

Prometheus Project 2

© 2008

By: Daniel "Pendragon"

Kirii, Xilimyth, Lady Eve and Iridium are © their respective players

Warning: This story contains subject matter of a sexual nature, including hypertrophy, expansion and growth. Reader discretion is advised.

Rated: X for Explicit

Book 1

Post-Documentation 0001: Unfinished Business

I must admit, that when I had originally conceived of the concept of the Hypernite that I'd never considered of ever possibly unlocking a viable method of forced evolution, especially one that's been able to rapidly evolve one Kirii La'Fond through various stages of transformation. Beginning as a slender and below average height, weight and sexual development for a human female, she was able to transform through the various stages of the Prometheus project through a hybridized super-lycanthrope and right into a dragon. But she didn't stop there. Of her own accord and under merits that were all her own, she continued evolving beyond earlier speculations and transformed into a fully-fledged Royal, strong enough to even consume a whole White Dragini Fruit and thusly absorb the weapon core of a Millennium Tree.

At this point she's one of three, including myself, fully-fledged female royals capable of reproducing and propagating our species. But also like me, she's become the second cybernetically enhanced dragon...

The Draconic powers of regeneration in the past had made it impossible for we dragons to become cyberized being that our healing factors were so advanced that it became impeccably impossible for cybernetics to be implanted being that our bodies just expel the cybernetics over a given time in favor of our natural abilities. Again, the Hypernites show their power and allow for a thirty to fifty percent cyberization of a dragon. Theoretically more... for looking at my own advancement I find that the cybernetic enhancements that my body possesses due to the Hypernite hive in my body are steadily increasing.

As the creator of these marvelous things, I must admit that it's abysmally difficult for me from becoming arrogant in being the one who cultured and created the little devices, but thanks to Lord Pseudodrake, he's chastised me in the ideal of being overly prideful in a thing, quoting scripture that 'Pride Goeth Before the Fall' and all that, and since human history – and Elven and Fae and most especially Draconic for that matter – is wrought with examples of that very fact. Having the wisest and most powerful of all Dragons, a being literally jacked straight into the Universe through the planet Earth, chastise you for a thing...

... You best listen.

But as such, the Hypernites are a double-edge blade I'm beginning to say. Though great in their power and awesome in their ramifications on what they can do, they may yet be just beyond even my scope of understanding. It's almost as if they do their job too well. Almost as if I were merely the hand and the inspiration for the devices came from some otherworldly source. It's that thought that generally keeps me from being to prideful in their creation.

Case in point: They really don't know when to stop doing what they're doing.

My body has grown from fifteen percent cybernetics to forty-five since the accident that made me into one of the strongest dragons in creation – male or female – alive. I consider only Pseudodrake, Aries, Neo-Bahumat and maybe Leviathan's Daughter to be my superiors in that regard – though Leviathan's Daughter often states that I'm the stronger despite her muscular strength and physical size – and I only say 'maybe' toward Leviathan's daughter simply because I've outstripped her statistics from time to time.

But she's being very happy as a mother and being rather spoiled by the other council members because of it, and I'm about to clutch or litter or whatever it is that I'm supposed to do too, so our chances to match strengths will rapidly wane. But my point of this is that when I first received the rituals of power and became a Royal, the aspect of Fire in the Hidden Dragon Council, Leviathan was able to outstrip my efforts easily... it's whenever I become strained do the Hypernites kick in and force me to grow. Naturally, muscle growth is brought on by muscle tissue tearing due to physical stress, and by design, tearing flesh is instantly repaired and enhanced by the Hypernites by mending the tear and making it stronger, as was their basic function when they were injected into me. Since then, they've begun to evolve, and they're now learning to do their job even better. Though they weren't designed to do so, the Hypernites in me have created a hive, and are even creating photo-receptors in my outer dermus, creating receptors that absorb excess energy from the environment. I can only assume was that they weren't thriving enough off of the bio-electricity that was inside my body, so therefore adapted for further growth.

Though Blind IO – my husband – cannot see, he likes the warmth of those spots upon my body, practically drawn to them like a moth to a flame, especially when those spots are so close to the pleasure centers of my body. Oh-Murr...

In the case of Kirii La'Fond, her Hypernites have grown into a radical construct inside her. Cybernetic functions like augmented musculature, the ability to receive radio and microwave transmissions as per its design... she's even generating a bio-electric furnace that only Aysyx can rival... and Aysyx is an intelligent machine!

But as mature as her Hypernite hive is, as I mentioned, it doesn't know when to stop...

During Draconic mating, it is a routine and often times an instinctual tactic to imprint your mate. The process of doing this requires a person to bite, break the skin, and ingest the blood of your lover. Well when Kirii's new husband did this to her, he got a literal mouthful of Hypernites that entered his bloodstream after being ingested, and went to work doing to him exactly what they did to Kirii.

This, again, is quite bothersome...

My Hypernites have become viruses, capable of altering any living thing... If left alone, they can transform the world... so I've placed a stop to everything. My method of stopping their heinous growth is taking a hybridized Hypernite from all infected hosts and upgrading it. Essentially, this process instills a stop function that keeps Hypernites from jumping from one host to another and upgrading that new host. Upon interacting with an alien cellular structure, the Hypernite is given a halt to all functions. As such, unless it is a part of the hive, it ceases to function and is absorbed/expelled normally by the body.

Kirii and her husband have both been inoculated, as have their two cats that had also changed into cybernetic draco-kitties – as Kirii puts it; oh she's so loveably bouncy – as have I and... my babies.

For those of you who are wondering how mine and Kirii's kitlings were inoculated... well... it involves impaling ourselves on a rather phallic-resembling probe with little tendrils in it to collect, upgrade, and redeposit the new bio-mechanical cell to do its job.

To be sure, I had all parties refrain from sex for a week. Oh what a painful week...

With that precautionary measure in place, and with absolutely all research data saved in secure databases and all hard-based research destroyed, I'm confident that nothing else can go wrong!

-Doctress Lady Evelyn Runeblade
Inner Circle of Dragons
Aspect of Fire

My name is Xilimyth... and Kirii is pregnant.

And not just with one or two, she has a small litter inside her. Live births instead of eggs apparently, which means that she went from human to fully evolved dragoness-cyborg thingy thanks to those Hypernites.

At first, I thought it was all destiny. I mean, there she was, there I was, she was vulnerable, afraid, unsure of what was happening to her and I happened to be the one that was sent to take care of her in a stretch of the downtime I had. But more became of that simple guardian-protectorate relationship that started between she and I, and one thing led to another and she and I made love.

She wasn't the first female that I'd ever brought to my bed, but the few females that I did bring in were only there to satisfy urges that all males all over the cosmos are imbued with... and never did it ever go more than once.

Till her.

One thing led to another and she and I mated, and during one of those matings she somehow conceived.

Sure... we made love like were-rabbits for months, but now her tummy is showing the end of the first quarter of her pregnancy – oh yeah, quarter... not like you humans, whose females are pregnant for nine months and then its done, dragonesses have three-month *quarters*, four or five of them – and she's just starting to show her bulge.

Having always been the bachelor, an outer circle member of the Dragon Council, having the prestige of being '*The Messenger of the Dragons*' of being '*The Dragon Ikarus*,' I had privilege, I had fame, I had females at my beck and call... both greater and lesser and on occasion even nobles! Never Royals though... there were only three female royals presently, technically four, but Queen Marialahana went into hibernation five-thousand years before I was born, long before I, a once simple human, transformed into a were-cheetah so long ago.

Therein Kirii and I are kindred spirits. We both *used* to be human, but though I forgot my human part so very long ago – five thousand years has a tendency of doing that to you – Kirii fully remembers her past self, remembers being a skinny young woman in New York.

And with her in my life, I was happy... for a time.

I went from being a bachelor, enjoying my duties as the official messenger of the council, a go-between between the council and the high-ranking human officials who knew of the council or the other draconic dignitaries throughout the world, and being invited to well-to-do organizations and charities, representing the council implicitly, to being married... with children on the way.

It was a wonderful thing of having the Bahumat – both Zero and Neo – place their trust in you.

But now I was going to be... a father. What was more... I... *shot... ARIES!* Great Maker I shot the Harbinger of Death with my cannons, and go from being called '*delivery boy*' by the former Lord of Fire, a being in which the most powerful of demons and dragons shy away from and all who know him fear his name, to not talking to me at all. How Lord Pseudodrake trusts him so implicitly I'll never know, but suddenly I fear I find myself on Aries shit-list.

My life with Kirii too started out great, but after a short period with her, it began to deteriorate. We made love once or twice a day, sometimes more – our record was twelve – for the better part of two months before it slowed down, and then something happened that suddenly struck me with how real my life had become.

That something was the day that I saw Kirii standing before a mirror, sideways, fondling a pair of breasts that were swelling grandly with milk with two hands – she had two sets of *beautiful* primaries with nigh constantly erect nipples on them from how much milk she was generating lately – while she caressed the subtle curvature of her belly with the other two hands. It was then that I realized that I was no longer a single male, but a male with a rapidly up and coming family. Great Maker she looked so beautiful, but that thought stuck with me, and day by day the thought grew, and grew, till it became a weight upon my shoulders that pushed down on me, diminishing my sex drive despite how much in the mood Kirii always was – I think her pregnancy was actually *increasing* her sex drive – till for the first time that I could remember tonight... I couldn't get it up...

Here I was, with a hot, beautiful, luxurious female right before my very eyes, and I could do nothing.

“Oh it's ok... this happens to all men at times.” She mewed, and with that lovely and affectionate cackling-purr she had, she tried to comfort me.

“Not to me...” I said softly.

Her breasts were so warm, but it all turned out for naught, and now, at four o'clock in the morning, I was still as limp as a beached whale. Nonetheless, I sat there at the edge of our grand bed, caressing her muscular arm that was wrapped about my waist, holding her hand, and thought. The problem was, was that a troubled mind only became more troubled the longer it thought about a thing.

Looking back to Kirii as she lay nude on our bed – or rather, without any draconic clothing or without her armor deployed, making her soft and velvety in texture – I smiled at her. She was the only comfort that I had, merely her presence, her touch... But then I looked at her belly and all that mental anguish returned.

Why am I not comforted by the sight of her being pregnant? I asked myself, and then half turned toward her, and saw something else.

She was growing ever stronger and stronger! Her muscles seemed to bulge and billow, tensing right before my very eyes, as if the Prometheus strain was still at work upon her. Whereas I... was diminishing before her.

With a sigh, I got to both feet and walked to the open air gantry way that surrounded our bedroom, high within the branches of the millennial tree that I, and now she, was the guardians for.

“Leaf, what's happening to us?” I asked aloud, and palmed my chest where I felt a shimmering of comforting love. It was like having an affectionate sister pull your head to her bosom and let her heart beat rock you to sleep.

Leaf was the name of the Millennium Tree in which I'd made my home. Other than Ent in another universe, she was the youngest of all the Millennium Trees, definitely the youngest attached to the planet Earth, but unlike her father Tre'Ent, she was still too young to commune with others using telepathic words. Her best were a series of visions, or communing through the nature that she'd found herself within. To me, she was a loving mother, older sister and twin, and she sought only my happiness aside from her other duties.

But it was Kirii that Leaf's attentions were focused upon mostly now.

The very world around Leaf cradled and cared for Kirii, for Leaf knew exactly how precious a pregnant female was, especially a pregnant female dragoness like Kirii, and she was only doing what she thought was her duty and what was right. For thousands of years it was only she and I for the longest time, and now there was she, I and... Kirii. For all that time she focused mostly on me... and now that she was focusing on Kirii now it kind of made me feel... jealous.

I could feel her trying to make me happy, felt her trying to console me, but the sensations weren't working like they used to.

“Other than you, I've been so alone all my life. I've always wanted a wife, a family, prayed for them, desired them, but now that I have them...” I turned toward Kirii, asleep in the bed, and then looking down at the long dork – that's right, a dork, a penis isn't big enough to describe what a drake, a male dragon, has to possess to impregnate a female of his kind, especially when I was a Dragon Breeder on top of everything else – that was hanging distended between my legs. Lifting its weight with one hand and sighing, “Look at me, Leaf. Now that I have what I always wanted, I'm not even sure if I want it anymore.

“I should've been born a female... at least then the simple sake of pleasuring the one you care about isn't so much of a problem, and a womb full of babies makes you an immediate target for every comfort in the world... let alone everyone ignores the father beyond the point of shaking his hand and patting him on the back and saying congratulations.

“The miracle is her realm alone, her might and majesty, regardless of the fact that I helped her get that way.” Sitting down, I placed both wrists of my first two pair of arms on either knee, while the other two braced my weight on the railing behind me.

“If I have anything involved with the pregnancy its to be the one responsible for making her pregnant. I get the *blame* for making her pregnant, regardless to the fact that I'm expected to bare the weight of the world to make her life better while she's pregnant.

“And amidst all that, no one cares how I'm feeling, no one cares that I feel alone again, and more so now than I ever was, that I have everything I always wanted but nonetheless I feel as if I have nothing. No one cares about that. No one notices. They just compliment her on how beautiful she is, how radiant and how motherly, while I'm pushed away from my own lifemate, shunted in the background so that she can be worshiped in the miracle that is happening inside her belly.

“No one cares.”

Leaf's presence pressed in upon me, and I could almost feel the physical body of breasts against my back, arms squeezing around my body and lips upon my face and neck, but still nonetheless I felt worthless and depressed.

“I wish I was never born a man.” I said aloud, and fell into my depression.

I am Lord Pseudodrake. The first Bahumat, champion of the first, second and third Dragon Wars, Chief Guardian of the Earth. I have and have had many identities over my lifemate, and now I am retired of the council, to instead divert my attentions to tasks that have been called to my attention.

Thirteen Millennium trees have granted me their weapon cores, I've consumed three White Dragini fruit while inside me beats both my heart and the heart of my twin brother who died, giving his physical form over to me so that I might live. The same happenstances that created me also contributed to the creation of the world's most potent anti-hero, the Undead Dragon known as Aries, but also gave way to the eventual hibernation of my beloved Marialahana.

She was the first dragoness to ever develop the trait of live births on her own. The Panzer Dragons forced the evolutionary trait during the first dragon war, because the Council Dragons would destroy their eggs in an attempt of committing genocide against them, so they developed a way of keeping their eggs inside them, till eventually the females just gave up on the eggs and gave birth to live kitlings. Marialahana was unique in that respect that her evolutionary capacity for live births wasn't forced. At the time, she was at the very top of the breeding program, a prize that all male dragons wanted simply because she was a prize.

Only my twin and I loved her because of her. Now that my twin was incorporated inside me, now we could both love her as one.

But with her ability to give live births, therein was both her advantage and her flaw, in the sheer unmitigated fact that in saving my life by giving the last of his physical self and his power over to me, my brother had made me stronger than any dragon alive, to the point where Marialahana couldn't conceive my seed.

Ninety thousand years passed as we tried again and again, timing her heats in the attempt of producing an heir, but when it became abundantly clear that my queen could not conceive, we – she and I – made the ultimate sacrifice.

The trees, and behold even Mother Gaia Herself, provided the way.

They would change Maria... make her stronger, strong enough to take my seed in her, conceive kitlings at long last, make her fertile, more fertile than any other dragoness in history, but in turn, they asked me to be Gaia's guardian.

The Millennial trees all took me as their guardian, and that was one remarkable thing, but for Gaia Herself to claim me, attach me to her life stream... was an honor that I cannot express deeply enough. And so while my beloved entered into Gaia's womb itself, I was lanced with Gaia's own weapon core. The power was... unimaginable.

Not since Mother Leviathan and Father Draco has such a thing been done, and though I'm nothing in comparison to either the first mother or father of dragonkind, who sleep the dreamless sleep, I nonetheless serve the Earth Mother to the best of my abilities... while trying to keep as much of an eye upon my kin as I can.

I couldn't juggle all that responsibility myself, so I stepped down from my throne and named Neo my successor.

Though all of this is great, though all of this sacrifice is incredible, therein is not the ultimate sacrifice. The ultimate sacrifice is to be near, yet apart from my beloved queen, for a span of ten... *thousand* years.

So whenever I have a moment of time, whereupon I can come and gaze upon my wife as she remains suspended within Gaia's womb, I come look upon her.

For nine-thousand, nine-hundred and ninety-nine years, I've watched my beloved growing and changing through a haze of the purest blue crystal on earth, and over the last ten years, Gaia has been ever so slowly giving birth to my beloved lifemate. And so this Nine-thousand, nine-hundred, ninety and ninth year since entering Gaia's womb, I can at long last physically touch my beloved's flesh, and remember her soft, supple skin.

Of the countless millennia that have passed, this final year has been like a punishment to me, watching her being revealed little by little, day by day, possessing skin so beautiful instead of thick and firm hide. There she was where I could touch her, caress her and remember countless nights with her laying beside me, bright and beautiful and wonderful... It brought tears to my four eyes... even now.

And stepping forward, I caressed her face, the slope of her neck, and fondled a thick and ready mammary that was firm and so laden with milk that it leaked from her.

Maria moaned pitifully in her endless sleep, and a finger of hers that'd been loosed from the crystal twitched, while she moaned like a babe asleep in her crib. This close to her, I could feel her mind waking up, could almost touch her dreams, and above all, I desired my mate's company, to love her, to coddle her and protect her as I once did, but instead I merely stepped forward to the base of the opened rock here and rubbed my armored cheek against her fine breast; pressing against what part of her that I could.

Only half of her had been pushed out, with the crystal clinging to her horns and mane of hair, stuck to the simple, subtle little blades attached to her four arms, while her wings were enveloped still within the blue crystal. One leg was slightly upraised, the other trailing backward slightly, with a part of her tail having escaped the crystal. Her fine and perfect femininity was likewise covered by a wedge of crystal. I'd been warned against the temptation of trying to couple with her while she was being born again, and Gaia had taken precautions of removing that temptation from me, but I must admit, I have had at times contemplated chipping away at that crystal in my desire to have my lifemate.

But doing so would be like chipping away at the birth canal of your love's mother while she was giving birth to her. I know that was strange and disgusting, but the thought never failed to enter my mind whenever I even started thinking about doing it.

"My lord Guardian." A voice said, and I nuzzled my mate's breasts, kissing them briefly before I stepped backward.

There were only thirteen individuals aside from me who could enter this chamber, not even Aries – or rather most especially not Aries – have been allowed to come this deep into the Earth. Those thirteen individuals were the avatars of the thirteen Millennium Trees of the Earth. Of those trees, only five of them could talk, and of those five, only one was male.

"Yes Tre'Ent." I sighed, caressing my mate's incredibly muscled navel, and behind which would be a womb that had been promised to Maria and me would now be capable of carrying our young.

"My lord guardian, forgive me for troubling you in this place. I know this time is important to you, but my daughter Leaf is frantic. She cries to me about the welfare of her guardian, the one you know as Xilimyth. She fears the worst, but he's sunken into a cruel depression, the sorts of which that she fears him committing suicide. She's much given to over-reaction at times, but she feels the threat is real.

"Her earnestness makes me believe that the threat is real."

Few things could tear me from my love's presence, but duty was one of them, and duty to my kin was another in and of itself. Turning to the tiny human form of Tre'Ent, tall for a human but small for a dragon, adorned in all his white robes as he floated in the air, he was the eldest of all Millennium Trees, the Son of the infamous World Tree who was the mother of all life on this planet.

It was the dragon known as Blind IO who'd earned the honor of being Tre'Ent's direct guardian.

"This is serious, Tre'Ent. Have you asensed him yourself?" I asked plainly.

"I cannot." Tre'Ent stated.

It was rare that anything surprised me, so when the eldest of the trees said that he could not detect the spiritual nature of a thing, it bespoke of a thing that your mind knew should've been impossible, but doubting the source was likewise impossible. Turning fully to face Tre'Ent, I fixed him with my four eyes.

"How can that be?"

"There is chaos in him." Tre'Ent explained. "It is so fierce that I cannot determine what he is. And as you know, my lord, chaos in its very definition refuses to be defined. It appears as if he is neither good nor evil, sickly or healthy... my lord... I cannot even tell if he is a he or a she with how potent this chaos is.

"Only a heart can do such a thing as this, and only a human heart is capable of it. Whatever he is now, he is nonetheless human at his core. It is the base of everything that he's built of himself and it is this that I feel is weakening. Such a thing bespeaks of metamorphosis. Like those of butterflies."

Raising a hand I massaged the split cleft of my lower jaw, the mandibles there clicking briefly while the long antennae atop my head twitched.

“I’ll send for him. With so few of us left it wouldn’t be right for his children to grow up without the benefit of a direct father, provided he is contemplating what your daughter is thinking. I don’t know what is more tragic... that we’re having to deal with this sort of thing, or the fact that we ignored him long enough for it to develop.”

I then turned to Maria and caressed her breast again, half-smiling to myself.

“Breasts fattened to be able to nurse many fat kits, my lord.” Tre’Ent said, smiling to himself. “I hope you will be pleased.”

“I’m already pleased, and for the first time in as long as I can remember... I know of impatience.”

I am known as Kirii. I had a surname as a human, it was La’Fond, but I’ve since nigh forgotten that name, but not the man and the woman who birthed me and given it to me.

Oh Great Maker, I loved being pregnant. I felt so warm and so alive, so vibrant and sexual... and as my babies grew in me so too did I grow stronger. It was to be expected, they told me... the further into a pregnancy a Nurse Dragon became the stronger and more sexual she grew.

I’d put on so much muscle, such incredible beautiful muscle that I burned with its might like a growing Titaness. I possessed breasts that swelled and grew to the point where I had to shift them out of the way just to see my feet at times, and the first pair was like twin great orbs filled with warm, sumptuous milk, so much milk that I could evacuate it all and bathe in it if I wanted to.

...Which I’ve done on three separate occasions, once with Xili penetrating me, probing my insides with that big, thick, hard...

Hey, where was Xili?

I awoke fully from my dreams with a start, rising up from a cushion made of my own breasts – they were like great big body pillows, and firm enough not to make them go dead if I slept on them – only to find that the warm body that was beside me was not Xili, but rather Kismet, a tiger that I’d ‘rescued’ from the Central Park Zoo along with her mate Kahn, and the two of them... ingested... some of Xili’s and my... er... juices, and absorbed some of the Prometheus Serum that was in me.

She purred as she laid regally beside me, eyes half open with her belly off to one side – she was also expecting – much further along than I was, while Kahn rested in their large woolen oversized cat bed at the corner of the bed room, though his eyes were fully open and watchful toward his mate.

A tiger, to a dragon, was like a house cat, though the pair of them had grown muscular and powerful as well, having hardened dorsal armor along their tops and backs, with a wing-like pylon projecting upward off of either fore leg from the shoulder.

The problem was that Kismet currently rested in the spot that Xili should’ve been at, and rising fully, my breasts rising long after I did, I pet her flank to thank her for keeping me warm – or perhaps she was warming herself against me, she and Kahn loved Xili’s and my own fire that constantly burned inside us – and looking about, half expecting to see him arrive with breakfast, I instead saw a note with the three-petaled and opened white flower that grew from a White Dragini plant prior to it turning into a fruit from the ancient forest below. It was sort of like a lotus, but like everything about the Dragini, it’s potency was of a particular interest to Dragons.

And Xili had dropped a droplet of his body sweat within the bowl of the flower, allowing the lotus-like flower to mix with his pheromones to produce an aroma in the air that reminded me of him. And it made me horny to the point of lactation. Sucking off some of my own milk from either primary breast and massaging the two secondaries, I collected the flower and placed it beneath my nose and smelt it delicately before breaking the wax seal of the envelope and opening it, read it in Xili's sharp and arching penmanship.

Beloved,

I've been summoned by Lord Pseudodrake to the tower. I would've told you but I couldn't bring myself to wake you. There's something about you, watching you nude, sleeping in our bed while you sleep that comforts me to no small end. If only I could forever stay awake while you lived a dream filled life with wine and roses... I could be happy.

I paused, reading that section over and over again, and I began to sense the melancholy of his words. Was he unhappy?

I expect that I've been given a task, but I'll return to you as soon as I can. I'm sorry about last night. I know you were trying to be comforting as I tried distancing myself from you, and I'm sorry.

I want nothing more than to cuddle with you as soon as I can...

-Xilimyth

I pursed my lips and read and re-read the note repeatedly, and each time I did I noticed subtle nuances in his writing that I'd never have noticed before as a human. The way he dotted an I meant how frustrated he was, the low level in which he crossed a T bespoke of his low-self esteem at the moment.

Rising, and walking to the edge of the elevated house, stepping outside our open-air bedroom far above the insects where only the strongest of birds could reach, I looked out upon the sun that was slicing through the jagged rocks of the valley to kiss my breasts and body with its light, and that of the upper reaches of the Millennium tree. Each step I took was filled with strumming power as bundles of accented muscle chords bunched and showed rippling striations where it tensed, and then relaxed into a feminine curvature, each step coming with a swing of the hips. Arriving at the stone railing surrounding the house, I hugged myself and my secondaries beneath the enormous pair of primaries I was developing, and gripped the stone railing.

"Leaf... I... I know you and I haven't had much time to know each other, and it's difficult for me to understand you, but I must know what you know. What's wrong with Xili?" I asked aloud into the open air.

What I was met with was cold... a cold in the air around me so fierce that it made me, a dragoness cold enough to stoke her fire and put her armor on, which folded out of the heavily armored back I had to cover breasts, crotch, and the majority of my body to keep me warm. I could see my breath in the air...

It was a brief experience, but I got the idea...

Xili was upset.

I was Xilimyth, The Messenger.

There was a time that I was so proud of that title, mostly because it was the only one I ever had. I was considered the fastest creature alive, traveling at speeds that allowed me to cross oceans in minutes. For those of you who would like to know how fast this is... it'd take a super sonic airliner more than two hours to cross the Atlantic. My record was ninety two point three seconds.

Flying at speeds such as this meant folding back my leathery dragon wings, and extending a series of bio-veneers, turbo jets, afterburners and flaring dragon-fly like wings that allowed me to ignore certain laws of physics. I was a streamlined torpedo, fast enough to intercept anything.

But as I flew, wind flowing around me to cause repeating explosions through the air behind me, I found myself focusing on all my predicaments. About Kirii, about our kitlings in her womb, about my identity having been changed yet again through the course of my life, about being a husband and father, the worry that that brought, and I felt a chill inside me that only made those thoughts worse. And so... imagine my surprise when one of my engines sputtered, and I dipped slightly to one side before I recovered.

Such a sputter for all other vehicles meant an exhaustion of fuel, but I expended no fuel, there was only my power, and so imagine my surprise when it happened again.

The whine of those engines began to sputter and quake, the guide fins rattling, and in an attempt to regain control I suddenly felt all those fantastic powers fail, and with a click and a final sputtering, the whine of the engines dying out, I fell from the sky.

I had to slow myself down, and so spreading both the flaring dragon's wings, knowing full well what would happen if I did at these speeds, and though to their credit they stayed open and held for several long agonizing seconds, they finally broke and snapped backward, their powerful boron-silicate bone structures snapping like twigs in the attempt to slow down my phenomenal inertia, and I hurtled toward the earth.

The last I remembered was slapping the side of a mountain in the Himalayas and creating an explosion so brilliant it could be seen from space.

"My lord, we found The Messenger." A white cheetah known as Cheetan stated through a communications crystal.

Cheetan was Lord Sage Preypacer's replacement when the new Dra'Con stepped down from his position as the Aspect of the Sage from the Lycanthrope's Frost Clan to pursue his own life in a different universe. As the new Aspect of the Sage, Cheetan filled Lord Sage's position as best as he could, and given the range of his protectorate, it was he and his scouts who were able to locate Xilimyth the quickest and still remain discrete enough where the humans wouldn't discover us.

"What's his status, Cheetan?" I asked him, approaching the grand display that amplified a slender and rosy were-cheetah to be bigger than even I was.

"I..." Cheetan paused, and my brows knit in concern that he would pause like that. "Perhaps... you should judge for yourself."

And the image turned and panned over a sight that made me gape.

Lord Xilimyth had crumpled against the rock wall of one of the western mountains of the Himalayas. Well away from any known settlements, and it would be hours before any human could investigate. Parts of his armor were strewn for a quarter mile around the impact zone, some of them still burning.

"How... is he alive?"

"Yes my lord, but unconscious. I cannot tell you how he could survive such a crash, all I know is that this area of that mountain is devoid of snow at the moment. What is your command, my lord, I... must admit that we don't have the means to move him. I can perhaps see if I can summon Lord Drake..."

“No... his task is set and firm and he cannot walk from that responsibility. IO...” I stated and turned, to see the dragon of frost and crystal standing nearby. A lean, quiet and reserved dragon, his powers were subtle and holy. Blind since birth, but he was wise far beyond his years.

IO merely nodded and turned to do what would undoubtedly be my command in his mind, but then I heard his clicking staff pause in its step.

“Have you no words, Lord Aries?” IO asked quietly, and turning I saw Aries become coughed up by the darkness as he approached, regarding IO with his red eyes. Aries said nothing, and IO merely smiled. “Join me then?” IO dared ask, but Aries looked away and continued onward. It took a brave creature to chastise Aries, or an eminently foolish one. “And so a blind man passes by a mute man, and neither was aware of each other.” IO stated and left the council chambers alone.

“Aysyx.” I stated out loud.

“Compliance.” Came his disembodied voice in the chamber, sounding as if it were coming at my shoulder.

“Summon Lady Eve, with my apologies toward her matriarchal leave, and send someone to collect young Kirii.”

“What of Emil, my Lord?” Aysyx commented.

“Should he be needed, I will leave that to Lady Eve’s understanding.” And I turned with a flourish of my wings, the communications sphere winking out as I too left the council chambers.

I am Lady Evelyn Runeblade.

As a doctor, I was an expert in both human and draconic physiology, and so as a council member I was likewise sometimes called upon to administer unto the Nobles and Royals of dragonkind. With a species that was so resilient that it didn’t get sick this left me free from the majority of any duties that a lesser or a greater would require of me, leaving me with only the most pleasurable of tasks – like administering to Leviathan and helping her to give birth to her twenty-seven kitlings – and on occasion administer to some of the most heinous of things I’ve ever seen.

Such as Xilimyth’s body slamming a mountain going just under a hundred times the speed of sound. That much mass slapping a mountain at that speed shifted the whole mountain by several degrees and created an explosion that should’ve incinerated Xilimyth with the impact. Instead, he escaped with several broken bones and a concussion.

We were hearty creatures, royals. For a human, that sort of fall would be akin to tumbling off your bike while going down a steep hill.

Sitting down after some mending and operating for a few hours, I took to reading over data, dressed in my usual panties and halter top, but adorned with a heavy white tarp lab coat while petting my sweet, sweet babies that were filling my belly to the brim right now. They were all sleeping, and I wanted to keep them that way, but if I knew patients then I knew how their loved ones would react, and I wanted my babies soothed before I went to go meet with a particularly energetic young female who’d undoubtedly be at her wits end at this point. I knew it was torture for her for me to delay but I had another concern at hand I was trying to make heads or tails of.

Sighing at long last, I rose slowly from my stoop and walked across the lab, the great stone and bejeweled doors sliding open only to allow myself to become assailed by the smaller Kirii throwing herself upon me.

“What happened? Is he all right? Why aren’t you telling me anything?!”

“Kirii... unless you calm down, I won’t tell you a single thing.” I said and leveled her with a steady gaze.

Kirii immediately clenched her jaw and balled herself up, her four fists tightening as she pressed her two primary fists to her mouth. She whimpered and bounced in place till I was satisfied that she’d contained herself enough before I nodded and continued.

“Yes, he’s all right. No, he’s not permanently injured but his injuries are serious. Yes you may see him, but not just yet. I have him heavily sedated, and he’s going to be out for a few more hours.” I paused and pursed my lips, trying not to smile at looking at Kirii. She was a loving, passionate female, and having seen this sort of thing before working in the hospitals before my accident, I knew what would happen next.

First the tears came, and then a whimper and a snuffle, and then Kirii bawled and shoved her face into three hands.

“Oh dear, dear... it’s ok.” I said and guided her to a place to sit and produced a handkerchief the size of a human bed-sheet and she blew her nose, only what came out of her nostrils was a puff of fire that incinerated the handkerchief.

“I was so frightened when I heard that he’d had a deadly accident, I thought the worst, and I thought... I thought...” she sniffed and then bawled again and I groaned as one of my kitlings kicked me from the inside in its discomfort from the noise.

“Quiet yourself Kirii.” I said and palmed the spot I’d just been kicked at. “You’re a pregnant mother, and it’s not right for your babies – or mine – to be under such distress.”

Kirii forced herself to calm, giving a hiccup or two as she tried, trying to wipe away the tears.

“But there’re a couple of concerns about Xilimyth, Kirii, one that several have voiced to me, including Lord Pseudodrake. Have you noticed any... depression problems in him?”

“Well...” she pursed, hesitant.

“There’s always the doctor-patient clause of confidentiality in the vows we take, Kirii. I swear I won’t tell... cross my heart and hope to die, stick a needle in my eye and loose my medical license.” I said, holding up one hand and crossing my heart with the other while closing one eye.

Kirii chuckled at the humor before I laid a hand about her shoulder.

“Well... last night... he and I were coddling... about to... to... ah...”

“Get freaky? Or was it to be Free-kay?” I grinned.

“The second one.” Kirii smiled a little more broadly but sniffed back some more of her tears. “But... he couldn’t get it up.” I nodded. “I tried to console him, but... he didn’t want to be consoled it seemed, so I just snuggled with him.

“And then when I woke up this morning, I found a note that said he’d be going away on assignment. I thought it sounded mildly... well... depressing.” Kirii began to fidget with two of her hands folded together in her lap. “Did he... have his accident... on purpose?”

I lifted my chin and then lowered it again, closing both eyes and sighing. “We... don’t know. Leaf expressed a fear of just such a thing happening to her father. Her father spoke with Lord Pseudodrake, and Pseudo summoned Xili to speak with him face to face with my husband Blind IO but Xili never arrived. We feared the worst.

“But then various tectonic sensors registered a phenomenal impact, and the Halo-Station detected the explosion. It didn’t take Aysyx long to put two and two together and determine that the explosion happened on a direct line between the tower and your home in Africa.

“God shi’s smart.”

“You... mentioned a couple of concerns.” Kirii stated cautiously, and I sighed.

“The other concerns a biological shift, Kirii. One that makes me believe that what happened to Xili isn’t a suicidal tendency but rather a power failure.”

“A power failure?!” Kirii gasped, and then her face deflated slightly and she looked confused. “What does that mean?”

“Ever see the film Akira?”

“Who hasn’t? I love the Three-D remake of the film!”

“Well, the earlier film makers believed that one’s ego was a measurement of their power, and Akira was an exemplification of amplification of one’s ego through psychic means. Knowing that, it’s easier to explain what happened to Xilimyth.

“Magic and psionics require confidence and the will to use them. A thousand years ago, before you and I were ever born, magic was scarce and rare and existed only in the most special of circumstances. You had to have more confidence and more will than the rest of the world in order to do your magics. Well now that everyone believes in magic and psionics it’s far easier to create spectacular effects. You know you can do a thing so you do a thing.

“However... if you start doubting yourself, or wishing to be something else, those bio-ethereal energies don’t click together too well, and you have a power failure... what magicians more commonly call *‘spell fizzle.’*”

“Psychology is at the core of everything here, Kirii, and it’s intense enough where it’s effecting his physical and spiritual beings and connectivity and the synchronization of his many selves. In essence, his chakras and his consciousness are out of synch.”

“B-but w-what does all that mean?” Kirii gasped.

“It means that he’s subconsciously destroying all his powers, casting them off because he doesn’t want them, or wants to be something else, or is unsure of what he wants to be. What is problematic about that, Kirii, is that the Hypernites inside him are registering the effects as damage and are doing exactly what they’re supposed to do, and that is to cast off defective parts of himself and repair what they can. It could be temporary or it could be permanent... though they are my invention, they were thrust upon us before adequate testing could be accomplished. You, me, him, all our babies and your cats are all examples of that technology’s power.

“And Kirii... I won’t lie to you. If left alone, if it goes too far... this could possibly kill him.”

Post-Documentation 0005A: Double Edged Sword

Very little confuses me. Among the list of those things that do are the astrophysics and physics papers written by Steven Hawking and Albert Einstein, and finance. Heaven forbid I should ever learn more than balancing a checkbook. The other thing that confuses me is a little microscopic creation of mine called:

The Hypernite

The more I contemplate it, the more I am sure that this was either some radical fluke of inspiration, or some higher power beamed the schemata into my brain either as an attempt to better us, or as a practical joke.

As per all levels of science, we are so excited in our attempt to achieve that we fail to consider whether or not we should. Such was the advent of the Hypernite, and through providence it was thrust out onto the world far sooner than it should've been. It had enormous benefits but the social ramifications are making me doubt the validity of ever inventing it.

So far, my best way of describing it is as a double-edged sword...

Watching Lord Xilimyth's body within a state of flux from his mental anguish tearing himself apart from the inside out and the Hypernites trying to repair them, even I cannot fathom to predict what would happen.

But as such, I can see every aspect of his spiritual and emotional self loosing synch with his physical self, but something else that I divulged to only Lord Pseudodrake was that even the blessing of digesting a white Dragini fruit was reversing, and the radiance of the weapon core in him was deteriorating as well.

It's a concern in and of itself to see the first king of dragons concerned with a thing, and within moments of hearing this from me he left to hold council not with the other dragons, but with the trees themselves. More than twelve hours later, he's yet to return from this meeting.

However, I fully intend of implementing my last command from him before he left, and that is to create a forced medical leave of absence upon Xilimyth which will flow into paternal leave that will continue until his children are considered yearlings.

Sometimes, when the stresses of the world get at you, the best thing for you to do is to take a vacation... whether or not you want to. Sometimes... that vacation needs to be forced.

*-Doctress Lady Evelyn Runeblade
Inner Circle of Dragons
Aspect of Fire*

I am Kirii, wife to The Messenger.

I never saw a dragon in such a state... didn't know they could ever get to this point. But when Xili awoke, the first to see him was Blind IO... not me. Afterward Xilimyth drifted off to sleep, and nearly a day later when he awoke again, I was sent in to see him.

He was breathing, though there was a pair of metal breathing tubes – plastic ones had a tendency of melting under a dragon's breath – shunted up his nostrils. His wings were in braces, clenched tightly against his back so that they could mend, with tears in their leathery expanses having been sutured together. His two upper arms were in casts and braced splayed out to his sides, immobile, and he had bandages across his chest. The lower two arms were laying upon his muscled and ropy navel.

I could remark only on how thin he looked, and as I entered, I stepped on something that went crunch, and looking down, saw the floor littered with cast off dragon scales and armor plating... Tritanium Dragon Chitin it was... practically impervious, and yet it cracked and broke under just my weight.

Sliding in beside him, palming my belly with one hand, careful of his injuries, I leaned in and kissed him. It was a grand thing for me that he moved all that he could to return the kiss.

"How are you feeling?" I asked sweetly, trying to force a smile as I caressed his forehead and the soft mane of hair there.

"Broken." He replied sadly.

Sliding in onto the great stone bed he was upon that had been lined with thick cushions, I palmed his chest, finding his heart stone and feeling how cold it was.

That was a sure sign of how poor he must be feeling for the physical and spiritual representation of his heart to feel so cold.

"I missed you yesterday morning." I managed, and then being as gentle as I could, opening up the shirt I wore to disgorge the thick mammaries I now possessed. Tossing that away and untying the side-tie shorts I had on – side ties were the only kinds of shorts a dragon could feasibly wear – I tossed those away too and then leaned forward, breasts cleaving to either side of him, and laid against his firm, rosy body.

And then I started to purr as I clutched lovingly to him with the whole of my naked and silken body.

"I was summoned." he smirked, but nonetheless embraced me as best as he could with two arms in splints.

"I know... It's ok, baby." I murred, and then rose to lick and kiss him, my ears and horns folding against the back of my head, and I gave him as much of my passion as I could before withdrawing. "I love you. I mean I really love you, Xilimyth. I would've been lost without you had you not shown up that day so long ago."

That day... it was the one when he arrived in my life, took me up when I was most vulnerable, and loved me.

"I'm sure you would've been fine without me."

My lips pursed as I leveled my gaze on him, and he saw the hurt in my eyes, but he nonetheless turned his head to look the other way without apologizing. Clenching my jaw, I took his chin with one hand and forced him to look at me, ignoring the wince from him as something clicked in his neck. I stared at him for a moment longer and then hauled back one muscular arm and slapped him!

"Ow! What was that for?!"

"For thinking that the best thing that'd ever happened to me in my whole life was nothing at all!" and then I threw myself upon him and hugged him tightly, my muscular arms making his bones creak and crack and he spasmed from the sharpness of whatever pain that was in him. "I cannot bare the thought of my life being any different than it is, Xili. A husband, children, a nice home in a beautiful tree..."

And I paused. With everything I said just then, he tensed a little each time, and shifting backward, I saw that he was looking away from me again.

With a flare of inspiration, I realized that that's what was bothering him, and his thoughts were projecting it enough where my psychic powers were automatically picking up on them.

“It’s ok. Hey!” and I touched his chin and made him look at me with a finger press. Either the touch was gentle enough to get him to look at me, or I was strong enough to force his head toward me with a finger. “You gotta know that everything will be fine so long as I’m here.”

And pressing both tits together and hefting them upward, I let them drop and bounce before him with the secondaries beneath them bouncing from the impact.

Staring at my chest, one corner of his mouth rose up in a wonder-filled smile.

“Y-your boobs have gotten really, really big.” He said quietly, and giggling, I slid backward onto his legs, and pulled back the sheets to get at his naked phallus, and settling two hands upon his dork, I began to stroke what was already getting very thick and erect. One of my other hands caressed the thick puffed out areola and the super erect nipple attached to it.

“And so has your... well...” I smiled, and leaning forward kissed him again. “Now you just sit back you big sexy man-thing, and just let me soothe every... little... ache.” And I rubbed against him, pleasuring him, sliding my milk-filled breasts about massagingly over his body.

And then the really energetic stuff happened.

I am Xilimyth.

I tried not to think about kitlings or duty or fatherhood, or being a husband... It was kind of hard to do so when you had a thick, muscle-babe with two huge, incredibly mountainous tits smishing against you and her sweet, dulcet honey pie cupping your groin with you penetrating her. What made it all better – other than the fact that I was able to get it up again – was the sound of her purring.

It was like an idling engine, a repeating cackling-purr, over and over again, and despite what I thought of myself at the moment, there was still one incredible, remarkable, thing.

How could such a creature love me?

But she did! She really, really did! So if such a creature as this indeed did love me then could my life really be so bad?

And then I heard a crack, and a snap, before parts of me fell off and fell to the floor to shatter, and seeing that, my mood immediately soured.

“Why the long face, Lord Messenger?” someone asked aloud, and I gasped even as a shape suddenly materialized from the light. Wherewith Aries, appearing out of the shadows as if hell itself coughed him up, Blind IO, the gentle high priest of the dragons appearance was made all that more spectacular when he accomplished the same trick out of raw light.

His appearance was subtle as he even moved to cover Kirii’s and my own naked bodies – absent of clothing or our draconic armor – with a long supple sheet. As if that mattered really. Blind IO’s senses were so acute, something as simple as a sheet could be seen clear through with his sonic ‘eyes.’ It was more for our comfort than his.

“Where do I start?” I asked, speaking quietly.

“Start at the middle if you think that is best.” IO smirked, and then gesturing, a large dragon-sized chair slid silently across the stone floor and he sat down upon it.

I remarked upon this creature, white from head to toe, he was frost and silver and crystal and opal... possessing the purity and kindness with a hidden wrath that I've seen only in the most holy of holies. Column of smoke by day, pillar of fire by night indeed... Come to think of it, I've never known him to raise his voice, shout, or raise a fist in anger in all my years. He was a creature that a male like me should aspire to.

I told him so.

"I seem to gather eager followers wherever I go." He commented, his great, opal-like cyclopean eye that was built upon the eye visor that hid his blind eyes glittered as if it were looking at me. "I find that most of them seek cleansing of something they don't like of themselves through service of the priesthood. There's much talk about you, young Lord... so much so that the tress speak about you, and even Lord Pseudodrake himself is concerned.

"I find that remarkable. So why are you so interesting? How is it that I can become so interesting as you to hold sway the powers that govern our race? If I had such remarkable poise then mayhap others would listen to my wisdom more."

"I'm nobody... just the messenger."

"Just the messenger, you say?"

"All I do is deliver packages and messages. I'm not very important." I voiced quietly. "A delivery boy, too stupid and too weak to do missions like the other Royals and Nobles do."

"Are you so certain that you are so unimportant?" IO asked, folding his two hands atop his knees. I nodded to him. The long hanging ears that folded at the back of his head raised and ruffled briefly as he resettled them. "Have you ever peaked into the packages and the messages that you deliver, Lord Messenger?" I shook my head.

"Nearly a millennium ago, long before you found your fantastic powers through this fine maiden's wiles, in your hands you carried to me an important package. I was quite flustered. Do you remember that day that you placed that simple chest into my hands, Xilimyth?"

"I... yes. It was a Tuesday. But that was just a box. So small that it could fit inside the palm of my hand... even then when I was a lot smaller."

"Ah..." IO mentioned, lifting a hand to punctuate the moment. "But inside that box was a relic of a forgotten age, retrieved from the Dragon Vault by Lord Pseudodrake, Neo and Aries themselves, for no less than three could've delved as deep into the vault as they in order to retrieve said artifact. Lord Pseudodrake placed that artifact in your hands to deliver to me, for no other dragon, not even himself, could've gotten it to me in time."

A corner of my mouth raised. "What... what was it?"

"Leviathan's Tear." IO said quietly, and I felt my mouth drop.

Leviathan's tear was a droplet of the purest water that had fallen from the perfect blue eye of the mother of all dragons when she looked upon hell itself and saw its suffering. It was said that she wept, and where her tears fell, they purified even the deepest plane of existence of where the damned go, creating multiple oasis's where water rose to the fore and life bloomed. The Tear itself was said to be what happened when that water crystallized into a solid crystal so pure, that whatever it shone its light upon was purified.

"Where was I when you delivered that artifact into my hands, Xilimyth?" IO asked then.

I thought for a second. "Germany..." I swallowed. "I-I don't remember the town, only what it looks like." IO smiled subtly at me. "T-there was black within your hide back then. W-where was that town... w-what happened there?"

IO remained silent for the longest of times, seemingly to let me stew in my curiosity. Of all the cat-like traits I had developed as a Felis-Lycan but never lost as a dragon, curiosity was chief among them.

"There are few places on earth that are as evil as the groves are good." IO explained. "There in Germany was a place more than a thousand years ago, was the sight of such incredible blood magics and slaughter, slaughter in the thousands, all to satisfy a dark goal. As you know, our first father's resting place lies in nearby Bavaria, upon a mountain called Bare Mountain, or more familiarly known as Bald Mountain

"The song, '*A Night on Bald Mountain*' was a true happenstance. It occurred when father awoke during his sleep to stretch his wings and work the kinks out before once again going back to sleep. The humans who saw it thought he was a black demon opening up a gate into hell. Albeit far from the truth, the first father of our kind was not evil and the hill he rests upon is not a gate to hell, but therein was the target of this evil place where blood and the innocents were sacrificed in order to attempt to... well... corrupt our first father."

"The place! What was that town called?!" I groaned. I couldn't stand it anymore.

IO's face became very serious. "It was called... Auschwitz."

I realized that everything that there was inside me suddenly halted... I didn't know as much about magic as the other dragons did. I couldn't make living spells, I couldn't do what our magi did and I only had that instinctive magic dragons seemed to possess. But that instinct was enough for me to know that of all the blood that was spilt during the wholesale slaughter of the Jews during World War II was quite enough to turn even the first father if there had been a blood magic design behind it all.

"Belzec, Sobibor, Treblinka, Auschwitz, Birkenau... Five power points, five is made up of two and three, two divided by three equals six-six-six repeating... six-six-six is reputedly the mark of the dark one. Three million died in the most powerful level of blood magic ever produced on this planet. I'd prepared to give my life to save my brethren, my father... for if this blood magic that was sleeping for a thousand years were to come to fruition... All of Dragonkind would be cursed. We would be demonified." My ears sank as I stared at IO. "After you left, I went into the heart of the coiling nether and the chaos, armed with the tear in my hands, and holding it aloft, cleansed all of Europe with its power, putting everything that I was into the perfect of crystal orbs.

"The light it emanated blinded me, and the perfect crystal cracked, and wept onto me. It made me what I am now, Xilimyth. Blind, yes, but I was purified along with the land and our first father was made safe thanks to our first mother's sacrament." He rose and replaced the chair back in its corner. "Before now, only Pseudodrake, Aries and Neo know of what I've done, and now, Xilimyth, so do you. I'd ask that you keep this story hush-hush. I truly do not enjoy glory."

"Th-that was fantastic. I never knew what blinded you. No. It was remarkable! But... but that's something you did. I didn't do anything. I just delivered the package."

"Weren't you listening, Xilimyth? That great thing I did, nay, many of the great things that had happened in the past three thousand years were only possible because of you." I swallowed. "That is why there's concern about your welfare, Xilimyth. We've inadvertently placed too much weight upon your shoulders and now that some little added extra weight is being added, it's becoming like the feather that broke the camel's back.

"But understand, without you... this world would be a far darker place. Personally... it's something that I would not want to even think about. It's best not to dwell on the what-if's and could-be's and simply be.

“Nonetheless, you *are* important Xili, bare no question about that. Take care of yourself and your beautiful mate there, and please... be happy.

“Now if you’ll excuse me, I must check in to see if my lifemate is sleeping well. She appears to be a female who carries for sixteen months not twelve.” He smirked. “And I have to admit, coddling her has been the greatest experience in my life.”

And with that he gave me a shot bow and left through the twin sliding doors of this recovery room, leaving me with Kirii in my arms still.

Looking at her sleeping there, perfectly at ease with me, I couldn’t help but bend forward and kiss her brow. Kirii murred, and then hugged me tighter, gave a sweet whimper and a shiver and then began to purr as she whipped her cheek against my chest to mark me with her scent. I so admired her. She was so strong, so beautiful, so hyper sexual and I was so weak, plain and... well I had a big dick, which I was quite proud of, but that seemed to be there just for her.

“Who am I?” I asked myself aloud, and with a sigh, settled backward and tried to let the drugs that were still in me put me to sleep.

Kirii awoke hours later, and pandered to my every need that I had and stood by when Lady Eve entered and removed my bandages and tested my flexibility and muscle tone.

"No loss of flexibility, temperature of a hundred and eighteen, quite normal, any achiness when I do this?"

"None at all..." I replied while Kirii sat behind me, holding me upward.

"Good. Then you have no loss of flexibility, your healing factor healed you as it should've. Now..." and she squatted over, being careful of her belly, as she picked up several pieces of my cast off body armor.

I could barely armor up any more, not enough for it to make a difference. Several of those more intensive bio-mechanical cybernetic powers I got were continually having errors and shutting down due to loss of connections. I was loosing functions, but unless asked, I didn't want to tell anyone about it.

I was getting the sensation that Lady Eve already knew.

"I'm going to take a few samples from you, Xilimyth for study." she prompted. "Kirii, the acquisition of a few of these will seem... Rather personal, but I assure you that I am a doctor. You may stay or leave."

Kirii looked at me, and I took up one of her hands with one of mine and gave it a squeeze before nodding at her.

"I'll stay." she prompted, and Eve nodded before she began to collect her samples.

A flake of shedding flesh, a sample of a loose scale, blood samples, spit, urine, saliva and even – as odd as it was to say – semen. If you wonder how she got that last bit, I have three words to say to you.

Milking the prostate.

Though fantastic at the end, it was a process that left me with an odd feeling of being violated...

"That's all I need for now, Xilimyth. You both can return to your home. Don't take this personal either, but... You've been placed on both medical and administrative leave till your kitlings are yearlings."

"But..." I gasped and she held up a stern finger that was at the end of those imperiously thick muscles that looked like they could bend me in half from a distance from her just flexing her arm.

"No buts. You've suffered a serious injury. You could've died, Xili... I'm not going to let you work until I have more information, and per Lord Pseudodrake's orders, he wants you on paternal leave."

"But that's not supposed to go into effect until *after* the kitlings are born!" I protested, but Eve smirked.

"I'm sure he understands that, but Neo has likewise certified the command. Take care of each other, and... Oh..." and Eve rubbed her belly. "Ok, ok... Food. I got it." she smirked, talking to her kitlings who must've kicked her just now, and then gathered up her samples of me and her doctor's bag. "Get your rest. I'll be checking up on you from time to time."

And she left us alone.

Kirii slid around me, still quite naked, and quite virile. How strong she looked and how thin I looked in comparison to her. Her muscles flared, her neck bulged, her chest muscles engorged with muscularity even before they met with those supremely enormous mammaries of hers, either tipped with their broad areola and their thick nipples.

"You know... I'm thinking that maybe I should become a doctor. I spent some time in a hospital.... I think it would be good of me to learn how to do something for everyone instead of just laze about being pregnant." she picked up a stethoscope and placed it into her ears, and then climbing up onto my lap again began listening to parts of my body. "And just think of what knowing more about dragon biology would bring to our... Night life." she murred.

I sighed and laid back again and she fixed me with a concerned look.

She was endeavoring to do more than me now too. A doctor of medicine? And here I was just a delivery boy. IO's pep talk was short lived for I was sure that there was someone, somewhere who could've done that same job that saved the dragon species. I wasn't really that important. I mean, how could I be?

But Kirii was important. She was powerful, beautiful, sexual, a nurse dragon, and one of three breeding females! She could have any male she wanted. And above all she could've had a far superior example of a male than I could ever be...

So why did she hang around me?

"What's wrong?" she mewed, leaning forward so that the weight and mass of her breasts pressed against me.

"I'm mending, but... I still feel broken inside." I replied sadly. "I don't know what it is. Maybe it's because I feel so useless all the time... and how I so envy you Kirii."

"Me? Why me?"

"Well... Look at you. You're pregnant and you're powerful, beautiful, within the top five of the strongest of our race. You're smart, you're looking to become a doctor and I'm... I'm just a delivery boy."

"No you're not... You're The Messenger." she said quietly.

"Ok... A *glorified* delivery boy. So I move fast, who cares? Do you realize that you were my first mission? The first task that I was ever given that had the subject heading of mission on it? It was primarily because no one else was available! I was the last one on the list that they considered to send out to you."

"Don't you think that that can be considered fate? That we were meant to be together?" she asked quietly, a mild whimper in her voice.

I didn't have an answer for that for a moment, before I sighed. "Circumstantial. I don't believe in fate, Kirii. I don't believe in Luck either." I said quickly as she opened her mouth to respond to that. "What happened is, and... Now don't give me that look."

Kirii's lower lip was trembling, two hands clenched together before her chest as she stared at me, and her eyes were glistening with approaching tears.

"Don't cry... that's unfair." I said sternly.

And then she climbed off me and removing the stethoscope replaced it gently on its stand before wiping her eyes with the back of one massive forearm.

"All is not set against you, Xili. The world isn't out to get you and you're not as poor as you think you are. You have friends, you have me," and then she turned and moved toward me, and taking one of my hand with three of hers, placed it on her rounding belly. "Our babies... We're going to be a family soon and..."

She stopped as I pulled my hand from her belly and looked away.

There was a painful, stabbing silence as she gaped at me.

"Just... Leave me alone for a little bit, Kirii." I said quietly. "I'd much rather be alone for the time being."

I heard Kirii swallow, choking on a lump in her throat. Then there were the repeating clicking sounds of her armor sliding into place so she wouldn't be so naked.

"O-ok... I'll just... I'll just be in the other room. Call... Call me if you should need anything, anything at all, and I'll come running."

I didn't answer her, and in short order she turned and left the room with a flurry of shuffling feet while her tail knocked over a rolling cart.

A moment or two later I looked up and saw that there was another person in the room. He was so silent that he'd arrived and I hadn't even noticed it, but IO was standing there with his long staff made from bio-kinetic powers... A gift from his panzer dragon brethren. IO looked at me with tightened jaw and a look of disappointment before he turned and disappeared.

Holding myself with all four hands, I shivered noticeably.

Why was it that the sight of his disappointment struck me more so than Kirii's crying did, and not the other way around?

Xili was just a big stupid head! I thought to myself. I sat tapping the stone table with one claw, wearing a hole into it with the repeated tapping, while I held my ribbed belly with two hands and cradled it with a third.

"You must forgive him, Kirii." A soft voice spoke, and I turned immediately and relaxed at the sight of IO. "Spiritually and emotionally... he's in a very bad place right now. You should thank him for trying to push you away... It's an instinctive measure to eliminate others from his mood so that you don't have to experience them as well. The trick is that you can't let him."

I rose immediately, holding myself with the lower arms and biting on the nail of a third.

"H-he's never acted this way before..."

"He's never had to deal with this before." IO responded. "He's still young for a dragon. I'm certain that he's trying to bare his yoke. Some just don't bare it as well as others."

"Sometimes, when a person obtains so much so soon, that they begin to wonder how they were worthy of it. They begin to doubt themselves, and doubt can eventually become a sickness if not dealt with, Kirii. Sadness gives way to depression and depression gives way to becoming solitary, and they will push away all their loved ones in order to help perpetuate their solitude. Your task is to keep that from happening."

"But how? The longest relationship I've ever been in before Xili was eight months. I didn't even move in with that guy then. And now I'm married to Xili and pregnant with his killings. We're expecting a family! How could he push me away?"

"Because you represent a lot of what he desires most, and wishes to protect the most. Wife, children, many of the good things in his life like love and love-making I'm, most certain. But at the same time you represent everything he doesn't want."

"Like what?" I gasped.

"Continuing piles of responsibility and feelings of inadequacy. Look at yourself Kirii. You outweigh him by three times over despite that you were both of like height. He's the male, you're the female, and his human mind still believes that he should be the stronger. Many males cannot accept that certain females of our kind are designed to be the stronger gender of their clan. You may just be like that, and until he accepts that fact this will be a concern in his life."

"You must weather this. Many a sad woman has there been who didn't weather their mate going through something similar, and mores the pity to them."

"But... What do I do?"

"Be available for him to draw from. Answer his sadness and depression with kindness and love. In time he'll crave those things again and will come to seeking it. He is not the strong one at the moment, so you have to be."

I sighed, and wrapped my wings about me tight enough to where they became a cloak for warmth. "I-I'll try."

"No Kirii... You must do." IO said and pointed a finger in my face. "Trying in a relationship isn't a strong enough of a word in order to make it work."

"*'We'll try to stay together for the children.'*; *'We'll try not to get angry at each other.'*; *'We'll try to continue loving each other.'*" I swallowed. Those were all the things that were running through my head right now. "Those who only try almost invariably fail, Kirii. You must approach this that you will do, and then what choice does he have but to do also?"

He gave me a comforting smile and I nodded before moving to hug him.

"Thank you IO." I said quietly.

"You're welcome. The last thing I want to see is two people in whom I married break apart when their marriage isn't even a year old."

Post-Documentation 0007: Return to the Beginning

Hypernites are invasive little buggers.

They literally find themselves into absolutely every last aspect of a host body. Brain tissue, saliva, semen, the dead ones being cast off in urine and feces, prototypes made by the hive finding their way in the semen... But in the case of myself, Kirii and Xilimyth, all three of us have a trait what I call blood-cyberization, which are blood cells having become cyberized by Hypernites to the point where in the three of us, the percentage of regular blood to cyber blood is in the high nineties. Mine is the highest currently at ninety-eight percent.

Though I'd think that Kirii would have the next highest since she was the progenitor of the Prometheus strain, instead it was Xilimyth that had the highest at ninety seven percent. Kirii was at ninety five percent.

What I did find, however, was that the genetic strands in Xili's remaining three percent of living blood were being rewritten by the Hypernites and let go. They were introducing a new strand within the DNA packets of every cell they encountered... I can only assume that they were still undergoing their re-writing process as was the nature of their advanced design like they'd done in Kirii's body, but what they were doing was eliminating and casting off whatever it was that they were cutting from the structure of the body at a genetic level.

This included constructs that they themselves had made, and Xili's functions were rapidly malfunctioning, shutting down and then falling off his body.

This process should take horrendous levels of energy, but given to Xili's depression leading him to not eat, that energy had to come from somewhere, and currently the Hypernites were pulling that energy from where they could, which unfortunately led them to cannibalize his body system and advanced functions that were not needed were the first to be subjected to this process and cast off to eliminate that draw.

While he slept later that day, I ran a full spectrum scan of his body, looking for aberrations and genetic changes and found them all over his body! The whole of his being was in a state of flux.

I made preparations, given the evidence, to stop the Hypernites and possibly destroy them.

I'd planned for that eventual occurrence in my own case under the probability that something could go wrong. And so I designed a simple five-pronged syringe, placed it under the most secure of circumstances, and armed it with a highly durable 'soldier Hypernite' whose simple function was to destroy Hypernites and then destroy themselves when no new target could be found.

My only fear is that removing the Hypernites could conceivably do more harm than good. So I decided not to use them unless there was no other choice!

*-Doctress Lady Evelyn Runeblade
Inner Circle of Dragons
Aspect of Fire*

Leaf was overjoyed to see us return, and both Kirii and I felt it. It felt like hugs and kisses and warm chocolate and caramel and strawberries carried upon winds thick with mint and lilac suffused us upon our return. I was on my own two feet and flying, entering the valley under my own accord, though I was still in a dour mood. That mood was, however, lightened by Leaf's enthusiasm.

But nonetheless, I still felt... Empty. Even being home didn't feel good to me, and sliding into one of the great bowl-chairs that were built for dragons, I simply slumped there and closed my eyes.

I wanted to sleep forever.

That was until there was a pair of hands taking mine, just before they were pressed over a pair of super-engorged breasts.

"What are you doing?" I asked opening my eyes.

"Making you feel better... And helping you to relax." Kirii murred, opening up the wrap that encircled her sizeable back and massive chests.

"But I don't..." and she kissed me, pawing at me with the two hands she'd used to open her wrap before pushing her panties off her bodice. "Just shush and enjoy yourself, mopey." she murred and then started to purr. "I'm your wife, and it's my job to make you happy. And it's your job to make me happy, but you can't while you're unhappy, so I need to do my part before you can do your part."

"Kirii, I..." but stopped as she focused upon my belt and undid it, just before pulling my trousers off. There she took her fingers and began to rub and cajole, to tease and entice, and using her long sinuous tongue, lick my dork erect.

"I blame myself for not being able to sate my husband. I should've seen something before Xili, I'm sorry. But I'm going to help you get a raging hard on if it kills me, and do you know what the best thing is for a raging hard on is?"

I stared at her and shook my head vigorously.

And Kirii rose upward, allowing me to see all her feminine glory, as she started to lactate profusely, squirting jets of milky cream onto my lap. Her teats were like a cow's teats when she was aroused, and tugging on them got them to lance milk in long streams. She used this trick to moisten my shaft down and since I loved her breasts and her milk and how hot all this was, my whole body rolled and I literally ejected the full length of my cock from inside myself, it's length sliding against her fingers from within its receded pocket.

"Milk..." Kirii murred, still purring, and then reaching down, picked up an extra large mason jar – dragon-sized, of course – of a golden substance. "...And honey." she said and poured its entire contents on me from chest to groin.

"And what's this?" Kirii squealed. "It's a large-chested Amazon coming to explore the land of milk and honey! Explore its plains," and she pressed her breasts and body against me, fingering my dork with two hands and rubbing her slit against it's sticky mass while she rubbed up against my chests, kissing them and licking the mixture of her milk and the honey off them.

"Or your hills." and she slid downward, pressing her breasts into my lap as she licked and kissed my abs, kneaded them like a cat would with the tips of her claws and fingers. My chest puffed out instinctively as she descended, rubbing her face against that dork of mine, licking it with her incredibly long tongue and smearing the honey and ejecting more milk between us.

"Before I – *come* – to the mighty, solid and broad batholith, and climb it," and two of her hands began to stroke me and another fondled the balls swelling at their base. "Till I *come*," she moaned that word. "To the very top and begin to kiss it's hearty stone."

Before I knew it, Kirii was letting her lips spread open around my shaft, two hands stroking it still, two more caressing and rubbing a pair of nads that were swelling and thickening spontaneously with seed. Suffice it to say, she'd never done it like this before, slurping me as if it were a tantalizing lolly, putting a smile on my face as it were. And when I'd extended enough, she pushed her breasts to either side of that long bulging and erecting shaft, juggling nads with a third hand and stroking the shaft at its base with a fourth while still drawing on it, sucking on it hard as she tantalized its head and girth with her tongue.

Something was happening to me, something that was safe to say that I don't think I'd experienced in a long time, not since our shared transformations together where we became big, strong, powerful dragons.

It was the feeling of change...

It made me dizzy, and I felt my twin hearts hammering inside my chests, forcing all the blood in me to flood down into those loins she was so pleasantly sucking on, and my wickedly erect shaft suddenly bulged with hardening bands of muscular ribs and throbbing veins, the underside billowing as the head flared to force her jaw wider. I saw the thing turning beet red within her capable hands and the creamy sweetness of her milk mixed with honey trickled thickly down its length, and tilting my head back, feeling the nipples lining my chest and abs actually hardening – which bespoke of how erotic this was – I arched myself, puffed my chest out further, held my breath as I tensed and erected harder than ever before.

The sound of grinding reeds greeted my hearing as that maleness thickened and lengthened, right up to the point where Kirii actually gagged and had to pull herself off it to regard it.

“B-bigger.” She gaped softly, smacking her lips before looking to me, and remembering herself took to stroking me again but more vigorously this time, and even I broke out into an audible purr!

This surprised her even more, hearing the idling engine sound that was deeper and more rapid than hers was, and rising, lifting her tail and holding my still growing shaft in two of her hands, she sucked harder and harder, till with a final tensing I climaxed.

Kirii swallowed quickly, engorging herself happily on the mixture of milk, honey and ejaculate, smacking her lips as I spurted a little more onto her breasts. Licking her lips and teeth then with a bark of laughter, she then rose higher and positioned that shaft of mine between her legs, still massaging it as she bent forward, smearing the mixture upon my chest with her breasts and hands before she kissed me. The mixture was on her lips as she inserted her tongue into my mouth, and it so surprised me that I lost control all of a sudden, and spurted several ejaculating lancelets along her inner thighs and sopping wet pussy before she descended upon it slowly, first with a wiggle to catch its tip between her muscular labia and engorged clit, and then slid further down onto it to ride just the head.

Soon I was erupting repeatedly, over and over without stopping, splashing her insides with all that seed; so much so that even her incredible bowels couldn't contain it all and it seeped from her and trickled down the length of my dork and pooled over either thigh and in the bowl of the chair I was in.

