

Sue's Story

By: Daniel "Pendragon"

© 2009

Susan and Fellania are © their respective players.

All other characters are © Daniel "Pendragon"

Warning: This story contains subject matter of a sexual nature. Parental discretion is advised.

Rated: X for Explicit (aren't nearly all my stories?) :D

1: Shy and Fellania

My name is Susan, or Sue for short.

There are secret people in the world, secret organizations, secret families, secret secrets that we humans just don't pay attention to because we don't want to. I was friends with one of those secrets. She called me her anchor... mainly because I made her laugh. Because I knew about her, about her secret of secrets, the thing that other people didn't want to hear because they couldn't believe it was true, I was trusted by her, by her kin, by 'them,' simply because I wanted to know about them, I didn't block their existence out. That and I were competent enough where I could keep a secret of secrets.

She called me her anchor in the human world, and we knew each other since we were very little.

Her name was Fellania Bloodclaw. Sounds Indian, I know, but not exactly. She explained it to me once, but it was too complicated for me to figure out because it spanned the whole of the world, so I brain-dumped it. All I cared was that I was her friend, and all she cared that she was mine... it was a rather close friendship based upon sharing that secret of secrets.

And what was that secret? It'll surprise you, so don't read any further unless you're willing to believe. That secret of secrets is simply...

Lycanthropes exist.

Fellania Bloodclaw was the Lycanthrope, not me, and I know what you're thinking: all Lycanthropes are wolves. Wrong. Fellania – or Fell for short – was a were-*bear*. Similar to werewolves, only that instead of a hulking wolf, she became and even more hulking bear. Stronger than wolves, not necessarily faster than wolves, bears were largely solitary animals where wolves were pack animals. The only thing that a bear feared from wolves were the power of their packs... especially when any one bear could pick up a full grown werewolf and break them in two. There was that and the sheer unmitigated fact that there were a whole lot more wolves than there were bears. That was Fell's greatest concern... about being confronted by a pack, so she, like most bears, remained mostly solitary. *Mostly.*

Like I said, I was her anchor in the world.

But Fell also had a feverish want to be strong, and for a bear, as I knew from what she told me, she was really, really strong for a bear. I'd not met any of the other were-creatures out there, but looking upon a fem that could grow more than twice my height – three times practically – and outweigh me by more than twenty times over, she was like my big sister in the world.

I don't get physical... I just get upset. And when I get upset... she gets physical. I watched her make a three hundred pound muscle guy cry for mommy once when I got slapped by him, shoved and called a bitch in a bar. She was protective of me. I didn't understand how important a link to the human world was to her... till a recent experience.

That's what this story is about, not about my friend. He-He... what'd you think it was about? A big brown bear?

So Fell trained with weights... a lot. I was amazed that a woman like that could leg lift more than a thousand pounds and dead lift more than five hundred, she had muscles that were bigger than those I'd seen on even those male body builder shows – which was a private fetish of my own... seeing really big, muscley guys with no body hair, oiled down to be slick and shiny with their big old packages in teeny-weeny shorts... and their thick bubbling veins... yeah. That got me wet. And imagining myself looking like Fell... yeah that got me envious.

Even when we were little girls she was a lot bigger than me. But one day she told me that she had a secret she wanted to tell me, shortly after we'd both reached puberty and she started to blossom and muscle up and grow to incredible sizes, and when I asked her what her secret was she showed me that she was a werebear. We were friends, girl friends bonded by a secret. No... not kissing friends, just friends. Sheesh! Some of you guys hear two girls are friends and immediately you picture them in white and black lace teddies making out with sex toys strewn around them. It's nothing like that. Like I said... we were friends.

This day was a girl's night out, and she and I were at the Gym for a little weight training. I so admired her, though my admirations bordered upon jealousy too. Sitting there in the weight machine, watching her use the massive free weights, I wished I could be supernatural like that. I mean she had the perfect boobs, so firm she didn't have to wear a bra, a body that was completely without a single blemish and chorded muscles everywhere. There were guys who called her gross, but to me she was the perfection of feminine beauty. She proved to me that a woman could be physically just as strong as a man and still be attractive. Not all guys understood that though. They thought that if a woman developed biceps, and abs that they were no longer a woman, they were some muscle freak. But Fell was a woman who was strong and beautiful... as strong if not stronger as an Olympian *male* body builder in her human form. I loved the way her veins stood on end as she flexed, the tings bulging over her soft-ball sized biceps, the way they expanded and throbbed as she curled that heavy, heavy bar of five hundred pounds in its five hundredth rep. She just kept getting stronger and stronger to me, whereas I...

I looked down to the mechanical arms of the weight machine I was in, with the weight pit in the rack set to its lowest weight possible. I could barely curl the bar and my leg lifts were only able to heft the apparatus you put the weights on. Heaven forbid I actually add a single five pound weight to it.

Fell was six and a half feet tall while I was barely five and a half. She had wide hips that held her thickly muscled thighs... hips that told that if she ever did have a baby that the birth would be easy for her – that and that she could take a much larger guy inside her, if you knew what I mean, wink-wink – and a tight, firm backside that bespoke of the perfect butt. I had only narrow barely discernable hips and coltish legs with a flat butt. Her breasts were huge! Most women who lifted weights lost their breasts to where they diminished and became tiny, but not her. She had these boobies that were firm and held themselves upward, and were well over G-cups at the very least. I had little budding A-cups, and the closest thing she and I had was that neither of us had to wear bras. Sigh. Her biceps were massive and separated, and I had biceps too, but they were slender pipes. My body was defined by creases, but was more or less slender and flat. Hers looked like Michelangelo carved her out of a solid piece of white granite.

She was a goddess of strength, and I... I was perhaps sickly at best.

Yeah... Fell and I were friends all right... but like I mentioned before, there was always this big, big pang of jealousy in me whenever I saw her work out. She looked marvelous in a bikini, and she tended to wear thongs and swim suits that were only as large as necessary to cover her naughty bits. I had to remind myself that she was a supernatural creature after all, more human than human. Perhaps I was lovely; perhaps this was normal for a human woman like me, but then I looked upon just the regular human women here, all of whom were at least six inches taller, had several cup sizes that were larger than mine chest wise, and were ripped with huge pipes and thick legs and tight butts with curvaceous Amazon bodies.

I sighed.

Later after swimming and then the hot tub, Fell and I sat inside the sauna by ourselves, Fell sitting naked with her body glistening with moisture, her thick nipples standing perpetually on end off a pair of rounded tits that wobbled with her every movement, she laid back with a content smile on her face, both muscular arms behind her. I wished that I could look content like that.

She told me one day the reason why her boobs were so rounded and full... and that was because she lactated. A lot. All female Lycan did. Their healing factors regenerated their bodily fluids at an enhanced rate, and for a woman, that meant producing milk at an enhanced rate. So despite that she'd never given birth before, her nipples nonetheless appeared to have been changed from many a mouth on them, and her boobs were always so superbly rounded from all the thick cream in them. She also had a very active sexuality and sexual life, her supernatural form unafraid of any of man's sicknesses like aids or cancer or STD's. Nothing short of the Ebola virus could make her so much as get a sniffle. It'd require something of extreme and superb genetic attack to hurt her via an illness. Nothing could stand up against her white blood cells.

Unlike her, I was wrapped in a towel, being envious, being wanting, and being very unsecure with my wispy, sickly little hyper-metabolic body.

"Sue... you seem preoccupied lately. Is there anything wrong?"

"Huh? No. Nothing really. It's stupid, never mind it."

"No tell me. I really want to help with anything that bothers you. Is it a guy? Did someone try to hurt you?" he fist flexed and her ten pack of abdominals rolled as she shifted her weight.

I was silent for a moment and then held myself. "It's all right, I'm ok." I smiled.

"Well if you say so." Fell said concerned.

She said things like that from time to time. It was human nature not to show weakness, it was animal nature to detect weakness. She knew something was wrong, but I didn't want to tell her about this. I was afraid it'd hurt our friendship.

"But anyways..." Fell said and then uncrossed and re-crossed her legs in the opposite direction before folding her arms behind her head, which brought her boobs up and punctuated their perfection right at me while her chest muscles rounded out greatly. "I'm sorry to spring this on you at such a late date, Sue, but I was contacted recently by someone really important. They want to meet me at the zoo, they say it'll only be for a few minutes, but we can go look at the tigers afterward." She smirked at me.

"The Minnesota State Zoo?" I blinked and she nodded. "No fair. You know I like looking at the cat exhibits."

"Especially the tigers." She smirked. "And you might be interested in meeting these people too. Year after year they donate the most money to the Zoo especially for their tiger funds."

"Really? The Asimovs?!" I gasped and she smiled and nodded, but then I blinked. "Wait... why are you going to go meet the Asimovs?"

"An exchange of information... Genealogy mostly. That, and there's a reason why they donate so much money to the Russian Government and to the Minnesota Zoo for tiger preservation. You see... they're tigers too."

2: The Asimovs

More Lycanthropes... but in this case, were-*tigers!*

I sat and fidgeted at a table outside the zoo commissary, sipping from a cup with no lid or straw – they can't sell those, otherwise there was a danger that an animal would eat it and choke on it – while an electric tram went by overhead on a tour when a woman began to lithely walk toward Fell and me.

She... wasn't what I expected.

Tanya Asimov, the eldest sister of three who were orphaned after a bloody murderer rampaged in their Moscow home, she went through a tremendous quest to reclaim her ancestry and her family, and now she and her family owns a town called Mir in the Russian interior. It was all on their website.

They were loosely affiliated with a company that was called the *Starlight Foundation* but their website was little more than a front page with a log in. Obviously an invitation only sort of thing to access the site.

Tanya herself wore some fitting clothing, like simple slacks and an oversized shirt that left a shoulder bare, but her poise and her shape and her superb muscularity and Russian brick house of a figure showed that she was indeed a Lycan just like Fell. No human was that perfect looking without gobs and gobs of makeup and a team of specialists to keep your hair perfect and your face perfect and glue bits of you so they don't stick out, and even then you'd have an entourage following you to make sure to spray aerosol scents into the air if you broke wind and to touch up your makeup and hair all the time.

Humans were such imperfect creatures.

But at first glance she seemed... just like a normal everyday person! The only odd thing about her was that she carried a Russian Blue cat in her arms, and boy was he a big one.

"Dobre Dien, Fellania." She greeted pleasantly enough, and the two shook hands like women do, you know, grip the finger tips to be careful of each other's nails and shake before they both sit down.

"Dobre Dien, Tanya." Fell said in return, and Tanya set her cat on the table that yawned deeply and then sat on his hind legs before licking himself. "Forgive me, but I didn't have much time to get the information you wanted, but this is what I have from the elders." And Fellania handed Tanya a geek stick on a string and she took, flipped its end open, and then fished a device on a silk chord from between her breasts. She pulled it open and I blinked at the little computer that she fit the USB side of the stick into it and did a few things with her device and then gasped in elation.

"Oh this is perfect." She said, and tapped and clicked a few more things and then removed the stick and handed it back. "And this is for you. Your genealogy back to your ancestor... who bears – heh... pardon the pun – your name sake."

"She was called Fellania too?" Fell blinked accepting the geek stick back.

"Oh of course."

"This is excellent news. Thank you! Thank you, Lady Asimov. Please excuse me, I need to go alert the elders of my clan immediately." And she rose and hurried away, toting her little computer out of her bag and scurrying off to find a public phone or a Wi-Fi spot somewhere. Kinda funny seeing a she-bear scurry. Usually they lope.

This left me, however, alone with Tanya.

Biting my lower lip while she sat back and watched me now with her cat grooming himself, I held onto my chair with both hands for fear that it'd fly out from under me that it was so repelled from my nervousness.

"Hi! I'm Sue!" I almost shouted and then blushed. "Excuse me... I'm a little excited to meet you."

“Hello Sue. My name is Tanya.” She replied, completely ditching any semblance of an accent. It sounded like she was completely American now.

There was more silence as I sat there nervously.

“I like your cat.” I added at long last. “What’s his name?”

“Ivan. He’s a thoroughbred Russian Blue.”

“Can I pet him?”

“If he lets you. He should. He’s a very affectionate cat. Especially to a female.”

I reached out and let him smell me, and with a strange cat sound, the ones that no one really can identify as a purr, a meow or a growl or whatever, he hopped forward and rubbed his cheeks against my hands, and as I pet him and scratched him he moved into my scratching fingers and arched himself, purring immediately.

“So you like cats?” Tanya asked, folding her arms beneath a chest that was even more voluminous than Fell’s.

“Oh I love cats.” I said. “I can’t afford one right now, but I so want a cat. And yours is so cute and fluffy and loving. I love his blue-gray fur, and the blue markings... did you die those on?”

“B-blue markings?” Tanya blinked. “You can see those?”

“Sure.” I replied, and then traced a marking on Ivan’s head. “See, here’s a circle, and two radial lines coming off them, he has more on his ear tips and such, here on his back and haunches... why shouldn’t I see them.”

Ivan seemed to stare like a cat might right at me before he turned and looked at Tanya directly.

“It’s just that... those markings blend into his fur most often.” Tanya laughed.

Ivan looked to me again and then rubbed up against me with the whole of his body now, wiping his scent on me.

“Oh does this mean I’m yours now? Ok... so long as you don’t spray me.” I laughed and picked him up and held him. He laid on my lap and began pawing at my legs and purring before he laid down and I got to enjoy scratching of a nice kitty. “Oh who’s a good boy?” I sighed.

Tanya smirked at me with a sort of knowing look that I couldn’t read. She and I then held a little small talk while we waited for Fell to return so she and I could go look at the tigers, when there was the wisps of a nearby conversation that floated toward us.

“But Anya... I love you.” A man’s voice said. “I-I waited for months for a word from you, and now that I heard you were coming here, I go to you, find out that you’re married and are a mother already?”

“Lee...I-I’m sorry! It’s not like you’re an easy person to get hold of either. Lee... I...” a woman’s voice replied and following the voice I saw a powerful man and a tall strong woman, but a woman, though I didn’t think it was possible, that was even more buxom than Tanya was! “Lee, It can’t be like you want any more. I have a husband now. I have children through him. We’re married. I’d hoped that you’d find someone else.”

“Oh no.” Tanya said and I looked at her.

“You know these people?”

“My sister... and her old flame.” Tanya mentioned.

“But...” This Lee fellow managed, an Asian looking guy but he was as tall as Yao Ming and built like an M-One-A-One Abraham. I had a thing for Asians. “...I... understand Anya.” He said and hung his head, looking defeated.

“Oh I’m so sorry Lee.” Anya voiced. “I know you came a long way to see me, but... I just can’t. You take care. Find yourself a good woman.”

“I thought I already did...” he voiced softly, and Anya, who was a tall woman herself, rose onto her toes to kiss his cheek.

“You did...” Anya said quietly. “...But I found another man. Take care Lee.” And she walked toward us without even looking back. Lee hung his head and then turned away, and with a slow slouching walk with his hands in his pockets he walked away.

“Anya... did you have to let him down so hard?” Tanya said quietly, a stern note in her voice.

“You know Lee. If you don’t break his dedication and duty then you’ll have a helpless kitten following you around wherever you go. That and I don’t want him challenging Daniel or some rot. Daniel would wipe the floor with him, and you know it.”

Anya, unlike Tanya, had a definite Russian accent.

“Poor guy.” I said. “But really, no guy should be let down like that.”

It was the second time that I was stared at. “Y-you understood what I was saying?” Anya asked, definitely surprised.

“Sure. Hi... I’m Sue by the way.” And I stretched out my hand and the two sisters looked at each other and then to me again.

“Anya Asimov.” She replied and shook my hand. Her arm was muscled too and her hips and thighs and body seemed to be made to make her appear as sexual as possible. No wonder that Lee guy was upset. “And that’s surprising... Ivan usually isn’t so friendly to strangers.”

“Yeah but I love cats.” I said and pet him.

“You do? And what do you think of that Ivan?” Ivan murred and Anya chuckled. “So is this business over with, Tanya? I want to get out of here as quickly as possible and as far as possible. When does our flight leave?”

Tanya was silent as she sat back in her iron chair.

