls and floor starting to glow crimson.

I watched Stein approach while I tugged at the chord, tried to break the lock with my bare hands or break open the leather band about my neck. And then gripping my hair with one hand and wrenching my head backward forcibly, Stein lifted the dagger amidst raising his voice in the chant.

"Dark Master, Hallowed Grim... Grant me the power in this vessel. Give it to me so that it'll be mine."

And looking at me, smiling at me, with a grin that was filled with sharp fangs now and eyes that glowed red with long tapering ears, he lifted the knife in order to strike.

And then there was an explosion and Stein howled balefully, spasming as he dropped the bloodied knife and the lights on the runes and circles about the room waned and faded away. Whirling around, still holding me by the hair in order to see what had caused this disturbance, I looked passed Stein and felt my heart leap as I saw none other than Daniel the Hunter.

In his hand was a huge shotgun, a weapon with a broad barrel that could fire a pepper shot of pebbles for the use of shooting fowls. He'd just let loose it's entire shot right into Stein's back.

"You damnable whelp! I should've killed you when you were a child!" Stein bellowed, his chest heaving and I heard the creaking of bones and the grinding of tendons as Stein started to change.

Daniel dropped the shotgun and drew his pistols, letting loose two more shots that slapped into Stein's body making him snarl as his robes flared open and his fine clothing started to tear about his chest, arms and legs; buttons popping off rapidly as Stein grew larger and larger, heaving and snarling.

"Is that all you got whelp?" Stein snarled, reaching into his own body with lengthening claws to remove the silver balls shot he'd been struck with and dropping them onto the floor where they hissed and steamed.

"I swear to God, Monster," Daniel said, drawing his rifle and a silver knife. "For my family that was and my family that will yet be... I will kill you!"

And Daniel started forward as Stein blinked. "Family that will yet be?" he said and turned to me while I knelt there with hands together and my face in a perpetual sigh while I looked upon Daniel my hero. "Ha!" Stein said. "Why don't you look upon your *'bride to be?'*" He laughed, and raising a hand while he continued to change and a panel above me opened up.

There full in the view was a cold winter's full moon looking down at me.

I gasped and stared at it, its light bathing me, forcing a heinous arousal in me as I actually came into my knickers before Stein, The Big Bad Wolf, gripped me beneath the chin and held me so that I had no choice but to look at Daniel. Whatever Daniel saw... It made him take a step from me before Stein released me.

I held myself, shivering... And right then and there... I began to change.

Chapter 14: Beauty and the Beast

"You think she's a human being? Some sort of hairless monkey like you?!" Stein chortled and then laughed sinisterly while the golden light inside me started to unfold in the moonlight, the twisted rose straightening, its stem turning green and becoming riddled with thorns now, while the golden petals flared open with its crisp green leaves.

Dull explosions were erupting inside me from muscles expanding rapidly, I felt my breasts swelling, their nipples erecting so hard that they hurt and the throbbing of my heart made them gout milk into the undershirt and blouse I wore. Dull crunches could be heard while my hips spread and bones lengthened, and very rapidly I swelled to the point where I was before as a mature woman: with long thick legs and arms, muscled belly, enormous breasts with wide hips and a thick behind. My chestnut hair spilled all about my face neck and shoulders, but as my neck thickened I gurgled for air as the band about it stemmed off blood and air to my brain.

It was then that I saw that there was something holding the golden rose inside me, a great and incredibly powerful and monstrous beast!

The flower was just the power I held as a human, but the beast... That was power I held as something else, and as that something else I was also the beast and the flower, and as the moon shone down on me, it made more and more of a now silvery light well up inside me along with the golden one, spreading to every finger and toe, and I slowly started becoming that beast.

"She's not a mere human girl, but a powerful monster! A Lycanthrope! A creature of legend that would sooner spit you on a pig pole, roast you alive and eat you than ever fall for a simple, diseased little pile of piss and excrement like you."

Stein reached to my hair and hauled me upward, showing him my feminine frame as I continued to fill now with the silvery light in me, and panting Daniel saw full well the lengthening fangs in my mouth, the growing ears that were rising into long tapering things while my face started pushing out oddly... Grotesquely with first the face and cheeks bubbling thicker with muscular mass before the mouth and nose also started to push outward. Try as I might I couldn't stop the change even as I came again, wetting down the crotch of the knickers I wore, and all I could do was merely experience it. If I tried to resist this change then it became painful, but if I went with it...

Oh the pleasure. The sheer unmitigated pleasure!

Stein threw me downward and stepped toward Daniel, cackling with glee.

"Watch your chosen mate transform you impudent cur. Watch your love transform into a horrible, horrible monster right before your very eyes." He laughed.

"Red..." Daniel gasped, right before I heard him cock the flint of his rifle back.

I whimpered, shivering while my spine lengthened grandly, cracking repeatedly from each vertebrae thickening one after the next, stretching muscles and wobbling the boobies against my chest while my back flared away from that growing spine and my head bowed downward. My corset remained about a middle that was rapidly compressing till it the tightly secured thing actually loosened about me from my lengthening and tightening waist; the shirt and undershirt I wore pulling from the corset as those breasts I now possessed swelled in explosive spurts. Two heavy wet spots appeared over those boobies that slowly grew as more milk slid from them, either mound punctuated by nipples and areola that thickened and erected and puffed outward continually; maturing with the breasts themselves.

As I moaned, my mouth spread as it pushed outward slowly with my nose, and with each moan or gasp or cry I uttered, more and more of a gruff bark and a screeching cry entered my voice. Lips spread and mouth and nose merged into a muzzle, eyes sinking below brow ridges and cheeks thickening into broad crushing jowls while the teeth in my mouth all realigned and sharpened.

Choking on the band about myself that held these powers back, the great beast being confined briefly within it, but as the silver light filled me the beast pushed against its bonds that held it as the neck muscles that it restrained all lengthened and began to spread and expand with strength.

Gurgling again I tugged at it while every finger and toe lengthened within the confines of their gloves and boots, but each of those digits also gained longer nails that quickly lengthening and arched, pinching together till they dug into the fronts of the white gloves and boots I wore till at long last they broke through. With a gasp, tears in my eyes from the intensity of the sexual pain, I watched as long claws unsheathed from my fingers, the fingers themselves lengthening outside the gloves while the clawed toes bunched up inside the insides of the boots within them despite that I could feel that they were cutting readily through the socks I wore.

It was then that I looked to my hands, seeing the fingers and nails continuing in their growth outward, the hands growing thicker and stretching the remaining white leather around them while the tips spread outward. Knuckles cracked and crunched and nails grew continually longer, each claw white and pristine, but...

Trembling still, still unable to breathe, I clenched the one hand against the ground and watched as curls of wood came up from each claw scraping against the floor, and whimpering while I continued to expand, I dug those claws into the band about my neck, and with a simple tug the thing snapped.

With a gasp of relief I collapsed and panted deeply, long streams of saliva sliding from my deepening and lengthening maw, but now the silver light flooded into me now, poured into me, and with a crunch my shoulders spread and spine turned outward, drawing the shirts tight across my chest and boobies to flatten and compress both breasts together; their nipples erecting hard right before both forearms lengthened half again their previous length. The growth of those arms pushed me up off the floor as I straddled there on hands and knees, skirts spread open about both legs while both feet spread inside their boots, tearing open the toes of the boots right before the necks of the boots popped open on their clasps and laces, buckles popping open as those feet thickened and lengthened rapidly.

It was as my back was heaving upward, tightening the cloth of shirts and the jacket I wore across them, my neck thickening steadily that Stein decided to continue.