“Mmm... there's my powerful, strong and virile mate,” she murred and began to rock her hips as she descended further and further; licking my chest clean of the mixture or at least trying to as her breasts helped to smear it all around.

The long stringy golden white syrup was making us stick hotly together.

“Give it all to me...” she groaned as she descended onto me to the hilt at long last. “Give me every last drop! Fill me till I can't keep any more of it inside me! Ngh! Yes!”

And I thrust and erupted a spasming and churning eruption that made her orgasm simultaneously.

I was certain that our cries of love could be heard all over the valley.

Xili lay with his back against the edge of the house's grand bathing pool. It was a great bath about the size of a high-school pool and about as deep at the deep end of said high-school pool through out. Lilies and cat-grass grew out of it, for it was located within the crook of Leaf's many branches. The water was pure and was kept pure by Leaf's incredible healing, purifying and life-baring power, and likewise it was kept steaming hot like a hot spring and was as healthy for you as a mineral bath.

A rock formation on one side of the pool constantly filled it, and over time, Xili had filled its base with a bowl of sand that was kept warm along with the water. Many obsidian rocks from Kilimanjaro decorated the pool, and the constant steam and vapor was so arid that as I slid through it, my hair and wings and tail dragging along the surface of the pool that it felt like a million kisses on my skin.

The purpose of this pool was to eventually swell enough so that it could spill outward from the tree and water the earth below her, so sopping wet was Leaf's bark and branches that it tended to collect here. Only female trees developed this strange oddity, but I was no less thankful for it.

Lowering to all fours, I glided forward and slid up onto Xili's body, wedging myself against him like a whale might beach itself, and nuzzling him, rubbing my cheek against his now cleaned chest, I listened to his hearts beating and the still, slow and contented purr he had.

In very short order, my butt and tail lifted up out of the water, but I didn't press him for more love-making till he was ready, but I was instinctively showing him that I was.

"I'm glad you're home." I murred and began to kiss his chest. "Safe and sound."

He rubbed the base of my tail and I lifted it instinctively even higher like the imbedded feline mentality in me told me to before I found one of his nipples and teased it with the tip of my tongue.

"Great Maker you're so perfect." He mentioned looking down upon me, and looking up at him, I smiled.

"How am I so perfect?" I murred, and nuzzled his chest with my cheeks and nose, rubbing my scent all over him while more milk leaked from me from the pressure before I arched myself so that I straddled his lap and marginally erected dork and caught his shaft and groin beneath the bulging pubic mound that ached reflexively against me from the contact. My clit was so erect that it ached. "I'm just a girl."

"You're sweet... innocent... loving..." he began, kissing my brow with each word. "Beautiful, powerful both physically and emotionally. You have the perfect tits, the perfect butt and tail, the perfect pussy. I so admire you."

With a chuckle I rose out of the water and began to slowly flex for him, showing him my bulging biceps that just kept thickening the longer I was a dragon, the bulging shoulders and the flaring deltoids and quadriceps; triceps that were as thick and as massive as the biceps which were as thick and as rounded as the forearms.

"Does this suit your desires?" I asked and turned and posed, playing at the muscle builder and showing him all the muscles I was developing. I'd been lifting weights – sparingly because of my pregnancy – but that too was making me stronger and stronger. "Am I not your goddess? Are you not my god?" I murred and turned, and paused as Xilimyth looked upon the bulge in my belly. He slid forward and palmed my stomach, feeling the ridges of how my flesh folded over itself in a ribbing action, the individual abdominals giving way to the hardening plates of soft, silken and velvety hide.

He kissed my belly and caressed it, rubbing his scent against my stomach, and when he looked up at me it was with tears in his eyes.

“I’ve been such an ass lately. How do you put up with me?”

“I love you. It’s my job. I wouldn’t be as much of a wife and a lifemate – which by definition means a mate for life – if I didn’t tolerate it. All things in temperance of course, my potent drake.” I murred and then began to caress his face with my hands.

His kisses landed upon my belly again, but then he lowered his head slowly, and with two insistent hands, he pushed my legs apart and I let them slide open before he dipped between my legs and kissed my womanhood. Then his fingers touched it, slid up and down along its slit while massaging its clit with a fingertip. He caressed it before he kissed it again, licking the vaginal lips before his tongue probed deep inside me. I gasped immediately, having never received this favor from him, and soon I was feeling weak in the knees and trembling as he got me to orgasm almost immediately by sucking on my clit.

“Oh... MY... Sweet Lord!” I groaned solidly, just before I began to swoon, and luckily his hands were there, finding mine as he kept me up as I sagged on top of him, till soon I was straddling his face and he kept sucking on me, drinking the nectar that came from me, and that was before he lifted a hand to massage the nipples on my body and then gently grip and massage a tit of mine before he likewise gripped both butt cheeks and pulled them open. My tail lifted almost fully erect as those fingers of his rubbed my bottom before the fingers of his fourth and unused hand began to finger me along with his probing tongue.

Our tails wrapped together, and I moaned and cried repeatedly, till at long last something broke in my mind and I swooned so much that I must’ve fallen unconscious, or at least grew so stupid with the pleasure that I didn’t know that I lost consciousness... for when I opened my eyes again we were in bed together. But now he was coddling me, wrapped against my back while using his wings to cover us both like a blanket. One of his hands was palming my tummy and another my tit... and so clasping his hand on my belly, I simply settled within all the silks and furs and pillows we slept upon and let myself drift back to sleep.

This was happiness. True happiness... and I was glad I could get Xili out of his reprieve.

Leaf’s valley was a still place the deeper into its base one got. Wind really only brushed along the heavy foliage of the canopy that filled the inside of the valley like a broad dome while beneath it all was still to where one might believe eternity was holding its breath. From above, it looked like a jungle covered jagged mountain, like a jagged volcano with a plume of life in its center. Definitely no place for the majority of aircraft and spacecraft to land in and it was too high for tilt rotors to navigate to so it remained quiet and untouched by most hands.

For five thousand years I’ve inhabited this place, and only rarely has someone else ever entered the valley. Not Even Lord Pseudodrake ever came here.

But then Kirii entered the valley.

This became her home, she was accepted as Leaf’s second weapon, and likewise she engorged herself upon the feminine power of a Millennium Tree. She was a female after all, and so the power of the tree coincided with her nicely to where every day her strength and powers grew and grew, having physical representations galore that Kirii could meld with easily.

This valley was a source of feminine power and life, and therein was an additional problem for me.

In nearly all cases, a Millennium Tree was always guarded by a person of the same gender of the tree. Tre'Ent had Blind IO for example. There were only two notable exceptions:

Lord Pseudodrake... And myself.

Pseudo's exception was that he was the guardian of all the trees, so could therefore be any gender. His relationship with the trees wasn't as close as it was with their actual guardians such as myself, so he could draw enough of his masculine power and then some to maintain his size, strength and power. My exception though was that I was the specific guardian for Leaf. I was a male watching over a female tree. I had a feminine core and power inside a male body. It's what made me slender and rosy and nowhere near as strong as any of the other dragons, let alone my own wife.

Several mornings after returning to Leaf, I found myself up all night again – I'd had quite a few of those lately – while watching Kirii sleep.

Mounds of pillows had been propped up in a semicircle to make her comfortable now that her belly was noticeable and she slept more than she used to. But when she was awake she was energetic, bouncy and happy as usual, coddling me and loving me more than ever.

I smirked at her, seeing her laying there.

Two arms were raised upward to either side of her head, another was palming her belly, and the fourth was splayed off to one side to where her mind expected me to be laying beside her. While she slept there, I listened to her breathing, listened to the bellows sound of her body as she seemed to grow right before my eyes with every breath.

How I so admired her, loved her, wished that I could have her strength and beauty, and as I sat there, experiencing a slowly erecting phallus, I smiled at her imperious form, and looked upon all her... physical assets.

Every muscle, every tendon was super pronounced down to the tertiary muscular level. Primary muscle groups stood on end, and each of those bisected into their individual secondary muscle groups, which were likewise so strong that they displayed each individual muscular strand whenever her thick flesh allowed for it. Those strands bulged massively with even the smallest twitch or flex as she slept. Mountainous breasts rested atop her chest with a pair of comparatively much smaller secondaries beneath them and a dozen more thickened nipples lining her belly.

Following her belly downward, over the swell of the babies in her, that swell still chorded with muscles in this early stage of her pregnancy, it led downward into a thick bulbous pair of labia, accented with a hardened and throbbing clitoris. It was this that kept her almost constantly aroused as I understood Nurse Dragons were wont to do.

Kirii moaned in her sleep, arching herself as that bulbous vaginal mound suddenly clenched and she began to leak her nectar, making that pleasure mound glisten like crystal water before she shivered in remembrance to the lovemaking we'd had with each other just the night before. Her mountainous breasts glistened with sweat as she began to also leak her creamy milk in a mild trickle.

I loved everything about her, right down to her fingers, toes, and that thick powerful tail that was so heavy that it and her spine were drawn out of her back into a great flaring back sheathe that made her tail rest over her bottom instead of coming out of it.

She started flexing the arms beside her head, rubbing her tummy and her crotch now.

"Mm... Do me Xili. Penetrate me." she mumbled in her sleep and her legs rose immediately, arching and spreading wide.

"Hmm... Kirii. I wish I were like you." I voiced before getting out of the cushioned chair I was in.

I went over to her to kiss her amidst her dream, and she kissed me back automatically, and I left her to her dream, content that even when I didn't touch her I could satisfy her.

But then I went into the bathroom close to the bedroom, complete with indoor plumbing and everything. Some might wonder how that worked in a tree like this, and, well, let's just say dragon poo makes good fertilizer.

But leaning on the stone basin of a sink and staring at myself in the mirror, despite all my favor and all my desire to be like Kirii, I saw nothing of her in me.

I was thin and spindly... And the last of my technological functions had deactivated or fallen off me a day ago. My arms and chest were just tight packs of muscle with no added definition, no bulging veins and no hard realms of flesh... As a matter of fact, I thought my hide was kind of hanging off me in places.

I looked sickly. I felt sickly, and with those thoughts fresh in my mind as I looked at myself, I delved deeper into my depression.

The wings at my back sagged and I looked down and away from my image, hating the thin, gaunt look I'd developed. Kirii's hair stood on end, full of body and life, mine looked greasy and just hung. I so hated myself, hated what I was, and to make matters even more horrible was that I was pretty sure that I was getting worse.

I was losing strength, I was losing durability... And I was afraid.

Adding to the list of my fears, aside from being a husband, aside from being a father – I think I was doing better at coping with that – now that I was growing vulnerable, I feared Aries.

When Kirii and I had become, I'd threatened his undeath by pointing my rail guns at his eyes. Now I didn't have those guns, I couldn't generate armor any more, I had to wear clothes again to cover my naked body, and I always felt so cold.

Being within Leaf's aura was the only place where I could escape that demon-dragon's wrath, for despite all his menacing power... the groves in which the trees resided were for some reason forbidden to him. Though as powerful as Aries was, the purity of the groves in which the Millennium Trees – save one: The Doom Tree, his tree, source of all chaos and evil tidings but nonetheless an integral place of the world – rejected his presence. Any attempt by him to enter the grounds of a grove caused him to disintegrate his base components where only his wraith form could enter the area of influence of the trees, and even then it became nothing more than a Ghost Dragon. As a Ghost Dragon, the worst I could fear of him was of him being an irritant, but even then Leaf could eject him if I wished it.

Why did I lash out like that? Why did I dare to challenge the Harbinger?

I sighed, and then groaned, feeling a pain in my chest as this sick feeling intensified. Turning on some water, I splashed my face a little with its moisture and then looked at myself in the mirror again, but paused at what I saw.

There was an open gash on my face, a thinning of the hide there. Where once there was a heavy plate of chitinous dragon-plating, there was now a bare realm of hide with this gash, and coming from the gash was...

"Fur?" I gaped, feeling it, pushing into the gash to feel the sickly yellow-orange fur inside.

I wiggled a finger around in the gash, only to find that I was able to push a finger underneath a realm of my skin, pushed it further upward toward the eye till my claw poked out of the end.

I was shedding?

And then I knotted that finger into the two gashes, the one that was there and the one that I'd made, and pulled, and subsequently tore half my face off in the process. It wasn't as gruesome as you might think, but nonetheless, there I saw half a face of fur, with the fur joining my head hair again into its mane. It showed off the black streaks leading up and down my eye, but it also showed spots. Cheetah spots. Other than certain parts of me, I'd not had spots for millennia.

And then I took hold of the flesh of the other side of my face and pulled at that too and the flesh cleaved off just as easily as it had for the other side, this time pulling off my nose and cheek, off the neck muscles, down to the chest, revealing still more fur wherever I shed.

This was a joke! It had to be! I'm reverting, why am I reverting? Is this a dream?!

I pinched myself and hissed, only to find out that I wasn't dreaming.

I pulled and shred, peeling off the layer of leathery hide to reveal thick fur from head to toe, with the skin I'd pulled off me rapidly disintegrating now that it was no longer a part of me, leaving only a fine ash on the ground around my feet.

"Great Maker! I'm dying!"

It took awhile to get Xili to stop hyperventilating, and in the end I just slapped him again and he calmed down immediately, though he entered into a catatonic stupor this time.

When he was calm enough, I summoned Lady Eve.

"Sorry that I have to drag you away from your rest, Lady Eve, but we have a bit of a crisis." and I gestured to my husband, Xilimyth.

Eve turned to look upon him sitting dumbly on the edge of the bed.

"I can't feel my lower arms." he said quietly. "I can move them but they feel weak and numb."

Standing by, wearing a body cloth – a night gown that I owned but hardly ever wore – I watched Eve sit down next to Xili and take all her measurements and readings, going so far as to use those tech goggles of hers to look him over.

"Temperature is one-oh-one-point-three." Eve mentioned as she placed a skin flake into her wrist computer and watched its readings, and after a few moments of watching, she looked up at Xili and checked his eyes for dilation. "The good news is, is that you're not dying." she voiced.

"And the bad news?!" Xili asked shrilly.

"I'm... Not sure. If I were to make a guess based upon what I'm looking at, I'd have to say you're powering down. Everything that has made you a dragon is waning. You're rapidly reverting to a basic state without any of that power... Or to minimal levels."

"A-and what does that mean?" I asked, folding my arms about me.

"It depends on how far it goes, but at the worst... It could mean that you'll become just a Lycan again, or perhaps... Just a human."

Xilimyth turned and looked to Eve, staring at her.

"J-just a human? But w-what... What can I do? What can be done?"

Eve rose to her feet, gathering her things for a moment or two before she paused and turned to us, rubbing her belly.

"In truth... I have no idea."

"But what's causing it?" I asked her, moving to comfort Xili.

"He is." Eve answered, her lips pressing together as she said this. "His depressions and regrets are intense enough where they're retroactively causing damage to his body. Anything that's considered damage, the Hypernites attack, try to repair, and if they can't... they expel or eliminate it. On top of that, the Hypernites are trying to do their pre-programmed job, which is to enhance you, but for some reason, the energy levels that were in Xilimyth aren't enough to do that task, so the Hypernites are sucking off what they can, cannibalizing what they can to survive."

"And you know all this with a simple examination?" Xili growled as he stared right at her with a pair of angry, piercing eyes that no longer glowed with magical power, and were instead a pair of almond-shaped pupiled eyes.

"No." Eve admitted. "Those samples I took from you when I last saw you showed the beginnings of what is happening to you now, Xilimyth. I didn't know exactly what but putting two and two together... Well... There can only be one real cause and one real finality."

"I do have a solution to your problem... but..."

"Then give it to me!" Xili exclaimed rising immediately to his feet.

"I said I have a solution... And it's not a good one." Eve said sternly and Xili sat back down. "The solution is that I kill the hypernites inside you, but the problem is that they're so integrated into your systems that the process might just very well kill you if they were all suddenly killed. I will use it, but will only do so just prior to you dying."

"You need to get rest, and stop all this worrying and self hatred..."

"Great, yet another problem." Xili exclaimed and buried his face in his hands and I gently rubbed his back.

"And it will remain as such so long as you think of it as a problem!" Eve said and then clicked her doctor's bag shut and hefted it in one arm. "I'm nearing the end of my pregnancy, both of you. My husband's servants will have to suffice once the kitlings are born. Until then, I charge you both with rest and relaxation and some nice, good and healthy fresh air and sunlight. Since you get a lot of that here I'm certain you're in good hands."

"Good day, both of you."

Eve stepped to the edge of the opened gantry way, stepped up onto the stone railing, spread her wings and flew off into the afternoon air.

"It's not all that bad." I soothed, rubbing my breasts against his back.

"I'm going to be weak again, weaker than ever!" he groaned, and then hissed and ached as his lower two arms shivered and shook, and I swallowed as I watched them shriveling and growing smaller, becoming a pair of vestigial T-Rex arms.

I immediately pulled him to my breasts and held him tight.

"It will be all right." I said sternly.

"How? How will everything be all right?" He asked quietly.

"I don't know. It's a mystery." I soothed, and held him for as long as he allowed me to.

It took only a matter of days for this withering body of mine to diminish away from Kirii to the point where I was like a child in comparison to her. While her body held our children inside her womb, she couldn't convert into a smaller form herself, and to make matters worse, she was still continuously growing ever stronger.

Her bulging muscles and enormous breasts billowed and transformed till I took some time to watch her flexing and working out and enjoying her body. The enormous muscle masses slid and engorged, pushing other muscles out of the way as she swelled many times over just in the course of flexing her body. When she relaxed, I swear she didn't diminish to become as small as she was before she started.

Her biceps flexed to be as large as her primary breasts were, which, in and of themselves were several times larger than her head was. Her thighs and tail were thicker than her waist was, even with our children inside her belly.

I knew that I should be taking pleasure in watching her becoming stronger and larger and more powerful as even her *'invisible muscles'* were able to pick up enormous objects from long range, and she did so with the weights in the house with ever increasing tonnage and agility. She could lift with her psychic muscles more than I could with my whole body. She was even naked as she was doing this, doing poses that one would only consider seeing a titaness do, and she turned, and spun and pirouetted atop her toes till she turned and saw me standing there.

I was thin, spindly and ropy, having been thinner than I'd ever remembered being. Kirii stopped as she saw me, relaxing and she and I stared at each other; she undoubtedly knowing why I was so upset at the moment, before I couldn't take her gaze anymore and turned away to leave.

Every morning for the next three mornings I awoke thinner, smaller and possessing less of the phenomenal magic I had before, the psychic powers, and the secondary pair of arms I possessed continually got smaller and smaller, till finally...

I was staring at myself in the mirror that morning of the third day since Eve approached, having to stand on the sink instead of leaning over it now, never remembering feeling so down. My secondary arms were completely missing now.

The feelings that that made in a person, of loosing a pair of arms... True not all dragons had them. Blind IO and Lady Eve didn't, even Aries didn't, but I was pretty sure that they *chose* not to. I'd always thought that the four arms was a symbol of strength and power like Lord Pseudodrake, and though I'd only gained these extra arms recently, seeing them gone again left me so wholeheartedly depressed. So much so that I turned without showering or bathing, paused as I walked past Kirii sleeping in our bed, and proceeded right past her to the walk way around the edge of the house, rose atop the balcony and threw myself off it.

I'll admit that I thought about what you think I was doing now, I thought about not opening my wings and plummeting head first to the ground and my death, but in the last moment, and perhaps this was Leaf reminding me of it, but I realized that suicide was a horrible sin and I opened both wings and flapped them once to right myself into a swoop that ended with me righting myself and landing gently upon the ground far below.

It was quite a fall, falling more than a hundred feet like that, and I didn't even think about the fact that I pulled out of it at a lower altitude than most dragons could attain without breaking both wings, all I knew is that I was so fearful I couldn't even rightfully kill myself.

With a sigh, I decided to go for a walk, feeling even more pathetic than ever, walking into the thick forests of the valley surrounding the towering Leaf. Even my wings felt weak, and as I walked the pair of them drug along the ground behind me.

I awoke suddenly, feeling alone in our bed, and with a gasp, I rose and immediately began looking for Xilimyth.

"Xili?!" I called, and then rose further upward, enough so that the pillowing breasts I'd been sleeping on rose from the bedding. "Xilimyth?"

Gone.

"He's gone? Where did he go? Why did he... eh?" I paused and turned, sitting on my rump and the base of the tail. "Who said that?!"

Gone. Left. Not here.

Those weren't my thoughts. They were being communicating outside of me, from nearby too. But what was there that could?

"Who's there?"

Me. It is I. I am. I am not the Great I Am. I have always been here.

"You've always been here?" I asked aloud. "Who are you? Where's Xili?"

I am she who looks after he. He is the he who looks after me. He doesn't look after me, he doesn't look after you. Afraid. Sad. Where is guardian?

"Leaf?" I ventured.

Yes. He left. I is sad, sad that he is sad. Cannot comfort, cannot help. Sad because he is sad.

This was quite the revelation, and sitting up straighter and swallowing as I took two hands and tapped their fingertips together, I cleared my throat. It was like addressing a child-god.

"Leaf. W-where is Xili? Where did he go?"

Left. To the forest. Changing. Sadness. Depression. I've called daddy. Daddy cannot help.

I swallowed. "I need to go to him. Lead me to him, Leaf."

And without a second thought to anything else, I rose to my feet, stepped lithely and powerfully toward the balcony, came to stand on the thick stone railing that could support even Pseudie's weight, and then tipping forward glided downward in a gentle spiral around the great base of the tree, looking for any sign of Xilimyth.

The eddies and the flow of the gentle winds in the valley cupped and held me, making flying easier, while at the same time giving me gentle nudges in certain directions while pushing me downward. Thinking that she wanted me to land, I landed upon a patch of earth that was surrounded by the gentle green glow of Leaf's primordial life aura that even in utter darkness made everything glow with a soft green hew.

"Xili?" I called and started walking, palming my belly to soothe the children in me. Somehow I was certain they knew of the plight of their mother and father. Most especially their father.

Stepping forward, I found in a singular pillar of light that shone from the sun above, appearing as the trees themselves made the opening in the twelve hundred foot canopy, revealed Xili sitting on a large flat stone, his hand resting open with the wrists on his knees.

Biting my lower lip, I remarked upon that he'd never looked so small. His second arms were missing, every muscle mass was gone and the bulk and thickness of everything was gone. I could see his ribs, his tail was thin and growing fur, and his wings drooped limply at his back. His great crown of horns was missing too, and he was at most eight feet tall.

"Xili?" I prompted and stepped forward, pausing as he turned to face me.

His usually wonderful smile was replaced with a quivering frown, his eyes glistened with tears and there were wet streaks beneath his eyes. I could imagine that this sort of thing would've been terrible on anyone's mind, and he was loosing so much, loosing more than he's gained it looked like.

"I missed you in bed this morning." I managed.

Xili's reaction wasn't the one I was hoping to receive, and instead he rose immediately to his feet with a snarl.

"How? How did you miss me?!" he bellowed suddenly, shaking visibly. "Did you miss your little boy toy? Your plaything? Is this thing the only thing you want out of our relationship?" And he hefted a phallus with one hand upward from between his legs.

I blinked at the silliness of this, but I tried to make myself think of it as serious, but then I blinked again that his dork seemed to be the only thing that wasn't shrinking on him. As a matter of fact, it appeared as if it were getting larger?

"I missed my husband, lover and lifemate, my sweet Lord." I replied after a moment's pause. "You know that I consider more than just sex in a relationship. I love you, I..."

"Shut up!" He shouted and I spasmed in surprise as he said this, but suddenly the tears just flooded from his eyes. "How can you love such a creature as me? Look at me!"

"I am looking." I said sternly. "Why do you see everything inside you as bad? I cannot see anything but good. You're a man who rescued me when I was in a bad place." I approached him, but he kept his distance before I sat down on the rock he'd vacated. "I carry our babies. Not yours or mine, but ours. If I didn't really love you, Xili, then I would've had you wear a condom every time you sexed me. When I had a heat then I could've kicked you off, and after we went to bed with each other, I might not've been there in the morning.

"I love you, no matter what you are, no matter what you're becoming..."

"And what am I becoming?" he shouted. "What will you tell our kits when they look upon their father who'll be smaller than they are when they're born as to how can I be their father?"

"I'll tell them that you're the man I fell in love enough with to have them. I see nothing wrong with whatever you are on the outside, Xilimyth... I just want you." I lifted all four of my arms to him. "Come to me Xili. Let's go home."

Xili clasped his hands and almost immediately stepped closer to me for about a foot of distance but then froze, shivering.

"Please..." I prompted, and he looked at me, new tears breaking from his eyes as he gasped and shuddered.

He and I stared at each other for a moment or two, but then he whimpered, gave off a high-pitched squeal, and then turning he bolted.

"Xili!" I cried after him and then gave chase, managing only a few steps before I slowed with a gasp, feeling the hamstrings in both my legs binding as there was a sudden sharp pain in my navel.

Gasping I bent over and palmed the base of my belly, feeling as if my babies had taken hold of the tendons in my legs and sharply pulled on them before cramping me up.

"N-no, my babies, you must... No! Xilimyth!!!"

I hardly realized where I was going. I simply ran and ran and ran. I ran through the forest, snaking around the towering trees, dodging Leaf's attempts to contain me till everything became a blur, everything blended together, and I ran up the bowl of the valley to the entrance, a wedge of impassible sharp rocks projecting in every direction.

With a sob I continued running, breaking from the valley and entering the vast savannah surrounding Leaf's valley, and now that I had a long-distance straight away, I pulled out all the stops and ran as fast as I could.

Within moments, there was the crack-boom of breaking the sound barrier. I was so distraught and full of worry and sorrow, that I didn't even realize that I went super-sonic while on foot...

It was a first for me, running that fast, I... Simply didn't notice.

But then again, I kept running without stopping until I couldn't run any further, stopping at the southernmost horn of Africa.

Collapsing to my knees, I sniffed and began to cry even as my beautiful wings slowly shriveled and disappeared. And with that... everything draconic at long last melted away from me.

Post-Documentation 0011: Tripping the Daisy

Subject: *Xilimyth*

Title: *Outer Circle of the Dragon Council, The Messenger*

Re: *Genetic Mutation*

A note on the genetics of a Noble or Royal Dragon: A regular dragon, either greater or lesser, has undoubtedly more in its genetics than a human being does. Whereas a human being has forty-six chromosomes, twenty-three from each parent, barring any sort of genetic mutations or gene-splicing, a Draco-Sapience Greater or Lesser has about a hundred and eight chromosomes, four of which are gender based.

A Noble – Draco Sapience Nobilis – has ten thousand and twenty four chromosomal pairs, whereas a Royal – Draco Sapience Nobilis Superior – Has over one hundred thousand chromosomal pairs. However, among the lot of all Dragon species, they all have four gender specific chromosomes, which is two more than are normally necessary to be able to differentiate the developments between males and females during fetal development.

There is one notable exception to that rule of course, and that is Lord Pseudodrake. His gender specific chromosomal count is actually eight chromosomes wide, and he has more than twice as many chromosomes as any other Royal. Whether this is common to all Arch Dragons, or just him, I won't know till I have a chance to test another Arch Dragon. Possibly the Lady Marialahana that I've been hearing about, but Lord Pseudodrake has made it forbidden to even look for her till she approaches the council under her own power.

As for the rest of us, we all have just the standard four.

As an example... The super feminine subjects of the Council, namely, Leviathan's Daughter, Kirii and myself, all possess a Gender Chromosomal count of XXXX. Totally feminine powers, totally feminine abilities and traits, with the excise enhancements of all our feminine attributes. I for one am quite pleased with all this musculature and enormous mammary development. I'm so glad that Dragons decided to become mammals in the ancient annals of our species.

The Males of our nobility and royalty are super masculine, possessing YYYY chromosomal counts, and like us, their feminine counterparts, are superior examples of their masculine traits.

But the exception to any rule is genetic mutation, and therein I shall speak about Lord Xilimyth.

I've not yet been able to do blood analysis of any of the outer circle members, being that it's such a monumental task to be able to detail the genetics of the inner circle members, to which I am most pleased with Aysyx's processing powers. Regardless, with the problems that Lord Xilimyth has been going through, even in my Maternal leave, I had to process it, asking for Aysyx's help in this one to process it as quickly as I could, not thinking allowing my normal computer to take its dear old time and process it the slow way.

What I discovered in Lord Xilimyth, whether or not it was present before hand or not, is that he possesses a genetic mutation as Dragons go. He has five gender -specific chromosomes in the matter of XXXXY.

From his file, it tells me that he was once human, converted into a Lycan, and then was chosen by the Millennium Tree Leaf to be her guardian. The implications of that statement are this:

Firstly, The conversion of a human into a dragon, especially upon looking at Kirii's conversion from the Prometheus Serum, shows that a subject gains the necessary genetic traits to make them a dragon, so in her case, she gained the extra two chromosomes, making her into a super-feminine. In Lord Xilimyth's

case, being that there were no blood samples of him from the time before he was made into a dragon, is that I theorize that his gender specific gene-count as a human must've been that of a particular human hermaphrodite variant of XXY.

In human terms, that sort of a gene-count produces a rather effeminate masculine subject. Generally speaking, such a male is barely male, considered a hermaphrodite, and is often impotent. Possibly before his dragon conversion, Xilimyth was barely potent, or fully impotent. Afterwards...

Well, I must admit even I stared at his package.

Secondly, the other implication is why did a Millennium tree that is currently feminine choose a masculine guardian? The trees themselves know things that are older than whole civilizations. The trees Tre'Ent and Yggdrasil are prominent in this nature, being that in the case of both of them, they are older than human, Elven, Fae and modern dragon civilizations put together.

Ancient dragon civilization is another thing...

In the tree's knowledge, they are able to choose the perfect subjects to serve as guardians or weapons.

But in every last case in the past, a male tree will choose male subjects to be its guardians and weapons, and a female tree will choose female subjects to be its guardians and weapons.

The only exception is with Leaf and Xilimyth...

So, what is it that she knows that we don't?

*-Doctress Lady Evelyn Runeblade
Inner Circle of Dragons
Aspect of Fire*

I am Lord Pseudodrake, first King of Dragons, retired.

A single finger press on a great crystal edifice that could hold an adult human being in it if it were a womb deactivated the view screen that was before me, and I stood there quietly for a moment, folding my secondary arms into their compartments while pressing the fingertips of the other remaining fingers together.

I'd just gotten off the communicator with Kirii, she was frantic and weeping that Xilimyth had run away. She told me that he was confused, frightened and definitely sick. He ran so quickly that she was unable to follow, especially with her current burden.

"Any statements, my old friend? Any concerns? Is your hatred so unequalled that you feel nothing about this situation?"

Some may question the individuals in whom I call friends, and the how and why, and they might speculate, even grown dragons in that case, and spread rumors and political slander, but all in all, I chose this creature as a friend... Or rather... He chose me.

Aries was known as the Harbinger. What kind of Harbinger? Harbinger of Death, of Pestilence, of War or of Famine? The answer to those questions is rather more startling. Yes... To all of the above. He was the most feared of all beings in the universe, and even otherworldly creatures like Demon Princes and the denizens of hell feared him. His name was more renowned than even mine was. God of War, Apocalypse

and so on were monikers that others placed upon the shoulders of this once very gentle, loving and scholarly dragon whose only misfortune to lead to his current existence began long before humans even had a civilization, when he and his mate were chosen to be blood sacrifices for a greedy Black Dragon wishing to rule all of Dragonkind.

Aries stepped out of the shadows where he'd remained hidden, his eyes shining bloody red, absent of pupil or iris; he had a frightening countenance to everyone who didn't truly know him. For me to look upon him, I knew of only pity.

"And what is it that you think that I should say, my lord?" Aries asked simply with that rumbling voice of his that was like boulders rolling down a mountain, banging against each other and shattering.

Aries was perhaps the only dragon in creation that was more unique in his past and his history than I was. True, I was merged with my twin brother but he...

In a radically abusive and mind-rending procedure, Aries – his original name forgotten, so as to better protect him from anyone wishing to use his true name against him – was mummified alive in a ritualistic move to give another dragon power. In the true process of mummification, your organs are removed, your blood drained, your soul removed and your body preserved. Well in this case, not only was all that done, but the remains of the body were consummated to dark powers by burning them in hellfire.

This process was done to both him and his wife.

Aries climbed out of hell itself, obtaining his taken parts one by one with a murderous rampaging rage fueling him and the desire to commit revenge. But on his way out, he... Empowered himself, and likewise the four pieces of himself dragged themselves upward along four different paths and met each other, and ninety-nine years after his fall into hell, all four pieces simultaneously arrived in the world above.

Bones became that of a Litch Dragon.

Blood became that of a Vampiric Blood Dragon.

His soul became that of a Wraith Dragon.

And his flesh became that of a Greater Mummy Dragon.

The four pieces became one... Not dead, but not alive either. But all in all, they make a creature that is never ending, and in essence, was War, Famine, Pestilence and Death all rolled up into one.

"You're being remarkably tight-lipped as of late, Aries. I think you really do care, but to help perpetuate the level of fear, you don't want to show it." I stated quietly, not yet turning to him. "Perhaps it's concern about young Xilimyth and his wife? Why do you grow so concerned?"

It was I who allowed Aries his justice. His revenge was sated ages ago at the climactic end of the first Dragon War in which I overthrew the Dragon Council at the time in a Coup de Grace that ended with only one life being taken, which was that of the one dragon responsible for causing the genocide of the humans and the Panzer Dragons during that war... all in an attempt to take the place as the ultimate ruler of all dragonkind. It was Aries' testimony, as he was less than a spirit at the time, he being still shackled to the underworld in undeath that allowed us to gain justice.

And now that he no longer has revenge, he now has only his frantic search for his long-departed wife. With both he and she killed in the same manner, and though he escaped it, she did not. She is somewhere, in constant torture we fear, or perhaps she let go and passed on, but whether it is one direction or the other,

Aries would not allow himself to perish until he found her. And so he started his search in the worst place he possibly could:

The Well of Souls.

Hell is not the final punishment... It's just the place that you send yourself to when you die and believe yourself worthy of such a place. No... The final end is being cast out of creation through the well of souls. Even in hell is it possible to escape, be redeemed, and become penitent. Even there will the Creator of All Things allow you to return... Should you ask for it, should He believe you warrant it. But still, countless trillions of souls often cast themselves out into the well of souls in order to escape their torturous existences in hell.

And so, after determining that his wife had not passed into the well yet, Aries sealed the well of souls to her soul, making it impossible for her to do that to herself. And then section by section, one area at a time, he seeks for her, sealing off a little bit of hell at a time, slowly working his way up the Planar Tower toward heaven, sealing away her ability to go down. Three of the nine planes of hell have been totally sealed off to her, and he is now working on the next.

And despite his endless searching, he still nonetheless cares enough to help out here.

It takes a great deal of darkness to seal in such an incredible light that Aries truly possesses. To understand what he really is, one would know that he is a holy of holies deep down inside that crass asshole exterior of demonic and undead might.

"I'll say nothing to that accord, my Lord. I simply..."

His voice trailed off and he grew silent.

"I see." I finally said, and turned to eye him with the eyes that were literally in the back of my head. "I shall keep you posted, then?"

Aries didn't answer, which was as close as he would come to saying yes.

"Worry not, my friend... You have not caused another to throw themselves into the fiery maw of hell yet. In comparison to his own self-loathing, his fear of you is a mere pittance."

The full moons rose. Twin eyes of two different colors, one yellow, the other orange, looking down upon me.

Luna and Dana, the sister goddesses of the moon, of judgment and of femininity shone down upon me in the throws of my mental anguish. My breathing quickened, eyes flared and their pupils dilated wide, and for the first time in ages I felt the longing, loving affects of the moon Luna welcome me back into her fold while Dana intensified that design of the Lycanthrope upon me.

And something bored into me, something powerful, it was an energy, it was an incredibly luscious and desirous energy... It was sweet, soothing and as comforting as a lover's bosom or embrace, and with my eyes full of tears, I accepted it into me. Then immediately and all at once I started to diminish, but all that strength that was in me flushed toward my cock, billowing it outward, engorging it into something that was as equally as long as I was from hip to knee.

The last of all my phenomenal strength gave way, and I started to change.

I am Kirii.

I flew through the air, searching, taking it simple and steady even as the moons rose in this area of the world. Leaf's influence was like a tether that linked me with her through my weapon core, but the further from her I got, the less of her presence guiding me I received. All I knew was that I had to keep flying south. Keep flying south... Go south, onward to the south. And so I flew, ignoring the cramps as I coddled and soothed my babies with two hands, and using my other two hands to grab hold of my wings to help keep them aloft and from tiring.

I'd been in flight for hours. And as the moons rose up before me, I was certain that this would be a long night.

I am Xilimyth.

Bend the bones and break the back... It was a mantra that I remembered from long, long ago. It'd been so long since I'd remembered it, so long since I was aware of it that I'd nigh forgotten that part of myself. It was the mantra that you were told to whisper when experiencing your first change as a Lycan. For some, it was the most erotic moment in their lives. For others, it was the most excruciating experience that you can imagine. The how and why of all that was whether or not you were born with the Lycanthropy trait or not and to a further extent whether you accepted it or not.

I wasn't.

I was found as a baby and turned into one for their convenience. I was just strong enough to survive on the savannahs, but was still too weak to defend for myself. So I got the scraps. I vaguely remembered meeting Leaf for the first time when she turned me into a dragon, made me stronger than anything around so I didn't have to worry about eating only scraps. But then there were other dragons that were stronger than me, far stronger than me, so strong that they were as far beyond me as I was beyond a dust mite. Though they treated me with kindness I was always fearful of them treating me like those lions always did.

And when I finally experienced my first change under the light of the full moon? It was painful... Excruciatingly painful.

But now as I changed... It was erotic, but no less intense! Pleasure and pain were experienced by the same part of the brain, both were painful, but some pains – such as this one – aroused you and filled your body and mind with erotic power to the point where you forgot yourself, where you were, what you were doing before it happened or where you were going. That's how it was for me, that's how I felt just then... and I reveled in it.

Something was changing in me as I diminished, that phallus between my legs lengthening and bulging rapidly, the nads tightening as they swelled to things the sizes of grapefruits before I began to grow hard and erect.

The intensity was the likes that made me forget all my worries and just live in the moment while all my masculine strength flooded out of me and flowed into my penis, the thing pushing forward along the ground between my legs as it engorged and widened and strengthened with all that body strength and sexual power pushing into it, leaving the rest of my body as a lean, wiry creature with a distinctly huge member that contained all my masculine might. It's thickness was wider than my forearm, its length long enough where all I needed to do was bow my head and I could suck on it, and as it erected, throbbing

powerfully, rising upward and becoming so heavy that I had to lean back in order to hold upright, I gasped and caressed it's hardened length, touching the flaring circumcised head and pressing on the pee hole.

All the nipples lining me from chest to pelvis suddenly hardened and stood on end, and I dared to lift a pair of fingers as I panted, rubbing the erect areola while every feature on me softened; the sharp masculine angles softening with every moment that passed. With every exhaling breath that I took, I heard my voice growing higher and higher, till before I knew it it'd risen an octave or more in pitch.

That angling prick of mine rose higher and higher till it throbbed in a bulging, red-hot manner directly before myself, arching deeply with its underside bulging thickly.

It's been a debate with malekind that, if they were ever long enough, would they ever suck themselves or lick themselves like other animals did. And if so, would they swallow? As a male dragon, I had that ability, but in five-thousand years never dared answer it, but now that I was in such a sexual high as I was now, I idly wrapped the fingers of a hand around its girth, found that I couldn't encircle it with one hand any more and then sitting upright used the other as it grew while I shrank. Nads engorged with fluids, the seed in them so thick that I had to sit on my nads as I dipped my head, and beginning to stroke the thing, I began to suck on its end.

The last bit of my masculinity rushed into that phallus, the thing a shining symbol of malehood as I drew from it, rubbing my nads with a foot and wishing for four arms again to continue pleasuring this maddening shift in my body all before I felt the rising well of seed coming toward me. Being met with the wondering thought as to whether or not I should swallow, at the moment I didn't care, and so as I came, I enveloped the head of my own cock with my mouth, and toked hard on it, swallowing mouthful after mouthful till I drained both nads dry.

I had to land... Pregnancy was making me so tired and I just didn't have the strength anymore.

And so I landed, and breathing heavily I sat, curled my tail around me and wrapped both wings about me, for warmth. I sat and paused in my mission to find my Xili, and therein I was struck with one of the strangest sights ever.

At my back was the setting sun, barely a strip of light left, but it was enough to cast long shadows. Before me, shining brightly, and looking like two differently-colored eyes in the heavens, the twin moons rose and shone their light upon the world. They looked as if they were looking at something, but not necessarily me.

It was as if they were looking right at the person I was looking for. Getting to my feet, I began to walk across the savannahs of Africa, heading south, continuing on my search for the father of our children.

"Master, perhaps you should see." Aysyx chimed. "I found him."

I knew shi would. Aysyx was perhaps one of the most influential and powerful individuals on the planet. She was a living machine more advanced than any other computer in existence. Beyond a quantum computer, beyond a hex computer, shi was a literal living machine consciousness. Anything that was connected to the matrix was her domain, whether there was an actual physical computer connection or whether there was a microwave or laser or subspace connection, she could control it. That included beings that were cyberized with communications software.

As such, encircling the planet earth was a construct that I helped build. It was a space ring once known as the Crown of Thorns, and was what I used to bring peace to our chaotic Earth. The weapons that that

station had that had been pointed at the earth have since been turned outward and the station renamed as Halo. Upon that space station was Earth's primary line of defense, but also upon it were literally millions of cameras and sensors bristling in every direction from it, most especially inward toward the Earth. I find it humorous that we needed to watch ourselves more than we did dangers from outer space. The benefit of Halo, other than protecting the earth with powerful weaponry and shielding was its ability to focus a third of all those cameras and sensors upon any spot on earth at any given time, providing varied points of view along East-West horizons. For anything else, a high-orbit polar satellite would be needed.

But what Asyx showed me through the benefit of the Halo's information network was a spectacular display of a land animal actually breaking the speed of sound under its own power.

"The look of distraught anguish on his face." I commented softly, before a blurb of several other pictures showed themselves, just before I was visited with an image of Xili... Well... Humping his own face.

"Previous images were recorded one hour ago. This most recent series of image of Lord Xilimyth... ah... placating his sexuality, is a current live feed." Asyx announced.

"Well I'm hard." Aries smirked.

"Admit it... You would do that to yourself if you could." I teased him.

"Who says I haven't." Aries replied with a smirk. "Having lived in my un-life for a hundred thousand years without feminine companionship, I still have my urges and I will not break my vows. As such I'm just like you, Pseudo... only I've gone without it for much, much longer."

"Understood, I wasn't judging you."

"You do it too." Aries commented in his cold, gravelly way.

"Ten thousand years with a look-but-don't-touch relationship with your own wife, you're damn skippy I do. Aysyx... What are we looking at?"

"It appears as if Lord Xilimyth is experiencing fellatio... from himself." Aysyx stated blandly and I chuckled.

"Other than that. Why is he so thin and small? What happened to his draconic appearance?"

"Processing... Theory found. Submitted by: Lady Evelyn. Report on Genetic Mutation regarding Lord Xilimyth. Data suggests a powering down effect or a complete and systematic reversal of all draconic powers toward a baser form. Weapon cores and benefits from ingesting a Dragini Fruit are likewise reversing. Evidence in bio-samples also provided by Lady Evelyn suggests that Lord Xilimyth has lost all draconic powers and has reverted to a state prior to his draconic evolution.

"Synopsis: We are looking at nothing Draconic, only Lycan of the Felis type, cheetah sub-type. Suggestion: revocation of Lord Xilimyth's Rank and Title upon the basis of ineligibility."

"Hold that order, Aysyx." I stated immediately, and leaned forward as I watched the young messenger pleasure himself for a moment before speaking further. "The trees whisper of something else at hand."

"Acknowledged. Perhaps then a suspension?"

"A restriction." I said with finality. "I know your usual precautions about monitoring a subject, Aysyx, but keep an eye on him. Report on any abnormalities."

“Acknowledged. Abnormality found.”

“Already?” I blinked.

“Acknowledged. Subject Xilimyth’s body is in a current state of flux. Synopsis: it is the full moons. Warning: Pending Lunar Eye in progress.”

“What?!” I leaned in closer. “Show me.”

A holographic window appeared suddenly, showing the constant dance of Luna and Dana, also known as The Sisters in modern astrology, in their orbit of each other and of the planet Earth.

There were two celestial events that occurred rather regularly now. A greater and a lesser lunar eclipse or a greater and lesser solar eclipse, being caused by either Luna or Dana respectfully... but then there was the Celestial Eye, which occurred when the two moons eclipsed each other and the sun, and then there was the Lunar Eye, which was when the two moons eclipsed each other and were thusly eclipsed by the shadow that the earth cast from the sun’s light.

To a Lycan, to be within the direct path of a Lunar Eye, spelled nothing less than to receive great power. And sure enough, within the image that I saw, the two moons were eclipsing each other.

“Aysyx...” I said aloud.

“Confirmed. The Lunar path of the eye does indeed pass over Lord Xilimyth. ETA for zenith, ninety-six seconds.”

“That cannot be coincidence.” Aries stated immediately, echoing my own thoughts.

Nodding in agreement to him, I watched this debacle for a moment, and then lifting a hand, promptly deactivated all the holoscreens.

“The Trees are no doubt protecting one of their guardians. Asyx, continue recording and monitoring. I won’t intrude upon this private moment unless it warrants it.”

“Understood.”

And then folding my wings about me, I turned and saw Aries still standing there. He and I exchanged looks before I swept out of the room, but before the doors closed, I saw him approach the console, and lifting a finger depressed the switch to watch. Not out of perversion, but because deep down, he was still a caring drake, he just didn’t like to show it.

Leaning back, feeling the world darkening around me and not knowing or caring why, I angled my cock away from me, the thing throbbing powerfully and after a minute or two I’d ejected a long, steady band of seed that lanced from me and sailed several dozen meters away. And then the light suddenly changed, and looking up, I found myself staring at an eye in the heavens looking down at me.

At first I didn’t know what it was, but a combined light of the two moons eclipsing shone down upon me and bathed me in the refracted light of the sun off their surfaces, energizing parts of me that must’ve receded deep, deep inside me since birth, parts of me that were never touched so long as I was alive. And then suddenly I didn’t have to hold my cock upward any more, and though still as stiff as a steel girder, it drooped downward onto the ground, just before both my nads tightened suddenly, and I climaxed harder than I’d ever done before... and I had Kirii as a wife! I came so hard that the ejection of fluids rushing

against the ground carved a deep divot in the earth from the fluid pressure, spraying seed laden mud everywhere as a repeating orgasm compressed and drew from both nads and emptied them.

That incredibly long dork spasmed repeatedly, over and over, and even continued to do so when both nads were completely empty! The flaring head spit a little of my remaining juices after the next few minutes, yes minutes, of orgasm, in which I was thrown into utter stupidity with how intense the sexual expression was. I gasped and moaned, rubbing my chest and nipples, feeling the after shocks vibrate my whole body in the effort to spit out all that seed, and it continued to spit it out till the milky white ejaculate had turned crystal clear. And then it relaxed for only a few mere seconds, giving me those scant few seconds to catch my breath just before it... it...

I didn't know, I couldn't explain it till I looked at it, and as I did it was to watch the entire length of the shaft sliding upward into me! Like the extension of a telescope, the fleshy mass still harder than all get out receded backward and upward into me; the flesh rolling backward as I felt all that phallic muscle turning inside out and filling my insides.

I tried to push it back down or pull it back out, any male might at seeing his precious penis receding like that, but its strength was stronger than both my arms put together, and even hurting myself to keep it from receding didn't help. The muscle mass slid against either thigh, spitting out the last of its clear white ejaculate juices as I felt my guts shifting inside me to make way for whatever my cock was doing.

I mean, it was unbelievable! If it wasn't happening to me, then I wouldn't believe it possible! And what was more was that the head was flaring, the slit at its end growing longer, and soon its length was nothing but a bulging circumcised head at the very end of my pelvis, about the size of a pair of laced together hands jutting out from me. And then with a high-pitched gasp, I experienced the most serious case of shrinkage imaginable, as both deflated nads literally were pulled up inside me, deep inside me, to the point where the pair disappeared entirely! And then the slit of the end of my penis suddenly turned inward, folding open, and rolled to the top, and I gaped at what I saw even as the extremely brief celestial event in the sky waned and the power that had energized those hidden things in me finished their course.

It was then that I found myself looking at a gaping, moist vagina.

Two labia, an erect clitoris that was larger than maybe it should be, and probing the thing, I felt a power, a good power, and an incredibly intoxicating power well up inside me. It came from any little touch upon that hardened clit, coming from even the tiniest of caresses, and biting upon my lower lip I felt those vaginal lips that had flared open to either side of the clit right as the pair engorged themselves. It was a strange feeling to me as the pair swelled erotically, and I felt them billow outward as I became even more aroused. And then I felt the sensitivity of either nipple climb as they stood on end, and soon with one hand rubbing both sets of chests alternatively and the other delving into my newly grown womanhood, I moaned deeply and was soon creaming hot syrupy nectar as I did the first thing that came to one's mind after changing in such a way...

I explored my new sexuality.

But not for long.

"Xilimyth!" someone cried, and I heard Kirii's voice screaming my name.

My first thought was emotionally based. She was my lover, my wife, I was happy to see her! But then my second thought reminded me that I was no longer her man, and before I could think otherwise, I dashed away and hid within some bushes even as my love landed with a thundering collision before sinking to one knee and cradling her belly immediately.

“Xili! Where are you?! Come back to me!” she was sobbing, and suddenly I felt myself crying, and I cried freely and felt better for it. The release was more calming. But I couldn’t let her see me, not like this.

And while she searched for me, I took one last look at her, and then turning, scurried away on all fours where she wouldn’t see me.

Feminine. I was feminine now. Some energy, some unfamiliar power was instilling itself inside me, I didn’t know what it was as I walked naked through the African Savannah, the grasses brushing against my still narrow, boyish hips and thighs and running along the undersides of the newly formed labia between my legs. I had no breasts but my nipples had changed so that they erected more easily, the pair more rounded instead of oval shaped. Those too were rather sensitive and with my heightened awareness of my own sexuality, all of them were standing perpetually on end.

The endless night sky showed me such an incredible beauty. There were few places in the world any more that offered one such a sight as seeing all the stars in the Milky Way, but here, in the middle of nowhere, I could look upon them and take pleasure in seeing them. I only wished that Kirii was here with me now, so that we could walk hand in hand with each other and talk.

Odd things were running through my mind, the first of which is that all that pressure of being a husband and a father was gone, as were the fears of office, or even Aries. Right now, the worst thing I felt was the thought that I was abandoning Kirii and our kitlings.

Tall trees up ahead bespoke of an oasis where water could be found, and with a light jog – only a few hundred miles per hour – I slowed within the tall trees and stepped lithely to where a narrow stream flowed through this part of the Savannah. There were no animals here other than the chirping birds and insects, and so sliding up to the river, and lowering to all fours, I dipped my head and drank deeply of the clean, lucid waters while the hair atop my head, which seemed longer than before, draped downward into the water and were pulled along by its pull.

Taking my fill and then rising, I paused at the sight of something shimmering in the water, and rising my head fully I saw a spirit before me, a lean cheetah with thick haunches and hulking forelegs and hind quarters, but a narrow and almost waspish waist.

So here you are.

“Excuse me?” I said aloud and then paused, feeling my throat. Even my voice was higher pitched and feminine, almost girlish.

Do you know how long I’ve looked for you? You are mighty inconsiderate that you weren’t looking for me.

The spirit of the king cheetah lowered herself – somehow I knew it was a she – onto the ground to her belly and regarded me.

“I-I’m sorry, but I... I don’t ever remember meeting you. How would I know to look for you?”

You don’t ever remember meeting me because we never met. I merely was nothing before being made something during a ritual that involved you. Now I am something, and I have a purpose. Till that purpose is fulfilled, I cannot rest. Now that I’ve found you, we can do that in which I was created for.

“I-I’m sorry... I don’t understand. Why were you looking for me?”

Because you were supposed to be looking for me. I've wandered for countless seasons, my womb empty, my belly empty and my throat parched for thirst because I failed in finding you. Now I found you, or you found me.

“B-but... What am I supposed to do when you and I find each other? What are you, other than a spirit of course?”

I'm not a spirit either, I'll have you know. I am a totem.

My mind went blank and then I gasped. “Y-you... you.! No. They couldn't mean that I needed to *literally* find my totem.”

So you understand?

“I'm... over five thousand years old. I'm only that old because I found a Millennium tree and became her guardian. But those five thousand years ago, when I was still a Lycan and not a dragon like I was a short while ago, I underwent a blood ritual... to make myself a man.”

Excuse me? A man? I was summoned for a woman! And you look like a woman, so here I am now.

I stared at her as she wagged her tail delicately just above the water before licking her paw and grooming her face briefly.

All of this struck me with such an incredible sense of serendipity that it was sickening. The depression, the loss of powers back to a Lycan, the Lunar eye, turning into a female, all of it so that a wandering spirit – er, totem – was now able to see me and I was now able to see her.

Was all this meant to be?

“W-what do I do now?”

I have wandered this world for countless seasons, my soulmate. I have gone into the ice, I have gone into the water, neither of which are things I like much. I've climbed mountains, I've delved deep valleys and rolling hills, both of which aren't nearly flat enough for me. So on this day, I felt prompted to come back to where I was created, and low and behold, my journey ends where it begins.

But I am disgusted with you. You took your good old time getting here, so you cannot have me to complete you lest you meet my challenge.

“Challenge? What can I say but yes. I'm so sorry, I got caught up. I didn't even know that I was supposed to literally be looking for you.”

No difference. All in all, my soulmate... I require only one thing from you: you have to catch me.

I smirked, and rose to my feet. “I should warn you, I'm pretty fast.”

As am I. Now... let's begin.

And quick as you may, she rose, turned and bolted, and in the blink of an eye she was already a league away, and blinking, I smirked, happy for such a challenge, and bolted after her at top speed.

“Pseudie... you gotta help me!” I was at tears when I arrived at the council chambers at the Dragon’s Tower, a mountain so deep in the Himalayas that it didn’t have a name in human standards. “I’ve searched all day and night, and I... and I... oh...”

I was within a few paces of him when he lifted his hand toward me and merely gestured, and I fell backward into a faint, automatically sitting down upon a stone bench that wasn’t there a moment ago.

“Please remember to be calm, Kirii. You are one of three fertile females among us, and you owe it to yourself and to your babies and to our kind to remain calm.”

The doors swept wide open, and putting his hands upon me, he prompted me to lie backward and suddenly it wasn’t a bench any more, but a luxuriously padded bowl for a seat. From the now opened doors, several of the tower’s servitude, young dragons and dragonesses of the greater variety, hurried inward and immediately began tending to me with water and massaging oils and such.

“I... I yes... NO! What about Xilimyth?!” and Pseudo turned and leveled his four-eyed gaze upon me and I let myself relax backward within the bowl-shaped chair again.

“Rest assured, Kirii, we are doing everything that we can.” He said quietly. “You must remember that this is a very, very trying time for him.”

“B-but why? Why did he leave me?” I sobbed, and Pseudo knelt beside me, his mass so great that he was like a caring father to a daughter as he cupped my face and wiped away my tears.

“You represent a wife and a mother, you represent a presence of a draca that he loves dearly, but you also represent commitment, fatherhood, and his role for becoming a husband and a lifemate, and also you represent his weakness and inability to carry all that amidst all his current responsibilities to his people. Sometimes, males who are perfectly fine and develop perfectly well, when presented with too much of this sort of thing all at once will run away from it.

“Some don’t come back, though I think that Xilimyth isn’t such a person. Instead... I believe he’s gone to find a way to be strong enough for you and for all his other responsibilities.”

I sniffed. His hands were so calming, but so too were all the hands of the servants who were washing me and oiling up my scales, massaging me and siphoning the excess milk from my breasts so that they didn’t ache so. But mostly it was him.

“D-do you think so?”

“I know so. I have Aysyx on the task.” He smiled. “We’ll watch out for him for you. I promise, and when we have news significant enough for you, we’ll let you know.” He sighed and then rose before wrapping himself up in his two sets of wings. “For now... I would like to invite you to remain in the tower, Kirii. We can take care of you better here; or at least take some of the servitude of the tower with you when you return to Leaf.

“It’d make me feel better if your needs were being met.”

“M-my needs?” and I looked at everyone around me, and then forced myself to rise. “No. Only Xilimyth will meet my needs! I won’t accept anyone else’s help, even yours...”

“So be it. But... at least rest here for the night Kirii. Get your strength back before you return to your home with Leaf.”

I thought for a moment. “N-no. If he returns anywhere, it will be there. I-I need to be there to meet him.”

Pseudo sighed and nodded. "If that is your wish, then please, if nothing else, let me send you an escort." I folded my hands together and finally nodded.

"Bathe her, soothe her, bring her food and drink and let her rest for as long as she wishes. Assemble a Panzer wing to allow her to return home at her leisure."

"Yes Lord Pseudodrake." One dragoness curtsied, and I felt myself being pulled along, and I gave a soft cry of help toward Pseudo before letting myself be drawn forward by the smaller drakes and daracas, out of the council and down the corridor while the twin doors closed behind me.

I folded my claws together as the bed I'd formed for Kirii melted into the floor, staring at the closed doors as the sounds of their closing echoed through the hall.

"Do you believe that was wise, Pseudo." The gravely voice of Aries came from somewhere within the chamber, and turning, looking around, I stepped toward the center, passing through a column of light before I reached with one hand and grabbed something that remained invisible in the shadows and darkness and pulled Aries into the light.

"Free will is a powerful thing, Aries. You should know that. It was your altruistic will that allowed you to crawl out of the deepest pits of hell, despite that you were separated into quarters. Her will shall tell her to worry and she will worry, and if she's to worry then I intend to place her in a place that she will worry only about one thing and nothing else. Better for her to do it in the comfort of her own home and wondering only whether or not if he will return instead of whether or not she'll be there when he does."

"I meant... not telling her what has happened to her husband."

I stopped.

"Careful, Aries, you're showing that you really do have a heart."

"I'm well aware that I have a heart, dear friend," he said sarcastically. "If I thought I could do it successfully without loosing anything other than my damnable aches and pains, I'd rip the hellish things from my chest and be free from the hurt they cause me."

"What would you have me do then? Tell her that her husband is no longer a dragon, no longer a male even?"

"Is it not a lie not to tell the truth?" he said, reminding me of certain vows I had to never lie.

"Is it bad to withhold the truth sometimes?" I replied, and then gestured out into the air and a great curving holoscreen the size of an Omnimax theatre screen appeared before me, showing various overlaying displays of Xilimyth running across the world. "What would she do if I showed her this? She'd run off to go meet with him immediately and possibly make matters even worse for her, for him – I mean her – and both of them would be driven further away from each other." I paused. And touched the screen, feeling the crystal-like sheen of the solid hologram. "Aysyx, do we know what he's chasing yet?"

"Acknowledged." Aysyx responded immediately, and suddenly the main display on the screen suddenly changed into a negative of itself, revealing a four-legged animal shape that was moving just ahead of him. "Spectral analysis reveals an animal spirit of unknown force."

"A totem spirit." Aries said matter-of-factly.

I turned to face him. “Are you sure?” Aries response was to fix me with his gaze, that sort of look that told me that I was foolish to doubt him. “Of course you’re sure.” And I turned back to the image. “But why would he be chasing a totem spirit any... ways?” my voice trailed off and my hinged jaw with its folded mandibles fell slowly open in realization.

“What is it?” Aries managed, and stepped in beside me.

“Totem spirit. Xilimyth had once relayed to me how he became a dragon. He’d left on a spirit quest from his home village five thousand years ago, but instead he found Leaf and became her guardian. What if he never found his totem... till now? Native people of the time believed that when you are sent on a spirit quest that a spirit is called at the same time for you to meet. He’d always expressed that he felt that something was always missing inside him. He thought he found it with Kirii, but perhaps that was only one part of the whole.”

“Since two thousand B.C.?” Aries smirked. “And you said that he was found as a child? That would perhaps make him proto-human before he became a Lycan. It’d explain why his armor is blue and not black.”

“We call them Atlanteans, Aries, not proto-humans, and I’m not even going to talk about your other prejudices. You shouldn’t base claims upon an entire clan of Dragon simply because what one of them did to you and your lifemate.”

“Yes. I am sorry, Pseudo.”

I nodded and then sighed, while we watched this race together of Xili trying to catch a spirit that was quicksilver and lightning in its speed. Quietly as we watched, I silently cheered him on.

I now knew why they called them *‘King Cheetahs.’*

King Cheetah’s were of a particular unique and rare breed of cheetah. Their fur was darker, both at the spots and the coloring, being closer to true black instead of brown, and orange instead of yellow. They were larger and stronger than a regular cheetah, and were also faster. To make matters worse, they were one of few breeds of animals that were blessed with a rather ironic fur pattern called “The Racing Stripe.”

Lining a King Cheetah’s back were three lines made up of their spots between their haunches and the base of their tails, straight down the spine. It befitted this king of cheetahs to be blessed with such spots, for only the fastest of vehicles were typically painted with racing stripes similar in their design.

The King Cheetah Spirit that I was following, trying to catch, was truly living up to that name.

To my own credit I was keeping her in sight, and it was spectacular on how fast a guy – I mean gal – like me can run with no bulky penis bouncing against your thighs. It really let me go all out in my attempts to catch her.

But then, unlike a spirit, I had to slow down and rest every once in a while, and after crossing what I was pretty sure had been the Mediterranean sea on foot, I slowed to a stop and paused, leaning over myself with my hands on my knees as we rested somewhere that I was pretty sure was in Egypt. I panted, gasping and gulping for air with my deepening chest heaving that had barreled outward atop a long and lean navel, before I rose and looked down upon my bulging thighs.

This race was changing me, and as I reveled in my new form, I changed into stronger definitions of that form in regards to be being feminine and me being a cheetah.

The King Cheetah had taken me all over the world. We'd encircled it three times I was sure, going across mountains so cold that they burned the feet running across them, and desserts so hot that I was certain I'd die of exhaustion crossing it. I was certain that she was punishing me for leaving her alone for so long, and looking up at her and chuckling, I bent over myself and took deep, deep breaths, feeling a pair of runner's lungs swelling and contracting inside my chest.

We've come so long and so far. You've definitely shown that you want to catch me. Why stop now? Why stop again?

"Differences between spirit and flesh. I tire." And I fell backward onto my rump, feeling happy with the exertion.

I always did like running. And looking down at my thickened thighs and long calves, which had definitely strengthened noticeably with powerful muscle and taut tendons since this run had begun, I looked up at the cat spirit, thankful for the exertion.

A little further then? I promise to let you catch me soon... I just want to be home before I do. Mother Africa always calls us home. It is just a few thousand leagues in that direction.

And she turned to look to the south.

I laughed and then righted myself to my feet, shaking my mane that had grown much longer, and was swept backward now. Something else that had grown upon me, especially as I was reveling in the feelings and sensations of my womanhood were the tell-tale growths of two pert little boobs growing in place down that heaving chest of mine. I rubbed the pair before I stretched both legs that were attached to a pair of subtly widened hips as I then faced my totem.

I was no longer boyish; I looked like a lean-bodied teenager now who was just beginning to enter into her womanhood.

"Lead the way then."

With a yip from her, she swiveled, and dashed off and I dashed after her, increasing my speed rapidly, feeling the power in my legs as there was the eruptions of sonic booms around us as we broke the sound barrier almost in the same instant. The world grew into a blur as I felt the energy from before when the light of the moons shone on me steeled my muscles, tensing them, strengthening them little by little with every step till I came closer and closer to the spirit, seeing her tight bottom, her arched tail, her body streamlined for running. Taking a closer look at her, I adopted those running traits and soon gained on her, and opening my arms, I leapt upon her and took hold of her tightly as she and I tumbled to a long skidding stop.

"I got you!" I laughed, and got up, letting her rise.

Y-you did! B-but... I didn't let you catch me.

"You didn't? I caught you on my own?" I gaped.

Yes, look. Behold the Nile River. We've barely left Egypt, and have only entered the Sudan.

"I caught you on my own..." I said aloud, smiling at myself, feeling giddy. "I did something on my own! I really did it! And it felt like such an impossible thing..."

Yes, it should have been. No mortal has ever caught a King Cheetah totem like me before.

I paused and looked at her. “So I’m a mortal again?” I asked and rubbed the spot over my sternum where a dragon’s heart stone had always been, even in my human form. It was the definitive proof that a person was indeed a dragon.

I’m certain of it. She said and came to lick my face before I rubbed her head, remarking on how warm she felt. I embraced her and rubbed my cheek against hers lovingly, and even purred a high pitched purr. It wasn’t like the cackling purr of a dragon, it was the solid purr of a cat.

“So what now?”

We return to where we both began, and end this chase.

“This place...” I said as the cheetah spirit led us both back to the same stream where I’d met her. “I... I don’t remember this place, I... wait, no... I do remember it!”

Much has changed in five thousand years. She stated as I looked around. *Most of the trees have died and have been replaced by younger ones, the stream meanders differently in her bed and the village that was here is no more, but you know this place.*

“I do. Great-Grandmother Nala’s hut was right here.” And I moved to a spot and squatted down. “She... she was a lioness, former chieftess become shamaness. We always loved her stories of great wars and even greater achievements of heroes and heroines.” I giggled. Giggled instead of chuckled... it felt right to laugh that way now. “I always loved her stories of the world tree.”

I looked around and moved to another place. “This was the hunter’s lodge.” And I moved again. “And this was where the young men trained to be warriors.” I moved still again and paused, looking over the flood plain of the stream here. “And this was where I looked upon a girl for the first time as she bathed.” I smirked. “That was one hell of an erection I got then. She was so beautiful. I wanted to marry her.”

But... you’re a female! The king cheetah totem protested.

“I am now...” I said and turned toward her, fidgeting.

I... I don’t understand.

I swallowed, seeking the words. “You know of the hyena, right?”

I do.

“Well... did you know that all hyenas are born with penises? Only the females lose theirs when they are mature enough. I guess, perhaps, somewhere in me I’m part Hyena.” I giggled again.

What a sad, sick, strange and disgusting thought. A proud female being born with a penis? Like a filthy Hyena?!

“But nonetheless.” I said angrily and folded both arms about me. “I was born male. Male enough where I had a wife, I had a penis, and I had potency enough to impregnate her!” and I sighed, suddenly very lonely. “Kirii.” And I collapsed onto my bottom as the cheetah spirit approached me.