“Anya... you will sit there and be socially uncomfortable for as long as it takes for Fellania to come back at her leisure, and for our brother to finish speaking with the authorities here at the zoo in regards to business. Now stop being such a brat in front of our guest.”

“Why not... it’s not like she can understand us.” Anya harrumphed.

“Uh... yea. I’m right here.” I scoffed, and again they stared at me in surprise. “Look... if you want to keep me from understanding you when you talk about me, then talk in Russian or something. But don’t talk about me when I’m three feet away and can hear and understand every word you say.” I rose and placed Ivan on the table and he stretched before sitting. He then looked right at me, his eyes possessing far more intelligence than they should. Then walking around Anya in her sun dress and her perfectly sickening feminine body, I shook hands with Tanya sharply. “It’s a pleasure to meet you Miss Asimov, but I’m apparently a third wheel here.” And I began to storm off.

“Sue, please wait.” Tanya said and I slowed to a stop. “Anya... don’t you wish to apologize for your poor behavior in front of our guest?” Tanya growled.

I turned and saw Anya already standing, fidgeting.

“Um... yes... yes I do.” Anya said looking at me. “I’m sorry... I didn’t mean to offend you. This has all struck me real hard and I feel really bad about the whole thing with Lee already... I guess it got the better of me. Please stay. We can buy you lunch.”

I sighed. “Apology accepted. “Just so long as I can carry Ivan.”

“Of course you can.” Tanya said. “But I must stress that we must leave soon.”

“Ah... yeah... the moon thing is tonight isn’t it?” I said and returned and began to pet Ivan again.

“That it is.” Anya replied, but just then Ivan gave me a little nip, and then immediately licked the wound.

“Ow! Naughty kitty. Good thing I can recognize a love bite when I see one.” I said and snatched him up.

“Ivan!” Tanya scolded, and then got some water from her bottle and some napkins for me. I was bleeding a little, but it was ok. The bleeding stopped really quickly.

3: Magical Kitty

I was able to meet the brother too, Peter Asimov, who acted as the family's go-between in regards to several of their business relations. Though I had high hopes that he was cute, and he was, those hopes were absolutely smashed when I met the most beautiful woman I'd ever met. Suddenly, Alanis Morissette's song *'Isn't it Ironic?'* came to mind, especially with the line "...meeting the man of my dreams, and then meeting his beautiful wife. Isn't it Ironic?"

Peter's wife was a young maiden of Native American background named Whisper. Oh my gosh! She was so beautiful, so perfect in her subtly tanned skin, her face and shapely breasts, hips, butt, legs... everything... that I admittedly found myself falling in love with her. Everyone in the world will have experienced a sensation like this. Of meeting a person so beautiful, that despite that they are of your same gender that you become attracted to them. Some guy friends I know said that Daniel Craig, the new James Bond, was such a man for guys. A man's man, the person every man wants to be. Whisper was a Woman's Woman. So beautiful that I wouldn't mind it if she wanted to embrace me, hug me, kiss me... she was absolutely the most beautiful creature I'd ever met. And so motherly. She had two babies in a satchel before her, and she greeted me with a smile, a shaking of the hands... and a whistle from between her supple lips.

It was then that I learned that Whisper was a mute.

Fell returned very excited then and thanked them all, and just like that we went about the entire zoo. Even saw a movie at the Omni theatre. I saw that Lee guy every now and again, and I guess I felt sorry for him. No one should ever have to get dumped, especially when you were in love. He was taking it pretty well in that case.

Every relationship should be a romantic one, and ends with the words *'and they lived happily ever after.'*

But as darkness approached... all of my companions immediately became very self conscious.

"We need to be off. I'm certain you know why." Tanya mentioned, and I gave her Ivan again who I'd been carrying the whole time. He meowed wanly as I turned him over to her, and he tipped my hand with his nose when I tried to pet him again and rubbed his cheek against my fingers.

"Of course." I replied. "This is Fell's time of the month too... obviously." And I sighed that our time together was drawing to a close. "It was a pleasure to meet you all. Really it was. Too bad I couldn't see more of you."

They caught what I meant. They were all tigers, I knew now... except Whisper, but they didn't say what she was. Regardless, they all had to get to places of safety before the moon rose. I guess it was like a period or something. Once a month your friend came to visit... only this friend made you a slathering monster for real. Well not really slathering. I mean I'd seen Fell in her altered state... she was more than twice my size when she changed. To have all that strength... oh it was a remarkable desire of mine.

As the sun set, Fell drove me home, promising we'd go see a movie sometime, and I waved goodbye. Night fell.

I was watching werewolf movies, not the really old black and white ones, but like American Werewolf in London, The Howling and stuff, but it was the transformation scenes I was most interested in, of watching bodies change, crack and groan, veins pulsating and standing on end while muscles just piled on themselves. Underworld was like that too, but its change scenes were far too quick for me. I had a huge file on my computer with just were transformations, and at times when I was all alone it was nice to imagine myself transforming into just the biggest damn were-creature there was. Bigger than Fell, chestier than her too with more muscles, but instead of a bear I was always a cat. Always a cat. I liked cats, so why not be one. Sometimes I was a lioness, sometimes I was a cougar or something luxurious like a panther or a cheetah. It was the sort of daydreams that got me rather hot and bothered, and every now and again I'd sit there – like now – with a hand down my panties trying to stimulate perhaps some small measure of what I imagined a transformation to be like.

And then I hissed suddenly and looked to my hand where Ivan had nipped me, pulling it from my panties with the glistening juices on the fingertips to look at the wound.

“Naughty kitty.” I hissed aloud, but then noticed something. There was no wound there... earlier there were several bright red marks from where the blood had dried, but now there was nothing. But then even amidst shoving my other hand down my panties, someone decided at that moment to break my reprieve.

“Forgive me for biting you, but I was being affectionate, and I really didn’t think anything would become of it.”

“Huh? Who said that?” I gasped looking around and grabbed for an afghan to cover myself with. “I warn you, I have a gun!”

“Over here Susan... and you can put your thumb and forefinger away. It is not a gun.” The voice said and I turned toward it, but I didn’t put my finger down.

But then I saw in the open window of my apartment a cat. A Russian Blue... with blue markings on his head and body.

“Ivan?” I blinked and put my ‘*gun*’ away as I moved toward him. “That or you’re a cat that looks exactly like him.” I picked him up and looked down the other side. It was the third story window overlooking Grand Avenue in my apartment. “How on earth did you get up here?”

“We cats have our ways.”

“Hm?” and I held him up in front of me.

“Hello.” He meowed and I shrieked dropping him before slamming against the nearest wall and disheveling several cases worth of books and DVD’s.

“Honestly. You deal with Lycans and you shriek at something like this.” And he shook his head, sticking a finger of one paw in his ear and wiggling it around to clear it.

His voice was guttural, and had a slurring effect to it that sounded like a Russian accent.

“You can talk!” I gasped.

“So can you.”

I blinked at that, and he sat on his hind legs and wrapped his tail about his forepaws, tapping the tip of his tail against those paws, but I pointed at him with an accusing gasp.

“W-what’s going on? I never heard from a cat before!”

“Sure you have. Except you’ve not *understood* a cat till today.” Ivan said. “You were able to understand my mistress and her sister when they were speaking in the hidden language of the cats, but not only that, but you were able to communicate back.” I opened my mouth to reply. “Before I bit you.” And I fell silent. “I have a feeling that I know what you are, Susan. You’re a Sleeper, a Lycan whose blood sleeps, or what some will refer to as a Latent. You don’t realize that you’re really a Lycan yourself.”

“W-wait... me?! A Lycan?!? How?!”

He licked his paw briefly, and then rose and shook himself. “It’s really easy actually.” And he hopped up onto a cabinet here to address me more closely. “Either one of your near ancestors was a Lycan themselves, and they bred with a human, only the offspring isn’t active as a Lycan, I believe geneticists call that a recessive gene...” I nodded. “That or when I bit you, some of the magic that’s in me, and there is a lot of it, was enough to grant you lycanthropy.”

“How could your bite give me lycanthropy?” I blinked.

“Well, Lycans spread their trait to other humans through the mucus membranes, which is saliva, sweat, ejaculate and with females... milk produced from mammaries. And... well... Tanya and Anya have some very, very sweet and delicious milk.” He licked his lips and then purred.

“Ok. I can believe all this so far.” I said and hugged myself tightly.

“Maybe its both, I don’t know. Certain things can trigger the blood in you, and they’re really numerous. Astronomical configuration, a particularly strong emotional state like intense anger, intense pleasure and so on.” I shook my head. “Or... possibly... just your will alone. All those link to your will. A desire to grow stronger, the want to change or transform or...” I nodded fiercely. “Ah. Then... you may be in trouble. And I had to go give you a little nip of affection there too.”

“Why?! What does that do?!” I said a little panicky, subtly hysterical.

“Well... aside from that I’m a magical cat, that little nip, especially with me... *interacting* with Lycans as much as I do, I’ve absorbed certain traits from them.”

“Traits?” I repeated.

Ivan sighed, and then rose up onto his hind legs, standing there before me while his paws became like hands with little fat fingers punctuated with claws. The lines on his body glowed a little brighter, becoming luminescent before he sat on the edge of the counter. He was less than three feet high at the moment, but boy did he look cute, especially with the ornate platinum and gold collar around his neck.

“Not even my mistress knows about this yet. Cat’s have to have their secrets... perhaps it’s why you were able to keep the secret of your friend Fellania for so long without having to be... indoctrinated.”

“Indoctrinated?” I whimpered.

“A human who cannot hold the secret of lycanthropy has three options. Either A>” and he held off a little finger tipped with a retractable claw. “They are secluded from the rest of mankind. Cabin fever eventually will lead them to either B> kill themselves or be killed or C> join the ranks of the Lycan. If they choose C, then on the day of optimum potency, which are the three nights of the full moon, then a bite, a scratch or even sex or nursing will turn a human into a Lycan. But then there’s a thing about us cats: we’re ancient and noble, our powers rooted in Egypt, especially yours, but I feel that yours runs deeper than that.”

I sat down. “This... this is all so overwhelming. I didn’t feel anywhere like this when Fell showed me what she was. So I’m going to change or something?”

“Perhaps, perhaps not. But haste is necessary.”

“Why do we have to hurry?” I asked even as he hopped down, grabbed two of the fingers of one of my hands and pulled me with him.

“Because if you do change, because we cannot appropriately predict what will happen, what you’ll change into or how you’ll react, you can easily thrash about and destroy stuff, and all it takes is one nosy neighbor to call the police and the secret is out. It would be up to the Lycan in the area to protect the secret, and you won’t like that.”

“Why not?” I gasped as he led me to the door, and from out of nowhere he produced a black braided silk leash, attached it to his collar and handed it to me while I slipped on my shoes and jacket. He motioned to my waist and I hurriedly zipped up and belted my pants that I had undone for my... play time.

“Because...” and Ivan settled down onto all fours. “All eye witnesses would have to be silenced, and the offending Lycan – that’s you – would have to be punished.”

“Silenced? Punished?” I gasped.

“Ah... killed... and most likely... killed.” Ivan said. “Come with me... I’ve made preparations.” And sliding out the door he led me away.

4: Change

There are those who surmise that taking your cat for a walk is strange. You take dogs for a walk, not cats. Cats could either walk themselves or stayed inside. That's why I liked cats more than dogs. Cats rule and dogs drool!

But as I was led away by a cat, my mind too preoccupied to watch where we were going or care what people were thinking that I was taking a cat for a walk, Ivan pulled me along the streets away from Grand Avenue, quickly zigzagging the streets till we came to a park. Linwood Park, the public signs said.

"Hurry, we don't have much time." Ivan managed to say as he trudged head first right into the woods of the park, not stopping till every direction from me were trees. And just then the leash in my hands disappeared and Ivan turned into a little furry again before he leapt up the bark of a tree to sit in the crotch of the tree within the lowest branching of the trunk.

"Why are you sitting up there?" I asked hugging myself.

"To give you room." He said, and reaching behind him, he produced a boot and slipped it on, and doing the same action again, pulled on another boot.

"Y-you look like puss in boots." I smiled nervously, and looked skyward.

"Heh. My favorite story. Are you ok? Do you feel anything out of the ordinary?"

"YES! I'm PANICKING!" I almost shrieked.

Ivan sighed and crossed his legs at the ankles. "Try to calm down, breathe... remember to breathe, Susan. Don't think of this as something that you're about to loose, think of this as gaining something, gaining strength and power, think of it as a long lost friend coming to help and protect you. Think of it as that thing that you always thought you were missing in your life but you never knew what it was, finally, at long last, coming to you."

I hugged myself and nodded, and tried to breathe in long controlled breaths.

"Now tell me. Can you feel the moon?"

I blinked up at him as I shivered lightly. "F-feel the moon?"

"Clear your mind. Imagine a force like you holding two opposing poled magnets in your hands; know how they tug at each other if you hold them apart? Do you feel something similar to that in you? Tugging at your heart, pulling you in a particular direction?"

"No... wait, yes!" I said, and pointed. "Right there. I feel it... right... there." I slowed as I saw the light of the moon rising through the trees, and when it touched my skin I felt it tingling. I got goose bumps. The moon had never ever really touched me like that. For some reason it calmed me to feel it touch me, kiss me like a gentleman might stoop over my hand, or a best girl friend like Fell might squeeze my fingers.

"Now don't worry, Susan. It will be upon you soon, it will touch you fully. Don't be frightened, you're most likely to enjoy it."

And then I looked up, and saw it rising over the trees, its bright shining face pock-marked by huge craters in this late of the year making it seem larger than life.

I gasped and fell to the ground, both legs collapsing beneath me as I stretched a hand out toward it as if to touch it. The draw, the connection pulling at me, seeming to awaken me from a long, long sleep I didn't realize I'd been in. I felt tired, but cooled... like I was waking up in a bed of snow while wearing my warmest winter clothes with the snow falling on my face. I even laughed as I tried to touch the moon, to take hold of the silvery disk and hold it in my hand and pet it like it was a cute little kitty. For a time my eyes were focused upon that disk as it rose, but then

my focus changed to look at the back of my hand as wave after wave of goose bumps washed over me from the fingertips downward into my body, sliding over arm and shoulder, over breasts to make nipples hard, over labia to prick the vaginal hairs there and then down both thighs, across the back... everywhere. It aroused me slightly; enough to make a wet trickle of juices slide from my tight labia as I felt the prickling waves of my flesh even as I focused upon a vein on the back of my hand as it tensed suddenly. The little pocket of flesh stood on end like it did whenever I worked out particularly hard, or a nurse was drawing blood from me. It was an interest of mine, to have a body thick with vascularity, of having those arms that bulged and heaved and were ensnared by their own webbing of those throbbing veins. The pumping of my own heart made that vein throb like someone was repeatedly kissing the back of my hand, and sighing at it, spreading the fingers of that hand, I lifted the other and began to massage my breast.

And then I gasped as that thickened vein spread suddenly, and the muscles of my hands tightened, making the joints of the fingers pop and crack as I moved them, right as the fingernails on each finger began to lengthen spontaneously. The tendons stood on end behind each finger, and I watched each fingernail grow radically longer from the stubby little nails that I chewed at times, to long pointed things that were thickening and pinching together while gaining a subtle hook to them.

“It’s happening.” I gasped. “I’m changing.” And then I groaned, feeling the fingernails thickening and lengthening, making the fingertips bulge as little muscles attached themselves to that nail. The sheer flexing of my hand made those nails slide in and out of the fingertips, each nail transforming right before my eyes into a bony white thing while the muscles of the fingertips around those nails thickened and bunched, each digit lengthening and popping as they did, sweat breaking out of that hand while the flesh stretched imperiously around the growing musculature.

“I’m changing...” I gasped and turned the hand, looking to the palm, feeling my arousal rising as the strength of that hand had already surged to such a great might. No pickle jar lid was safe from this hand!

“The first time is always the longest.” Ivan said from the crotch of that tree.