"Look at her human! Tell me what you see!" Stein chuckled, and when Daniel didn't answer, Stein's expression soured. "Tell me!" he shouted, and when Daniel still didn't answer. "Tell me!!"

But Daniel was watching me change.

My body lengthened along with arms and legs, my forearms pushing fully out of the sleeves of the shirt and jacket I wore, breasts engorging so fully that they now spread the shirt and undershirt so far apart that they hemmed in the pair of boobies that had grown larger than my head was and pulled both those layers of fabric fully from out of a corset that now only covered my middle. Daniel watched even as a series of crunches slid down my spine, bulging each vertebrae right after the next, pushing that spine outward like a serrated blade atop a hump of growing muscle to split open the top of the jacket I wore on it's way down toward the tailbone. At the hips the growth suddenly flared the pair of pelvic bones wide, spreading the legs apart to give more room for my sex to distend and bulge outward between them, enhancing its girth and size and the depth and length of the crevice between them, likewise allowing the clitoris there to engorge several times over as it erected, but so too did it allow room for my tailbone to turn outward and start to extend over the waistbands of the skirts I wore.

Three more waves of growth like that sped down the length of my back, lengthening neck and body each time, deepening the back and cutting open more of the jacket I wore, spreading the seams of the jacket wide while broadening the hips a bit more each time while telescoping the tailbone at the end of that spine further and further out the base of the skirts I wore that were even now tightening across hips and bottom.

The growing tail crept outward on its own now, and I moaned and howled a little bit under my throat even as my body spread even wider and my chest barreled forward.

"I said, what do you see?!" Stein bellowed in his demon's voice and advanced, but Daniel stepped back and lifted his knife, the thing glittering with a silver edge that Stein shied away from.

"You think that knife is going to save you when there's two of us here boy?" Stein growled, right as in rapid succession my ribs flared and rounded outward with a series of snapping crunches, the pectorals atop them exploding with thickened muscle just before both tits exploded with mass, the combination so violent that it tore open the shirt I wore right down the middle and shoved the undershirt up over the developing boobies which thusly slapped right against the wood floor to break the wood and make its corners rise on their nails. There those massive mammaries immediately began to fill and billow between me and the floor.

Between my thighs, from the lengthening tail tugging against it, I felt my cunt lengthening, the billowing vaginal muscles spreading open while the knickers I wore stretched about a pair of thickening thighs and dug into recess in which they never had any business going into. The fabric wedged tightly in between butt muscles and vaginal muscles alike, the frilly cloth getting caught by their laces tied about the knees and likewise about my widening hips, and with my body growing and the fabric unable to grow, the silken fabric stretched till the seams that made the frilly decorations on those knickers spread; tearing open one layer after the next so that those knickers could stay around my muscling body.

The boots I wore shred open, the nails in the heels separating from the top, the toenails tearing through the toes of those boots I wore as both feet continued to lengthen through the socks and toes of the boots just before the last bit of the jacket I wore snapped open to break the beautifully embroidered thing right in half.

Moaning and palming my belly, I felt it tighten as it sank further beneath the thickening ribs above them as I flared wider and wider at shoulder and hip, my muscles now thicker than a man's and as the skirts I wore tightened across those burgeoning child-bearing hips I now had. The pleats in those skirts and the petticoats beneath them slowly disappeared till the cloth formed a tight wrap about my hips and thighs, the tops of those hips spreading above the skirts and knickers while it revealed more and more of my sopping wet cunt.

With a moan, the two thick bands of sex between my thighs suddenly erupted with another sputtering explosion of ejaculate, and I moaned as my insides knotted and clenched, and I felt the heavy fluids pass from my loins in a long, steady jet of hot sticky nectar. The moisture turned the silk see-through, revealing the firmed flesh beneath the silk as if the cloth didn't even exist. Then with a groan I ejaculated another, harder jet of that syrupy cum as Daniel called it, and reaching down with one hand, still covered with a fingerless white glove, I knotted that clawed hand into the folds of my femininity and squeezed them together, groaning as my clit got pinched in the process. Several more sputtering jets of nectar left me while I tried to hold it back with a hand, all while my body hardened as it thickened.

Hair billowed from atop my head then while more hair spread from my pores to decorate my back, chest, forearms and legs, and even my growing tail developed long strands of fur-like hair that extended from me.

Both legs automatically spread open right before I came again, that hand that was still lengthening and strengthening with thickening fingers, becoming more like a paw as both hands tore open the backs of the white leather gloves I wore, rubbed that cunt till... Until...

I howled as the strongest jet of ejaculate streamed from me, making it feel like I was urinating after holding it all in for hours and hours, followed by another and another, and just then... The strength flooded into me.

"You sick fuck! What did you do to her?!" Daniel yelled at Stein.

"Me? I did nothing. Didn't you know silly human... She was *born* like this... She always was one of us... It was her collar that kept her human for you. Once I removed it her stunted adult power washed into her! She appeared as the woman you undoubtedly humped like a jackrabbit."

"No..." Daniel gasped and leveled his rifle at Stein. "I don't believe you! Liar! Betrayer! Undo what you've done!"

"First off... If I did do what you think I could... Then I couldn't undo it once it's been done. But since I didn't and she was born this way... Then there's nothing for me to undo." he chuckled. "Kind of poetic... Isn't it? You killed my mate, my pups, and the creature," he laughed. "The creature you fell in love with is one of us too!" he laughed harder even as every muscle in me tensed and kept on tensing, flaring my body wider and thickening me rapidly in every direction, but most especially at the chest and back as I rose up onto knees and thickening clawed toes, my breasts rising long after I did as I arched myself backward, lifting both arms and seeing the claws and the hair and the mighty, mighty muscle growing on them. "And she's a monster like that which you've sworn on your family line to kill! Oh sweet irony! It's just too good not even I could orchestrate such evil things."

And Stein held his sides and laughed boisterously, his laughter sounding like screeching birds, rolling thunder, barking dogs and the voice of the Dark One himself.

Suddenly my chest lurched upward and my upper body lengthened, stretching back muscles while two new chest muscles cleaved from the thickened mass of muscle and lengthened my chest by several inches more, and on the edges of those new chest muscles appeared two new nipples, right before the mass behind those nipples started to swell into two new boobies!

Two new breasts formed beneath the heaving original pair before them, my body widening and testing the strength of shirt and undershirt as well as the corset now. The belt around my waist groaned as it dug into my flesh, while underneath the corset I felt dozens of things happening:

The first was the readjustment of my guts, my navel bubbling with muscles this way and that to cover my navel with a mesh of overlapping and repeating bands of abdominal muscle, but also... Were the growths of whole new nipples.

I moaned and lifted my arms, feeling the belt about my hips snap as the last of the gloves shred from off either hand so that I could palm that lengthening navel with my bare hands, and I moaned again and then howled low in my throat amidst the pleasures riddling this body, my face pushing further forward with mouth and nose now forming a lengthened wolf's muzzle, and I felt those growing nipples from beneath the corset I wore harden and throb just like the four above them.

The remains of the jacket I wore began to tear open about the bulging biceps and forearms I wore, the thickening shoulders I had bulging till they tore the sleeves from the shirt while the sleeves of the undershirt tore open quickly about those shoulders. The back of the shirt started to rend and tear in a multitude of places, spreading across those heaving and amounting back muscles even as another torrid jet of cum lanced into the tight silken knickers about those loins.

With legs spreading open from the burgeoning muscles all around them, my pussy doing tricks between them as it bulged and distended outward, both calves flared and rounded majestically outward into thick repeating bands of hardening muscular might, widening with their attached feet to easily tear open the cotton stockings around them.

And I continued to grow... and grow... and grow!