You aren't joking. She stated, awestruck. I looked her straight in the eye and shook my head. *What a unique creature you are. You said you became a dragon?* I nodded. *Perhaps the power of the dragon seed in you kept you from meeting your maturity. Perhaps you never did mature without me. You never grew out of an adolescent stage, so you remained thin, sickly and underdeveloped.*

I was made for a female, my soulmate. I came into existence to be with a female. I know you are the one, your soul sings perfectly in tune with my own. I am not mistaken.

“So... I was meant to be female all my life? Always?” I asked.

It appears so.

“The spirit quest was a right of adulthood, the right of ascension, in which we gain our spirit powers, as Great-Grandmother Nala explained it. It also explains why she always treated me like a girl instead of a boy... No wonder they picked on me. All the boys thought I was gay for not wanting to become a warrior and beat me for it.”

Then together, you and I shall show them our power! The cat said and stood proudly.

“Ah... I'm five thousand years old. They all would've died and turned to dust by now. Look, the village doesn't even exist anymore.” And I gestured, and she looked about her.

Ah. She said and nodded. *Then there's only one thing left, my sweet soulmate?*

“What's that?” I asked her.

We must merge.

“Merge? Like... have sex?”

The cat chuckled. *Nothing so primitive or physical my beloved Xilimyth.*” And she licked my cheek. *“I am the forgotten fragment of your soul. For you to become complete and find your path as an adult then you and I must merge souls. You and I cease to be, and then there shall only be the you that shall be.*

“But... won't that destroy you?”

No. I am a soul, your totem, the piece of you that was broken to keep you a child, but together, I become you. It is my purpose. It's what I was made for. With all that I have, all my knowledge, all my power, all my strength, I give to you willingly.

“Then I accept it. What do we do to do it then?” I asked, and I rose to my feet, standing upon my toes naturally now, I saw, the nails in my toes naturally clenching into the earth.

And then the cheetah shifted, muscles shifting and spiritual bones realigning as she stood up as well, and she stood there, appearing as a Lycan female looking just like me... much like a mirror image of me.

“You're beautiful.” I said aloud as the wind blew through my mane.

You should think so. I am you after all. She smirked. *But before you and I become what we are to become, there is one final thing I would like to do.*

“What is it?”

This...

And she stepped forward, and fingering my chin with both hands, she bent forward and kissed me on the lips.

I tasted her lips, felt how real they were, felt her passing her passion onto me, her thick, meaty thigh rubbing against my crotch before she withdrew.

Know that I love you, and with that knowledge I ask that you love yourself, and your path shall be made clear.

Then she turned and slid into me. I spasmed and froze, seeing her and most of all feeling her sliding her head into mine, and I felt a multitude of points clicking into place, like the last piece of a jigsaw puzzle who's design it was to complete the whole picture. Her arms slid into my arms, her tail into my tail and her legs into my legs. Every bone, every joint, every sinew clicked together with her joining me, my head filling with her knowledge, my heart swelling with her love and warmth, and my loins... my loins filled with her power!

Little by little her consciousness was added to mine, and out of the corners of either eye, I saw her elbows lock with mine, saw her knuckles lock into each one that I had, while her sex became my sex, her bottom became my bottom and each rib, each tendon and each muscle that I had became infused with her.

And then with a final lurch and the process was done and I collapsed forward onto my toes and fingertips.

It was done!

As long as I could remember, there had been an inexplicable hole in me, and as I journeyed now, feeling myself whole at long last, feeling those lost and missing strengths now becoming a part of me, I set myself traveling across the savannah's searching for my path as an adult now.

That power from the Lunar Eye coupled with the fullness of my spirit were filling me with power, feminine power, so much so that I felt an intense arousal in every nipple I had right now, making each firm and stand on end, while my clit – the thing bulging and massive – stood erect and drew upon the folds of womanflesh that was inside me.

More than once through the night I had to pause and massage my loins, feeling how intensely powerful they were, sticking a pair of fingers inside myself and knowing the arousal of being male and the arousal of being female now and found them to be the same. It was like getting an erection still, only there was more flesh that got erect, and nearly all of it was inside me save for the labia and clitoris between my legs that had once been the head of my very, very large penis. I still had all the physical mass of that incredibly long and powerful dork I had but instead of it erecting outside me it erected and clenched inside me, making me desirous for something to fill it.

As a man I'd never think to sticking things into my pee hole, but now that I could easily slide things inside my slid, doing so with a pair of fingers now, I found that the flesh on the inside of a woman's vagina was the same kind of flesh in a man's penis with the same sort of sensitivity. But strangely I was too receptive to caresses on those vaginal walls inside me, and it wasn't till after a long, long walk that I realized what was going on with me.

I was in heat!

“Holy cow... females weren’t kidding that this sensation is intense.” I groaned, and palming the new womanhood between my thighs, I hobbled forward a little more during this night time incursion across the Savannah before I couldn’t take it any more. “Damn it!”

My hearts – no, heart, I didn’t have dual hearts anymore – were hammering rapidly inside me, and I couldn’t get my mind to settle at all. I kept thinking about penis in vagina, and daydreamed about that subject repeatedly till finally I simply stood still and felt my fingers doing their own thing inside that newly formed set of feminine folds between my sinuous thighs. Soon they were sliding three knuckles deep inside me, probing me, finding new places and new sexual expression that I’d never known before.

Both thighs clenched about those vaginal lips which automatically tightened about my fingers, and with another moan my insides suddenly clenched harder as I doubled over as that massive column of great big feminine muscles inside me clenched and squeezed out a wash of sticky clear fluids all over my probing hand.

It was an orgasm all right, and pulling those fingers from me, I gasped at the crystalline mucus that was decorating every finger and sliding down along my spindly forearm.

Three days ago, before I chased my totem all over the world, my ejaculate had been wrought with billions of microscopic seeds, and now the clear, sweet smelling ejaculate was instead completely devoid of those little sperm. The sight of this was perhaps the single most greatest proof of how much I’ve yet changed from being male and turning into a female. And to think, I was even admiring Kirii for being her, I wanted to be like her.

Looking down at myself, finding that my other hand had moved to continue the mindless rubbing, I sighed.

A bit far away from the Nurse Dragoness look I guess. I got boobs but they’re nothing more than little buds.

And then I looked at the crystalline juices dripping from my raised hand, and staring at it I asked myself perhaps what every other humanoid creature asks themselves upon seeing it for the first time.

‘I wonder how it tastes.’

And I gave it a lick.

I will admit what most people won’t ever admit to doing this, but after having that aforementioned thought on *‘How does it taste?’* the next question is to whether or not they actually did attempt to taste it. Just the tip of the tongue usually, and that’s what I did. I’d tried it as a male and found it bitter-sweet, but now that I was a female I found it just sweet. Daring to try more of it, I used more of my tongue and licked a longer streak out of it, and before I knew it, I was licking my paw-like hand free, sucking on the fingers even as my free hand endeavored to release another burst from that honey pot.

Laughing, groaning against the purity of such sexual elation, I moaned deep in my throat and managed to continue walking till I came to a small stand of trees with a large rock beside a pool – a watering hole – and leaning against the tree gasping, I felt that power in me growing as I unashamedly pleased myself.

With a moan, I clenched my teeth and tensed, shivering and then spasming, arching backward with the claws on each finger clenching into the wood of a tree as the most powerful orgasmic rush erupted from me yet. It exploded over both thighs and trickled down my knees, and I laughed as it flushed from me repeatedly in a powerful multiple orgasm, lancing several times over till all that nectar had run dry and my bowels dry heaved for several long seconds.

And then I began to change.

It was a transformation much like the change that a Lycan undergoes between human and their hybrid forms, coming as a tensing of all the flesh, an energizing of the mind and soul and a release of an eruption of sensation that was registered either as pain or pleasure. And this was pleasure, such unmitigated pleasure!

The flooding of the power flowed from within me from somewhere inside my loins, flushing to every finger and toe as if I were being washed in its power as muscles tensed and bones groaned underneath the strain. But this wasn't just any sort of conversion, especially since I was already in a hybrid form. Instead it was pushing me further along that form, pushing me beyond what I was before, and with a groaning and a crunching, I gasped and released another, smaller orgasmic rush as my hips suddenly snapped further apart with a pair of loud cracks. There was another tensing and then another and yet another widening cracks as both hips flared wide and I tossed my head as the splayed back mane of hair I was growing billowed and lengthened with each release of pressure.

And then there was a series of more cracks and groans as bones broke and reset rapidly, this form of mine becoming amorphous during the process while I arched even deeper than before. A barking yip escaped me as my long tongue with its tongue comb lolled outward over all the fangs in my mouth, and thrusting myself forward, needing the release, I began to hump that tree with the flaring and thickening bulges of my bottom, rubbing that newly engorging cunt against its wood.

The power continued to engorge bits of me, changing me down to the very bone structure, bowing my back and rounding either shoulder, with yet another snap both hip bones broadened a couple more inches as the navel muscles and lower back muscles compressed and tightened to flare the bodice but thin the lower body. I could feel either ass cheek tightening into two firm packs of rounded muscle as I orgasmed again and collapsed to the ground with its force, panting for air.

And then there was pressure in my chest and the dozen or so nipples lining me from chest to navel hardened till they ached. But something more was happening behind the first and second pairs of those teats, and looking down and gasping, I cupped the budding tits that were there as the blood surging into it enticed the glands to grow! Over the course of a minute or so my rapidly beating heart forced fluids into those pert little breasts, swelling them and engorging them, the primary pair faster than the secondary pair, the glands firm as they inflated right into the palms of either hand. Biting my lower lip as I felt the stretching flesh of the nipples on those breasts grow thicker and stronger, the nipples extending steadily outward, growing more and more sensitive, I moaned and then came again in a vicious orgasm even as I took to rubbing those areola and caressing those hardened teats. Both breasts swelled to completely fill the palms of either hand, becoming firm, rounded orbs that were spongy to the touch.

Muscles were likewise flaring, rounding the chest outward, barreling it even, while long and slender adult biceps formed and my thighs became even firmer and meatier with long tendons and muscle chords to give off that long-legged look, its muscle definition curving and arching instead of angular to accent the feminine grace even there, all to better frame the bulging mound of womanhood between them.

And as I changed, absorbing more and more femininity, I rolled onto my back beside that tree and stuffed both hands between my legs, caressing my sopping wet pussy into giving me even more pleasure, which it freely gave instead of having to work at it like a penis, and with that pleasure came even more feminine power.

It was all so pleasurable, desirable, mind-numbing. By God... I think... I think I liked being a female. It felt... right.

Post-Documentation 0013C: Re-engineering the Hypernite

Despite that I was entering into the final stages of pregnancy, I was fervently at work. My belly grew so fast with IO's and my kitlings – no hatchling egg was held internally for this long since the inception of dragonkind, so I assumed it was kitlings – that I was, in a term, inflating with my pregnancy. It began to be difficult to walk let alone fly with a full one-third of my current body weight being that bulbous gut of mine, with another one third being the hyper engorged breasts lining my body that were so laden with milk currently, and to make matters worse I was encountering cravings galore. I was more than twice my pre-pregnancy body weight...

But I digress.

While amidst this motherly state and its tendencies, I couldn't take my mind off of Xilimyth's plight, and the more I studied the more I was certain that the Hypernites had evolved in order to deal with his particular body structure.

In their logic, they would've discovered the anomaly of his genetics and attempted to correct it. Reversing five thousand years of growth and change would've been a monumental task! One would think that it was impossible. But these little buggers did it in less than four months.

Poor Kirii, she has no idea what her husband is becoming.

Running it through my computer – I didn't like using Aysyx for my research unless it were absolutely necessary – I ran a model as to what was going on given the samples I'd taken, but when my computer came up with a result I had to re-enter all the data and run it again to make sure. After those results returned the same thing I ran them yet again,, and when it came up a third time I found that I had to use Aysyx's calculating powers to be sure. My androgynous friend confirmed exactly what I am about to write down in this report.

I can report conclusively and without a doubt that the Hypernites, encountering physical damage brought upon by emotional scaring, have attempted to repair their cause, and finding that cause in relation to an imbalance of proper chemicals, endeavored to fix the genetic anomaly. The only logical conclusion is to return Xilimyth to a base state, that is... to a Lycan form. Once there, they would correct the anomaly, which would, in no small way, mean eliminating his masculinity in favor for the genetic superiority that was in his body. I.E. transform him into a female.

Normally, we would be expecting three to four more months for this sort of happenstance to complete itself, but thanks to the effects of a Lunar Eye focusing directly upon a creature that was specifically keyed to react physically and spiritually to lunar celestial events, the Hypernites would've found themselves suddenly abundant with energy drawn in by Xilimyth's cells in that particular moment, and then likewise react upon the definite enhancement of femininity at the time and finish the trans-gender transformation.

I can only assume that Lord Xilimyth at this present time can only be called Lady Xilimyth from now on.

But then, every model that I've run would show that Xilimyth would now develop as a super-feminine like Leviathan, Kirii and myself, but what of those left over genetic codes that are in his system? The masculine remnants of her new bio-form? I'm quite certain that my Hypernites will discover that they cannot work quick enough to destroy such a mutation, and though they may tend to suppress it, it will, eventually, backfire on them. And what exactly will happen to a weapon core-endowed, Dragini consumed Lycan who still has the blood of dragons in her when the parabola of change suddenly starts shifting upward?

Only one eventual comparison to what this will be comes to mind:

Lady Iridium.

*-Doctress Lady Evelyn Runeblade
Inner Circle of Dragons
Aspect of Fire*

“Lady Kirii, you mustn’t worry.” Miki commented as she brought me a great hand bowl of tea.

I stood quietly before the observation deck of the house in Leaf’s valley, wings folded about me, the paunch of my pregnancy showing more and more every day, the long sinuous tail coiling about my legs as I waited for Xili to return.

“Thank you Miki.” I replied to the slender Greater Dragoness who was attending me.

Pseudo sent her with me, asked me politely too, and when one looked into those big blue eyes of his you couldn’t disagree.

Miki was to be an attendant and nothing more, though I was certain Pseudo had chosen her to also possess the skills of a midwife as well as a secretary.

“Would you care for a bath, my lady?” she asked. You’ve stood there non-stop for the better part of several hours. You haven’t eaten breakfast yet, nor have you...”

“Miki?” I prompted, and turned toward her.

“Yes milady?” she returned, looking up at me with those big doe eyes of hers.

Instead of horns, she had a small bramble of branching antlers atop her head and a soft belly with thin fur over most of her body. She looked like a draconic doe.

“Nothing.” I sighed, and drank the totality of the tea she’d brought me before thrusting it at her.

“Well, if it pleases you then, my lady, I’ve brought you a table and a chair to rest within while you watch. I can bring you more tea.”

I turned to look at her then, and despite my earlier defiance, I was just so tired, too tired to argue, and so I moved to the cushioned bowl of a chair that had been provided for me, and laid back in it before turning my head to look toward the front of the valley again.

“So what do you think of this vigil of mine, Miki?” I asked, reflecting that her name even complimented my own. Kirii, Miki... Pseudo thought much further into a subject than most other individuals I knew did.

“I cannot find fault in such a vigil as this, my lady, though I do wish that while you wait for your lifemate and husband that you also remember yourself and your babies.” She said and refilled my hand bowl of tea but left it on its tea tray that was close at hand before she stared arranging some flowers upon the table.

“D-do you think he’s coming back?” I asked, hearing the quaver in my own voice as both eyes pinched to hold in the tears that wanted to leak out.

Miki handed me a handkerchief to dab my eyes with, before she arrived with a foot stool to prop my feet up with and then automatically started rubbing oils into my belly so that it could stretch better.

“Certainly. Lord Xilimyth is perhaps the most dutiful of all the council dragons. He’s never failed to reach a deadline, you see. He’ll come back a better person. I promise.”

I sighed, and then lay back in my makeshift bedding and continued to watch. Before I knew it, Miki had made me so comfortable that I’d fallen asleep.

The night had slid into dreams to where I was unsure where one ended and the other began. I dreamt that I was a powerful, powerful female, with great breasts, wide hips, and muscles that bulged everywhere. I was as strong as I always wanted to be! I dreamt that the strongest of all males came to mate with me to have sons and daughters, and I dreamt that I had done precisely that repeatedly. The greatest of all breeders the world had ever known, and dragonkind flourished thanks to me.

And then there was Kirii.

She pawed at me, fawned at me, kissed and licked me, rubbing her breasts against mine, while her fingers touched my bulbous and powerful vagina, but there was no way for she and I to couple. And suddenly I was waking groggily to the rising African sun, only to realize that the sensations of being felt up and touched in ways that I shouldn’t be were persisting. Two hands alighted upon my knees and helped them to spread open, before fingers slid along the still firm labia and touched my erect clitoris, and coming fully awake, I gaped at the sight of some hulking male kneeling between my legs, holding his erect dick, and angling himself to pierce me.

With a reflexive scream as I suddenly understood the instinctive fear females had of being raped, I lashed out with one paw and struck him aside the head, and he was knocked straight to the ground in one fell swoop. Instantly coming to a stand, I gasped as I looked down at my fallen adversary, one side of his face raked with my claws, but I was so swift in knocking him out that he hadn’t even the chance to let go of his dick as he blew his wad all over the grasses in front of him.

He was a grown lion! Or rather a were-lion. Though the Lycanthropes were a hidden race, I could tell that he was a Lycan and not just a gene-spliced human by the smell. Gritting my teeth, I swept a leg back and kicked him swiftly in the ribs.

“Never without my permission!” I snarled, and he groaned in his unconsciousness.

And then I realized... I’d just knocked out a grown lion with one blow!

I looked to my arm, and saw that it was still spindly. *How did I do that?* And then I flexed that arm, and pursed my lips as I saw a subtle mound grow out of that arm. Feeling it with my other hand, I felt that it was firm and tight, but amidst feeling that bicep, I felt something pinch together at my chest, and looking down saw the two pairs of boobs decorating my chest. Not pert little things, but a pair of fully developed C-cups I was certain, larger than what they were last night and instead of being spongy they were a little softer now when I pushed in on them.

Then looking down at my would-be rapist – the lions thought they owned everything in their lands that was unclaimed, whether it be an animal or some wayward stranger that they wanted – and I put my fists on my hips, only to discover that I had hips. Lifting both hands and looking down and pivoting my legs, I saw that I had a nice narrow waist and a grand set of flaring hips to this new feminine body of mine. Then moving both hands backward, I felt a nice firm bottom with both hands before passing those hands forward and caressed the long slope of my navel as it led to my bulbous vaginal mound.

“Well mister how-do-you-do, where do you call home?” I asked, and lifting a hand looked to the horizon, and in the distance saw a waving sight that wasn’t grass, and was too angular to be stone, which meant buildings.

I dashed toward the spot and was soon slowing down several dozen leagues later within a few scant seconds – I hadn’t gone supersonic – and I slowed upon the edge of a small outpost. The only reason I knew it was an outpost was because of the single road that bisected it, and the administrative building at its center where a magistrate should reside. I smelt Lycan here... which meant that this was where big and brawny lion who rapes unconscious females came from. But I needed clothes, and money, or at least stuff to barter with, and being that I was naked at the moment...

I sighed and blew out a puff of long blonde hair from my eyes, the top and back of the head being the hair that had the spots, right as my bangs fell before both eyes, and I blinked and blew the exotically long strands away again before sliding them upward and back over my head. Striding down the road up to the administrative building, I breathed a sigh of relief as I saw that this one was of standard design, which meant that there was an auto-teller outside for the banking facilities inside.

Tapping the activation panel, the auto-teller unfolded, and waited for a prompt. I selected Draconish for the language and quickly keyed in my account number into the holokeys that appeared above the array, as well as the password and the confirmation code – which was required to bypass the optical scan and the fingerprint scanner, which I wasn’t sure would still work for me, but was thankfully a code only I and the bank knew of and changed depending upon what day it was – and then set the withdrawal for about one hundred credits given the locale and the thought I probably wouldn’t need more than that.

I had to go *‘buy’* some clothes, which meant I was about to put a twenty credit mark on some woman’s clothesline as I stole her clothes that were hanging in the wind to dry. After the stores opened, then perhaps I could buy something more fitting of this newly growing body?

“I have a progress report, Lord Pseudodrake.” Aysyx’s voice chimed in through my private quarters atop the Starlight Industries Headquarters central spire in New York.

I’ve had many faces throughout my many, many years as guardian of this world, and aside from being the First King of Dragons, I was also a middle-aged man known as Terran Mushunoshi and head of the Starlight Foundation, formerly known as the Starlight Corporation even though the foundation had always been here. Aside from that, I was also a spry spy/assassin who went by the name Zero that worked for Inter-Realm.

“Please, continue Aysyx.” I said aloud as I looked out over the city of New York from my sub-orbital vantage point. The central tower of the Starlight Arcology was the tallest peak on earth either natural or artificial, and was the second tallest peak in the solar system aside from the volcano Olympus Mons.

“I have received a report from Lord Xilimyth’s private account that he has just withdrawn an amount of one-hundred credits utilizing his private pass key to bypass optical scans and fingerprint scans. I... have a recorded image derived from the auto-teller’s built-in camera of the person withdrawing the funds.”

I turned away from the view and paused, dressed in a fine suit as I held my cane in place. Aysyx rarely paused whenever shi gave reports, and shi only did it whenever shi found something strange and unusual. Being that shi was a powerful computer consciousness hooked up to the totality of the Matrix, shi was aware of things even I didn’t know about.

“*‘Of the person’* you say.” I said. “So the individual withdrawing funds was not Lord Xilimyth?”

“Correct. The use of the personal ID code, unless Lord Xilimyth gave it to someone else to have free access to the trillions of credits his account has earned over the millennia at Zurich, marks this individual as him but...”

“But?” I said quietly, and gestured at my large leather and embossed chair and it slid out for me as I sat down upon it before the broad desk it sat behind, and it scooted back in as I sat. “But... it appears as if Eve’s prediction that you verified is indeed true.”

“Affirmative.” Aysyx said quietly.

“Show me.”

And a holoscreen appeared across the whole of my great desk, revealing the messenger in his – I mean, her – new body.

“Nice breasts...” I stated as I watched what appeared to be a young were-cheetah entering in the bank information for the withdrawal. “Wow... look at her fingers. I wish I had that sort of hand-eye coordination.” I commented as Xilimyth’s fingers keyed in three twenty digit numbers based upon mathematical equations that were in his head and the enter keys within three seconds.

“I am still unsure that this is Lord Xilimyth. The spot patterns aren’t correct. It appears as if we are looking upon the rare king cheetah, and not a regular cheetah.”

“That’s Xilimyth.” I said with a sigh as the image repeated itself on a loop. “If sight alone that coincides with Eve’s findings isn’t enough, then the knowledge of that passkey should be. “Where is she right now, Aysyx?”

“A small outpost located amidst the Alliance of African Nations close to the Province of Greater Congo... The Savanna planes south east of the rainforest band in what appears to be at the edge of a wildlife preserve. The official station is Ranger Station A-six-one, though the natives call it Holt. It appears to be primarily populated by felis-type Lycans according to the Lycanthrope Gold Clan markers that are on file.

“Query: My lord... should I inform the Lady Kirii of our findings?”

I thought for a moment. “Take a memo and send this, Aysyx:”

Kirii,

I would like to inform you that we’ve discovered Xilimyth’s whereabouts. When we learn more about your lifemate’s condition, we shall inform you directly. Please remain safe and comfortable, I will be addressing this matter personally.

-P

“That is decidedly the most minimum amount of information that can be said, my lord.” Aysyx said sarcastically.

“I know it is. But if Eve’s theories are correct, I’d rather Xilimyth correct this matter on her own instead of leaving it to us to inform Kirii about what’s going on. Kirii should hear it from Xili’s lips, and not mine.”

“Compliance. But what do you mean that you’ll be addressing this matter personally?”

“Well, put it simply, it’s time for me to come up with a new disguise.”

Small towns were places where the people all knew each other, and a stranger definitely stood out, especially when that someone was a new Lycan like me.

I spent some time in the general store here, purchasing some clothes that I thought would accent my new feminine form and compliment it at the same time, so in parallel with the dark fur I possessed, I purchased the smallest T-shirt that I could find – an extra-extra large white thing with no extra frills on it that fit me like a dress – a white pair of short pants – not quite panties, not quite shorts, but they looked like I should wear them under something – and a white bandana for my head.

I looked alluring, I had to admit, especially how this shirt didn't quite cover my long sinuous belly, and the neck was so wide that it kept slipping down to bare one of my shoulders, so I just let it go. Paying the man behind the counter, and purchasing some basic food rations and a bottle of water, I decided to go seek out the leader of this establishment... which didn't lie within the magistrate's office here, but rather it was hidden away elsewhere.

Five thousand years ago was a long time to not be a Lycan and remember the secret signs, but I managed enough where after spending most of the day in trying to locate it, I finally located a circular grass-thatched building amidst all the pre-fabricated buildings that was second in its size only to the magistrate's office. It was additionally marked by the two young lions that were being lazy in their appearance of thugs.

"I'm a traveler." I said to them. "I seek lodging, and was hoping that your king would be willing to give food and lodging for those seeking to earn it."

"Pfft..." the larger of the two of them said. "Look, a cheetah."

"Yeah," the other said. "Cheetahs never prosper." and they both laughed, and I smirked at the child-like attempt at humor.

Apparently, some jokes were eternal.

"I assure you that I can provide and aide your king." I told them.

"Look here missy; the only people who get to see the king are either warriors or whores. So since you aren't a warrior..."

"Who says I'm not?" I said aloud and brought myself up to my full height, which was no where near being impressive against these nine foot tall lions that were in their lesser hybrid forms, and I was in my full hybrid form... Especially when they were still head, neck, and shoulders taller than I was.

The two lions guffawed at me.

"You look like a whore to me. So perhaps I should test to see if you're worthy of his presence or not." and the taller of the two moved forward and lifted his hands to grope at my breasts but I stopped their advance by holding his wrists and moving them backward and away from my chest, but given how much stronger the brute was than me, I managed only to push myself back away from him.

It was strange and it was different to suddenly be possessing of boobs, but they were private affairs, and not for the touching of by someone who wasn't my lover or myself.

"Hand's off till you're invited to touch them, you common thug."

"A thug?" the leader bellowed. "How dare you. I'm a proven warrior! And I'll not have a cheetah belittle my prowess."

"You call me a whore, I call you a thug, I suggest that we both prove differently. I'm a warrior, you're a warrior. The winner of a contest gets to call themselves as such, the loser gets called otherwise."

"Oh you're on." and he flashed his claws. "This is how we tackle in football! Let me welcome you to it!" and he rushed at me, and with a rush of air and an audible snap, he doubled over and fell to the ground in a heap groaning as he cupped the cluster of sex organs between his legs.

"Oh yeah? Well welcome to foot, balls. A real warrior would've worn protection for his vulnerable spot at all times; a real warrior would've deflected that blow. Hence, you are a thug." and then I turned to the other lion, who snapped his head toward me away from his felled companion in astonished shock, and then hurried to open the door for me.

"Thank you kindly." I said in passing, and entered the internal abode of this place, finding a heap of supplies and food stuffs.

A common ploy of hiding a thing in plain sight.

Walking around the supplies in this storehouse, I found the telltale signs of a hidden catch, and pressing it the wooden planks in the room that were set in a spiraling wood pattern suddenly gave way and lowered into a set of circular stairs with solid stone plates beneath them. This was only the most obvious of entrances. There would be others elsewhere in town.

Stepping lithely down the stairs, liking the way that my hips rocked from side to side and my tail swayed with every step that I took, I stepped to the base of the stairs right before there was another click and the stairs immediately rose back up and locked into place.

Immediately, workers – common savannah lynxes – paused at seeing me, and one nudged a friend who was still working so that he righted himself. They were all smiling at me.

I smirked back and stepped forward.

"Hello beautiful." one of them greeted. "Forgive us by asking, but are you a new acquisition?"

By acquisition, he meant a concubine for the king.

"No. I'm a far traveler. I've come to ask for lodging."

They all smirked and one chuckled. "So you're currently free then?"

"I am."

"May I have the honor to touch a free female... Before she goes to the king?"

"Why not after I go to the king?"

"Because, chances are," one of his partners stated. "When you come back, you won't be free any more."

I smirked and reached up and palmed his face and he took my hand and smelled the inside of the wrist where my pheromones would've escaped me.

"Ah... So cool and soothing."

"Me next."

"Get your own!" the other two shoved each other to be next and I touched them each in turn in the same way.

"I don't intend to lose my freedom to a lion." I smirked. "Chances are, such a creature as a mere lion isn't in tune with what he's dealing with. Where do I go to meet with him?"

And they pointed.

"Thank you." I said and walked away, arching my back a little more unashamedly so that they could see and revel in the sight of my butt.

And then I paused, placing both hands on the walls to steady myself as I was assaulted with a feeling of euphoria followed by a feeling of pleasure, and with a sigh I felt my arousal strike me. But as it did, I felt another, very mild feeling of evolution happen to me as my body groaned with tightening tendons and shifting bones, and I rolled my head languidly from the feeling of the empowerment.

The feeling of power... It was so intoxicating. After having felt weak all my life, now that I knew it I wanted more... More! And it seemed to be coming from the fact that I was reveling in this newfound femininity that had been thrust upon me.

The three male cats behind me groaned and whispered amongst themselves as they watched me move before I strode forward, moving into a long and wide tunnel that was made for tall, powerful creatures to move through. The earthen smell and the feeling of moisture bespoke of life and water, which meant that there was a hidden well here.

This king was wealthy then, I thought to myself. A well meant that he could barter water for riches.

And then at the end of the corridor I came to two guards who were both dressed like Egyptians. Gold, alabaster and blue jade decorated them from head to toe, with the crossing eagle wings over their heaving chests, their helms decorated and gilded, their loins girded up and surrounded by pleated skirts of hard leather and more gold. They wore anklets and jewelry, and either carried a curving sword and a spear the size of a ballistae round.

"May I pass noble guardians?" I asked with my best rendition of a curtsy – I had to stop myself from bowing – thinking it best to suck up to their egos. "I've come seeking an audience with your king."

They both stared at me hard, and I stared back at them, challenging their gazes with my own green-eyed stare.

"Proceed, but take care girl, you are in the presence of King Blackthorne. A female in his court has only one design, and that's to remain naked, barefoot and pregnant."

"I'll keep that in mind." I mused and stepped forward walking through a room full of debauchery.

There were hookahs and many naked lions with each being pleased by no less than three females of varying breeds, all of them drunk and stoned and God only knew what else.

But then I came to the end of the great hall, after stepping over a drunkard who'd fallen across the center walk way, and stood before the King.

He was a black lion, with talons that were naturally colored black through a life of violence. He bore scars upon his face of battle, and his black mane was streaked with silver from his age. Muscles like the sorts I wished for myself rippled his chest and abs, and unlike his guardians who wore gold, alabaster and precious gems, this king was decorated only with silver.

Silver collar, silver bracelets and anklets, each heavy enough to buy food and medicine and provide lodging for hundreds decorated his body. When he opened his eyes, two silvery eyes stared directly at me while his pupils opened in and out to focus upon me. The silver and not the gold told of how powerful he was. Silver hurt us, even the bare contact of silver hurt a Lycan if it were to touch our skin. It burned like hot poker and wounds caused by silver burned with fire. The fact he wore it told of his natural power that he was immune to such a weakness, and likewise the decorations also served a second purpose, and that was as armor and weapons should he suddenly need to fight.

Arrayed around him were the most choice of females. Wide hips and large breasts – multiple pairs of them – with strong bones and thick muscles... Some were chained with golden collars to golden chains and were decorated only in jewelry so that their nakedness could be revealed. They sat on the edge of his seat, pouring him wine, or coddled his legs or were arrayed about him making love to each other.

When I saw that he looked upon me, I bowed deeply and splayed both arms out to my sides, lowering my eyes away from his.

"With respect, great King Blackthorne. I am a wanderer who has lost his – her – way," Even I forgot what gender I was at times. "I've come seeking food and shelter. I will gladly repay what I can."

"Disrobe." Blackthorne said in a low rumble.

I rose and faced him, squaring both shoulders. I wasn't about ready to give that up yet.

"No."

And there was a rattle as guards that I hadn't noticed before suddenly slid out of alcoves with drawn weapons.

"Excuse me?" he growled even lower than before, and I saw his claws grip his chair as he leaned back in all his glory, only a red cloth draped over his lap kept him completely naked.

"I said no!" I said loud enough for my voice to carry. "I am not one of your playthings so I will not allow you to debase me."

More weapons were drawn, and King Blackthorne rose to his feet, his females melting away from him immediately as his sheet fell off him. He had an impressive cluster even for a male. It was thick and bulging and undoubtedly had fathered many sons and daughters through many a willing or unwilling fem.

"In my kingdom, and most especially under my hall, my word remains law. All who enter it are subject to that law. All females of Lycan blood are forbidden the honors of warriors, which includes clothing such as yours. Take it off or have it torn from you."

"You can try." I growled back with ferocity that though it wasn't enough to make such a devoted warrior step back, it was enough to make him pause.

But then he nodded, and two lions approached me, one making a grab for my shirt, but in a speed that surprised even me, I grabbed his thumb, forced it open, twisted his claws and hand away from me, swept his leg and kicked him in the side so that he went sprawling into the bodies of several of the drunk and stoned individuals.

Then I was grappled from behind with two fierce arms, but thrusting both arms upward slipping myself downward, I escaped those clutches before I twisted, brought a hand back, and slapped him hard in the gut.

This warrior gasped, all the air in his body being forced out of him by forcing his diaphragm to convulse, and stepping back from him as I rose again, I watched as he fell to one knee and vomited up what was in his stomach before I rose to a stand.

Blackthorne stepped up to me, folding his arms across his broad chest and eyeing me with those silvery eyes.

"Are you here to try to strip me now, King Blackthorne?"

There was an untimely silence as his guards continued edging forward, encircling me, until...

"Father..." a woman's voice chimed out, singsong and beautiful, but it carried command, and Blackthorne turned to a buxom female who was nearly as tall as he was, and very nearly as adorned with muscular might as he was. Unlike the majority of the females here, this one wore body wraps that hid her breasts and her crotch with those wraps, and she wore leggings and bracers and was adorned with the raiment of a warrior. "Is this how you insist on treating all of my gender father, even one who is a guest? No wonder the clans cannot abide by us." and then she turned to me. "Your name, girl. Out with it! And show your pride, or else I'll leave you to fend for yourself."

"Xilimyth." I said quickly bringing myself up.

"And who do you represent?"

"Myself." I replied quietly. "I'm on walkabout."

"An Australian aboriginal concept..." this powerful fem said, "Walk around and try to find yourself? You see father, this person is on a noble quest."

And there was laughter in the room before this fem roared loudly to silence them.

"Damn you cretins that wasn't a joke!" and all fell silent. Blackthorne hadn't laughed. "Daddy, I know you want to see another girl naked who will ride your bone, but this fem isn't from around here. It's isn't right for you to treat a woman with more disdain than she's willing to receive."

"Daughter, this is my kingdom and my hall..."

"And she's clearly bested not one but two of your best warriors. She's proven herself to be a greater warrior than those in this hall, all except you, daddy, and if it is your hall and your rule than by your hall and by your rules then she as a warrior must be recognized as such."

"That rule isn't made for women!" Blackthorne growled, showing his white fangs.

"Oh is that a fact? Then perhaps I should take this raiment off and strut around butt naked and wiggle my boobs in your face like all the other whores you keep as pets?" Blackthorne remained quiet. "Your rules do not state that a warrior need be of any specific gender. Now show her honor as per your rules daddy, or be in contempt of your own laws!"

Blackthorne growled, and then roared into the face of his daughter, his fists tensing long after the roar ended, but this fem merely stood her ground, and actually leaned into the roar. She didn't even flatten her ears to the piercing sound like I did.

Afterwards Blackthorne turned and returned to his throne and sat in it. The other females didn't return to him immediately as he sat deep in the great throne of wicker, bone and iron.

"My laws are absolute in these lands, and though it pains me to say so, you are correct my daughter. This... Female, is to be recognized as a warrior in my hall, and thereby is to receive honor for it with full access and privileges as any warrior of her station." Blackthorne swept with one hand idly. "But as a woman, she will remain with the other female warriors... Of this pryde." he smirked, and now there was laughter that Blackthorne's daughter brought herself up proudly for."

"Take her away then daughter; get her out of my sight. And I warn you, being that this is your doing, I name you as her mentor. She will carry not one whit below her responsibilities while she stays here lest you make up the difference, up to and including striking your warrior status from you and placing you with all the other females of the pryde."

"Yes father." She said and taking me by the hand, jerked me fiercely to her side and led me away through the chuckling warriors and party-goers.

When we were out of earshot and eye shot, she looked back and breathed a sigh before letting go of my hand and gently placing her hand upon my shoulder.

"Now let's look at you little one." She said and turned my head from side to side, squeezing my biceps and tapping my chest before she leaned in and took a deep whiff of me.

"Ugh... you stink of your own sweat and grime." And she placed a hand on my shoulder again and directed me forward. "And you smell of a powerful heat. No wonder the warriors were looking at your behind instead of your face."

"Th-they were?" I stammered, surprised.

"Of course they were! A cheetah like you, especially a King Cheetah? Not only are you fresh tail, but you're a doubly exotic tail. Not very many cheetahs around anymore, let alone a king cheetah. You mark my words, others will be looking upon you as a prize to earn or take"

And I was led deeper underground, into rock that appeared to be carved from the earth, till we passed by two brawny female lions with black lips and huge chests instead of breasts, they were adorned like my host was with linen wraps instead of the leathers like the males did.

"Forgive me, but I haven't learned your name yet."

She sniggered and turned to look and then smirk at me. "And you're polite too. It's a pleasant experience to meet politeness in this part of the world. I should be the one begging for forgiveness for not offering it up at first, but if you haven't noticed, females aren't treated as equal beings in this pryde, so we don't really have names most of the time. Usually you are addressed with a *'hey you'* or similar. But you may call me Leona."

"Thank you Leona, I..." and then I stopped.

Leona and I had just entered into where the females of the pryde housed themselves, and given the circumstances above; I certainly didn't expect how the females were treated below.

A harem was the best way to explain it.

Along the upper reaches of a large amphitheatre-shaped area were several tiers of benches and recessed alcoves for what looked like shared bedding for multiple people, each alcove hidden by silk draping and decorated by thick satin pillows, furs and silken blankets.

Along this first and largest tier, were where many of the fems lounged and spoke with each other, and in certain instances, were making love to each other.

Below that tier were many steps of rough hewn stone that led downward into a great pool of crystal waters within a rock hewn cavern, where what looked like a few hundred females of varying breeds were arrayed before me. All ages, all walks of life, all sorts of pelts – lionesses, a few tigresses, lynxes, other cheetahs, leopards and panthers, elegant and lean servals, and even a few small bodied sand cats – were arrayed throughout the room. They ranged from young girls and babies nursing from their mother's breasts, to the elderly, from the lean to the incredibly strong.

I'd never, never seen so many T-n-A in one place, and I became aware of something primal inside me arising, and that was the male side of me that was still contained within this feminine body. I was growing aroused, desirous, and I trembled as I looked upon them all as the arousal swelled the vaginal flesh and all the inner muscles behind it like some enormous erection, and swallowing back my drool and feeling myself leaking my nectar as I moistened immediately, I looked upon them all and wished that I was a male again in the center of all that attention...

And then I stopped, and stared at one female in particular.

She was a white leopard, sitting at the edge of the pool and taking onto her all the children she could. Her breasts were thick and full, so rounded that they held themselves up, pressed against each other even when her shoulders were relaxed and likewise pressed against her thick biceps. Her body lean yet athletic in its muscularity and in one arm she cradled a cub and was nursing it. She was narrow waisted and wide-hipped with equally wide shoulders. I found her immediately quite arousing, erotic and desirable, and my senses came alive as I... desired her. A long folded head covering of translucent blue silk covered her head and eyes and was fastened to her head by a simple head dress.

"Babasti." Leona supplied. "She's the reverend mother of the den, and as some say, she's older than all the women here put together."

"Uh-huh, yeah..." I stated not noticing that Leona was kneeling before me and had taken hold of the short pants I wore and was proceeding to pull them off me when I snapped to and squealed. "What are you doing?!"

"Helping you to undress silly. We're all girls here." Leona said, and then rising, took the base of the shirt I was wearing and very nearly ripped it off me as she jerked it up over my head.

"Yeah but..."

"Why so ill-modest. Some said that you entered town naked from the wilderness."

"That... that was something different." I said quietly, turning a head to hide a blush that burned so bright it shone through the fur over either cheek.

But then Leona was disrobing, and I got to see more of her incredible, muscular body and its feminine gifts before she took me by the hand and led me down the natural stairs into the lukewarm waters.

The chattering of pet monkeys that the fems played with and tossed things to could be heard here and the most prevalent lighting was from a shaft of light in the ceiling that shone through some sort of natural crystal formation to spread shafts of sparkling light over everything here.

Leona dragged me into the waters and bid me to sit on a submerged stone bench. I sat there and suddenly began to purr as I ran my feet into what felt like heated sand at the base of the pool, a pool that I found was deep enough for a grown lioness in her lesser hybrid form to be submerged passed her waist. Deep enough for me to swim within.

It was the first time that I remembered anyone doing the service of actually bathing me. Sure I had baths with Kirii, but this was being bathed not bathing with. I was so into the sensations of being washed, of having a woman's breasts pressing against my head, her naked body against my back as she cleaned the dirt and dust from my fur that I began to grow hot and sweaty amidst the water splashing over me. I sat like a boy who was experiencing his first wicked boner at the sight of peaking into a girl's locker room while they showered. And what other sort of disguise was better than actually being a woman in their midst?

My nipples erected, the clit pressed between either swelling labia and those thusly swelled against the thick inner thighs to either side of it while the whole mass of my sex throbbed in tune with my erect nipples. After a short while I even ejected a jet of cream into the water as I gasped.

And then there was a nudge against my back from Leona as she tried to get my attention, followed by a sharper, painful poke from a claw-tipped finger, and blinking I roused myself and gasped as I saw none other than Babasti approaching with a pair of young girls for attendants.

"Stand up, Xilimyth!" Leona growled through her teeth, and I surged to my feet so quickly that both sets of boobs I had bounced fiercely.

Babasti's blackened lips spread into a wider smile as she slid elegantly through the water, and lifting her hands to the silken draperies that hung about her shoulders like a grand shawl-like cloak, the two girls collected it from her as she came to stand before me.

"Turn this one over to me, Leona." Babasti greeted, and turned her head toward me. For a second, that head dress made her look like a feminine version of Blind IO.

"Yes, at once Den Mother." Leona curtsied and then stepped back.

Babasti... I could tell she was old for a Lycan, perhaps as old or as older than I was. And then she lifted her long slender fingers to my face, cupping it, feeling the curvature of either jowl, the press of both lips, before she slid her hands down to my chest, cupping either primary tit and giving them both a gentle squeeze. I looked to Leona, but she grit her teeth and jerked her head toward Babasti, so I looked back and tried to refrain a yip as her fingers actually settled over my woman's crotch, and she felt the vaginal lips, the erect clitoris, and then lifted her eyes toward me.

There was color in her eyes that I could see looking at me through that silken veil, though I couldn't tell what color they were due to the veil's blue haze, and she smiled at me more alluring than she'd done before.

"There is strength in you... a male's strength." She said aloud. "It throbs in tune now to the woman that you are." She spoke softly, but despite how soft it was I became aware that everyone in the cavern was paying attention to this interaction. Even the monkeys had stopped playing and were watching with rapt attention.

She squeezed both my biceps and felt the muscles of my chest and neck before one hand with its long claws slid down to my chest and felt the knot of bone that was my sternum.

"Something is missing here though." She said quietly, and I gaped at her. That was where my heart stone had been before I'd changed from a male dragon into a female Lycan. "But I nonetheless greet you, great lady." And she curtsied... to me?!

I tried to stop her, but it was too late, and looking around nervously, the scene played out, and all the women in this chamber, even Leona, curtsied to me before Babasti rose.

"Please, great lady, let this humble servant groom you and make you beautiful in the eyes of our males."

I swallowed and sat back down, and one of the servant girls, a small sand cat, reappeared with an alabaster tray with many beauty implements, and held them upward while Babasti moved to stand behind me and began to groom me with her oils, her perfumes, her combs and brushes while everyone watched.

For hours, I was groomed and serviced by the greatest of them and all I could think during that whole time... was why?

"My lady..." a voice said through the distracted stupor I was in. "My lady..."

I turned to face Miki. "Hm?" my chest heaving as I took a deep breath as I awoke.

"Sorry to bring this to your attention, my lady, but I was balancing your finances for you," I blinked in surprise at her. "And I noticed a discrepancy. It's in the monies that you and Lord Xilimyth share, and though the amount of the discrepancy is paltry, there appears to be a misbalance of exactly one hundred credits. I found the withdrawal that Zurich recorded that didn't match the records in your private computer."

I sat there, rubbing the head of one of my kitties who'd come to sit in my lap, not knowing which one it was at the moment who'd placed their head in my lap, and for a moment I dwelled upon the information that Miki had just given me.

"Excuse me ma'am, but if you left the safety of the valley, I think I should come with you."

"But I didn't leave." I said with some annoyance, and even if I did leave then I don't think I'd have to tell you about... What... I was doing." I stared at Miki who'd been taking my irritation without even batting an eye, and right then something struck me. "Miki... Where was the withdrawal done from?"

She handed me a datapad with the line item already highlighted.

"Auto teller A-six-one?" I groaned. "Where the hell is Auto-teller A-six-one?"

"I am uncertain. It appears to be a serial number of the bank routing code that you see below the line item. Theoretically, if you can find what bank connects to that routing number, then you can also find out from that bank where that auto-teller is." She paused as I looked to the datapad. "Would you like for me to research it, my lady?"

"No. I'll do it." I commented slowly, and then rose to my feet. "My Xili must've accessed his account from a remote location to get some money. If he won't come home, then I'll go to wherever he is. Thank you for this Miki."

"My pleasure, my lady, though this was only reporting a discrepancy..."

"It was the stroke of luck that I've been hoping for. Now... To track it down."

"Lord Pseudodrake?"

I turned as Aysyx himself approached me, her two '*children*' floating about her, playing with each other as they encircled their mother.

Zero and One, Aysyx decided to call them, two integral parts of a byte, the most basic form of computer code, neither more important than the other in computer language. They were slowly unfolding from their spherical '*eggs*' as the months went by, showing spreading grooves that were shaping into features and limbs and wings and such, and since they detached from Aysyx in some strange form of birth that none of us had witnessed nor dared to ask about, they continued in their egg-forms even today.

"Yes Aysyx?"

"Lady Kirii is asking me for information. She wishes to know what bank this routing number connects to."

A series of numbers appeared before Aysyx's breast plates, four rounded bulges that simulated mammary glands in design, though whether or not they doubled in function had yet to be seen.

It was a sixteen digit routing number, and upon seeing the holographic display, I exhaled a sigh.

"How did she find out?"

"The '*attendant*' you sent to her was balancing the check book and located the line item that Zurich reported that wasn't recorded within their private records. It wouldn't take much mental effort for her to put two and two together. I dare say Miki knew what she was doing when she handed Kirii the record."

I nodded and the routing number winked out of existence before I turned back to look over the Shangri-La Valley and the edifice of the great Millennium Tree Tre'Ent situated at one side of the vast mountain valley that was the size of a small island.

Tre'Ent's white leaves waved in the wind, his branches covering over the whole of the valley.

"Did you give her the information, Aysyx?"

"Affirmative." shi said, and I nodded.

"Then we are running out of time. It won't take her long to figure out where Xilimyth has gone. Try to delay her with the usual bureaucratic interference, Aysyx. Keep her from delving the location too easily.

"I need to act before she does."

Babasti finished grooming me... Decorating me with a necklace from around her own throat, earrings from her own ears, berry stains for my lips, make up, grooming my hair and fur back into the swept back hair style I seemed to naturally have, and once it was done, she and I spent an hour as she continually combed me dry so that all the fur on me remained straight and beautiful.

"I... I don't understand. Who am I to deserve such gifts and kindness?" I asked her.

"You are one who comes to us with great honor. You are a lady now, it's only proper that you look like it." she mused. "Your suffering and confusion is grand, and if one of a lesser station than you are like myself can help at all then I will be happy to do so."

Both my ears twitched from the whispering that was abound from everyone overhearing our conversation.

When she'd finished grooming me she bid me to rise and the two servant girls appeared automatically with a sheer white silk bodycloth with gold threaded embroidery about the collar and hems, the bodycloth draping over me and leaving my sides naked and only covered me but hid nothing of this body of mine.

I felt so hot and warm, aroused greatly, but most of all is that I felt... beautiful.

"There... Now your outside is as beautiful as your inside." she cooed, and I stood there nervously. "I wish to see you tonight, Xilimyth. I wish to speak with you privately once the others are done asking you questions that I'm certain you cannot answer.

"They are after all very curious creatures."

And Babasti stepped lithely away and I turned to watch her go, the translucent white bodycloth fluttering about me as I turned. When I arrived, she looked like the queen of this place, now I did.

Why did she do all this?

As soon as she disappeared into one particular alcove, I was immediately mauled by everyone in the entire chamber, pressed in upon by everyone who was all immediately asking me every question that came to their minds. By God, I was never this popular with women as a guy.

I tried answering their questions, managing a few feeble answers before there was a loud roar and the voices fell silent before Leona approached, and the press of girls and women immediately dispersed.

"Leave her alone with your silly questions. Didn't you hear the mother? She probably can't give you answers to your questions, so leave her alone. This debacle is over, so get back to what you were all doing."

And the women and girls scattered while Leona strode up to me. Her face was stern, her eyes shimmering with an emotion that even with my long experiences as a dragon I couldn't discern.

"Come on then." she managed and led me up the tiers toward where Babasti had disappeared to.

"You're not going to ask me any questions?" I asked.

"No. Whatever or whoever you are, that will be yours to divulge at your leisure. For now you are Xilimyth the far-traveler till you deem to tell us different."

I stopped us right before the silken draperies before the place where Babasti had disappeared into.

"My name is Xilimyth. That's the truth." I admitted to her. "I'm on a walkabout... Sort of. It was kind of thrust upon me. Other than that... Well... I don't know who I am any more. My identity has been vastly skewed as of late."

Leona placed her hands upon her hips and regarded me in all the regalia that Babasti had placed upon me.

"You mentioned that earlier in my father's court. A walk about is an Australian Aboriginal term, and though we have concepts similar to the Dream Time here, our philosophies differ. To us you are a

wanderer, a person with no place. So then to solve that you must find your place and to find your place you must ask yourself one question, and discover the answers to it."

"What question is that?"

"*What do I want*" she supplied. "Ponder on it; get back to me when you know. Now don't keep her waiting." and lifting her hands to me, she turned me around and with a quick shove I was thrust into Babasti's alcove.

"Damn these computers..." I growled, and pounded on either side of the thing with a couple of fists. "Why not?!" I screamed at the holoscreen.

It was flashing a great big "Access Denied." at me.

I was nearly at the point of tears; nearly frustrated enough to rip the computer out and throw it out the window when... A purring sound in my ear made me turn toward it, only to see Miki standing beside me, and I turned to shout at her and tell her to go away before she waved a hand beneath my nose, and instantly a euphoric and slightly arousing sensation flooded through me, and suddenly I found myself instantly relaxed.

"Ohh..." I managed as I sat back in the chair, and Miki rapidly undid all my clothing and pushed open all the folds of my body plating open as well that were keeping me from being naked. "What is that?"

"A mild euphoric and aphrodisiac." she murred, and began rubbing it into my soft leathery hide over and between both primary breasts, making my flesh glossy to the eye. "You need to relax, my lady, and since you seem not to be able to do it on your own, I thought I'd help.

"Mmm... What's in that stuff?"

"Dragon's bane, just a touch of it to calm you down, crushed Dragini petals, catnip, and aloe just to name a few of the active ingredients. On a big, strong she-dragon like you with feline tendencies, this concoction should calm you down greatly, help you to relax, slow your heart rate down... Which is important to a pregnant mother."

"Oh... You need to teach Xili how to do this." I moaned.

"Gladly, my lady." Miki smirked as she smeared the paste-like substance into me, and I turned my attention back to the screen as her hands slid down to my swollen belly now as well.

"Contact us, huh?" I thought aloud, seeing a side note on the homepage I was looking at, and lifting one of my four hands I tapped that spot on the screen with a claw tip and it opened up a matrix form to fill out with no phone number, no fax number, nothing else to contact them with. I sighed. "It's like the world is standing against my efforts to find him."

"You shouldn't think that way, my lady. You're normally such a brilliant optimist... It's best that you not adopt a pessimist's attitude."

I smirked, and using my two left hands, began to key in information, marking it urgent.

"It's just not fair." I said quietly.

I hoped though... Hoped that I would be rewarded for my perseverance.

Babasti's chambers were a bowl of pillows ringed by platforms that would more than likely allow more femmes to sleep upon, but in her case were a place to put her private things. Babasti reclined against a pile of pillows, idly smoking on a pipe that led to a hookahh filled to the brim with hashish mixed with catnip it smelled like. But once I steadied myself after being pushed in here, I paused beside the door, my sight inexorably drawn toward a floor to ceiling length ornate mirror by the opening to the chamber, and I froze as I looked upon myself.

I... I felt erotic. For a moment I forgot who I was, remembered being a man, and wanted to make love to the image that I saw, and idly reached out to touch it.

Elegance, poise, grace, beauty, arousing sexuality, and with a click, I felt a rush of warmth spill through me, its source somewhere just behind my swelling pussy, and in a flash I felt energized with so much feminine power that I very nearly glowed with it.

The longer portion of my hair had been braided into a long braid that hung over one shoulder, with my bangs groomed to sweep backward away from my face instead of before my eyes. Hair stays and strings of jewelry that were all diamond and sapphire accented every facet of my eyes, and I held myself taller and with a more regal and proud poise because of the way I looked. Idly I caressed one of my breasts through the bodycloth that rested over it, taking pleasure in what I saw.

"Does your image please you, my lord?" Babasti asked.

"Oh yes it does, I..." and then I stopped and turned toward her, "What did you call me?"

"My lord. Is that not correct... Messenger?"

"How do you know me?" I asked her, coming to sit kitty corner to her on a small cushioned stool.

"I am old. Not as old as you are, but the earth nonetheless gives homage to a tree, and the tree gives homage to you from her very heartwood. She speaks of a dragon that is no longer a dragon, a male that is no longer a male, a creature that has lost his wings and is learning to walk as a woman, learning to walk like she should've learned to walk, long, long ago."

I stared at her for a moment. "These were all my lands; these were all my protectorate, why have I never heard of you?"

"Because, you've never yet learned to listen to your heart." And she rose enough to hang the nozzle she was smoking from on the apparatus that held the hookahh before leaning beside me, against me, and a peculiar thing happened.

This magnificent creature that embodied beauty as surely as the goddess Venus would've, moved in beside me and slid a hand beneath the white sheer cloth I wore. She held a breast of mine, and began to massage it and touch it in ways that I liked very, very much. Her fingers caressed the areola, her claw tips pricked spots that made me arch myself, thrusting my chest and their small breasts upward, and I sighed as I felt her blackened lips nuzzling my neck. Her tongue licked my neck and combed it back with its tongue comb; her lips sucked on the flesh and fur there, and as her hand shifted to my other breast, her caressing hand gently pushed me backward onto the pillows.

I was being fondled, caressed... by another woman, and as I laid there, she removed the body cloth from me and settled herself straddling my lap while my legs spread open automatically while she rubbing her crotch against my pelvis and continued massaging my breasts.

“You’re unfamiliar with what it means to be a female, my lady. You possess a mature female’s body, but you lack the lifetime of experiences that are necessary to make you fully aware of its power, its strength, or for that matter, its subtle weaknesses.” And then she bent and kissed me, not on the cheek or neck, not on the forehead or even the bridge of the nose, but directly upon the lips.

I found myself kissing her back, remembering Kirii in this, and for the fraction of a moment, imagined my long cock sliding up into her body, its length moist with my sweat as it met with the smooth, slick juices that exited a female’s body as I pierced her vaginal lips. I imagined pushing forever upward and inward into her body to penetrate her, my mass filling her loins, and then I felt the press of her breasts against mine, and my eyes snapped open as I pushed quickly her away.

“N-no... I cannot.” And I rose immediately, she allowing me to sit up without restraining me. “I-I’ve made vows...”

“Vows that were broken now that your manhood was taken from you.” She said, and I snapped my head toward her, a look of pain surfacing upon my face and eyes. She slid closer and palmed my belly. “I will help you, Lord – Lady – Xilimyth, to obtain the power that you’ve ignored for so long, and when you have, then new vows will need to be made, but until then there are certain acts that you must accomplish that will require you to acknowledge that your vows, a marriage, no longer exists between you and whatever female you’ve known.”

I bit my lower lip as it immediately began to tremble, and leaning forward, folded both hands together and stared at them and my clawed toes. All this began because I feared being a husband and a father. Now that I was as far from being away from a husband or a father that I could possibly be, lacking said equipment to name me as such, I wanted nothing more than to be back where I was.

Damn me for being so confused. When I had it I didn’t want it and now that I don’t have it I want it back!

“We were expecting kitlings. She was just entering her fourth month. I’m the father... I... what do I do? What am I supposed to do?”

“Only the fates will tell.” Babasti purred, and kissed my cheek.

“But what do I do? How... how do I claim all this power?”

Babasti’s small lips spread wide in a smile, and she prompted me to lie down. “As a female, you are still a cub, and so you must experience what it is like to be a cub. As you experience these things, your femininity will grow, the power of that femininity shall grow within you, and you will grow strong and beautiful. I shall give you tasks and you shall do these tasks, and once you do them I shall teach you more about who you are at that moment and what you can do to become more.”

The press of her breasts was comforting, her scent, arousing.

“W-what is the first task?”

“You are a cub, after all. A cub needs to be strong to survive, but as a cub you’re still too young to fend for yourself without your mother. So you need to be nourished till you’re strong enough to stand on your own.”

“Nourishment?” I repeated, looking between her face and the press of her great bosom, and before I could look back up to her face, she came to lay beside me, and with one hand lifted her breast that was laying upon me, and began to massage and caress it. Soon the teat had erected and from that teat and puffed out

areola that were so mature from nursing countless children that no fur grew over them, thick and creamy milk slid from the milk duct.

“Drink, and lie within a mother’s grace.” She purred. “Don’t be ashamed... I’ve taken many cubs that are motherless to nurse them. Drink.”

It wasn’t as if this was any different than from drinking from Kirii’s breast milk. She produced so much of it that it was just a logical progression of kinkiness to drink from her tit whenever she needed to siphon the excess. We were never out of cream that way... But this was a strange woman’s tit, so there was a moment or two of hesitation as I watched her milk leak from her and drip onto my chest. And then I rose, licking the milk off her fur with the comb on my tongue, before my red-stained lips fastened about her teat and I steadily began to nurse.

“That’s it. Take your fill cub... let it fill your tummy.” She purred and caressed the long hair atop my head with one hand, her other breast bunched within the crook of that arm while her other hand rubbed my belly while I drank.

In time I felt so relaxed, so weak that I could barely move against it other than the instinctive sensation to drink and drink and drink.

Her milk was so sweet, as if it were laced with strained honey. And I found myself drinking and emptying first one tit, and then the other, drinking till I was more than full, and surprisingly... I even fell asleep in her arms and dreamed of becoming stronger and more beautiful than any other in the world.

I dreamt that I transformed from a male into a female again, only this time I went further than before, and when I awoke at the tail end of the transformation, it was with the feeling of being intensely euphoric.

Laying there quietly, feeling the euphoria in my head giving way to intense sexual tension in each nipple that adorned me, and within the bulging vaginal crevice that was tucked neatly between either thigh, I moaned as both eyes flickered open and I gasped for air around an approaching orgasmic rush that'd grown so large while I slept that it felt like it was tugging on a knot somewhere in my heart. The intensity was rising, and as I slowly rose to a sitting position, instinctively pressing both thighs together to stem any flow of release as I rubbed my belly from something strange and erotic flowing through my loins.

There was pressure behind those swollen labia I now possessed and both breasts felt like someone were gripping them tightly in the fists of their hands, and rubbing a spot over my heart briefly before touching off either tit with both hands, I saw that there were clothes left for me here. It was the panty-like short pants and the white shirt from earlier, and gasping as I felt myself coming more alive as I awoke, I gathered those clothes up and dressed in them slowly, taking my time versus the intense feelings that were growing within me and being careful of my overly sensitive loins.

It was like dressing with a boner. Any little thing could set it off and then you sprayed like a cat marking its territory. The sensations were the same, and I feared lancing my shorts with hot sticky cum should I make the mistake and rub myself wrong.

I was so nipped up that it was ridiculous, and after I put on that shirt, I pressed in on one of those nipples, feeling it to be as hard as a rock pebble. But even that tantalized me more, and with a gasp I shivered as I pressed a little too hard on that teat and I moistened immediately into the short pants I wore, a minute jet of slick vaginal juices escaping me and spreading into the crotch of these shorts before I recovered myself, breathing heavily before I looked at myself in the mirror.

The clothes were tighter today than they were yesterday, with my body filling the shirt more and my hips now pressed against the sides of the shorts. But looking at myself in the mirror I again reflected upon the oddity of my life; remarked on how lovely I thought I looked. After having been male for so many thousands of years I felt that I had an appreciation for feminine beauty. I knew what I liked to see and what I thought was lovely, and I thought while looking upon myself then that I too was rather lovely. Arousing even, and with my nipples standing on end and the twin labia showing off a definite camel toe in those shorts now, I became aroused by the thought of my own body.

And then the curtains were parted and Babasti appeared, totally naked with fat breasts standing on end with how full they must be. "You're awake." she mewed, and caressed my cheek. "Good, come and sit." and she pulled out the stool I'd sat on last night from underneath the table that the hookahh sat upon and I immediately sat upon it while she undid the braid in my hair and removed all the sparkling gems and jewels that were in there before taking a comb to my mane.

"You're late for work." she said immediately, and I turned and gasped before her hands firmly took hold of a few locks of my hair and turned me back to sit down by holding my hair in place as I tried to rise. "Do not fret. Though I feel that you must repay Leona, especially on your first day here, for already taking up the slack."

"Oh I'm so sorry..." I groaned, and then moaned as I cupped my breasts. "I still felt so aroused, I needed... Needed some release."

Babasti combed the mane of hair atop my head and then rebranded it into a complex triple-twisted braid that flowed down my back with the hair on top of my head being swept back again.

"You're changing, child." she purred. "I can feel your feminine energy growing even now. It flows, wanting to mature. For now you're nothing but a mere girl having tasted mother's milk. So then you're ready for your second task."

"Second task?"

"Mhmm." she said, and tied off the braid with a leather thong at the end.

"It has two parts to it. Restraint and release.

"A part of being a lady of nobility is that you must practice restraint over your baser instincts, unlike a male who will scratch themselves wherever and whenever they please. You will want to touch yourself, I forbid you to do so through the course of the day. But once the sun sets and you find yourself alone, you are to purposefully pleasure yourself."

"Masturbate?"

"If that's what you call it... Males are open with comparing themselves to each other, even the sizes of their penises. A female does no such thing, or at least not openly. Return to me again when you have accomplished your chores and the task that has been set for you.

"There, you're ready."

I rose and looked at myself in the mirror again and took pleasure in what I looked like. This was simpler but no less alluring than all the fine clothes and jewelry.

"A thing you'll learn, Lady Xilimyth, is that it takes time to look beautiful. I've helped you today, but in the future you must take the time yourself to stay beautiful."

I nodded quickly. "I should go. Thank you." and I hurried out of the alcove only to stop at the sight of what looked to be only girls. They all seemed to have been waiting for me to exit. "Ah... E-excuse me." I managed a smile and moved toward the exit, but as I passed they reached out to touch me, touch me everywhere and anywhere they could, which included my face, breasts and even the ripened pussy between my legs.

"Excuse me, I must hurry." I said louder, and pushed my way through them, and once out of the throng, I turned back and looked at them, wondering what that was all about, and then I jogged to the outside.

The jog of a cheetah was as fast as the full-out run of any other person, and once I got to the surface I found that the majority of the women that I saw below ground were now topside doing various tasks. Immediately I found Leona as she hauled two buckets of water on an ox-bow strung across her shoulders.

Hurrying to her, I stopped her with a hand on the ox bow.

"I-I'm so sorry for being late, Leona. I'll take that from you."

She regarded me with a combination of surprise and annoyance.

"You'll take such a burden?" she asked quietly. "I've never known of a cheetah to carry more than one bucket at a time, let alone two and an oxbow."

"I'll do it now or else I'll leave before I can cause any more trouble for you." I reasserted myself, and Leona exhaled a sigh while we were being watched by others, several other workers – mostly females – were walking between a far off well and a cistern here.

I didn't understand why they were doing that given the well below ground, perhaps it was to keep up appearances and hide the fact that they had such an organization below ground.

"Hey, hurry up with that water you lazy bitches!" someone called from afar off and Leona lifted the oxbow from off her shoulders and then lowered it onto mine.

It was so heavy that it thrust me straight to the ground and one knee, and wrapping both arms around it, I forced my legs, the strongest muscles that I had at the moment, to rise and strain till I teetered on two feet before gaining my balance.

"Here is your task for today, Xilimyth. Bring water from the well to the cistern. Do not stop until you are told to."

I grunted an acknowledgement, and began to carry the burden forward, sloshing some of the water but I slowly moved forward one step in front of the other. It felt like forever by the time I reached the cistern, in which I dropped the two buckets onto the waiting cistern wall and began to walk away when someone called out to me.

"Lazy wench! You think I'm going to walk down all these steps to get that from you? Bring them up here!" a lean lion at the top of the cistern called down to me, and returning to the wall, I hooked the two buckets again and climbed several dozen steps, coming to stand before the lion who smirked at me while I stood there waiting for him to remove the bucket.

"Well? What are you waiting for? Poor the water in."

I refrained from rolling my eyes or giving him a scathing look, and then hauling the bow from off my shoulders, I unhooked each bucket of water. The only thing the lion did was open the little door so that I could slosh the water into the waiting cistern.

"Hop to it, get going! You're holding up the line!" he called to me as he slammed the sliding door shut to keep the water from evaporating too quickly, and hooking the buckets again, I walked down the stairs, squeezing past several servants and females down the way.