Turning that hand back over, I watched in fascination as the spreading vein on the back of that hand broadened and began to branch steadily further across the hand and then up the arm, pushing its way along avenues of blood vessels while it coiled and carved this way and that, branching off toward individual muscles amidst the whole length of that arm clenching and tightening of its own accord. The strength it was achieving, even now, even in a relaxed state, was startling. I could feel the weight of the world drawing away from that one arm as it grew, and the carving length of that vein, its various capillaries and even the arteries spreading across the arm tickled me while the strength rose. The weight of that arm dragged down on the rest of me, but I felt as if that arm was possibly becoming immune to the weight everywhere else pressing on it.

Every pulsating beat of my heart fed that arm more and more strength, and wiggling my fingers I laughed even as a minute squirt of nectar slid from my clenching vaginal muscles. Pulling the sleeve of the shirt I wore back off the arm, right up to the shoulder, I watched as the arteries over the bicep stood on end and pushed into my arm pit, but the tickling there was brief. It was soon replaced with heaving power as the branched artery over the bicep throbbed rapidly, and caressing that thickened chord over the bicep, seeing the realization of my greatest fantasy, I laughed again and cooed at the sensation of the blood pumping into the muscles of that arm, making it swell a little at a time, deepening creases and thickening individual muscle strands.

The veins then pushed through the shoulder, spreading into the back and chest... and then over my little tit, cupping it like a hand as they coiled and carved their way toward the nipple and then the areola, with one vein bulging along the underside like a long finger that began to caress and tweak my nipple once it grew deep enough, and as my heart beat I felt like those veins were cupping my tit like a many-fingered hand, massaging it, squeezing it, making it feel as if some strong man were behind me cajoling it. I arched my body instinctively, lifting my bottom and arching my back as if some manly-man-man were about to rip the pants right off me and stick his big, erect, purple-helmeted and reddened cock right up inside me to the hilt and lift me off the ground with his first thrust.

Blood flushed into both my nipples – first the one and then the other as the veins slid across my chest to hold the other tit – making those nipples erect hard, so hard they ached and stung, becoming super sensitive as they purpled

slightly, bulging and heaving, their flesh stretching as the pair of them rapidly matured over years of loss maturity. Nipples so thick you could tee off a golf ball off them, so hard that you could practically score glass. The areola in both tits puffed outward, pushing the sexual intensity I felt to the limit, the nipple erecting grandly now, doubling its prior thickness, tripling its prior erect length, the velvety thing pushing out my clothes even as the growth of the spreading veins slid up my neck and across the other shoulder and down into the other arm.

“Oh...” I moaned as steam from this hot body in the cold air wafted upward into the sky from my mouth.

And again I fixated on the moon, and felt my eyes change, felt them widening and slanting, felt the muscles in the eyeballs clench strangely, and I knew then that the facets were growing greater in number, and the pupils were pinching. The light of the world suddenly brightened for me, like it was late afternoon and the sun was still up slightly, but instead of a golden light over everything, I instead saw a silvery light over everything. Everything was luminous, bright and beautiful. For the first time I saw the silvery light all things had as they shone in the full moon... even me. My skin appeared porcelain, shining off the moonlight as I felt the veins course down the other arm, straight to the fingers of that hand, felt the bunching muscles and the clicking bones as the nails in each finger lengthened and pinched like the others had.

I murred... actually murred, and felt more muscles, wherever the veins had slid to, twitching and changing, my breathing quickening while the panties I wore grew soggy between both thighs as a solid jet of ejaculate pushed from me. Then there was a spasm in my heart, and I groaned then as the veins along my outstretched arm suddenly flared wide and thick, lining my arm with red and blue masses that stood on end beneath the already bulging blue veins that all throbbed and beat and pulsated. The clawed hand that I had outstretched clutched inward as if it were clutching the moon, and I groaned from all the heady veins in my body suddenly charging up the length of my neck and down the navel, sliding across my face before I pulled my hand back. Cradling the hand with the other, I saw immediately that the one that'd been outstretched had grown larger than the one that hadn't, the pads of fingertips and palm thickening and pinching with muscular might, the flesh thickening and toughing into soft leathery striations and the hand itself broadening along with the lengthening and thickening fingers. The claws lengthened and hooked even more deeply, that even when they were retracted and sheathed there was still a narrow tip peaking out like a thinned fingernail, all of them pointing toward the palm now. Extended, however, they were all like curving carpet knives!

I whimpered, turning the hand over and feeling the pulsating throb of my life fluids as they tried to slam further and further across me beneath the skin, and though I was covered head to toe with them, feeling them knotting about breasts and pussy, caressing and soothed me, They were still spreading deeper and deeper through me. They carved their way down my navel and across the whole of my back, feeling like fingers dragging against me, massaging me, gripping at me like I were within a crowd of people and they were all touching and soothing me everywhere... and I do mean everywhere. And then the veins began to course down the other arm, the muscles in that arm tensing and clenching like the other one had, creasing the flesh and making the veins and arteries both blue and red stand on end and beat heavily.

“Ngh!” I managed and then fit both hands over my crotch as the veins poured over and even right up into me, thickening the various blood vessels along the vaginal walls inside me while dull thuds could be felt inside my chest from my heart beating. Every beat sent a wave of fluids pumping through me, down my navel like fingertips and up inside me like a great big massive cock piercing me. I rose subtly with each heart beating, feeling my loins moistening as the lips flared wide and bulged hotly from the blood flowing into them while the clit erected steadily into sizes that were actually pitching a tent out of the panties I wore. I couldn't help but massage my loins, feel the tight lips quiver as they clenched and unclenched reflexively as with every heartbeat made it feel like I was being pierced over and over, and instinctively my body reacted and I arched my back and clenched those labia as if I were really having sex for the first time. All this happened even as all the carving veins crept down both legs and surged right to the tops of either foot.

“Ha! Ngh! Ha! Ha!” I gasped, my heart pounding now as the whole of me was covered in visible vascularity.

And now that the surface of me was covered, that vascularity began to delve deep inside me, penetrating organs and entwining the deepest of all the muscles in me, feeding those muscles with throbbing power. The thickness of my heart bulged within me, pumping with a deep pump-pump-pump, like the steady beating of a snare drum, each

beating pulse of that heart forcing blood, more than was necessary, into every bone and sinew inside me and engorging them into hot and erect states and making every inch of me sensitive like my clit, areola, nipples and labia. Gasping for air that seemed so difficult to breath in now, I exhaled it, coughed and exhaled harder, and in the very end of that exhale it sounded like a deep hiss as I bent forward and clawed at the earth.

Those claws dug deep into the ground then while I felt the bones inside me suddenly pop and break, and with a tensing of muscles I whined and hissed again, but this time my tongue found something strange and tonguing it, I felt the incisors in my mouth lengthening, turning into fangs. More sharp teeth grew into place too, just before I felt a prickling on my tongue. It felt weird, and sticking that tongue outward I was surprised to see hard bristles forming on its surface as I went cross-eyed to see them.

“A tongue comb! Congratulations! You’re a cat breed.” Ivan said from his tree as he watched me, his eyes shining from where he laid against a branch watching me happily. I turned to stare at him, my body spasming and shivering with every heart beat, right before I closed both eyes and felt the bones in me start changing violently now.

Down the length of my back the change went, one vertebra after the next cracking and snapping as they grew, with several repeating rolling growths from the base of the skull to the tip of my tail happening over and over to thicken and lengthen the spine with each wave of growth. A whimper and a gasp sped from me each time that the bones reached my ribs, and each pair of ribs broadened with the vertebrae they were attached to, each pair thickening and arched outward, their lengths charging right into my sternum and thickening that bone one section of the sternum at a time, pushing it steadily forward with each rippling growth of my spine. My chest rapidly barreled from the sternum pushing steadily forward, compressing into the blouse and undershirt I had on even as the lengths of both neck and waist grew longer, stretching the flesh and making it narrow and slender in those areas.

But then the growth reached the hips, and when it did, two things happened.

First were my hip bones, either bone flaring wider with each skeletal wave of growth, widening my once flattened and boyish hips, making them wide, and grand, flaring them like a woman’s hips should be. The bowl of those hips stretched my pants, made the belt I was wearing tighten across them, drew the straps of the panties I wore upward out of those pants.

The other was my tailbone was pulled from between both butt cheeks, pushing outward and tugging on the flesh of anus and vulva, lengthening the slit, stretching the labia, pulling back the anus beneath the tail bone. But also once that tailbone was pulled outward, the last several growths made that tailbone telescope, generating newer vertebrae, stretching the spine inside the thickening column, and luckily my widened hips allowed that tail to be pulled out of my pants before it could invade where it wasn’t wanted or slide down the pants legs.

Then independently, once that spine had lengthened, the other bones began to grow, with clavicle and shoulder blades flaring wide to broaden me, and each arm and leg, upper and lower grew, the joints hardening it felt, and every finger and toe lengthening. But with the feet, a different kind of growth occurred as each toe grew a claw of its own, and those claws cut easily through the dainty socks I wore and then through the shoe leather, ripping and rending the shoes open to allow for the bulbous toes to surge outward into the open air with ample ripping sounds. The thickening of tendons in the soles of those feet and the bulging of each toe, punctuated by the veins over the tops of either foot, even there, enticed me, made my minge quiver and moisten as I rubbed it with both hands again.

Kneeling there as the feet lengthened, leaving the big toes where they were to form dewclaws and extending the smaller toes, I whined and then mewed, actually mewed and then started rubbing my chest and wet crotch alternatively, the juices in my loins surging toward the slit, moistening the underpants guarding them as my new tail lifted high out of instinct while continuing to telescope and lengthen. And that tail raised all by itself, working on instinct to bare my bottom from underneath its growing length. Now don’t blame me for doing that, it did that itself. I mean... how does one control that which they never had before anyways? It just did whatever it wanted to, and in this case it lifted and it coiled and quivered while inhuman things happened to me.

Forearms lengthened longer than the upper arms were and both ears now extended and became pointed, kinda like an elf’s, and with all the fangs growing longer in my mouth I then felt the whole of my face pushing forward! Gasping and holding onto my face, I felt the puffing of the muscles of the upper lip into a cleft to develop into a hair

lip, the mouth and nose pushing further outward than the face to form a short muzzle, while hair, actual hair grew unladylike all over my face! I wanted to scream in surprise as I felt the little prickling hairs sliding from the pores, while my lips thinned and blackened, the width of the mouth lengthening as those lips curved around the growing muzzle I was getting. My jaw snapped and cracked amidst the veins in my face and ears, in the temples, throbbing along with the ones in the still lengthening neck beneath it. Ears lengthened into long tapering things as my skull cracked and groaned, the jaw widening and pushing the upper half of my skull together, lifting both ears while the throbbing of veins seemed to pour fluids and strength imbuing power into brows and jowls to make them puff outward. Both ears rounded outward as they migrated to the top of my head, turning into flexible hoods that I could control, with little tufts of hair at their tops. Whiskers extended from my lip and the fur thickened about my face. It thickened elsewhere too, making head hair more voluminous, just like a mane, and with the yellowing fur I even thought right away that I was turning into something noble and powerful, like a lioness!

That would be cool. But then why was all my hair graying?

And then I looked to my hand, the one that had been outstretched first as I finished growing upward into a long and sinuous she-beast, seeing that my paw-like hand was growing thick with fur, and extending my tongue I licked it instinctively, grooming the supple and rather soft fur while the fingers and hand strengthened. I couldn't describe the need to do that... I just saw that there were some hairs out of place, sticking at odd ends, and I wanted them to lie straight. But most of all I licked that throbbing vein as it pulsed in tune with my racing heart.

Amidst all those growing bones in me, I found myself then with a tightened undershirt, bra, blouse and jacket, while the jeans I wore had slid up to the calves at the cuffs of the legs, and down tight around the hips. The panties that clung to me had slid in between both butt cheeks, rounding beneath the wedge of my slender tail while the straps arched over the pants that had been tugged down to span my hips. My sneakers were ruined, but that wasn't a problem. I was a woman after all... I had several other pair, and thankfully these were old and needed replacing anyways.

But the change wasn't done with me. As the moon rose higher I paused and gripped my pussy with the hand I'd been licking as I felt my sex churning and bulging, the pubic mound heaving outward to round out my pubic mound, the labial lips unfolding and opening like the petals of a flower, and pushing back to sit on my heels with my widened and firmly rounded butt, the lengthened feet splaying out to my sides while my tail thrashed, I gasped and moaned, and then churned a moment before there was a dull explosion in my loins and a solid jet of ejaculate strained through the crotch of the panties and wet the pants I wore over them to moisten my hand. I panted... clenched and shot another jet of ejaculate, whimpering for a moment before a third and a fourth jet erupted from me. Steam rose from my crotch as I panted, and opening both eyes, I began to see... things.

That mist of steam instead rose from my loins as a glittering pink cloud, and immediately I began to wonder if I were stoned! There were green mists wafting about the trees. I could hear... so many things, the crickets the birds, and mewing I arched my back, bowing myself to the moon as I gripped those swelling labia as they trembled and throbbed.

But like I said, the moon wasn't done with me.

My heart hammered inside me as more of the moonlight poured down upon my body, and I slammed downward onto the earth, heaving and panting, feeling my tits pinching while the bra around my body cut into the flesh about my ribs which were still widening and barreling. The long and spindly arms and legs started thickening just then, the cuffs of pants and shirt and jacket pulling back from the wrists, and seeing myself growing and not wanting to ruin my jacket, I thrust it off me, tossing it aside right before there was another explosion inside me, and the thickness of my bodice suddenly thrust outward, navel lengthening beneath the bulbous chest. The outpouring of strength surging into me grew with that heart yammering on as I now steadied myself on all fours, each heart beat sending a wave of tensing veins as they pulsed toward the hands instead of away from them now filled me with erotic power and sensation.

My heart beat once, twice... and then paused. I groaned, closed my eyes, and when those eyes opened again their coloring had flooded wide to push the whites away, the pupils suddenly tensed and clenched into almond-shaped cat's eyes. I hissed, spit and growled, my heart beat lurching forward into a racing speed as I rolled both shoulders

then. The hands at the ends of the lengthened forearms spread wide, the muscles broadening about the wrists and then lancing up both arms, shattering the once smooth flesh into the two sides of either forearm, forming ling muscle striations and carving out brachials and tendons. The growth surged further upward and formed definite separations between bicep and tricep and then carved out a shoulder on either side that immediately rounded outward, both arms growing simultaneously in this way. A wave of fur grew up those arms, sliding out of the prickling flesh, creating tufts at the shoulders while the fur of my mane slid down the entire length of my back to line the thickened spine, and carried further downward to also cover the fur, so far in nothing but grey fur. The fur met together at the collar bone, creating another tuft of thick fur over the hollow of my throat while locks of fur grew out of the edges of either forearm. I felt more prickling skin from each pore extending several fountains of soft hair, like goose bumps that burst open. Down the sternum and up from the pussy along the treasure trail did the fur grow, sliding over either pert little boob, over bottom and thighs, forelegs and feet, covering my flesh in a warming soft grey fur.

More fetlocks formed along the backs of either of my long legs as I grew longer still, tail lengthening and coiling, neck growing longer with my navel. And then my bodice just sort of... slid apart, with the pectorals separating and becoming two sets of thinner chest muscle. But then... strangely, I felt something swelling over the tops of either of those new chest muscles as the veins in me coiled around them like cupping hands. I groped at those swelling masses, and suddenly found that I had two more sets of boobs!

Four boobs? I have four boobs?! Aren't two enough?

Kneeling back again, my body gyrating in arching and curving motions, the whole of my belly borne to the open air, I felt those new tits, played with them, felt their nipples fill till they ached just like the other pair had done, but that wasn't all. Several more nipples formed lining my belly, three more sets even, each of them becoming the blossoming point of more of those throbbing veins that shunted rushing fluids into them, making areola and nipple puff outward and erect as hard as stones.

Another jet of ejaculate slipped from me as I caressed those teats with my thickening hands, realizing that I now had ten tits!