"I said stop it!" Daniel shouted and leveled the rifle again.

"Didn't you hear me boy?! It can't be stopped!" Stein barked back in his distorted demon's voice. "And best if you don't waste your shot. Go ahead and shoot her... Shoot her right now, because once she's done changing she's going to be hungry, and she's going to attack, hunt and kill you, and then feast on your bones!"

And I hunched over myself, squeezing the pair of still billowing boobies and their newly grown and still growing secondary pair, my back thrusting outward and my head being pushed forward, neck muscles flaring wider and wider to tear open the neck of the undershirt while the blade of my spine tore the back of the shirt I wore open a little further from the collar.

The thickness of either arm opened deeper holes in the shoulders, while the thickening of those arms, particularly at the rounding biceps and triceps, shred open the fabric over them, bursting the sleeves of jacket and blouse and undershirt while my whole body now grew covered in a soft fine fur.

Piles of muscle engorged to either side of that back, layer upon layer bubbling outward while I lengthened, stuffing both hands in between my legs now to rub my cunt as I came again. My middle had once again started growing thick again from the muscles of abdomen and lower back spreading and thickening, pressing against the corset and steadily snapping its slimming laces open one after the next along the sides, till the whole thing popped open down the front in a wrenching ripping motion, and at long last I was able to touch all those wonderful nipples that were now growing as hard as any of the prior ones.

They were so hard they ached, ached so hard I moaned from the sexual pain of it all, and so sexual was the release that trickles of cream leaked from each and every last one of those quivering little things..

"Such a beautiful beast..." Stein said looking to me.

"Shut up!" Daniel was nearly in tears.

"Such sexual power in her, such wonderful engorging beauty!"

"I said shut up!" Daniel bellowed again, but with a heaving series of crunches my back spread wider and thrust higher, sliding out of the remnants of my clothes and pushing my head forward as the throat deepened and neck flared.

Both elongated ears rose to the top of my head and the muzzle widened with the breadth of my thickening cheeks to deepen my jaw. I snapped those jaws as the growth of the facial muscles billowed and tensed suddenly, and Daniel jumped back against the door that bared his way out of this place. I scared him... *I* scared *him!* I looked balefully, apologizing at him as he stared at me while the ridges of my spine thickened and distended now, creating an overlapping series of ridges down my back while my flanks deepened and my chest thrust further forward to shake and bounce the two pairs of boobies on my chest. I heard the milk slosh as some of it escaped the four in several quick jets before my body widened amidst me snarling deep and menacingly. Then bracing a foot beneath myself before both arms lengthened even further at the forearm, I shook myself as a rippling spasm of growth transformed and mutated my body away from a human woman's and more toward a monstrous wolf's.

As I spread wider, my undershirt frayed and then split fully down the center of my back, the arm holes of undershirt, shirt and jacket bursting open one right after the next, the finely embroidered fabric falling about me in ruined tatters while the remnants of the socks I wore ripped completely open about both flaring calves, thickening forelegs and lengthening feet.

There was no hope of darning or repairing any of these fine clothes now, and I sorrowed over the loss of such fine things even while the skirts about my waist stretched fiercely for a moment before their laces snapped over either burgeoning hip and spreading thigh, the seams of my knickers now being stressed as they tore open. The slick knickers, now completely see through from sweat and ejaculate, tightened about my loins as their seams tore open and snapped, the fine French fabric ripping wide across the furred legs they'd once contained.

"She'll be my mate," Stein announced. "For I'm the stronger, I'm the one to be feared! My power in which shall control her and I'll simply drain her of her power and put it into me. Her sexual might, her physical strength, and after I'm done she'll only be good for what females are supposed to do, which is pleasure me, clean my home and myself, feed me and bare my seed!"

Stein continued laughing as the skirts I wore tore open down one side, and the petticoats I wore shred open across both thighs, and being that there was so much fabric there, those petticoats spread wide and tore only a little before falling off my legs.

As I rose, still growing and spreading and thickening, heaving muscular bulges exploding beneath the flesh and erupting mountainous bulges all across this body, the four largest breasts engorging and firming up into fleshy hairless orbs, I rose uncertainly to both feet while the ties of the knickers I wore snapped, and the stretching fabric that accented my loins and bulges, tore open steadily about the legs, compressed about the loins and wedged deep between the cheeks of my behind. I moaned and flexed involuntarily, feeling my muscles and veins standing on end and expanding further as the knickers tore neatly at the center of the waist, ripping open to show off my naked crotch a moment before the remnants of those once beautiful undergarments burst open from around me and fell once I managed to relax my bottom from clenching.

Shaking my head as a mane billowed about it made up of curly brunette curls, both ears rising high and forming into thick hoods while my jaw broadened even further than ever atop a widening neck that supported my head and enlarged maw, I opened those jaws to pant, showing lengthening and thickening teeth amidst powerful jaw muscles, and now that I was naked I was surprised to find myself still rapidly growing taller and taller yet. The growth of my muscularity became violent now as I churned and tried to keep my balance, with the muscles bubbling ever outward with loud thuds and crunches of shifting flesh thrusting bits of me this way and that.

Both sets of breasts hefted one pair after the next as they continued to enlarge with the rest of me, their nipples bulging and thickening while the dozen or so nipples along my navel all hardened and the abdominals they rested on swelled outward subtly. Both vaginal muscles puffed outward and distended, a thick clitoris helping to spread the lips apart while crystalline nectar leaked from my loins in a high constant stream of ejaculate.

And still I grew ever upward till I was actually looking down at Stein, my back bowing and shoulders hunching as the ceiling no longer allowed me to grow unhindered.

"Now... Now that you've awakened, kill him." Stein demanded as I stood there heaving for air.

And for a moment as he said that, I felt a twinge of something in my head that told me that I should...

But then absolutely everything else that was in me fought against that urge, and I grew angry that I was asked to kill my love, angrier still that I'd actually contemplated it.

"Red... Kill him." Stein waved at Daniel and I huffed and puffed, flaring wider now as my upward growth slowed, but I still had to bow my shoulders and head deeper in order to remain standing that I was so massive, still growing, still thickening endlessly with heavy fur spilling about arms and legs and back,

across chest and shoulders and so on. Long thick claws extended from each finger and toe, and I growled, salivating, but it wasn't Daniel I looked at, but rather Stein... Or more specifically... Stein's throat.

And then Stein noticed that Daniel's Gaze was lifted to look above and behind Stein and turning, Stein yelped and stepped back at the sight of me.

My facial muscles contorted into a rictus snarl as the muscles even there bubbled outward in thickened power, my jowls long and flat, flaring with brown fur, my breasts spreading apart as my chest muscles bulged and my ribs pushed outward at the center.

...And Stein backed from me.

"N-now... As the alpha male here... I command you b-by the Deep Magic to obey me!"

And again I felt the twinge, but I ignored it, brushed a dismissing hand at the thought beside my head, then looking to Stein, I snarled and slapped a hand forward to catch him by the throat and pull him to me. Holding him there while my back flared and bubbled titanicly still, I snarled into his face low and menacing.

"You will not enjoy this." I said in a deep feminine voice that growled and rattled and sung with some low tone like violin strings. "This will not be over quick. I will make you suffer." and twisting and with a mighty fling as my breasts wobbled and shook with the motion like massive block and tackles, a sloshing sound coming from inside them as more milk slid from them with centripical force, I flung Stein away, right through a wall and out into the wilderness beyond.

Chapter 15: Hunter and Prey

In the story... When the sweet innocent little girl was about to be devoured by The Big Bad Wolf, a strong, powerful hunter just so happened to be passing by and saved the girl from being devoured by the wolf.