I felt the cock and balls of nearly every male I passed press against my thighs and crotch down the narrow stairway, and I heard whispered statements of my beauty and my prowess and how they would like to test it, while the females looked upon me with a muted form of awe. Perhaps from me being entreated by Babasti. At the bottom of the stairs I remembered an old saying that if a person liked you in a crowded place that they gave you the front of their body to squeeze past. If they didn't then they gave you the back. It was telling that I got the front from all of them, and got it close enough that I could tell how big each of the males were...

Soon I was away from them and walking – trudging was a better term for the motion – toward the well, where I had to pull my own water and return to the cistern with it.

Even in the first trip I was slowing down from exhaustion, but I wouldn't allow myself to falter. I simply moved repeatedly one foot in front of the other. But that sensation from this morning, as the monotony continued, started to suffuse me again, and though it made matters more difficult it also made them more pleasureable as the objects of my sexuality were coming alive again. And then there was the burning... The same sort of burning that I had as a male as I got a steely erection now began to penetrate my chest, my arms and thighs, parts of my back, and my butt. It was the feeling of engorgement, of when hot blood flowed into a place but not out, or at least not as freely. It was a sensation I normally experienced when I got a steely erection, but it was strange to feel that sensation in places other than my loins. It was a sensation that shouldn't be felt in arms or legs, or chest or bottom, but I did. What I did feel in my loins though... was maddening.

But also was the feeling of growing weight pulling me downward instead of pushing me downward like the oxbow was doing. I passed Leona with another ox bow across her shoulders, this one laden with larger buckets as she passed me going to and from the well while I was still walking the length to or from just once. I don't know if she were impressed or disappointed in me that I was doing this task, all I knew was that I burned, and I liked the burn, and the more I worked, the more of that burn I got till I felt the vaginal muscles between my legs began to swell beyond their former ability to arouse to. The swelling billowed and grew while a pressure swelled behind those loins, and I slowed, wanting to please myself, just before I shivered from an orgasm ripping its way through me. A soft moan escaped me while I came in a long squirting and spastic release that moistened the fronts of those shorts I wore and slid down in between the legs before dripping to the ground.

No, I did not just wet myself... That was an orgasm, a steely, powerful orgasm that flowed from a pussy that was dripping wet already from sweat. The ejaculate filled the crotch of the short pants I wore, and with that release I felt a sudden snap and a ka-ping, right as the feeling of change flushed a cooling sensation over me that relieved the burning in my muscles and the heat of the sun on my head, neck, shoulders and back. It was the same feeling I felt as I turned into a woman, the same feeling I got when that femininity enhanced, and as I forced myself forward into a walk again, that feeling of change rushed into every muscle, every bone, and every follicle of hair on me. I had to flex my fingers and wiggle my toes as a tingling sensation went into them, just before the strength and power of my growing womanhood thrust outward, beating at the inside of me, trying to force me into higher and higher levels of eroticism.

I so wanted to run away and play with myself for hours on end, but I remembered Babasti's challenge, and grit my teeth against it.

Pressure and weight kept growing in my chest, and looking down at it, seeing the nigh transparent cloth that was there from my sweat turning it see-through to show off my breasts, I looked upon how those breasts seemed larger; their nipples thicker and longer and the disks of areola swollen. And then I noticed

that as I gasped for air in the hot savannah sun that I was literally watching those breasts expand steadily as the pressure in them increased; growing toward a tumultuous explosion it felt.

For a moment I thought they'd explode as they firmed up and rounded themselves outward, rising higher atop my chest as they drew upon more and more of the fur-covered flesh, and several movements between well and cistern later, I was walking midway between the two edifices when another snap happened from inside me and the firm flesh of either tit suddenly expanded.

For that matter, that wasn't all that was expanding...

The camel toe between my thighs thickened and the twin bands of womanflesh hardened with phenomenal vaginal strength, the clitoris erecting as hard and as intense as any male erection I ever had had been, right as the little nib started to throb energetically along with my racing heart. The tension in every muscle and tendon suddenly gave way and expanded subtly, intensifying the creases in musculature while several loud cracks and groans signified a skeletal system that was realigning.

My back arched, my tail thickened, my body widened subtly, flaring and thickening either shoulder while both sets of chest muscles bulged like growing slabs of meat. I felt prickly, tingly, like billions of spiders running up and down my skin and kissing me as they went.

My lower body thickened enough where the seat of the shorts I was wearing began to invade my bottom and the crotch snagged tightly about my loins, and with a pair of snaps, the seams over either leg snapped open to the waist band, and with widening hips flaring wider as I walked, it drew the waistband higher up along those hips and drew the seat deeper in between my butt cheeks. That left only the elastic belt encircling my waist but now it dipped low beneath a navel that was rapidly firming up and creasing mildly, separating first into two long sinuous bands of belly muscle between sternum and pelvis, before those long bands bulged into fourths and then sixths with thickening belly muscle.

Subtle biceps and triceps formed, thickening forearms came to be while their lengths creased repeatedly, separating with tendons and long muscles and the occasional brachial, growing longer and stronger fingers, a thicker neck, a broader back, and my boobs... those pushed outward into the shirt I wore, growing little by little through the day, the twin mounds rapidly engorging, sticking their nipples outward and hefting the shirt upward till its hem hung off their thickly swollen masses now.

Trying to cover this change I moved forward again, only to feel another jet of ejaculate, a smaller one, lance from within me as I tried to hold it off, but the orgasmic power of this body pushed it all out anyways. Either tit began to press together as they swelled again, engorging into masses much larger than the pert little things that they were earlier today, and as I passed other workers, they all paused as they smelled the sweet feminine aroma of what could only be a female in heat.

"Hey... Why don't you let me carry that for you? I'm on break, I'd be glad to do it."

"No..." I gasped, turning toward a lean desert bobcat. "This is my job. I'll do it, I have to do it. Thanks... For the offer though." I grunted, and continued along.

There was a ping in my consciousness as I realized that his one and only thought was to get into my pants and screw me. Great Maker, how do females get along without all the constant pestering? But that thought spurned another wave of euphoria as the day continued dragging on, and while others broke for meal to sit in the shade and water themselves, I continued working, making a trip to and back from the well by the time Leona came up to me.

"You realize that we're at break, right?" she asked as I walked along.

My breasts were becoming heavy, the pair engorging rapidly still, and I saw her glance at them as she followed beside me at a walk. I realized that I'd drunk two breasts filled with sweet milk from Babasti, and only now did I remember the Lycan's otherworldly power of gaining strengths, powers and abilities through consuming the fluids of another creature.

"I'm... All right Leona." I smiled. "I have to make up for waking up so late."

"But I already did that work for you." Leona stated.

"Then... Tomorrow... You can work less." I groaned, but not in the effort of toting that ox bow and the two filled water pails, I groaned as the pert vaginal muscles between both walking legs bulged, pressing against the silken fabric that guarded the gateway into my body, just as every nipple and areola on me puffed out subtly further.

The twin mammaries decorating my chest had swollen so much by this time that I could feel the sweat trickling between them, felt them rubbing up against each other, their fur thinning from the growth and their twin weights adding to the burden that I carried.

But it felt so good.

"You sure you're ok with this?" Leona asked concerned.

"Yes! I'm fine, please go back and rest."

"Ok... But if you ask me, you're in for a quick brush with heat exhaustion."

And she hurried off while I continued my trek.

As evening approached and the sun began to set, sweat had turned my shirt into a sloppy mess. The seat of the shorts I wore had tugged in between the cheeks of my bottom so that it created a tight wedgie now with the flaring parts of the shorts splaying away from each other from underneath a thickening tail. I was certain that I was beyond fatigue, but as they called all the workers in, I finished the trip I was on, even emptied the water myself by having to open the panel because that lion had left already, walked down the steps and placed the buckets and the ox bow with all the other equipment the workers were using and then righted myself.

I felt... Lighter suddenly, though perhaps it was because I was minus the weight of two water buckets and the ox bow, I felt as if the world didn't have as much hold on me any more. I felt closer to the way I felt as a dragon, so powerful that not even the pull of the earth could hold you down. It was that phenomenal supernatural strength that allowed Dragons and all their ludicrous physics defying mass versus lift could fly. But it was also then that I took in the shape that this new feminine form of mine had undertaken.

The hips of this body had widened some more with the navel remaining narrow. With the state of the waistband of the shorts I wore with its sides split open now, I think my waist even narrowed some more. When I'd first changed I had the hips of a boy, now I had the burgeoning hips of a virile adult woman ready for child birth. Child birth... that thought struck me more spectacular than any other as I palmed my navel where my nads had receded into... and I wondered if I actually could get pregnant now. Was I still fertile and virile enough to actually conceive from someone?

It was a thought that I bit my lower lip upon but then continued to observe this body of mine.

My spine had arched deeply, leading into a long yet thickened tail that swayed elegantly and femininely in tune with my long-legged gait. I'd put on a lot of weight since this morning too, though all that weight I

knew was in muscle mass. Judging upon the thick muscular legs I had coupled with the thickened bodice and arms, I was pretty sure my labors had done most of those changes.

Curling both arms, I felt the muscles pile upward as they burned from the days exertion now that I stressed them again, and the two pipes of bicep transformed into two thickened and very firm mounds the sizes of tennis balls that separated into their two individual muscles and became riddled with firm veins as they tensed. But as I flexed those arms, I also felt those biceps press up against either tit, which in turn pressed those tits against each other, either of which having swollen and engorged atop their flared pectorals which together had hefted the shirt I wore up enough to reveal more of my navel taut navel wrought with several developing lumps of abdominals.

But so too did it reveal six of the perpetually erect tertiary nipples lining my belly.

“Xilimyth.” A familiar voice called and I relaxed, pivoting on my toes to face Leona. “Hey... ah...” she paused as she looked upon me, and I realized something else at that moment. When I came here, she was head, neck, shoulders and chest taller than me, now it was only half a chest. I also noticed that should I embrace her... then my head would fit perfectly within her firm breasts “Y-you... you look different.”

“Thank you.” I smiled gleefully, actually experiencing genuine happiness, something that seemed to have been absent from my life for a very, very long time.

“That’s a good thing?” she blinked.

“Anything different is good.” I returned with a wry smirk. “Was there something you wanted?”

“Ah... yes. I wanted to compliment you on a good job. I was worried there, but you held your weight and that of another. I should let you know that you’ll be expected to perform that way from now on.”

“I understand. Thank you.”

“It’s the end of the day, by the way. Of all the rigors that we girls have to endure, I always look forward toward the end of the day. Daddy might be boorish and testosterone ridden from time to time, but secretly...” she looked from side to side, and actually walked a short distance to look behind something before she returned to me, bent near and whispered into my ear with her hand cupping and stray sounds from going in a wrong direction to unwanted ears from her mouth. “In private, he’s really an old softy. Everything we have in our den is thanks to him. Every comfort, every benefit.” And then she straightened. “Come on... bath time. I’ll scrub your back if you scrub mine.”

“Thank you... but I wanted to go for a jog.” I beamed at her, folding both hands behind me and rising higher up on my tiptoes happily.

“Exercise after a day like today?”

“That was work... this... is for play.” I said slyly. “Don’t wait up for me.”

And skipping sideways, I dashed away, running toward that oasis that I’d spent my night in before coming here, which luckily was nearby enough for me to run to.

There are days, certain days in which work has been exhausting and the stresses of life are getting down, that you look forward to going home, not to put your feet up or anything, but to make preparations to go and masturbate.

Everyone has done a ritual like this, whether it involves putting on their favorite pair of sweats and getting some toilet paper or Kleenex with some hand lotion, or going into the bathroom shower with a bottle of baby oil or even some soap, everyone in the world has looked forward to pleasuring themselves after a long, hard, trying day.

And so stepping into the oasis after sun down, I stretched, both hands above the head and rotating them backward to get my sore back muscles to stretch, while I stepped like a ballerina on just the tips of my toes to stretch the muscles of the legs and buttocks. There was such phenomenal strength in my legs... from the tight buttocks to the flaring quadriceps and the long rounded calves, to the incredibly thick and long Achilles tendons, all of which burned pleasantly as I stressed them. Then lowering onto the balls of my feet, I began to purr as my body tensed in preparation for what I was about to do, and taking one hand, I slid it up and down along the twin bands of woman flesh between either thigh, enticing them to bulge and erect.

I'd learned as a female that I essentially still had a penis. And no, it wasn't the clitoris; that was just the tip of the iceberg as it were. For a guy, the best way to explain it is if you were to expand the end of your penis from its little pin prick pee hole into the length of a woman's vaginal crevice, increase the size of your cock lengthwise and breadth by at least five times over and then shove the whole mass right up inside you, that was essentially a woman's vagina. Only a single chromosome dictated on how these sexual organs and bone structure and glands developed, whether they did or not, and even in the womb, for the first three months we all develop exactly the same. The same sort of flesh that made up a female's labia was the same sort of flesh that was on the head of a cock. The inside of your penis was the same pinkish-white flesh that made up the inner walls of a female's cervix, and the clitoris on a woman was the very end of the muscle that made up the top of one's phallus. Your nads and her ovaries even were essentially the same sort of organs, only hers were receded and generated eggs from birth instead of sperm.

If you got to think about it, women have a penis... it's just bigger than yours, and when you make love to her, you're shoving the whole of your mass up into her pee hole. I know it was a sick thought, but often the truth is stranger than fiction. But keeping that in mind and remembering how intense a climax is with a penis, you now understood why a woman could climax more often and longer and also why it took her much longer to grow aroused. There was a lot more meat there to erect and they were also stronger muscles that could last in their exertion longer...

As such, as I stood in the fading light, with the fire flies and fairies coming out to dance, I unbuttoned and unzipped my shorts before pushing them off the flared hips and thickened thighs that'd grown on me over the course of the day, feeling the stickiness between the crotch of those shorts and my pussy give way from the vaginal fur from earlier as they fell to my ankles and I kicked them off lightly. Standing there bottomless, I palmed the end of my feminine power, felt the taut bands of womanflesh on either side of the slit, finding them like an elongated heart-shape that was cloven in the middle and feeling that inexorable strength I was developing as a woman surging into me with a feeling of the utmost arousal pulsating from somewhere behind my heart. From the heart it surged straight down my insides along the deep cavity of muscles and organs inside me, straight down to those clenching vaginal lips, and repeated themselves over and over again till I felt a pressure similar to the underside of a cock being filled with ejaculate... only so much more of it!

Sighing then and holding up the discarded shorts, I remarked at how stretched they were and how the sides had ripped completely open save for the elastic waistband. Placing those shorts up onto a tree branch to dry, I stretched a leg out before me and felt the muscular thigh as I flexed it, and took uttermost pleasure in seeing the plethora of muscle chords, tendons and even the few stray muscle fibers that were thick enough to stand on end. Even as a dragon I never had such muscle definition, never had such a feeling of overwhelming strength... and I was falling in love with it.

I'd changed; I knew that I'd changed a lot to allow for these new feminine strengths, and they suited me far better than any other strength I held before now. But today I'd changed greatly, the changes being like

they'd been before as I transformed into something more powerful, but instead of transforming from a human to a Lycan hybrid, it was transforming spontaneously from a child to a teen and now I changed from a teen to... to a what? What was I now? A post-teen? Was I an adult now?

But with every new maturation that I did I grew physically and sexually stronger, and feeling that thickened thigh that bulged wider than my sinuous waist before it led into a elongated and broad calf with the muscles of the quadricep creased deeply as I held it in its flex, I became aware of an arousing burning in me. It was the same burning sensation that twin labia between my thighs made as they clenched and tightened with an approaching orgasm, and I caressed my belly and pelvis, sliding the fingers of one hand over my loins and fingering slit and clit in the motion, and the touch was rewarded with a leaking of juices from my sex.

With a giggle I rubbed some of those escaping juices from that tight little vaginal crevice into the fur around the pussy to make it glisten before licking the sweet nectar off my fingers. There was something erotic about being a man in a woman's body... for I liked women, I loved their shapes and forms, and now that I was one it was like being the controlling view of a porn that I could control! I dictated what was touched or what was caressed and fingered or massaged, and I was rewarded with not only the sight of this but the feeling of these acts.

Then I paused, feeling a tit sliding against the inside of my arm as I licked those fingers clean, and moving that arm away, it was then I looked down at the breasts I'd been developing all day since becoming a woman. The shirt still hung loosely about me but it was filled out a lot more than before, and judging upon how firmly that tit pushed against my arm...

I had to see them, so crossing both arms, I took hold of the hem of that shirt and pulled it up and off me, only to reveal the firm, bulging mammaries I now possessed, with two pert cushioning secondaries having developed directly beneath the primaries. Like a man being blessed with a large penis, a woman with large breasts had something to be prideful of, of having an asset greater than other women with smaller breasts, and looking upon those firm, tight orbs, I began pleasuring myself like Babasti told me to with them.

After all, as a male, I always was a breast man...

So lifting a hand, I began by using only the fingertips, caressing that breast, finding its sensitive parts, enticing the areola as it puffed out and its nipple erected. Like one would do with their penis, I placed two fingers about the nipple and lightly began to rub it and twist and pinch it, helping it to get harder and harder; so hard that it ached like a hand were gripping it.

My heart beat faster as first those and then the pairs below them steadily erected, tensing and clenching the flesh they were made up of before a final erecting happened in my loins and that clit erected into a hard, towering edifice that poked from between the labia and pulled on the curtains of flesh inside. My breathing deepened and I moaned, creaming between a pair of pressed together thighs till I began to experience a pressure in either breast that was similar to semen rising along the long tube of my cock from when I was a man right before climax, and staring at the nipple I half expected something to squirt from me. I honestly didn't know what to expect, I had no idea what was happening while the pressure in both tits built and swelled until at long last I was given the sight of what now escaped that breast.

And gaping in awe, I watched as a singular bead of creamy milk slid from the end of the nipple and leaked tenuously outward and dripped onto the backs of my fingers.

I am Lady Evelyn Runeblade, Fifth Seat, First Circle of the Dragon Council; Aspect of Fire.

I still possessed my surname, and that's the way it remained on all the records wherever I appeared in modern life, and in every case I was single still, still classified only as a greater dragoness and not a royal

dragoness – royals didn't officially exist – and still an active member of the science corps with military ranking. I was on an "extended leave until further notice" from those organizations. Something the council's connections arranged to hide the simple fact that I was pregnant.

Secrecy was a must, so as far as my parents and brother were aware, I was still single, had no husband and I was most definitely not deep enough in any relationship to be married let alone pregnant.

Sitting there before a stool that supported me entirely, I sat with both legs spread open to give way for the girth of a belly that had doubled in size in a month, and four tits that had engorged to many times their previous size and a plethora of smaller mammaries lining my belly that were starting to thicken with milk now. Though I chose a two-armed dragon form, I'd been forced into a four armed version of myself and was instinctively fully armored for whatever reason. I was so engorged that I couldn't wear any of my nice clothes, and come to think of it I think I may've put on a ton or two in the form of added muscle and mammary weight.

I must've been a sight just then too... some alien like creature with massive limbs and body and tail with a bulbous heaving mound of ribbed flesh for a belly. Talk about bloated and retaining water feelings... even my vagina was puffing out. I felt helpless at the moment, but not entirely helpless, and I couldn't help but to look at myself and think I was fat. Bless IO for his view on life – or lack thereof – stating that he still thinks I was the most beautiful of creatures he'd ever heard. Nonetheless, I was so bloated that I had to walk on my wingtips and hind legs – hind legs... when did I start calling them hind legs? Probably when I started walking like an animal – and drag most of myself about.

All I could think about now was sex too... I hated being so befuddled. Damn hormones.

With a sigh I settled back in the great chair, propping feet up onto the edge of the thing while my tail lulled outward over its edge to spill onto the ground. With two arms bracing my weight along the edge of the chair I used the other two to palm my heaving belly while I stared at the flesh covered womb that held all my babies.

My babies...

There were times that I wish I could include my family in on this little secret, but I understood reasoning of why I couldn't. That knowledge nonetheless didn't help the ache I felt that I wanted my mother and father to hold my babies, or let my kitlings know their uncle.

I've never felt so alone.

As I sat there beside my computer, a personal computer that, thanks to my Hypernites, was a hundredth the size of any super computer on earth and had more processing power than a military-grade starship-based computer of the same caliber. And not only was it just any sort of computer, I was talking about the sort of computer that required an earthbound facility with a fusion power generator and three water mains to keep it running and cooled. Before me were a plethora of view screens and holodisplays containing information like DNA smears, helix chains, profiles, psycho-analytical files, my private notes... all of them involving this conundrum that is Lord – or should I now call him Lady – Xilimyth.

Lifting a hand from my belly and keying into the holographic keyboard that had been modified into an arch over my rounded belly and its out-turned belly button, I inputted a command and watched the displays change. Sighing and returning that hand to my belly so that the lower pair of arms to constantly hold and caress the ribbed flesh there so that I could comfort my kitlings growing inside me, I was suddenly greeted by a pair of strong hands upon my armored shoulders, the fingers agile enough to give me a neck rub between the tight flexible yet harder than steel draconic plates there.

“A holoscreen produces a faint sound that interferes with the world like a thin plate of glass.” My husband Blind IO stated softly into my ear, and those ears and all the horns on my head flattened backward immediately. “I’ve counted fifty-three separate screens running before you beloved.”

He said nothing more about the matter. IO’s skill was giving you just enough information for you to arrive at what he wanted you to think or say or do on your own.

“You think I should be resting.” I stated, but lifted two hands and took hold of his and squeezed them, leaning back to lay my head against those tight abs of his. He in turn hugged my head to him where it rested.

“Am I so see through?” he mused.

“You spend time with a thing you get to know a thing.” I said, and then sighing closed my eyes as his hand holding my head to him slipped downward and found my Grendel’s Knot, a soft spot in a dragon’s throat that, if struck properly, could stop our breath weapon, but if touched gently, was soothing and mildly sexual.

“Your guest has arrived.” He said suddenly, and I sighed and murred to his touches for a moment before giving a start.

“What? When?!” I exclaimed.

“Shi’s waiting in the antechamber.” IO stated, and helped me to rise. I needed his help and all four of my arms and both wings just to do it!

“Thank you.” And he stood by and let me move on my own, trying to walk with just my feet before I sighed, tipped forward and used my wing tips as well to walk – shuffle – as quickly as I could to the antechamber to the rooms IO and I shared in the Tower.

Opening the doors, I greeted our quest.

“Lady Iridium... thank you for coming so quickly.”

Exploration was a degree of research mingled with bravery, which then begs the question: if you were a woman with breasts that can cream and leak milk, what would you do with it?

As I’d mentioned earlier, I’d been a breast man before the radical change that transformed my once lithe vaguely masculine body into this meatier feminine one, and in my varied sexual experiences through my long life, I found myself loving those objects of femininity attached to a female’s chest.

Kirii... Kirii had the best breasts I’d ever encountered. They were enormous and they lactated even without her having had our kitlings yet. They lactated even before she became pregnant... such was the power of a nurse dragon. I loved the feel of breasts, I loved the firmness of the nipples and the firm yet spongy swells of the milk glands beneath the flesh and how malleable they were. So now that I was presented with a pair of my own, looking at them, touching them, feeling what a woman felt when their sensitive flesh was caressed and touched only heightened my sexual awareness of them.

So sitting on a simple stone, thighs pressed together as I felt the grand throbbing of all that vaginal muscle leading from inside me and pulsating over and over from sternum toward the swelling vaginal lips that were spreading open like the opening petals of a lotus, extending the inner folds of the flower with the thick erect stamen of my clitoris, I swallowed and subtly squeezed one of the thickened nipples attached to a

breast, expecting for milk to squirt from me as if it were a never-ending thing. The anticipation and the sensation as I fingered and twisted and squeezed that nipple, mixed with the additional waves of pleasure made me spill some of the juices in my loins, the moisture trickling from me onto the rock and tracing a wet line down the rock toward the ground. But after several long seconds, milk didn't squirt freely from me; instead I only squeezed out what was in the duct itself. Though it did meet me with a reward.

The teasing of that nipple rewarded me with ever increasing and tantalizing quivers that made me shiver slightly, just before the subtle trickle of slick nectar sliding from the swelling cunt that was now doing a very good job of pressing against the insides of either of my thighs squirted out instead of trickled out in a very sudden yet brief micro orgasm.

Gasping at the sensation of such an experience, I leaned back and caressed the tightened plane of abdominals leading down from the rib cage to the pelvis of this body of mine till I wound up stuffing that hand into the wedge formed between thighs and pelvis, the tips of the fingers of that hand glancing off against the thicker vaginal fur that decorated the entrance to my womanhood. And so I experimented a little more, caressing that teat I was touching with one hand, the areola swelling and puffing outward and the nipple within my fingers coming to stand on end, throbbing energetically. Then thinking of cows and how they were milked, I squeezed the tit, pinched the areola and pressed upon the nipple, and was rewarded with more milk. But then I was also rewarded with yet another rousing twinge between my legs, and I leaned backward, the clitoris that was extending from me throbbing and quivering now as it erected harder. I touched that clit, pressing in on it and moaned as a rolling wave of clenching pleasure snatched at me, clenching my innards and evacuating another squirt of vaginal juices

With another, louder groan and an arching of my body, I gauged the size of the tit I was playing with, and then remembering Babasti's honey-sweet milk I thought that I too must have such a gift, and I could only assume that I'd absorbed something from her that gave me this increased sexuality. So hefting that tit with the hand that'd been caressing it, pushing it upward, I bent my head and tried to get my lips around the nipple.

My blackened lips pressed around the erect teat and I immediately drew from it, closing my eyes as I felt fluids flowing in that breast toward the nipple, the beating of the heart inside me quickening that flow till soon I sucked off a partial mouthful... and swallowed. It was sweet all right, but it wasn't as thick as hers, or as creamy, and for that matter it wasn't as sweet and creamy as Kirii's either. Also, the moment I took a breath of air I almost gagged from the aftertaste.

"Ugh. How to cubs ever like this stuff?" I asked aloud while the light of dawn continued to wane, and sighing I looked down at the tit I'd been focusing on, only to see it throbbing.

Blinking, I pressed in on the nipple as it hardened and erected further from the tit, the areola firming up as well, and unless I'd lost my mind, I was pretty sure that my tits were... swelling?

The rush of fluids was still continuing, refilling the sack of mammary flesh with new milk, and as I sat there, pressing a hand deeper between both thighs to absentmindedly begin caressing the lips of that moistening pussy of mine, I watched dumbfounded as those two tits grew subtly right before my eyes with every breath and every beating of my heart filling them.

And as they grew, the pressure of the developing fluids filled the glands in their sacks, and swallowing I slowly felt both eyes close with a feeling that I could only akin to two tiny penises erecting, and the pair of them beginning to well up with fluids just prior to a climax. True, that was a terrible way of explaining it but it was the best I could do given my formerly male mind. But I found also that that swelling of fluids was radically more intense between my legs, and I felt yet another minute squirt of ejaculate slide from within me and glance against my fingers while my bowels must've continued filling with heavy water. A lot of heavy water... so much so that as I paused there, feeling the intense clenching of areola, nipples and

pussy I neglected to realize that the more I became aroused, the faster this body of mine began to develop its fluid replenishment.

It was a trait of Lycanthropes that I'd forgotten about, that as a part of their incredible healing factors that allowed them to mend severed limbs within days or hours or minutes, or in some extreme cases, mere seconds, and on top of that replenish spontaneously lost blood, the same trait also replenished other fluids when it was in short supply. Like saliva... or as what was happening to me now, milk and ejaculate...

I cooed and then stuffed that hand deeper between my legs, groaning and shivering as three fingers pushed the twin labia apart and pierced myself, both breasts bouncing they were so firm as they swelled and bulged with newer growing mammary glands that were likewise filling with milk. The clitoris between my legs erected harder and larger, becoming oversized from what I knew a woman should have, the thing feeling like the best hard on I'd ever experienced as a male as it quivered and jostled there in its pocket of flesh.

And then the burning in my muscles began and I heard a creaking sound from my bones... and it was then that I realized that I was beginning to change again...

"Can I get you anything Lady Iridium?" I asked as I stepped over to hir and rose up from my wing tips to stand on two feet again before pulling out some implements to make some honeyed tea.

"Iridium, Eve... Lest you want me to start calling you Lady Evelyn, Mistress of the Fire." The grand gray and violet dragoness stated as shi sat with hir legs crossed at the edge of a couch-like bench, hir long tail wrapping about hir wide bottom and coiling over hir thick feet.

You may realize that I am calling hir with terms like "hir" and "shi." That's because Iridium was an exceedingly rare feminine hermaphrodite. From head to toe, at first glance, shi looked hyper feminine; though ultra-feminine might actually be a better descriptor. Lupine features wrapped in fine luxurious that looked like purple chitin armor decorated with what appeared as amethyst crystals... shi wore accenting jewelry on hir horns and fingers and toes and about hir hips that were as equally as broad as hir wide shoulders. Shi was a remarkably lovely fem, but then I knew, wadded up in a bikini-like tong behind a pleasant enough looking loincloth that hung beneath hir crossed legs, covered by an etched silver plinth the size of a human body shield was an imperiously immense set of cock and balls that any male would be envious of, and any female would be desirous of to have inside them.

Shi was bi-sexual, and has entertained male and female counterparts – briefly – but hir position as a Guardian-Weapon like several other inner and outer council members were, kept hir from seeking the right sort of mate. Shi could choose to be totally male or shi could choose to be totally female like shi was born as thanks to the powers shi'd already displayed, but perhaps then there was a level of uncertainty as to what shi wanted to be that kept her from finding a mate. To tell how rare shi was, one would only have to compare hir to the rest of dragonkind to find out that there are less than one in a million that were like hir, and the next closest example similar to hir was a feminine hermaphrodite dragoness in the Bahumat Universe.

"Iridium then." I smiled, and turned to move with the hot water and tea to the table only to find IO there who immediately took the tray from me without a word, though his smile still nonetheless a wonderful thing to see, and carried it over to the coffee table for me. "I'd like to thank you again for coming so quickly."

Shi was the guardian to the youngest of the thirteen trees. A tree that began to sprout and take root in New York just after the return of magic. Hir role right now was an incredible one at the moment, because like my subject Xilimyth was at the moment, shi too was born a Lycan.

“You’re welcome, but might I ask why? There was enough urgency in your message to make me wonder if some sort of global emergency was going on.”

“To a certain degree there is. It involves another Council Member within your circle, but before I continue, I would ask that you keep what I’m about to bring you into under the strictest of confidentiality?”

“Under the laws of the council I agree to keep whatever you say me confidential.” Shi responded immediately.

‘Under the laws of the Council,’ or essentially, so long as what I was about to tell hir wasn’t considered treasonous or anything like that.

“That’ll be fine.” I replied immediately

“Then I agree...”

I nodded and reached to pour the tea, but found that IO had already done so, so instead I was handed me the platter sized tea plate and the bowl sized cup that rested upon it. He then provided a second for Iridium.

“Thank you IO.” I mentioned and took a drink before continuing. “The Messenger is in trouble. Do you know anything of that yet?”

“Only rumors that he was in a depression. My tree shivers with the emotions, but that is all that it can delve as of yet.” Iridium smirked and sampled her tea as well.

“Well, with the uniqueness that he was a carrier of my Hypernites, the emotional distress he was experiencing manifested as intense physical damage to the Hypernites. The Hypernites reacted and tried to repair the damage, finding that it was more conclusive than simply mending torn flesh, so they delved deeper and deeper, and found... a uniqueness in Xilimyth’s blood that among all the dragons of the council both inner and outer, only you share.”

Iridium stared at me, and while uncrossing and re-crossing hir legs as shi set hir tea down I was granted a glance at the bulbous package shi had, and realizing that I was staring I promptly lifted my eyes.

“So he’s a masculine hermaphrodite?” Iridium asked quietly.

“This is the part that must remain confidential.” I mentioned and shi nodded. “Xilimyth was totally masculine before the Hypernites detected the underlying discrepancy in his genetic code. Logically speaking, they would’ve kept delving deeper and deeper, undoing mutations to set him into a base form before actually trying to make repairs. Adapt and repair... it’s the hardwired portion of their make up.

“They discovered that his weaponization was a mutation, and undid it. They discovered that his dragon evolution was a mutation, and undid that as well, but then they also found his particular genetic abnormality... and corrected it.”

“*Corrected it?*” Iridium repeated with disbelief. “But I thought they can only correct that which was damaged.”

“In his case it was a congenital birth defect. A variation of temperature in the womb, some environmental spore that the natal screen in his mother’s womb didn’t correct for, whatever it is, Xilimyth developed as an effeminate and probably infertile human male. He was totally male; no femininity in him other than his reduced size and slender physique, but that was always attributed to hyper-metabolism. Whatever happened, though, according to his genetics, he was supposed to be born... well... a girl.”

Iridium blinked and did a double-take. “I... I lack the knowledge of being able to explain this sort of thing, Eve. Other than to hear a strange story, why are you telling me all this.”

“Because, though he was supposed to born a girl, his – or should I say her – genetics would make her develop very much like you are now. Hyper-feminine, hyper-masculine, hyper-muscular, guardian-weapon.”

“Great Maker, Eve... he has babies on the way!”

“... Which might be good news for you.” I said with a subtle smile. “You might be able to father children through her, or if I’m right and the mutations continue... you might even mother children... But the long story short, Iridium, is that by this moment Xilimyth has completely reverted to a lycanthrope form. Also, by this time, he’s also transformed into a she.”

“Poor Kirii.”

“You’re not to tell her.” I said sternly. “Lord Pseudodrake is endeavoring on how to break it to her gently, but every time we get close to telling her, something new like this is thrown into the mix. That’s why I wanted to talk to you, Iridium. You have insights into both male and female, and if my hunch is true, then the Messenger just may follow your footsteps.”

Iridium thought for a moment. “Ok... what do you need from me?”

I cooed as I sat back, feeling the burning suffusing my body, a burning that made the hot savannah, even in this late evening after sunset, feel cool.

Wedging a swelling breast upward again, I pushed it into my mouth, my lips engulfing teat and areola together as I began to suck, tasting that it was much sweeter now than it was a few moments ago, subtly thicker instead of just the white watery substance I got before, and continuing the exploration of this body, as I stroked the twin lips of my growing femininity and their distended clitoris with the two outermost fingers of one hand and its thumb while probing my insides with the middle two fingers. I stroked my insides with those two fingers by sliding it over the insides of both flaring vaginal lips before reaching the clit, stroking that clit briefly before pushing those fingers deeper inside me, hooking them inside my bowels and discovering exactly where that mysterious G-spot was... or at least where that spot pertained to me.

I imagined that those fingers were a little explorer that was going for some spelunking into a deep wet cave as they pushed slowly inside me yet again. It was a big cave so it needed many trips to explore it all, and as I did I discerned the folds and ridges of the inside of my body that were right there near the opening with the fingertips and the tips of my claws, following the folds and creases and found the virgin’s opening.

I supposed I was a virgin again, I mean, I was so unbelievably tight, that even that those two fingers met with difficulty in probing my insides, and after all, though I’d had lots and lots of sex, I mean lots of it... lots and lots... I mean *lots* of sex and love-making prior to this experience, all of that was done as a male. As a female, I was fresh and un-popped again, and that realization only heightened the feelings I was wringing from myself.

It was strange though. Closing my eyes, this was like wedging a finger down the pee-hole of the penis, to which the most I’d ever dared to do in regards to that was a little q-tip... never did it again, but it had quite the sensation when that little Q-tip went deep enough. Therein as of that moment I had only a hint of what it felt like to be a woman and to receive a penis into me. I knew that some male dragons, those that had gay tendencies, where a larger and a smaller one – and I don’t mean body size... I mean which one has a bigger phallus – would sometimes take the smaller male’s phallus inside his own. Personally, I enjoyed the penis

in vagina sensation, never thought to experiment in the direction two males did, but now that I was a female...

All in all, I feel as if males had the raw end of the deal in sexual pleasure.

A penis was covered with firm, velvety outer flesh, while a female's insides were naked, sensitive inner flesh. The reality of all that was that as a female, I realized that I now had the positive side of a sexual relationship. The sensitivity and the pleasure was with me now... and as I slid my fingers along my insides, exploring its subtle grooves and edges and slick sticky mucus coverings, I felt as if this were ten times more pleasurable than having to lube myself up and rub one out.

The sensation of feeling vaginal flesh being pushed open against something long and knobby like my fingers, the slick of my own juices aiding its path into and out of me, and biting upon my lower lip, I whimpered and pushed those fingers as deep inside me as I could, and explored.

Both thighs just flopped open then, my feet resting on the face of the rock I was sitting upon while my tail wrapped about the top of the rock. I determined several pleasure points inside me in that first probing as I let the tit fall from my mouth, its milk sloshing heavily inside the sack of flesh, the tit bouncing and swaying as I gurgled the last bit of milk in my mouth and swallowed it. More milk drained from me from both tits as I became aware of the hardness of the nipples capping each secondary and tertiary breast on my body, all of them steadily hardening like my primaries had been when I first started this exploration.

I pushed those finger even deeper and spread them, moaning as I felt my insides clench and churn, pinching those fingers before I whimpered as I felt a super sensitive realm of flesh inside me that had the same consistency as the roof of my mouth, only it was pleasurable to slide something against it. With a compression of vaginal and navel muscles, I erupted another jet of ejaculate, that sweet nectar lancing from me into my cupped fingers, and with a deeper moan I tensed, tensed hard and arched myself jerkingly, held my breath as I felt the build up of moisture inside me. Then as it released I released the breath and laughed aloud as my first solid orgasm from masturbation rushed from me in a sloshing gush from my loins that spewed a good pint of juices all over the rock.

My muscles tensed repeatedly, echoing that orgasm, all of them tightening and groaning as my bones subtly realigned suddenly and I realized that I was starting to change again. Tossing my head as I drew those fingers from within me, I experienced a quick micro-orgasmic aftershock before I palmed that love mound and clenched my fingers around the bulbous love mound before pinching that hand by closing both thighs tightly around it.

I wanted more.

All this was an unheard of sensation for me. Usually after my first orgasmic rush I'd be lucky to get a second chance at a climax for the next fifteen minutes, but then it was always hard to get it out. I felt ready! I wanted more! I wanted it immediately, and slowly spreading both legs again, having to consciously force them to open, and lifting that hand, I looked upon that swollen, bulging vagina that rested there at the base of its pelvis. Gasping as I stared at that magical thing, reveling in the hot steamy power that it represented and I began to understand the inklings of a woman's power.

A man had a penis, but his power wasn't there. It was in his arms and his chest, the rest of his body. A woman's power was focused all in that tight twat they possessed between their legs. It was an incredible sexual power that through the ages, I realized, had gone undiscovered by most women. The awareness strengthened me from the inside out.

With both tits flaring to either side of my chest and navel as I bent deeply over myself, I caressed those vaginal lips with both hands now, before I focused upon the clit with one hand and stroked it and pinched it

and twisted it with my fingers before digging into myself again with the other hand... using four fingers this time and spreading them wide.

Milk trickled from either tit steadily now as the pair swelled and fattened even more, the pair standing on end that they were so engorged with my milk. Moaning and fingering myself with those slick fingers, I tossed my head and laughed again, gritting my teeth in a snarl as I tensed again, getting a second orgasm from within me that spilled yet more silken and sticky juices from my body that trickled over the thickening swells of butt muscle and slid in between them to wet my anus.

And then I gave a long, high pitched yip – a cheetah’s version of a roar – and went for a third, and quickly got that third orgasmic rush.

It was my first triple orgasm...

As a male, the best I’d ever been met with was two, and no more! Sure... I could pleasure myself several times in a day, but three orgasms in rapid succession? No. That was more of that feminine power, and I tensed visibly as my muscles firmed up all the more, thickening bits and pieces of me, causing tufts of fur here or there to stand on end a little more as I continued caressing myself.

And a fourth orgasmic lance erupted from me, and like I’d done after each eruption, my body throbbed, violently like my heart suddenly pushed harder for one single heart beat and my muscles became flushed with additional blood, erecting them all like it would erect a penis, or engorge a pair of labia or thicken a set of nipples, but in this case it was erecting the hundreds of muscle groups with each having thousands of strands, tendons, sinews, meat and muscle billowing, engorging, flaring and thickening, each strengthening themselves and in turn strengthening me. But as an additional reward the change also made each successive orgasm stronger than the one before it.

But with occasional pops and groans, my skeleton also thickened, flaring parts of me, barreling the chest more and leaving my navel long and narrow, and as I dared to push even the thumb of my probing hand in me, the vaginal lips spreading almost painfully open that the pleasure was so intense, and then hefted the other unused tit with a free hand to suck from it, I found that as I grew, so too did my breasts!

And the sun steadily disappeared, taking its light with it to the west while the moons rose, all while I worked out a fifth and then a sixth orgasm...

My name is Iridium.

Eve took merely a blood sample from me after delving enough information about my life and about my experiences as both a male and a female to better understand these changes that were happening to The Messenger, changes that until now were unique only to me in this universe.

Suddenly, I felt a loneliness that I didn’t realize was there suddenly fill itself a little. Though I was a wolf and Xilimyth was a cat at our cores, I felt that I had a sort of sister now.

On my way out of the tower to return to my domicile in New York City, I reached in between my multitude of breasts and felt the elongated crystal that was there in my chest. The ‘*Heart Stone*’ as we dragons called it. Where as all other dragons had a stone that was oval in shape, mine was longer and had sharp crystalline edges to it. Even that was unique. It was the one and only thing that I could remember of my mother anymore... that she gave it to me, that it was the source of what made me into what I am now and that that stone was likewise the source of my power and everything that I loved.

But I had a secret with it...

It was a secret that I'd have to utilize for Xilimyth. If he – I mean she – was indeed going through what I'd gone through, then I wasn't about to let her go through that alone.

Though I'm not allowed to tell Kirii, that doesn't stop me from acting for Xili's benefit. And so spreading my great gossamer wings as I stood on one of the great decks with its enigmatic dragon-sized doors that led into the Dragon's Tower, I tipped forward into the cold night sky of the Himalayas and flew off not to the west like where my home under Central Park was and all those helpful, kind, loving and fun-loving wererabbits that served me were... but rather to the south, to where Leaf was and to where Eve had told me they'd narrowed Xilimyth's present location to.

I felt so soothed and relaxed, presently not having so much as a care in the world, and that was something rather spectacular for me as a switch to what I usually felt like after sex or even masturbation. Right now I felt energized and alive as I laid face down in the tall grasses while naked, my breasts like great firm pillows supporting my weight while I hugged them to me.

I'd just taken a bath in the pond here to get all the caked on sweat, nectar and cream off my body and I thought I'd dry off for a bit before returning back to the lion's den as it were while stirring inside me were the remnants of the multitude – a mere multiple wasn't a strong enough of a word for it – of orgasms that I'd just experienced, and I shivered from time to time in tantric aftershocks from the experience.

With a moan I turned onto my back and looked up at the growing night sky wall palming that vivacious love mound between my legs, looking upon all the many stars that were up in the heavens. Only in the wilderness nowadays could one see the heavens as they were like this and feel wonder, whereas in the cities only the brightest of stars ever revealed themselves.

With a sigh I rose then, but then heard a rustling in the bushes nearby, and turning sharply, both breasts bouncing and wobbling, rolling against my chest in their mammary sacks, I thought for a moment that that male lion I'd kneed in the junk and raked was out and about here still, and might want to take advantage of me again.

"Hello? Who's there?!"

Stupid! Of course they wouldn't answer.

Moving toward the bushes, I parted some of them, trying to see who might be there, but I didn't find anything. Sadly, like lions, cheetahs were day creatures, and so we couldn't see too well in the dark. Lions and cheetahs didn't have that almond pupil for night vision like other great cats did; instead we had the circular pupil like wolves had. True, we could see in the dark better than a human could, but at the moment, if there was someone there watching me then they weren't revealing themselves, and if they weren't revealing themselves then I didn't have the eyesight to see them.

Giving up, I walked to where my clothes were still drying. I'd washed them at the same time as I'd washed myself. Finding the thin fabric nearly dry at the moment, which was well enough to wear, I slipped into first the bottoms, finding that they needed to stretch to their maximums now, and even then they remained about me only by the sheer sake of flossing my butt with the seat, opening wide over both hips and portraying a rather engorged camel toe.

The shirt was a different matter entirely.

As a male, I'd always taken it for granted that I could just pull a shirt on over my head and it would go, but as a female, and now a female with two tits that projected further than the shirt allowed for now that I'd transformed again, the simple act of pulling it down over my chest was a no-no.

Trying feebly to push the garment down to hem in the swollen pair, I finally gave up and then looked down at the supremely firm mammaries I had as a trickle of milk leaked out of both from me having to be rough with the pair in my attempt to push the top down over them. After a moment of considering, I thought that it might be like my experience as a male of putting on a Speedo for the first time upon becoming a Breeder Dragon. Suddenly possessing two great seed-ridden testicles and a massive wang, wearing a Speedo – it was Kirii's request when we went to the beaches on Madagascar – I had to stuff either ball and then wad the rod up inside that elastic rubber band to get myself to fit. So with two great orbs and a similar garment, I hefted one, tugged open the shirt, and pushed it easily inside. The second tit was a little more difficult, but once they were both in, I could resettlement the shirt again before I took a moment to look over myself.

I had widened at the hip again, possessing a wide bowl that the lower navel muscles flared wide for, whereas the bulging vaginal flesh between both thighs had bulged outward even more into a thickened pocket of flesh. Either leg from hip to ankle were lean and tight and muscular, the muscles standing on end now, and I didn't even have to flex the leg to see the creases and the long bands of muscle in the thighs and forelegs; they were just there. I'd changed into a curvaceous and sensual fem, having the legs of an Olympic runner or speed skater.

The shorts I was wearing were like I had just put a pair of shorts that were sized for a girl onto the body of a grown woman, or in other words, these things were about two or three sizes too small now for my body, so they were quite revealing. Before, my tightened and rounded bottom showed a little of the swells from the seat of my shorts, but now that the seat was like a thong; the seat having flossed me so deeply I was pretty sure that it would take a spelunking crew a week to get it out while many sparrows – the little birds they took with them to detect gas leaks – would die in the process.

The elastic waistband itself was stretched to its limit because of the width of hips and the swelling of my backside; its front dipping deep below the navel and high over both hips with the crotch and its button and zipper barely covering the bulbous sex I had while the shirt I wore was now barely hemming in my breasts. The collar was stretched, the fabric itself was stretched, and it only seemed to accent the fact that my nipples were perpetually erect now with two great swollen areolas resting behind them.

I felt... erotic, I liked it, I liked it a lot, and caressing a tit while giving my cunt one final rub, I sighed nasally before I heard another rustle in the bushes.

Turning around sharply with the whole of my chest wobbling this time, I again looked for an assailant, and taking that moment to avoid some sort of creature that I wouldn't like – a real lion maybe, or worse a black mamba – I decided to hurry home.

Well... Not necessarily hurry per-se, but rather a brisk walk. I could cover the distance between the oasis and the town in a few seconds... It was only just over a mile after all, but then that would mean breaking the sound barrier and all and wake everyone up... And with a sigh, I strode all the way to the village of Holt and entered the main drag that cut through the town where people were closing down shop for the day.

But then I saw a decrepit old man walking down the street, the only thing keeping him up being his gnarled staff, and the only thing keeping him from being naked was an overly large and very dirty poncho that had many holes in it. I couldn't help but feel pity for such a man as he hobbled forward, knock-kneed and flimsy, his body emaciated and thin, the muscle resting just on top of the bones.

Biting my lower lip, I began feeling for the money I kept stashed in one of the pockets of my shorts when I heard a crash of barrels, and looking up with a gasp, I saw a lion fall from a hitching post in front of the town bar, tip over several fifty gallon drums and then right himself in time to see the old man.

And then I gasped, recognizing the lion... He was the same one who'd tried to rape me in the savannah!

"Hey! Old fart!" and he pointed at the traveler. "Only the strong may remain in Holt, get out of here!"

"F-forgive me." The old man said with a quaver in his voice. "But I've traveled by foot a long, long ways. I'm hungry, I need shelter. Is there a place I can find these things? A mission? Someone who is kind to the plight of an old man with nothing left."

"No! Filthy cur!" and the lion finished drinking what was in his bottle, threw it away and it broke with a crash, and then with one step forward and a lazy swing of his hand, knocked the old man to the ground. "Now get before I..."

I was in front of the old man with a snap of pseudomotion. It was like blinking, or a rapid teleport, but being that I wasn't too sure as to whether I had access to that magic or not, I had to assume that I merely rushed that quickly to his aide without thinking.

"You leave him alone!" I barked back at the lion, or rather yipped at him. A cheetah wasn't ever really known for being loud. "He's hurt, lonely, and hungry and it looks like he's sick. You leave him alone you big bully!"

The lion's breath stank of alcohol; he looked drunk, which meant that he'd had to have drunk enough alcohol to kill a regular human being. Because of our healing factors, the amount of alcohol a Lycan required to get drunk was proportionally greater based upon how quickly they healed damage in conjunction with their size. Some Lycan just couldn't get drunk. They'd drown first.

"Save yourself girl... I'm not worth saving." the old man said feebly as he tried to right himself by crawling up his knobby staff.

"You see, he's not worth saving. Now get cur!" and he made to kick him, but with a snap I intercepted a leg that was as thick as a palm tree with my own, and ignored the lance of pain as our shinbones cracked together. Holding the leg with mine, I growled at the lion and pushed the leg back.

"All creatures have the right to live until their own life drains away and they die naturally. This old man isn't dead yet!"

"Sure he is. He just doesn't know it yet. Now get out of my way, slut, before I... Before I... Hey... Wait, don't I know you."

"That's right remember me you stupid lush. Remember me so I can tell everyone in this village what you are and..."

There was the sound of a rifle shot, and we and the gathering crowd all turned to see a strong white man walking up the road as he used a lever action to reload a new bullet into the chamber from the rifle's magazine for the rifle he was carrying.

"All right! Knock this shit off!" the man said, and I spied the badge on his chest that marked him as the magistrate. "Kael... I thought I warned you about being stupid in my town."

"It isn't your town!" the lion, who I now had a name to put to the face, shouted in return. "It was our town before you ever showed up!" he roared then, and this magistrate, sheriff, marshal, ranger or whatever he was, leveled his rifle at Kael.

"Your kind knows full well the sort of ammo I pack... I've already wasted a rather large sum in warning you to stop, Kael, and I swear to God, that if I fire a second, it's going to go straight through your thick skull, and then maybe I can have order in this town!"

Kael swallowed and his tail tucked between his legs immediately. There was only one type of bullet round that a Lycan of our kind feared, and that was a silver bullet.

"My father will hear of this!" he shouted back.

"I hope he does, now git, cur!" and Kael turned tail and ran while the magistrate strode up to us, even as I turned to help the old man to his feet.

"Such kindness." the man said, and again leaned his gnarled weight on his staff.

"You're new, but you look like one of them." The Magistrate said as he approached, sliding his rifle into a sling on his back while he fingered an old fashioned fully automatic pistol on his hip. "I'll assume that you've already met the old guard by now if you aren't living among them already."

A gun slinger. I'd never seen one before outside of Texas, Arizona or Australia, though I suppose Africa was still considered a frontier where they tended to go.

"Thanks for the help, I..." But then there was a gun barrel beneath my chin as I heard the click of the six shooter barrel being cocked back. I didn't even see the movement, nor did I know where the six-shooter even came from!

"Disturbing the peace is disturbing the peace, missy. There are two sides of every fight, and you were the other. Now explain your life story to me in as few and as simple words as possible. I was just getting ready to close down when this disturbance of yours happened and having to work longer than regulations state makes me cranky."

I swallowed, knowing that the most basic skill of a slinger was the quick draw. I was fast, but even if I dodged the first bullet, then that would make me bad in his eyes, so I decided to tell as much truth as I dared. I told him I was a wanderer that came into his town yesterday, and that I needed a place to stay, and the splicers – that was what others saw Lycans as – took me in. I'd met that lion before in the savannah and he tried to forcibly mate with me, and when I saw him mistreating this old man I decided to help.

The slinger stared at me but then lowered the hammer and returned his gun to his belt.

"Alright, that's good enough for now." and then he turned to the old man and sighed. "You ok pop? You seem to be wearing the dirt on you like clothes."

"I'm well." he said, gumming his teeth that were old and gnarled. "I'm well thanks to this fine lady." he looked to be on the verge of teetering over before he reset his feet and pulled himself up on the staff he was leaning on. "I'd given up right there, I fully expected that today would be the day that I finally die till this lady came and rescued me.

"Now if you'll excuse me, it appears as if I'm not welcome here, so I'll just be going along then and..."

"No! No you won't!" I said sternly and took hold of his staff. "I'll take care of him."

The magistrate stared at me and then shrugged. "It ain't against the law so I don't care." he said. "Do what you please." and he turned to leave.

"Come on gramps. Let's get you a bath, some clothes, a nice bed and some food."

"S-such kindness... Thank... Thank you."

"Think nothing of it." I smiled, and brought him straight to the inn, paid for his room, helped him bathe, helped feed him, and told the innkeeper that anything that this man needed, I would pay for it.

The innkeeper's only comment was:

"I didn't think the Good Samaritan was a woman..."

It must've been after midnight before I left the inn, the old man comfortably in his room, enjoying some rest after a full and hearty meal. He was so feeble, so wrinkly, but it bespoke of incredible strength that he could walk all by himself from whatever town was nearest, or worse further away than that, to get to here.

Knowing the African wilderness, it was a long, long way for anyone to walk on foot.

I was considering the remarkable feat that that was for an individual like that when I turned a corner, heard a whish of air, and was suddenly being thrust back against a wall. When I recovered, shaking my head, I looked up to see the lion from earlier – Kael – only he was naked now as he stood before me. He licked his lips as he looked upon me, and as I tried to step away he simply reached down, grabbed me and hauled me back into place.

"I remember you now. I remember you perfectly now. You kneed me in the nuts."

"You tried to rape me."

"Who cares?" he shrugged. "You should consider it an honor."

"I consider it a violation." I growled back, feeling an anger unlike any I'd ever felt before welling up inside my chest. It burned, it burned hot, and I wasn't too sure but I think the edges of my vision reddened.

"Whatever." Kael groaned, and then his hands seized my breasts and I hissed as he gripped them. There was no caressing or tantalizing to his touch, he simply meant to seize them and feel them up. "You... and I... are going to mate. You don't really have a choice; you're a female after all."

"Get your damned hands... OFF ME!" I screamed and taking both my hands with their hooking claws, raked his arms from forearms to wrists, and he snarled in pain.

He spasmed and roared, his hands opening immediately and releasing my breasts from his fierce grip. I could've run, but that anger kept me frozen where I was. That anger *demand*ed that I face him, stand up for myself and the honor of my gender.

... The honor of my gender?

But I nonetheless felt something else as I realized I'd thought that. I had pride in the fact that I was a female now, and no bushwhacking son of a bitch was going to insult me or other females while I was around.

"You... *Bitch!*" he snarled and swung his arm to back hand me.

But then something surprising happened, and I idly lifted a hand and *caught* his swinging back hand as lazily as if catching a cub's idly swinging blow. His arm met my hand and stopped as assuredly as if he

were doing it to a steel wall. The surprise on his face was met from a stern look from me with a clenched jaw, and with a twist and a turn, using the motion of my whole body instead of just the arm, extending fingers, wrist, elbow, shoulder, chest and back, twisting at the hips and the waist and rising up on knees and toes, I slapped a hand into his gut and threw him away with an indomitable blow to the gut. But on top of all the technique, there was a sudden surge of rage-induced strength, and a rush of feminine power that exploded from within me, starting from somewhere close to my heart, it all cascaded out of my hand and into his body, sending him flailing backward before I rose to a full stand at where I was.

I was panting, grunting and groaning fiercely with anger and gritting my teeth I heard the tendons in my jaw grind. I tensed, holding myself still as best as I could, the whole of me groaning at the sensations of that heat in me rising to a new burning level, a different empowering force that was quicker but darker than the feminine passions I felt before. This was feminine rage, and it steeled me, and as it grew in power it fueled this body of mine.

Then with a series of cracks and groans, every muscle in me started to expand.

Chest muscles flared apart, spreading the compressed sacks of mammary and the milk they were laden with apart, stretching the shirt I wore even more greatly than when I put it on a short while ago. The nipples erected thicker and harder, causing a band in the fabric between them, the stress of my bodice combined with the swell of both breasts and the erect nibs of either teat threatened to tear the shirt in two down the middle. I groaned and growled in my anger, focusing on Kael, flashing my claws while both hands tensed, the hooking claws extending longer, sharpening while muscle groups popped and distended outward just before certain bone formations in me turned outward. Hips widened spine turned outward, arm and leg bones thickened and widened while ribs flared even wider. With a snarl I brought both arms backward, showing Kael the growing fangs in my mouth, even while the throbbing heart in me quickened the swelling of my muscles, and as muscles swelled, so too did both sets of primary and secondary mammary lining my dual sets of chest muscles.

Very quickly the shirt I was wearing stretched to its limits, the band at the collar and the waistband about all the thickening ribs caging my innards in snapped shortly thereafter. Within moments great rending tears opened in that shirt, shredding across the growing boobs and their engorging areola, and as one shoulder burst open, one of those two tits pushed outward and bobbed heavily just before I shivered and shook myself and tufts of fur thickened about me atop the head, against the forearms and forelegs and down my spine.

My back spread wide then, tearing more of the fabric open across the back as the spine acted like a knife to cut the fabric open, and as the breadth of my shoulders widened, so too did my hips, and soon the snap and zipper of the shorts I was wearing popped open with a rending crunch. Within moments my pulsating throbbing vagina pressed outward and its strengthening girth distended outward into the open air right before the shorts snapped open beneath my legs one leg hole after the next.

“What the hell are you?!” Kael gasped, shrinking before me with his tail between his legs as the long biceps that I had started to thicken into bulging pipes, forearms flared and chest muscles pushed forward like a surging pair of glaciers.

With a snarl and a curling of the lip, I reached up to the shirt with one hand and tore it from me while pulling the remnants of the shorts I wore off my body to leave myself naked. I flexed my growing muscles, rolling both shoulders while I advanced upon Kael, my body steeling as it grew firmer, muscles rippling as I flexed them, forcing them to grow faster, and with an angry and pleasure-ridden snarl, I tensed harder still.

Continually it seemed, I flared wider and taller and felt as the multitude of abdominals lining my belly suddenly started to crease more deeply into a super defined eight pack lined by two sets of lats.

“I am far beyond what you think me to be, you cur.” I said in my lowest, deepest voice, growling at him as I advanced upon him, muscles still bubbling outward beneath the flesh with each step I took, calves and thigh muscles piling and creasing while both boobs bounced and swayed with every movement I took and with every undulating spasm of growth I experienced. “You’re an evil person, and by the Creator of All Things, I will kill you long before you ever get to stick me with your penis.”

Kael rose and roared at me but I cut his voice off rapidly by cuffing him upside the ear and as his roar was silenced and his head was knocked away. My hand immediately grabbed for his ear and held it tightly before I hauled him up just high enough for me to look at him.

“You still haven’t learned your lesson.” I grinned ferally. “You’re still not wearing protection.”

Then with a snarl, I angled a leg back, and football kicked him in the nuts.

His scream soon went beyond even my hearing.

“Eventually... you might understand that you can’t always force your will on others.” I growled and let him drop to the ground. “Now while you’re groveling there, holding your dick – or what’s left of them, I think I got the other nut this time – I’ll ask that you’ll excuse me. I have more business to do.”

And turning on my heel and slapping him in the face with my tail, I stormed off, still feeling that mixture of anger and pleasure engorging this feminine body of mine, and soon I was purring to myself at the feeling of my swelling breasts bouncing with each step.

Kael rose slowly, grunting and groaning as he recovered from the true *‘Achilles Heel’* that all males had, and much to his stupidity, he didn’t shield or even guard it from blows like that. I could only imagine what a cheetah’s leg could do to your nuts.

Then he rose, steadying himself a moment, and turning, saw me standing there proudly several paces away.

“What do you want old man?!” he bellowed. I said nothing. “Are you deaf too old man?” and he slapped his chest challengingly. “Can’t you hear me you worthless bag of... ngh.”

My hand lanced outward and I caught him at the trachea with the pinkie and thumb of one hand, positioning pressure directly over both of his tracheal arteries, cutting both air and blood to his head off.

“It always amazes me as to the bravery of cowards.” I told him calmly, and he stared at me while I stared up at him, and punching my arm, scraping at it, he became amazed that he caused no damage to even my human flesh. “I feel that you’ve caused enough trouble today, but you’ve helped me in the mission that I originally came here for, though unwittingly. So for being so crass as to pick on a seemingly helpless old man and attempt to rape any female within your pryde lands, you do nonetheless need to be punished. Understand that it is the will of the Earth that this happens to you, and if you wish to call yourself wise, you will heed this one, and only... warning.

“Though I don’t favor the headache you shall have when you awaken, I nonetheless bid you good night.”

And Kael passed out from the loss of blood and oxygen and I simply let him fall to the ground. He started breathing again the moment I released him, and stepping forward, stamping the base of the knobby staff I carried in the sandy earth beside his head, I once again, for the countless time, regarded how disgusting some humanoids could become.

Then donning a simple ragged head-wrap, I stepped away, once again setting myself into the staggered walk of an old man, and returned to the room that Xilimyth was so kind to buy for me.

I bathed briefly in the lucid waters of the female's quarters of the den, towed myself off and then stepped up toward all the alcoves where hundreds of females were all huddled together for the night. From some I heard the tell tale sounds of love-making, from others I saw two maybe three females lying together and on top of each other, a few mothers with all their cubs... but as I rose to the top landing, standing proudly as a woman as a stream of moonlight like light slid in from the crystal in the ceiling, I paused as Babasti's alcove suddenly lit up inside with a faint glow.

"Come in Xilimyth... I've been waiting for you." Came Babasti's quiet, gentle voice.

Sliding into her chambers, I stood before her within the light of a sphere of glowing light that was hovering idly just above the burning embers of her hookah, and I smirked as I found her lying back with several children – her two attendants among them, while she remained awake smoking whatever herb concoction it was that she smoked.

"I admittedly expected you earlier. For a moment I thought you may've run away." She remarked, and I smiled at her.

"I did as you tasked me to do... and in the mean time, discovered some new things about myself. I'm late because I was helping an old man, and defeating an enemy to life and womankind."

"An enemy toward life?" she asked and I nodded. "I'd be glad to hear about our new warrior and her battle against some towering lion, but for now, come lie with me, Xilimyth. While you're here, think of me as your mother, and suck from my breasts as if you were my babe."

"But to what ends?" I managed to say, stepping deeper into her chamber and squatting near to her.

"Do you remember your parents, in particular your mother?" she asked and I shook my head as she drew from the wand coming off the hookah and exhaled that enticing smoke into the air. "It's the part of the needed experiences to help you mature, Xilimyth."

"There's a special bond between parent and child, but most particularly with father and son and mother and daughter. You learn instinctively from the parent you most resemble, and in nearly every case, that is between like genders."

"There're certain experiences my growing daughter, that just cannot be explained with words and you must learn them for yourself."

I looked down upon this placated, sexual and busty yet elegant white panthress, kneeling before her now before crawling up along her body and lying against to lie against it with one of her young retainers close to my back. It was an unfamiliar thing, and unfamiliar meant uncomfortable, and yet I did it because I wanted... Needed, to learn more about this power I now had, which already made me feel many times greater than I ever did as a male.

"You sure? You want me to suckle and not just lie with you?" I asked.

"Drink child. There's still yet power in these breasts that you've yet to obtain for yourself."

"Child? But aren't I older than you?"

"Only in spirit, but as a woman, you're less knowledgeable and less apt at the power that you now possess than these girls here possess. Drink."

And I laid against her, licking my lips, remembering that tantalizing breast milk that she possessed that was like cream and honey, and opening my lips I fastened upon the fleshy nib of her fat breast while my own body cleaved to hers, breasts spreading apart against her side as I wrapped one long and muscular leg over one of her sensually arching ones. My naked crotch fit nicely against the fur on her thigh.

Unlike my breasts, which had only known my lips and were virgin and firm, hers were soft and bulbous, and yet they held themselves full enough to remain aloft atop her chest instead of sagging and drooping. I sucked from those breasts, holding onto her as she purred for me, running her claws through the mane of hair at the top of my head while I settled fully and deeply against her body. Lifting one hand to her breast I began to instinctively rhythmically push on it for more cream to come out as I started to purr.

I nursed from her till I fell asleep.

Post-Documentation 0021: Feminine Power

I'd resorted to resting most of the day. I was growing very close to delivering and so unraveling this conundrum was becoming harder and harder to supply with just my expertise alone.

There was pressure on my vaginal wall, I had to be milked twice a day and my belly had swollen very rapidly in a very short period of time to the point where I could barely stand up any more. Even despite my weight, the water and the lives that were in me were a test of even this dragoness's strengths.

I was very excited to soon becoming a mother, but that nonetheless didn't dismiss me from my duty as a member of the council.

But in my fervor, I was suddenly presented by an intrusion onto my computer, and a program rapidly loaded with a chat line that suddenly opened up, and the voice synthesizer on my computer spoke in a familiar voice.

"Would you like my help?" Aysyx asked.

Aysyx generally helped when asked, but this was the first time I'd known hir to actually offer it. Shi was a powerful living computer but shi still had computer tendencies, such as not offering help till shi was asked to. It went along with a computer always doing only what it was told to do. Perhaps shi was asked by another to help me, if not, this was a tremendous leap for hir. Nonetheless, with Lord Pseudodrake having gone missing all of a sudden, that left possibly only IO asking hir to help me.

What could I say but yes?

With the feeling of constant pressure upon my sex, the bloated feeling in me and the achiness of all my many teats coupled with the need to urinate all the time, it was already hard enough for me to think, and Aysyx acting as an assistant in compiling and organizing all the information helped me immensely.

So this record is me trying to organize my thoughts. Damn pregnancy... I loved it but it made me stupid all the time! I'm already disordered even in this attempt.

But here we go...

Lord Xilimyth has been located via Aysyx's incredible observation powers.

There were a dozen cameras within the tiny town of Holt, and several high powered camera's located on Halo that shi could zoom in on the town with, and even from records from yesterday revealed some pretty spectacular things.

Of the times that Xilimyth was in view of these cameras, she had undergone several physical enhancements, beginning from a lean rather hipless female with small breasts at the beginning of the day, to a highly athletic body near the end of the day, and ending with an engorged muscularity of a female body-builder during a brawl with some lion at the end of the day. On top of that, as best as we can ascertain, her breasts had gone from C-cups to incredibly sized G-cups in less than twenty-four hours.

Given a lack of any current blood, fluid and tissue samples from Lady Xilimyth, I have to go upon the samples I still have, and even those have been showing a remarkable enhancement underneath the microscope... And that's without the aide of a Hypernite hive facility to help facilitate growth.