Feeling my arms strengthening as the fur on me grew thicker and thicker, I found that my arms and fur weren't all that was thickening. Chest muscles, both sets of them, filled outward in spastic explosions, one pair after the next, and I gasped as my bra dug further, painfully, into the ribs lining me body. I groaned then, unable to breathe while my form broadened steadily about the ribs with a series of crunches and breaks that I thought for the moment were breaking because of that damn bra! Those two new boobs swelled outward so that they were the same thickness as the pair above them, before the muscle growth thickened neck muscles, tightened facial features and then coiled down the length of my body. My belly clenched and tightened, narrowing before separating in two down the middle into the two separate halves of abdominal muscle, curving nicely inward from the sternum, outward at the pelvis and then compressing deeply into the bulbous mound of my sex that was compressed between either thigh.

Every heart beat that I enacted made my body roll, and as it rolled it broadened, it thickened at chest and back, but with each heart beat the bra I wore grew tighter and tighter, cutting off my breath so much that I thought I'd suffocate before all this was done, until...

SNAP

The bra burst open across the front with a nasty lurch, the tits they contained exploding outward and I gasped deeply for air and rubbed my sore boobies, but the garment seemed to signify something else. With the restraining garment broken, I felt a rushing of fluids into those boobies, the veins in them massaging them with blood, my heart quickening now that it itself was no longer constrained, and the engine of my body quickened the change as the throbbing in my body grew faster. I gaped and orgasmed solidly, a flood of ejaculate sliding from me as I felt that simulated cock from the throbbing veins inside my vagina plunging deeply inside me, and looking down with a mew, I gaped as I watched the four swells of my tits starting to... well... swell!

Veins throbbed and pulsated like gripping hands about those tits, the buttons of the shirt I wore popped open about the collar rapidly as those mounds expanded, the first pair on my body tugging both the shirt and undershirt I had on upward off of the lower pair, nipples and areola puffing continually outward to show through the layers of clothing

while the mammary glands themselves heaved outward into ever greater masses. The new secondaries distended, their nipples and areola crowning, standing on end like two great nooks for baby bottles, but the primaries bunched together inside the garments over them, the pair compressing close to each other, all while the veins on me throbbed harder and harder while my flesh thickened into soft and supple hide, growing tough as a biker's jacket but as soft as a baby mouse's fur.

I hissed through my teeth and moaned through the flattening nose, whiskers and ears twitching while the throbbing red and blue webbing of veins in me disappeared behind all the thickening flesh and fur on me, leaving only the thickest surface veins to throb visibly about arms, body and legs.

I got a tighter and tighter snuggy from the pants I wore as they crept up both legs, passing the calves currently and splitting open along the seams once they reached the knees, with thighs billowing and filling the pants outward to their brims and bottom swelling and calves flaring while feet and toes thickened and broadened. My panties couldn't delve any deeper into my behind than they were. Already I'd need a spelunking team to get them out of that crevice now...

Exhaling a moan, vapor rising from my mouth as I licked lips and teeth, managing even to lick my cheek from my tongue having extended so long, I lifting the two enlarged hands to the heaving secondaries I had and massaged them while the throbbing veins and the thick milk vein underneath that led straight to the nipple throbbed and helped massage those tits, and I gaped as not only my primaries engorged and amassed greater than I ever dreamed them managing to do, but I actually had another pair doing the same thing!

Take that Angie Constance in High School, you huge tit-flaunting cunt. Beat these boobies!

Biting my lower lip, breathing heavily through both nostrils now, I watched as those primary boobs of mine just kept swelling and swelling, their masses filling every last available inch of shirt and undershirt that they could! They filled the opening of the collar of the blouse I wore, tugging the undershirt up with them, revealing the grand red heart-shape on the undershirt – hey be quiet, I thought it was cute – before the knot at the base of the flared open collar snapped and the blouse I wore started to rip open downward toward the base. The fabric of that shirt spread open as those boobies became hemmed in by the undershirt alone now, their nipples creating hard mounds while the swells filled the arm holes and neck hole and swelled beneath the waist band. I tugged open the blouse as that chest heaved forward, the second set of mammaries below it rounded out nicely with the fabric of undershirt and blouse caught between primaries and secondaries, all while my bodice heaved thicker and deeper.

That blouse continued to rip open while this bodice spread wider with a back that broadened even wider than that, my chest deepening with thickening pectoral muscles surging forward one set over the other with their two separate sets of breasts growing and ribs thickening as they continually pushed outward. It wasn't long till even that undershirt of mine began to rip open, and the last of the blouse I wore snapped like a dry twig at its base.

Four immense boobies heaved outward, naked into the open air while my arms likewise thickened steadily to stretch the sleeves that were now gathering right around the crooks of either arm, with my neck and throat spreading and deepening while I began to caress and cajole those heaving mammaries with both hands, squeezing the nipples, pinching them and enticing them only in the ways I wanted. I gasped in utter elation at the growing sizes of those boobs, staring in wonder and moaning at how sensitive the nipples were, but even then they didn't stop growing! Larger and larger they grew, with the veins in them pumping and throbbing, thrusting thickening and engorging fluids while the glands themselves replicated and duplicate themselves continually without stopping! Yes!

The growth of muscle continued down my body then from the continually flaring and deepening bodice I had, tightening and thickening my long, sinuous abdomen, and with it already cleaved in two, I gurgled as I felt it widening subtly along with the bodice, but mostly I felt the abs carving one pair after the next out of that sinuous mass. Behind each new tertiary nipple pair an individual ab appeared. Lining those first few abs were likewise several long obliques that cut themselves from my sides, feathering into the ribs which were overlapped by the swelling and thickening dorsal muscles swelling from my flaring back. That back as it heaved outward, thrusting the spine outward like a notched edge, ripped open the back of both blouse and undershirt completely in two, and wrenched the hooks of my bra that still hung on me by the shoulder straps apart in a wrenching crunch of ripping fabric all at once. This left bunches of fabric caught about my upper arms right before the remnants of the sleeves

exploded about my heaving biceps as I coiled both arms slowly, moaning and cumming deeply again with the length of my tail wagging happily. All this, simply because I lifted both arms to palm all the growing abs I was gaining, with the last shreds of shirt and undershirt tearing open, the loops of my bra slipping down to the wrists of both arms.

The abs arrived in twos, and when they arrived they exploded into position with a spastic clenching that actually cut the packs of abs I had repeatedly in half again and again down the entire length of my belly. Even some of the packs cut themselves in half again after they arrived, creasing themselves in long arching grooves between abs while I felt that belly churn and roll on its own accord like a belly dancer shifting her belly as it grew ever stronger. I felt out and counted each new pair as they arrived, finding eight then ten and then twelve and finally fourteen abdominal sets forming beneath my widened hands and their deadly claws that I scraped enticingly over that belly, flicking the tertiary nipples with my fingers.

And all across these abs were the throbbing of blood vessels; thick veins that stood on end to feed each nipple, with the upper most pair of those nipples swelling atop their abs to form two thickened mammary pads.

I cooed and shrugged my shoulders right before I clenched and wet myself again in a torrent of ejaculate, whimpering to myself as the sensation rolled on passed. I was rather top-heavy now, and perhaps had no hope of standing on two feet... till the growth slid down into the lower body now. And with a surging of motion, both hips began to widen all while my upper body strength continued to heave and carve, with the number of muscle fibers growing in my bodice increasing exponentially it seemed. Breasts still swelled continually while I felt the rushing fluids filling them like blimping water balloons on a hose, each larger than a watermelon now, larger than pumpkins... they felt like medicine balls they were so large and firm...

The crotch of pants and panties invaded my cunt, the flap covering the zipper pulling open to reveal a series of zipper tines that were hanging on for dear life. The fabric wedged itself against the slit between the still swelling labia, pressure against the erect clit in such a way that made me whimper from the sensation, like someone pushing hard on it in just such a way that I found erotic instead of painful. It was painful actually, but there was so much pleasure around it, the sensation overrode the pain and made it orgasmic! The widening of both hips also caused the pants and panties I wore to tighten like vises around me, the panty straps arching high over those widening hips also causing them to tug at pussy and anus, and they tugged and drew at me, harder and harder until there was a tensing sound for a moment before there was a heaving snap from the woven belt I wore breaking open from the buckle, and then a pop as the pants button popped off, and then a wrenching crunch when the zipper tore apart, disgorging my already voluminous love mound outward with barely any panty fabric covering its heaving thickness and breadth. The lips of my pussy spread open, barely being contained by the underpants I wore, but that love mound was already sopping wet as it pushed over the burst open zipper and out into the open air, the fabric of the pants I wore tearing open across the legs now, up both the inside and outside seam of both pant legs and likewise across the tops and backs of the pants from their seat being wedged tightly into my butt along with the panties that still clung to me. But then I looked to the sheer unimaginable size my legs were rapidly becoming as the muscles seemed to roll outward from inside me, as if they'd always been tucked away somewhere inside me and were now unfolding from their secret places, wedging themselves into place with their throbbing veins pulsating across the tops of either quadricep. I gasped, rubbing the burning muscles as inner thighs sunk below outer thighs, with the inner thighs becoming knotted and chorded with a sunburst of tendons covered by thick hardened veins and arteries that radiated from the knot of my sex.

It was those throbbing veins that made me feel so virile sexually at the moment as they clenched and pulsated like massaging fingers around my cunt, and felt like a plunging cock inside that voluminous pussy as it thrust-thrust-*thrust* with every beating of my heart.

I moaned again, spreading my legs open while feeling the rest of the shoes that'd been hanging off my heels rip off as the tongues of those shoes and the tops of the shoe leather broke away, the socks about both feet ripping apart as well. With a moan I began to roll and rock my loins as if I were having my first man inside me, and now that I was getting used to his expert thrusting, I was trying to work myself atop that piercing erection that felt like it was inside me, roll myself upon it. Pinching both eyes amidst the brows and facial features strengthening, my jaw opened and crunched wider, the jowls widening and thickening with thick, thick muscle striations as my maw widened and I hissed, curling my tongue automatically in the action. With my eyes open, closing me off to many of the enhanced

senses that were assailing me, I felt the throbbing of my body, the pulsating and pounding beat of my enlarging heart that was forcing chest and back to balloon around it while more and more muscles unfolded from inside me.

Both sets of tits engorged continually while I felt the throbbing veins across me settle somewhat as I rocked there rhythmically, each rocking motion tearing the pants I wore a little more at a time till the knot of fabric between my legs snapped and the pants I wore broke open from about my loins and burst away from my pelvis, leaving the remnants wedged up tightly inside my backside. Rolling this cat's head against my shoulders, breathing deeper and deeper as the lungs inside me heaved and my guts knotted beneath the thickening piles of abdomen, I felt more of that throbbing blood pushing about outside and inside those abs. It felt like I was being made love to, a great big huge dick that orgasmed with every thrust while an orgy of people were kissing and rubbing and cajoling every bit of me.

Whimpering I tossed my mane, the long hair that I had now splaying about me in a long curtain and then falling about neck and shoulders. Tensing with popping and exploding packs of muscle and even individual muscle striations I felt a tensing about my wrists, and looking down, I chuckled at the sight of the bra straps caught about wrists that were far wider than my arms used to be. Tensing both forearms the straps snapped open and fell to the earth, and I laughed at how incredibly big and strong I was... and I was still growing!

The throbbing veins seemed to shift their focus from the heart to my pussy then as I tore the remnants of the pants I wore from the crack of my behind, right before the sexual elation I felt suddenly climbed and with another whimper and a tensing of my body I came in yet another jet that spilled around the panties that were giving the bulbous vagina I was developing a vaginal wedgie, flossing the thickening fur-covered lips right before I gripped those panties and pulled on them, stretching them till they tore, and I yowled like a cat and orgasmed again.

The throbbing beat of my heart was sexing me as surely as the dreams of my first love might, thrusting harder and thicker as the sensation of that penis in me erected further and penetrated me deeper.

Piles and piles of back muscle spread my body further and further, hugging my neck and shoulders, embracing my sides as the thickening piles overlapped ribcage, neck and shoulders. Muscle groups fought for each other while the arching blade of my spine surged outward from my back as those back muscles rolled steadily away from the spine, each muscle growing and heaving larger and larger, chest muscles rounding outward, breasts resting on top of each other as they continued to surge forward. Butt muscles were widening and remained round only while I was in this position with them stretched about the bent legs, for as I rose upward atop both knees, reveling in my nakedness now, then they creased into a beautiful butterfly that held my legs to my body. Shifting both legs and opening my eyes wild, licking lengthening and sharpening teeth, I gathered up the four tits that heaved outward still, all four of them bulging hotly, their fur thinning into a velvety sheen capped with two great big nipples that were like the bottles used to wean cattle. And as I looked at those four massive packs, their pectorals swelling and expanding to cover more and more of my chest, each fiber becoming cable-like in their thicknesses as they spanned the distance between shoulder and sternum, and bending my hand downward I began to lick the tops of my top two breasts. I cooed at them while they rapidly swelled with the fluids surging into them, the mucus membranes creating what I knew was my luscious milk. Kissing the pair, I could feel the fluids sloshing in there as they proceeded to jut forward, and as my body tensed, those tits firmed up, so tight they ached until... until...

All four of my new primary tits, and a few seconds later my new secondaries, and even later the tertiaries began to eject milk from me, the largest forming jets while the smaller ones forming sprays while my body widened with both arms thickening and enlarging and... Veins... throbbing, beating veins, pulsating vagina and... I yowled again, loud and clear as I continued to enlarge and unfold, doubling my prior weight every few minutes, ejecting heavier jets of nectar from my throbbing sex as it blossomed and opened to press against my inner thighs and the webbing of veins on either side that gripped and clutched at me now. The milk surging from me grew heavier as well, the watery milk turning into thick cream that forced the nipples to swell to allow for the tunnel the milk traveled through to thicken, making the areola puff further outward and the nipples to both enlarge.

Calves widened and rolled around the thick chorded forelegs that were thickening and separating into individual chords with tendons standing on end everywhere as I flexed both arms and felt my tits grow and grow into enormous swells that flared away from each other as I rolled my shoulders back, only to feel those shoulders heave outward and become mountainous. I felt a heaving and incredibly massive super clit grow between the twin lips of my

pussy, the thing beating haughtily between my legs, teasing me and making me yowl and moan from the sensations it shot into me.

Now that I had my eyes open and I looked at myself... suddenly I realized that... that I wasn't a lioness, lionesses didn't have gray fur for example. For that matter they didn't have brown and black patches across them like a marbling effect.

"W-what on earth... what am I becoming?" I gasped, and then shuddered as another orgasmic lurch made me spasm till I ejected a jet of heavy sticky water with the intensity of a pregnant woman breaking her water right before giving birth.

"Felinus Domesticus Tortoise. Or the common Tortoise House cat." Ivan said from up in his tree. "And if I do say so myself... a rather lovely one. I especially like that butt and tail."

I panted and turned toward him, and then hugged myself as I exploded inside... it felt as if something had just erupted, but then that growth surged to chest and back and made both erupt in further growth, right before both sets of my now primary tits engorged suddenly and squirted more milk out.

My arms heaved then, the muscles rapidly growing and growing, veins about those arms and my chest and neck thickening, beating and carving their way through me with thickening flesh and fur. My spine grew thicker to spread me wider, the melons that were my biceps engorging all the more further, and as I flexed myself those biceps had to fish below the first pair and above the second pair of breasts in order to heave larger and larger. I came again in a long steady jet, surprised that I could cum that many times. This whole thing made no logical sense, and yet it was happening! The throbbing the beating! "Ngh! More! I want more!"

Butt muscles clenched and the size of my cunt grew larger as muscle wrapped and curved, doubled and redoubled, thigh muscles piling and broadening, calves flaring impossibly, and when I hammered both fists to the ground before clutching at the earth, gasping and hissing, feeling my tail thickening and lengthening and broadening at its end and back muscles heaving outward, I hammered at the ground again and this time made rocks bounce in every direction. The webbing of veins that covered my every muscle, much hidden in the flesh or beneath the fur I had, but I could still feel it and it all aroused me with the burning sensation of pumping muscles that were thickening larger and heaving into greater and great forms that burned as they tensed and creased ever the more deeply.