I hate stories that use the phrase "Just happened to be..." For one thing's for certain is that Fate is a cruel mistress... most especially in her usage of irony. Turn around and cut backs... She constantly plays with the lives of all creatures in twists and turns of cruel irony.

But on occasion... On very rare occasions, does she do such tricks in your favor, and when it does... it's freaking sweet!

So though the hunter in this story wasn't Daniel, the hunter of The Big Bad Wolf oh so suddenly turned into the hunted as a little girl that was hunted suddenly transformed into a creature that just so happened to be larger, stronger, and many grades and degrees stronger than he was, making me the hunter. So with evident satisfaction did I see Stein as The Big Bad Wolf hurtle outward into the air from me, slam through the brick, mortar and heavy wood I threw him through, strike a tree broadsides and then bounce back even as I started after him.

Stepping to the hole and not even bothering to discover if it was too small for me, I simply lifted both hands and shoved the walls apart, and two whole sections of the house were pushed away from my massive size even as I arrived out in the open where the full light of the moon could place its erotic grace upon me.

And with a series of groans and crunches I barked, snarled, tensed and then spasmed backward, howling deeply and energetically at the blessed moon that was giving me all this power... still giving it to me as huge explosions of growth erupted about me as every major section of my body suddenly billowed outward. Both chest muscles exploded outward one pair after the next before tightening into thick bundles of overlapping muscle each thicker than a bundle of corn stalks. The muscles lining all my ribs suddenly thickened and separated into their individually overhanging bulges that were then followed by the dozens of abdominals that formed a rolling explosion from sternum to crotch. After these muscles had bulged outward they then widened, flaring my body as both shoulders suddenly sloughed off to the sides, broadening neck, widening back and bodice while realigning most of the muscle on me, just before the dorsal muscles and the plethora of obliques suddenly stood on end and increased to five whole pairs!

I flared wide with this change, my navel deepening just before chest and upper back thickened all over again, deepening the thickness of my spine before both sets of breasts expanded heavily and bounced with the motion, their masses then swelling subtly as every last milk duct in them filled with rushing fluids till milk leaked from every nipple on me.

Neck muscles flared wide to either shoulder even as that neck and my waist lengthened further, the top of my back thrusting even further backward now, deepening my body and rising the hackles that were a part of my mane as the shoulders rounded and thickened outward, separating into massive bundles of muscle. The biceps below those shoulders bulged imperiously, the triceps counter balancing them in thickness as the forearms lengthened and flared further than ever, with the paw-like hands at their ends growing massive to allow for longer, sharper claws.

As I howled, the lips of my sex tensed and thickened their girth just before a torrid jet of nectar shot from me in a tight stream, splattering the ground and exciting another, longer howl from me. Thighs doubled in thickness while the calves tripled in theirs, and with the big toes pulling back into dew claws and the four remaining toes bulging into massive bulbous things decorated with hardened white claws of their own.

And then after this initial growth, every muscle striation in me suddenly tensed and stood on end, rippling across this magnificently monstrous form in bundles of chords that soon became wrapped in a webbing of veins and arteries.

The power, the burning power in me as the silvery beast in me became clear in my mind's eye, and I saw that I was that beast, and in her hand, that golden rose spread open fully into a radiant blossoming thing that was like a petaled sun in her hands.

And then uncoiling as a smaller jet of ejaculate sped from me, I curled a lip, my eyes darkening and ears flattened against my head as I focused upon Stein. Advancing upon him as he got up, a third trickling wash of nectar seeping from my bulbous love mound, I rolled both shoulders and set my tits wobbling and bouncing with the motion. No sooner had he gotten to his feet than I rolled one arm in a circle backward and then downward and swung it upward in a battering ram to knock him upward. With a yelp he sailed upward before I grabbed one of his feet as they rose before me and pivoted, twisting and turning so that I could slam him to the ground.

"I don't remember my mother or my father because of you." I barked, my voice deep and feminine, warbling like a morning dove in its background, and unlike Stein's voice which was low and demonic, mine sounded like a giantess's voice, only kind and goodly and echoed with the power of that voice.

"The stories about you are unending, horrid in their scope and spread across all of Germania in their grandeur!"

And I reached down, grabbed both his feet this time and hauled him upward like one would shake out a rug and slapped him against the ground again before I hauled him up again, up and over my head and back this time before throwing him forcibly down onto the ground. There he slapped against the hard frozen ground, and stepping forward, pressing the toes of one elongated foot against his groin and applying pressure, feeling more muscle bubbling about me to deepen my chest and back and thicken me even more, I even felt the muscles in both legs explode outward in even greater thickness till I heard a crunch from Stein's nads beneath my toes as I opened a hand and heard the claws there clack against each other almost like metal knives.

"I've had to live without the love of a mother or a father," I said and pressed down on his groin till he yelped from the pain. "I've had to live in fear of the world outside my own home because of you, and I'm sick of it!"

My spine suddenly thrust outward, rolling down my back to lengthen neck and waist, making those leaner till it reached my tail. There it split that tail in two as I felt the beads of nectar from my engorged pussy trickle down the insides of both thighs.

"Do you know how many times I cried myself to sleep, wishing a mother's embrace or a father's kiss?! Do you know how many times I shivered in fear at the wind because it sounded like a wolf's howl?" And then my neck tightened against something and I reached up and felt the only piece of clothing that remained on me... My pretty red cloak... And then I remembered what grandmother had to go through to make it for me, and growling, looking down at Stein and at how small he appeared to me now, I reached down and hauled him upward before me, holding him off the ground with only one hand before I shook him fiercely.

"And above all, you raping, murdering bastard... Where's my grandmother?!"

"I... I don't know." he managed.

"Liar!" I bellowed in a loud bark, my voice somehow coming from this wolf's maw, and flinging him upward slightly, I snapped both my arms upward to take his arms in each hand at the wrist, and I pulled him taut. "Tell me where she is!"

"I don't know!" he bellowed, trying to resist my strength as I pulled him apart.

"Tell me!"

"Mercy! Ah!" and Stein groaned, whimpered and moaned, till I heard one snap followed by a second as I dislocated his arms.

"Tell me!" I shrieked, and the piercing sound made birds fly into the air, and pulling his arms wider and wider, either arm dislocating at the elbows and then at the wrists, I then wrenched backward and tore his arms off at their roots at the shoulders.

Stein bellowed as he fell to the ground, collapsing there while his arms immediately returned to stringy human arms in my hands.

"Tell me!" I snarled and struck him in the head with one of his own arms. "Tell me!" and I struck him with the other. "Tell me!!"

I was in tears as I threw both his arms onto the ground, and as I screamed out that last syllable, my voice steadily rose in pitch and in treble, a mighty wind exiting mouth and nostrils, till an explosion of sorts erupted before that maw. The explosion blasted Stein backward to send him tumbling head over heels into another tree, and likewise forced the trees for dozens of feet around me to tilt backward, and not those little saplings, I'm talking about the big rounded trees thick as a man.

Stein rolled, whimpering in pain as he moved and forced himself onto his feet, and I started toward him again and stopped, noticing some motion out of the corner of my eye. Turning toward the motion, I gaped as one of Stein's arms flew from its resting place and thrust itself against the empty socket right before its mate followed suit. Stein gasped and moaned as his arms grew their muscles back and fur and claws set themselves in place as the bones all mended and clicked back into their proper order.

And then I heard Stein laughing.

"Strong." he panted and looked at me with his eyes that had turned red. "Stronger than your mother and your father combined. Stronger than any ten of us. You're incredible." he said, and I blanched as I saw his penis unsheathe from its satchel and start to erect while Stein lifted his hands and began to make gestures with them.