Given evidences, given what we see, I can only conclude that Xilimyth has been brought to a base level successfully – albeit a feminine one – and is now progressing through the Prometheus Serum unaided like her mate Kirii had done. And all this in under seventy two hours from becoming a female. The time table

for the changes the Prometheus Serum was recorded to do is skewed and is progressing erratically, but I'm certain that Xilimyth is on her way to becoming a new cybernetic dragon. It's a question as to how long such a process will take now.

Poor Kirii. I've been trying to contact Pseudo to ask permission to bring her into the loop, and without his ok on the matter, not even Neo will allow me to inform her of this trouble.

If I don't hear from Pseudo soon, I may just have to go ahead and tell her myself, and damn the consequences...

The home I'd shared with Xili had once been a place of warmth and happiness, and despite that I had a furnace inside me for my dragon fire it was difficult to keep warm, even in this hot environment.

I was sitting at the table, leaning on one hand with my eyes closed, the other hand resting beside the holokeyboard, a third hand hanging limp at my side while the fourth absentmindedly caressed my belly. The hypernites in me were trying to be helpful in stimulating the hormones in me to produce endorphins, but it just wasn't working as well as I wished it would. I was still lonely and depressed, and I wanted my big, strong scalie to hold on to.

Opening both eyes and cursing my rotten luck at having reached such an impenetrable blockade in my search for my Xili, I cursed this bank that managed that damn console and tried to will it to work.

"My lady... Are you sill at that?" Miki said as she entered the room with some breakfast for me.

"I'll work myself into exhaustion before I rest, Miki..." I grumbled. "I don't want to give up on this until I'm satisfied, and that won't be until I have my Xili right here with me. I'll not have my babies born without their father present."

"I understand." Miki said and placed a platter of food on the table beside me.

It had breads, cheeses, pomegranate juice, scrambled eggs and a load of meats and vegetables and spices mixed into it. I pushed it away with one hand with a sigh.

"I don't have time to eat."

There was a pause, and Miki pushed it back.

"Though I should deny you this food, my Lady, though I should be helping you reach that exhaustion that you seek so that you'll sleep, I'll tell you that you should eat. Eating will give you strength, it'll keep your kitlings from starving in your womb, and likewise..." and she sighed before giving this next comment. "Food will help you remain active longer.

"The pomegranate juice is very sweet and loaded with sugar. It should keep your eyes open and give you a burst of energy, at least for awhile."

I stared at the food, and then looking at her standing there smiling at me, she looking like a child in comparison to my size, I took the platter back and began to voraciously consume everything that I could.

"That's good. I'll be in the other room if you need me." she smirked, and stepped away as I ate everything, absolutely everything.

I'd skipped about five meals at this point, and the cravings were getting to me. And then consuming everything, I licked my fingers and then chanced to look at the computer. Not at the holokeys of the keyboard, or the holoscreen, but the dome shaped ergonomic device that rested at the center of the table.

Then I was struck with a crazy thought...

Reaching forward, I palmed the glass top of the computer and slid it over to me.

It was an advanced computer, with a micro-fusion battery at its core and quantum computer logic with incredible computing power. It also had a standard data jack in it. Drawing on that data jack, pulling it's fiber optic chord from inside the device, a device that had never, ever been used by any dragon outside of Aysyx himself I was sure, I pulled the chord upward, and promptly inserted it into a recessed hole directly behind my ear.

I knew it was there. It was among the functions that booted up whenever I awoke from sleeping. The Hypernites had created an artistic operating system that I spent some time helping them develop, sometimes that's what I did whenever I slept, but whenever I awoke the computer in me went through a POST process and woke up with me, loading the shell and then the OS and finally the GUI system for me, and amidst that I always noted the numerous functions that loaded with it. Among them were certain cybernetic devices that I'd always wanted as a human, but could never really afford. And here it was just given to me!

The connection was instantaneous, and soon the holokeyboard and the holoscreen to the computer winked out of existence, and replacing them soon came a warped appearance to my mind as my consciousness slid into the matrix through a hole that was similar to traveling through hyperspace.

"Ha!" I shouted, imagining myself as a being of armored light, with huge muscles and even huger tits as I slid through the matrix at lightning speed.

If those bank pricks wouldn't give me the information, then I'll damn well take it from them!

I am Iridium.

I had to land far away from Holt, out and away from eyesight. Fifteen miles away to be specific. My gray and black body and purplish armor would be seen from miles away, and I needed this to be as covert as possible.

Once on the ground, I began a rapid transformation, beginning as all the armor on my body unfolded and tucked themselves into pockets of my body, leaving me naked and vulnerable to a degree before I rapidly began to diminish. Draconic features slid away for wolfen features, and instead of walking on my toes. I sank onto my heels to walk about like any regular splicer might, the incredible, bulging, supernatural muscles diminished into more realistic ones as my height halved itself once every few seconds, till I was of a less imposing height, though still tall for a female, at six and a half feet. My tail shortened and became furry instead of scaled and armored, while both wings formed fists of themselves and merged into my back. The draconic muscles diminished rapidly and I gained a more humanoid musculature that was still Olympian in nature.

Now that I had strength I wanted to keep it, show it off. I also kept my heaving breasts, though the secondaries needed to be deflated some.

And then there was the last thing that I needed to do, and with an arching of the back and a spreading of the legs, my incredible penis pulled rapidly inside me, the nads retracting as well till I had nothing but a bulbous, furry vagina left with a hard supersized clitoris tucked at its peak.

Summoning the most basic of clothing from thin air then to cover this incredibly muscular feminine body of mine, I poised and flexed, testing what I'd left myself with, which was still supernatural in its nature, and flexing a bicep made it swell many times over. I missed the masculine strength that came with being a herm that was in conjunction with my feminine strength, but it's best that I fit in as best as possible, and given my way of birth, I'd always been more comfortable being totally female than totally male.

Then setting one foot in front of the other, I journeyed through the rising light of approaching dawn toward the tiny town of Holt.

I awakened with a shiver, hearing the voices of many females around me, and as I shivered, I grunted and felt a mild slick of juices escape me, moistening my pussy and the insides of both thighs as I rose from off of Babasti. I could feel both my mammaries wobbling as I turned, keeping both thighs pressed together to hide my growing sexuality as I reached down with one hand and rubbed that moistened sex there and Babasti smiled even as I blushed as deeply as I possibly could.

"Good morning." she greeted, and then rising herself, she stretched and I found myself staring at her breasts as she unashamedly sat with her thighs open to reveal God's design for her thick sex. "So you awaken with the rest of the females today. That's good." She said and then paused as I looked upon her body. I was learning something then...

I'd assumed all females were built the same... but... vaginas and breasts were different between woman to woman. Babasti paused as she watched me watch her, and I saw that her sex was thick and broad, the curtains of flesh inside her body dark instead of pink like they were in mine, her nipples also dark while mine were light. Her breasts were like they were because of how much milk she gave, the pair massive and heaving and the nipples having developed thickly from how many mouths had sucked on them both child and adult it seemed. Her sex had known many men, and it was strong and mature with a pert little nib for a clit.

And then I noticed that she'd paused, and looking up at her, seeing her watching me with a smile as she sat there with legs open and shoulders rolled back so that I could see her, I blushed deeply and froze as I thought I was caught doing something forbidden. Babasti's smile merely broadened.

"You shouldn't be embarrassed." She said and rolled forward before rising to her feet and moved to and moved to an alcove where a young girl still slept on her oversized cushions. "A girl needs to look upon the body of an adult, especially naked. A father showers with his sons, a mother showers with her daughters, and the child sees the changes that happen to someone who is older. A son learns of all the muscle he might gain and the thickened phallus from adulthood and what happens when his testis drop, and a girl learns that her sex won't always be smooth with a simple slit in it, and her chest will grow thick breasts as she ages."

Babasti shook the girl awake in her alcove, kissed her cheek as she yawned, and then stepped to another alcove where there was a chest resting on the stone where one female might rest for the night. It bespoke of the respect the other women gave her that they gave her such a large chamber all to herself. It also bespoke of how kind and motherly she was that she shared her chambers with the motherless daughters of the Pryde... and to accept a motherless and prydeless daughter such as myself without any care of ever being paid back.

"We must prepare you for the day, and give you the next of your tasks." She said as the young girl yawned again and hopped from her alcove before leaving the chamber sleepily.

"Uh-huh." I managed, looking at her tight, perfectly rounded bottom.

I was aware of taking pleasure in the sight of her, but I also couldn't help compare myself with her. My bottom felt clenched in its muscled state as I viewed her bottom, and I felt the clit between my thighs erect with my manly desire to pierce her loins, and as I aroused the feminine powers I was obtaining, truly sexual based powers equally as great yet in opposition to manly sexual powers, erected the nipples lining my chest and belly as well. The entire length of my insides erected like a cock that was receded inside me, my breathing deepening even as she leaned over and showed me the fullness of her bottom and the tightened swells of her sex caught beneath her bottom between both legs while her heavily laden breasts dangled and wobbled against her chest as she reached into the chest she'd opened.

I felt a pressure in my chest, and an achiness in the primary pair of teats as they erected harder than the others, but I ignored them, watching Babasti's beautiful bottom bounce and clench with her every movement before that butt turned away from me, which meant she was turning toward me.

"Here, let me dress you in these." she said, and my eyes rose high enough to see her breasts wobbling with the turn, before I forced a smile and forced myself to look her in her face.

Five thousand years worth of male tendencies and habits and desires were hard to shrug off in only a few days.

And then Babasti was placing some strips of white cloth in my hands.

"Ah... What are these for?" I asked.

"For you to wear." she smirked.

"But I don't..." I was about to tell her I didn't know how to wear them, but then suddenly she was whipping a cloth strip about my waist, the strip curving around me so that she could catch it with her other hand, her breasts and my breasts pressing against each other now, and I held myself back from murring in desire of her sweet scent.

"Spread your legs." she said and I blinked at her.

"R-really?" I stammered, my mind thinking that she was about to go down on me.

"Don't be so coy. We're all ladies here after all. It's not as if I've not seen what you've got before. Now spread your legs and stand shoulder-width apart."

I did so, licking my lips as she knelt, but was likewise immediately confronted with and amazed that shoulder-width apart made my legs go straight up and down instead of angle away from me like they did when I was a guy. Hence was the beauty of widened hips.

But then my vision returned to Babasti's crouched form as she found the center of the cloth she'd wrapped about my waist in her hand and put that center right at the small of my back. She then wrapped the two ends about my middle twice to both the front and the back, folding the cloth over itself in an overlapping consistent pattern, moving them front to back once and then twice, and then when she brought the cloth to the front of me again, she pulled the strips tight and then folded first one and then the other downward over my pert vaginal mound. The feeling of the cloth before my sex amidst my tantalized state with a grown and lovely woman working down there made me quiver minutely, but she was merely passing the cloth between my legs, she then pulled them upward, tightly, making the cloth that now overlapped my sex

firmly set over the two firm vaginal lips right before the cloth was pulled tightly between my butt cheeks and giving me a tight wedgie.

"Ngh!" I groaned as she did this, and she laughed softly at me but continued tying the cloth.

The two ends up from my bottom were thusly wrapped around the base of my thick tail and then folded forward again, the strips being wrapped high over either hip and then folded between my legs, brought up between my butt cheeks again and the process repeated a third time, but this time she laced the strips of cloth through the wrap about my waist.

The excess cloth was brought up a fourth time but was then wrapped about my waist a few times and then tied off at the small of my back in a bow-tie like bow above the tail and then drawn tight.

"There... Now for your chest." she said, and lifting the cloth from my hand, began to tie that about me too.

"I can just go buy new clothes..." I offered.

"Nonsense. If you're going to live here then you may as well look like the other females that are here." she soothed.

Then taking the strips of cloth about my neck, she crossed them over each other before my throat, but then arched them downward to cover both breasts at the thickened nipple before curving it backward. When it came forward this time, she pulled the fabric up over either shoulder, crossing the strips over my breasts again and then behind me before crossing the fabric at my back and then back forward.

Forward and backward, the strips of cloth laying over each other in reinforcing overlaps that hemmed the primary pair of my breasts in as she tied off the last of it just behind the back of my neck. These wrappings separated the breasts but hemmed them in.

"I look like a mummy." I said quietly.

"Close... the process is ancient and does come from Egypt... It's to show your chastity." Babasti stated simply, and then retrieved from the chest a long loincloth with a split tail at the back side that would fold to either side of my tail, and a sash like thing that was tied about my breasts and secured in the back. It hemmed my breasts in like a bra. "These clothes show that you are a virgin."

"But why would I want to show that I'm a virgin? I'm not... Not really."

"You are now." Babasti said, and then handed me a brush, and just like that I automatically began to use it to brush my hair, pausing as I realized I was doing it, before I just continued. "And as such, a female of your maturity needs to show that."

"But to what ends?"

"To the ends of which the next task that I shall now set before you will be about, Lady Xilimyth."

"Task..." I prompted slowly; already fearing what that would be based upon the conversation.

"Yes. Your next task, Xilimyth, is to be proclaimed a woman, and in order to do that here, you need to have sex."

I stopped brushing my hair immediately and stared at her wide-eyed and surprised; she merely smiled back at me.

"Return to me when you have brought yourself to draw a male into your body for pleasure."

"B-but... I... Babasti I think I may be in heat! I can't afford a child. Wait. Can I even have a child?" I palmed my belly, and my mind whirled with the possibilities.

"Ah... Yes, I hadn't thought about that." She said aloud and thought for a moment before she took a little straight stick of some sort with little bristly hairs at the end of it that looked like a crude brush, and opening a container on a shelf, she dipped the stick into the container and then turning back to me she drew something upon my belly. I felt the tinge of magic in it, but it was highly specialized sex magic. "This shall close your womb... That is if you have one. This magic will last for a day and a night, but upon the sunrise, it will be canceled. Remember that. Many a foolish girl has asked for this magic during their heats and thought that they could have an all night romp, but when that male takes them in the morning..."

"I'll remember that." I said quickly. "I'll try to act with wisdom."

She nodded. "Now go... Leona is waiting for you."

That morning, instead of heading to a field of some sort, or tending the cattle I saw outside the town or toting water from one of three separate wells that I saw, or any other sort of mindless work, Leona led all the females away to a sports field or some such that was laden with all sorts of equipment pieces that varied from free weights and an obstacle course to an actual raised fighting ring.

But we weren't there to work out, no... We were there to set it up.

"Here Xilimyth, set these javelins up onto those racks there." She said, handing me an armload of javelins.

"Just set them up?" I asked, accepting them from her, and then tried to figure out how to carry them in a way so that my boobs wouldn't get in the way. "Aren't we going to use them?"

"Only warriors are allowed to use them. They consider it an honor for us just to carry them." Leona rolled her eyes, and I paused before moving away. Leona took that pause for me wanting more, and so put another bundle of spears onto my arms so that I had to raise my chin.

"But aren't you a warrior?"

"Yes, but few women are. They're either too afraid, too soft-hearted or are being bullied by the males to stop competing to actually compete here, so they must do it in private."

What she was saying was sounding more and more ludicrous to me, but having been a female even for this short time, I was beginning to detect a sort of prejudice that males had toward females, especially in this backwater place where females were second if not third class citizens. The sheer act of female placed even those most honored of us, perhaps even Babasti herself, beneath the male warriors, beneath the male workers and even beneath the male servants who were less than the workers.

It was starting to irk me. It was already getting on my nerves that just because I was a female that I was expected to cook and clean and care for children and spread my legs open for any male that wanted me.

"I bet you can beat all of them here. I bet I could." I told her.

Leona smirked, and set a third bundle of javelins into my arms, my back bowing backward deeply now from the weight. And then she blinked at the fact that I was able to carry them all. I was surprised at that too, but I was trying to focus on the matter at hand, not the matter that was in my hands.

"That may be so, but they yell if we don't have it set up in time. And remember, whatever you don't do, I have to."

I stared at her for a moment.

"That won't do." I said, and turning, headed for the racks that were here and set the javelins down before taking them several at a time and placing them on the racks.

Other girls and women were placing shields, bits of armor and such here and there, while weight pins were added to the weight machines and preset weights were placed on the free weight benches prior to the males arriving.

I was beginning to despise my old gender, take pride in my new one, and understand more exactly what a woman dealt with from birth to death. But then it got me to thinking. Was I like this? Was I like them before I changed? No... no I wasn't. I was a gentleman... and a gentleman was in tune with his feminine side first of all, and he cared for women, but nonetheless allowed them to do things on their own if they wanted to. But most males I met now were completely insensitive and mistreated a female with a vague attitude of misuse just because they were female. I'd already heard the term *'should be in the kitchen barefoot and pregnant'* by one of the larger lions in reference to me as they saw me walking about in the den earlier.

While the males ate the lion's share of the food for nothing, we females had to work... And then we could eat. It was enough to make me angry and passionate about the subject, I wanted to change what was happening, and as I felt and understood that indignity I felt my muscles tense, all of them tightening long enough where they expanded involuntarily.

"Alright bitches... Get out of here!" someone yelled, and I turned to see several lions, bulging with their pectorals, their biceps and their penises in tight loin cloths or Speedo like things designed to show off their packages enter the field.

If this was my choice of a male to try to... To... I swallowed, try to make love to. I'd rather stay a maiden and a virgin.

And then Blackthorne entered the field, and trailing him was none other than Kael on his right side... A position of honor that could only mean that Kael was the crown prince.

"That dirt bag is the crown prince?" I asked as I was on my way out, and I turned to Leona. "He's your brother?!"

"Yeah, why?"

"He tried to rape me! Twice! And he tried to hurt a simple old man and likewise started a contention with the magistrate over it all!"

"He What?!" Leona gaped, and then furious, she stormed up to the approaching lions, pulled back her arm and punched Kael right in the face with a deafening crack.

"You bastard! You damnable raping bastard, I aughtta..."

"ENOUGH!" a lion roared, and all fell silent immediately as Blackthorn rounded on his daughter, grabbed her by her impressive bicep and forced her around to face him. Leona looked frightened immediately in the face of her father's rage. "WHAT IN THE CREATOR'S NAME WAS THAT ABOUT LEONA?!"

"Father, this... This cur... Tried to rape Xilimyth, twice! He tried to hurt a weak old human, and then started a confrontation with the Magistrate!"

Blackthorne crossed his arms, and it was then that I saw something new.

There was a second lion, a younger, leaner male who was only just starting to gain his fetlocks and mane. He was partially hiding behind Blackthorne, the mighty king not minding that he was there, but instead of staring at the confrontation, this young lion was staring at... Me?

"Is this true, Kael?!" Blackthorne demanded without looking at the brutish lion that'd tried to rape me and was even now fuming in my direction.

"Lies and slander, father. She's over-emotional as usual."

"Over-emotional, I'll show you over-emotional you piece of... Ngh!" and Leona silenced immediately as Blackthorne cuffed his daughter's throat and squeezed off air to her brain, choking her but silencing her immediately.

"Silence, daughter." he said immediately and released her. "You may be my eldest, but he is my eldest son. Tradition and Law dictate the throne goes to him, and unless you hope to transform into a male someday soon, then your place is at best in the position of a shield maiden! Now then, Kael..."

"I challenge that authority!"

For a second I thought it was Leona who'd shouted... But it wasn't Leona.

...It was me.

Something inside me had emboldened me and I stepped forward before even thinking of what I was doing before all these towering lions so that they could all see me.

"I challenge this entire Pryde. I wager that not a single one of you lions can defeat me in whatever challenge you choose, and for each lion I defeat, I will have them in my service."

"And for each lion that defeats you, you will be in service to them." Blackthorne countered immediately. "The greater that lion's station, the greater the debt will be."

His words began right upon my last words, so that the echo of my shout was overridden by his. There was a moment of indecision on my part, and quickly into that moment I began to hear encouragement from the females, and laughter and jeers from the males.

"Done then!" I shouted back, and Leona closed her eyes and exhaled in disappointment. "Since I issued the challenge, all of you go stand by whatever it is that you wish to challenge me at. Anything at all on the field!"

And with laughter and conversation, the lions all scattered to different places. Weights, javelins, the fighting ring, and reaching down, Blackthorne grabbed his son Kael by the scruff of the neck and hefted him to his feet before shoving him toward the field.

"And you, King Blackthorne..." I grinned. "You will be last, and you will have your choice with what you wish to challenge me with..."

I was known as Iridium because of the color of my eyes. My father was a dragon, my mother was a wolfess, and between the two of them they made me. I was born as a wolfess though, but I carried the blood of dragons inside me. And though I lived decades as a simple Lycan female, I eventually became an utterly powerful dragoness Royal, and a keeper to the youngest of the thirteen Millennium Trees on Earth.

Striding into town – well, sauntering would perhaps be a better word for the act – I immediately got the stares from others who recognized me for a stranger. One took the fact of blending into a crowd for granted in New York. Possessing the two largest Archologies in the world in the form of the Central Park Archology and the Starlight Archology, the population of the city of New York had swelled into the tens of millions.

Here... there were only the hundreds, and other than humans, the only other species that I saw were Felis Lycan. A blue-gray wolfess wearing modern-styled clothing like myself stuck out like a sore thumb.

I heard the usual whispers of people wondering upon who I was and where I was from, but I also heard the usual whispers of *'she has no place here,'* and *'look how disgustingly muscular she is. It's unfitting for a female to look like that.'* That didn't stop some of their men from staring longingly at the tight ass, huge tits and the clenched and tight yet bulging vagina I possessed as a female.

"Ohh... A wanderer... Just like me." someone cackled, and I turned expecting a jeering teen, but instead saw an old man who was so old his blood must've turned to dust long ago hobbling energetically toward me with nigh but a wooden staff keeping him upright.

"Beautiful! Beautiful!" the dark-skinned man greeted, and upon coming near, he pressed a hand immediately upon the hardened ten pack of abs I possessed in this form.

It was the most minimal I could appear. I was so strong that even this mundane feminine form appeared to possess the strength of an Olympic male bodybuilder. I'd not learned to lessen my shape any better than that.

"An empty womb and an incredible power I feel." the man cackled, and edging closer, peered up into my face with a pair of eyes that were partially blind, the milky coloring told that he was loosing his eyesight. "I didn't expect to see a person like you here... No I didn't."

"Should you have?" I queried.

"No... No perhaps not. Why then are you here?"

"I came... Looking for someone."

"Looking? Just looking? There're many someone's here. A better statement would be for whom are you looking for, and an even better statement is to why?"

"Xilimyth." I said and nothing more. "I have business with Xilimyth."

"Ah! I know that name... She was a grand help. Saved my life she did."

"She..." I repeated and bit my lower lip nervously. Eve was right. "Can you take me to her?"

"I can... But... I'm a weak old man, and I do not run as fast as I used to... Or walk for that matter. But if you're a friend of Xilimyth's, then you are a friend of mine. I will endeavor to move quickly for you."

"Why don't you just let me carry you?" I asked.

"Carry? Tsk, tsk, tsk... But then that would put that incredible bust of yours right up against this body of mine. And I'm sorry... But that would anger my wife dearly should she find out I rested within the arms of another female." he cackled and then turning, began to hobble away, and then pausing, turned and gestured toward me with a great swing of his arm. "Come! Follow! Follow! I know where she is."

And then he began to hobble rather quickly, taking on a sort of gait that involved using his gnarled staff as third leg to swing himself around with his body every other step or so, and I had to walk briskly to keep up with him.

He laughed, leading me through town, behind buildings and down wide alleyways till I heard shouting. And then turning a final corner and sliding through a high fence, we came upon an exercise yard in which I saw cats of all sorts everywhere, and many cheetah females, but none that I would say I recognized.

"There!" the old man gestured, his body trembling from the exertion, and I watched a tall, and unusually muscled and buxom female cheetah, angle backward and throw a javelin forward, hitting the target dead center more than a hundred yards away.

"That's Xilimyth?" I gaped.

"Aye, but best if you not disturb her just yet. She's in the challenge of her life, and twice yet, I dare say she will be hard pressed to recognize you Iridium." the old man said behind me as I edged forward.

"Yeah but, I have something very... Wait. I didn't tell you my name. How did..." and I turned, finding that the old man was gone, and leaping to the fence entrance and looking to the left and right I saw no evidence that the old man had actually been here. "How did you know my name?" I finished, and turning back to the games at hand, watched as Xilimyth continued in this... *'challenge of her life.'*

I was smaller and weaker than most of these males... ok all of the males. I had less girth or throbbing muscles in me, but what I did have over them was that I was well over five thousand years old... In spirit if not in body anymore. What I had was experience that was greater than all these males put together. Fighting experience, combat experience, and though it wasn't as grand as what most dragons had to deal with it was nonetheless significant enough to prove me better at certain things than they were.

And all this excited me, it made me perspire, it made me aloof and energetic, defeating one after the next.

My weapon of choice had always been the Javelin and the Spear. It was a habit that had followed me since I was a young male Lycan many millennia ago. Though I'd never gotten so far to be called a warrior in my old tribe where I was a light-skinned runt amidst all the dark-skinned power houses, I still had to hunt from time to time, and the spear and the javelin was what I used then.

Defeating all those who stood here was a simple affair for me. It showed me something else though. When it came to skill, it existed equally in both males and females.

After tossing yet another javelin at the target that was a long shot away, the head of the javelin landing right at the center of the target, knocking the other lion's spear out of the way when it struck – that was on purpose – there was a collection of groans from the males and cheers from the females, the sort of cheers that was along the lines of someone championing their righteous indignation on how they were treated.

Those males who dared to suppose they could match me in a race were dead wrong. I could break the sound barrier after all, and in a long ten kilometer race, I left them all in the dust. I finished the finish line long before the first of them had cleared the half way mark.

At that point I was throbbing, ecstatic, feeling the makeshift virgin's clothing I was wearing straining me from my body thickening and growing, and I was pretty sure I knew why.

The run had thickened my thighs and tightened both butt cheeks and lengthened both calves, the javelin throwing had worked on abs, shoulders arms upper chest and upper back, and the last of the lean look on me was disappearing in favor of heaving feminine muscle that curved and arched instead of sitting on me at sharp angles like a male's muscles might. I was slick with sweat and moist with elation, and enjoying a long draw of water in the shade as the other male cheetahs came running in for the race, looking rather defeated, I stood proudly, arms crossed beneath my engorging breasts, all the while feeling every beat of my heart making me stronger and stronger.

The obstacle course was a breeze as well. Females were inherently more agile than males to begin with, and I found that out quite quickly, discovering that a center of gravity that was several inches lower than a male's center placed my pinpoint of balance exactly at the core of my being, which as the Creator had it, just so happened to be right behind my pelvis. More of a female's power evident in that one spot on our bodies.

Cheetahs were even more so agile than other cats... being able to alter direction traveling as fast as we do requires a certain extreme level of agility. My only competitors were the fierce Bengal Tigers of Africa, second in size, strength and ability to only the Venerable Siberian Tigers, with their tiger leaping abilities being second to none. But that only made certain parts of the courses difficult, and in the rest I persevered and succeeded flawlessly... Though with a very slender edge of victory...

It was then amidst my hurrahs that I noticed that there were several individuals watching us now. The magistrate and several deputies were all sitting underneath the shade of a great savannah tree near the exercise yard, while some of the villagers had come watching as well, though theirs was entertainment, while the magistrate and his deputies was more for keeping the peace should something break out. But sticking out like a sore thumb was a female wolfess. She was gray and black with violet eyes. Something about her seemed to touch off a memory, but I didn't know why. I thought... I thought I even recognized her somehow. Something familiar...

And then all the males that wanted to beat me at weights greeted me as I approached, tearing my attention from the stranger while I breathed and heaved excitedly, feeling the bindings Babasti wrapped me with stretching about my body and its knots tightening. Not for the first time that day I moistened between my thighs, and stood briefly as three quick throbbing, pulsating jets of minute quantities of nectar lanced from me, filling my crotch with sticky feminine ejaculate.

I moaned nasally.

They laughed as each tried lifting a bar upon a bench that was loaded with weights, the group of them rotating between them, and when they were able to lift the bar more weights were added. While I waited for them to finish, Leona came up to speak with me, hissing in my ear.

"Are you crazy?!" She even snarled it with her nose bunching up fiercely and the hackles on her neck and shoulders rising. "Do you even know what you're doing?!"

I stood there calmly, and flexed my muscles, feeling the burning in the pair of biceps that swelled into beautiful mounds now. And then I turned to her and smiled as I saw that I was at her shoulder now in height.

"I have a good idea. Yes, I think I do. But in all honesty, what is it that you think I'm doing?"

"You're *embarrassing* them! They can be murderous, even violent when they are angry!"

"You sound like you've experienced it first hand." I said quietly and Leona fell silent immediately. "And that, Leona... Is why I am really doing this." I told her with a wry look over one shoulder, just before I turned to her and embraced her like a sister. My arms were still not long enough to fully wrap about her waist, but I took pleasure in the feeling of her breasts against mine before I turned from her and stepped forward to the next challenge as the strongest of the lions all vied for the largest, most maximum amount of weight any of them could press at least once.

Finally, they were all done, and there was an incredible weight of more than a quarter ton on the bar they were benching, and I faced perhaps the greatest challenge yet. Whatever design it was in the Creator, females came second in creation, females were weaker and females needed to be protected. All throughout nature this was largely true. There were exceptions of course. In the insect and arachnid world, the female of the species were larger and stronger than the male, and this was also true in several of the Dragon tribes. There were a few species where the only difference between genders is that one was male the other was female... like certain livestock and beasts of burden. But in the Lycan species... males were definitely dominant strength wise...

As such was evident as I looked at that bar and all the weight that was on it.

"Ha!" Kael laughed. "Scrawny little fem, you'll never lift that!"

Females weren't usually known for their strength. We were known for agility and dexterity... but if there was one thing I learned during my few days as a female was that we had a different sort of strength. An inner strength... perseverance. And if that inner strength could be brought out, we could squish any male beneath our thumbs.

Our thumbs... I smiled as I found myself thinking myself more and more as a woman and a female than as a male. I was certain that this was the shape and form I was meant to be all along in my life. This was what was missing for me.

But nonetheless as I listened to their jeers and catcalls, I stepped lithely to the bench and palmed the bar before me. Like I said, in nature there were few reversals where females were stronger than males... and right here and now I planned on making this one such reversal.

"Double the weight." I commanded, and the stunned silence was incredible till there were roars of laughter from the males.

"Do as she says!" Kael chortled, and several of the males rushed to remove smaller plates and then add larger ones, and suddenly my side, the females' side, didn't seem so cheerful.

Then looking up, I perhaps prayed for the first time in ages. If He the great I Am was watching this, then please... Let there be a miracle.

"There's no more weight!" someone said after they'd added several disks.

"Then maximize it!" I called out, and strode through all those males, getting slaps and pinches on the butt along with a few touchy-feeleys and even a few snaps of the wrappings covering my bodice, and coming to stand before the bench I waited, swishing my tail, as they loaded every last weight that could fit upon that bar.

Three quarters of a ton.

And then sitting on the bench and turning to lie down upon it, I looked up at that impossible bar, and breathing steadily a few times, I lifted both hands to the bar and pushed.

The bank's matrix point was an incredible sight, but as I sped through this place, learning how it worked, absent of the burden of all my babies inside me since they were all safely ensconced with my corporeal body, I rapidly evolved, becoming born again, till I was an indomitable force in the Matrix.

My Persona – saved as GigaMatrixKirii-XIII in the internal memory I possessed for such computer functions – I felt the flow of energy in me, energy being the most base of powers here, and data and programs being the spells that were used to make that energy do as you wished.

But a bank... A bank was a fortress! In this computer reality, there were days within a single minute, and one can spend an eternity here, wake up in the real world and no time has passed at all. No wonder so many people decided to release their ghosts into the matrix.

Yes a bank was a fortress, and all the times I came here to test its defenses, the bank was shut tight, impenetrable to my attacks, and now that I returned, confident that I'd developed a shape with all its defenses and offenses that I needed and its incredible powers, I found the gates of the bank wide open! The defensive measures turned off... Waiting for me.

I feared a trap, but the need to collect this information quickly drove me, and spreading my wings and their many engines, a design I borrowed from Xili's weapon form, all of it really frameworks of data loaded with programs designed to do a function, mathematics and such. I found the Hypernites in me improving on the design and correcting errors and design flaws automatically as I developed the concept, and so I now had a form here that was many, many times more powerful than it should've been.

Looking at the opened defenses a moment longer, I flared open the wings bristling against my back and surged forward, I blasted my way into the bank, and halted just inside the threshold with a snap of pseudomotion. The doors to the frontal access node closed behind me, and I stood my ground, watching them close. These doors closing would create a program barrier that would trap me inside the bank mainframe. If I tried logging out then it could damage me severely.

And then another arching doorway opened up to my left, while the doorway to the right became fully active defensive wise.

Step into my parlor said the spider to the fly, I thought quietly to myself, and turning toward the opened door, I passed through it and it closed behind me.

Immediately thereafter, another door opened, and the security on the door and another in this node activated, all the functions of this node shutting themselves off and locking themselves down in favor of that one door.

Several times more I let myself be led, till at long last I entered into a central chamber, a hub of sorts, where streams of data, bank accounts mostly, streamed in a cacophony of data.

And there, in the center, was an access panel.

There was an incredible temptation here. I had trillions upon trillions of credits that I could draw from, but then I remembered that I had monies that were far more sufficient for my needs, and if I did take these monies then I would be stealing. That thought didn't stop the temptation, it merely steeled me against it and I refrained.

So I stepped forward and laid a hand on the console to access it and a massive curving screen that appeared to be the size of an Omnimax screen appeared before me just before a face pressed outward from the screen and looked upon me.

"Access granted." a booming voice that was both male and female said out loud. "Please state query."

"I wish... I wish to know the location of auto teller A-six-one." I stated in a loud clear tone.

"Compliance. Please receive location file." the face said, and a small envelope icon appeared just above the console, and lifting a hand I took the icon and it opened up with not an address, but a latitude and a longitude, each containing hours, minutes, seconds and hundredths of seconds, accurate to a very, very tiny area of the world.

"Are there any other requests, user?"

I paused, giddy that I now had the location before I realized that this... Master program? Had spoken again.

"No. I have no other requests."

"Compliance... End of line."

And the face melted away and the great screen disappeared. A moment later I was being transported. It took only a nanosecond of real time, but time for me felt like it lasted several seconds, and when I materialized again I was outside the bank. A moment later the defenses of the bank once again came blazingly alive, warning me to move away... Swiftly.

Staring at the matrix construct, I swallowed, seeing the sort of place it was when it was on active alert. And then I remarked on something... Well, really a few things.

Male and female sounding voice, using words like "Compliance" and "End of line"?

Suddenly an anger went rife through me, an anger that was met with the feeling of incredible betrayal, and with a shriek I returned to my body and screamed as I re-entered the real world.

"Lady Kirii!" Miki gasped as she hurried into the room, and rising to my feet in one fell swoop I rushed to the edge of the house and did a flying leap off it, spreading wings and sobbing as I flew out of the valley, out through the narrow, stone shard ridden entrance, and turned northeast... Toward the Dragon's Tower!

There were cheering, there were hisses and boos as I pushed, trying to will that strength that had been approaching me in such short supply lately into my chest and arms, into my bones.

I closed my eyes... I closed my eyes and pushed.

Push, push, push, push... Great Maker give me the strength!

And I pushed, and I felt... The burning.

It was the burning of muscles tearing while bones began to creak, and as I tensed all those incredible muscles that I had already, I bit my lower lip, re-doubled my efforts, gritting my teeth and tensing harder.

"She can't do it! Ha! We win!" Kael shouted, though the weight I was dealing with was by no means his doing.

"Silence Kael. So long as she is trying, you have yet to succeed. Do not dishonor this competition." Blackthorne growled.

It was a seriously veiled helping hand that Blackthorne was doing. To keep his crown, he could show no pity... And honor had to come before all else... Including the obvious love he had for his daughter in how he treated the females in their den. For the other fems and for the honor that Blackthorne dared show me, I tried even harder, the bar wobbling within its catcher frame as I pushed harder.

But there were two things that I knew that helped me right now. The first was a less known trait of Lycans is that our healing factor repaired damage. Muscle building was causing damage to one's muscles and the cells healing them back into place and making them stronger than they were before. But then I also had all those Hypernites in me still, and despite they changed me into this lately, they still nonetheless had a basic function to fulfill.

The strain grew, the tension mounted, my muscles grinding harder and harder... and then I felt something burst. It was a tearing of the bicep muscle, the muscle shredding rapidly, and I grit my teeth as the burning I felt grew painful and sheering as the muscles frayed, but then I felt the feeling of little spiders underneath the skin, and I knew that Eve's bio-hypernites that were in me through Kirii were doing their programmed job.

Repair and strengthen.

And the muscles were knit back together rapidly, new muscle fibers growing into place, and with a creaking sound I felt bones tensing and then rapidly cracking before they too were rebuilt only stronger than before. And then I groaned, feeling the heat transform again as the hypernites released endorphins into my bloodstream, forced the heart to beat faster, and a rush of adrenaline steeled me as blood pumped into every muscle in me.

Laying there, looking at my arms, I smiled and panted as I saw the muscles that were being worked groaned and knotted, creases cutting their way into my arms and shoulders, flaring my neck and bulging my chest with each breath I took, breasts swelling as I felt all my raw and feminine empowered determination, the true woman's strength, suddenly tap into that power that was in me, a power that came so deep that it energized something right behind the swelling and flaring pussy I had between my thighs. That swollen mount of vaginal flesh bulged outward and flared open, pressing against the insides of my thighs as the bands of flesh rounded outward, deepening, my clit erecting into a hardening and lengthening nib of hardening womanhood. With a gurgling of rising pleasure inside me as I felt that sexual power growing inside me, enhancing everything feminine in me I cried out in a loud chirp and then thrust even harder against the bar.

The bands of interlacing fabric stretched and creaked about me, digging into my skin while the bra-like decorative front began to stretch about the swelling pectorals and heaving breasts and erecting nipples. A knot of muscle at the center of my back tensed even harder as the twin dorsal muscles holding up either of these straining arms began to flare steadily wider and thicker, my back bulging in tune with a flaring and swelling chest.

I gasped, feeling nipples erecting, felt a slick of ejaculate rush from within me to moisten the bands of fabric I wore, just before there was a sudden eruption all about me, muscles popping, exploding with incredible power as this body of mine tapped the energies that had diminished from me when I lost my dragonhood, and now they were energizing me once again.

The bar I was pushing wobbled, and then was thrust upward slightly before clanking back onto the holders it was on.

"She did it!" a fem shouted. "You see that she did it!"

"Stupid woman!" a male shouted in return. "She must lift, lower it to her fat *chest* and then raise it again to reset it before it counts."

And then there was an immediate argument between the sexes before someone roared, I assumed it was Blackthorne, and the argument immediately stopped.

My pushing was rewarded with the bar being lifted again, only longer this time, the muscles creasing even deeper, each group flaring and bulging outward with the general thickness of the bones in ribs and arms and spine broadening as they hardened. I moaned and actually experienced an orgasm that flushed my loins repeatedly with a rush of nectar, and then... I began to change.

Bones creaked, muscles groaned and ground together, the heart inside me hammering away, fueling the transformation while clitoris and every nipple on me erected and engorged fully. I snarled and pushed, and this time as I lifted the bar, I lifted it upward and kept it up, not letting it fall, and the sheer magnitude of all that weight, three quarters of a ton, added to the stresses of this body.

Energy flooded my muscles, blood flooded them, and the hypernites and my own growing powers grew together and made muscles flare. But so too did they make other things grow... And with a groaning sound, engorged even more rapidly, the pair heaving and separating atop their thickening planes of chorded chest muscle, stretching the fabric even further apart.

I felt the pilot lights of magic firing in my navel, chakra points from forehead to crotch lighting up to supernatural heights, powers that I'd not been able to tap for all my time as a woman flaring powerfully inside me, each one sucking energy from the universe into themselves as I held that bar with all its weight above my head. I cried triumphantly before I moved the bar slightly forward and then slowly began to lower it.

Cheers rose up again, and curses soon followed them. Biceps separated and flared, bulging rapidly. Tendons snapped only to cling and reform within moments, muscles frayed and ripped and tore themselves asunder only to quickly repair themselves. Once and only once my right arm gave way and dropped suddenly but the healing of my body and the hypernites combined to fixed the painful damage, and gasping I pushed the bar back up on that side so that it was level. Triceps rippled into a half dozen long chords, my chest bubbling with thickening strands of muscle chords while the as of yet hidden second pair of pectorals on this body came into view from my growing strength and helped the secondaries I possessed to swell into C-cups while their nipples hardened like the primaries were.

Down, down I fought that bar as the makeshift bra I wore slipped upward onto my chest, the twin secondary mammaries beneath the primaries slipping out from beneath the bodice wraps to leak their milk; the twin glands engorging in blood and fluids while the muscles behind them flared the twin tits apart. All four of my chest-borne mammaries thickening in tune with those chest muscles they rested upon, the four surging outward at their different rates of growth, the bindings around them clenching and gripping as chest and back grew until I heard the first tear. Moaning and gasping, needing air from all the pressure, my heart working in overtime as it thickened from it also tearing from the stresses and being healed by healing and technology, and then I heard more tearing, the bands of fabric covering my chest starting to snap open about my heaving strength as I cried in the effort and elation and the sexual high of what I was experiencing.

I didn't even have to look as those strands of cloth were ripping apart across my chest to know that my naked breasts were disgorging first one and then the other into the open air; their nipples incredibly engorged as they ejected my milk up into the air in several pulsating jets of white cream that got the whole crowd to gasp at it. It was then that as I opened my eyes to see those breasts heaving and clenching as the

chest muscles compressed them, leaking more silken milk from either teat, that I saw more than one male began to rub their groins into erection.

I rolled my eyes. Gentlemen were more discrete than that when they found something that aroused them. These brutes were definitely not gentlemen.

But then I orgasmed yet again, the clitoris inside me bulging hotly, the thing pushing further outward like I was getting a woody again... the little thing certainly felt like one in and of itself, and I moaned as more juices flooded from me into the cloth wrapping my lower bodice. It felt to me that that clit were thickening more than it'd done just recently, the thing arching subtly as it distended outward from me coiling outward while tugging the curtains of fleshy vaginal folds out from with me along with it. Another rush of hit nectar slid from me as the cloth around my sex straining from widening hips and thickening buttocks and deepening thickening pelvis. The folds of those bottoms were drawn further apart, the knot at the back also tightening from the growth as more bands of fabric snapped across my heaving pectorals, till at long last the cool steel of the bar lowered onto my breasts, pressing in on them, till that bar fell as far as it could possibly lower and rested upon my chest.

"DOWN!" many feminine voices called out and the cheering grew even more tumultuous, and taking several quick breaths, I then began to push again.

The bar wobbled, and for a moment or two I panicked, hoping that this task wouldn't be my undoing if my strength gave out and all that weight crushed me, but then wedging both feet at the toes beneath me and adding my incredible thigh and calf muscles to the weight lifting, I was able to leverage the bar upward again, just before there was a snarl and a pair of hands grabbed the bar and began pushing it down again.

"You will not... Succeed!" Kael snarled, and I spat out a gasp from having his sweaty balls in my face.

The cheers immediately grew to protest this act, but turning my head, and keeping one eye closed, trying to hold my breath from that ball stench, I laughed at him, and pushed harder still.

The popping sounds in me, like little snaps, suddenly grew to low thuds and groaning as muscles exploded with spastic eruptions, and the shredding cloth burst about my chest as I forced the bar upward faster than it had descended even despite the weight of a huge male lion on it. Huge muscle masses unfolded and ballooned from me, each mass chorded thickly and creased heavily, but most prominent were the barreling of my chest and the engorging and rounding masses of pectorals as my chests and sides all ripples with firming and thickening chords of muscular might.

Both arms were rapidly rippling to the size of my forelegs and calves, and the whole of my upper bodice flared, growing more powerful, drawing from all that energy in me, I then found myself rapidly hulking out.

Both primary tit engorged and ballooned explosively, swelling into indomitable P-cups with either capped by thick areola and topped by bulging nipples that ejected more of my milk while the secondaries distended outward into discernable D-cups. Neck muscles thickened and throat muscles bulged, my spine beign pushed out from all that heaving and deepening musculature while broad bands flared either side of my neck to the shoulders. Shoulders rounded outward and rapidly creased into halves then thirds, then fifths before rippling into tertiary bands and then bulged further into incredible sizes that only led to my biceps swelling all the more and their attached forearms spreading wider and wider.

Pussy lips flared wider yet as hips broadened for my engorging thighs and flaring calves, bodice flaring wider than hips now as my musculature became truly massive. I felt the muscles carving themselves within my body as the hypernites went into overdrive, only to be rapidly rebuilt, and then with a flare of energy, I suddenly unlocked that supernatural strength threshold that Cheetahs didn't have access to unlike other

Lycan races, and with a snarl I thrust the bar upward, lifting Kael right up with it as I cried triumphantly and set the bar into place before hopping up and holding a fist aloft.

The shrieks of glee from the females rose to a cacophony as I was assaulted from all sides, and only then did I realize that I must've grown by several inches during that incredible growth because women that I came onto to the chest to I could look over their shoulders now.

And then the cheers began to die down, and the feminine bodies melted away from me, and seeing what the matter was, I lowered my upraised arm right as Blackthorne stepped through the crowded fems, each of them hurrying out of his way and curtsying as he passed so that the king of lions could stand directly before me. He regarded me stone-faced for a moment and then stepped to one side, approaching his son, and without another word Blackthorne grabbed Kael's ear with a mighty fist and wrenched Kael's head downward to his hip, Kael snarling from the effort before Blackthorne turned back to me.

"You've made many great victories, Xilimyth... But let's not forget that your challenge is not over yet. It is a wee bit too early to celebrate now, isn't it?"

"No... No it isn't King Blackthorne." I agreed.

Blackthorne looked woefully at his son and then back to me.

"Carry on then. Worry not; I'll be back soon enough where I can face your challenge. But for now... I need to make sure my son learns what honor is, and the penalties for defying it in my kingdom."

And Blackthorne dragged his whimpering son along with him by the ear.

The cheering began again, softer this time, and with it were pats on the back and statements of enthusiastic support. More than one female hugged me and rubbed her cheeks against my face and breasts, some kissing me, but then turning, I saw the object of my final opponents... The warrior's ring.

Kirii stormed into the council chamber, fully armored and looking indignant.

"Pseudie! Where are you?! You get out here... Right... Now!" she shouted and she walked further in, turning this way and that, looking for the Emperor of all dragons, showing disgraceful familiarity beyond her station. How dare she speak like that about or even to Pseudodrake?"

"Come out! Where are you?!"

"He's not here." I stated gutturally, and Kirii turned sharply, and then gasped as I stepped out of the writhing darkness and into the light, before she shrunk before me. "He has left the council grounds on a private mission."

I was used to such reactions... I was used to being treated like this. Even in hell, demon princes feared me, and even the other primordial forces like Charon, master of death, War, Famine and Pestilence feared me for the fact that I did their jobs better than they did.

"Aries." Kirii gasped my name as I appeared.

My name wrought fear wherever it went.

"Neo is away as well, Kirii." I stated. "In both their absences I govern the council. What is it that you want?"

She swallowed, and much to her credit, she straightened her back, stormed up to me and poked me right in the belly, only to wince as her finger got singed by the hellfire that was within me and the disease ridden flesh that she poked beneath my hated necro-armor.

"I want my Xili! I know you know where he is! I just tried to get into a bank that had information I needed about his whereabouts, and I know it was Aysyx that helped me get in. If shi knows about it, then the rest of you know about. So tell me! Tell me now why you hid this information from me!"

I was silent.

"Tell me!" she shouted, tears erupting from her eyes.

That was my weakness... tears. Especially the tears of a female.

I couldn't cry anymore... I had no water in me to cry. If I did... tears would fall from my eyes unceasingly. Perhaps it was the fact that I wasn't truly dead inside, perhaps it was because of that orb of spiritual light in me that kept all this monstrous dark power together, *'Pure light in so much darkness'* as Pseudodrake himself told me, light that allowed me to take pity at the look she gave me.

"How far have you gone in your search for The Messenger? Have you looked upon your husband with your own eyes since he left your presence?" I asked, and my response struck her so surprising that she stammered as she looked for the words to answer.

"I... n-no. No I haven't."

"Know that I trust Lord Pseudodrake's wisdom for withholding this information from you Lady Kirii. Should you have seen what your husband has become you too would not doubt him hiding his whereabouts from you either.

"Yes, Lord Pseudodrake is away because of Xilimyth. Yes, we held this information from you, but in your silly feminine mind, you didn't question the why it was withheld from you, you only considered that it was withheld from you, and you've reacted upon that alone and abandoned all else, including your fervor to find your husband. *This...* was more important than that."

I knew that struck her to the core... but then there was no greater weapon in creation than truth. Truth unmade whole societies. But nonetheless after a brief timid tremor, Kirii faced me and dared to look into my eyes, eyes so dark that they were true absences of color or light. Nothing reflected from them.

"What he's become?" she whispered. "Why? What has he become?"

Again I was silent, before I took a step closer to her and looked straight down into her eyes.

"I shall not be the one to tell you, Kirii. Just know that if this sort of thing were to happen to me... Know that it would drive even me... To madness."

She gaped at that statement, and I turned away from her, sliding into the shadows and out of the light again.

"If you are brave enough," I added. "And are willing to face your husband's fate... Then go see him. I shall not be the one considered so cruel as to be the mouth to break it to you. Even I... Have honor... Even I have scruples."

I never knew how females put bra's on till now. Unless it was the kind that clipped on in the front between the cups, they put them on backwards, clipping the back part before swiveling it around, shouldering the shoulder straps and settling their breasts into the cups. I learned this for in order to fix my bra – or wrap, or whatever it was – I had to turn it around, untie it – with some difficult since the knot had tightened, retie and untie it again when I set it too small, before retying it again and then turning it around completely to hem in my boobs.

Amidst standing there, the wraps that were about my lower body began to snap and burst from the thickening of my lower bodice, the strengthening of both legs and the widening of the hips coupled with the thickness of pelvis and the distending sex I had. Sighing, I simply tensed both butt muscles and they all shattered off me, leaving me naked save for a loincloth that only guarded my nudity from the front if not the sides. Then taking the bundle of all the broken cloth, I simply threw them away, leaving me dressed in only a chest wrap and a loincloth that allowed the cool breezes to lick at my crotch and its moist and erect clitoris.

Pausing then, I reached beneath that loincloth and cajoled my clit for a moment, purring deeply and cupping a breast as more milk leaked from me to moisten the wraps about that bosom just before I heard someone clear their throat nearby.

Turning, I paused as I saw Leona standing there before me, and she and I stared at each other for a short while before she stepped forward and with both hands enclosed them about my biceps, feeling how strong they were. As she did that, to help her gauge them, I flexed both arms and let those thickened biceps bunch into mounds the sizes of soft balls.

Leona stepped back and eyed me.

"What are you exactly? How is a mere cheetah able to lift so much weight that even the strongest of our males cannot duplicate it?"

"I don't know, I think your father could probably..."

"Stop skirting the issue!" Leona shouted, and then composed herself. "You aren't normal, this isn't normal, what you are is *not* normal!"

"How do you, in only seventy-two hours, increase your height by three feet, and put on more muscle than a male lion and have larger breasts than any other female around here? How?"

I stepped toward her and placed both hands on her shoulders while our chests pressed against each other. I was very nearly her height, and the sensation of my breasts against her breasts was arousing. Maybe it was just the lingering heat in me, but I thought I was gaining affection for her. I wanted to lie with her naked somewhere and hold onto her.

"My past is my own, and the answer to your question is in that past. I would like to tell you everything Leona, but certain vows keep me from doing so. They are the sort of vows that involve the shedding of my own blood and are sealed by magics more powerful than any mere mage or sorcerer. What I can tell you is that my past makes me unique, different... And to answer your question, a mere cheetah cannot do what I'm doing. Neither can a King Cheetah..."

I paused and fingered my lower lip as I turned away slightly from her. "Or at least I don't think they can. I'm the first and only one I've ever seen as a Felis-Lycan.

"But all in all, I have in me something special, and as I learn about it, it makes me stronger and more beautiful and more powerful. I'm changing... Inside and out, and I find myself amidst those like me who

are downtrodden and oppressed, and damn me for a fool, I'm going to do at least one thing just and good in my life."

Leona took my hand and kissed its fingers.

"You can die in this endeavor. Especially this mad thing you're about to do against my father! He's a seasoned Warrior! A warlord! He's crushed greater than you."

"Possibly... But at least I tried." I smirked. "A life of inaction and just doing a job has been unsatisfying to me thus far. Bout time I try something different. Now if you'll excuse me... I need to go get ready for the competition."

I remembered growing just like Xilimyth did, of becoming more and more of a woman and empowering and strengthening myself rapidly because of it. I loved growing stronger, and it was so difficult to find that feeling any more now that I was so engorged with it now.

As Iridium, the Guardian-Weapon of my still nameless tree, I wasn't really prepared to watch yet another blossoming Draco like me coming into being, but I could see her draconic powers flaring... And... Something else, something spiritual... Something feminine.

All her chakra points were flaring, and as they did she grew in every degree a person could grow. I mean look at her! She was as tall as a lioness was now! True she was in her greater hybrid form, but nonetheless, even then, cheetahs don't grow that big!

But inside her was the flow of a dragon's blood couple with the power of her weapon core, though both were dormant. She was not yet strong enough of a creature to reactivate those powers in their entirety that. Perhaps, though... I could help her in that endeavor. That was why I was here after all... to help her regain all that lost power. I just needed to find a moment in which I could talk to her alone. If I could talk to her alone. Knowing my luck, this next part of the challenge would perhaps end her.

It was combat after all.

The battle ring was wide, large enough for some serious moving around. It allowed for acrobatics, it allowed for grand melees of small battles and it allowed for one instructor to instruct a dozen or more.

I strode onto that ring, wearing only the chest wrap that, as every moment passed, was growing tighter and tighter about my chest. Muscles were continually thickening a little at a time as every minute passed... my self confidence it seemed raising with it and likewise fueling that growth. It in turn enhanced my powers, and of those powers my sexual powers appeared to be most prominent, and likewise were causing my breasts and sex to develop and mature nigh continually. I was aroused and horny, thinking of a myriad of sexual encounters both with males and females, but most of all I was trying to focus on this battle that was approaching.

The loin cloth I wore flapped in the wind about my loins, revealing the thickened mound and the slit between the bulging vaginal lips as I saw a grand line of guys who were jockeying for position to watch the upcoming fight while at the same time going to stand where they could get the best view of my genitalia or behind amidst staring at me with veiled anger. They were all eager and, determined to restore the honor of their gender by beating me to a pulp, but at the same time they weren't going to turn up a free peep show.

And then the first brawler, the largest and strongest, not a lion, but a Bengal tiger, strode up onto the ring, grinning at me as he flashed his claws, but I simply lifted a hand to stop him.

"No. All of you at once." I said with a commanding presence, emboldened by my recent victory at the weight bench. "There's work to be done and half the day is already gone."

The tiger blinked and then looked back to the dozen or so battle scarred warriors that were behind him, and then he turned back to me.

"Seriously? Is she serious?" he said pointing at me and looking at the other males. "You're serious? You want to battle all of us? All at once?"

"That's what I said. All of you... All at once."

There was laughter as they all rose onto the ring, and like I thought, they all began to surround me, waiting for this to begin.

"Whoever subdues me gets me for the night." I smirked at them and then winked, and two of the warriors immediately exchanged looks of excited glee, tapping each other on the back to announce their support of each other. If they won, then I'd probably have to bed two males tonight. At least I would fulfill Babasti's challenge... "Now come at me."

And with a snap that first tiger did exactly what tigers were best at, which was leaping and roaring. It was only in the rarity of the tiger nowadays and the sheer numbers of the lion that made the lion the king of the jungle and not the tiger. It was a classic sight, nonetheless, seeing that tiger leaping at me now with mouth wide open, paws spreading open and claws unsheathing in order to latch onto me...

I skipped forward, palmed him on the top of his head and shoved downward with all my might. His sailing trajectory was transformed in a moment to being thrown straight to a compressed dirt ground, where he crumpled to a heap and rolled to a stop, the head trauma knocking him out. I spun and extended a leg rapidly, and hit another right behind the ear with the heel of my foot and he tumbled away from me as well, right before my hand extended, fingertips finding their way about a set of ribs without breaking the skin, just before I squeezed my fingers tightly about the bones and that lion roared as his whole side suddenly ceased to function from the pain and he crumpled sideways and onto the ground.

At that the remaining warriors skidded to a halt, not getting into range of my hands and most especially my kicking range, both of which they saw moved faster than they could punch. Whenever I moved, everything else seemed to slow way down. I could walk amongst them and do whatever I want. That was where I had the advantage. I didn't mind that the flurry of motion was revealing my poontang all the time, it felt nice to get a breeze down there from time to time since my sex didn't flap out in the wind anymore, and sure enough I saw several of them looking at it, no less desiring to stick me.

"Come on..." I winked. "Surely that's not all you have!"

And then my arms were being wrapped up behind me, and I was lifted up off my toes by a panther. Damn their stealth! "I got her. Quickly, someone deck her one!"

I panicked, saw an incoming male who was willing to connect my beautiful face with his fist, and with a moment of thought, I bent both arms together at the elbow, hopped upward off the panther's knees and ducked right as the fist came at me, but his fist connected with the panther's face instead of mine.

"You dick! You hit me!" the panther snarled.

"I'm sorry man! Why'd you let her go? I mean..." and I tripped the newcomer, righted myself and grabbing the chest wrap hemming in my swelling tits, hefted it and let both tits bound out open into the air, right in the face of a leopard who was approaching.

He did a double take, hypnotized by two naked breasts with their immense size and shifted his gaze immediately to the two healthy orbs I now possessed, just before I hurried forward, swung my body, and just like a block-and-tackle, hit him upside the face with both boobs, and then hammered down on the top of his head with both fists clenched together to knock him out.

And then I turned to the other males who were encircling me, and lifting my tail, I showed them my butt, the impressive beaver beneath it and I blew them a kiss, and just like I thought would happen, one of the combatants suddenly turned to one of his fellows and punched him. Within moments I was forgotten as the males simply fought each other instead of fighting me for the honor of getting me for the night. Soon it turned into a brawl, and it was forgotten who hit who as I straightened the chest wrap and slid it back over both tits as I rubbed a tight spot that was directly beneath them where my sternum was.

Why was it that watching guys beat themselves silly was making me horny? Was I really getting attracted to guys now? Well... I always had those sort of tendencies, I just avoided them. A good looking male, a stray thought might pass by my mind, and because I was a guy then I squashed the thought and looked away from what was trying to entice me. Now that I was a female... my eyes lingered. I pursed my lips at bulging pectorals, washboard abdominals, tight butts, and whenever one of them lost articles of clothing with their thick waving phalluses lulling outward, I considered what that might feel like inside me. I had no idea of course, but the thoughts were causing aches inside me.

I needed to mate, and it was making me crazy that I hadn't yet.

I paced around the edge watching the other males fight for me, completely forgetting that they were supposed to be fighting me and not each other, until there was only one left, and he promptly threw his arms up in victory.

"I win!"

"Ah... Excuse me." I voiced and quickly slid in behind him and he turned, blinked at me with only one working eye; the other had swollen shut from a fist to the eye socket. "I beg to differ. You're just the number one looser."

And grabbing his head, I pulled it sharply down right into my raising knee. There was a crack as the two connected and the remaining male collapsed to the ring and stayed there.

"I win." I spit out, and pointed at myself with a thumb just as a tumultuous cheer arose from the gathered females, a shrieking not unlike a banshee's cry.

But then there was a sound, it started out low, but as others began to realize it was there and to recognize what it was, they rapidly quieted, leaving only that one sound... A pair of hands clapping.

"I am amazed." a voice said and I turned to see Blackthorne approaching, while his guard pushed the racks of weapons up against the edges of the fighting ring and then hastily moved out of the way while servants of the pride gathered up the losers of this last fight and hauled them off the ring. "I'm impressed even." he said with what sounded like genuine admiration. "To do what you've done, to transcend what we believe about genders, is a great and humbling thing to witness, Xilimyth."

"I'm honored." I stated softly and started to bow before I remembered himself and then curtsied awkwardly.

"Good. But your challenge is not done yet. I shall be next to fight you. But let's up the stakes, shall we?"

"What sort of stakes?" I asked cautiously

"Weapons, shields and armor." he said and gestured to the implements that were being shoved in around us. "Take your choice, use as many as you want. I'll even make a bargain with you. Back down and I'll still give you the honor for defeating all these warriors."

"It's not honorable to say I defeated warriors, King Blackthorne." I stated. "I've fought children with more skill than these adult males say they have. It's not honorable on how stupid, lazy and weak they've proven themselves to be, and they dare to call the females of this pryde – mothers, sisters, daughters of them all – bitches and whores.

"No... They must live in their shame... They must know their defeat at the hands of a *'petty'* woman; they must be humbled, as you must be King Blackthorne. Under your rule, females are less than servants with the option of breeding. That will end here this day.

"I will meet your challenge, and the Creator willing, I'll show you what defeat tastes like as well."

Leona was the one helping me to get dressed in her own armor, the only armor fit for a female. I noted immediately that her breastplate wasn't made for a fem with breasts as large as the ones I now possessed, and the chest plate smished the pair so that their tops poked out of the top and sides of the breastplate.

Leona was also uncharacteristically tight-lipped.

"Nothing to say?" I asked her, and she rounded on me, tensed and then turned back to her business.

"What can I say that you won't immediately ignore?" she bit off.

"Leona, I've been able to last this long."

"Yes, but this against my father now. You're challenging a King! No one has challenged the king in centuries, and it has never been done by a female let alone a female who wasn't a confirmed warrior and was still a virgin!"

I stared at her, reading her facial features like only a dragon – or at least a former dragon – could do. One learns tricks hanging around the most influential members of our race all the time.

"That's what you were going to do, wasn't it?" I prompted. "You were going to challenge your father."

"It was my right!" she roared and stared me down; I simply kept her gaze with my own.

"Would you like me to stand down? Name you as my champion?" She stopped securing the leather drawstrings and paused. "Leona," and I rose to face her, palming both her shoulders; seeing that I'd grown again, and she was only about half a head taller than me now "I didn't know what to do if this isn't what you want. I'm doing this for all of us! This is no way to live, living day to day as second or even third class citizens, being insulted at every turn simply because you're a female. It isn't fair, it isn't right or dignified for people as strong as women to be belittled like this.

"No female or woman should ever have to deal with such cruelty. Alliance law actually states what is going on here is illegal, that's why the Law of Absolute Equality was passed several hundred years ago abolishing any religious or social practice of distinguishing between one person or another."

"The Alliance. What hold does the Alliance have here? It's the Magistrate's job to enforce that law, but he cannot because we are a hidden race. As far as he or the Alliance is concerned we are living the law, and we're nothing but gene-spliced anthromorphs living in a community out in the African wilderness."

"But that's what you want to change. Tell me now, Leona... You're my first friend here, the first friend I can remember having in a long time except..."

"Except... Who?" Leona prompted.

"A soul sister." I said quietly. "Her name is Kirii. But I don't have many friends, so I'm not keen to lose you as one. If you want me to stop this..."

"No." she swallowed, and hugged herself, heaving her large breasts up over her forearms and biceps thickened as they tensed. "You're stronger than me, quicker than me... And you throw a javelin better than I could on a bright sunny day with the wind at my back. It would take me decades to gain what you have, and by that time my father may have died, passed on the throne to someone even less worthy... Like Kael, or worse... someone else could take it from him who will misuse it."

"You have the better chance, and it's better to end suffering now than prolong it decades just for my pride."

"I'll make you proud then." and I hugged her, reveling once again in the firmness of her breasts against mine, and I dared to bow my head to rub it against her breasts as I rode her thick thigh with my crotch. She smelt so nice...

She did little more than lean her head against mine, remaining wrapped up hugging herself, and then taking a shield from a pair of girls who were holding up a heavy steel round-shield, I drew one of the javelins that was inside it and clanged it against the shield to signify that I was ready and Leona and the two girls hurriedly left.

Across from me stood Blackthorne, already ready in his shield and armor, and he stood there, gleaming silver with his chain mail and plate armor, with an African long shield strapped to one arm, and a long curving scimitar held point down with both hands. Seeing that I was ready, he gripped that sword in one hand and banged it against his shield, and instantly the two of us moved into ready fighting stances, ready to dash at each other in an instant.

"Aysyx?" I called out loud.

"Compliance Lady Kirii. How may I be of assistance?" the male and female combined voice of the sentient dragon computer voiced into the open air.

I was sure now... it was the same voice as it was in the Matrix bank site. Shi was everywhere here, in every nook and cranny and every open space. In some respects shi was even more powerful than Lord Pseudodrake or Aries with hir powers being the acquisition and control of the most priceless of commodities...

Information.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I was instructed by the Archdragon not to." shi replied.

Shi meant Pseudie.

"Why?"

"Access denied. I cannot answer that request, Lady Kirii." Aysyx returned sadly. "In the premise that you come this far, Lady Kirii, I've been instructed to give you the following choices:

"A> Await further instruction. Lord Pseudodrake will contact you with a solution as soon as he has more information himself. As soon as he hears it, I will hear it, and then you will hear it.

"B> Act upon the information that you already have, but I am to inform you that if you do, then you'll eventually be presented with a statistical anomaly that may be detrimental to your and your husband's emotional states."

"Detrimental..." I said absently and caressed my swelling belly. "Who else knew about this?"

"Lord Pseudodrake, Lord Aries, Lord Blind IO, Lady Evelyn, Lady Iridium, Lady Aysyx."

Aysyx fell silent, and I pulled up the file of the latitude and longitude that gave the location of where Xilimyth was last known to be at upon my heads up display.

With a sigh, I rose to my feet and began to leave, the doors of the antechamber I was within opening to let me out, Aysyx controlling their heavy servos and motors, I strode down the grand bejeweled and gilded halls of the Dragon Council and soon found myself at the very edge of a platform looking out over the vast frigid mountain range of the Himalayas.

Swallowing, I made a decision, and dipping forward, spread my wings and began to fly... To the south west.

Why was it the older beings of the cosmos were always so deceptive? I wondered, feeling my teeth rattling as I deflected another of Blackthorne's blows, right before I tried to stick him with one of the javelins I had.

This was a desperate fight, no doubt about it. This was a battle-hardened, battle-scarred king of generals, and he knew enough about fighting to rule by intimidation alone if need be.

He raked at my shield with his claws, hammered at me with that sword, the inertia alone knocking me about. And when I saw an opening, far too many times I went for it only to get a reminder of how sharp a lion's claws were as he punished me for thinking that I had him.