Muscles fought against each other, jockeying for position as I grew into larger and greater sizes, like a swelling hill of power right there in the middle of a park forest. My back broadened and piled again and again, especially between the shoulders as it rose upward into a peaking muscle hump, and with my bent over, both sets of tits with one pair engorging over my arms pressed and grew over my thighs with the other pair over my arms before one pair and then the next pair of my tits slammed against the ground between my legs as they engorged suddenly. The spastic growth created four impact tremors in the ground that made rocks bounce like my fists had done, and likewise four broad craters from their size and mass, each crater pockmarked with a nipple indentation. Then with a dull explosion from each pair they disgorged puddles of milk that spilled from me, filling the craters and then welling all around me like a large puddle of cream that just kept cumming... I mean coming. But no, it felt like climaxes... four separate climaxes, and I cried and whimpered from it while secondaries and tertiaries popped outward too – secondaries bulging thick and heavy into P-cups that wobbled and jostled, tertiaries peaking subtly in little A-cups – and more spraying of milk happened while the abdominals lining my navel all doubled and then redoubled in thickness in a rolling series of growth that ended at last with the bulging pussy and its super-clit between my legs. With a rolling of my back I released another washing jet of ejaculate that left my loins sticky and the fur there clinging together in a spiky mess.

Then one more dull thud erupted inside me, and every bit of me popped one final time outward, each and every muscle climaxing and burning as it reached its new maximums, and I trembled for the longest time then, little pops of growth and such happening around me while the growth slowed, but always there were the pulsating veins and arteries all over me from my racing heart.

I remained there on all fours, panting with tongue out, my senses taking in the scent of my sweat, milk and ejaculate, the scent was so strong it made me high from it all. I clenched and felt my loins squeeze out some excess ejaculate,

the puddle of fluids beneath me high enough to press against my thighs and submerge my cunt, and I remained there for the longest time till slowly I got to my feet, slowly I rose and arched my back deeply with milk draining down the length of my body. My head rolled back against both enormous shoulders and I stared up at the moon, feeling my almost pupils spreading open and shut repeatedly to get the perfect light automatically. I gazed in wonder at the silvery moon that now shone fully upon my naked and transformed form, and looking downward, looking at the milk plastered against most of it and opening both hands, I palmed my breasts that jut off me majestically.

I began to purr, a deep rumbling purr that was like the idling of an engine as I played with those huge mammaries, feeling how sensitive my nipples were. I liked the feeling of how that purr made all my nipples twinge.

“Well Susan... Welcome to life as a Lycan.” Ivan said, and looking up, exhaling a long breath of air that escaped my hot body in a cloud of steam, I looked again at the moon that looked down upon me now like a silvery eye high in the sky, and holding myself, I felt as if its light were embracing me like a mother would her long-lost child.

And I liked it. This was me, this was who I was! At long last... the sleeper, the hunger, everything that I felt that was wrong with me had been realized. I was now what I was supposed to be.

But... what was that really?

5: Newborn

“Hmmm... are you sure that no one can see me?” I asked as I stood, learning how to balance myself upon my toes, using my tail to counterbalance all these heaving muscles and breasts. Luckily, the thickness of my back was large enough to perfectly counterbalance my chests. Heh... chests not chest. I especially loved how my veins throbbed and exploded along with my muscles as I alternated with flexing them and playing with my boobs and/or crotch. I was so wet right now... and I’d just finished licking off all the cream that was on me.

One trick was to lick my own pussy... never thought to do something like that before, but now I could. Spent a little while doing that while Ivan kept trying to get me to hurry but something in me led me to make sure I was presentable first.

“Certainly... my illusion magics have worked for me so far, and thankfully there’re no police cars screaming in to shoot at you.” Ivan said, now dressed in a cloak with his boots as he stood on a metal stand at a pay phone while I twisted and flexed like body builders do, inadvertently jutting a leg out to tense it and flex it and watch its muscles heave and ho, but I tripped a poor guy who was walking by with his girlfriend. The man looked about, shrugged to his girlfriend and kept on walking. I looked to Ivan with concern. “Relax. I’ve lasted this long without my family realizing it, so I think I’m safe. Baba Yaga’s tricks work well enough for a male house cat, methinks.”

“Are you sure we have nothing to fear from the police?” I asked.

“It’d only be your American police if we did.” Ivan smirked at me.

“And why is that any different than what you deal with?”

“Russian police are Military.” Ivan grinned crazily, and I blinked at him.

Ivan flicked his fingers at the pay phone and it sparked to life while I continued flexing, bouncing my pecs which likewise bounced my boobs – it was hard to bounce four pecs – and I was learning concise enough control at the moment with those pecs to roll first one boob in a circle, and then the other when a man strode up to us with Ivan looking through a little electronic organizer he pulled from one boot.

“Hey there little man... you using that phone?” Ivan stared at the newcomer, and I blinked but remained quiet that Ivan was seen by this man.

“Tell me, sir... why did you ask a person holding a phone and looking at a pay phone that question?”

“Jeeze man... you don’t have to be a dick about it.”

“In all honesty... yeah I do.” Ivan growled and waved the man off. “Go look for your pick up elsewhere... I’m busy.”

“All right.” But he didn’t go away. “Say, that’s a nice cat suit. You’re going to a costume party or something?”

Ivan turned to me. “How do you say go away in idiot?” he asked.

“Hey dick... I’m right here! You don’t have to be so harsh.”

“Yeah... yeah I think I do. Listen spug... you are what give humans a bad name. Since you’re too retarded to understand common English and take the hint that I don’t want you anywhere within half a hemisphere of the planet near me, I’m going to come right out and warn you: you’re trying my patience... go find some other place to be before I loose my temper and you regret crossing me.”

“Heh... I’d love to see what you can do little man. You’re half my size! Look at you! I could perhaps pick you up with...” and he reached out to pick Ivan up, and Ivan snapped his little paw out and grabbed one of his fingers between two of his, and with a maneuver and a loud yowl from the feline, Ivan literally snapped the man like one

would snap a rug out to rid it of excess dirt before tossing him to the ground and spat on him, his ears laying back against his head.

“Now scat!” Ivan hissed, and the man rose immediately and hurried off. “Seriously... some people’s children.” He said and then started tapping in a number into the keypad.

“Did you have to hurt him?” I asked wringing my hands together.

“Yes I did. I will not have a dirty street waif smelling of refer touch my nicely groomed coat.” He said and cradled the phone with both of his small hands, one ear twitching as he waited for the phone to pick up on the other end, with the mouth piece somewhere around his chest. “Hey there... how’s my favorite walking behemoth?” Ivan greeted gleefully. “... It’s Ivan. ... Yeah that Ivan. ... You know... Tanya’s... ah... pet? ... Stop laughing. ... Look, I need your help. ... Please stop laughing. ... Ok... I’ve come across a new Lycan and I need your help introducing her to the locals. ... Yeah she’s a she. ... I know your personal problems, but this is more important than that. ... Because I don’t know anyone else... or would you rather me set her loose to her own designs. ... That’s what I thought. Where do you want to meet? ... She’s feline. ... Where are we? Linwood Park. ... Como Park? ... In an hour? I suppose so. ... Ok, meet you then.” And he hung up the phone.

“Ok... time to get you to Como Park, wherever that is.” And he pointed at me with the index fingers of both his little paws before leaping up onto my shoulder.

“Who was that?” I asked.

“A friend. Do you know where this Como Park is?”

“Yeah, north of the highway.” I said and pointed.

“Highway? We have to cross a freaking highway? Great... just great.” He said and rubbed his temples. “I’m gonna feel that magic drain. Well we better move quickly.

And I stepped forward and then cooed as I felt the throbbing of strength tensing every last muscle in me, the veins pulsating and throbbing and I very nearly came as I slapped a hand to my cunt and gripped it.

“What’s the matter?” Ivan asked.

“I-It just feels so good.” I moaned and traced a vein over a thigh with a finger, feeling it pulsating and beating in its engorged state. “You have no idea how much this feels like! Realizing that you’ve been so weak until you have so much strength...” I took another step. “Ohh...”

“Heh... orgasmic walking. Now why is it that Tanya and her family didn’t have this sort of elation?”

And that time I really did cum, a trickling of juices that leaked from me as the throbbing veins rapidly rose across my whole body, beating, pulsating... especially on my breasts and nipples. Moaning I hefted the two topmost tits, my original pair, and gasping I rolled them toward me and immediately attacked the nipples, sucking on both of them at once. That got a more explosive orgasm to lance from me, and I felt like I was wetting myself while my loins spasmed and clenched, the veins over the labia making me hot!

“That on the other hand... is something every female who suddenly gets big boobs does. Guess it’s a girl thing.”

I came up for air while milk drained from my tits, starting to trickle from all the lower ones as well. “Don’t knock it till you try it. Tastes like melted vanilla ice cream! Nom!” and I sucked on them again.

“Huh...” Ivan mentioned and leaned against my head atop my shoulder.

“What?” I asked coming up and turning to smile at him.

“Nothing. I lick my own gentiles, so making saying anything about a fem who enjoys sucking on her own teats would make me a remarkable hypocrite.”

I smirked at him. “Want some?” I asked.

“Oh I could never...” he began but I washed one hand on my milk and tilted it up to him and he immediately attacked that hand with both paws and his tongue. “Nom!” he said and licked it studiously as I took another step, shivered and steeled myself, and then another step, cooing as I tried to get used to the sheer act of walking.

6: Crossing

Ivan was in one of my meaty arms, laying against the heavingly round bicep that was like a bowling ball even when it was relaxed, his body glowing a brilliant blue as he purred loudly in contentment. I don't know when he donned that Russian shirt, you know the white baggy ones with the ornate stitching about the collar, but it definitely suited him.

I stood atop a Concordia University building a quarter of an hour later, looking down at the highway of interstate ninety-four while idly caressing my pussy lips and exciting my clit with a pair of fingers and a thumb. I was really juicy down there, the fluids continually leaking from me apparently as I found whole new levels of enticement. My mind was expanding as a female, simply because it was growing with the newer and broader levels of sexuality I was experiencing. I felt myself maturing over a couple decades of always looking like and feeling like a girl. But that wasn't all, I think I was still growing subtly as the moon continued to rise... feeding me its power. My boobs were definitely enlarging, and I knew I was getting stronger for each time I flexed something, it grew bigger! Even the simple act of walking made my thighs and calves bulge larger and larger with each step, the throbbing veins engorging steadily.

And I wanted more! I wanted to be stronger! As strong as Fell... no... stronger if I could be!

"So... what now mighty magical kitty?" I asked and he rose from the act of laying on his back and pawing at my nipple with his paw-like hands.

"We're there already? Damn... and I was liking your milk. It's so sweet. Perhaps because you're a cat like me and not a tiger." I looked at him whimsically. "Ok... not a cat like me, but you get the idea." He climbed up onto my shoulder again. "Ok... here's the problem. I can only maintain invisibility when there aren't too many people looking at us. With this many I'll only be able to make you look like a blur. So we need to charge across the highway over that bridge over there." And he pointed at the Lexington Parkway Bridge. I know you humans are used to running on only two legs, but in all honesty... it would be really grand if you could run on all fours right now."

"Well why don't I try that?"

Ivan smirked at me. "It isn't as easy as it looks."

"Oh yeah?!" I said excitedly and leapt off the building while Ivan yowled at me and immediately grabbed hold of a few tufts of my fur as I surged on all fours, tits wobbling minutely beneath me, bouncing off the backs of my arms with each lunging stride.

I was doing good till I began to cross the bridge, turning to look over my shoulder to laugh at Ivan, but when I looked back I saw a couple of pedestrians crossing the bridge and I ploughed right into them. We all tumbled and I skidded to a stop on my boobs. That was the worst, especially when I had a belly full of overly sensitive nipples.

"Gah! K-Keep... moving!" Ivan gasped, his markings shining a brilliant blue.

I didn't know what the two pedestrians saw, a couple of ghetto kids – University Avenue, especially this close to Saint Paul, was considered a Ghetto by some. They called it Frog Town. – with a bottle of some sort of booze – beer it smelt like to my improved senses – In a brown bag between them, pants shoved down past their butts and hats turned to one side with neutral gang colors, but they saw something. Groaning I leapt forward again, looking over my shoulder as I ran forward on all fours again, being more mindful of where I was going, and I saw the kids look at each other and then drop their bottle of cheap booze on the ground and run away. Once on the other side of the bridge I ducked in to some homes, flattening my back against one large building on the corner where I'd be out of sight, and immediately started massaging my poor boobies.

"Ow-ow-owie-ow." I whimpered, rubbing my breasts that had road rash on them, which was the worst place for a girl like me to get them, but... even as I watched, the wounds magically healed themselves over, and soon I was

cooing with pleasure before they started to leak milk again. “Oo-oo-ah-oo...” I said in gasping sighs and then murred. “Man... I get big boobs, and right away I get road rash on them.

“Ok... bare in mind you’re visible at the moment.” Ivan said sitting on my shoulder rubbing his forehead with both paws. “I need to recharge.”

“Recharge? Magic needs to recharge?”

“Actually... I need to recharge.” He said. “Magic is limitless, but the amount a body can pull is limited... and I have a really tiny body.”

“And a really big body...” I asked, wondering about my form if I were to try to learn magic.

“Can still be severely limited.” He admitted. “It really depends upon personal potential.”

“Do you think I can learn?” I asked, hopeful. I always loved unicorns and mythical creatures, and now that I was one I hoped that maybe I could learn magic and be an all-powerful sorceress too.

“I wouldn’t know till you’re tested, and right now isn’t the time.”

“Oh really, but when... ngh...” I gasped and grasped my stomach, and with a series of crunches and pops I started unfolding with muscle again, forming long chords everywhere on this body as it grew and grew outward and only slightly upward, and coming right on its heels was the throbbing sensation of all the veins inside me. “Oh... more!” I groaned, feeling everything on this body strengthening, from the smallest cheek muscle, to the largest of tendons, right to the incredibly taut vaginal muscles I had. Over it all my veins thickened to the breadth of coaxial chords, webbing my body here and there and throbbing, pulsating... and again, most especially around my pussy. “Ngh!” and I pressed both muscular thighs together right as that sex erupted a solid jet of nectar onto the ground and I shivered from the orgasmic lance before falling against the wall and arching deeply from the quivering lances of pleasure shunting from my cunt. My claws gripped the wall of the apartment building, sheering the concrete with the sharp and thickened claws before I came again, and again, and again... my muscles bubbling outward and breasts heaving larger yet.

“Oh God... is this normal?” I gaped, and when Ivan didn’t answer I turned to him and gaped as he was waving his hands to his face and inhaling deeply. “What are you doing?” I asked, and he blinked in surprise and then blushed profusely.

“Me?! Nothing. I wasn’t doing anything.”

“Ivan... I didn’t know cat’s can blush, but you are.” I reached up and grasped him by the scruff of the neck between two fingers and held him before me. “Now fess up... what were you doing?”

“What?” he shrugged and splayed both hands to his sides. “You smell hot! I was taking a whiff. It was a compliment?” he grinned and tapped his fingers together. “It’s like dogs that smell butts.”

“Hm... Being that I don’t know if it is a compliment or not, I’ll let it slide. As a human... that’s just creepy, but as a cat... I don’t know.”

“How else do we tell if our females are in heat?” he grinned and I tucked him in one arm.

“By scent. And if dog’s smell butts... then I guess cats do too.”

“We do not smell butts!” Ivan stated loudly, folding his arms. “We smell the scents coming from butts.”

“Wow Ivan... you’re a pretty fart smeller, I mean smart feller.” I smirked and he stuck his tongue out at me.

“Yeah, yeah... how far away are we from this Como Park then?”

“Not far. If we have to sneak around like this, then it could take a bit... but the next problem is clearing University Avenue. Once we’re past that... it’s nothing but homes and an industrial park right up to the park. If we can stay invisible it’ll go faster.”

Ivan nodded. “Let’s go on two legs then... best if we don’t have an accident like we did back there. Is this University Avenue anything like that interstate?”

“No... it’s two lanes on a side instead of four, and it’s no where near as traveled as I-ninety-four is at this hour.”

“Good... Then lead the way... we have little more than half an hour right now.”