A moment or two later, ethereal green lights traced from his claw tips as he waved them before him.

"But... Child... You are still too young, and uninitiated. And all that strength, all that power, all that insurmountable might will all account to nothing toward a skilled sorcerer like me." he laughed, and gasping I charged at him but he thrust both hands forward and there was a snap of sickly green light and suddenly I was frozen in place.

Stein rose and rubbed the shoulder of one arm as he rotated it in its socket, bringing clicks of sound to me as the bones finished resetting themselves while I strained against whatever magic this was, my motions halting while I twisted and turned.

"Still you resist?!" Stein barked. "Such might! I must have it at all costs!" and he strode toward me, and I felt his hands upon my breasts before he started touching me in places where only Daniel had touched before, where only he should ever touch me again!

But the worst part was feeling that dick of his slide against me.

"You're perfect... And with such power I can overcome the other Lycan and rule the world for all time!" he laughed and casting another spell, he formed a strange red glyph, gripped it and pulled it from the air, and with a smirk, slammed it into my chest.

I screamed in pain, the wind escaping me again while I shivered and shuddered from the glyph burning me, smoking the fur against my chest, and for the longest time all I saw were Stein's red eyes.

And then there was a thunk.

It was like when Grandmother makes the first cut into a pumpkin during All Hallows Eve.

And then I saw Stein's eyes return to normal and go dead, his arms falling limp at my sides and the spells I was under immediately ended, and blinking, stepping aside, I saw Daniel standing there as Stein slumped, with the silver knife he'd carried with him buried to the hilt in Stein's left temple.

"Let it be known, monster, on your way to hell, that a lowly human defeated you while you looked the other way." Daniel said and pulled his knife free.

A fire burned on it and the silver promptly melted away, and from the wound did more green fire burn, till the fire engulfed Stein, his blood seeping from him, his flesh burning to ash and his bones into a burning slag, till all at once he sloughed into a pile that rapidly burned itself into a charred pile of coals.

As he left the world, the wind seemed to howl for him.

As my body popped and crunched a short while more from the last of its insurmountable growth completing itself even amidst Stein's attack, I took a deep, excited breath; a celebration that I finally learned what happened to my parents and likewise was able to defeat him with the help of my new lover.

Daniel! I thought happily, and excited I turned to face him, only to see him standing a distance from me, his hands holding his rifle, the cocking mechanism still pulled back and its barrel pointed right at me. I sidestepped and watched as the barrel moved toward me, and immediately my ears fell atop my head as I realized that he was pointing it at me.

"Daniel... It's still me inside." I said in my hyper feminine voice, pressing both hands to the voluminous chest I possessed.

"I've hunted your kind for a long time." he said, and I could see him shaking like a leaf. I hugged myself at the way he said *'your kind'*. "The treachery that I've dealt with time and time again is insufferable. How do I know you didn't orchestrate all this?"

That hurt me then. It hurt me more than I could possibly dare admit to, but each time I thought about it I'd just remind myself that until now he was basing my race on his interactions with Stein and his brood and others like him. I couldn't hate him for that... his actions were wrought on and age of dealing with monsters.

But I was no monster. I was sure of it even then.

"Daniel... I don't know what to tell you to make it all better." I said and I bent to sit down. Not squat like I was going to rush him, but rather I sat down completely on my rump, having to readjust myself for the unfamiliar tails that now got in the way. The things have a mind of their own. "I don't know what you've had to deal with, with creatures like... like me... but I do know what we had... I know what we shared.

"I cannot think of anything so pure..."

"A day ago I was a simple girl living a simple life. I've grown more in one day than I have in my entire life... Literally and figuratively." I smirked at the attempted pun, hoping he would too, but he didn't. "I want you." I whimpered. "And if you don't believe that I mean you no harm, then you may as well shoot me."

Daniel stood his ground, his jaw set, and hesitantly he took a step forward, and then another and another, till he was standing before me... Just outside of arm's reach with the rifle still leveled at me.

"Tell me you want me." he said calmly now.

"I want you." I said simply.

"Tell me you love me." he said then, and right away I answered.

"I love you."

He paused, and his rifle barrel lowered a smidgen and then lifted back up again and when he moved I didn't move and inch... Not even when he pressed the barrel of that rifle right against the cleft of hard flesh-covered bone between my breasts. Then he removed one hand, still holding the trigger and he gestured toward me.

"Take my hand." he said then... That hand shaking and trembling with either fear or determination, I wasn't sure which. Maybe both.

And I took his hand...

But not how you think I did though. I cradled his hand within my much larger one and dipped my head, and fondling his hand with two fingers armed with wickedly thick and long claws, I dipped my head, opened my lips and licked the palm, tasting so many things on his flesh, but most of all was the tangy salt there from sweat. I licked his palm again and again, peeling back his sleeve to lick his strong arm, pulling him to me before I licked his face, slathering it with my tongue. It was then that I grabbed his bottom... Not just one cheek but the whole bottom and pulled him in between my breasts and grappled him while licking his face with wolf kisses. And then I heard him drop the gun and let himself be embraced by me... I taller sitting than he was standing, but he embraced me, held me about the thick neck like a child might, where his strong arms couldn't fully circumference that neck, and despite my incredible might I didn't hurt him.

Chapter 16: Happily Ever After

The Cliché that nearly every fairy tale ended with was: *'And they lived happily ever after.'*

Story books are all nice, fine and dandy, but the truth of the matter is that there's no such thing as a happily ever after. Not in this life anyways. That's after all what life is... A smattering of joys and hardships. There's a reason why they call death a *'Release.'*

The best that one can aspire to in life is a finality of a thing. Finishing off that last piece of cheesecake in the refrigerator or finishing your backlog of work or doing those last few chores that have been nagging you for months or years, only to sit back and revel in the satisfaction that done is done.

Stein had had a fire going inside his home, and all it took was a few fireplace shovelfuls of coals in the right places and a lighted log in the curtains to set the place ablaze, all while snow began to fall again. Once set, I stood more than twice what Daniel's size was after he'd collected his horse and his pistols... And we raided Stein's house of what treasure there was to be had, and together we watched the blight of Stein's house burn.

Windows cracked and shattered and structure inside began to collapse while the snow covered my furry pelt in a speckling of white while goose bumps rose up on my skin. I wasn't really cold, the fur kept me warm, and tearing my eyes away from the fire to look at Daniel as he stood there watching the house burn, I stepped sideways behind him and palmed his shoulder – ok, so it was one whole side of his body – and pulled him close.

He stood there and watched as the flames swallowed the house... Probably dragging the whole damn place right down into hell. And then Daniel turned into me, palming my navel, only to discover something precarious about this new form of mine and him, and that was the sheer fact that our differences in height placed my vibrantly engorged cunt right next to his cheek and filled his nostrils with the aroma of what mankind would later define as pheromones.

His hand lifted to slide his fingers along the grooves of my powerful sex, and he fingered the slit and the clit before him, perhaps marveling at how huge it was.

"So what will you do now?" I asked in a softer tone, with less of its echoing reverberation in my throat.

"I've hunted for so long... I really don't know what to do. I can't read or write, I can't count, can't make a decent living as an honest man..."

"Sure you can. You can hunt, you can skin, you can provide for a family." I smiled.

"Family..." he smirked, and then shoved his middle finger right up inside me.

I sighed for him and felt my arousal climb immediately as he slid that finger up and down and around in me before pulling it out. I know it wasn't nearly as large as having his cock in me, and I was now a towering she-beast so that cavity inside me was even larger than it was as a woman, but still... Being fingered by your man was still being fingered by your man. It felt good no matter what the differences were.