"I must give you credit." He huffed. "You're like hammering down upon a lump of rock." he said to me, and swung that scimitar of his in order to take my head off, but I lifted the shield I had and his sword blade skidded off over my head, showering sparks everywhere.

I saw an opening, and gritting my teeth, knowing what I was in for, I lunged, felt his claws tearing at the flesh of my back, but I nonetheless stabbed anyways, shoving six inches of javelin head in between a pair of his ribs and left it there before skittering away.

It was hard to breathe, so hard to breath that I was getting dizzy, and as I faced the old black lion, seeing him groan as he pulled the javelin head out, I whimpered as the wounds on my back continued to heal, but not before my salty sweat got in them. And then with a tug, I wrenched the breast plate off me, and gasped free cool air as my tits expanded freely now without being hemmed in and apply pressure on my lungs, breathing deep from the waning sun before I pulled another short javelin out of my shield.

"Good reposit." Blackthorne groaned and wrenched the blade I'd left in him completely out, and a slick of blood spread out from inside the wound. I hit something vital there "There's something special about you. Something incredible. Our children would be powerful. Become my queen."

"That's tempting, really... But I already have someone."

Blackthorne chuckled and picked up his sword again. "Defiance until the end. An old lion like me not enough for a spry little cat like you?" he exhaled a long sigh that sounded like it was painful to him. I must've gotten his lung with that hit, and sure enough he spat out some blood.

"Now... Let's continue."

The burning was still flaring in me as he and I locked blades or shields with the king, the two of us battering at each other repeatedly. The burning came from stinging muscles, the sensation that was similar to when you've been working out too long and you were shaking from exertion, but unlike that, this feeling was giving me strength!

My muscles were flaring, my flesh firming up as it healed from the blows, my boobs growing steadily outward with growing femininity, and I felt my pussy throbbing to such a degree that it was distracting me from this fight. Juices leaked from me freely, sliding down my legs every now and again and my tail was being kept high instinctively. I very nearly glomped the old king and demanded he shove his sausage in me.

Wow... I was already finding males attractive and desirous. I wanted sex!

Blackthorne's strokes were mighty, his sword battering at my shield heavily with each blow, and he swung the thing with the force of a mountain giant swinging its club and did so with speed as if that thing were weightless. Metal clanked and sparks glittered about us, and as we fought... I adapted. All I needed to do was prolong the fight long enough, become strong enough from adapting to his blows to...

There was a flash of light from the sun shining around Blackthorne's body and I saw another opening. I moved immediately, conscious that I was going to get hurt again as I struck, but then there was a dull thunk, and a spasm in my side before I realized what'd happened.

I'd not realized that Blackthorne had kept the javelin that I'd lodged into him, and as he revealed the opening that I'd normally strike at, when I moved in, taking the bait, he slid that same javelin that he'd kept hidden behind his shield right under my arm.

I coughed up blood, knowing more pain than I'd ever known before. I wasn't ready for what true pain was like as he twisted the blade in my side.

"I would be remiss to go for your heart, Xilimyth... I'm not a murderer after all, and I would hate to damage such perfect breasts as yours. But this is my kingdom, my rule, and it has been this way for eons. I shall not have..."

Thunk

He gasped, all the air in his lungs being thrust out of him as I imbedded the javelin I still had in hand, and in the moment that his grip slackened, I stepped sideways, gritting against the searing pain of that javelin being pulled out as I wrenched it from me, my right arm with the shield falling limp, but I quickly drew another javelin from its holder in my shield and thrust it forward, stabbing him right in the chest with enough force to break open the chain mail right between a pair of armored chinks of his plate mail.

"You..." I gurgled and spat blood out onto his once perfect armor. "You forgot... I still had a weapon." and I drew another of those short javelins as Blackthorn looked down at the one piercing his chest, and he laughed at it.

"Even when wounded... She has a sting." he said, and gripping the blade he wrenched it from his chest, and I put another into him through his gut.

Stepping back and drawing another, I felt the wound he'd caused beneath my arm heal, just before muscles all over my body tensed to make that spot harder to hurt, and as it strengthened the rest of me had to adapt in turn to balance out that growth and I grew thicker, more muscular, stronger, taller harder of body...

"Take that out and I put another in you, King Blackthorn. Don't make me kill you for this petty game. You are defeated, acknowledge it... And you can live."

"If I do... Will you let me take these out?" he asked and fingered the javelin in his gut as blood seeped from his mouth.

"So long as you say it loud enough where all can hear you." And I drew a second javelin so that I had one in each hand before lifting my shield upward, even as a pair of expanding breasts and engorging chest muscles snapped the knot of my chest wrap off. All those wrappings rapidly unraveled and fell from me, leaving me naked above the waist save for slim strips of cloth in the slender loincloth and the strip of cloth laying over my tits.

He smirked and then nodded.

"Mercy is a strength not a weakness." he said aloud, his strong voice loud enough to carry throughout the gathered crowds. "This maiden has given me respect enough in my defeat to retreat, and so I withdraw... Conceding the fight before it ends with my death."

And the disbelieving gasps of the males were outweighed by the incredible shrieking victory cheer of the females, and within moments I was being mobbed by a press of breasts and feminine bodies who wanted to hug me and kiss me and thank me for what I'd done, I couldn't help but remember this as one of my most heartfelt fantasies as a male, to be the sole center of a mob of partially or fully naked females, receiving their adulation.

Whatever that remained inside of me that was still male wept for the desire of a penis right now. But all in all, I still nonetheless felt the clit between my legs erect energetically along with the myriad number of nipples lining me from chest to navel.

"...When do you wish to continue your challenge though?" a voice said subtly, and I blinked and turned, trying to see who said it. Could've sworn it was male.

"You still have... challenge... do." I only got some of the words amidst the cheering, and lifting my hands to quiet the cheers, the crowd rapidly dispersed before me as Blackthorne approached amidst wrenching the javelin I'd stuck him with out of his gut. "I said: you still have a challenge to do, Xilimyth." Blackthorne stated while his wounds healed.

"In my haste to meet your challenge, I'd sadly forgotten that you'd desired to challenge all the males before me, had you not?"

"What do you mean, father?" Leona stated irritably. It was like someone was challenging the realization of her dreams. "She did meet every male."

Blackthorne smirked, took a step, and hauled the young stripling lion who'd been following him earlier forward, the lion nearly as lean as a cheetah – well, a regular cheetah – was.

"Lioli." Leona whispered.

"Who's he?" I asked quickly into her ear. "I don't remember defeating him in anything."

"My father's point exactly." she groaned. "Lioli is a male, Xilimyth, and he's of age too. And you *did* challenge every male."

"And being that I accepted it on behalf of the pride, Lioli," Blackthorne rumbled. "You too are required to meet the challenge as a male."

"I'm almost willing to have my penis cut off then." Lioli mumbled just loud enough for his father to hear, but I nonetheless picked up on it. Blackthorne scoffed at such a thought, but then Lioli shot back at his towering father. "I said *almost*." Lioli hissed, and then crossed his arms.

Lioli reminded me of me... Or at least the way I used to be. So fair and agile and lithe that he was practically feminine. Slender, looking like a boy despite that he put off the pheromones of a virile adult. But his face... I pursed my lips in desire as I found myself... wanting him?

"Father, leave Lioli out of this. He..." Leona began but Blackthorne snapped his head toward his daughter with a warning glare.

"How did I get cursed with such disobedient children?" he snarled. "You will remain silent, Leona! All males were challenged, I accepted, all males must participate against your champion per the order of the challenge. Don't you dare shame your father and dishonor a challenge!"

Everyone had fallen silent from that admonishment, and Leona immediately bowed her head.

Seeing the exchange, and seeing the timid Lioli trying to hide behind his father, keeping his head bowed not from him, but from me I saw, I strode forward till I was before him, standing head, shoulders and chest taller than this young lion was. Squaring my shoulders and thrusting both naked breasts forward with the flap of the wrap Babasti gave me resting nicely over their fattened masses, I addressed him.

"Then what is your task that you have me meet for your challenge?" I asked.

"I may use anything that I can find on this field?" he asked, still barely looking at me, doing so only out of the corner of his eye.

"That's correct." I replied, and he immediately turned, hurried off the platform, and began poking around the ground, picking up small pebbles.

With both my brows beetling in confusion as he picked up several little stones, he then moved to where the ground was soft, and using his claws, scooped up several small and shallow holes of dirt. Twelve holes in a two by six grid, and on each end of the grid at the long ways sides, he dug one more hole aside, each long and wide, before he sat down on one side of the grid and waited for me.

Striding over to him and sitting down across from him as the crowd followed, he reached forward, took my hand and poured a pile of pebbles into it.

"What is this?" I asked.

"Mancala." Lioli said soundly, and several of the lions and other male cats laughed at him.

"A kid's game." someone called out.

"A warrior's game." Blackthorne said over everyone's heads, and immediately the laughter silenced.

"This is like a game of chess." Lioli stated. "It was played by warriors, women, chieftains, and children alike. It was used by warriors to train their minds toward strategy, to help them think in a method to make them even stronger warriors. Stupidity and bravery go hand in hand, and though songs may sing of one's glory, eventually people forget the words and then even the tune eventually.

"A wise enough warrior that knows when not to fight or when to circumvent a stronger opponent will live long enough to have their name and deeds recorded on the markers as a chieftain."

"How is it played?" I asked, and immediately everyone, male and female alike, turned and stared at me.

"Y-you mean you don't know how to play?" Lioli asked, and I shook my head, and immediately there was a murmuring in the crowd.

"Very well. It would not be fair to play a game you know not the rules of. Once I explain the rules to you and you understand, I will offer a counter challenge to you."

"A counter challenge?" I asked warily.

"Because my father was not last, and that you have defeated him, I call that your challenge is met by the pride, so I-If you win... Then all of the females shall be on equal footing with the males." there was much growling from the other males before Blackthorne roared and all was silence again. "But if I win... I... All the females will be on equal footing with the males, but I want you to go on a date with me."

Even louder murmuring and even some laughter followed that pronouncement, and I blushed before smiling at him.

"Agreed." I said, and Lioli nodded. I mean, how could I refuse? I still got what I wanted.

"Mancala is a game of attrition. The goal is to rob me of all my stones. You play by placing your stones in your goal, while we each make movements to move one stone toward the other's goal. You can hop other stones like this... And... And you can..."

It took no more than fifteen minutes for Lioli to explain the game. It took more than an hour going back and forth before one of us claimed the game as won.

Book 2
Post-Documentation - 0023-C: Upon the Subject of Mating

There is a thing to be said about a Lycanthrope in regards to their innate strength consumption ability. All Lycans can accumulate strength in one of three ways:

Physical and Mental Labor, the Consumption of Another's Fluids, or through Sexual Relations.

The magical trait of Lycanthropy is passed as a magically imbued virus through the mucus membranes. I.e.: the saliva, sweat, ejaculate of all Lycans and lactation from female Lycans can cause Lycanthropy during a full moon in Humans, Elves and possibly the Fae when the potency of these juices are at their extreme, or in other words under the light of a full moon and some powerful celestial event.

In any other respects, the fluid exchange of either a bite drawing blood and consuming that blood, or the absorption of fluids through sexual contact by two creatures that are already Lycanthropes has a tendency of sharing strengths and powers between those two.

The potency of the gifts transferred depends upon the medium in which it is transferred. In the case of saliva, another would have to drink a bucket of it in order to absorb powers and abilities. In the case of sweat, one would have to lick a person from head to toe front to back and consume every last bit of sweat to absorb powers. Though this isn't much of a problem in most Lycan species, since the Felis-types are known to give each other tongue baths, it's been known to pass powers that way.

Yes those are both very disgusting, but have been done in the past.

The next greatest potency is the ingestion of blood. Drinking the blood of an enemy or a lover or just some random person passing by, bestows those powers and abilities that the person who is being fed upon possesses unto the drinker quite readily.

Another great potency is the strengths that are past from a mother to a child during nursing.

A final method is the absorption of the sexual juices which, in the case of females, is the quickest way for a female to grow rapidly in power. As such, that brings the thought of what would happen to Lady Xilimyth should she suddenly explore her new sexuality and dare to have sex?

But I'll have to answer that question later. I grow tired easily nowadays, and I've written as much of this thought as I can possibly make.

The lukewarm waters of the bathing pool caressed me, lapping at my skin. It felt like this were a mineral bath, good for the skin but bad for drinking. And then tipping forward and dipping my head into the water to wet my hair down again, I rose while pushing my mane back, turned, and strode out of the water.

I felt so virile and powerful, so sexual that I couldn't stand it. I felt aroused nigh constantly now, felt my heart throbbing through every last recess in my body. Muscles throbbed, tail throbbed, labia clenched and anus puckered, and lifting a foot, the water sheeting off me and draining through the supple and rounded crevices about me, I reveled in the wobbling of both breasts and the bunching of heaving feminine muscles with even the most subtle of movements.

I'd at least doubled or maybe even tripled my weight from the time I awoke this morning, and I could feel several parts of me expanding now, felt my awareness expanding again toward the level of enlightenment I had prior to becoming a were-cat again from being a dragon, and stretching long and sinuously, I looked down upon this body of mine and took pleasure in it.

I had a bulging set of labia that were compressed together and erecting a thick clitoris between them that quivered minutely every now and again as its supporting muscles worked their tantalizing sensations through this body. I had broad rounded hips but a very narrow waist before my long body again spread into a pair of flaring dorsal muscles that held my upper body within their flaring, arching masses.

Lifting both muscular arms and folding them behind my head, either possessing long rounded biceps that were thick and creased down the middle even in their relaxed position, I cooed as two of the fems of this den moved in closed and began to rub me down with large towels to dry me. It was then that I looked to each and every last fem in the den who were gathered everywhere they could be here, all of them watching me.

I'd just been washed by a half dozen of them, two more were drying me off now with a huge blanket-like towel, and when they were finished they handed me the ends and I held them before my bodice before stepping up to the top tier and sat down upon the edge of a bench. Four more fems approached and took a foot or a hand and began to file and clean the nails, giving me a manicure and a pedicure before painting those nails with gloss. Three more began to comb and brush my fur so that it all laid straight, working in mink oil to my fine pelt of fur while Babasti herself approached with a potion that she had me drink. It would bestow added beauty unto me, enhance my sexuality and make me even more of a woman.

It was a potion that was reserved for queens and princesses of their pryde.

When they were all done, freshly made and embroidered white silk with white silk thread thong panties and a sheer white silk bodycloth embroidered with more white silk was draped about me, and secured with golden clasps before several more fems did my make up and made up my hair into a brilliant array.

All of this was a thank you... A profound thank you for what I'd managed to do, and I was being decorated by a little of what all of them had to make themselves look beautiful.

I was being done up like a queen, and as strange as it was for me to say this, I was still nonetheless the looser. I'd never been so happy to be the looser than I was now as I felt the potion collecting the femininity in me, drawing it toward the surface, and I could feel the subtle caress of the silk I was wearing slide against my sensitive flesh as my breasts engorged suddenly, areola puffed outward, nipples erected and clitoris stood on end, hips widening and waist compressing, I also felt the burning sensation of muscles engorging all about me. Slabs of muscle thickened into rounded packs of lumps gouged out of this sensual body I now had, while the ornate tresses of hair atop my head were soon laced with gold and sapphires before I was then decorated with earrings and bracelets and anklets, with bangles being attached about my thick arms and the base of my tail close to the swelling mounds of my bottom.

And when I arose to meet my suitor, I felt many fingers and hands brushing against me, and I had to pause as they kissed the silken tresses that drooped over this nearly naked form of mine, and I wore their glory proudly. But what I also heard were countless bless-you's and thank-you's as I stepped lithely upon my toes out of the females den and walked quietly through the halls, causing many a male to stop and look upon me as I passed.

And then I neared the throne room and paused as I heard an argument going on.

"This is ridiculous father!" Kael shouted. "I cannot believe you're allowing this because some stupid female defeated you!"

"You will not talk about her like that." Lioli growled.

"Or what, whelp? The strong preside, the weak work. That's how it was even before our ancestors stood up and walked like men. Countless eons of tradition, and in one night, one stupid female..."

“That one stupid female bested you, Kael.” Blackthorne said in warning. “And not just you, all of us, each and every last creature that swings a cock and balls, she defeated. Except Lioli. You tried to rape her, and you get your nuts kicked in for your efforts. You try to rape her again, and get yourself knocked down, and in the midst of it, anger the magistrate,”

“The magistrate is merely a human, he cannot...”

“No he cannot!” Blackthorne shouted. “But who he represents... can. You presume far, far beyond what your whit is capable of discerning Kael.” Blackthorne growled, and I moved close enough where I could peak in on them quietly without being noticed.

This was like hearing Neo, Pseudo and Aries arguing; only their argument wasn't wrought with Kael's stupidity and false superiority.

“The challenge was met, we were defeated, the whole male portion of the Pryde. Therefore we must suffer the consequences, and you... will suffer the consequences as well, Kael.” Blackthorne snarled, and looking in a little more I saw the great king wrapped within bandages while his body continued healing.

“What do you mean?” Kael gaped.

“You're so stupid that you cannot figure it out older brother?” Lioli smirked.

“Shut up, runt!” Kael snarled, but Lioli stared him in the eyes and stepped forward, a presence so awe-inspiring that even Kael backed down and stuck his tail between his legs a little.

“If there's no difference between male and female, if all are to be treated equal despite gender, Kael, then therefore, our law that the eldest – not the eldest male – inherits the throne. That means that Leona... not you... is next in line.”

Kael's eyes went wide, and then he whirled upon his father.

“WHAT?!”

“And what that also means, Kael,” Blackthorne added as he sat naked in his throne, with two females – also naked, but now it was their choice to be naked as thus – tending to his wounds while at the same time trying to pleasure him. “Who has laid about and squandered the resources of our kingdom, is that you are now no longer the crown prince... and because you are no longer the crown prince, you have an incredible debt to repay.

“I intend to put you in the slag pits come morning... to help you repay your debt more quickly. We'll see how well working as those you hate will fit within your superiority complex. And you have until dawn to return your circlet to me, or so help me you're no longer a son of mine and I'll have the guard hunt you down and skin you alive so that I can place your pelt on the floor and use it as a rug to warn those who betray the pryde.”

Kael trembled, and then like a little child, threw a fit, shrieked at his father and brother and hurried away, hurtling down a corridor and out of the den right past me. I was hidden well enough that he didn't even see me smirk at him as he left. And then I waited a moment or two before I stepped forward, glittering like a princess.

“My apologies that I am late, King Blackthorne, prince Lioli...” I said, striding up to the pair of them and curtsying before them as was proper.

I wanted to bow, I wanted to move forward and tilt at the waist like I did for five millennia, but that wasn't proper for a lady like I was now. Besides, if I did bow forward like that, not only would it show them both my cleavage, but it'd probably throw me off balance and thrust me right to the floor.

"You look... beautiful." Lioli managed, smiling awkwardly at me.

He did remind me of me. I was always so unfamiliar around girls, that I couldn't believe that I... that I managed to find Kirii. Swallowing and rising, he strode forward, so much smaller than me, and just like a gentleman, so far possessing the only real culture I'd seen in here aside from Babasti, he bent over my hand and kissed it before rising.

"Thank you." I managed, blushing at him. I felt like a giddy schoolgirl. Heh... like I really knew what that was like.

"You're most welcome, please, come this way. I've made preparations."

And he led me away to one of two antechambers in which we passed through a door and entered what could only be called his bedchamber. I swallowed at the sight of the bed, but Babasti had challenged me to do just that, and of all the males in this place, Lioli was perhaps the only one I could think of who I'd truly want to... to sex me.

I swallowed again and turned, my black lips that now bore a red berry stain glistening as I faced him.

"I am at your service Prince Lioli." I said aloud.

"Just Lioli. I'm not in-line to the throne like Leona is now, so I have no title. Come..." and he brought me to a pair of sitting pads on top of a grand rug with an oval table between them laden with all sorts of foods from fruits and vegetables to meats and cream to drink.

He sat me down and I took a moment to take him in as he moved to sit down himself.

He was dressed in a skirt-like wrap that was held on by leather braces whose design was ornate in the etchings of the leather, but he bore no gems or jewels and possessed no rings, bracelets or anklets. His top half was bare as he sat across from me, and trying to remember how ladies sat, usually to hide their crotches and panties, I sat like they did, adopting a side-saddle type kneeling position.

"I don't understand, Lioli. I see the weaker males at work with the females up till now, and you're perhaps among the leanest of the lions I've ever seen. Your brother calls you a runt. What exactly is it that you do?"

Lioli poured us both a goblet of cream.

"Oh I have a use..." he said, and snapping his fingers, extended an index finger, and I blinked at the flame that danced there as he lit the two candles sitting on the table before he blew the flame on his finger out and smiled.

"You're a magician..." I breathed.

"Studying magician." He said lightly before he began to cut long slices of the meat – or whatever that was – off and dishing it out to me. Seeing how everyone else lived here, I was surprised that he knew how to use cutlery as he was. "I'm an apprentice, but my powers are growing rapidly. Some say I have my mother's gift."

"And where is your mother?"

Lioli paused and looked at me. "So they haven't told you yet?"

"Apparently not," I smirked.

"My father is a whoremonger. Leona, Kael and myself share the same father, but we all have different mothers. Leona's mother was father's first wife. The one many said he decided to dedicate himself to, but when she died in childbirth, father was stricken and lost his way for awhile. Some say that he became the most violent he'd ever been in the years following her death. He spoils Leona, and luckily Leona doesn't let him."

"Spoils?" I blinked.

"In ways others cannot see, or rather, in places others dare not go. That's why the females' quarters are so much nicer than the males.

"Kael's mother was a mighty warrior from a distant pride. Father fell for her, challenged her for her hand and succeeded. She ran away on their wedding night, and nine months later, returned, dropped Kael in father's lap along with her wedding necklace, and stormed out.

"Father fell into a frightful melancholy for a period, or so they say, till one gentle soul decided to show him that there was still the hope of love from a woman." He paused and took a drink of his cream, leaving a milk moustache that he promptly licked off.

I stared at him, and started when he didn't answer right away upon putting his goblet down.

"W-who? Who was that woman? Was she your mother?"

"She was." Lioli answered. "She is the Den mother, Babasti."

I gaped.

"She's an ancient for a reason." Lioli smiled. "Her powers are largely unknown, but they are apparently great enough to make her a never-aging immortal.

"The problem is, and that is largely why I wanted you to succeed, is that so long as our world is as it is, that when I grew to the age of three, I was thrust from my mother's bosom and I only very, very rarely get to see her."

"Wannabe mama's boy, eh?" I smirked, and cut into the meat I was being fed using a golden knife.

The flesh was juicy and tasty and it tasted like cow, but as I consumed it, I suddenly felt a churning in my navel, and it took me a moment to discern what that churning was till I realized that I was getting a feminine erection.

I was beginning to learn that a woman was secretive and delicate, to the point where even arousal was largely contained. That churning was all the vaginal muscles that were formerly penile muscles that were radically enlarged and recessed within me were steadily clenching and flaring. A thickening soup of nectar was forming in me as well, and the twin labia between either thigh were suddenly swelled and bulged to a ludicrous thickness. Between them, I also felt my clitoris erecting harder than ever, pitching a mini tent in the white panties I wore of my loins made those undergarments stretch about my loins.

Then sure enough, a dozen nipples lining me from chest to navel erected and hardened and I began to think of this pleasant young male in a completely different light.

"It delights you?"

"Oh yes it does..." I murred, and then that murr became a purr as we ate.

"I have a confession to make, Xilimyth..." Lioli mentioned, and then suddenly blushed deep enough for the blush to show through his fur, and he took another bite and chewed to cover it.

"Hm?" I said and leaned forward, the bodycloth I wore sliding sideways so that it could continue to hang straight down from me, but in turn revealed more of my tit, enough of it so that one of the hardened nipples on the primary was revealed to him.

"I... I'm attracted to you. I followed you that day when you went to the oasis, and I was there... Watching... When you..."

"Played with myself?" I sighed, and ate another morsel as he nodded.

"I cannot in good conscience keep such a thing from you, but... I feel as if you're a special woman. I find you attractive and beautiful, I think... I... Ah..."

His blush deepened even more, and putting down my fork and swallowing, I rose, moved over to his side of the table by crawling around its side and sat down again, but the place I chose to sit was right on his lap. Facing him, one tit fully pressing against him as I palmed his chest, feeling that he had a certain degree of strength there, I let him listen to my purr as I caressed him. He was practically swooning before I spoke again.

"Why is it that you wanted to have a date with me? What end were you getting at?"

"I wanted t-to... To spend time with you."

I smiled at him. "You stutter when you're thinking of naughty things." I said and he blanched.

"W-what?"

"You're like me, or at least like what I used to be, and when I thought of tantalizing things I got nervous, and when I got nervous, I stuttered."

"B-but I'm just so overwhelmed with your beauty. It numbs me to..." and then I reached down, caressing his navel, sliding my fingers beneath the leather waistband and slid my fingers along his penis.

I knew what one felt like, and as I touched his it was with a mind of the remembrance that as a man I could never revel in these secret desires I squashed, never knowing then that I was really a woman inside anyways. Now that I was a woman, feeling a male's erecting phallus was a pleasureable experience for me, and it allowed me to know the feeling of a male's flesh and compare it with what I'd had what felt like so long ago.

He froze as I caressed it's length with the pads of my fingers, finding the scar of his circumcision and thickness of his head, and though I couldn't believe that I just did that, it felt right, it felt true, for after all I was a woman now and he was a man... And such interaction was necessary for what I needed him to do for me.

But as I felt into his kilt, it was then that I found that the girth he possessed was seemingly much larger than a young male of his apparent age should have. I smiled at him as he sat there frozen, his penis erecting beyond his control.

"As I thought. You're already unsheathed and erect. Be truthful. What about me were you thinking about just now?" I asked him, still purring, still smiling, still rubbing my breasts with their silken clothing over them against his chest as I tugged open the leather bands and continued digging down the front of his kilt.

"B-boobies..." he gasped as I withdrew my hand, and kneeling before him now, I lifted both hands to the clasps of the garment I wore, undid those clasps and then let the folds of the gown fall around me.

He stared at my chest, and it was amazing that now that I was female, watching Lioli gain those mind-numbing feelings I so often remembered with Kirii upon looking at her body, of looking upon the glory of her nudity, that I understood the joke the Creator placed on mankind that he gave us two heads and only enough blood to run one of them effectively at any given time, while at the same time under such conditions that the females of our species remained completely in control of our facilities.

"Then touch them."

That threw him out of his ogling reprieve and he snapped his gaze back up to my face. "W-what?" he gaped staring me right in the face now disbelievingly.

"I'm inviting you to touch them, Lioli. I want you to touch them."

He lowered his eyes again, focusing upon the twin orbs that were attached to my chest, so full and firm that they didn't droop; they simply were formed at the corners of my chest and were hung there like two large melons within their sacks of flesh, either capped with their nipples and supported by two smaller pads of flesh that were my secondaries.

Lioli forced himself to raise his hand, and it appeared as if he hesitated greatly before he finally laid his fingers upon the tantalizingly delicate mammary on the left side of my chest, his fingers reveling in the sensations his fingertips experienced as I sighed for him nasally. Then lifting a hand of my own, forced him to cup and press in on that tit.

"How does it feel?" I asked him.

"It's so firm. Why is it so firm? All the other males describe their female's breasts as being wobbling and drooping sacks of water. Yours feels like there's something firm yet spongy inside."

He turned more toward me, and lifted his other hand to my other tit and pressed into it with fascination now, I arched myself for his touches, loving the feel of another's touch upon those all too sensitive nipples even while my fingers began to undo his garments... much to his unawares being that he was so focused upon those breasts.

"It's not because I'm superior to other females, it's because I have a certain trait few females have."

"And what's that?" Lioli asked me and looked me right in the eye.

I smiled at him that he could take his gaze away from my chest long enough to pay attention to my face.

"Wait for it." I smiled, and while he was waiting for it, I leaned forward, smishing both breasts into his hands, compressing them more into his palms as I began playing with the head of that velvety phallus he had, continuing to undo the strings and ties of that ornate belt of his. "Here it comes." I sighed, purring for him so that he could feel the vibration, and oh so slowly, a thickened cream slid from my breasts and pressed into his hands, and with a gasp he brought his hands back and looked at the thick milky white cream on his hands.

"Y-you lactate. But you were wearing the clothes of a virgin earlier this morning. How can you lactate if you've never had a child?"

"Under certain stressful situations, Lioli, some very rare men can also lactate." I smirked, and then he realized what I was doing, even as I unfolded his wrap and pulled out his cock completely.

He gaped, breathing hard as I handled it again, caressing and stroking his erect penis with the whole of my hand now. He was gifted... With a mature, erect penis like I'd had... An erection that was more mature than the sort of person it was attached to. He was as gifted as his father was, and his father outweighed him by several times. Lioli was like a pre-teen with an adult's manhood.

"A breast is a symbol of sexuality." I murred as more milk slid from the ends of my erect nipples and slid down the lower swells of those breasts as I crawled forward and slid more onto his lap and kissed his brow before pressing my chest against his. "It's traits dictate what sort of a female you have." I added as I started to rub his shaft in my fingers.

Lioli closed his eyes and breathed as I whispered into his ear, pressing my body against his as I used skills that I used to use to masturbate myself as a male to pleasure him as a female. Wrapping an arm around his head as I continued to caress and cajole him into erection, murring as I felt how firm he was getting, living within the affections for a male that I repressed before but now embraced, I found that soon my fingers couldn't fully enclose his growing shaft. Pressing my breasts against him, I kissed his neck and nuzzled his cheek affectionately, finding it strange that these emotions were coming so easily for myself...

"My breasts generate a creamy, creamy milk that thickens nearly every day and becomes sweeter." I continued and licked the ridge of his cheek where his beard was just starting to come in. "Because it's so thick, it's harder to push out or to be sucked out of these hard... erect... nipples of mine."

Lioli shuddered as I caressed the underside of his erection, giving him perhaps his first hand job while I remembered what I loved when I masturbated or received a hand job as a male and used it on him. Up down, up down slowly, then a quick jerk, rub the head...

"I'm also growing stronger every day and that strength compresses the firm spongy glands that are laden with all that heavy cream and makes them firm orbs. If I were to drain them both, then yes, I'm sure they would be what you expected... Slightly drooping, wobbly yet well rounded and firm, but it is the milk that gives me the firmness."

"I... ah... ngh... I don't... I don't know... What to say." he breathed, falling prey to my touches. It was true, only a man knew what a man really wanted or a woman only knew what a woman wanted, but I'd been both... I was an exception. I knew what a man wanted and what a man liked... And I was going to show him what he liked.

"Then how bout I answer your many questions for you?" I purred, and began to slink downward and backwards, licking his nipple to make it hard as well. "Let me show you what a pair of good breasts can do for you."

And I kissed his navel and pressed my breasts into his lap, feeling his long dick suddenly bulge and grow larger as it flexed involuntarily between the great thick press of my breasts as my growing sweat created a slick for his shaft to pass through. Then following on impulse, I lowered my head, kissed the head of his erect shaft and then slowly pressed my head downward onto it, letting those reddened lips of mine spread open about his shaft just before I sucked studiously on him.

Within a matter of seconds he tensed and his shaft lurched, just before a wash of bitter-sweet seed thrust into my mouth and I involuntarily swallowed it all along with the next release he shot into my mouth and

then the one after that, just before I sucked all the excess out of the fleshy tube and then rose again, licking my teeth free of his seed.

"Your first time?" I asked him after he'd collapsed backward onto the floor.

"Y-yes... Yes it was. Was it that obvious?" he gasped

"Most males last maybe a full minute or two before spewing their first time. Don't worry if you didn't last so long now, it was good for your first try." I murred and palmed his chest, rubbing the crease between his tight pecs with a pair of fingers, feeling the subtle chords through his fur and flesh as his shaft throbbed, while I leaned over him.

He tensed and I felt his penis sliding against my tight muscular navel, just before there was a clenching and he shot a spasm of ejaculate onto my navel. Rising I looked at it and he gasped at what'd happened but I pressed a pair of fingers against his mouth to keep him from apologizing. I merely wiped the seed off my body and sucked it off my fingers while I sat there on his lap with my crotch pressing against the base of his groin and two well-formed nads.

"I can die happy now, Xilimyth. You've made me so happy."

I swallowed, and smiled sadly, and then bending forward I pressed my massive chest against his chest before I kissed him on the forehead. He puckered his lips, hoping to get one on the mouth, and looked disappointedly at me when I rose, palming his face and thumbing his mouth with one hand.

"There's someone in my life, Lioli... Someone important enough for me where I'm not willing to share that part of my heart with you."

He looked crestfallen. "But I thought, I thought maybe..."

"No... I cannot love you, Lioli. Not in the way you want me to anyways. My past forbids it."

"Then why did you come?"

"Because you were generous to not only me but all the other females of the den. I am their collective representative. There are lovelier females that could've come to you, Lioli. Slender, large-breasted females who would serve you because they can fully love you, comfort you, be there for you, but they sent me because I was the one you chose.

"For a night at least, I'm yours." and I took both his hands up and placed them over my breasts and held them there, smiling at him. "Before you give your heart, you need to be sure that you've met the person in whom you want to be with you for all time. Not just to go to bed with but to wake up with. The sort of person who will compliment you, who'll comfort you the way you want to be comforted and likes the way you comfort them."

"So... There's no possibility of..." and he trailed off.

"I didn't say that." I smirked. And then letting go of his hands I rose atop my knees and arched myself, showing him the embroidered panties I wore that only barely hid my bulging pubic mound from sight.

"Touch it if you want to." I purred. "Touch anything you want how you want, I won't stop you."

His hands had slid down my form when I rose, feeling out my many curves, finding my secondary and then tertiary nipples but when I said that he paused, and lowered his gaze to the most precious of feminine spots on a female's body with the understanding that I was offering even that up to him. As a male, I loved this

spot on a female, the source of her power, the path in which she became a mother and the path of shared pleasure between you and her. But as a female, I regarded it as my power. I regarded it as the most sacred spot on my body, the place I protected above all else. I was more willing to show off this new and impressive rack of mine before I would show off this thickly bulging vagina let alone allow someone to invade me through it.

Suddenly I understood the fear and anguish a woman had from being sexually forced... and suddenly I had that fear. It crept right into my heart and I couldn't stop it... I even covered my heart with both hands as I remained kneeling there, offering my strength and power to Lioli like that. And so under that understanding, it was an incredible leap of faith to trust a person other than yourself to lay hands upon it.

Males would openly compare their penises with each other, but a female was no such creature. So as Lioli lifted his fingers to thumb and caress the long pair of clenched vaginal muscles between my legs, I lowered both hands from my heart and pulled on the draw strings that held the undergarment to me and that subtle patch of white embroidered silk flipped open, allowing him to stare openly at the folds of vaginal flesh I now possessed.

He stared at it as it began to glisten with the supple juices of my innards, which that thickening soup of feminine ejaculate building up inside me to the point where I couldn't hold it in any more and it leaked out of me. As if my pussy was the end of a giant cock, I felt it clench involuntarily as he caressed it with a thumb while I felt the pressure of the fluids filling my insides, a good pint or more of it for sure, and just having it stared at and touched by a stranger was enough to arouse me further to the point where my erecting clitoris drew out the curtains of flesh from inside me and the erecting labia spread open the hole that led into me.

And then Lioli, with a look of fascination on his face, reached up and caressed the twin lips with the whole of his other hand and I immediately tensed tightly as his fingers glanced against that holy sepulcher of my body.

"So how do you like the... Whoa!" I didn't finish the sexy little taunting I was doing as he pulled me forward with startling quickness, and I fell right on his face. For a moment I agonized at what'd happened, but then I found that this was what he intended for me as he began to French Kiss those vaginal lips, moistening and licking me as one of his hands lifted to caress my breasts, massaging milk out of me while his other cupped the small of my back above the base of the tail and kept me on his face.

"Ohh..." I moaned, still purring, feeling his moist tongue sliding up the vaginal crevice before he sucked on the twin lips and the clit that erected from me, his tongue pressing into me each time that he did till I grit my teeth, tensed, felt the rising welling of fluids in me and then tensed to hold it back, tensed harder as it grew in strength, harder still groaning and moaning deeply as I bent over myself in the effort to hold it back till with an orgasmic rush my body flushed its nectar and it erupted in a spastic burst against his face.

"Ah... Ahhh!" I screamed as I orgasmed solidly, tensing, flexing, tightening both legs and rising up onto my knees as my insides spastically clenched and unclenched to flush my insides with lubricating fluids in preparation for sex.

And suddenly I heard the groaning of muscles, felt the burning in me intensify as those muscles thickened and popped amidst Lioli making facial love to my sex, those muscles violently flaring neck and bodice and engorging the overlapping line of twelve mammaries lining my bodice one after the next, filling biceps and triceps as I orgasmed again with another flush, and then a third.

Gasping then, breathing heavily in exertion as I tensed again and my body bubbled everywhere as it strengthened in this heightening of my sexual awareness. And then I looked down at that sweet lover, suddenly finding in a head lock between a pair of still thickening thighs and gasping while he struggled for air. Gasping, I opened those thighs to let him go and he immediately fell to the ground beneath me.

"Oh God... I'm so sorry Lioli, are you ok?"

He laughed, licking his face with a surprisingly long tongue and rose a little as I settled backward onto my heels, thighs spreading open and breasts wobbling as they leaked my cream, the pair engorging subtly while chest and back muscles thickened.

"I'm fine." he murred, and rubbing his stomach, I heard a tensing of muscles briefly, but when I looked down at him, expecting him to be bulging... Well... He did bulge; it just wasn't in the way I thought it would be.

His shaft was engorging, erecting, growing stronger and thicker, and he was nowhere the wiser about that fact. I made to reach for it to feel its strengthen as his body absorbed power from me, smirking as he absorbed some of that breeder magic I was known for as a male, but suddenly I was being pushed backward with a hand on my navel as he felt into my crotch again with a free hand and began to lick my loins with his long tongue and its tongue comb, cleaning my lap of its nectar.

Again, I couldn't believe how naturally I was flowing into this, how readily I was allowing a male pleasure me. It was as if eons of repressed homosexuality was actually my femininity trying to get out, and when Lioli found my clit and began to suck on it directly, I felt those deeply ingrained feminine instincts work as I arched myself, cupping and massaging a tit myself while spreading both legs apart; my innards repeatedly dry heaving as they labored to create more nectar.

Lioli rose then upon his knees, his erection arching from his waist, and he held onto it with one hand as he regarded me. The arousal in my body was incredible now and I felt hornier than I could ever remember feeling as a male or a female, feeling sensations of what felt like two erections, the first coming from all those vaginal muscles that were inside me and the other coming from that incredibly erect clit of mine.

Then rolling forward, both my breasts rolling atop my chests, I rose to a kneeling position and then to my feet, he caught me and nuzzled my pussy again, and I giggled, cupping his head before I directed him to rise. Then taking him by the hand, I led him to the bed, got him to lay upon it, and then crawled slowly up to meet him.

I kissed his penis, dragging both tits along his thighs and over his groin as I then kissed his muscular navel, his chest, and then licked a nipple, and then rising, I sat on his lap and played with his penis for a moment or two, grinding the moist pair of flared open labia against his erection.

"You're so beautiful..." he said to me and I chuckled, feeling both his hands alight upon my hips.

I was stalling I knew, I still wasn't too sure about this. I've mated with many females and then went so far as to impregnate Kirii, but the sensation of sticking my penis inside their vagina was what I always knew. I had no idea how intense this would be to have Lioli's enormous cock piercing my pussy, but when I felt him leak some of his regenerating seed onto the back of my hand, I lifted that hand, looked at the sticky cream and licked it off my fingers before I finally cast caution aside and went into it.

After cleaning my hand, I lifted both hands atop my head and began pulling the hair stays out two at a time, and my hair unraveled in long cascading washes that spilled about my face and neck before I shook my head to spread the spotted locks of mane. And then setting the sharp hairpins and combs and hair stays aside, I began to grind his hip.

Feeling a thick, hardened shaft sliding back and forth along my wet cunt made me coo in just the beginning stages of the sensation from my clit brushing against the muscle ribs of his penis as the inner folds of my vagina slid against the velvety length of his prick as sensitive as they were. Every stroke I slid longer and longer, till chance just so happened to take the bulging head of his shaft and tip it upward as I moved

forward so that it tucked inside me. Then gripping his chest fur and biting my lower lip, I ever so slowly slid backward, feeling his thick, hard extension sliding inside me.

It was agony... But not the sort of painful agony. Pain and pleasure are both felt by the same part of the brain, and agony is used to mean a very intense feeling. In this case it was a remarkably intense pleasure of feeling that shaft invade me, pressing vaginal muscles apart and stretching their flesh as I descended upon him, the spearhead of his dick forcing my muscularity apart so that he could penetrate deeper.

A woman might know what this sensation was like, but for a male, perhaps the closest they could get to it was taking a skinny metal rod with microgrooves on it carefully inserting it down the length of your pee hole. But I'll tell you what... A woman *definitely* gets the better half of this coupling thing.

But the first time is difficult. Your inner muscles want to clamp down reflexively to stop the invasion, stop it from getting inside you, so you had to force it, and more than once every muscle inside me clapped down on his dick fiercely in order to hold it fast, freezing me up atop him with no way to descend till I relaxed enough to go that little bit further before my innards clapped around him again. Down further I descended, till I settled upon Lioli's lap again, rubbing my belly and gurgling at the sensation of having a part of another human being inside me as deep and as thick as he was.

Both primary and secondary nipples began to throb uncontrollably, and they beat and pulsated, flared and engorged while the tertiary nipples hardened till they ached. I brushed a hand across my navel, causing those tertiary nipples to flick against each finger that brushed against them while at the same time I felt the bulge in my abdomen from that heavy phallus inside. And then my primaries and secondaries tensed so much that milk readily began to trickle from them, the creamy moisture sliding enticingly down my body as I began to rock there.

Lioli suddenly reflexively thrust upward and I bit my lower lip and squirmed in the intensity of the thrust before groaning out nasally, clenching my fists in his chest hair as I slowly churned my loins onto his. He thrust again and I nearly fainted, his head raising to lick the creamy moisture leaking from my tits off my bodice.

Ohh... Big cock! I groaned, and cringed as he rose, steadying himself with one hand as he caressed and fingered one of my breasts. But then he paused, his fingers lifting off my flesh and I opened one eye to look down at him.

"Y-you're... Growing?" he gaped.

Maybe I was, I didn't know at the moment... All I felt was that flaming explosion in my loins as sloppy nectar slid from me. I could feel my mind and body becoming decidedly more feminine. I was balancing right on the edge of neutral gender identity in my mind there for awhile, but now that I'd undergone the act that made me fully feminine, all it took was a look to verify that I was indeed transforming.

Bones groaned, muscles popped and breasts inflated, and lifting both arms slowly, I flexed them both.

"C-cum into me. Let me feel it." I moaned as the churning femininity overflowed within me, overcoming the latent masculinity, both mammaries tightening up as the pectorals behind them thickened and the mammaries themselves engorged with tremendous girth that was increasing their cup sizes every few seconds.

G, H, I, J-cups they grew, rapidly firming up and rolling higher atop my chest as I ground and rotated my sex onto his groin. I came in another torrent that flushed more nectar onto his lap in a spastic lurch that got me to gasp and even weep from the sensation.

"Give it to me! Let me feel like a woman!" I cried, tears leaking from the corners of my eyes as I flexed harder, feeling shoulders and dorsal muscles thickening into hearty slabs that flared wide, while biceps, triceps and forearms billowed; everything separating into thinner and thinner bands of muscular might that arched and curved with feminine shape and form. Upper back heaved, forming a decided muscle hump between the two shoulders, my spine pushing even further outward as the piles of bicep continued to balloon.

"Give it to me now!" I groaned and felt my innards clench like a knot in a rope being drawn tighter, and rising up onto my knees, I pulled him up with me, and he groaned with what my body was automatically doing to his erection.

My breasts continued enlarging through K, L, M and N-cups, squirting their milk out now as that creamy substance was generated faster than my tits could balloon atop my chest; both hips widening, navel increasing from six abs to eight, then to ten and eventually to twelve while the lats increased to six and then eight.

"Please Lioli!" I cried with the pain of so much pleasure.

"I'm trying!" he begged, and slapping an arm down and clutching at him, I hauled him up and embraced him to me, pressing his face right into my ballooning chest as my loins clenched hard, and with a spasm, and then another spasm, there was a dull explosion inside me as he finally came, offloading a mass of ejaculate that splattered my bowels, filled them and soon overflowed.

Immediately the rounded pupils of my eyes dilated fully open and I gurgled as a billowing explosion of what I was coming to know as my feminine power flared inside me, an explosion of energy that traced and arched its way through all the many nerves on my body and shot into my brain and made me feel for a moment as if it'd just exploded.

"Ha! Ha!... Ha..." I moaned, letting Lioli go, and he flopped to his bed as I folded both arms beneath my heaving breasts, feeling the growth in me stalling near P-cups, their secondaries directly beneath them heaving to thick DD-cups just before I winced with a lancelet of motion and I orgasmed in a torrent, the force of which forced me off his erect groin just before I squirted a jet of nectar onto his lap and chest.

"Lioli!" I cried and slapped both hands onto the bed to either side of his face, snarling at him.

I couldn't help it, my face was caught in a spasm along with the rest of me, my eyes nigh popping out of my head, and Lioli gaped at me as I came again in another torrent that lanced a jet of the silken yet sticky nectar from my body onto his belly and I began to grow again in earnest.

P-cup, Q-cup, R, S... They kept engorging as my body flared wider and wider, muscles bulging, abdominals tightening, bottom clenching while even my tail thickened.

No cheetah had ever held this much physical might. It felt like there were furnaces coming to life in me, each chakra point igniting fervently while my heart rapidly beat and burned in my chest.

I felt the secondary nipples upon my second set of chest muscles thickening along with my primaries, the pair growing more slowly, but they still nonetheless swelled into E-cups then G's; the pair billowing and filling with milk of their own while being capped by a pair of thick areola and hardened nipples of their own!

Rising and thrusting both arms backward, arching my back and thrusting chest and heaving breasts forcibly upward, those tits wobbling and undulating as I did, I gasped as the thickening slabs of chest muscle grew deeply chorded, parting both pairs of billowing tits as all the nipples lining my chest grew super hard, thick and meaty with their hardened muscle.

And only now did my height begin to change.

From seven feet I started climbing the inches, as I steadily flexed both arms, feeling the slow explosions of either bicep curling outward to press against the outsides of either tit, their peaks pressing against more and more of the insides of either forearm, while their growing masses grew from grapefruit to cantaloupe-sized muscles and then into pumpkins and finally watermelons even as they separated into their two individual muscles. The throbbing of veins made me feel overwhelmed with erotic emotion, and the moisture dripping off my clit made me gasp and moan repeatedly, leaving Lioli beneath my spread open thighs to watch me change.

Then in a flash, a part of me detached, my awareness growing, and I felt an aura of strength appear about me, a measure that was beyond the supernatural strength I already had that laid over all my muscles and made them stronger than ever but likewise spread my control outside my body.

Loud cracks and crunches could be heard as my back billowed outward and all my ribs thickened, turned outward and thrust further forward to likewise deepen my chest and counterbalance the surmounting bulges that were bubbling outward against my back. This left the once twin planes of once flattened back muscle to rapidly rise and fall, creasing in a spectacular display that one could only consider to be rivaled by the reshaping of the world at the death of our savior Jesus when God the Father made mountains into valleys and valleys into mountains. With me though... It was a whole lot of mountain building...

My navel sunk well below the ribs as each of those ribs flared outward and thickened, a patch of hardening muscle forming over the sternum as I breached seven and a half feet just before I felt both of Lioli's hands against me, feeling these changes in my body as each and every last muscle on me billowed larger and firmer than ever.

Lioli took esteemed pleasure in feeling my body transforming, my body forcing me to react erotically as it absorbed that soup of seed he'd thrust inside me, my body absorbing every trait he had to give me through that ejaculate whether they were active or recessive. His hands on me, rubbing and massaging, caressing me made the sensations even more intense, and I gurgled with a dry heaving orgasm as I rose higher on my knees. His fingers even caressed my sopping wet sex, sticky from our shared fluids, and murring, I smiled down at him and touched the backs of his hands where he touched me even as my hips widened and the pussy situated between those thickening thighs thickened into even firmer muscle; either thigh billowing and popping with muscles as both forelegs broadened and either calf flared.

And then my primaries grew from T-cups, U-cups, V, W, X, Y and then Z as I hulked out, and then like being splashed with icy water the transformation ended and I collapsed backward onto my heels, spent.

"W-what in the creator's name was that?" Lioli exclaimed, and lifting my head and the hair that had billowed greatly without my notice shifted about face and eyes, I spied his still erect penis that was dripping with seed from its tip and I placed my still small hand about it and began to caress it.

"It was me becoming a woman from a maiden." I said and then began to more vigorously jerk him off, and moving quickly to straddle him, I looked him fiercely in the eyes as those eyes of his partially closed. "And I want more of it!"

And he opened his eyes fully and then began to get up, stopping my hands and pulling them away from his prick.

"Then grant me one favor, Xilimyth." he said and rose atop his knees before me, looking so much smaller than I was if not for that heaving cock that was projecting long and firm beneath my body, its girth rubbing against my sex.

I was so incensed that I would've done anything for him. "Anything..." I breathed.

"Grant me one kiss..." he asked. My desires shattered suddenly at his words, and I began to answer when he pressed his fingers against my mouth. "I'll not ask you to forget your past, or any vow you've made, think nothing of this... But though I've been granted the feeling of entering a fem, it happened before I got to taste her lips. Grant me one kiss, no strings attached."

"Ok..." I smiled, kneeling there with my arms drooping to my side, the pair of them still subtly thickening with the rest of me.

And then Lioli rose, cupping my face as he leaned in. I was apprehensive for a moment as he neared, being that this would be the first time I'd ever kissed a guy, but amidst my new mindset I actually relished being kissed by him, thought nothing of my former self and how weird it might feel for a guy in a female's body to kiss a guy. I was a female, he was a male... and he wanted a kiss. It was as simple as that.

And then he pressed his lips against mine and kissed...

Whatever happened, whatever silly thing that happened inside me, it was perhaps my heart that weakened this powerful body as I felt what passion was like for a female... knew why they craved it so. The sensations I felt then were soothing and warm, but other than that I didn't have the words in order to describe it with any confidence or strength. In very short order I was swooning, returning the kiss and soon finding myself on my back as he sat on my belly now, and I felt his hard and heavy cock throbbing against me with its firm nads spreading between me and the base of that enormous cock.

And then he rose, palming the ends of the super firm breasts that I possessed, either feeling like bags of sand against my body as he looked like he was swooning, but instead I felt something warm and sticky lance against the underside of my breasts and realized that he was erupting. Before too much of that wonderful cum could escape him, I palmed his bottom with both hands and shoved him forward, thrusting his prick between my breasts and caught the rest of it in my mouth.

My body immediately started creaking from the first swallow as he proceeded to enjoy a titty-fuck and make love to my face.

This was sex, not love-making. I made love to only one person...

I was still growing even after the fifth session between us, both of us sticky from all the ejaculate and the nectar... I managed to even deep-throat him... which was a spectacular trick I'll tell you what. I was surprised that I was even able to do it.

For now he was piercing me, thrusting slowly as he feasted on one of my breasts. He'd drawn strength from me, but it was no where near as much as what I'd drawn from him. The powers and strengths of his family line, of the lion felis-type Lycan, empowered me greatly.

He was purring while both thrusting and suckling in his exhausted near-sleep.

Rolling gently, I laid him on his back and rose enough to kiss his forehead first before I pulled my tit from his lips and rolled the now sagging breast that was vacant of so much milk to my mouth and began to drink from it to siphon off what I could. And then I waited, waited as I closed my eyes, massaging him with my vaginal muscles, till the last of his ejaculate surged into me and I slipped off him with a slurping motion.

I was about to change again... I could feel it. I had to leave. But first...

Looking back to Lioli, I saw him laying there, purring in his sleep, still twitching from the orgasmic forces I'd left him with, and projecting upward in a long hook was his erect penis... Which was even now draining the subtle juices of his seed as it relaxed in steps from his heart beat slowing.

Kneeling there, I tilted that phallus backward and kissed its end even as it grew flaccid, sucking out the last of its bitter-sweet juices, swallowing it all in one mouth full and feeling that last trickle slide tantalizingly down my throat. Then pausing to pick up all the jewelry and hair stays the other fems had given me along with the gown and panties, I hurried out of Lioli's chamber, feeling myself tensing like right before a climax, and I zipped through the now vacant throne room and into another alcove before dropping all the clothes and jewelry in a corner, tensed, tensed harder, felt my heart quickening inside me, till at last... transformation.

An explosion happened inside me as my heart beat so hard that it was like being punched from the inside, but the subsequent thrusting in my loins and every nipple, even into the anus to a lesser degree, instantly counteracted any pain from that. And with an audible crunch, the entire length of spine from the base of my skull to the small of the back to the tip of the tail thickened one vertebrae after the other, just before the two upper halves of me from hips to shoulders suddenly cleaved away from that spine and violently broadened this body I was now developing just before my chest was thrust even further forward with the sudden thickening of ribs, chest muscles and breasts as they engorged to Z-plus-one cup sizes... also known as a twenty-seven-cup.

Gritting all my teeth, hearing my jaw grind as facial muscles thickened for the jaw, I giggled through those teeth and pressed both thighs together as the engorged pussy and super-sized and super erect clitoris between those engorging thighs rapidly spasmed, ejecting several washes of nectar that slid into the fur between both thighs. Half a dozen repeating rushes of heavy water was ejected between those thickened labia to cascade down my thighs and calves and pool on the floor, each rush starting somewhere just below the heart and surging downward abruptly toward the pussy along a network of veins and taut vaginal muscles only to squirt that jet of hot steamy and sticky juices from me.

Groaning through those clenched teeth as I felt the vaginal muscles in me strengthening further, either lip flaring in thickness as they both bulged forward, I also felt the series of gluts on my backside tightening. The whole of me lurched then as I gasped for a deep breath of air, clawing at the wall in front of me with both hand as both primary tits and the newly engorged secondaries beneath them swelled even further outward, so large that they pressed against each other and flared wide under either arm pit, the first pair engorging well beyond even the twenty-six character common alphabet while the secondaries engorged to a pair of discernable P-cups with this massive eight foot body of mine.

Rising upon both toes, each finger and toe thickening and rippling with clenching tendons and muscles, claws thickening and hooking deeper on each digit, another explosion of hot juices lanced from me, splattering my thighs as the quadriceps segmented into their four separate masses and then billowed separately from each other just before they separated into tighter muscle chords while the backs of either thigh engorged backward along with a thickening bottom as both calves flared.

A micro-orgasm rocked my loins then, squeezing out the last of the juices my body contained, milk seeping from both tits as navel and neck grew longer yet along with arms and legs, quickly increasing my height to somewhere beyond eight feet while this body rippled from every muscle group billowing and popping with the sounds of grinding reeds and dull popping thuds like hearing fireworks at a distance, each muscle filling outward into larger muscle groups where even the finer muscularity started to show itself.

Gasping I shoved the three smallest fingers of my right hand in between that gaping pussy of mine as I flexed my clit repeatedly to help stimulate more growth and more strength, but I managed only to clench my insides subtly a few times more as I drained the shared juices of both Lioli and me as I pleased myself.

"Ohh..." I moaned, feeling muscles cleaving and creasing subtly now as the change slowed, each muscle separating from each now by deepening creases as whole new muscles and even muscle groups grew into place from all the cleaving and muscular separation.

Then while I rubbed the firm ridges inside me, feeling my tits swelling as they filled with yet more milk, I chanced to look at the bulging forearm and bicep that I was using to hold myself up. Righting myself I flexed that arm, amazed to see the thickening and flaring bicep as it curled upward, and as I tensed those muscles they burned, my own strength ripping the muscles apart now and stimulating just a little bit of further growth., and my healing factor combined with the hypernites inside me made those muscles heal themselves even as they continually tore. Stretching skin mended painlessly even as it began to tear and form stretch marks, new fur follicles grew into place, and that mound of bicep that was the size of a watermelon kept growing and surging, the whole of that arm bubbling with supportive muscles, and I literally grew stronger just by the sheer sake of stressing this new body out.

Biting my lower lip and looking down between the twin sets of breasts that now decorated me, I opened my palm and arched myself to see the three fingers protruding into me, see the engorged super-clit, and sliding that hand from me, I remarked that the twin lips and the erect clit looked like a cock and balls after extreme shrinkage.

Inserting those three fingers into my mouth and sucking the shared nectar and seed off it, I cleaned those fingers and then flexed my other arm, tensing both as hard as I could, bubbling stronger, thicker, harder, larger...

Back muscles flared, chest muscles surged forward, the multiple chords growing wider and thicker as they compressed the four boobs I now had, squirting milk from me onto the wall before me as more nectar drained from the clenched pussy between my burgeoning and heaving thighs and tightening butt cheeks; my sex blushing through the fur over it that it was so engorged and erect.

Thighs and clavicles billowed outward, hips widened; abs grew harder, thicker and wider, even greater in number as they increased to fourteen and then sixteen abs as my chest and ribs surged over those navel muscles to form a great overhanging ledge with the ribcage and a deep bowl with the hips.

As a muscle grew, it pushed other muscles out of their way, and likewise drew on other muscles and stretched them which strengthened in turn. Likewise, the growing muscles tore apart, increasing the number of strands exponentially, making me surge thicker and larger yet, tits wobbling as I turned and poised, flexed and tried to get every muscle in me to grow... Even both pussy lips...

I stressed and stretched until I couldn't grow any longer, and gasping for air, lowering both arms as my tail swished back and forth excitedly with its thickness, I looked down at my body... And reveled in its frame.

I was no where near as strong as I was as a dragon yet, but that dragon had always been lean and rosy! This spotty cheetah form was rippling with supreme strength for its form. No cheetah could claim this much strength. Hell... I was larger and stronger than most lions. Screw that... I was definitely larger and stronger than *all* lions.

But... they weren't all walking around in their greater hybrid forms like I was now. That posed a problem...

The sensations Lioli had experienced had perhaps made him oblivious to any other change other than the first one he saw in me, so he wouldn't have noticed me changing all that much beyond that first time, and no one else had seen me yet so...

Taking a deep breath and trying to remember how, I focused on changing and though it pained me to have to power down, I nonetheless eventually began to shrink; muscles deflating and boobs decreasing subtly as

they squirted their excess milk out till the primaries were nearly as small as the secondaries, and instead of walking on the balls of my feet, I settled down upon my heels.

Disappointment at how much of that strength I'd lost welled up inside me, but at least that feminine power I'd developed this night didn't diminish all that much. It was all still inside me after all. But this appearance made me appear more... Doable.

I still had a nice set of racks and had more muscle on me than most, but I was of a manageable height again. I was pretty sure that Leona was still larger than me now that I'd shrunk down, but best if I didn't try to outstrip anyone more than I had to. I'd proven myself to be the strongest around here, so perhaps that was enough.

But the goal had been met. I was no longer a virgin as a female, and because of that I was feeling that feminine power evolving inside me rapidly. I was thinking less and less like a male and more and more like a female, and despite what some people thought about that, I wasn't focusing my thoughts on flowers or stickers or unicorns and ponies or boys.

Grabbing my things, I then hefted one tit to my mouth and sucked the milk out of it to reduce the lingering ache that was gathering behind the nipple. Now that I'd shrunk, both tits were now fully laden again. It was still very, very late, or rather very early depending upon how one looked at it... but I'd barely had anything to eat at that dinner Lioli laid out for me. True I did eat a lot of Lioli... ate him out rather, but I needed some wholesome sustenance.

And was it me, or had my milk sweetened in the last twenty-four hours?

Babasti was a beautiful female. She was arousing, and her appearance touched off something inside me, that miniscule remaining male part of me that made me aroused whenever I saw her. Or... was she so beautiful that despite that I was now fully female that I nonetheless wanted to make love with her? There were people in the world that were like that... so beautiful that those of your same gender would suppose making love to them... Babasti was easily that sort of person.

After bathing and folding the gown and the panties together with all the jewelry taken out, I returned to her abode, only to find the mother of my lover for the past several hours laying within her bedding.

Placing the bundle of feminine things on a low table, I strode around her hookah to her, knelt, and laid against her body, pillowing my head upon her breasts and embracing her.

After a moment or two, her hand coiled upward and laced into my hair.

"You were successful." I heard her say sweetly. "Did you enjoy what it feels like to have a penis deep inside you?"

"Yes..." I answered at last. "It was intense... Very different than what the other way feels."

"Then you're a fully fledged adult female now. Your sexual power has been stoked with this experience. You must feel it inside you now, making you change and grow both in body and in mind."

"Yes." I said and swallowed. "Why didn't you tell me Lioli was your son?"

Babasti paused for a moment as she stroked my mane. "Would it have made a difference?"

"I... I don't know. I found out before we did it, and we still did it, so probably not." I paused. "You could be queen of this place if you so chose."

"But I don't choose. The title of Queen is for Leona."

"But what about you and Blackthorne? Do you not care for him? Not at all? Did you just so happen to conceive his son on a whim?"

"Not on a whim. I went to comfort the King... He found comfort with me, and did so many times. When he discovered that I was pregnant he sent me away. I fear his heart is broken, and he doesn't wish to experience the loss of another lover in his life... despite that I'm not that fragile. He... at least takes pleasure in the fact that he has a son from me."

"But Lioli is old enough to... To... You know."

"Play *'hide the rhino in the cave?'*" Babasti purred, and I rose from her, not believing she'd use such a euphemism. "Yes he is old enough to be considered an adult, and now he is one thanks to you, Xilimyth. The least I can do is to help you in this soul-searching quest of yours to discover yourself."

"Which brings me to the next task I am to give you."

I sat up completely now as she rose with me before hefting one of her breasts and kissed the top of it before she let it fall back into place with a bounce and a wobble. "We find it necessary here, and you as a former male may find yourself enjoying this, but you, my dear Xilimyth, are tasked to love not a male... But rather a female."

"W-what?" I blinked, not believing I heard right.

"I want you to go mate with another female, Xilimyth. It is a side of femininity that is oft times never explored, but if you seek your ultimate power and understanding, then seek you a mate amongst your own gender..."

Post-Documentation 0025: The Blood of Kings

"I am immortal. I have inside me the blood of kings."

That was a line from an old television series about immortals killing other immortals and their lives among the mundanes. Dragons are considered the eldest of all creatures in the multiverse. They have no equal to how long this species has evolved. As a statement to this, a carbon dating of one of Draco's scales was done in secret an age ago, and Draco was deemed older than the known universe, to the degree of the hundreds of billions of years.

As such, the blood of a dragon has proven to be most resilient... So resilient that not even my Hypernites that are infesting the now Lady Xilimyth can overcome the genetics of the blood. It would explain why Kirii, their cats, or most especially myself or the brood growing inside me, have yet to be overcome by the nanomachines and we all turn into machine dragons like Aysyx.

As such, my views of the various bio-samples that I've taken from Xilimyth are showing signs of reassertion of the dragon genome over the lycanthrope genome, and various traits are starting to become dominant again.

In the process of changing Xilimyth into a baser form so that all damage could be repaired from the emotional stresses on the body, a multitude of key genes were first made recessive and then further made dormant. The Draconic blood of course doesn't like to be restrained, so it's genetic knowledge is yet again powering up again.

Supernatural strength, our natural connection to magic, supernatural durability and resilience, enhanced healing factor... All of them are rapidly reactivating themselves on an exponential level.

I've asked Aysyx to help me determine the final form, and shi's been more than happy to help, but even hir processors are being stressed to the point where shi's 'borrowing' computer power from elsewhere to be able to calculate this massive flux of Lady Xilimyth's form. I don't ask questions as to how shi does it, I just have faith that shi does, but all in all... As to Xilimyth's final form once everything is said and done... I can merely speculate...

I am Lady Iridium.

I missed my chance after watching Xilimyth succeed the other day, being that she – heh... She... That was still strange for me to consider – was mobbed by the rest of the pryde and carried into their secret hole. So I went to retire but I knew that the Pryde did work during the day, storing food, gathering crops, tending cattle while at the same time training. So picking a spot where I could see them all from a vantage point at the hotel, which, aside from the administration building, was the tallest structure in the town.

It was two stories high instead of three.

But it was nonetheless a place for a person to sit and watch and wait.

Lifting a hand to my chest, I gently began to caress the purple gem imbedded in my chest over the sternum, and knowing that dawn had come and gone, I was beginning to wonder where exactly they all were. Something special must be going on, else wise why are they all so late?

"My... What a pretty young woman you must be." someone said and then cackled, and turning, I saw that same old man hobbling to the edge of his balcony to look upon me. "Strong bones, strong body, and boobies that go out forever!" he cackled as he laughed, and then shoved some false teeth in his mouth.

"Go away... I don't wanna talk."

"I think you do." he said, leaning on his staff. "You're interested in my young lady patron, aren't you? The one they call Xilimyth?"

"Patron?" I asked, turning toward the old man.

"I'd journeyed a long, long way, and at the end of that journey, when I arrived in this town, several ruffians decided that I was worth their ire... Despite that I'm so old and they were so much younger than me and by far much bigger than me as well.

"I had nothing but ragged clothes and no pants or money and she took me in, bathed me, cleaned me, gave me the money from her own pocket and got me a nice pair of pants. He-he." and he showed me a pair of white linen pants. "So I'm protective of the wee beauty, and if you have any problems with her, or start any problems, so help me I'll thump you one good!"

"You look like you would need some help doing..." ***Whack***

I winced from the full thrust of that staff atop my head.

"You were thinking it! You were thinking of hurting mistress Xilimyth." The old man said, wavering on his legs as he twirled his staff around. "I'll thrash you good!"

This time as the staff came down I caught it and held onto it while rubbing my head.

"Calm down you old coot. I'm not here to hurt her; I'm here to help her."

"Help her? Well why didn't you say anything before?! That's completely different." he cackled and I let him replace his staff onto the ground and blinked at him.

"But you're the one who showed me to her in the first place!"

"Did I? I'm sorry... Memory isn't what it used to be."

"Oh never mind. Why don't you go sit down before you hurt..." I began, but there was a sudden crash of a door being knocked off its hinges, but it was coming from the old man's room.

"Eh? What's this now?! Hey! You get out of here!" the old man said and hobbled forward out of sight. "Hey! Stop it! Let go of me! You let go of me right..." but then his words were muffled, and gasping I vaulted easily over the railing and into his room, right as the old man was gagged by a pair of large lions.