7: The Warder and the Grand Council

University Avenue was a lot easier to cross. I just walked right across the street and Ivan was able to keep us both from being seen. Once there I decided to cut behind homes... it was pretty amazing being able to simply walk over seven foot high fences, but it sort of delayed us once or twice when I... well... rode the fence like a pony. Chain link fence, peaked fence, a long bar... ok so it was three times. But my pussy was so sensitive, so virile right now... and by the time that I finally got to the edge of Como Park near the lake, I had a team of male cats that were following me.

“Shoo! Scat! You want none of this!” Ivan said from my shoulder, hissing at some of the cats who followed me that were meowing and rubbing up against my legs.

I stood there though, sighing and breathing deeply, right before I tensed and came in a torrent down both legs, the jet growing and growing in strength till I arched backward deeply and shot it in a arch from me onto the ground, which was then followed by several others, and all while I was climaxing, I was growing stronger... and stronger... Oh God! Oh yes! More! Give me more!!

And I yowled long and low, and stuffing a hand between my meaty, vein-ridden thighs, stuck a pair of fingers inside the moist, sopping-wet pussy hemmed within those superbly massive muscle chords.

“So I got fans. You’re a cat.” I moaned through my nose, biting my lower lip and whimpering as I got myself to start a multiple series of micro-orgasms.

“But they’re street cats! They’re covered with fleas! I can’t believe you’re letting them rub up against you like that. You’ll be covered in parasites within the hour. “Shoo!” he said and a snap of electricity lanced from his hands to spark against the ground, sending most of my would-be suitors scurrying away and I reached up and bopped his nose.

“Stop it. Or you can walk.” I whimpered and lifted a finger as I squirted another jet of nectar, milk spontaneously sliding from all my nipples as I exhaled a sated sigh. “Now where do we meet this guy?”

“Trust me... he’ll find us.”

“He?” I smirked and looked at him with one eye, the other closed in order to enjoy my orgasms more, and I brought my wet, moist hand up, rubbing it into a breast, getting some of its milk to mix with my nectar before I began to suck off those juices.

“Yes He. Now be nice to him. He’s a bit... fragile... at the moment toward women.”

“Fragile? So he’s a sissy? Likes to hang from a yard arm while women in leather kick him in the nuts?”

Ivan’s ears slowly flattened against his head as he stared at me with eyes wide, his pupils shining from reflecting the ambient light. “What has been seen cannot be unseen! Ew! What’s wrong with you humans?!”

“I’m just saying. Is he like that?”

Ivan stared at me for a few moments. “No! Just... let’s get into the deeper woods... that’ll be the best place to wait for him.”

“Ok... but try to have a little more fun.” I said, and hugging him between my breasts, I sprinted across the field toward the largest patch of woods in the park, my legs burning, the veins spread over them throbbing, my pussy being rubbed by either thighs alternatively with each lunging step of that gait I took, and by the time we got to the woods I was ready to cum again. “Whoo! I never had so much... cum!” I groaned and massaged the sex between both thighs as it unfolded even further, its clit erecting all the larger, the lips swelling even to unheard of thicknesses, and the inner muscles being drawn out with the erect clit.

And then I heard a nom-nom-nom sound and looking down, saw Ivan still smished between my boobies.

“Mummy... hello mummy. Can I have some chocolate? I want some mars bars... om-nom-nom-nom...”

I smirked and tapped him on the head and he pulled himself upward with a gasp, looked around, flattened his ears briefly and then noticed that I was looking at him before he cleared his throat and coughed into his little hand.

“Ahem. Lycan are fast healers.” He said at last. “It also means that they regenerate life fluids quickly.” Ivan said, and looking down at my breasts he started purring and flattened himself against my chest with both arms spread wide to hug both my tits. “Oh I love breasts... they’re so firm and warm and fur-covered...” and he rubbed his cheeks against both my primaries and turned around to lay back in them, spreading both arms back and gripping my breasts with his paw-like hands. “And soft, and rounded... and milk-filled...”

“Well ok... but the moment you get wood you’re coming out of there.”

“Susan... if I cum, it’s going to be in here, not out of here... and I promise not to. Anya’s boobies are softer than these, and a lot larger. But... at the rate you’re growing...” and just then there was a tightening all across my body and I swelled again, my breasts heaving even more so as they surged outward several inches apiece, hemming the magical kitty in between them. “... like I said, the way you’re growing you’ll be just as endowed as Anya is. I’d say you’re stronger already.”

I purred, actually purred, loving the feeling and the comforting feeling it gave me as I lifted both arms and flexed them both, watching those arms swell and billow into biceps the size of pumpkins, triceps that dipped deep and flared wide, and forearms that looked like they were made of pneumatic pistons, bridge cables and piano wire. But most of all it was covered in cable-thick veins that throbbed and shifted as I shifted my fists, posing and shaping and strengthening. I kept growing as I flexed, kept feeling muscles thickening harder and harder, my veins pulsating larger and thicker, and the blood pumping through them over and over. Pressing both thighs together as my cunt filled the bowl of my lap, I felt the beating of my over-large heart pumping inside me... pump-pump-pump!

And then... I stopped... as something entered my senses... over the pink cloud that surrounded me from the scent of my juices, and turning, sniffing, I twitched both ears trying to catch the sound, and looked for its source.

“Ivan... what is that?”

“That’s our guide. I’m surprised... he must be really down. Normally you don’t even smell him coming.”

And then, I saw the person... sliding like a ghost through the woods, his orange pelt and black stripes making him seem like he were blending perfectly with the brush and twigs and branches here. And then... I saw a huge... huge tiger. Massive, flaring pectorals and a full head taller than me... and a package that would put an elephant to shame. Mph!

He paused as he looked upon me for the first time, a scarf and a loincloth with chaps the only things he was wearing, while strapped to his back was a massive weapon of some sort that looked like a giant boomerang with metal blades along its edges.

“Ivan... what is the meaning of this. What sort of Lycan is this?” he said in a deep growl. “You bring a mongrel to me to take to the council of elders?!”

“Mongrel? You’re calling a descendant of Egypt... a mongrel?” Ivan gasped. “And how insensitive do you have to be? I mean she’s been through a lot tonight. She’s just lost her humanity... a hell of a lot more than you’ve been through.”

His ears flattened against his head as he growled deep and low, his pupils widening before he stepped close to me and tapped Ivan with a black claw-like fingernail that could’ve skewered him. “You feel what I’ve felt this day... and *then* you decide what’s worse... not before you little wretch. Now you shut your mouth before I tell Tanya that

you've been gallivanting around like this. Or what about Baba Yaga? I wonder what the old witch would think about this little abomination that you've become."

"Not that I care... Tanya would welcome me with open arms, and Grandmother Yaga is teaching me these things. So are you done having a hissy fit? Grow up Lee."

"Excuse me..." I said raising a hand and backing away from the powerful tiger. "I'm sorry if I'm interrupting... but..." I stopped and blinked, putting two and two together at that moment. "Wait... did you just call him Lee? Anya's Lee?! Ivan!" I groaned.

"What?" he said and shrugged his shoulders before I fished him out from between my boobs. "Hey! I was warm in there."

"Ivan!" I groaned again. "A male's emotions are fragile! You don't drag a guy out of his funk after he's just been dumped. They have to brood about it for at least three weeks and then go chase little animals with a weed whacker before they're ok."

Ivan stared at me and then shook his head in stunned surprise. "Wat?"

Hugging Ivan to me, stuffing him face first into my racks, Ivan giving off a yowl that was muffled once he entered that enigmatic cleavage of mine, I then moved forward and palmed Lee's face. "I'm so sorry Ivan dragged you out here, you great big handsome thing you. Is there absolutely anything I can do to make it better? You can come back to my place; we can share some ice cream and watch a movie... maybe share a blanket?" I grinned and Lee just raised an eyebrow at me. "Or not..." I said and removed my hand.

"What's been done has been done." Lee said at last. "Come... there is a moon gate appearing soon. We need to be there when it comes." And he turned and walked off, and I found myself staring at his butt and tail, pursing my lips with the thought of humping that butt and tail with my pussy... like riding down the banister railing back at...

Ivan pulled himself out at last and gasped, and then purred before spreading his arms wide over my breasts. "Oh I wuv you!" he said and pressed against my chest.

"Oh... yeah." And I walked after Lee, still following that tight butt and watching it go in and out, in and out...

Como Park was a city funded park. In the center of the park was a small zoo and conservatory. What was more was that it was all free to the public, but just like any other business, it closed down at night. Leading me around to one side where there was a wall, Lee leapt up on top of the wall, and I had a brief view up his loincloth at the leather covering to his cluster, and I purred before he clapped his hands once and held one of his out to me. Now I could've showed him up and just leapt over the wall... I could already vertical leap four stories I'd found already with this phenomenal strength, and I've only grown stronger since I last tried that, but a lady never passes up a helping hand from a gentleman, so lifting a hand to him, he pulled me up easily one-handed.

"Thank you." I mewed and then daintily swung my legs over and hopped down, finding myself in the Japanese Garden at the Conservatory.

It had... a particularly lovely view to it now that it was covered in fireflies. The only thing that would make it better would be if someone were playing authentic Japanese instruments right now.

Wondering where Lee was, I turned only to see that he'd already landed. He was so quiet, he was actually a few feet away from me and I didn't even hear him move.

"Oh! You scared me." I gasped.

"I scare lots of females... apparently." He replied sadly.

Looking down at Ivan, I saw him comfortably laying and purring there in my buxom chest, so taking a deep breath I decided to make a move. He was a man who needed comforting, and a guy just dumped was a guy who was definitely available.

So I slid in next to him, and taking a deep breath, I immediately hugged his arm.

“Thank you for coming.” I said and laid my head against his shoulder. He turned to regard me. “All this is so new and exciting. I’m glad that there’s a great big strong guy to look after me.”

I looked up at him and mewed, bat my eyes and smiled, and he reached into the belt of his wrap and pulled out a pocket watch large enough where he could manipulate it with his huge hand and regarded it for a moment, and then shutting it he stuffed it back into his belt, looked at me and said:

“It’s time.”

And then there was a snap, and I felt something wrench like a fist in my navel and then pull upward sharply. I cried out as I was yanked upward and then tumbled through the air, seeing clouds and buildings and skyscrapers shoot passed me, a plethora of forests and lakes and trees, before I was slammed down and tumbled to a stop, being ejected from a column of light. Boobs swung wide from me as I tumbled over at least three times before coming to a stop, and coughing, wondering what the hell happened to me, looking up, immediately I saw the clouds closing around what looked like a hole in them that revealed the moon briefly before the hole closed and hid the moon from sight again. It was then that I realized that I wasn’t in Minnesota anymore Toto.

“What... *cough* what happened?” I asked and wedged myself upward on one arm, breasts still flat against the ground as I took up a very feminine, yet extremely powerful stance on my side to look around at my new surroundings.

“Moon gate.” Ivan replied. “My bad... should’ve told ya not to fight it. But then again... so should Lee.” He said with a chuckle.

“I assumed you did.” Lee replied, but lowered a hand to help me up.

Looking at him mildly angry that he didn’t tell me, but then again he just came into things. Ultimately accepting that hand, he hauled me up and planted me on my feet, and I wobbled briefly and fell against him in a fake swoon.

“Woo... thank you.” I said, and then blinked at the seriously monumental groin he was packing as its tip and cluster pushed into my crotch. “Woo...” I said again and blushed as I felt its heat and warmth, felt it... stiffen... a little as I grasped at his chest with both hands, pressing all of my breasts against him and rolled my crotch into his groin subtly.

I wanted him... I felt that in me now... I wanted him inside me. I blushed as I realized that. I felt instinct rising up in me then, and that instinct told me to rub myself all over him, but it was Lee who peeled my hands off him as he took one purposeful step back away from me, and then another. He was already trying to distance himself.

“We are expected.” He said, and letting go of my hands, and I could almost feel the walls he was putting up. He was that hurt. He must really have loved Anya.

“W-who’s expecting us? And where are we even?” I asked. “It wasn’t this overcast a moment ago.” And just then it started to sprinkle on us, making me a wet pussy. Ok... I couldn’t help myself with that... especially since my pussy was already wet... this just helped disguise it. “Wait. A Moon Gate. A gate is a passage between two places, and a Moon Gate obviously has something to do with the moon...”

“I’m not at liberty to tell you where you are yet.” Lee said suddenly.

“I know where we are.” Ivan said, pulling a large brimmed hat from somewhere with holes for his ears.

“And you risk war in defying our laws, Ivan.” Lee said and rounded on Ivan and Ivan jumped in surprise.

“All right, all right. Jeeze... I was just saying.” Ivan said, but I never saw him back down so quickly... well... not since meeting him just today.

Lee continued to beam his glare at Ivan before whisking his long and thick tail behind him and turning, leading the way through a deep wood with towering trees that were hundreds of feet high, all of them conifer and evergreen trees. Not a single leaf baring tree at all. All of them bore needles. I heard sounds of instruments like flutes and strings and drums, and then I saw light. I smelled the smoke, smelled more cats everywhere around me, and the smell of some of the male cats aroused me, not like Lee aroused me, but they aroused me nonetheless.

And then suddenly the path opened up, and I found myself standing before a clearing with a large fire in the center of the clearing and smaller fires all around. There were five upraised chairs here, each elevated at equal heights and large enough and strong enough to hold up a separate feline Lycan. From left to right, the farthest to the left was a female mountain lion, the next was a male lynx, the next was a white... wait... a saber-toothed tiger?! Beside him continuing to the right was a, well... he looked like a gray tabby cat, and further on was a cougar.

Lee approached them and bowed deeply over one knee. “I’ve brought her.” He said quietly, and the saber-toothed tiger in the center merely nodded and raised a finger and Lee rose and left me. I took a step after but stopped, realizing that I was to be their attention now.

“Our allies over the Bearing Sea have brought you to our attention. It is strange on how you were brought to us.” The tiger in the center voiced. “Your heart is about to be weighed, Susan of Minnesota.”

“Hopefully not literally.” I said and forced some laughter, and only that tabby cat laughed with me.

“Oh come on! Laugh! That was gold.” The tabby said in exasperation. “And look at you Windigo! I thought you’d do that to me when we first met.”

“The night’s not over yet...” the tiger said in all seriousness and turned to glare at the tabby to his left.

“No...” the mountain lioness said. “We will not literally weight your heart, but rather figuratively. Lycanthropy is a gift, but if you cannot be responsible with a gift, if you are too much of a problem for us, or a danger to our secrecy, then you’ll have to be locked from these new powers.”

“Locked?” I repeated.

“A collar.” The Lynx added. “Affixed about your neck till you either earn the right to loose it, or you die.”

I blinked. I was beginning to see why no one knew that Lycans existed.

“We shall begin,” Windigo stated. “Answer our questions as you feel they are right...”

8: To Be or Not To Be

It must've been hours that had passed. I expected the sun to rise, but it didn't. If I was transported I was transported further to the west where the night was just beginning instead of being in the middle of it like before. Standing there before them, cupping both hands over my sex, I shivered as I tried to answer them, not in fear, not in anger or anything like that, but rather because I was growing very, very horny again. My loins were leaking as I shivered there, nearing another explosive and spastic transformation, and as each question came at me I hoped that it'd be the last.

But it was all for naught... and right in front of all these people I was trying to impress, I clenched and then moaned and a torrent of ejaculate spilt from me, sliding and straining through my fingers. I tensed harder and gripped my sex as it kept spilling, squirting and erupting, my muscles swelling with biceps pressing against both tits and squeezing them together, thighs thickening as my body grew taller subtly, toes and feet thickening and widening, and so on.

Several dozen pounds of muscle along with more than a dozen pounds of breast weight and milk weight surged into my chests amidst grinding and crunching and throbbing veins. They had to wait several minutes while I grew larger right before their eyes, and when it was done, I heard something that I really, really didn't want to hear from them.

"She has poor self control." Windigo stated and a few of the others nodded, and I nibbled on a claw while they debated for a moment before their questions continued.

More than an hour more continued till they set themselves to debating and voted about me right to my face. All of them, except for that gray tabby and the lynx voted that I should be collared. I merely shrugged my shoulders and hugged myself, giving into their will. Easy come, easy go. They did, after all, know better than me about this new society I was a part of.