"Come home with me." I said quietly then and palmed his head as he sucked on the finger he'd inserted into me, and he looked up at me while I looked down at him through the gap between four mighty breasts, each, even the smaller pair, heavier than a man.

"A man in a woman's house?" he smirked, and squatting, I took the reins to his horse in one hand, scooped him up and rose to my full and impressive height wherewith only the trees were larger than me.

"You shouldn't think of it that way." I smirked and set off while the house burned to the ground. It felt as if the world was finally letting go countless souls murdered in those walls as it crumbled and burned into the ground. "You should think of it as our house, where you and I might live together for as long as we can."

"As long as we can..." he said and gripped my shoulder fur.

Somehow I felt an innate sense as to which direction to walk in order to get home now. I could point at it at any time, and likewise smelt its direction while the moon continued to rise. The imperious power I had packed me tightly while Daniel and I made small talk, and Daniel's horse followed quietly behind me.

Strange that... Perhaps she wasn't afraid of me because I wished her no harm or something. She was afraid of me when she and I first met each other, but ever since smelling my hand she didn't mind my presence, even with me looking like this.

Anyways, I went over the hills and through the woods to grandmother's house... And if that last bit sounded familiar is because it is. Like I mentioned earlier... Lots of fairy tales and songs and such happened in these olden days and were used to describe past events... In ways nicely made for kids. I used that same line in an earlier chapter too, if you'll remember. But as we walked – well... as I walked and carried Daniel in one arm – it was amazing to me at how strong I was as I pushed trees aside to make way for my incredible bust and the rest of my phenomenal girth, and all through the walk Daniel got more and more comfortable in my arm till he was laying with one hand cupping my tit, or the teat rather, the thing so huge it filled the whole of that hand.

I smiled, feeling his boner pressed against the flesh of that tit as he coiled comfortably about it, his pressure against me filling with warm sensations.

But as Dawn approached I felt myself slipping in both strength and power as both folding up inside me as I steadily diminished. Perhaps it was because the moon set, perhaps it was my desire to lie with my man, but regardless as to the reason, soon I had to put Daniel on his horse despite that I was still taller than he was atop her... It was just getting more and more awkward for me to carry him. He seemed to like it though, cradled in my arms with his groin right between them. I was certain that the bounce and sway of my walking caressed his groin nicely before I set him down. Crossing a river and a field and more forest, my body continued to diminish till I was able to climb atop his horse and rise with him comfortably, the cloak folding about my naked yet still lightly furred body that was still larger than he was. It was then that I was able to straddle him, naked and sated with my red cloak fluttering about me, the muscles in me thinning, my body softening, the distended breasts loosing their firmness and drooping slightly till I was a slender young woman again. Not a girl anymore... But a strong-bodied, fully breasted and wide-hipped fem... With a bulging cock right beneath my firmly swollen sex.

"We're here." Daniel said and I turned from nuzzling his neck, me now fully human again, to see the same house with its churning water wheel as before.

"Yes."

"Gingerbread house with icing now..." Daniel mentioned and I smirked.

The horse was stabled quickly in the barn with the cows and chickens with a nice blanket over her back and a bale of hay to eat before I took Daniel by the hand and led him into the house. It was still cold from yesterday since no fire had been lit yet, and wishing for some warmth and looking to the logs, focusing on them, suddenly they burst into flames.

"How'd those logs get lit?" Daniel asked.

"I think... I did it." I ventured. "I don't know how but I think it was me."

Daniel stared at me, and after a moment or two he smirked.

"After seeing you transform into what you were, I wouldn't doubt it." he said and moved in close, spreading open the red cloak still about me to reveal my naked bodice in all its plump and muscular glory. His hands caressed my boobies before he took me by the narrow waist and pulled me in close enough where I could feel his erect groin against my sex. "What happened to it all? It all went away and left you... Looking... Just like the perfect woman." He finished as he smiled at me a loving, doting smile that was just a bit mischievous.

The perfect woman. That's different for every person's perception. Some it's a thin bodied black and mop-haired fem with little boobs, like what the Brothers Grimm originally made my character in their story books. For others it's a big mama with a lot of junk in her trunk, or so the saying goes nowadays. For Daniel...

I opened my cloak and turned to look at myself in the hall mirror, a tall ornate thing surrounded in pewter, with him still holding onto me. I saw two swollen breasts, hips as wide as my shoulders with a narrow firm waist and a strong chest. Strong arms and thick thighs with rounded calves, a long slender neck and lovely smooth features was what had become of the little girl that I'd been two days before... And now I was a perfect woman in someone's eyes.

"It's... Inside me still." I mentioned quietly. "The beast sleeps, and the power she holds is a twisted golden rose now with its petals closed and its leaves wrapped about it daintily... But there's still light there... Light both gold and silver." And then I turned back to my woodsman and smirked as I fingered open his collar to finger his chest. "You need a bath." I said as the fire burned hot and bright quickly, warming the room as I removed my cloak and set it on the hall tree while he kicked off his boots.

Naked... Leading him by the hand, I moved us into the basement where the pool of water was, and standing before him, item by item I undressed him amidst rubbing my body against him silkily, laying kisses on him one at a time while ridding him of his fur coat, his shirt and the leather jacket over it. I removed his belt and pants, opened them up for his knickers and his stockings with holes in them before pulling him into the perpetually warm waters of the pool that was in the earthen basement.

There I led him into the waters, prompted him to lie in them, and proceeded to clean him. Every nook and crevice, every little crease did I wash clean on him, trying to get all the years of toil off his flesh. I constantly rubbed myself against him, using my breasts to help scrub in the soap and my hair to help wash him.

It didn't take much to get him hard as he lay with both arms against the back of the pool. And then when he was clean down there, I squatted and knelt in the water before him, and pushing him back to the edges of the waters, I leaned forward, pressed my breasts around it, and promptly began to suck.

Oh it tasted so good, so delicious... The savory taste of his flesh in my mouth. I nibbled and I licked... I sucked and I stroked, milk leaking from my breasts while my pussy moistened solidly and I reached back and fingered myself, till at long last I was rewarded with that pudding-like cum he produced. Swallowing as much of it as I could, I withdrew a little too early and got some of it on my neck and breasts, and gasping I started wiping it off and licking my fingers clean.

"Now its time to wash you, you sweet minx." he groaned, and surging forward and grabbing my shoulders and kissing me, I shrieked as we plunged backward and I landed on my back while water sloshed over the sides of the basin. Groaning, I automatically lifted both legs for him and spread them wide while his shaft eventually found its own way into me.

"Let's start with these breasts..." he said as his mass slid steadily inside me, and he rubbed and caressed, massaged and cajoled, squeezing the milk out of them while I floated there in the water, breasts bobbing freely whenever he let go of them and I arched and rocked onto him by sheer use of balancing on fingers and toes before him.

The flush of hot nectar that finally lanced from me flooded the waters as I gasped and moaned and...

And there was a slamming of the front door in the room above.

"What was that?" Daniel asked me mid-stroke.

"I think... Perhaps..." I said. "Let me up." I finally added and he lifted himself, showing his hard, long shaft piercing me nearly to the hilt before I struggled to pull myself off him.

Removing all that girth and length from inside me was laborious, and I bit my lower lips and nearly wept tears of pleasure till I slipped off him just before I collapsed against his body and gasped as a wash of juices rushed from my loins all over his abdomen... His penis fishing in between my butt cheeks.

"Hold that... Ngh... Hold that pose beloved. I'll be right back." and rising fully, water sloughing off me and my body that had somehow become mindless of the cold, I stepped lithely to a large towel and patted at myself as I climbed the staircase to the main floor. At the top of the stairs I found more lights lit, and stepping lightly forward I found the figure of my grandmother stooping over the fire, adding more wood to it.