"Hey! Now you let him go right now!"

"Stay out of this stupid female... Or..."

"Stupid? I'll show you stupid!" and I stepped back into a fighting stance.

"Take him back to the den, quickly. I'll deal with this one."

And the other lion hitched the old man over his shoulder and dipped out of the room while the other blocked the way, thumping a fist into his hand and cracking all his knuckles and then his neck by bending it from side to side.

"You look like a fine piece of ass. I think I'll mate with you after I show you your place."

My brows knit. True I was a herm, but I still favored my feminine roots, and comments like that just got my haunches up.

"Friend. I'm going to show you what the true definition of being made someone's bitch really means."

I growled... And then I began to change.

Leona was so beautiful.

I'm sure she, like me, never thought that she could look that way, but she cleaned up rather good. Unlike with me, the ladies of the den pulled out all the stops for Leona. They bathed her, anointed her even, rubbed scented oils into her fur, straightened all that fur out and even clipped her fetlocks and excess fur so that it was all trim and of equal length. More oils and salves were rubbed into her skin, and Babasti provided a second elixir of femininity for Leona to drink, and within a matter of minutes, Leona put on a good fifty pounds or so of slimming muscle, trimming muscle and good old-fashioned breast weight, developing a pair of secondaries right there on the spot.

I helped as best as I could, but having always been groomed as a lady and never grooming another, I had little experience in this, but I got to apply a certain degree of makeup to her face, trying extra hard not to screw it up.

Leona was then dressed in the finest panties anyone could find, a bodycloth, and then several layers of fine silks and linens that made her look like a queen. But then she was fitted with a new breast plate that glistened and shone and thankfully still fit her despite her enlarged chest before a great shield and a javelin were placed in her hands.

I went to prepare myself – keeping it simple for my lack of experience in grooming as a female – and then returning to her, I smiled at her visage.

"You're... So beautiful." I managed as she rose to her feet.

Her muscles rippled and bunched with her movements, her arms from the forearms down and her legs from the hip down remaining naked and bare. Though the clothing she wore was beautiful, it was made for females half her size.

"So do you." she smirked. "Though you should be the one who accepts this honor... Not me. It was your efforts that allowed us to have this honor in the first place."

"But I was merely the champion. You are their choice. It was practically a unanimous decision."

"Practically?" she smirked with her red berry-stained lips.

"A few voted for me, and a few others voted for Babasti. We both turned down the nominations. Babasti is the den mother and I... I am a transient at best."

"But you'll still be my lady in waiting?"

"I have to." I smirked. "Blackthorne demanded it."

She laughed and I laughed with her, a genuine laugh between friends. I couldn't remember when my spirits had been so lifted for so long. I felt comfortable with myself, as if I were practically right with the world again.

Practically.

There was still that degree of missing sensation in me that I felt needed to be ironed out... And I had a few guesses as to what some of those things might be.

For one was my Kiri.

But a gong announcing that it was time to gather broke through my thoughts, and looking to Leona... "Time to go." I said and curtsied, and she nodded curtly and strode forward as I took up a position behind her and slightly to her right.

This was the first time I'd ever held such a position of honor. As a Lycan before, I was never given honor at all. When I became a dragon, almost immediately Lord Pseudodrake recognized my speed and agility and asked me to be the messenger. I held that role right up to the day that I shrank again. This position was perhaps the greatest feeling of honor I'd ever held. So why is it that I felt so at ease as a woman and not as a man?

But then Leona strode forward while behind us was an entourage of select females to accompany her, and proudly we walked through the halls of the Den till we at last came to the throne room, wherewith I strode forward and curtsied before Blackthorne, Kael and Lioli, the later of whom smiled warmly at me.

It was strange to accept the favor of a male, but it made me feel good that I could be accounted for satisfying a male and be pleasureable in his sight.

"King Blackthorne." I said quietly and remained curtsied, an act I was getting more and more used to doing now.

"As champion of the den, Xilimyth, you've bested all in this cavern. You state that you have laws that you wish to renounce and make?" Blackthorne stated, and several of the males grumbled and murmured amongst themselves, but there really wasn't anything they could do any longer about it.

"I bring you the selected female who shall hold the position of Queen in the absence of a mate to the king. Hitherto forward, this den shall never be absent of a queen. If the King has no mate, then the eldest daughter shall be queen. If there is no daughter, then the gathered females will select a queen from their own.

"From this day forward, if the king dies and there is no heir, then the queen shall preside over the den. If that queen has a son, then he shall become king. If there is no son, then the males will select one amongst themselves to be king.

"From this day forward, the thrones shall always be two, but always in twain. Marriage is not a requirement for a king or a queen to preside."

"Rubbish." someone said, and I blinked seeing Kael standing forward with his princely circlet.

"I challenge your words, Xilimyth. Look there." and he pointed, and we all looked to a wall of etched words set in obsidian plaques. "Those are the laws. Those are what we know and as my father knows, the law is ultimate, the law cannot be broken and those laws state that only the king presides."

"These laws?" I asked as I rose to face him, annoyance painting my face as I brought myself up haughtily. It was strange at how well I managed that... but then striding forward as well, gesturing to the wall and looking at Kael challengingly in the eye, I repeated myself. "These laws right here?"

"Those laws." he nodded, and smirking at him in my simple makeup, jewelry, hair arrangement and raiment, I strode over to that wall, looked it up and down and read a series of laws that essentially made females second in this den.

"These are nicely thought out laws..." I said aloud.

"Yes, they are absolute, and so the right of your challenge is..."

But I held up a hand and stopped him, and while holding up that hand, I lifted the other, smirking at him as I rolled back the sleeve that covered the arm of that hand, and several of the females oohed and ahed at the muscles that rippled along that arm.

"A law is only as solid so long as it remains unbroken." and turning, hauling my fist back and punching the first obsidian slab, it broke about my fist and cascaded in a shattered mess onto the floor. "A law is only as strong as the material it is written on." I said moving to the next slab, hauled back, and broke that slab as well. "A law is only as strong as those who support it!" and I broke the next. "And we..." and the next, "Do not..." and the next, "Support these laws any longer!" And the final slab.

I paused there, my arm shaking as the fist destroyed the last of the five slabs of law, and I watched briefly as the veins of that arm thickened and I felt them throb before the power that was in me flooded into that arm. Muscles separated, the grooves between them broadening as the arm thickened shortly before every muscle on that arm rapidly began to engorge. The muscles connected to the arm and the muscles connected to those muscles began to thicken in a cascade of growth, beginning at the fist and surging all through me. The clothing I wore tightened as even the tits of this reduced form expanded, and within moment the hooks of the garment I had on came undone, and the whole bodycloth opened up down the chest and under either arm, spreading the fabric across me before I lowered my arm.

"For centuries, the females you call mothers, sisters and daughters have been kind enough not to remind you that at a bare minimum, they outnumber you five to one. Currently we outnumber you eight to one."

"How dare you break our law?" Kael bellowed.

"How dare you support it?" I asked and strode toward them, feeling my arousal rising, feeling the twin labia become flush with blood as the nipples from chest to pelvis all hardened. My confidence was growing, I felt confident... I'd never really totally felt confident, not even when I felt strongly about a thing, not even when I was courting Kirii. I always just dabbled and sloughed along... I felt confident now! My sexual power swelled even more and a tremor of power thrust through me as my bowels engorged with more blood as my feminine erection grew steely inside me and loaded with ejaculate.

This was hot...

"How... What?"

"I challenged all males, and you were among the males who met my challenge. So therefore you were defeated with everyone else. At this moment in time, if I so chose, then King Blackthorne would be required to step down and hand me his crown, so you will remain silent, or else I will banish you right here and now!

"The only person who has any say so in this is Lioli... and seeing how you've treated him in the past, I doubt he'll say anything..."

Kael backed down and his tail went predictably right between his legs for a moment till he saw someone enter the chamber from one side, and he immediately straightened again with a smirk.

"No." he said and drew himself up. "Under the premise that only a member of our pryde can issue challenges, so though you claim our laws are broken, you were never in a place to break those laws so therefore you're now guilty of crimes against the crown! Ha!"

"What in the Creator's Name are you talking about, Kael?" Lioli asked, and Kael turned, strode to his little brother and back handed him.

"Silence runt." he shouted and turned back to me with a snap. "You were the one who started a fight that day with the magistrate, Xilimyth. I have witnesses who were with me that you and the old man who you *'helped'* were conspiring to overthrow our reign."

"Witnesses?" I repeated with the incredulous reasoning this fool was resorting to. "What on earth are you babbling about you raping monster?"

But he gestured and a lion hauled in the old man in whom I helped before he was thrown in beside me, and the old man straightened and rebalanced himself on his staff.

"Oh Xilimyth. It's so nice to see you dear. You must come visit me."

"See! He even admits that he knows her."

"Ah... Yeah. I helped him out when you and several others were picking on him." I said in annoyance.

"These two conspired, from the very beginning, to overthrow the natural order of our den... And..."

"Kael." the voice was calm and steady, but it had enough menace in it to make a person cringe. Even I cringed, and it wasn't even directed at me.

All eyes turned to Blackthorne as he rose from his throne, strode to stand over Kael, who cowered before his venerable father.

"Am I to understand that you are stopping these proceedings because you were defeated by an old man," the old man, in whom I'd taken to referring to as *'old man'* because I didn't know his name yet – stood there teetering on his staff, gumming his lips for lack of teeth – apparently his dentures fell out – smiling at everyone nonetheless. "And a female," and he gestured toward me. "When you had several other warriors with you, and because of that, your mind came to the conclusion that you were defeated because they're in coercion against you?"

"Yes!" Kael shouted back. "I'm accusing them of just that! And look at what that whore has done to our laws! She isn't even a member of the den and..." Kael stopped promptly as Blackthorne lifted a hand, took the circlet from Kael's head and yanked it from his brow. Then lifting his other hand idly, crossing it ponderously over himself, he swung it outward in a lazy backhand that cracked Kael right in the skull turning him fully around twice as it threw him backward and crumpled him to his knees from the ferocity of the blow to the head.

When Kael turned and looked up it was to see his father standing well over him in a furiously glaring rage, and Kael cowered immediately with his tail slinking between his legs again.

"I kept you for my need of a son." Blackthorne growled menacingly. "I was impatient, but had I been a little more patient, then I could've at least have given my throne to Lioli.

"I see that there is nothing of me in you. You are as stupid and as deceitful as your mother. There's not even so much of a mote of honor in you, is there?"

"You're no son of mine."

The room was deftly quiet, and I hear Leona gasp.

"Your mother's name is Woodai." Blackthorne continued. "She resides to the far south upon the horn of Africa where they still worship their false gods. I defeated her in combat to win her as a mate and she came to me for an alliance, bed me and then left, and when she returned, she threw you upon me like the little bastard you are."

"But you aren't my bastard child..." Blackthorne reached down and grabbed Kael by the scruff of the neck and Kael instinctively curled up into a fetal position as Blackthorne held him aloft with one hand, snarling at him as he strode to Leona. Lifting his hand with the circlet, he unceremoniously rested it between her ears amidst all her beautiful raiment.

"Upon the brow of my eldest child does this belong. It was never yours you bastard child of my enemy. I'm done raising you. You are banished from my kingdom. Run... Run you cur, run to your mother with your tail between your legs and tell her if she's still alive that you are both my enemy. Should I see either of you again... I'll kill you outright without so much as even a second thought."

And with an equally lazy swing as the one that had knocked Kael to the ground, Blackthorne thrust Kael into the arms of two burly armored guards, who immediately held him fast.

"Escort him to the edge of town, and if he so much as even turns to look over his shoulder at the town... Kill him."

"Aye, my lord!" The guards said.

"F-father... Father!" Kael cried, tears in his eyes as he was hauled howling away from our midst.

Blackthorne stood so tense that one could hear the tendons in his jaw and fists groaning before he whirled on his heel, strode to his throne, and sat promptly down before us all.

"Daughter... Per your champion's words, you are now the queen... I bestow upon you that title, as well as the task to rewrite our laws using the wisdom of the pryde."

Leona hurried forward and curtsied low before her father.

"Your will is mine... Father."

"No." he said and palmed his forehead with the fingers of one hand while closing his eyes wearily. He looked like he was in anguish. "Your will is your own, and of the females of this pryde, per your champion's law." And Blackthorne fell silent; residing there resided there with his head bowed and hand to his head, weary from the pressure of a crown he didn't even wear presently before he gestured with his free hand over the arm rest of his throne. "Lioli..." he said quietly then, and Lioli, surprised that he was being addressed, snapped to and took a position beside his older sister.

"Yes my lord." he bowed low.

"You are now the heir to my throne. I acknowledge your birthright as my son and grant you the title of prince. I task you to help your sister rewrite our laws."

"Now all of you... Everyone... Leave me." I wish to be alone."

Leona was in her chambers within the female's portion of the den. She shared a room with two other roommates, both of whom were prominent members of the coven of females here.

For now she was alone, folding her clothes and placing them into a single trunk. The one trunk was all that she owned, it possessed all her things from undergarments to finery to field clothes and pieces of armor and weapons she'd earned. It also contained what little personal effects like gems and jewelry that she owned. Though the ladies were very much for giving Leona their finery to make her look like their queen, Leona refused it.

When I entered, she was standing in a much less decorative state, with all the hairpins and hair stays and necklaces and earrings and such having been returned to their owners, but what was more was that she was practically nude.

Only the barest triangular patch of blue linen that was held on by slender spaghetti string chords covered her sex and kept her totally naked. This in turn revealed her breasts which, though not as rounded or as full as many females, were nonetheless tight and firm and wobbled just enough.

I felt that miniscule male side that remained in me finding pleasure in this sight. It allowed me to become aroused at the sight of her.

"Xilimyth... I didn't hear you come in." she said suddenly, and my eyes rose from her chest to her face and I forced a smile.

"I get that. Often times people don't even know that I've ever been around."

"I don't see how that can be." Leona said, and stretched her arms behind her head. My mouth watered for the desire to suck from her nipples and lick those ripened melon-sized breasts, and I folded both hands together to keep them from twitching in my desire to fondle her. "From the moment you've been here, your very presence draws people to you, turning everything topsy-turvy and upside down to the point where I feel like I'm breathless and standing on my head.

"This den has progressed over eons of missed progress thanks to you. One would question your motives, but then you just turn a crown that you won over to someone else. Me.

"So I want to know: Why?"

"I cannot abide by males mistreating females, especially when I'm one of them." I said quietly. "I've never abided by such mistreatment... not even... well... before..." I didn't say any more about that and Leona didn't ask. "If I were able to improve the world here for myself, I needed to also help improve it for others or else I'd be called a hypocrite."

"I'm so glad that you're doing well though." Leona commented. "And you speak all the time as if you're leaving the next day. I'll be sorry to see you go when you finally do. I've been quite fond of you over these past few days."

"And I'm fond of you." I managed, saying it truthfully, but fidgeted.

She was so beautiful, so strong, so sexually appealing, her body so grand. I wanted to lie against her and feel her embracing me. There were many women here in whom I wanted that with, but since I'd learned

that Babasti was Lioli's mother, Leona very quickly replaced even her at the top of my list with the women in whom I'd wanted that with. And so it was that I approached her as she closed the lid of her trunk and palmed the top of it, me stopping just short of her.

"I've had Kael's room cleaned. Everything that could be sold would be sold and replaced to the den's coffers. The rest I've ordered burned and the inside of the room scoured. Tonight is my last night here. No one to cuddle with, no one to snuggle with, no one to embrace late at night."

"You cuddle with other females?" I asked hopefully.

"Sure." she blushed. "The males take all the furs and the blankets and give us the leftovers or what's been overly used.

"It's like this in nearly every pride governed by lions. The males lay about doing nothing but eat and sleep and fight with each other, while the females do all the work and the hunting and the gathering for the whole pride.

"I always resented it."

"My pride was like that too." I said, watching her as she went to go sit in a bundle of furs and blankets that were her bed before she removed a brush with metal bristles and began trying to untangle her mane. "The lions always bullied me because I was a cheetah... And... I was a bit out of sorts. I was an orphan... I have no idea who my mother or my father were and my human form was white instead of tan, brown or black."

"Mainly tan, brown or black? There aren't very many prides like that around anymore. How old are you exactly?"

"A girl never tells." I smirked, using that age old reason not to tell my age because I was female now. It'd keep her from showing more reverence to me should she learn how old I really was.

But thinking for a moment, I stepped over to her, and touching her hands, took the brush from her and took to brushing her mane for her. It was then that I dared to lie a hand upon her back and feel exactly how strong she was. I gave a shiver as I took the brush to her mane then. She was so powerful, so strong... I'd always been attracted to strength being that I'd never really had much of it myself... that's why it was so erotic to me when I gained it myself.

"But they picked on me," I continued. "Till the day of my spirit quest." I finished.

"What happened?"

"I ran away. I guess... I've constantly been running away. I made my own home, my own place... But they never felt right. I always felt out of place with no purpose. Till recently.

"This is the first time that I'd ever felt so needed or useful."

"I'm glad... Ohh... Don't stop. You got that knot perfectly."

I blinked, wondering what she was talking about, and I thought it was because I was brushing her hair, but then I realized that I'd begun massaging her back with my free hand, working a knot of muscle with my thumb. Pausing then and putting the brush down, I then used both hands and began a massage instead... Kneading her back cat-like, like the ones Kirii liked me to do to her. And I continued like that, moving up onto her neck and jowls, my body tensing and nipples erecting. I wanted... I wanted... What did I even want?! What do I want?

"Xilimyth..." she asked quietly, turning to look over her shoulder at me, "I'd like to offer you a place to stay. They're calling you a heroine now, or at least they are here amongst the other women. You'll go down in our legends for sure. You have universal support from all the females and I don't know how you've grown so much in only a few days, but I think you're even stronger than me.

"I can offer you a room, money if you need it... Even a title. I need a lady in waiting after all."

"I'll think about it. I honestly will. But..."

"But?"

I sighed, and continued working upon her neck and shoulders.

"But... Oh I don't know. There's so much I want to tell you but am under vow that I can't. If I forget about my past, then it's bound to come back and haunt me." I sat down promptly beside her, and crossed my arms and legs in a pout. "Past, Present, Future... They all seem to matter for me. At times I wish I could be selfish."

"Not being selfish when you want to be makes you a good person. I see in you someone who's kind, and generous, and loving... It's said that those who do service have the greatest love there is. To thoughtlessly give of yourself even to pure strangers is the greatest love there is. No one can fault you for being selfish from time to time."

And then I found myself swooning, and without realizing it, Leona had begun to return the massage to me.

"You're wound up so tight that I'm sure we can crush coal into diamonds in between your butt cheeks Xilimyth." Leona giggled, and slid beside me, getting me to lean forward and really began to show me what a massage was like... Using her claw tips to poke acupuncture points and her finger tips for pressure points to relieve stress.

Shortly, I was purring emphatically, relaxing easily and laying back with both arms above my head.

"You're so easy to release your purr. I don't think I could do that to save my life. You must be a very affectionate creature."

"Does it show that well?" I murred pressing my thighs together, feeling my sex bulging hotly as my arousal grew.

"It shows." she said, her fingers sliding up and down my belly and sides now, she dragging and pressing her hands as they went. "This chamber is my home, Xilimyth, at least till I move into my new chambers." she said then. "If you'd like to disrobe like the other females then you can do it, there're no males about where you need to be shy about your womanhood."

"Is that an invitation to take my clothes off?" I asked, straightening and she automatically made massaging motions with her hands about my neck and throat as if she were wringing it, but this felt so good though.

"If you'd like." she murred in return, and I sighed before lifting a hand to the clasps of the bodycloth I wore, before pulling it open and casting it aside, letting her hands probe wherever she wanted to go with them.

Ohh... I felt so aroused at the moment. I hadn't felt this way for awhile about another female.

"Why don't you let me do this properly." she said. "I have some massaging oils and lotions that would make your fur look so soft and lovely. I don't use it much... never anyone to do it to me."

"Sounds good." I mentioned and she rose, stepped powerfully to her trunk and I laid there, admiring her tail and her bottom as she bent over and even lifted that tail as she rummaged around a little in the trunk to remove a pair of stoppered bottles.

Returning I then got to view her breasts bounce and wobble, their nipples firm and erect, dark skinned I saw, and I smiled at them as she settled in beside me once she'd returned, and unstoppering the first bottle she washed the oils from it onto her hands.

"Lie down on your front." she said and I did, folding both arms about my breasts and using both primaries as a pair of pillows. "I'm going to do everything, so can I take these off?" and she tugged on a chord of the panties I wore.

"Be my guest." I managed, looking at her over one shoulder through one eye.

And she tugged on the thong panties and pulled them off me just before she continued the massage.

I'd never felt more relaxed, never felt so soothed, or at least I couldn't remember the last time I'd felt this way. Perhaps it was more of that feminine mind I was developing, but there was a certain relaxing measure of being pampered like this. Perhaps that was why females, though we generally outnumbered males in the world, always allowed ourselves to be cared for instead of being the dominant gender of the various species through the world. Despite our weakness, despite our usually smaller stature, we still nonetheless outnumbered males in the world. We could take over the world if we were so inclined...

Heh... we could take over the world. I cooed and murred softly and purred louder as her hands moved about me. I even counted myself amongst their gender now. But let the males control everything... it appeared to be that that was how the creator of all things designed it to be according to various scripture. Besides... as a female, I now had the better of many worlds, and now it was my turn to be looked after and protected and cared for and loved... instead of having to be the one providing those services for whomever I meant because I was a gentleman. When one found someone to be with, and that someone was willing to pamper you, then why not be babied and soothed and caressed and cared for?

I cooed again as Leona's hands worked lower and lower, and I murred particularly deeply when she got to my firm backside, massaging both cheeks before she moved down the backs of both legs and right down to the soles of my feet.

"Now turn over." Leona said suddenly, breaking into my thoughts that were growing stupid from the elation and were waning toward daydreams that were growing increasingly erotic.

Opening my eyes, I hesitated for just a moment as I considered what it'd mean for me to turn over for her, to bare my bodice to her hands. She'd just worked through a heating oil and then a cooling oil, which left my skin tingling and prickly, and now she was done with all that and process dictated that she'd need to work on my front. Should I turn over? Should I allow her to see and even touch all the feminine glory I'd developed, show my nudity to another female? I wanted her to be impressed, and... I wanted her to touch me. So turning, I laid down on my back, hands above my head and looked to her, saw her smiling at me. I was afraid, I even trembled a little, wondering what she might do and likewise wanting her to do those things to me even as she laid her hands on me again and continued the massage while I watched her hands caressing, massaging and soothing me.

And then I heard a rumbling sound, like an idling combustion diesel engine, and looking up at her, seeing her thick, heavy breasts wobbling with her motions, I realized what it was she was doing.

"You're purring." I smiled.

Leona blinked and then gave a start, the rumbling stopping, and feeling her throat she had a few false starts and then started it up again louder than ever.

"Heh... No wonder I can never get it out. It sounds like a male's."

"It sounds powerful." I corrected, and stretching before her, both legs fanning open, it appeared inviting, and I didn't make the effort to stop doing what I was doing. She didn't ask me to stop either.

And then her hands lowered again to my body and it came to the point where she had to caress and massage my breasts. My purring grew louder, and then looking at her through heavy-lidded eyes, I saw, quietly, all for a moment, that she was admiring my tit beneath her hand. She massaged and felt it, gathering it up and pulling it all together in her hand slowly toward the tit, and then caressed the areola and felt the firmness of the nipple.

With both of us purring together, both of us admiring one another, me feeling vulnerable and placating, I took a deep breath and addressed her.

"Leona?" I managed, feeling my arousal rising to an intense erection of clit and nipples, and a bulging of breasts and labia.

"Hm?" she managed, and looked to me smiling while she continued playing with my tit.

"Why is it that a female as mature as you are doesn't have a mate?" I ventured.

That caught her off guard, and her purring stopped immediately.

"Well... I-I don't like to become the subject of another, and all the monies that father had been giving me would go to be the dowry of my new husband and I couldn't use it to help the other females anymore. And... And males are all so crass and dirty and... And abusive..."

"Besides... I don't need a mate... I don't even want one. Because... Because..." she bit her lower lip and embraced herself.

"Because... You like girls." I managed at last, and her eyes snapped toward me. She was panicking now. "You like the feel of their breasts against you, their warm, nurturing bodies, and the fact that none of them are willing to abuse you simply because of your gender. They don't talk down to you, they don't belittle you... instead they bare their bodies and their minds openly to you. You can be vulnerable with them and not fear reprisal or weakness."

She closed her eyes and nodded, and righting myself, I crawled forward, settled upon her lap, and then kissed the brow of her nose. Then opening her arms and planting my chest over hers, I folded her to my breasts and got her to hold me by lifting one of her arms after the other to my body before I embraced her.

"Yes... Just like that." She said quietly. "The beating of a woman's heart, the press of her breasts, the tightness of her body, and the love she exudes. She'll never hit me or yell at me or..." Leona sniffed, and then looking up at me, she cradled me, laying me in her bedding and palmed my face.

"You're a beautiful creature, Xilimyth. I've admired you, your strength and power ever since you arrived. I want to make love to you." and she lowered herself, her breasts and my breasts pressing against each other, and she kissed me right on the lips.

I am Kirii, formerly Kirii La'Fond, but Dragons don't have surnames... Only clan names, and since Xili and I didn't have a clan of our own we'd need to come up with a new clan name sometime.

If I ever found him.

The town of Holt was a hard place to find. I must've circled at least a dozen times before I finally just gave up, loaded up the protocols for my cyber modem, connected to the GPS function in the Halo Space Station and then looked up my position and linked it with the coordinates of Holt. Soon, in the rising morning light, I was approaching a little way station built on a single main strip of road that wasn't even paved that was a way point for fuel, food, clothing and a place to stay between two towns.

And so I landed, and immediately began wringing my hands together as I stared at the dot of the way station for more than ten miles away.

I was nervous... I was upset. What if he didn't love me anymore? What if he didn't want to see me and I was just making things worse. What if, what if, what if.

And I mulled that over in my mind for only God knows for how long, wondering whether or not I should.

Her lips were full and delicious from the berry stain that was still on them, the pair full of hungry and desirous passion as she straddled my lap broadly, rubbing her sex against my navel as our breasts pressed against each other, sliding from side to side, and I dared to cradle her bottom, cupping it and fingering her sex as I was getting exactly what I was told to look for, to make love to another woman.

And then like a cascading series of waves crashing in on me, even as Leona vied for the scissors maneuver so that we could rub pussies against each other, a thought entered into my mind and pounded its way to the forefront of everything.

Kirii.

And I found myself pushing Leona away abruptly, gasping for air.

"I can't." I sobbed, cupping my sex and panting for air. "Leona I can't do this." I said and found myself breaking out into tears.

She swallowed, tears in her eyes too, and I realized what was going on in her mind. I was rejecting her too, and surging to her, I embraced her tightly to my chest, kissing her head. "N-no... no... don't cry. I am *not* rejecting you." I said quickly, rubbing her back and holding her tightly to me.

"B-but why...?" she croaked, and I felt her shiver as she tried holding back the sobs.

"I had a mate... Have... Had... No I have a mate. No matter what I've been told, I still have a mate. It didn't feel right before and it feels wrong now. I cannot defile her memory... Not again."

"B-but don't you love me?" she asked, raising her head, looking so vulnerable, and bending forward I kissed her softly on the lips to remove any doubt in her mind.

"Yes... Oh god yes, Leona." I said immediately and leaned my head against hers. "I've not had very many friends... I've not had any come to think of it. You're the first person that I can call a friend... Ever.

"But I also have a lover..."

"My brother?" she asked then angrily and bushed me away, trembling deeply as her tears became angry tears.

"No... Before even him." I admitted with a sigh and turned away from Leona as she calmed a little at my admittance; I folded both hands together and sat tight and tense beside her. "... I have a past that is very complicated Leona. When I came here I was reborn again, and I was told that my past no longer matters, that I'm new, but my past still does matter, I can't stop thinking about my mate. I compare everyone to... To that person."

I almost said *'her'* but I didn't want Leona to think that I was rejecting her for another female. I wanted her to know that I was rejecting her because of eternal vows to another. Eternal meant eternal, and now I had some sins to remiss for going to Lioli's bed. Male, female, whatever I was, I still had the same soul. Then looking to Leona, I took her hands and held them with both my own, kissing her fingers before sliding in close beside her.

"I cannot give this body to you, Leona. I shouldn't have given it to your brother, and I know that it's unfair for me to think of this now and not then, but I can't... I just can't do it again. No matter..." I looked her straight in the eye, and bending forward kissed her lips again, passionately this time though. "No matter... How much I really, really want to."

She pulled back and stared at me.

"W-why doesn't anyone love me?" she croaked, tears wetting the fur beneath her eyes again, and then she broke from me and clenched her fingers into her belly fur. "I feel empty, I need something inside me that no amounts of food or drink can sate." she turned to me and pressed against my body, holding onto me and rubbing her head against my ribs as she did. "What am I missing, what do I want?" she sobbed as I leaned back and stroked her body. "Everything I try to relieve it just makes it worse." she rose. "Why?! Why does it hurt so badly?"

And I stared at her. As strange as it was... I knew the answer.

"Come with me." I said, and I grabbed her hand and hauled her to her feet. Opening her trunk, I removed a shirt and tossed it to her, and she pulled it on as I claimed the discarded bodycloth I'd been wearing earlier again and held it tightly in one hand. Once she was dressed, I took her hand and she blindly followed me. Then going into the room I was sharing with Babasti, she looked up at me briefly before I took up a shirt for myself and put it on as well.

It was rather snug. I needed new clothes.

"Is everything all right?" Babasti asked, and I shot her a quick look of anger, before I forced myself to calm.

"Yes... Yes everything is all right." I said with a sigh and rubbed my temples. "Just a bit of a crisis with our queen."

"Crisis... What..."

But I took Leona by the hand and led her out of the alcove, out of the women's quarters and surged through the den, feeling a new feminine power striving inside me... Sheer feminine determination. And I moved through the den, pulling Leona along with me, looking left and right... Feeling my way around... Till I came to the warrior's ward, a place where only the guards and the warriors of the Den were allowed. Not even kings bore the right to be here lest they themselves were a warrior... but since Leona and I were warriors we could obviously enter.

I strived through the various barracks like alcoves, till I found one that felt right. I could feel my magics returning, and there was a certain synergy that can be felt and matched between two people.

"Queen Leona... Lady Xilimyth... this is... unexpected. I..." the young lion began as he rose to his feet and fell silent as I held up a hand.

He was a gentleman... Perfect.

"What are your feelings toward females?" I asked him then, leaving Leona as I strode toward him, hands on widened hips. "And be sure to tell the truth. I'll know differently if you're lying."

"I... I like females." he said.

"And what else?" I asked walking about him, looking him from head to toe and even smacking his butt to see how tight it was.

I was looking at a guy, looking for traits I wanted, looking for body shape and form, toughness, but most especially, using a phenomenally growing empathy... a feminine power I was gaining and was being magically enhanced in this time of need, I weighed his heart and his mind.

"I don't know what you're seeking, Lady Xilimyth." he said and looked to me after I'd walked around his back.

"What are your feelings toward Leona then?" I asked, and he turned to Leona, and the smile that was on his face was apparent, and I saw the unmistakable spasm in his pants that said he found her sexually appealing. "Ok... That'll do." I said even as he opened his mouth, and both he and she looked to me in surprise and confusion. "Now disrobe."

"What?!" the male and Leona said as one.

"Get naked. Chop-chop!" I said clapping my hands while other lions watched this debacle in pure awe at my audacity. "We don't have all day you know." and the male paused. "Oh come now... Go ahead, it's not like we haven't seen one before."

"I... d-dare say I shouldn't in front of ladies." he said, before Leona grabbed me by the arm and pulled me to one side.

"What are you doing?" she hissed, sounding mortified.

"Helping." I smirked, and then slipped from her grip before facing the warrior. "Strip." and I pointed at the floor, and looking between us, it was nonetheless a command from those in authority, and he did strip, and the effect was exactly what I wanted to happen on Leona.

Her lips pursed together, her eyes dilated, and her nipples erected as she saw the hog attached to this lion's pelvis. Perfect.

"Warrior, what is your name?"

"D-Daniel ma'am." he stammered.

"Daniel... This is your queen, Leona. Leona, this is Daniel."

"Xilimyth... What are you doing?!" she shouted at me openly now, gritting the words through her teeth.

I moved in close to her, and before she could stop me, I pulled on the strings to her panties and they flipped open before she immediately tried to hide herself from the warriors while using me as a shield, grinning nervously before this warrior while palming a hand to her sex to cover it.

"I know... What you're feeling, Leona." I said to her then. "I know exactly what you're feeling. Your mild hatred for the world, or a part of the world in your case, where you've learned to hate that which has refused to love you back, so you seek for those who'll love you, and again, in your case, you've found that with your own gender up until now."

"What are you talking about?" she bit off, and tried to stop me as I tried taking her shirt off, and the male lions started applauding in hopes that they were going to get a porn show right in front of them.

"Ten minutes ago, or do you not remember that?" I asked her, and she stopped struggling abruptly, long enough for me to tear that shirt off her.

"You're an older, mature female, Leona, so mature that you've reached and nigh passed the period in which your body tells you to conceive a child."

"C-conceive?"

"Or at least attempt to conceive." I finished, and while she was dumbly focusing on that thought, gripping her belly. "It's the biological clock. It tells us things that we need to obey, and in its desperation to find those things it will accept it from wherever it can, even if that place is from a source that cannot fulfill it. But seeking a female who cannot give you what you want, Leona, will only aggravate and anger you more. You will become cold inside, harsh... And in so many words, a bitch. You owe it to your den to take a mate."

"A-a mate?" she and Daniel said at once.

"Only if she likes you." I smirked and winked over my shoulder at Daniel before hefting one of Leona's tits into view for him to see and she immediately slapped my hand to drop it, so I promptly side-stepped to leave her uncovered.

This time his eyes dilated, his lips pursed, and ever so slowly that phallus of his telescoped outward into the open air.

"And he likes you... This is perfect."

"Xilimyth! This... This is an outrage!" Leona whimpered, but then I took her hand and Daniel's hand and with strength that even in this reduced form was greater than the pair of them combined, I sandwiched them together.

"This... is a thick, juicy, manwhich." I said as the two of them suddenly paused. "He's a guy who cannot believe what is happening to him, you're a girl who cannot believe a friend is doing this to her. But regardless, right now, you're feeling his hard, long phallus erecting between your legs as he get's used to the sensation of your body, the feeling of your breasts and the softness of your fur and flesh over a strong, powerful feminine body.

"He cannot believe that out of the blue, in his arms, is the perfect female specimen... He simply was never brave enough to so much as to entertain this sort of an event. He never thought that the crux between your thighs is now housing his throbbing member."

"H-how does she know my thoughts my queen?" Daniel asked, and I could smell the passions that were already rising between them as I rubbed their backs. Daniel was puffing his chest out, Leona was arching her back and lifting her tail, and she giggled like a school girl.

But it was true, I did know his thoughts. I was picking up on them; or the strongest of them anyways, and wasn't even realizing it. Some of my old draconic powers were returning to me, and driving my mind forward, I tried to delve deeper, develop the power, and this time shifted it to another.

"The same way I know that your queen is ready. She's been seeking for a male like you for a long, long time. Denied affections from her father, never knowing her mother, never finding affections with any other male, she turned to females for affections only to be spurned again. She's afraid that you'll spurn her as well. But you're not going to are you?"

"H-he's not?" Leona gasped, and turned to look at me.

"No he's not... Not if you let him. Right now your labia are clenching, your nipples erecting and you're creaming decidedly now, dripping nectar onto his erecting phallus as your clitoris throbs between your legs."

"Oh Great Maker, yes." Leona murred, and her purr lanced from her with all its great thunderous wrath, like the rolling peal of a storm as lightning bolt after lightning bolt struck the earth.

"She will bear a daughter and then a son, Daniel. You are nearly forty, and have never known the pleasure of a female have you?"

"No." he breathed.

"Leona, you're over thirty, your loins ache, your womb churns and you seek a child. You want a child... But most of all you want a big, throbbing, huge penetrating erect penis to pierce you so deep that you gurgle and croak from it choking you."

Leona leaned forward, biting her lower lip, and she shivered with her first micro orgasm, clawing at Daniel's chest with both hands as the two of them took to staring into each other's dilating eyes. She merely nodded.

"Like I said... Perfect. Now the two of you... Don't come out of this room till both of you have drank your fill."

And turning I slid through the curtain before the door and stood before it. There was some shuffling, and then a rustling and I smiled as I began to hear the male groans and the feminine panting of copulation.

I eyed then with a fierce look at the males who were trying to sneak close, and seeing my angry gaze they all promptly dispersed. I was half way down the hall before Leona's first orgasmic cry echoed through the halls of the Den.

I am Iridium, Outer Circle Dragoness and Guardian of the New York, America Millennium Tree.

I taught that young kitten all right, taught him good. Not only did I defeat him in combat, but I shaved him with my magic to make him look like a poodle, put him in a diaper, a little dress and a nook, and then hit him in the face a couple times with my penis before sending him on his way.

People would consider him mad if he ever talked about what'd happened, but being distracted in exacting punishment on those who really, really deserved it, I changed back to being totally female, loosing several hundred pounds in the process and a couple feet of height before straightening my clothes and went looking for the old man and Xilimyth.

Lycan always hid themselves well. Often times their secrets were so well hidden that they were out in plain sight! Thanks to the Genesplacers and their science modifying humans, a Lycan could even walk around in their hybrid forms and everyone would just think them a spliced up human. Science gave them more freedom than they ever dared to have in thousands of years.

As for their dens...

There were a multitude of Lycans who served me... Though my Lycans were cute and fluffy and highly kinky bunny rabbits. Yeah, you heard right, were rabbits. Big, white and bouncy most of them... With an emphasis on big.

They were just as muscular as any other Lycan... Not as large, mind you, as say a lion, a wolf or a tiger, but man did they have incredible lower body strength. They had a sort of Muai Tai kick boxing sport that makes even me, a dragon, wince at the blows a combat art that made them a match for other Lycan with teeth and claws. But their way of hiding was quite ingenious, even despite that it was in the middle of Central Park.

They made holes that were only just big enough for a rabbit to crawl through which thusly went for hundreds of yards before opening up into Lycan-sized tunnels and passageways.

The only human-sized passageway was a secret access tunnel in the park, and in the core of their rabbit hole was my tree. The youngest of all the trees, it was still quite safe and sound and it would be eons before it was strong enough to so much as break through the roof of the park and escape out into the open air.

Yes... Lycan were rather clever when it came to hiding. But then how would a lion hide their den from view? There were many lions and other werewolves here... I could smell them, passed by some as I entered the street, and though I heard the name Xilimyth whispered on more than one tongue I thought that it would be bad for me to ask about her right now. So it was time to use this wolfess nose I still had, and track down the entrance to their den.

I'd wandered for a bit, satisfied that I'd done my duty to a friend. Occasionally, roars of pleasure could be heard throughout the whole den. It was nothing new... Lions were generally rather vocal creatures, especially during sex. But as I passed the halls and chambers in the center of the Den, I felt a hand take mine, and pausing to see who it was, I gaped at the old man sitting there.

"Oh sweet lady Xilimyth. I'm so glad you came. I've been resting here since they dismissed us all, and no one has bothered helping me out of this place. I'm afraid I don't know how to get out."

"Aww... Let me help you." I said, and reaching down, pulled him to his feet.

It was strange on how much smaller he appeared to me now.

"Thank you, thank you. If not for the kindness of strangers, I would've been long dead and forgotten by now." he said and hobbled along, walking his gnarled staff. "You're so kind, giving me money from your own pocket, feeding me, clothing me, housing me... Such kindness will be rewarded, I assure you."

"Hm. To leave a right undone is to cause evil." I said quietly.

"That's a good saying. Who taught you that?"

"An old friend. Goes by the name of Pseudo."

"False? His name is False? What a strange person..." the old man said and I chuckled.

"His full name is Pseudodrake."

"So... A drake is a false dragon. So his name literally means false, false dragon, two negatives cancel each other out... so he's really a dragon? You know a dragon?"

"Sort of." I smirked, and then I looked at him. He was wearing the pants I bought him, but he was also still wearing that ragged cloak of his.

"Are you attached to this cloak?" I asked him, tugging on the ragged thing.

"Nope... Comes right off me."

"I mean, is there some sort of sentimental value to it?" I chuckled.

"Other than keeping me from getting third degree burns from the sun crossing the savannah, not at all."

"Good... I should've done something about this before now, but we need to get you into some nice clean clothes. Let's go to the general store... I'm certain that we can find something that fits you."

"Honey... I'm an old man... I'm so thin I could put on children's clothes and they'd fit me..."

I'm Kirii...

While I mulled over everything, whether or not to go, I got a ping in my head, and the heads up display suddenly appeared before my vision detailing that transactions were being made on the bank account I'd been searching for. Though I don't remember setting this brain computer thing to keep track of that, it was nonetheless doing it.

It was a purchase, it was being made from the outpost there at Holt, but when a list of the things that were being purchased were listed on the electronic receipt I immediately blanched.

White linen shirt? Desert Poncho? Ok... Those aren't too bad of things to... Women's XXXL expanding bathing suit?! I gasped, and then saw more items being relayed to the bank account. Women's XXXL pleated skirt? Women's XXXL sport's bra?

Tears of anger and frustration were rising up in my eyes as I saw those things for a woman come through. *He's found someone else? I thought. How could he? How dare he?! I'm carrying his babies!!*

I was so angry that I forgot to fly; I simply hurried toward the town of Holt.

My new clothes made me feel sexy. The swimsuit could expand several times its previous size and made me feel sexy with its high hipline and thong back, and adding a pleated skirt and a shirt over that only

enhanced those feelings of sexiness till I felt nigh erotic! And I found... That just feeling a certain way increased my femininity. It made me stronger, and more beautiful and sexier just because I thought that I was, and I remarked on that as I picked a ball of lint off the old man's new linen shirt that rested on him like a baggy tent before I put the new desert poncho over that and he really looked like he was wearing a tent.

"Here you go old man. Inside a nice inn... And don't forget... Go ahead and turn on the air conditioner... I can pay for it. Eat whatever you like.

"Oh you're so kind... So... So kind." the old man said and his hands that were crooked with arthritis took a hand of mine and he kissed it tenderly. "You must have someone special to go to... Please, stop bothering with this wrinkled old man."

"I... I do have someone." I smiled and even blushed at the thought of Kirii as I palmed his shoulders with either hand. "But I can't go back just yet... Though it pains me to say that."

"There's love in your eye... I can tell. And if that person loves you back, whatever reason that you are thinking that keeps you from that person, I can promise you that they'll understand." he chuckled, showing me his gummed teeth, and seeing that missing grin, I reached into my skirt pocket and removed several large credit notes.

"Here... Get yourself some new dentures, old man. Go enjoy yourself a nice, warm steak." Get something solid in your belly. Now get... It's getting hotter every second."

"That's cause you're here, lassie." he said, and squealed and wheezed with laughter as he turned and stepped into the inn, right when I heard someone call my name."

"Xilimyth?!" and I turned and stopped.

"L-lady Iridium? Ah... I mean... No... How would I know... Ah... Oh damn it."

"Great Maker... It is you." she looked me from head to toe. "Oh wow..."

"Y-you like this?"

"Oh you bet I do." she murred, and then blinked and shook her head. "No! That can wait." she grabbed my arm, she of equal height as me, which was strange cause she was always taller than I was, but she was much, much stronger than me still, and she easily pulled me into an alleyway away from the people of the town.

"Everyone's been looking for you." she said.

"E-everyone?" I repeated and hugged myself, which hefted my breasts, which made Iridium stare at them for a moment before shaking her head again to clear it of naughty thoughts.

"Yes everyone."

"How did you find me then? It's not like this place is on any map aside from local paper ones."

"You made a cash withdrawal..." Iridium said and stared at me, and it rapidly dawned on me how she found me.

"Oh..." I said slowly and bit my lower lip, thinking. "If Aysyx knows, then everyone knows then..." I said woefully.

"Not everyone..." she admitted and fidgeted with her fingers.

"Kirii?" I asked and Iridium nodded.

"I didn't quite believe this when I heard about it, Lady Eve has been looking for a cure but her brood has her sleeping more as they go into the final quarter of her pregnancy."

"A c-cure. But..." I thought for a moment.

I'd nearly said *'I don't want a cure.'* But then I thought about Kirii and our babies and... How would our babies look at me when we told them that I was the father? That sort of gender confusion wasn't the right sort of thing to do to a kid.

"She's no closer to finding one than when this all started, Xilimyth." Iridium said.

"Why are you here then?" I asked.

"To lend you my bone..."

I blinked, knowing that she was really a shi, she literally had a bone that she could bury inside me. "Excuse me?" I asked staring at her, looking her up and down, wondering how she packed that thing away.

"I mean... To lend you my help!" she said quickly. "Oh damn it I need such a lay... And you're so hot."

"I-I am?" the statement flabbergasted me

"Yes!" she gasped, looking at me like a wild woman, and we both heard a groaning noise and looking down at her crotch, we saw the bulge of hir penis that must be tucked away inside her erecting slightly to bulge out the front of hir pants. "Oh damn it. Stupid thing has a mind of it's own." and shi concentrated hard and pushed it back inside himself to make herself look like a female again. "No... I want to help you Like this..." she said, and pulling me deeper into the alleyway and away from sight, she lifted her shirt and suddenly my mouth was watering from the sight of those two massive tits disgorging out into the air, and suddenly I was becoming aroused again as I stupidly lifted both hands to palm her breasts but stopped short of them.

"Ah... I..." I said, my hands twitching in my desire to place them upon her breasts, but then I noticed she was pulling her breasts apart to show off the heart stone that was there.

"I... I was... Saving this... For someone special!" she moaned, seemingly in erotic ecstasy.

She definitely looked it as I heard the grinding noises of her nipples hardening with the sound of dry reeds being wrung, and she arched herself deeply, pressing her thighs together as the crotch of her shorts bulged outward again. I didn't understand what was happening till I saw her chest billowing outward at the point of the sternum, and that crystal of her heart stone in her chest thickened steadily till something billowed outward into existence. I stared as a purple light shown from within her, and I heard the sound of a heart beating, beating loudly, heard the twin hearts within her voluminous chest beating in tune with each other just before that great purple gem grew outward from inside her. She bit her lower lip and whimpered, tensing her chest muscles like she was pushing it out of her, till at long last an elongated white crystal telescoped from inside the collected purple crystal in her chest.

"T-take it. Quickly before it falls." She gasped and whimpered again.

Not knowing what else to do, I stupidly took hold of the crystal and gasped, feeling the crystal connect with me, the gem turning immediately a lucid, sapphire blue, and I pulled it from her with some resistance before she gasped as it dislodged from her chest with a crystalline chink.

I felt like I'd just witnessed a birth, and I was holding a part of her in my hands. What I just witnessed was perhaps the most unique experience I'd ever seen, and it was even more spectacular as all that jagged, rough hewn crystal that had disgorged like an opening crystalline vagina was pulled inside her again. Iridium collapsed immediately to her knees, her heavy breasts bouncing and wobbling as she unzipped her shorts and slid a hand down her navel, into her panties and caressed herself. I could see the tip of her penis poking out from inside her, her vaginal mound spread open for the girth of its head poking out of her before she pushed it back inside with her fingers.

"W-what did you just do?" I breathed, and then yelped as the crystal almost slipped from my fingers as it grew smaller and smaller right in my hands.

"T-that... Is my seed." she smirked as she resecured her panties and zipped her shorts back up. "It's yours now. Even if you throw it away, it'll always be there, giving you its strength."

"A seed? A Dragon Seed?! Iridium... You can make these?"

"Yes... And I cannot make another for another decade..." she panted with a smile. "I've held that one inside me for a good long time."

The seed was now a tiny crystal no bigger than my thumb, and while I stared at the impossibility of it, of someone as young as Iridium making one when I couldn't even make one when I was still a dragon. I stood there staring at her with the crystal in my palm, watching as Iridium folded her shirt down over her breasts, stuffing one tit and then the other into the inside and settling the ignoble pair of mammaries within the garment once both were inside. She rose then, and gesturing, created complex minerals from the air and ground and buildings around us, and soon a gleaming chain and a catcher that held the seed dangled within my hand before she folded both of hers around the crystal.

"W-what does this mean?" I asked. "By taking this... I'm considered... Family? Like you're my mother?"

"Whether this is mother and daughter, sister and sister... Or even lovers," she smirked as I blanched at the implication, but then she leaned in and kissed my cheek. "The later is only if Kirii is willing to share. But all in all, I wouldn't mind having a sister. I was always an only child and I truly wished I had a sibling that I could share makeup and clothes with. You seem to be developing a nice feminine frame too."

"I... Don't know what to say." I said quietly.

Iridium chuckled, and taking the seed from my hands, lifted its chain up over my head and tucked the seed in between my breasts where it would be safe directly over my heart. I noted how her fingers lingered upon my breasts before they left.

"Don't say anything... I don't even need a thank you. When I heard about what happened to you I wanted to help out. I've not felt anything so strongly in my life. It's not right that you lose everything you had just to find yourself... Especially Kirii and your kitlings. If I can return at least some semblance of your former glory so that you can be with them, then I'll do everything in my power to help you."

"Thank you." I breathed, and took her hands. "Thank you!" and I embraced her... Tightly! "Thank you..."

"You're welcome." she smirked and embraced me till we withdrew and held each other's hands. I rather liked the feel of her body, and I wasn't sure, but I think she got a little chub there again.

"But what are you going to do now? Are you going to hang around?"

"If you'll have me. No offence, but I think I have a little more experience being a girl than you do. I'd like to help you in any way else you need. Do girl stuff, you know."

"Like stickers and ponies and unicorns and makeup and talk about boys?" I smirked and Iridium scoffed. "I'm kidding."

"You better be." She smirked, and then she took a step closer till our chests pressed against each other. "I'm staying at the inn... should you need me for anything at all."

I smiled at her and squeezed her hands. "I'll do that."

It'd been a long day.

Later afternoon had arrived and the sun was going down. We'd broken a maleocracy, made it possible for females to be considered equal to males, I helped the old man, got some clothes, met an old friend and got a beautiful stone as well. I don't know if it was because I was a girl now... But I was suddenly finding beauty in more things I hadn't before, and right now I was admiring the beauty of my new Dragon Seed.

A Dragon Seed was a method of reproduction in noble and royal dragons. It ensured that so long any of us, male or female, were still alive, we could create more dragons.

Right now the seed was just a seed... It needed to grow as of yet. My craving to be a dragon again kept it around my neck on its chain, and as I looked upon it, admiring its beauty, I admired it like I'd been admiring my new pussy, or the heaving mammaries I possessed... it was an attachment to me, a part of me, and it was a symbol of my new found feminism and comfort in that gender. It was like looking upon a sexual aspect of this new feminine body, like focusing upon a nipple and caressing it and cajoling it.

I could almost feel the sensations of such an action as I touched it.

And then pausing, stretching long and cat-like, feeling the muscles and bones groaning underneath the incredible might I'd developed, I decided that now was a good time for a bath... But not a bath with all the other fems... I wanted to bathe alone.

Iridium offered to bathe with me, show me a few things, but I turned her down this once. There would be more time for that and I appreciated that someone like her would go through so much just to help little old me. So turning my sights to the oasis north of town, I skipped forward into a trot till I was out of town, and then sped away at a fast jog – running meant breaking the sound barrier – and went for a nice... Brisk... Swim.

I am Evelyn Runeblade. I still had my maiden name, simply because IO didn't have one, and all my co-workers and compatriots in the world military knew me by my last name.

I felt sleepy, and rather mind-numb, and likewise incredibly euphoric now. They were sure signs that I would be giving birth soon, or so IO told me at night. I'd put on nearly a ton of weight since the last stage of my pregnancy began, both in water and the rapid growth that the brood inside me underwent during the last stage of their development. The concern I had for my waning mental faculties made me feel as if I were drunk and/or stoned at all times, and my concern only mounted that that condition was keeping me from the work at hand... So I called in a specialist... And as luck would have it, he was now a dragon, and could be summoned straight to the tower.

"Opening gateway locks, Lady Eve." Aysyx stated, as I stood by, wavering on my toes as I caressed my rounded belly, and a grand circular construct suddenly unlatched a dozen clasps around a disk within its apparatus, the disk energizing and then started to spin slowly at first, but then rapidly gained speed.

My belly was distended and bulging and I felt bloated and heavy... Even despite the ridiculous level of strength I possessed before and was even gaining, I nonetheless felt very heavy with my burden. How any other draca can do this I'll never know, but all in all... with the euphoria I was feeling and the snuggly warm comfort I felt while pregnant... I loved this feeling, was sorry that it was drawing to an end and wanted more as soon as I could. Perhaps that was an instinctual thing to further reproduction, or maybe it was just me, but I'd be sorry when it was all over.

"We have contact with universe designation: GWL. Incoming Gateway. Acquired." Aysyx stated as the spinning gate began to drag wisps of light toward receptors on twelve different spots on the disk as it spun.

The Dragon Tower was fortified from dimensional travel. It was protected with draconic blood magic and by the power of the council, the thirteen trees and Earth Herself. The only way in or out of the tower through a dimensional gateway was for us to open the door. And even then, the person who wished to gate needed to have one undeniable key.

They themselves needed to be a dragon.

"Incoming transit." Aysyx announced, and I gave my belly a rub, my fingers glancing against the swollen tertiaries and the thickened belly button that had turned outward long ago.

I'd always wanted to meet this dragon, long before he even became a dragon... His knowledge about genetics transcended legend.

The gateway was twisting space right before my eyes, creating a vortex that was similar to a whirlpool, there to catch a specific gateway spell using draconic lore magic that was aimed at it from another dimension. As the circle in the very center began to spiral open like an oculus, the swirling whirlpool of water-like rushing energies spread wider and wider till it became a tunnel, and from inside the tunnel appeared a rather... To tell the truth... Ominous shape.

It was only shadow so long as it was in the tunnel, but the moment it stepped through the gateway, its form solidified and colorized, and with a snap the gateway closed behind him and the power that was the spinning ring of the gateway ended and the ring began to slow immediately to a stop.

The creature that was before me, smaller than any dragon noble I was aware of in his current form, smaller than even a greater dragon, barely much larger than a lesser dragon for that matter, he stood a good eight feet tall, with his body all white and black, with the black so black it was like holes cut in space-time. Green eyes and green gems, insect antenna and long wing blades for feathers were wrapped about him like a feathered cloak.

He looked like a holy knight.

"I've come as summoned, Lady Eve." he said and bowed like a gentleman.

I smiled and curtsied as best I could given my burden.

"Lord Sage Preypacer, I presume..."

In my desperation to confront Xili now, I didn't account for the fact that my appearance in the town of Holt would cause a ruckus, but cause a ruckus it did. What else could one say about the sudden appearance of a large nearly four story dragoness appearing in your midst?

"E-excuse me... Please... I need someone's help." I said aloud.

"Look mommy. I can see right up her..."

"That's enough Jak... Come along now." the mother said, and blushing so deep it reached my breasts, I unfolded a little of the armor that was around me to cover my naughty bits at least before I squatted down to confront one of the villagers.

"Please... Please will someone help me?" I asked; looking around as people scattered from before me.

I wished I could shrink down, but because of my pregnancy I couldn't. Shrinking down to a human form could either harm my babies or quite possibly burst my womb and spill them all out onto the ground, so as an evolutionary trait in females that could change like me, shapechanging and even magic slowly went dead till we didn't even have magic to cast in favor of the instinctive life-magics our bodies accomplished in order to support the growing life in our bellies. As it was, I barely had enough magic to light a candle.

"What are you looking for, lass?" a voice said huskily, and I turned and blanched at a man with a white jacket and a badge on his chest, who was flanked by two others. All three were armed."

"Please... I don't want to make a disturbance." I said and turned around, careful of my tail. "I'm looking for someone. Are you the police chief?"

"Magistrate, actually." The man said and tipped his hat. "You're frightening the public, ma'am. There's not been much call for a greater dragoness in these parts, so I'll ask ye to name a name and I'll point you on your way."

"Xilimyth. I'm looking for Xilimyth... Do you know that name?"

"Isn't that..." one of the deputies said and his partner slapped him in the chest with the back of a hand to keep him quiet.

"Please... Please tell me. Do you know where that person is?"

"Sure thing that I do." the magistrate replied, chewing on his words as he said them. "The person you're looking for headed toward Xilimyth's Oasis."

"*Xilimyth's Oasis?*" I asked, and looked to where he pointed. "Why's it called that?"

"It wasn't till your friend arrived. Made an impressive impact on the population. Now if you'll kindly leave... I don't want to have to use force. To coin a phrase from the father of all gun slingers John "The Duke" Wayne, *'this town isn't big enough for the both of us.'* And in your case, I think that can be taken literally."

"Oh ok... I'll go... Sorry to have bothered... I'll just... let myself out."

"You do that miss. And mind that..." ***crunch*** and I winced as I stepped on something. "...Cart."

Undressing sexily...

I'll have to admit I've watched some soft-core network porn. Long before I met Kirii, I viewed humans in a myriad of shows that had serious plot holes in it so big that you could drive a truck through them, the show filled with ditzy, stupid fems who probably didn't know how to count, but boy were their bodies hot. Swollen rounded breasts, flaring rounded hips and bottom, long legs and arms, lean navels and pretty eyes within manes of beautiful hair. They were women who looked sexy even while dressed, and of all the parts of these shows that I like the most was the undressing part.

No panties, no bras, just clothes.

It started with an arching of the back, which I began with, as I unbuttoned and then unzipped the pleated skirt I wore that managed to come down to the knees. And then I pushed the clothes upward over my bottom, revealing two rounded bulges of ass cheek that were being flossed by the tight thong of the sheer bathing suit I wore. As I stood up, those rounded cheeks clenched and creased into muscular striations that appeared like a giant butterfly spreading its wings, and at the base of the wings were the thickened pouch of my cunt held in by the triangular patch of cloth that covered it.

Sighing and crossing both arms, I then took hold of the hem of the shirt I wore and pulled it up over my head, feeling tits heave and bounce, both pairs of them, as I dropped the shirt and then palmed the massive swells of my primaries. Teasing the naughty flesh of those breasts' nipples with both hands, I got every teat on my body to erect and got my body to prickle with goose bumps just before I took hold of the zipper of the bathing suit and slowly unzipped it downward to just above the ripened vaginal mound I now possessed. That crotch was already swelling and filling outward, the clit erecting and throbbing excitedly, my mind filled with sensations of porn that I saw countless times before, but now I was seeing and feeling through the eyes of the porn starlet of those shows.

Just the sheer act of stripping from clothing aroused me as hot steam rose from between both breasts, and pulling the folds of the bodysuit open, I imagined my nipples were huge, and I had to tug the zippers over their engorged masses to release the heaving, sweating bosoms into the free air. In truth, my nipples *were* huge, and I *did* have to flip the zippers over them, and as I did, the huge mammaries swelled out into the open air and rolled atop my chest briefly, just before I pulled the rest of the bodysuit open, letting the fabric gather about the waist as I stretched briefly and then passed both hands over my body like they were a lover's hands. And then I pushed the bodysuit down off over my hips, pulling the cloth from between the swollen and rounded cheeks of my bottom and then pushed the lot of it down off over my legs to lie there about my feet and ankles.

There I paused, feeling powerful, beautiful... Erotic... My sex glistening as I arched my back and palmed the bulging pubic mound that was swelling between my loins, glancing the tuft of hairs with my fingertips before passing a hand further downward to caress the lips and its slit. A sigh slid from me and I hissed through my teeth as that finger touched off the already erect and sensitive inner vaginal flesh and clit.

As the initial sensation waned, I arched myself and looked between the breasts decorating my chests, viewing the swollen mound of labia decorating my pelvis, seeing them as thick rounded chords that curved in between my legs, the clitoris having enlarged with all my strength into a bulbous rounded thing, overly large for the crevice it was tucked into perhaps, with it's pointed nib throbbing in tune to my heart beating. I rubbed a clawed finger about that nib, feeling my heartbeat and breathing quickening as I caressed and cajoled myself there.

This was the reason I wanted to bathe alone. Though Iridium would perhaps be willing to show me how to pleasure myself, showing me some of the tricks of drawing erotic pleasure from a pussy, I would be too embarrassed to ask. Bathing was the only convenient way to enjoy pleasuring oneself I found. Such an act was usually done in a bathroom, and even as a male I was want to do it in the shower, for what other room in the house had an ever so convenient floor drain?

And so I caressed those twin labia between my legs, felt the pair immediately clench and pinch together so tightly that it was an effort of pulling my finger out of the slit before the pair disgorged and spreading open like the petals of a lotus; the juicy stamen of my super-sized clit extending out into the open air and dragging the curtains of the vaginal muscles inside me with them. Then with a murr I flexed my free arm, feeling the sinuous power radiating through me while my form bulged from the tensing, enhancing the pleasuring sensations while veins and arteries swelled with throbbing blood, allowing me to love the burning sensations that were pulsating through me with every beat of my heart.

Once I was nice and sweaty, gasping and gulping air as my bowels filled with ejaculate, I stepped forward, came to a deepened area of the Oasis, and dove right in.

As a nurse dragoness I had two sets of engorged mammaries that were many times larger than that of any other average draca, or dragon female. Being pregnant and carrying kitlings, I'd also entered into that stage of their gestation when the lactation those tits generated went into overdrive. With a womb filled kits and the amniotic water surrounding them, comingled by the liquid weight of all the creamy milk my breasts contained, I must've weighed several tons more than I normally did. That made flying more difficult of course, and though as I soared in to the oasis like a gull, I nonetheless landed with a thunderous lunge that created a small localized earthquake. I kept fearing that I'd land like an albatross some time. But nonetheless I was here now, and standing up immediately with enough speed to make the four tits atop my chests bounce and wobble violently, I turned and pivoted, looking for my Xili.

"Xili?" I managed, not helping the whimper in my voice in my desperation to see him. "Xili please... Come out." and I bit my lower lip and let my fears get the best of me. "Come out right now, Xili! I know you're buying women's clothes. You have a girlfriend don't you! Come out now and stop hiding!"

Tears were coming to my eyes, till I heard the jostling of water, and turning, I saw a forehead and a pair of ears rise from the water with a flick of motion, and I smirked as I saw the tell-tale appearance of spots and eye stripes lining that head in the fading light of day. I got ready to pounce him, pounce my sweet lover, but then the head rose, showing a long mane which made me blink, being that I couldn't remember Xilimyth ever having a long mane. But then more and more of the body exited the water, and I viewed a sumptuously arousing feminine body slide from the water, with two sets of grand mammaries, a powerful hour-glass figure that was wrought with heavy feminine muscle and a tight behind, with a sensually waspish waist and long neck with long arms and legs.

I thought then that this was her, this was who Xilimyth was betraying me to... another cheetah! At thigh depth water, this fem began to wash and hum to herself. And watching her I fidgeted, biting my trembling lower lip. She was a strong female, a king cheetah too, exotic and powerful with racing stripes down her back. Not being able to take it any longer, I lifted a hand, paused, and then took a step forward. I had to know.

"Ah... Excuse me."

The fem turned immediately, her fat, heavy and firm breasts wobbling and sloshing with the milk that must be in them at the same time and she gasped at me.

"Kiriii!" she gasped.

"Yeah, hi." I waved. "Ah... I don't suppose you might know where I might find a male cheetah like you... His name's Xilimyth and... And..." I blinked, realizing something. "Hey! How did you know my name?"

There was a nervous and then a pained look on the fem's face as she looked sharply away from me.

"Shit!" she cursed sharply and struck her thigh, and then she turned hurriedly back to me, took a step closer through the water and pressed her fingertips together. "T-there's a very good reason for that." she said, and cleared her throat and giggled nervously. "A really good reason in fact, though you may find it hard to believe..."

I leaned in close, flaring both legs to allow for my belly, and settling on one hand as I folded both wings against my back.

"You better talk fast, sister. You're a naked girl in a place where my man is supposed to be, and I swear to the Maker on High, if he's cheating on me with you..."

"Kirii..." she gasped and started to hyperventilate, gulping air and then moaning as she knuckled her head before exhaling a calming breath, swallowed and then faced me with an uttermost pained look on her face. "K-Kirii... beloved... it's me." the fem croaked and bit her lower lip. "Kirii... I-I'm your Xilimyth." she said pressing both palms to her voluminous chest.

My jaw clenched and I snarled as I surged forward so sharply that ripples formed in the water from the rush of air around my body, my breasts slapping against the soft ground as I snatched for the fem, tears in my eyes, but in a burst of speed that was unreal, so fast that she practically teleported, I snatched nothing but air and water while she settled atop a rock out in the middle of the water well outside of arms length from me.

"This isn't funny you bitch! Tell me where Xilimyth is!" I sobbed.

"Your maiden name is La'Fond." she said.

"So what?! He could've told you that to throw me off. It's not possible for a boy to turn into a girl.

"Iridium can." she said and I blinked. How does she know about Iridium? "Iridium can also turn into a herm, Kirii."

I was so dumbstruck by that. Xili wouldn't dare reveal the existence of the nobles and royals of dragonkind. He couldn't! Blood magic bound him as it did me.

"You were born a human." the fem said. "Thanks to a stolen serum by a techno thief called *'The Gargoyle,'* you were injected by the top secret blend of hypernites and biological carcerands to create a cyberized cell that now inhabits your body. Those cells turned you into what you are now... With the aide of sharing a Dragini fruit, and becoming Leaf's guardian through obtaining a weapon core."

I couldn't breathe, I couldn't talk, the impossibility of this... it was staggering!

"How can you know these things?" I choked

"I can't... Not without committing treason against the dragon council, Kirii." she sighed and then settled down upon her wide rump atop her rock. "I... Let me tell you what happened Kirii... Then perhaps... perhaps... You can believe what even I have a hard time believing is real at times.

My name is Iridium.

Because I didn't feel like walking ten miles to get out of sight, I was waiting for the people to shut off the lights and go to sleep, but perhaps I could also find a nice cozy place where I could change and leave.

Though I promised that I'd be there for Xilimyth, I had to at the very least rid myself of the strain I was experiencing.

It was the sort of strain one gets when they look at really attractive people and they want nothing more than to have some sort of hard core sexual experience with that person. I kept having daydreams that were really naughty, exotic dreams in which I imagined myself in full hermy mode with that sexy feline beneath me as we made mad naughty and very sloppy sex.