But then Ivan cleared his throat. "Excuse me."

"What do you want, pet?" Windigo stated and I scoffed at the insult... for I understood it was considered an insult to call Ivan a Pet, but Ivan turned to me and merely looked warningly at me before he turned back to the council.

"In all honesty, I may be only a couple years old, but already I find the lot of you pretentious, no offence to that elder over there." And he nodded to the tabby and the tabby nodded back.

"None taken." The tabby replied with a smirk and laid back with one leg over the arm of his chair. "I find them all pretentious too."

Windigo gripped the arms of his chair and sat up straighter in apparent annoyance.

"Let's see here..." Ivan stated and began to step about the fire. "Here are the five of you, sitting higher than anyone else, when my investigations of your histories showed that the lot of you traditionally sat on rugs around the fire and heard from those who wished to address you. Then, they looked down upon you, and now you all look down upon them.

"What's wrong? Too much of a blow to your collective egos?"

"You see, back then, sitting on blankets... that was noble. And yet here you are, on high chairs like babies, looking down at someone until recently had no idea what she was, and you expect her to have control over herself within a matter of hours? Wow... that's just like a bunch of wolves." Ivan chuckled and all the counselors, save the tabby who smirked, began to scoff at another insult. "Oh my mistake... not wolves. I misspoke. I meant dogs."

"What did you dare call me?!" Windigo snarled as he bore his fangs and claws.

"Oh... you find it insulting to be called a dog? I wonder how Lady Natasha and Lord Peter, let alone the Silver Council would find about such a comment..." Ivan stated warningly, his hackles rising with his ears pinned against

his hat and head. "I don't say this about too many wolves, Lord Windigo, but I can assure you that even I find them to be good people. I'm certain that your Pryde, which faces and shares borders with the wolves would be less keen about hearing that you wished to start a war with the them over a little name calling."

"You're one to talk." The she-lynx stated. "You began this conversation with name calling. We are not pretentious."

"No he's right." The Tabby stated, and hopped off his chair before coiling like a house cat might rub up against a pole as he stepped around its base and then sitting on the ground in front of it. "I like high places, but it is pretentious. I only accepted it because it was my duty, but I will stand eye to eye to this lovely fem, or at least eye to breasts and maybe crotch..." he winked at me. "And I'll gladly be the first to do it."

Ivan nodded at him and then looked expectantly at the others. The cougar lowered himself next. The mountain lion and then the lynx were next, but Windigo kept his place.

"We are leaders of the prydes. We should be looked up to."

"Then grow taller!" the tabby sniggered. "Windigo... you lead your pryde and you are here because of that, but I for one will stand against your decisions, simply because I feel as if your tight-assed warrior stylings are not for this council. Now get your tight compressed ass on the ground!" the tabby growled and pointed toward the earth.

"I will not." Windigo stated.

"Then I move for a vote of no-confidence." The tabby growled. "The council must act as one, and you are not acting with the council. You are undermining that which has been tradition long before your forefather was a thought in his mother's crotch."

"Tradition." Windigo stated. "Tradition states that there should only be three here in place of this council of five. You and your cougar companion are only here because of your tiny little prydes in the cities and the swamps. You shouldn't even be here, so who are you to talk of tradition?"

"Then I will step down, gladly... so long as your pryde chooses someone, anyone, other than you, to stand at this council. And forever more... the Windigo may never... ever... stand in that position ever again. I have challenged your right to command Windigo; you either get off your ass and sit with the rest of us, or take in my challenge."

"I second the motion." The cougar snarled with arms folded.

"I carry the motion." The Lynx replied.

"As do I." the mountain lion added. "I find your boorish attitude toward the females of the prydes insulting. I assume that you look at her as a cat and not a great cat, and a female, and she shouldn't even have the right to bare the gift because of her gender."

Windigo looked at her, and then slid off his chair, and striding toward her, he lifted his hand and struck her smartly across the face.

"Say that again... I challenge you to impugn my honor and call me a liar again." She was silent but stood her ground. "Females... talk about equality but when you try to challenge a male and you get slapped for it, not punched or kicked or fighting toe to toe, but just slapped, then you shut the hell right up, don't you? I will treat any male or female who can fight me toe to toe equally. Any female or male for that matter that cannot stand toe to toe with me, or shoulder to shoulder, is less than a Lycan for it." He glared at the Tabby. "The council wishes to be off their chairs? So be it... but the decision regarding her collar stands."

"Well... not yet." Ivan stated and Windigo turned and roared at the little cat, flaring his massive fangs and shaking his little bobtail. "Whew..." Ivan smirked and waved his hand before his nose. "Three words... brush your teeth! I

can smell you from here. But as I was saying, Windigo... the judgment has yet to be pronounced, and I'd like to issue my challenge to the council."

"W-whoa whoa, little brother." The tabby elder stated. "Are you sure you want to be issuing a challenge with him looking like that?"

"Why not? You did." Ivan smirked. "But I don't intend to do anything so heinous... I just want..."

I groaned, and shivered, the veins on my body throbbing again as I moaned, a breath of air sliding from my mouth as a sudden burst of growth made me grow even larger than ever, back unfolding, veins and arteries stretching, billowing, pulsating, throbbing, and I came again, gasping for air while milk leaked from me. I was vaguely aware that I was being stared at as arms and legs thickened, belly rounding outward slightly as chest and back heaved even further apart, making my head look small on my body now till the spasm of growth slowed and went away. I continued leaking juices from my sex, biting my lower lip. I had no hope to control any of that! How did they expect me to?

But it was Ivan who answered my thoughts instead.

"Now how can any of you resist that? My challenge to all of you is resist changing when the full moon is over you. That's all I ask." Ivan smirked and then looked slyly at the council for a time. "What? No? No one is going to take my challenge? Ha! That's because you can't! This," and he waved his hand at me. "Is her very first day! Keep her away from everyone till she's done changing, sure, but this is her first damn day! She should be allowed some leeway here. How long were any of you kept from the human world since your first change? Oh wait... Windigo... you're not brave enough to even so much as enter a city!"

"How dare you..."

"Shut up!" Ivan said, but it wasn't a little cat's growling this time, it was a phenomenally enhanced shout as if he'd just done it through a bull horn. It took even Windigo by surprise. "I call you a coward, Windigo! I call you a dirty rotten coward who beats and demoralizes females and steals loving wives from potential husbands." The other councilors turned and looked at Windigo as he stood his ground. "And if I remember, you were defeated by a vaage, untested boy, weren't you Windigo?"

Windigo was silent at that, his fists clenching along with his jaw.

"I say that till you can spend a whole month in a city, and not just any little Podunk town, I'm talking about a city, with skyscrapers and busses and cars that are honking at each other like Minneapolis, New York, Mexico City, Cairo, London or Moscow, then I call you a dirty rotten coward unable to sufficiently judge your own people! You are unfit to be a judge over a city cat, Windigo. A city is harsher than your wilderness, believe you me, I can attest to that. So I issue a further challenge to you specifically... till you can live in a human city, alone, for one month, you may not place your vote to have my young friend here collared.

"As for the rest of you – and this likewise includes you Windigo – who are basing your decision to collar Susan here upon her apparent lack of self control when self control is impossible even for the strongest of your species, I challenge you to not change under the full light of the moon. If you succeed, you hypocrites, then you may throw your vote to have her collared, but not before.

"And one more thing..." Ivan said and whirled himself around, looking very much like a feline Cossack now. "Just to insure that this newcomer to your society is treated like an equal as far as she wishes to be found an equal to the rest of you, for I'm certain she knows her place far better than the rest of you despite having her life turned upside down right now, I wish to present this patience." And he approached the council, but instead of placing it in Windigo's outstretched hand, he placed it into the hands of the grey tabby.

The tabby then unrolled the patience and then I saw his eyes widen as Ivan returned to me.

“Great maker,” I heard him say and he showed the other counselors around him. “And she’s a part of my pryde too! HA!”

And while the counselors all debated I chanced to get Ivan’s attention... amidst a brief spasm that got my muscles to flex and tense and veins to throb.

“Psst... Ivan. What’s a patience?”

“It’s a chart of breeding.” He smirked. “I’ll show it to you later.”

“And a new vote of collaring our new... um... noble?” the Lynx asked.

It passed unanimously to leave me un-collared.

9: City Cat

“All right, little kitty... fess up. What on earth just happened back there?” I asked Ivan as he cleaned himself on my shoulder, grooming his whiskers and head by licking a paw and wiping it over his head.

“Politics, mostly. One tends to learn much about it being the pet of a queen.”

“Queen?” I blinked at him.

“Tanya.” He replied simply. “Very small, but very powerful pryde in Russia where we come from.”

“And what about all this about a patience?” I asked.

“Your family tree.” He answered simply again.

“And... what’s so special about my family tree. I mean I’m no one special... not really.”

“You’re more special than you’re aware of, Susan.” Ivan said and then leaned on my head, gesturing with one paw-hand. “You see, for the past several centuries, there’s really nothing to interesting about you. Your histories are only peppered with felines, and those felines are of the *‘lesser breeds’* as the lions and tigers and such refer to us house cats. But unbeknownst to them, that which they repeatedly forget is that us housecats were referred to as gods and goddesses of ancient Egypt. And what they *really* don’t know is that our histories go right into pre-history.

“Using the vast genealogical archives of the Mormon Church...”

“Mormons have genealogical archives?” I blurted out.

“Largest in the world... but anyways, using those archives we were able to trace your family tree backward to an as of thought of killed off family line. Apparently... you are the direct descendant, by attribute of mother to daughter, from the first female grand monk of the White Lotus Monastery.

“White Lotus?”

“They are considered to be the precursor of human martial arts. Those counselors had to communicate with their contacts in the Far East, but not only were they able to confirm that your patience is indeed accurate with theirs, but they have a silk painting of your first mother. Apparently... you’re her spitting image.”

“Really?! But... what does that mean to me?”

“It means you have friends and enemies now, Susan, hopefully more friends than enemies. Your family tree has been traced back to a time that was before there was any real concept of time, to when the dragons freely walked the earth and taught the denizens of this world. What that means, Susan, is that now that you’ve awakened, you have a direct ancestral channel through your blood to your first mother. Because of that, there will be those who’ll want you to meditate and study in order to re-awaken those arts from your first mother, re-establish the White Lotus monastery... or perhaps allow yourself into a breeding program so that another daughter can be produced.

“Personally... I’d tell them to all go take a hike and do what you want to do. I should at least tell you that the Asian Lycans very much want to meet you.”

“This... this is all so much... I...” and then I doubled over, groaning, feeling my body heaving as Ivan yowled from being thrown off me.

And suddenly my body started to lurch and pop again, thickening with muscle upon muscle as I heaved, lowering to one knee as my form engorged and flared; the veins popping out of me as I changed, throbbing and pulsating while I grew sopping wet between the thighs.

Biceps and triceps bulged, arms rounded out, thighs flared and navel tightened while my back flared even wider. Thick powerful veins throbbed thicker than ever, and like a strobe with every heart beat I felt that blood flood to the very ends of me, felt the ripple of life energy that heart pushed through me as I grew stronger, and stronger and...

And a pulse of lightning washed through me, and I gasped as it did so, erupting from me along with my final orgasm, and I leapt back several feet and looked at my hands.

“W-what on earth was that?” I cried out.

“It looked like ether.” Ivan gasped, and then applauded me. “Congratulations! You’re a mage.”

“Mage? Like magic?”

“Just like magic.” Someone voiced, and I turned around, the weight of my four tits whipping around heavily like a series of block and tackles to leave me facing the gray Tabby. “So... more than meets the eye aren’t you?”

I panted and brought myself up, finding that I was head and shoulders taller than this elder. “I-I’m not to sure about that.”

“He smirked. Well then, since you’re to be a member of my pryde, I must explain a few things to you.”

“L-Like what?” I asked and he stepped in beside me and turned me to walk with him,

“First of all... allow me to formerly introduce myself. My real name is Alex O’Hara... but my tribal name is Cable.”

“Cable? Why that name?”

He smirked. “Because I make a habit of walking along cable and electrical wires, skating the electrical and communication lines strewn through a city, but the truth is just too sweet, my dear. There is a new magic in this day and age made up of glass, plastic, electrons, circuits and computer bits, and I’m one of its pioneers.

“Eventually we’ll have to come up with a tribal name for you too, but in the mean time, let me introduce you to your new people. We’ll let you meet some of them in a bit, but there’s some information that you must know about first.

“We are city cats... though typically the smallest, you being a grand exception of course, we are most at home in the cities alleys and sewers. Our magic is the magic of city spirits, of the glass and steel of the city. Though our bodies are small, like I said... our numbers are vast!”

10: The Warder and the Monk

Cable taught me about many things. I met his wife and two sons, and I was allowed to join a feast and revelry, till I got lonely. Apparently the transformations I was experiencing were waning, but that didn't leave me any less desirous for my earlier hungers. So I asked around for Lee, till I was finally entering his tent, a traditional Indian teepee, where he sat on the floor quietly before a fire well away from the noise and the fires and feasting, staring blankly into its crackling fires.

The cats were celebrating something, I'd have to ask what later, but at the moment, when I entered, he looked up at me with my absolutely heaving muscular body and undulating mammaries, and he and I locked gazes as I smiled at him before stepping lithely to him, I squatted before him on fingertips and toes before I wrapped my tail about those feet.

"This is my private tent." He said immediately, looking at me with a mild tinge of annoyance in his voice.

"Good. That means we won't be bothered."

He sighed. "I am not..." and I fell forward and kissed him, pressing against his body with my breasts cleaving to his massively heaving body while my legs spread and I sat on his lap, immediately feeling his groin against my sex.

This surprised him... it surprised me that I was doing it, but I just let the passions flow from me, enticing him while I settled pleasantly onto his lap amidst our kiss while I felt his own heaving biceps and rippling chest muscles before drawing backward enough to look slyly at him. I started to purr.

"I asked about you from others around here." I said to him. "I think I figured you out." And I bent my head to nuzzle his neck and thick throat.

"You're mistaken if you believe that you..." and I kissed him again to quiet him, and this time I got him to lie back on the ground, and I spread my legs even further apart as I began to grind my crotch over his groin, riding a rod that was nonetheless thickening beneath me.

"Oh I understand you all right." I said and kissed him again, not believing that I was doing this. I'd never been so bold.

My thighs were spread wide, feet were hooking over his knees and my pussy was over his groin as it hardened. I never felt so confident in my life, confident enough to do this, to be the woman who'd initiate the relationship... I always waited for some guy to do it... but the way I looked, it was rather a small percentage that I'd attract a guy. But with all this strength and size and power... I felt like I could hold the weight of the world at the moment.

"You've given your heart away... twice. So desperate are you for love that you're willing to open yourself immediately to the person... expecting that the fem you sex or are sexed by will be there for you forever. That's your mistake." I kissed him again, just a peck this time, but it required me to lean in close so that he could feel the voluminous chests I now possessed, and also feel the way they vibrated as I purred. "So you need to learn about women. That we're fickle, and that one's chance of gaining a relationship that immediately goes into everlasting love is only a storybook fantasy... no matter what you want to think about it.

"Your way of thinking only sets you up repeatedly for heart break..." and rising, arching my bodice and throwing my breasts out as he laid there beneath me, I began to tug on his loincloth, looking for where it loosened and then pulled that part open.

"Then... what are you doing now?" he asked me.

Once again I was surprised at how bold I was being. As soon as I pulled that loincloth off him, I reached in and massaged his already erecting penis, massaging it with my long fingers and feeling how firm he was getting.

“When I first saw you, I knew I wanted to have my loins split for the first time by you. You’re so strong, you’re so loving... and when I saw your heart being broken... I knew that I had to do everything in my power to help mend it. Before you become a cold, heartless, hateful person.”

And taking one of his hands and then the other, I lifted them to my breasts and held his hands to my primaries for a moment before leaving them there, and as he erected and I moistened, I began to slide my sex back and forth along his pole, massaging his shoulders and chest, kneading him like a cat would do to a comfy bed before lying down upon it. I found myself purring louder as my loins became sopping wet very, very quickly.