And then I looked down at myself, at this grown woman's body of mine, and fearing that she might think me a stranger from how much I'd changed, I shifted backward a step, but that made the boards creak.

"Red?" grandmother prompted and then rose before pulling back the hood of her own cloak, revealing a gray-haired woman... But a mature visage that had somehow remained unscathed by age. She didn't look like a young woman, but then she didn't really look like an old one either; her face absent of wrinkles and crags and her eyes bright and timeless despite her age. She rose to her full height which was tall for a woman, especially an old woman, lacking the stoop and ricked stature of a person that had decades of experience weighing down on their shoulders. It was a testament as to how truly strong of a person my grandmother was.

"Yes Grandmother." I replied, trying to make my voice higher pitch, more girlish instead of the sultry woman's voice I had now.

"Thank goodness child. I'd feared the worst when you didn't come home during the rains, and when the rains turned to snow I feared not finding you till the thaw." She turned and lit a few more lamps. "Where have you been?"

"I... had a bit of an adventure." I said from behind the corner where I hid.

"An adventure. Are you hurt?" she asked immediately as she turned back toward me. "Honey... Child... Why are you hiding from your grandmother?"

"I-I'm naked." I answered quickly. "I was taking a bath."

"So... We've both been naked with each other before." she said and her tone fell. "Baby... Has someone hurt you? Anyone at all? Are you alone?"

Well... I was alone now, so I answered. "No grandmother, I'm fine, and yes I am alone." and I stooped and peaked around the corner to look at her.

"Good. My it's cold outside." and she removed her outer coat, and started unlacing the layers of clothing she wore... Getting passed corset, dress and then skirts before she announced her intentions. "I've been craving a nice warm bath walking around in all that cold for the past day. Let's you and I wash each other and..."

"No!" I said and looked around ashamed at yelling at her. "N-no grandmother... I...I..."

"Samantha Redding!" Grandmother snapped... That was my full real name. "Something *is* the matter isn't it?! Step out where I can see you right now!" and she snapped her fingers and pointed at the floor in front of her.

I took a deep breath and then sighed. She'd find out eventually anyways... So I stepped out into the open slowly, standing there in all the newly acquired feminine glory that had blessed me recently. Grandmother looked me over from head to toe, the towel dangling to the floor in one hand while I stood before her, nervous and afraid that she might throw me out as a stranger. But then her lips rose and she smiled softly.

"So it finally happened then did it? Where is he?"

"Where is he... Who?" I blinked at her.

"The legendary warrior who will come and save you from The Big Bad Wolf. I saw it in my visions long ago. A bath!" she pointed at me and continued removing her clothing. "I must meet him."

"B-but... He's not presentable!" I gasped as she strode to her bedroom section of the ground floor and unfurled all her clothing onto the floor, standing nearly naked then as she took a moment to roll down her thigh socks.

It was a marvel that a woman so old was so beautiful underneath. Her breasts were heavy and large, the pair distended only with age, her hips wide and her body firm and strong... Just like mine. It was a body developed from much travel, much work, and... As she said, birthing several children and nursing them into their childhoods. Though I wasn't the one who came from her womb, it was nonetheless my mother who did, and I came from her.

"Grandmother... You can't... We were... We were ah..."

"I know what you were doing." she smiled and palmed my cheek as she undid her ornate hair with one hand. "After all I did it too... How else do you believe your mother was finally born? Or you eventually were?" she smirked and stepped to the landing leading downward, and I quickly followed.

Daniel was laying back, gently rubbing his penis with one hand while the other was splayed back against the ring of the bath, and Grandmother paused; smirking at him.

"So you're the illustrious young warrior who won my granddaughter's heart." she mentioned softly, and Daniel turned stupidly toward us amidst trying to keep himself hard for me, but upon seeing her, he immediately recoiled and covered his manhood with both hands, tucking it's erect mass between his legs.

"Ma-Ma'am!" he gasped looking down to make sure it wasn't escaping.

"Oh calm down... You don't have anything that I've not seen before. I've had three husbands and five sons. Don't bother being so coy."

"Well... Forgive me... But I've only seen one woman the way you are."

Grandmother looked to me with a smirk. "Well... Two now." and she strode forward and sat at the edge of the pool, dipping her legs into the pool and pressing them together to hide her sex from him while I stood behind her in the doorway.

"What's your name?" she asked, grabbing a washcloth, wetting it down and then began to clean herself with the hot water.

"D-Daniel, Ma'am." he answered as he slowly sank into the tub to better hide himself.

"Perfect... Do you know what your name means?"

"I-It means '*God is Great.*'" Daniel replied.

"Correct. After the same Daniel in the Lion's Den." Grandmother said idly. "I assume you've had your own lion's den experience... Or wolf's den rather. Did you pray then?"

"Ah... Yes... Yes I did. For... several things."

"Good. A religious man. You pass the first test."

"I don't know what test that is Ma'am. I can't read and I've never been to church, but I know the bible is true."

Grandmother nodded and then slid into the waters with him; and biting my lip I motioned to stop her but paused where I was.

"Do you love my granddaughter?"

Daniel blinked. "Of course. I mean yes! Yes I do!"

"Unrequited." Grandmother said and slid in beside him, pressing her breasts against his head briefly as she reached for a pitcher, filled it and poured it over him. This made him push his hair from his eyes but then remembering that he was uncovered now he slapped both hands to his groin and winced immediately as he hurt himself in the act.

Grandmother chuckled at him while he blushed a deep, deep shade of red.

"You're one of us now, you know." Grandmother mused as she sat back, crossed her legs and laid against the back of the pool.

Daniel stared at her, and it was then that I stepped forward.

"One of... Us?" I asked cautiously, twisting my fingers as I bit my lower lip.

Grandmother nodded, and then she changed... Slightly. Ears, muzzle, four equally sized breasts with numerous nipples, white fur, and muscle... Incredible muscle.

"I can go further... But you get the picture. I was born one, as was my mother and her mother before her and so on for generations and generations, so likewise the children born of my womb, and the children born of my daughter's wombs... Are also like me. A Lycan, which is short for our ancient name of Lycanthrope, or werewolf.

"But for your own knowledge, Daniel, you made love to a werewolf on a full moon. Our sexuality, our blood, grows very strong then, so strong it burns and boils in our veins, making everything that comes from us able to transmute a human being into one of us.

"Our saliva if we bite you, oil on our claws from our sweat if we scratch you, the juices we exude from our sexes... And in the case of females... The milk from our breasts.

"I've already foreseen the future, Daniel. Come nightfall tomorrow... When the last full moon of the month rises... You *will* change.

"Already, you must be feeling a certain burning sensation in your loins that is flooding into your navel and creeping up your body toward your heart. Don't fight it... It'll be the most pleasurable moment of your life when it's done." Grandmother smirked.

"S-so... I'm... I'm going to become that which I've hunted for most of my life?!"

"Yes." Grandmother said simply. "My mother used to tell me that he who becomes obsessed with the enemy eventually becomes the enemy. But my question to you is... are we an enemy?"

"I..." Daniel began and was quiet. Grandmother merely laid back and waited for his answer, her full breasts floating in the water.

"Let me put it this way... Is my granddaughter your enemy?"

Daniel turned to look at me, looked me right in the eye, and with his face passive as ever, he responded:

"No."

"Great!" Grandmother said immediately. "Then there's no problem at all."

"But... I always saw all Lycan as evil..." he said quietly, looking to her.

Grandmother smirked at him. "And I'm sure that all humans are loving, caring people." she said and Daniel immediately fell silent. "We're just like any other race, Daniel. We, like humans, have our fare share of assholes."

Chapter 17: Fin

The last word of a story is often something like 'End' or 'fin' or something similar. So I end this story like that kiddo... I'll admit that '*happily ever after*' is something that didn't happen between your father and me, only because happiness is such a fleeting thing. It's the truth after all. That's why happiness is so precious.

I looked down at my baby boy... My eldest of two cubs as he stared up at me with those bright blue eyes that were so much like his fathers while sucking from my tit. In my other arm rested my daughter, a tiny little thing having been born only this week, as she sucked from one of the smaller nipples on my navel while resting within my massive paw-like hand and muscularly engorged arm. Jason my son, pulling away from the thick teat he'd been sucking on while milk slid from the engorged nipple to pour briefly down my breast, licked his lips and looked me right in the eye.

"But whatever happened with great-grandma? How come I've never met her? I thought we lived for a really, really long time."

"We do." He replied with a smile. "Many of us don't even know how long is long either. Some of us live for centuries if not thousands of years. But your great grandmother comes and she goes. She was here right after you were born, and I expect her soon because your sister was born too. She's pretty much left us to ourselves, but she comes when needed... Always when she was needed." and I rolled forward and rose to my feet... Easily one of the most powerful werewolves in the world, I was rated at least in the top five. As such, the mass I possessed was very nearly like a fur-covered craggy hill getting up and stepping through the grand halls of our hidden home in the mountains.

It took centuries to construct, but it was the hall of the mountain queen, me being that queen, and it had a grandeur to it that only palatial residences throughout the world could duplicate.

"Now let's get you to sleep. You have school in the morning."

"Aww... But there's more I want to know. Can I have another story? Like with the Billy Goats Gruff, or... Or... What about Little Bo Peep?"

"Not tonight. It's way passed your bed time."

"Ok." and he fell silent while I walked him to his room and laid him in his fur covered bed. "Mama... What's a clitoris?"

"It's a girl's penis, and it's mostly inside us. No go to sleep." I said as I tucked him in.

"And what's an orgasm?"

"I'll tell you when you have one." I smirked and then rose, my daughter still suckling away in one arm, and turning I shut off the light.

Heading to the master bedroom, a grand room cut out of the mountain deep in the newly reformed Germany after the Berlin Wall fell, I finished nursing my little Angel – I think that's what I'll call her: Angel – since Daniel and I agreed that I'd name the girls and he'd name the boys.

Putting her in her crib, a grand wooden thing of hand-carved oak laden with the softest blankets one could find, I looked down at her and smiled at her as she cooed in her sleep. With one finger that I could rub one whole side of her cheek, I rubbed her face gently, right before I felt a strong hand touch the middle of my back, cup the serrated spine there and slide downward to the base of my tails and hold me there.

"I just got off the phone with your grandmother. She's in Switzerland and is heading here now."

"Perfect. I smiled. It's been too long between visits." And I turned to look at my darling husband of the past several centuries.

A Lycan lives for an exceptionally long time. The stronger and the more powerful that Lycan is the longer they live. So, Daniel and I had lived several hundred years worth of vibrant, sex-filled life. Strange though... That the only two cubs I'd ever birthed happened recently.

But if one was to wonder as to how I have such a loving life... Well... One would only need to look at Daniel.

I towered over him by a full head, neck and shoulders and outweighed him and practically every other werewolf in the world by at least five times over – mainly because of the size and weight of my many engorged breasts – but what he did have was an exceptionally strong, thick and powerful maleness. So far... He's been the only male to have ever been able to pierce my gates... And I'll tell you that there have been those who've tried.

Though my vaginal muscles were so thick and strong for any male to ever hope to force me... And those who did always failed their ambitions to conquer me in the end, their strength and power did, for a time, cause me grief.

Eventually... only Daniel could pierce me.

"Angel is asleep. You've been away for too long, Daniel... Make love to me?" I murred and slid forward, palming his shoulders while my breasts flared to either side of his head, and he and I looked at each other with his head caught between those breasts. He automatically stepped forward, deeper into that cleavage, gripping my great rounded behind in both hands while his groin started to erect against my powerful vag.

"I was only gone for three days." he smirked, but nonetheless caressed both my hips before reaching down gripping my butt tightly with both hands again.

He and I kissed then.

I still remember the first night the full moon struck him... Watching him tearing out of his clothing, growing and swelling, thickening massively, but nothing at all was so thick as that phallus that grew from his loins. It's head was as thick as his fist, it's girth and length almost equal to his forearm. That was the only penis in the world that ever had any hope of piercing me even when I wanted it to.

Years later, after many adventures and acquiring the kingdom of Germany amongst the Lycan, becoming its queen as was my birthright, I'd grown so strong that I bent steel bars in my vagina and twisted them up into un-usability. I only got maybe a few seconds worth of pleasure from them and my fingers could never dig so deep.

As Daniel maneuvered me toward our grand bed, I sighed as that phallus, already extended from his loins began the long tedious process of erecting for me.

My mind flashed back to the heaving snaps and pops of growth that turned him from a blond-haired young man into golden wolf that the people of the villages still whisper legends about. They whispered about me too, but they just thought that I was a long running legendary species of wolf worthy of the hunt... But no... They thought that Daniel was the God of the Mountain...

Lying down before him and spreading my legs, he knelt before me like he were worshiping my phenomenal body, and even bent over it as he began to teasing process to arouse me. His touch was enough for that... But for proper pleasure... He needed to tease me. And so with caresses and licks,

suckling and pressure began to become an art form, and I was soon growling and barking low in my throat in low ruffs.

And then he took the head of that fist thick phallus of his and pressed it against me.

Sex was rough between he and I. It wasn't that we had an abusive relationship, it was simply necessary. The tightness of my womanhood was so intense that, like I mentioned, no man had been able to pierce it. I even summoned every worthy male in my kingdom to try it...

For those of you who are concerned about this... That... Was perhaps the worst time of my life. I'd grown so strong and so powerful that not even Daniel couldn't pierce me. He went away for a time – more than ten years – and I was heartbroken... And in heat.

Hundreds of males couldn't pierce me... Not a one.

I went for years in a perpetual state of heat because I couldn't be satisfied, becoming a tyrant in my near PMS state, and I'd grown quite mad because of it. It was Grandmother who was there to keep me as sane as possible for most of the time, but even for a Lycan... She was growing old.

Daniel approached her, and asked for how he could become stronger, and whatever secret that she told him, Daniel returned... The last man in my kingdom, and using arts from some Tibetan werewolf... He ravaged me for a whole fortnight.

But it's the first thrust of his battering ram breaking open my gates to get into the golden treasure inside the palace was the hardest, and with him placing the head of his thick shaft against my pussy, I already being sopping wet by this time, he and I held hands, held tight, and with a thrust, a wiggle, and a second thrust, there was a dull sound of scraping inside my bowels and he plunged inside me... But not all the way!

It took more work to burry himself inside me... But his incredible sexual power was stronger than mine... Strong enough to overcome me... And thank The Maker that despite that my magics were stronger and my muscles thicker and my body larger... His sexual power was strong enough where he could penetrate me; and not only that... But get me pregnant.

Twice.

Oh what a wonderful time it was once he was to the hilt inside me as we made love and barked and howled and thrust and churned... My breasts leaking their milk while his thick and heavy set nads offloaded all his seed inside me.

Pudding indeed... But I never lost my taste for it.

So here I was... Possibly the strongest werewolf in the world, and would you believe it... I used to be Little Red Riding Hood.

<Fin>