“Th-then what do you intend to do?”

“I’m doing it.” I smirked. “So long as you want me to. I’m showing you affection, making you feel good, starting a relationship. Not a courtship... a relationship. I want to know you, I want to sex you, but I don’t know if I want to love you just yet. I want to find out what sort of guy you are first, you know... experiment. Maybe move in with each other later when and if we’re ready for it. But what you’re not going to do is expect a single thing from me... most especially any thought that we’re going to leave this tent and live happily ever after.”

“Why me?” he gasped as I ground my koochie against his schlong.

“Because... even before I changed... I thought you were handsome, strong, noble and passionate, and forgive me for saying so... but I had pity on you when I saw Anya tell you she found someone else.”

“So this is pity?”

“A little. But mostly because I like big strong men, and you’re Asian to boot. There’s something exotic about Asians.” And I giggled. “But now I have something to tell you.” I managed, biting on a claw tip while he began to caress my breasts with his thumbs almost absentmindedly. “Though I want to, I really don’t know how to have sex.” I blushed. “This is my first time. I mean I have the mechanics of it down from health class, but...”

He smirked and released my breasts and cradling my bottom with one hand– I lifted my tail immediately – he palmed my navel with the other and urged me to rise up onto my knees. And then he pushed his long, thick shaft that was now superbly erect upward, getting me to rise higher yet, and angling his shaft toward me, he pressed it right against my sex, and before I knew it, that erect phallus was entering me. I tensed instinctively, and whimpered and moaned before gasping as I was penetrated. Today had been a day for sexual enlightenment, and as that long schlong was then steadily pushed into me, suddenly I realized that we were making love...

I descended, feeling weak in the knees, and no matter how hard I tried, the weakness I felt from being penetrated so fully made me slowly descend onto him, and by sheer weight of gravity I fell further and further onto him as he simultaneously penetrated me deeper and deeper. The veins on my flesh began to stand on end, and the ones that coiled around my virginal lips and up into my body also stood on end, thickening and pulsating against his veins along that thick and heady cock. I continued descending till at long last I settled to his hilt, pelvis against pelvis, with his growth still erecting, still thickening, his underside of his phallus bulging outward as it loaded with semen.

I gasped and wept from the sensation. It was so painful feeling my vaginal muscles stretching so tightly around his mass, and yet it was so pleasureable! The pain was overridden by the pleasure!

At first I rode him, working my pussy with a man’s erection piercing it as I rose and fell, rose and fell amidst his thrusts while he churned my pussy like he were churning butter, rotating his cock around the edges of the lips which made his cock rub against my insides and shift the muscles inside me. I clenched tightly around him, moaning wholeheartedly from such pleasure. I began to perspire, I began to cum repeatedly, and I began to leak my milk... He rose then and embraced me, kissing and then sucking from my breasts before maneuvering me to my back. I was under his command then...

Every few seconds or so he’d thrust, alternating between deep fast thrusts and long, slow thrusts, his tip tickling my insides as it forced my taut vaginal muscles apart. I orgasmed around him repeatedly, amazed at how much fluid my body was generating in order to do that, but talk about repeating orgasm! I must’ve been over a hundred orgasmic

clenches by now! The sensations numbed my brain, made me stupid with the sloppy well of my honey pot billowing with nectar as I orgasmed every orgasm or two; cream leaking repeatedly my every breast, and I felt instinct and reactions move me more than my own will did, and so I wrapped both legs about his waist and hump-hump-humped myself away.

And laying there at times, placated before him as I flexed my body, tensing my thick arms, getting the veins to stand on end and throb from the neck to either shoulder, into the biceps and triceps and thusly to the forearms like a grand series of webbing, I tensed both legs together, arching deeply as he straddled me with his groin laying over those beefy thighs. And I felt his fingers tracing the hard and thick muscles I had, tracing the bulging arteries and veins, kissing the biceps and the pectorals while playing alternatively with each lactating tit. He even nursed from me, climaxed inside me as he supped from my heaving nipples and filled me so much with his ejaculate that I overflowed. Well, I already was overflowing with my own, but the moisture poured from within me now, covering his shaft and balls solidly with a mixture of our love juices.

We made love for many long hours, right up to the point where the birds began to chirp as dawn approached. It was still dark outside, but with the blue and pink clouds of sex smells in the teepee mixed with the herbs hanging from the roof and the wood smoke in the fire, I laid there on my chest, all four tits flattening beneath me while he bent over me and kissed my bottom amidst massaging my mountainous back.

And all this was only after the first time.

He was at the moment positioning himself for a second romp, I could tell because I could feel his penis erecting again against the insides of my thighs when there was a knock at the tent door. He exhaled a breath of annoyance.

“Yes?” he asked aloud, mere inches from pushing into me again.

“Forgive me, Warder,” the familiar voice of Cable came to me. “But I must speak with Susan.”

“Enter.” He said at last and rolled back from me as the tent flap opened and Cable entered. “Heh... thought I smelt something kinky. But anyways... Susan...”

I rolled onto my side and turned to face him. “Mm-hmm?” I managed dreamily.

“Forgive me for the timing, but our counterparts to the west, the Asian city cats, want to meet you. They’ve even sent a representative to fetch you. If you don’t want to be bothered...” he smirked at Lee.

I exhaled a breath and then sat up. “What exactly do they want?”

“To speak with you in depth.” Cable stated. “It says much that they’ve sent a representative here, Susan.”

I looked to Lee and he nodded.

“I’ll go with them only if Lee comes with me.” I smirked and Lee blinked. “Do you want to go to... where are we going again?” I asked Cable.

“Tokyo.” Cable smirked and folded his hands together in a sort of thick cloth robe he was wearing. It looked like an altered brown bathrobe.

“Do you wanna come?” I asked Lee again.

“Why me?” he asked.

“I want to stay with you, and if they want me to go elsewhere, then I want you to come. But I’ll do it only if you want to come... you know... learn a little more about me? So I can learn a little more about you?” I smiled. “I like the sex and you got looks and personality, but I don’t know if I like it yet. But if you think to come with me out of stupid politics or duty, then you can damn well stay here by yourself.”

He blinked, eyebrows raised with a wry smile on his face before he exchanged a brief look with a very passive looking Cable, who did little more than shrug and splay his hands to his sides before Lee turned back to me.

“I’ll go.” He said at last.

“Then tell them to give me an hour.” I told line walker. “I have to take a bath... that and I have some *‘unfinished business to do.’*”

“I will do just that.” Cable said and turned to leave, and I exhaled a sigh as he did before I rolled over and crawled back to Lee and began giving him a hand job.

“B-but aren’t we leaving?” he asked me as I pushed him to lie backward.

“Inna bit... I’m still hungry for you.” I smirked, and then when he was erect, I settled between his leg, laying on my second pair of tits and hemming his mighty cock with the first pair before I began to suck on his shaft, enjoying the taste of our shared juices that tasted much like a vanilla malt.

11: The Cat and the Bear

So Lee and I had one more romp together, the one we were about to have that began with me giving him a blow job and ended with me on my chest and he piercing me from behind. I liked that one. No, it wasn't anal... it was penis in vagina. He didn't try for anal and I didn't ask. My philosophy was that nothing involving assholes was good. That was both literal and figurative. Then we went to bathe together, we had another penis-in-vagina experience as we bathed in a river, and then met with a Siamese cat who introduced himself simply as Yang.

And then we went to Tokyo via a Moon Gate.

There we met Yang's counterpart and twin sister, Yin. Yeah I know... Siamese Twins. The humor wasn't lost on them either. Though it was beginning to lighten on the horizon wherever we were before, teleporting to the orient gave me several more hours of moonlight shining on me... the added moonlight at the time of my first change empowered me even more. I grew to the brim, or so Lee told me, wrought with so many heavy muscles and massive breasts that I was a remarkably powerful female cat of any breed they said. Lee said that I was no match for some females he'd met, but I was right up there. Top five even. Regardless... I was a remarkably sexual fem.

The Asian cats were even smaller than Cable was, and were made up of Asian house cats, largely the Siamese or the Burmese and such, but also apparently included several of the larger cats like the tiger and lion. I was larger than some of the males in those regards. Nee!

But this place also included several foxes – the Kitsune – a few Hokkaido brown bears and pandas, as well as a few wolves and a were-species called the Tengu, which were essentially birds of various sorts like crows, owls, hawks and eagles. But their leader was the most remarkable of them all. A little man the others all called Pendragon. He was what I'd probably liken unto a Yoda of sorts... despite this guy was a bit lecherous and rather the practical joker. His were-form was... well... best thing I could describe it as was a lizard with butterfly wings and long antennae.

They did various rituals around and sometimes to me, determining if I was the descendant of this ancestor of mine, to which they proclaimed that I was. Once they figured that out, they started treating me like a princess or whatnot, offering to make my life as comfortable as possible for the rest of my life in exchange for me helping them to unlock my powers.

I told them I'd think about it.

I wanted to do more things in my life. I wanted to finish college and have friends and such... so spending a weekend with them and Lee, I asked them to send me home. And then I found something that was remarkably pleasing to me. It happened after I'd said goodbye to Lee, returned home and shifted back into a human.

Upon looking at myself in the mirror, I rushed to the phone and called up Fell. "Hey Fell? Hi it's Sue. I wanna show you something, wanna go work out? K... I'll meet you there. Bye." And then smirking to myself, standing proudly in the mirror, flexing and churning my body, pleased with what I saw.

Then smirking to myself, I then hurried to go dress.

I managed to beat her there and was already exercising when she entered. She walked right by me without a second glance. When she came out in her gear, she looked around for me then, still didn't see me, even looked at her watch and started to lift weights as usual. After about an hour of that, she finally scoffed, picked up her phone and dialed my number. I knew because my phone's vibrator function activated, and I let my phone ring a couple times before picking it up via the Bluetooth earpiece.

"Hello?" I asked softly so that she couldn't hear me.

"Yeah... hey. I'm at the gym. Where are you? I thought we were going to work out together."

"What... you mean you didn't see me?" I smiled, finding it very difficult to contain myself any longer.

“Ah... no? So you're here?”

“Yes.” I giggled aloud then. “Was trying to see how long it'd take you to find me!”

Fell stood on her tip toes and looked around. “I-I don't see you. Can you stand up?”

And so I did, turning toward her before lifting a finger and depressing the off switch to the Bluetooth earpiece I had on. Fell gaped and actually dropped her phone on the floor.

I was not... at all... what I looked like three days ago. First of all I'd nearly grown an entire foot. She was still marginally taller, but I didn't care any more about height... I felt like I was the height I should be at now. My breasts had swollen to incredible G-cups; none of my little bras fit me any more so I had to get by with a sweat top that barely fit me. It revealed the entire length of a muscled navel with a true eight pack, six lats and flaring dorsal muscles. After pulling on that sweater top, my arms tore right through the sleeves so I had to pull those off, but at least the hood still covered me. Pulling that back to reveal the long hair I had now, I stepped over to Fell lithely, as lithely as a cat might, walking toe to heel with hips rocking from side to side with each step I took and the sweat bottoms I had hanging on for dear life with the panties I wore cutting my bottom in half as they gripped tightly to me. At least the shoes I had still fit... sorta.

Reaching Fell I smirked at her and took both her hands as she looked me up and down.

“You have questions.” I greeted, and she nodded slowly. “Then come with me.” And I led her first to the locker room where we both changed out of our clothes and into a pair of towels, and I retrieved a little gift the Asian cats gave me, a little white kitten. Her name was Mew, and as I opened my locker she yawned and stretched as I picked her up, took her with me and led the way into the sauna. We had to wait till there was no one in there, but once we were, I pulled open the towel that'd been wrapped around me and deposited it on the bench for Mew and me to lay on. Fell, much more open with her nakedness than I was, was already nude.

“Alright... spill it. What the hell is going on?”

I chuckled and thought that I'd show her. I changed just enough to show her a tail, claws, teeth and ears before quickly shifting back.

“I was told that I was a Latent.” I replied. “And now I'm a kitty. Nya!” I smirked and did a batting motion with one hand.

“Figures.” Fell smirked, shaking her head. “But what breed are you?”

“Calico.” And then I paused. “Can we still be friends?”

“Of course. Bears don't really have anything against cats. Bears don't really have anything against anyone... its whether or not they have something against us that's the problem. There are certain breeds in all were-species that just don't get along with others. Lions, certain wolves, the Kodiak...” And then she seemed to pause before looking to me. “Sue... you do realize that you're now inside a very sexual but also very violent species, don't you?” I was quiet for a moment, pursing my lips. “Just like in the human world, there are fundamentalists who, just because you're a cat, will want to kill you for whatever ideal they follow. Cat versus wolf, bird versus cat, cat versus rat...”

“I realize that Fell.” I said and rose to sit in order to face her, lightly petting Mew with the long fingernails of one hand. I liked having a perfect body free of any blemishes. “No I realize that. After seeing the scrolls in that shrine in Tokyo...”

“Whoa, whoa, whoa... scrolls? Tokyo? When did you go to Tokyo?”

I smirked and told her about my experiences. About meeting with Tanya, Anya, Peter and his wife Whisper and then Lee, about Ivan nipping me but not about his ability to turn into a magical talking kitty, about how the bite helped trigger me into a Lycan, and my... *experiences*... thereafter.

“They tell me that I’m reincarnated. I never believed in reincarnation before. Do you think I am?” I asked.

“There’s no proof of it.” Fell smirked.

“A-kay... but... they had this scroll, a silk painting, that they said was my past self. There was something very special about that painting.”

“How special can a painting be?” Fell asked me, and pausing, reaching beside me, I retrieved a scroll I’d brought with me. It was a copy of the original, one they could let me have, and unrolling it I held it out for Fell to see through the haze of the vapor in the sauna.

“This is a copy of a painting that is over a hundred thousand years old.” I said, and Fell’s expression slowly transformed into one of extreme awe. “This image is of Fellania the Mountain Queen, and Susan of the White Lotus.” The images that they showed, right down to the facial features, the body forms, the musculature and even the placement of the spots on my fur and formation of Fell’s fur were identical. The Fell in the painting even wore glasses like Fell does. “So... does reincarnation really exist?”

12: Kitten in Boots

I was walking around naked or nearly naked a lot more lately, and right now I was laying on my couch watching a movie with mew, naked.

“I don’t understand these people, Sue.” Mew was saying as she laid on my muscular belly. “What’s so special about these Underworld wolves anyways? Why do they have to fight vampires, what are vampires, and how come they can’t be cats?”

She sounded like a little girl at the moment, but she’d grow out of that quickly enough.

“Well, the world knows more about werewolves than werecats, Mew.” I said and scritched her head and she purred, the bell around her neck jingling as she moved into my hand.

“Wolves are like dogs... dogs are stupid.” She purred.

“Some are...” I added, and then heard a tapping sound, and looking up, saw a familiar figure at the window, and getting up, cradling Mew in one hand that she was so small, she taking to lick my thumb, I opened the window to let Lee in.

“I was hoping I’d find you home.” He said softly. He was trying to be the boyfriend and not the forceful fiancée.

“College is starting, magical studies are being sent to me via email... I’m almost always home.” I murred and hugged him. “You came a long way... wanna come inside? I can make some cocoa.”

“I’d love to.” He smiled.

Mew mewed. It was a cute little mew.

Placing her on my shoulder and walking about naked still, I let him get comfortable in my apartment as I made him some refreshments, and still naked, I came to sit by him, serving him, and we watched some movies together, though the last one was just a blur as we began to make out. One thing led to another, and soon he was leaning into me, piercing me like when we last met, but this time we were humans not Lycan. It was a different sensation, but still likeable.

So here I was, a companion in the form of Mew, I was some sort of super cat, I had the body I always dreamed of and longed for, and now I had a boyfriend I had sex with. Sure he wanted a family and to knock me up about a dozen times, but that’d come later... maybe.

So now... I think I know what contentment was... especially when after making love for several hours you had a big, strong vulnerable man using your chest and boobs for a pillow as he held possessively onto you... yeah... I knew what contentment was now.

<End>