Looking down, and simply relaxing the hold I was keeping on my body, I rapidly began to engorge, buttons popping open at the front of the shorts and shirt I wore as breasts expanded, secondaries pushed outward into view, huge muscle chords rippled and formed bands about my body, and, at long last, a bulging penis telescoped from within the hardened, firm vaginal muscles, billowing into the panties I wore, while the labia flared into a thick, rounded pair of testis.

With a sigh I unzipped the shorts I was wearing and smiled at the pride and joy I had to sometimes keep hidden as my phallus immediately shunted outward into the open air, the crotch of the panties I wore flossing the swollen nads to still cover my vaginal slit that was in between them. That cock and balls continued engorging and enlarging as my body strained against the clothes, and I slid out of the shorts I was wearing in time for my thighs to grow too thick for the leg holes, the shirt I was wearing stretching to its limits about my incredible bust.

As a herm, I had the combined strengths of both my male and female bodies, and as such I was a hulking example of a creature as my tail swished happily amidst finally being free and comfortable after having had to walk around with my cock up inside me all day. Fondling the long shaft, thinking about Xilimyth's lithe and muscular body, caressing the top of my shaft like it was a pet, I felt the slit between either nad clench and moisten with nectar and sweat while I got that steely head to bulge and the rod to slowly erect.

Xilimyth was so sexual, so beautiful that I couldn't help but imagine piercing her thighs, sliding inside her and know her love, and though I doubted it, I half imagined being her lover for a time. Murring as my thoughts became naughtier, I couldn't stop myself from caressing that pent up rod, maybe release a little ejaculation just to relieve...

"You know, my dear... You shouldn't do that... Or else you could go blind."

I gasped and gripped my shaft and held it close to me, looking over my shoulder at the old man with the tan skin who was nearly a cripple that roomed next to mine.

"Hey it's you!" I gaped. "Are you all right guy? I was worried when I couldn't find you after those lions nabbed you" I stated with a grin and then looked back at my shaft out of the corner of an eye as I tried to get it to retract as quickly as possible, but Xili's behind was still fully in my mind and I couldn't stop thinking about it.

"I was kidnapped? Or dear, it must've been... I'd forget my own mind if it wasn't in my head and my head weren't attached to my neck. So you were able to find who you were looking for then?"

"Yes I did..." I said turning back to him, but he wasn't there. "I... Hello? Old man?"

"Yes I see... Couldn't keep it in any more could you?" I heard him cackle, and I snapped back to see him smiling at me... Right in front of me!"

I gripped and bundled that shaft, looking at him sternly, but then realized something else. "Wait... You knew I was like this?"

"Sure. Didn't you?"

"Ah... Yeah."

"Good... Bet that might be an interesting thing... You get up to go to the bathroom one day and have to deal with an erection at the same time. I'll tell you, though, I'm just glad that in my old mage that I haven't pissed in my face yet." and he laughed and hobbled off a few steps.

"Look guy... I'd appreciate it if you didn't tell anyone about this. This is kind of private."

"My lips are sealed." he chuckled and hobbled in the other direction. "Coincidentally..." he prompted, and hanging on his staff and stoking his chin with the long knobby fingers of one hand before he smirked at me, "There was someone else looking for that young lass recently."

"Th-there was?" I asked carefully, and looking down as my penis slid back inside me – It was like feeling a hard prick pierce my loins whenever that happened, so there was always a bit of sticky moisture whenever I shifted between female and herm – and I settled my panties over the tightened labia and slit again to hide my nakedness. "Do you know who?"

"Yup! Sure I do. She was this golden bodied goddess of a dragoness. With breasts larger than ten men, and a pot belly that told of the babies she carries."

"Kirii." I winced.

"So you know her too! Excellent. But if you ask me... A beautiful young dragoness like that, with children to boot... It'd be best that she not be left by her lonesome. That'd just be wrong, wouldn't it?"

"Yeah... Yeah it would be... But at the moment nothing can be done about that." I said sadly.

"There's always something a person can do." the old man said.

"Yeah but..." and I turned around, looking for him, but he'd disappeared again, "Damn it, not again." and I turned this way and that, looking for where he was, and with a sigh I just deflated and dropped about a hundred pounds of breast and muscle weight to appear more feminine for these people.

"Man... I just had to get involved..."

Kirii stared at me. She was trembling.

"I... Cannot begin to tell you how confused I am, Kirii. I had the honor and duty of having been a man, with every mote inside me telling me that I should be with you, watching over you and our babies, and I know I should've been happy about that damn it, but I'm wasn't.

"As a woman, I've never been so open or so free with myself... And I... Well... I like being a girl. Even my worries seem less worrisome, and... Well... I've never felt stronger in my life."

"But what about me?" she asked with tear-filled eyes, her voice trembling. "What about our babies?"

"So you believe it's really me now and not some fem I've been banging in your absence?" I smirked, and leaping off my rock and zipping across the water to the shore, I arrived before her, paused, and then transformed into my greater hybrid form.

I gained a few hundred pounds and more than a foot in height, becoming thicker and stronger than ever as I rose up onto my toes, but at least I was larger for her and there was less of a difference between she and I.

"That's not funny!" she sobbed.

Biting my lower lip as I neared her, I touched the massive swells of her breasts and caressed their impressive masses. With me like this I was nearly as tall standing as she was sitting, and this put me in a position where I could do this comfortably.

"I missed these." I managed, and she blinked, her face taking on a look of outrage. As a male, I would've missed why she was looking at me like that, but having lived as a female for these short few days, I knew why.

She was outraged that in her moments of being distraught, that I was thinking about her sexually.

I chuckled. "I missed feeling them, I missed drinking the milk from them, and I missed laying my head against them as we watch a movie or listened to music or just laid in front of the fire.

"And I missed this." and I placed my hands between her many breasts and caressed her belly. "I missed feeling the lives inside you, and though I agonized about being a father, Kirii... Your breasts and your belly always made me forget. It was... A complicated emotion.

"I want you still." I finished.

"Then change back!" she said quickly, looking almost excited... Hopeful. "We could go get Pseudie or... or Blind IO, maybe Lady Eve and..." she stopped as I stepped up onto her lap and immediately took her face with both hands and pressed my head against the bridge of her nose... Looking much like a child would grabbing an adult's face.

"I can't change back, Kirii." I said at last. "Even if they could, even if I did, then I would be miserable." I let go of her face and turning, hopped up onto her knee now. "This is what I am, this is who... I was meant to be all along. If I turn back, no matter how much I want to, then I'll be miserable for the rest of my life. I was so miserable as a male, I just had been living that way for so long that till you came into my life I didn't realize how miserable I was." There was an uneasy silence between her and me, and only the insects chirping interrupted that silence. "I want to come back to you beloved, but... there're some things I still need to figure out first."

"Like what?" she asked quietly.

"Like how are we going to tell our babies that I'm their father? Or how do we identify each other? That we're each other's wife?" I looked at her. "It would mean that we'd have to marry again, Kirii. I 'm no longer a male, so I cannot fit the bill of me being your husband. For us to legally share everything, you and I would have to marry again. I don't know how I'd feel being called a lesbian everywhere I went, and for that matter, I don't know how you'd feel either."

"We're soulmates." Kirii said at last, and then reaching forward, she picked me up and flossed me right between her breasts as she embraced me. "You're my mate, no matter how anyone looks at it."

Looking at her, I smiled at her, and bending forward, forgot how strange it might feel, and just kissed her on the mouth briefly before pulling back. "I think so too." I said, feeling passions rise, and after she and I looked at each other again... We kissed each other yet again, but this time, it was in an attempt to devour each other with our lips.

When we broke, I found myself with both my enormous tits cleaving to her throat as I breathed hard, and looking upon my bride I realized... Somewhere inside me I was still male. One doesn't live for five thousand years as a male, being born as a male and not remember those feelings of love and sex and passion that you have for the female that you married and were having children with.

This time when something awoke inside me, it was a reawakening not an awakening, and I felt a huge steely erection inside me as my bowels tensed as I rose upon my tiptoes astride her thickened muscular thighs. I had to reach between my legs and caress the thickened chords of womanflesh between those legs with their thickly throbbing clitoris to remind me it wasn't a penis that was erecting but rather all the vaginal muscles inside me that were.

"Is this really happening?" I asked her, passionately. "H-how can we do this?"

"I don't know." she laughed, palming my widened butt as my tail lifted automatically. "I'm honestly new to this too."

And then she began to utter that cackling purr of hers, her lips attacking my chest as she licked and sucked upon the whole of my tit, her mouth and nose lowering along this sexual body of mine. I began to purr, feeling her wet tongue licking me, her hands lifting me as we sank toward the ground, she lying forward to place me amidst the grasses while she laid upon her chest and side to be careful of our babies. And then nuzzling the ripened mound of vaginal flesh between my legs, she kissed that mound, sucked upon it, and then ever so slowly slid her tongue inside me.

A dragon's tongue was surprisingly long, and to me, that tendril felt like a surprisingly agile penis as it probed inside me, getting me to moan and sigh immediately, getting me to churn my body and toss my head and jostling all four tits. Holding onto her face, whimpering and gasping, I found myself quickly lactating and creaming up a storm.

It felt strange, having her placating to me instead of the other way around, but it also felt nice to be pleased, to be pampered, and as the sun continued to fall, I felt the burning inside me again, felt it grow into an unbearable heat in my chest and loins as Kirii's long tongue got me to orgasm again and again. Then I was laying on my chest as she coiled over me, her massive breasts rubbing against my powerful back, and this time it was a finger of hers that pushed inside me, she showing me all those wholesome sensual spots that were on a female's body that I didn't know about yet as she kissed and licked my back and head.

The pleasure was sheer agony in how intense it was, so intense that I wept and writhed from it. The energy of femininity in me grew and grew... And ever so slowly, I began to change.

Xilimyth's body heaved like a sexually powerful female's should, and all those muscles, all that sexual power she had... I was so envious, even as I rose to watch her form changing, muscles spasming and bubbling, her bones groaning as she thickened. Breasts swelled beneath her, bottom tightened and engorged with her thickening thighs, and she clawed at the ground with my finger inside her and a thumb pressing against her anus.

Xilimyth moaned low and long, humping my fingers as I smiled down at her, and palming her back I felt it engorge, spreading my fingers against it while I felt her might growing, felt her body heaving while she panted and then orgasmed solidly before I pulled those fingers from her.

Still panting she folded her legs together and curled into a fetal position, whimpering as I tasted the juices from her body off the one finger, noting how strange it was not to taste her seed in there along with it... I

couldn't help but smile down at her as she rolled onto her back to look up at me, and she gave off the cutest little chirping sound that was just kawaii.

And then it became my turn to be pleased.

Xili tackled me and embraced me in thanks to what I'd given her, and I could still feel her might growing as she and I rolled onto my back, and we too kissed briefly before that sexy kitty crawled over my body, giving me a view of her moistened sex and firm bottom with upraised tail. That was perhaps the first time in my life I ever took pleasure in another woman's nude behind and was even aroused from it. Crawling to my navel, Xili pushed on my thighs and I spread them open for her, revealing my bulbous sex as she laid against my body like that with legs spread wide over my rounded bottom, her weight no impedance to our babies growing in me at all.

So there I was, both legs spread wide open to my lover as she laid with her face in my crotch, and reaching forward her hands began to stroke either of my labia up and down, up and down, steadily applying varying pressure to the vaginal lips with either hand before she took my clit with both hands and squeezed it gently, applying greater and greater pressure as she nigh choked the thing and in response I bucked and moaned, right as her mouth found the incredibly engorged clit and she began to suck on it.

It was my first time getting a hand job, never knowing what one should feel like, but with hands as small as hers in comparison to me, my sex became her pleasureland for a time as I tensed and clenched, grit my teeth while raising and lowering my mighty thighs like the fluttering wings of a butterfly till finally cumming in a sloshing torrent that immersed her head and breasts in my sticky vaginal fluids.

She laughed, smacking her lips and gave a snort as she rose and turned to me, and I giggled at her at the sight of her hair even as she rose atop my belly, rubbing her cunt against its ridges, she cried out in a triumphant chirp-like roar before she attacked my sex again and began the process anew.

It was soothing and erotic... Right up to the point where her fist pushed into me, punching through the vagina as it were, and the broad flaring forearms and biceps she had wedged the vaginal walls open, right up to the shoulder pierced me.

I gasped, feeling that penetrate my bowels just before Xili opened her hand and began to turn her arm in me. The finger tips tickled me like a French tickler, the bulging muscles of her arm enticed me, and with several short gasps I tensed and released, released again and still again. But when I was done, Xili flexed her heaving muscular arm, bending it and making the muscles thicken steadily till I collapsed backward from feeling weak from all the intense pleasure as she bent her arm inside my body and rotated it back and forth, in and out.

"N-no... Ah... More! Deeper!" I begged and she punched forward, and I moaned low, rising up onto my toes as they spread like stars, and another orgasmic rush lanced from me even as the breasts atop this bodice all began to release their milk in squirting gouts out into the air.

Xili soothed and began to purr, the vibration of her body against my sex making sensation that were better than any sort of feminine pleasure wand. She switched arms then and started sucking from my clit again, tasting all the sweet sticky nectar my bowels made, murring and loving me in ways that I'd never felt before.

It was perhaps the most erotic moment of my life.

Night had long since fallen, and I lay atop Kirii, legs spread about her belly while I was stuck to her chest scales with all the juices from her that'd washed over me. My tail lolled gently, my body flossing between

her primaries and secondaries, and my primaries cleaving to her neck as I hugged her amidst purring loudly for her. Two of her great hands covered me, one over my back the other over my bottom as she and I purred together, while I just laid there and let my bowels drain of the nectar it'd produced down the swell of her belly.

We'd traded off pleasuring each other several times, and this was the third time that we rested together, but as I laid there... With the stillness of the world, feeling the burning in my loins that I was coming to know as my feminine fire burning hotter and brighter, which was forcing my muscles to engorge and my body to evolve into muscularity few fems had ever possessed, I rose, straddling her ribs now with both legs and when she moved to lick my crotch again, I stopped her with both hands.

"Kirii..."

"No." She said and lifted her head toward me more. "No... You're not going to push me away again. Not now that I've found you."

"I'm not going to push you away." I smiled, and caressed her great face with the whole of one hand. "But I do want you to go somewhere."

"See?! That's the same thing!" she growled.

"No... No it's not." I sighed. "I want you safe, I want you comfortable... I want you relaxed and caring for our babies and out here under a blistering sun during the day or freezing moons at night is no place for a pregnant draca." I told her quietly. "I don't want you to worry about me; I want you to rest in a bed made for a dragon and not on the ground when you have a womb full of kitlings."

"No!" Kirii said, folding her lower arms beneath her breasts and behind me. "I'm not going to go away and..."

"Kirii!" I said sternly, silencing her. "Look at me Kirii." I demanded, and she finally did, pressing her lips together and looking quite stubborn. "I... need to figure things out... for me. Thanks to you, thanks to you arriving in my life, I'm starting to understand exactly what it is that I want! For the first time in my whole life, five thousand years, Kirii, I'm learning what it is I even want. But I need you to leave me be... Just for a short while."

She looked away again and I crawled forward along her bodice and laid against her again before embracing her thick neck.

"I made the decision that I'll not abandon my wife or our kitlings." I said. "I'll come back... But I need... I need you to go home, Kirii. If you're here I'll constantly be worrying about you. Please, do this... for me?"

Kirii looked at me, stared at me, saw the truth in my eyes before she rose, and I felt her fingers nab the scruff of my neck and lift me off her. Automatically I went into a fetal position before she cupped my bottom.

"Ow... You know cats don't really like..."

"Hush." she said and kissed my face.

Yeah it was awkward, but I didn't argue. "You're going to make an email address... You're going to mail me every day. Should a day be missed I'll come down here and turn that whole town upside down in order to find you, you understand?"

"I do." I smirked, and fingered her lips.

"Ok..." and she put me down on my feet before she rose to hers, standing proud and naked and beautiful before me... if a little crusty from the ejaculate that'd covered my body.

I could see right up between her legs and into her vaginal cavity.

"Remember... Every day, or I'll take you home with me by leading you all the way to Leaf over ground by the ear." she demanded.

"I promise... Every day." and she nodded, and unfolding her great wings, she let them hang briefly before she lifted them flapped them downward once, and with that single flap with how strong she was, her heavy form launched upward and soared high into the night sky and the waning full moons.

With a sigh, admiring her butt as she flew away, I shrank back down into my lesser hybrid form, milk squirting from my breasts before I turned back to the water and dove right into it to give myself another quick bath to clean myself. Once clean and after gathering up the discarded clothes only to find that though I bought them to be several sizes larger, that they all fit me almost skin tight now.

Post Documentation 0028: Upon the Relationship of the Guardians and Their Trees

There's something that I was unaware of and unsure of, and sadly, the known guardians of the world have been strangely quiet to my messages to them.

Iridium hasn't answered a message since she was here, Kirii, who watched over Leaf is missing according to the handmaiden that was sent home with her, and all the other guardians are abnormally missing as well.

Even Lord Pseudodrake... Who was the guardian of all the trees was missing. No one's seen him in days.

So with lack of options, I had to outsource to a different guardian who I hoped would be able to shed some light on this situation, one Sage Preypacer. The problem with him is that though he is a guardian, his tree doesn't exist on Earth, not even in our universe for that matter, but I hoped that trees would be trees...

Sage Preypacer was an enigma. He was the greatest mind in biology that I could ascertain. Unlike most biologists who'd specialize in specific fields of biology, he'd mastered them all, and had done so to the point of creating several new species from base acidic compounds. Before he'd accomplished that, the creation of a species from the primordial ooze was considered to be the sole creative realm of God himself.

But always a spiritual sort of person, Sage didn't take credit for that. His statement was that he didn't make the species, he only helped it along. If the species was not meant to be then the Creator Himself wouldn't have allowed them to be.

He was born a Lycan who then became a dragon, which offered insight to how Xilimyth must be doing, he spent time as a female in his youth, even more insight, he was the Frost Clan's principal healer, or at least was, and on top of it all, he was thirty-three percent total machine thanks to my hypernites. Despite that Kirii and myself, as well as Xilimyth now to an unknown degree has a concentration of Hypernites in the nineties in regards to concentration of cyberized blood versus pure blood, the three of us had a low concentrations of machine components in us; with Kirii and Xilimyth being below twenty percent and only myself having a higher concentration of machine components higher than Sage.

Kirii and Xilimyth before his change into a female possessed mostly exterior devices and small concentration interior machine devices which were largely inside their heads. Mine is mostly interior... but for some reason, Sage required a high concentration of interior machines... perhaps because it was necessary to hold him together. Without the hypernites he would've disintegrated from cellular rejection during his transition into a dragon. Unfortunately... we were unable to remove the hypernites after they did their job in suppressing that damage.

Another thing that was different about Sage was that he also emanated a level of power that I could safely say can be usurped only by a select few dragons. Such dragons were Neo, Aries, Pendragon and of course Pseudo himself.

But aside from me, he also possessed the greatest concentration of Hypernite conversion. Granted it was all to help keep him alive and to keep his body from digesting itself, but still nonetheless, what he'd accomplished with my hypernites nonetheless made him quite unique.

It was hence why watching him 'Research' the subject at hand that he was so dazzling to me.

He was standing before a computer console, his hands resting upon the two-dimensional control board, but however it is that he was controlling the computer system was in a word, blinding. Screens were popping up and disappearing faster than I could see what was on them, sliding before his view and strings upon

strings of text and computer program logic were buzzing before him while the holographic keyboard before him was a dazzling array of lights and the beeps from keystrokes his hands apparently weren't making.

Only Aysyx had the ability of researching a subject like that... Though admittedly, shi did it far faster than he did.

And then suddenly the clicks and tones disappeared as all the screens shut down and closed themselves, and Sage lifted his hands to their fingertips, removing his palms from the console before he turned slowly to me, visibly exhausted.

"This console lacks the processing power I need." He said with some finality. "At the moment, the best I can do is guess given the information we have."

"What's your guess?" I managed, sitting more upright despite my belly.

"Lord... *Lady* Xilimyth will remain a female for the rest of her life, and though will be notably powerful, will nonetheless reach a crux that can only be overcome by forced evolution of some sort."

"What sort of thing would cause a forced evolution?"

Sage thought. "In essence, Xilimyth's file states that she possesses a weapon core, has consumed a Dragini, and possesses hypernites inside her like you and me. The hypernites were the cause of her present state, the Dragini no longer applies simply because Xilimyth is only two percent dragon at the moment, and the weapon core is currently at a state of inactivity. If any of those three decide to start making enhancements again, it'll affect the other two."

"And what will we get after that?"

Sage stared at me. "In a word... Something *'awesome.'*"

"And if I can get you the processing power that you need? What could you tell me then?"

"I could tell you within five percent – plus or minus – accuracy of what will happen with Xilimyth."

I nodded. "What do you need and I'll authorize it or get it authorized." I stated.

"Aysyx... Are you online?" Sage said aloud.

"I'm always online, Lord Sage." shi chimed in.

"Connect me with my lair computer Daedalus... Then connect me with my brother's lair computer Synergy. Finally... I will need the computers of the Vela Conservatory and your lovely counterpart with you thrown into the mix."

"Compliance. Waiting for final council authorization." Aysyx stated, and this time it was my turn to stare at Sage that he knew such things as Aysyx and his counterpart at the Vela Conservatory before I lifted my head.

"Authorization given." I said aloud before returning my gaze to Sage with a wry smirk.

With that sort of processing power, there was no computer that I knew of we couldn't forcibly intrude upon and take over. I'm pretty sure that he didn't need that sort of power... He just liked his toys and wanted the chance to play with the really big machines.

And in truth... I wanted to watch that sort of power in action.

I felt like a flying whale...

Having seen Lady Eve with the girth that she'd been developing, and that was before her kitlings that were growing inside her went through the growth spurt just prior to birth, I could only imagine how big I'd get later. But nonetheless, flying through air that cooled greatly at night as I flew to the west, heading home just like Xili asked me to, was a calming and cooling experience.

I held onto my belly for comfort, the large swell with Xili's and my kitlings growing inside me, and at the moment doing so was at the closest I could get to holding Xili. I was flying absentmindedly, not thinking about anything really, just seeing Xili in my mind's eye over and over again and hoping that all this was some kind of weird dream when suddenly there was the sound of someone calling my name.

"Kirii!"

It was a woman's voice, and for a moment, my mind made it Xili's, and with hope, I looked down hoping to see her running after me, but then I realized that the sound of the voice didn't come in that direction, and instead it was coming from up in the air from behind me. I turned slightly, still flying forward and looked to where it was coming from, and it was then that I saw another dragoness, a silver and violet creature of incredible power flying in close, and I gaped as I saw Iridium approaching me to fly abreast to me.

"Where you heading?" shi asked.

"You're a long way from home, Iridium." I scowled. "Did Pseudie send you?"

"No... An old man told me that you were here. I've seen Xilimyth, Kirii... Ah... Have you?"

"Yes. And actually what I did with her is none of your business!"

And then there was a swooping sound as the hermaphrodite dragoness flew upside down and below me to face me.

"I'm here on my own, Kirii." Shi answered. "If you met Xilimyth then the reason why you're here and he's not is because he's asked you to go home. I don't care about your sex life, that's between you and her, but what I do care about is that while she's figuring herself out then that leaves you all alone. My tree is hidden and safe, Kirii, and it'll stay that way for some time. I'm here, under my own volition, because I want to watch over the wife of a fellow guardian.

"It isn't right that you be alone in your condition."

"Why does everyone say that?" I shouted back, and then swooped forward.

After a few moments, there was a dull thud in the air, and a sudden increase in magic in the area, and turning to look back, I saw an actual Weapon rushing toward me, and I squealed just before it swooped me up, cradled me, and continued flying forward. It was then that I realized that Iridium had just transformed into this mighty creature, a skyscraper sized thing of offensive and defensive might.

"I can fly on my own!" I shouted and tried to get up, but Iridium just pushed me back into his arms.

"I know you can... But listen to me," shi said softly, his monstrous form so incredibly powerful. I could do the same thing... But I wasn't in the mood for fighting and that'd probably get me stuck in that form due to

my pregnancy. Well then again because of that, maybe I couldn't change into a weapon at all. "You need looking after, and I'm honor bound to do it. I know you want your husband, but he cannot be there for you and I can, so stop fighting it... It's what he wants."

"Why should I say yes?" I said with tear filled eyes. "If anyone's going to be there for me then it's going to be my Xili!"

Everyone was deciding for me based upon theirs or my needs, and no one cared what I wanted.

"Because I 'm trying to help him help you." Iridium stated quietly and I fell silent. "Besides... It's the least I can do for a sister in law."

"W-what do you mean? Aren't you an eon or two younger than she is?"

"I am... But... I've given Xili my seed."

I gaped at hir.

"Y-you can make those?"

Shi smiled and nodded. "She accepted it. That makes me her mother... Or sister..." then shi looked at me. "Or her wife, depending upon what she chooses."

"So... At the very least, you're my sister in law... So let me care for you. Besides... I want to know everything about what it feels like to be pregnant." Shi chuckled briefly. "You and I are linked in a way now... So... Please... Entertain me for a bit. And mayhap... You can relax a bit too in the process."

I looked up at her as she carried me through the night sky. And then finally...

"Ok... Take me home. After what Xili and I did... I could really use a good milking... And a bath."

Iridium looked down at me and smiled.

"If it pleases you... Perhaps you can have both at the same time."

"Huh?!"

"I'll show you. It's a bit scandalous, but it still nonetheless is a passion that leaves one's scales and hide glistening and glittering beautifully."

And shi carried me off into the wide blue yonder.

All my life I've been running. All my life this spotty cheetah has been running, or at the very least moving very fast away from a thing. Even in my role as The Messenger, I never really imagined myself moving *toward* a thing.

But now I was running toward something. There was something I wanted... It was something that I could identify, hope for and find courage to face... And so I ran toward it, wanting it, desiring and craving it. So it was then, in the early hours before dawn that I rushed westward, feeling in my heart the direction of an entity, the heart of the land of Africa.

There was a mountain covered with foliage... Or at least that's what it appeared to be like from a distance. That mountain has remained a quiet, stalwart part of the country amidst the dark world of the African Congo since this world began. Inside the cradle of that mountain of jagged rocks, was a tree... A millennium tree named Leaf.

The closer I got to that valley, the deeper the feelings I got from it, the stronger the sensations I felt from her, till after a mad dash, through the trees, quiet enough not to break the sound barrier, I hurried in through the narrow valley entrance and slowed to a stop on the threshold of the green valley.

It was a primordial green, a green so thick that the very light of the valley was perpetually tinted with it.

Dust and spores and woodland creatures could be found here in this paradise while I quickened my steps toward the center of the valley, rushing across the surfaces of a stream and several still pools to where Leaf herself sprouted from.

My clothes felt snug and tight, and I was perspiring just enough to make them stick to me, but I didn't care... If this worked, then I wouldn't need clothes much longer anyways...

So then I came to the halo of earth surrounding Leaf's trunk and her many roots that were bigger than me in some places, larger than a dragon in others, holding up the towering thousand foot edifice that was her majesty. Mosses trailed hundreds of feet up her brown bark, her form shaped like a super-sized version of a savannah tree with her wide foliage spreading to the very edges of the mountain valley. Looking at her, a feeling of warmth and love suffused in me to the point where I felt like I were being embraced and kissed and soothed as I stood there in her aura, so much so that I reached beneath my tight shirt and unzipped my bodysuit down to the crotch to let some of the steam from sweat out.

And then looking down, I began my search.

I was once a dragon, I hoped that there was still enough of that dragon blood inside me to make a difference, and if there was then there was something that could help me... It was dangerous, simply because I'd already tasted of the forbidden fruit, and consuming a second... if I wasn't strong enough... could very well kill me.

So it was then I began my search for the most sacred and forbidden of dragon fruits. To a dragon it was likened unto the Fruit of a Knowledge between Good and Evil for humans. But our fruit had a different name. Its purpose didn't instill wisdom, for dragons were made wise upon creation, and instead it instilled divine power, and it grew only at the bases of the Trees of Life. It was called, quite simply:

The Dragini Fruit.

I'm Kirii...

I sat with two hands in my lap and two hands behind me while Iridium did me a service that I realized was way over due for me... And that was to milk me.

Miki served us both food and drink as Iridium did this for me, and despite that shi wasn't fully male, hir naked body before mine let me shamelessly feel the press of hir maleness against me, and I reveled in the feeling of that cluster as it pressed against thighs and belly. I don't think I minded it doing that simply because shi wasn't fully male, and despite that shi had it, shi was just one of the girls right now.

But as I laid there I daydreamed that it was my Xili doing this, and that was his package brushing against my. I remembered the times Xili did this for me, and I remembered his kisses upon my neck and shoulders

as he caressed and massaged my breasts. But instead of him, it was Lady Iridium gently squeezing those tits of mine, kneading them gently in ways that only a female would understand were necessary, using the exact right level of pressure to milk me so as not to pinch – even Xili pinched sometimes – clearing them of the draconic nectar that was nearly a week’s worth of build up. But what was more was that we were draining all that milk into a smaller bath tub... The one we'd usually use for Jacuzzis.

"Hmm..." I sighed as milk leaked from me freely at this point, Iridium leaning against my breasts with hir hands to apply pressure while cajoling the nipples atop those primaries while my hearts beating did the rest of the work. "Oh Great Maker... The ache is finally waning." I moaned.

I was a nurse dragon... And the point of a nurse dragon was that we were stronger than most other dragons for the sake of protecting our kits and hatchlings, but we also generated milk at the rate of a whole herd of cattle, and I was much overdue form a good milking. So much so that my breasts had begun wobbling fiercely and I couldn't see several meters in front of me because of them. I couldn't even separate them to look between them. Thanks to Iridium's knowing hands, I found that shi was quite apt at clearing all that milk from me.

"But I don't understand... How do you know how to do this so well?" I asked hir, and with a chuckle she moved away from my back as I drained swiftly to slowly fill the tub, and turning to look at hir, I saw hir many armored plates and natural enhancements fold into himself just before five massive objects bulged out into the open.

The first four were her enormous primaries and secondaries, and the fifth was the bulbous pair of nads and the retracted penis of hir cluster.

I couldn't help but stare... I'd never seen such a well developed penis before... Not even on Xili had had one like that... And what was more was that I'd never seen one on a person with such incredible feminine power.

"Hey... I'm up here." shi said, and made a beckoning finger wiggle before hir cluster that made me look up to hir smiling face. "And to answer your question..." shi added as shi focused upon a tit, massaging and caressing it as stolidly as shi'd done with me while coming to sit next to me. "I'm a nurse dragoness as well." shi murred, and hir breasts began leaking as mine had. "Though, admittedly, I won't lactate as much as you since I do this regularly... And I don't have a belly full of kits yet."

I found myself looking at hir lap again as shi sat at the edge of the pool, folding hir legs together above the cluster. As shi was now, sitting with those nads beneath hir, shi looked totally female.

"You must have questions." shi asked, and I gasped and blushed a deep red as I saw that she noticed I was staring again.

"Ah... Um... I'm so sorry, I..."

"It's ok... I don't mind." Shi mused and began working on the other tit. "I'm used to stares."

I bit my lip as she fondled hir second primary, getting hir milk to mingle with mine in the tub.

"Ah..." I managed at last, and she looked at me with a sly, knowing smile. "How do you pee?" I asked suddenly and then blanched that I'd just blurted it out. *That* was what I wanted to know most?! "I mean... You got both don't you? You essentially have two holes, don't you? So... how do you not go out of both at the same time?"

"Muscle control." Shi giggled. "I used to sit down like other girls do, but when I learned that it was so much easier to stand up and just lean in, it made everything so much better. Males definitely have that over

females... And it's so much quicker... provided you aim right. I will not begin to tell you how hard it is to get a good arch down when you have morning wood."

I still couldn't believe that that was my first question... I couldn't believe that that was what I asked for first, but then again, my next question was worse than the first.

"Have you ever... Put them together?" I managed, and Iridium laughed at the way I blushed when I asked.

"It's called the mobius maneuver, and it's something only herms can claim as their own sexual power and nothing totally feminine or masculine. And yes... It feels so good... That's why I'm so relaxed all the time... No sexual tension."

"Ah..." I said and kicked my feet a little into the gathering pool of milk and squeezed a tit that was slowing in its lactation to get it going again. "I think I'm almost out." I managed, and shi chuckled.

"Then here's the fun part." and shi stretched out hir hands, cast hir magic powers, and heated all that milk, and reaching up to me, pulled me fully into the pool. "Queens and princesses bathed like this... It made their flesh soft and silky smooth. I enjoy doing this from time to time but I have to go a few days without milking and plan for it.

And then shi sat down in the waters with me, and for a moment I saw the fullness of hir manly girth before it disappeared beneath the creamy fluids of our combining breast milk. I joined hir in the milk as well, doing what she did and dipped my head briefly to get it in my hair.

I remembered vaguely that royal women did this amongst the humans during their history. It was how Cleopatra became so beautiful they said. And heated milk just felt so soothing as shi and I bathed each other for awhile, washing and rubbing the milk into each other's hides as the last of the milk escaped our bodies. But as shi helped bathe me I noticed that shi was doing a lot more for me than I did for hir. And shi was taking hir time.

"So we're sisters..." I said quietly, bulling my mane of hair over one shoulder while shi stood behind me, hir cluster against my back while hir hands worked my neck and shoulders.

"That's as I feel it was left when I saw Xilimyth." Iridium managed as shi stood in the basin and I knelt in it. Shi took a bucket of the milk and drenched it over my head then.

"What do sisters do? I... Never had any siblings. I barely even remember my parents."

"You're asking me? I was an only child." Iridium chuckled and continued bathing me.

I sat there as shi washed me, and then with a sigh, I rose and turned to hir.

"Kiss me." I said quietly, staring her right in the eye.

Iridium paused, and then straightened, hir hands palming my muscles.

"Why are you asking me this?"

"I want to know how it feels." I replied quickly. "I-If... If Xili chooses you to join our union... I want... I want to know that you love me or not... Like he – I mean she – loves me."

Iridium's look was unreadable, but then shi smiled softly, and lifting both hir hands to my face and holding it, I lifting two hands to hook them onto those arms and hold them as well, shi bent forward and kissed me... Passionately. It wasn't unpleasant, it was a woman's lips against my lips, and shi kissed me for a

good long time. I didn't know what to expect, but the fullness of hir lips were different, not bad but different than the times Xili had kissed me, but as shi kissed me I felt hir passion in the kiss, so much so that I found myself slowly swooning in hir arms. And so shi wrapped me up with two of hir arms to hold me to hir, hir package within the bowl of my thighs and our breasts jockeying for position between us, I felt... I felt as if I could like this sort of attention as shi gently laid me against the bowl of the milk filled tub while our combined cream lapped at our bodies before shi broke hir lips from mine and felt my face. I found myself trying to maintain the kiss as shi withdrew, lifting above me as our heaving breasts smished against each other.

I started purring.

"Kirii... how far are you willing to test this experience?" Iridium asked me softly as I laid placatingly before hir, legs spreading open for hir instinctively, arms splayed open for hir. "This is a relationship I'm glad to enter... if you and Xilimyth will have me, but before we go any further I want you realize what that'll mean."

"Kiss me again..." I asked quietly, and with a smile from hir she again kissed me, just as passionately as before with nothing else, there was no groping, no thrusting or jostling... just a kiss and the press of our bodies.

I found many Dragini, but not the kind I wanted. What I needed was White Dragini... The rarest of them all. I needed this to be as potent as it possibly could be before I tried it. This was a small field of it, of several pink and red Dragini, and several more where the petals hadn't even opened yet. White was so difficult to obtain because white lasted only so long before it detonated... which was what happened when the magic in a Dragini became too much for its fleshy exterior and its magic was released into the world.

For whatever reason, Dragini only grew where a Millennium tree did.

But when I finally laid eyes upon a white Dragini, I felt so happy... But that was before I noticed it beginning to throb, ready to explode. In the blink of an eye I was there, grasping the plant quickly and pulling it gently from its central plant, twisting it off the core and the fruit snapped off from the flower before the leaves closed and twisted shut around the spot where the fruit had been just moments before.

Picking the fruit stopped the explosion process, but then the fruit either had to be eaten or processed into wine immediately or it'd decay immediately. It's life expectancy was so short. Leaving the plant alone would guarantee that another Dragini would grow inside the petals again.

Holding the fruit in my clawed hand though, I savored the sight of it for but an instant before opening my sharp fangs and biting into the peach-like flesh that was as large as two of my fists together, and those were big fists now. A Dragini was a dragon's forbidden fruit, so it was a large fruit for one such as myself, even though I was over nine feet now.

I ate and I consumed and chewed into the juicy flesh, careful to slurp up the juices in order to not allow even the faintest bit of it to escape. I had to consume it all, and when it came to the seeds and stem I ate those too without thinking... And then came the last swallow.

I stood there, wavering, feeling euphoric and ecstatic, and smiling, thinking that my efforts were successful, I lifted both hands and gaped, expecting to see myself suddenly transforming violently like I heard other dragons had... Like Kirii and I had when we first consumed a fruit. But then the seconds dragged on, and then minutes passed and still nothing... Nothing more than the euphoria.

There was something to be said about feeling hope break inside you... When you hoped and hoped and hopped even harder still, basing everything that you were that what you hoped for would happen, but then it didn't. Feeling that hope die inside you was the most terrible feeling I'd ever felt, and cursed my woman's heart for being able to feel it at an increased potency.

Tears began to leak freely from my eyes as I clenched those hands, gritting my teeth, betrayed by even my own body now, and with a tumultuous sob I fell to my knees and settled my rump upon both heels as I sobbed even harder, crying profusely. But as I wiped my eyes off on a thick, muscular arm, I chanced to look up and beheld something happening before me, and blinking away the tears and shaking my head as I choked back another sob, I scrubbed the tears again on the back of an arm only to see twin flowered vines growing up the outside edge of Leaf's tree!

I sat in awe of this spontaneous growth, the vines making creeping trailers that arched and coiled and bloomed flowers of all kinds, till they met at the top in a brilliant arbor of sorts. And then with a snap, the bark and moss that was within that arbor suddenly transformed into liquid light, and I heard a breathy sound, a sound that was almost like a sighing laughter, but somewhere within the laughter I heard something... Or rather perceived something.

It said '*come.*'

A curse of being feline was our insatiable curiosity... And rising, moving toward the light, I lifted a hand before passing the threshold and tapped the light, feeling that it had an outward pressure of pure life, and it rippled with white and blue like waves on a pond to my touch. I tapped it in several other locations, being rewarded by more spectacular ripples before I dared to press a hand inside, finding that I was unhurt, and then taking a deep breath from fear of this really being water somehow held inside the tree, I slid into it.

I found myself having to catch myself short of falling on the other side. I'd expected to be plunging into firm water, so imagine my surprise as I entered into an oxygen rich atmosphere, so rich that it made me light-headed to breathe it. Everything was white, and there was a certain degree of architecture here in the form of vaulted ceilings and curving balustrades that were only barely visible because of the blue outlines they made. Long green tapestries with golden trees embroidered upon them hung from the walls with stained glass windows between them depicting impala, antelopes and lions and wild pigs and other animals.

Before me was a long rug that felt like moss under my feet, the thing ringed in gold thread and embroidered with more gold thread, while at the end of this long hall was a tall throne whose top was so tall I couldn't see the top of it.

But in that throne was a person in green, and swallowing, not knowing what to expect, I journeyed forward at a slow walk, looking about me as I did, seeing statues of men and women in various sexual poses and varying displays of nudity. Continuing forward one step at a time, with each step being done with a rock of the hips and a long, muscular and sinuous leg rolling around the other in order to step with the toes first and then the heel one foot directly in front of the other. That was a walk that I had no hope as a male to duplicate with my former package.

Ever so slowly I became aware that I was no longer alone, for in that throne, dressed almost entirely in green save for a white gown beneath the green robes was a rather lean and handsome woman with luxuriously long golden hair. As I approached she rose from the chair, she possessing a massive pair of breasts and was adorned in green silk and a mantel made of green leaves. A golden circlet of vines was in her golden hair as she approached me, stepping off her throne, and before I knew what else was happening, she embraced me and rubbed her face in my breasts, laughing giddily while I stood there uncertain of what I should do.

"Hnn... Oh my sweet friend. I've been waiting for this moment for more than five thousand years." she said.

"Ah... ok. Um... w-who... who are you exactly? And for that matter where am I.?"

She stepped back and looked up at me, smiling happily.

"Think... Who can I be? Where did you step into?"

"I... I have my thoughts. I want you to confirm them before I go crazy. Well, crazier than I am apparently."

"I'm Leaf!" she exclaimed simply before turning to gesture around us with both hands... And this..." she stepped back to pivot in a full circle to take in everything around us. "Is my home. My home is me... I am Leaf."

"I... I don't know what to say." I stammered, blinking at her as she embraced me again, laying kisses upon my breasts now. "I've always felt a presence in the tree... But I never paid any mind to it."

She slid back holding me at arm's length, and though she was tall for a woman she was still much smaller than me.

"I know. I tried to contact you, tried so hard over the five eons you've been my guardian. You just never listened to me."

"How come I can hear you now? Why couldn't I see or hear you before?"

"Because then you were a boy... Now you're a girl. There were both inside you, Xilimyth... I chose you for the beauty of the woman in you. I chose to be a woman all because of that incredible strength in you. But I also chose you for the will you possessed as a man. I knew you'd protect me, I knew you'd love me."

"You chose to be a woman?" I blinked.

"Of course... All trees are inherently asexual, just like any other plant." she smirked, and with a quick gesture, mists began to gather and coagulate into tangible forms as she moved back to embrace me, and soon a couch with an oval table and an ornate silver tea set placed upon it appeared, and she drew me to the couch and sat me down.

"So... The reason I haven't been able to see or hear you... was because my penis was getting in the way?" I smirked.

"Something like that." she said with a musical laugh that seemed to make the air twinkle before she poured the tea, handing one ornate hand bowl to me and then taking the other.

Eyeing her, I sipped the tea and then immediately smacked my lips.

"Mmm... delicious! The herbs are perfect and there's just the right amount of honey int. Just how I like it... How did you know?"

"You've lived within the boughs of my body for five eons, Xilimyth... I know what you like and what you don't like." she soothed scooting closer to me.

I looked to her for a moment and then sighed.

"If that's true... then... do you know what I want right now?" I asked her. "Please tell me... I thought I knew what I wanted, but it didn't come true..."

"I know what you want." she said quietly. "I know why you're here, that you tried to consume the Dragini in hopes that whatever little dragon's blood that's in you will be able to stir and make you powerful again."

"Yeah, something like that..." I said wearily.

Leaf placed her tea onto its tray and then placed the cup and tray onto the table with the tea set, smacking her lips. "Mm... That was a great blend... I collected the herbs myself." she beamed, but I stared at her before she exhaled a sigh. "Yes... I do know what you want." she managed sweetly and laid a hand upon my thigh and gave it a squeeze. "There's been a great talk about you, you know."

"About me? From who?"

"The dragons and the other trees. So many people are so worried about you. You're so wound up you don't realize that there are so many beings that have come together seeking the betterment of your welfare. But..." she paused. "You know my father, right?"

"Tre'Ent?!" I gasped. Tre'Ent to the trees was like talking about Jesus. "Certainly... But why would a being as great as he want to give a concern about me?"

"I revere my father." She replied. "I love him but am distant from him because of where he resides and where I reside... But even he has drawn concern about the guardian of his daughter, Xilimyth. Despite that, he is concerned about the welfare of all life on Earth."

"*All creatures great and small, all creatures bright and beautiful, The Lord God made them all.*" She quoted from an old poem and I smiled at it. "But ultimately, my sweet guardian... It was my father who has manipulated the streams of all life in the world and brought together here, within my lair, all the components needed to help put things right for you, and has given me the honor of putting them all to use for you, to release all that sordid potential that you have in you but have never realized because the different parts of you have been at war with each other." She brushed her hand against my forehead. "Such contention in your soul."

I blinked at her, still holding the tea she'd offered me with both hands. "Components? What components?"

"In you is a gathering potion of masculine and feminine power, intermixed with experience and the strength of a Celestial Eye, the blood of dragons and royal kings of men. So too are the dormant power of now two fruits as well as my weapon core in your body. Only two ingredients are left to transform your body into a vessel that will give you incredible strength, power and abilities of all sorts, but most importantly to give balance to your warring feminine and masculine inside you. And to complete it all, once the potion is administered, you must add to it one final catalyst."

"What Catalyst?" I whispered, and Leaf slid her fingers over the top of my chest, pushing my shirt up over my breasts before reaching into the bodysuit I wore and pulling out from between the great breasts that donned my chests came Iridium's pendant carrying his seed.

Before that moment... I never realized to the extent in which the trees were attached to and controlled the life forms of the Earth, and at that moment, seeing and understanding what Leaf was telling me, that all this was orchestrated by none other than the father tree Tre'Ent himself, all for me... Was a little overwhelming.

"I... I feel faint..." I said quietly, and swooned a little at the incredible degree at which others have gone for my benefit.

Leaf soothed, and I felt her hand upon my face.

"Xilimyth... You can see me now, you can hear me. I'm impassioned by that fact, for at long last I can communicate and even touch my guardians. I have a gift for you," she swallowed just then, as if saying this was trying to stomach something bitter. "But by giving it to you, you may... Wane in your ability to see and speak and understand me."

"What gift?" I asked turning to her, and suddenly realized that her hands on me were steadily laying me down on the couch as the couch transformed into an ornately made four-poster bed surrounded by draping white silk.

"Well... gifts, really." she blushed and I blinked as she laid against me, feeling her long fingers sliding against my navel and caressing my hardened belly. "The last two ingredients to the potion that is being made to reward you for all your faithful service to the dragons, the trees and mother Gaia."

"But... What have I ever done to deserve these things?" I asked her as she rubbed my belly and pushed open the bodysuit about my supple form, freeing my breasts and then moving to rub and massage my neck and throat with both hands till I found myself purring subtly.

"A better answer is what haven't you done, my sweet guardian?" she murred, her leafy green eyes shining beautifully within the white light of this place. "You've given yourself to service all your life. From birth until now... You do nothing but service... Helping others usually with no thought to yourself."

"But... That was all to keep me busy, so that I wasn't a burden."

"Yes, but you did more than just deliver packages and secure messages. Donating to charities, helping others like your beloved in her time of fear and anguish, and just recently freeing three score of females from male oppression, providing for the needy... I remember every good act that you've done, and I am so... so proud of you for them all."

"Then what do I do to accept these... Gifts?"

Leaf rose then, and sitting upon the bowl of my lap, she lifted her hands and slowly parted the many layers of her robes as if they were layers of green and then white curtains, revealing the enormous breasts capped with puffed out areola and erect mature nipples that looked like they knew well the suckling caress of babies. But as I laid there beneath her, those breasts began to balloon, disgorging from her robes as she continued to pull them open, the flesh stretching, and the tube-like torpedo tits she had before turned into ripened orbs that pressed against each other and her biceps that they were so full and rounded.

"Let me guess... I nurse them from you." I smirked, rolling my eyes.

"You're a Lycan, it's only one of three ways you can accept gifts like these." She murred and rubbed my belly with both hands briefly

"And the other is to feed from your blood and the third..." I paused, watching her smile, and I jolted upright again.

Leaf accepted me and held me with both her hands before gently pushing me back down.

"Xilimyth... You want to become a dragon. I'll admit that if even if you do under your own power and merits, that you'll remain female for all time, and though you'll be strong, you'll never pass the grade of a noble ever again.

"But... If you accept my gifts..." and she looked down, and following her eyes, I found myself looking at the smooth shaven pad of woman flesh between her legs, just before the clitoris there began to erect slowly, rising steadily as it bulged to fill in the twin lips of her labia, just before it started to telescope outward, the head swelling and its girth bulging, becoming riddled with veins and arteries while her labia flared open to disgorge this incredible heaving masculine mass.

"How the..."

"We trees are plants," she reminded me as she caressed the growing stalk of masculine erection that was sliding from her... no hir... still. "We are therefore asexual. Even father had once had to become a female on thirteen separate occasions in order to have the power to birth the lot of us.

"Through my cream and my nectar... I will implant within you the last ingredients of the potion... And then the only thing left for you to do is to swallow Lady Iridium's seed, and you shall gain more power than you can ever imagine. And what more... You can have Kirii, you can have a means to explain that you are indeed the father of your children and you can have all the power you've ever acquired in your life and more! Much, much more... but all together, you can have it and not be ashamed of it at all." Shi hunched hir shoulders and hir gown and robes fell about hir arms as I felt hir erection and a pair of swelling nads slide along my navel. "And worry not about any degree of infidelity... This is not sex, nor is it lovemaking... It is a union between tree and guardian... And this is my gift to you."

I swallowed. This was a conundrum. Shi could give me everything I ever wanted... And all it would take was to take that throbbing penis into me, and to drink as much of hir milk as I could.

"I-I'll do it then." I said at last, and laid back, somewhat anxious and somewhat afraid, but settling backward, my patron lifted the loose hanging skirts from about my loins, and knotting a finger into the crotch of the bodysuit I wore, shi angled himself for it, and then pushed gently inside me.

I closed my eyes and gasped, for despite that shi said that this was not sex, this was nonetheless extremely erotic, tantalizing and... And...

I moaned and came all over hir loins, tensed and came again even harder before as I arched deeply, feeling hir hands massaging me as shi pushed open my clothing. I whimpered from the sexual elation as shi pressed himself as deeply as possible into me, and laying down against me, shi cradled me to hir, just before I felt that penis throbbing rapidly, bulging and compressing over and over to offload load after climactic load into my body, so much so that I should be overflowing but I wasn't. I was absorbing it somehow.

"Now... Drink." she murred, and opening my eyes I watched hir growing, becoming larger and stronger, more muscular as hir heaving cock grew with hir, spreading open my loins further as shi penetrated me deeper. Shi hefted one of those fattening tits for me to sup from, and opening my lips and fastening them about hir erect nipple, I began to drink... But even from the moment I first drank, I grew dizzy, and hungered for that silken milk, so much so that gripped hir tit with one hand and drank fiercely and continually, not stop even for air it seemed as I breathed only through the nose so that I didn't have to stop.

And together, my womb and my belly were filled by her soft, white light... my stomach disgorging, rounding outward as if I were rapidly living through nine months of pregnancy.

Lord Sage looked terse, tense and about to collapse. He was bleeding from his nostrils but he wouldn't let me come near him.

"Do you have any insights?" Lord Sage stated aloud, staring wide-eyed and unblinking at the ceiling as he wiped his nose clean again with a handkerchief in one hand, his voice seeming to come from everywhere in this room like Aysyx's did.

"Yes I do! Stop this Sage... Before you kill yourself!" the chief librarian of the Black Vault stated.

"Negative... Damage has already repaired itself. I'm presently functioning only at a mild disfigurement of eighty two percent."

It was eerie that when he talked, it was the sound of three voices... His, Aysyx's and Aysyx's counterpart Avanoi.

Avanoi was, by comparison, an exceedingly younger mechanoid dragoness similar to Aysyx in concept if not design. Though not nearly as advanced as Aysyx, Avanoi nonetheless functioned as the central access point for the Vela Observatory... A nearby man-made construct that, in the case of the destruction of the world, all of man's knowledge would remain intact within that fortress.

"I promised my wife, Lady Eve," Sage said as his eyes turned to me suddenly. "That I wouldn't go nuts. She hates it when she has to heal me after pushing myself too hard."

It was sometimes annoying when a person of such incredible power like Sage, Bahumat, Aries or even Pseudo read my thoughts like that. Sage was just logical and responded to my strong emotions as if it were a part of the conversation. Pseudo and Neo were good enough not to mistake thoughts with spoken words. Aries did it to be a dick sometimes.

"Granted Sage... But if I see you having another nose bleed like that I'm going to order Aysyx to terminate the connections."

Connections...

It was more upon the power of the hypernites... It allowed a biological like Sage to link with the four greatest known mechanical minds our universe knew about. In order of omnipotence, the first was Aysyx... Who was connected to the world wide matrix and computer net and had access to all the functions on Earth that any computer controlled that could be remotely accessed from.

Next was Avanoi, for in hir control was the remarkable concentration of world history from beginning unto the end.

Third was Sage's own computer mainframe, Daedalus, who's very nature was possibly more advanced than Aysyx's was being that Daedalus – or Dallas in the familiar – was a biological machine that was over thirty cubic square miles stretched across six different universes.

And then there was Dallas's mate, Synergy... A traditional computer construct, she was nonetheless a highly evolved computer AI that felt emotion like any woman could.

Sage had the knowhow, Aysyx had the means, Avanoi had the knowledge, and Dallas and Synergy possessed the actual experience working with my hypernites. And together... Well...

There's an increasing rarity of me actually being impressed with something, of being awestruck and fascinated by a thing, and watching the five of them network together was in a word... Miraculous...

A flurry of screens and programming languages and images were flashing rapidly, most of the screens not remaining up for much longer than a few milliseconds before it was replaced by one or more others. And

then a window appeared and stayed there, and in a knowing tone, the conglomerate of voices chimed out: "Baseline achieved."

And the window showed the state of a draconic king cheetah with white feathered wings. Powerfully built with an enormous frame, decidedly female, and incredibly buff and powerful... But in comparison to other dragons, this was no more than a greater dragoness in design. But it was a baseline image. Provided that all constants inputted are achieved and all random inputs are at their minimums, this is the form Lady Xilimyth will achieve.

"Error..." a feminine voice chimed in. I recognized it as belonging to Synergy.

"Explain." I said, stepping forward and palming my belly with two hands.

"Lord Patch, Master Sage's half-brother, had inputted new information. He has been in contact with Tre'Ent, and they have confirmed that Lady Xilimyth has accepted their gifts."

"Gifts? What gifts?" I said aloud.

"They're awakening her full potential." a new voice said, and I turned to see my husband Blind IO approaching.

"IO!" I gasped and hurried to him, embracing him tightly. As always, his gentle ways accepted me to him, his form smaller than my present one since he still only had the two arms and the lesser body, and he nuzzled lovingly with me before I realized what he'd said. "Wait... what do you mean by *'unleashing her full potential?'*"

"May I have a console, Sage?" IO asked, and a half ring of keys appeared around he and I on one side.

Though blind... IO was able to still hear the hums of the holographic keys in the air. He could hear the differences between the key and the lettering that were imaged upon those keys, so could also see the different letters as well. Lifting a hand to the half-moon keyboard he began to key in some commands. Turning as he and I continued to embrace as I watched the info he added I saw him inputting some variables before hitting enter, and I turned and gaped at what started happening to the baseline of Lady Xilimyth."

"Impressive." Sage stated quietly.

"Lord Sage..." I mentioned quietly as my scientific curiosity took over and I stepped away from my husband toward the image. "*Impressive'* is the understatement of the millennium..."

I gasped as I slid from Iridium. Hir lips were warm, luscious and tasty... But there was something in me that could accept that.

"I'm sorry..." I said, and Iridium withdrew enough, kissed me on the forehead and then settled backward.

"No worries... I had to find out too..." shi smiled, and we sat apart from each other without anything having been done.

"I... I'm sorry for..." I began, but Iridium held up a hand to stop me, and then crawling through the lucid milk we'd combined together into our nice warm bath again, shi settled against my side and nuzzled me while embracing me lovingly.

"Nothing to be sorry for. I gained something, nonetheless..." shi murred and laid hir head against the peak of my chest and against my neck. "I'm glad at the very least that I have a sister now, and a friend. But if you're ever ready, if you ever feel that you want to couple with me and you and Xili are fine with it then I'll still be here for you."

I smiled, and wrapped a friendly arm about hir; ignoring the press of hir cluster against my thigh... actually I think I was enjoying that. I missed feeling something male against me since Xili began to loose his powers. It'd been awhile since I had the protective feeling of a guardian near me. At least shi wasn't getting hard, but I could really use a friend right now and Iridium was quickly becoming both a guy and a girl friend all in one.

"Iridium... I'm glad you're here nonetheless. I've been so stubborn wanting my Xili, but now that I've seen him – I mean her – now that I know that she can't stay with me while... while she's figuring herself out, I'm glad that someone at least can when he cannot... And I'm glad it can be someone like you and Miki too."

Iridium smirked and then nuzzled and kissed my cheek. "Think nothing of it. I'm here for both of you now."

It was like an incredible dream. Leaf's warmth and hir strength suffused me, cradling me while the nourishment of hir milk entered my mouth and the solid shaft of hir erect penis pierced my love mound to offload what must've been gallons of hir juices into me. My belly was so full that the belly button was turned outward, and mildly, with how much pure life was being filtered into me, I wondered if this was what it felt like for Kirii.

The sensations in me were dizzying and euphoric along with being erotic and tantalizing. Milk leaked from my breasts, my own ejaculate was seeping from me slowly around hir bulbous cock in me as shi slid in and out of my body. Being there in hir embrace as I moaned and cooed from hir soothing touch, my hands pressing rhythmically upon hir breast with both hands to press the milk out while likewise rhythmically clenching my vaginal muscles to suck that seed from hir cock made me feel warm and wanted. And there I remained for only the Creator knew how long... Till at long last the euphoria waned.

Leaf pulled out of me, shooting hir seed over my fattened belly and thighs as shi rose above me, and I tried to continue nursing from hir till hir tit escaped my mouth and shi stood gripping hir wet cock, smiling at me. I panted, looking at hir till I convulsed, and struggling from some tensing erotic might inside me I felt my navel tightening, flushing my body with all that milk and seed, and suddenly I was waking up from that dream only to find myself laying in a bed made of blankets and furs inside the female's quarter of the den.

Had I dreamed it all? I asked myself. Had all that been just a farce made up by my mind's eye?

Lifting the skirt I still wore and spreading both legs opened, I looked at the neat patch of silken cloth covering my loins, absent of any dried or crusted love juices from either hir penetrating me or me orgasming all over myself.

So then why did I feel so full?

Lowering a hand to caress those twin labia, a loud purr emanated from me immediately as I felt the taut vaginal muscles that immediately hardened into a firm camel toe between both legs, and purring louder, I sat there and caressed those loins for a moment or two, just before drawing my hand back, and then pressing the fingers underneath the lip of the bodysuit I wore to directly touch the gaping vaginal muscles that were my ponderous womanly power.

And it was power all right. I'd learned that just the sheer fact that I had this nearly flat, featureless thing between my legs that I was a desirable thing, I was wanted by males who wished to mate with me and in their attempt to get the honor to do that they'd do inexplicable things for me just to pierce me.

Lioli was one such example. But then as I pushed the fabric away from my pussy, and bending over to look at it, take awe in looking at it, something blue and glittering fell before my vision, and I blinked at Iridium's seed where it hung in its silver necklace.

Rubbing the twin vaginal lips and caressing the clit that throbbed energetically, I gazed upon this most precious gift to me, and lifting it with one hand I stared at my reflection within the smooth crystal.

Iridium's crystal that it was born of was hard cut and angular but this one was smooth. My mind paused in thought as I laid back, legs spread wide open while I continued to entice my sex, and holding onto the gem I thought that it might be discourteous to only wear such a gem.

Take Iridium's seed into you, I reminded myself from what Leaf had told me. When shi first said it, I thought that shi wanted me to have sex with Iridium, but this was hir seed, not the creamy white ejaculate that shi could generate.

It was a profound gift, it had incredible meaning. A sister? A wife maybe? What would Kirii think?

But then there was everything that that dream had told me, or if it wasn't a dream and I'd somehow been teleported back here, then if what Leaf said was true then this was the catalyst for the potion to unlock every last bit of potential that I had in me. To become the maximum of all that potential was a gift, and I considered that the effort of the trees, especially mine, most especially the father tree, bespoke of sin to reject such a gift.

And so it was that I thumbed the crystal out of its silvery binding, and it came loose as if it wanted to come loose, begging for me to use it. It'd heard of rumors as to how these gems were used, and of the three openings that existed upon my body, I chose the easiest and most logical of them all and swallowed the gem.

And then I sat back and waited... And waited... And then I belched.

Looking around swiftly, I found that this room was unoccupied by any other than me, and then sighing and laying back before looking over the mounds of my breasts at the new object of my sexuality, I once again began to caress myself, sliding a finger in between the curtains of flesh between the labia and tickling my insides gently.

I should've known... Just like everything else in my life, that was just yet another in a long stream of...

And the explosion that happened inside me was so grand that I fainted dead away mid thought.

Post Documentation 0031: Fulfilling One's Full Potential

How does one register a degree of potential? Especially the potential of another being? How is it that that potential can be modified by that person's or another's choices in life?

Something that can affect a person's potential negatively can be done by being severed physical trauma. You take enough damage in a particular portion of your body and you could lose feeling in your fingertips, control of an arm, strength in a section of the body or a multitude of other possibilities.

This whole conundrum began with mental anguish intense enough where it created physical damage which caused Lord Xilimyth's potential to slough off him as if it never were. He reverted backward so far that whatever nuance that existed in the womb that made him male was repaired and his body underwent an incredible change to make him female.

Xilimyth as a she was suddenly unlocked to her greater potential. Sexual powers meant for a female in a male's body was none too potent, but sexual powers meant for a female in a female's body saw their full potential and she greatly put on muscle mass as Lycans were won't to do, developed a highly tuned feminine body with the heaving, mature multi-breasts to account for it.

But the power of my hypernites, in their attempt to repair the damage, had killed much of the draconic potential that had been in Xilimyth. Even should all that draconic power were to return as potent as it could be, Xilimyth would be no greater than a Greater Dragon... Never able to achieve a noble let alone a royal grade of power like he once did and therefore be genetically incompatible with her own wife. A moot point between two females I know... but it was the point that Xilimyth would be the extreme lesser of the relationship she'd have to lose her position in the council and her status as a guardian of the tree, to whom Kirii would instead take up that position and its authority.

And then in comes the interference of others.

Speaking for myself, a once skinny, small-chested lesser dragoness of incredible intellect that managed to create a revolutionary new technology that, when it was inserted into my body by The Gargoyle, it transformed me into a dragoness that was so much more greater than a mere greater dragon could aspire to, but not quite yet a noble, I was caught in between two worlds to great for one and to inferior for the other. I'd spent what felt like an age unsatisfied to sexual needs that were driving me insane.

It was Pseudo who helped me bridge the gap, made me a Royal, and yes, even helped me to meet my husband, Blind IO. Thanks to him I was now I'm pregnant, nearing delivery time in a matter of weeks and now the science specialist of the Dragon council!

That was my story on how others could increase my potential. So then how does one account for what will happen to Xilimyth?

From the information we've retrieved so far, Xilimyth is now in possession of a dragon seed... Given to him by Lady Iridium when we'd not even asked him to do such a thing. We believe that she was being influenced by his tree to give such a gift. She also possesses the power of not one but now two Dragini fruit, a weapon core and the blessing of the trees.

I had no idea what that last one meant, but with Sage being Ent's – Tre'Ent's son – guardian, he knew full well what that meant, and after compiling all the data, even the base line created a creature of truly epic proportions, so much so that I'm still in awe of it.

To top all this off, Lady Xilimyth still does have the most potent breed of hypernites I've ever managed to create inside her, there to mix all this together and empower it and her out to levels and grades that alone would be impossible for Xilimyth to obtain unaided.

So what is Xilimyth's current potential?

Somewhere right behind Pseudo, Neo and Aries... Hopefully, when everything is said and done, I and Leviathan's Daughter can still consider ourselves to be the strongest females of the dragon council.

I am Lady Iridium.

Lady Kirii's body was so lusciously smooth, her muscles and body an absolutely desirous thing as she laid on her belly. Her armor and my armor were gone, and after our shared milk bath, the two of us were like two creatures of silk. A bed of sand was where Kirii laid now, a bed that could be shaped so that she could lie on her belly and have that belly supported by the heated sand. As an additional measure, her voluptuously enormous breasts in comparison to my own also were planted in the earth.

This was a common position for dragonesses of old... it was like a Lamaze class. Having certain throw back instincts of reptiles, a few dragonesses would find a nice warm patch of earth like heated sand to lay their eggs in. Certain live births were done this way, so wishing to help Kirii get used to the idea if this was to be her eventual instinct, I was helping her get comfortable with it.

Even if this wasn't the way she'd give birth, it was nonetheless a therapeutic thing for her... and to a lesser extent to me as well.

She was a beautiful fem... and I felt as if I were falling in love with her. So sitting on her bottom, my package resting beside her tail on her rump, I was kneeling there trying to massage her sore back muscles from her flying about with all the added breast and tummy weight. With two of her arms at her sides and the other two beneath her chin, her full and ripened four frontal breasts flared beneath her like body-pillows with her tummy supported perfectly in the heated sands that were exuding steam as we remained there.

The feel of her tail upon my slit with both nads separating to the sides of her tail was making me aroused. Aroused enough to where I'd unsheathed but not erected. I didn't know her heart yet, so I kept myself from getting really hard.

"Hmm... I think I like having an older sister." Kirii purred, her wings splayed wide along the ground like a great big feathered blanket.

"So you get to be the little sister, eh?" I chuckled and then laid against her back to hug her and clutch at her sides. "How come I can't be the little sister?"

"Because your thousands of years older than me silly." She smirked, looking at me with one eye and I gave her face a lick.

Giggling she rose as I did and wiped her face clean, and then we were laughing... laughing until I suddenly gasped, eyes going wide.

"W-what's wrong?" Kirii asked.

"It's Xilimyth!" I said with certain excitement as I beamed at her. "She's using my seed!"

I awoke with the feeling of something squirming inside me, and rolling onto my side, I felt that squirming thing focusing upon my chest, and even more so right between both thighs, thrusting hard and deep into my

bowels it felt like when Lioli got over excited that one night and straight pounded my pussy. I had to blink and clear my eye sight, for so sure was I that I was being screwed that I thought to see the male doing it to me right then and there, but there was no one.

"Oh Great Maker." I whimpered, clutching at my heart as I arched, moistening between my thighs as they flared open instinctively to bare my crotch out into the open while I felt myself driving deep, deep into a heat, my body readying itself for impregnation.

A low yowl exited my throat as I began to roll my hips rhythmically, licking my mouth and teeth as I gasped, breathing in and tasting the air that was full of my own pheromones, and bracing myself with one hand I used the other to rub that bulging love mound between my thighs. And then there was a low thud inside me, and the sensation of something climaxing inside me at the point of that explosion, the sensation so intense and remarkably arousing that I snatched for some of my bedding, thrust it into my mouth, bit down hard and screamed around it to muffle the sound as a heavy lancelet of ejaculate erupted from between my thighs to wet down the crotch of the opened bodysuit around me. The claws on each finger of my free hand scraped the hard stone beneath me, creating sparks as I humped my hand that was caressing that throbbing sex of mine, but what was more was that I could feel that sex bulging steadily outward!

The lips were engorging, the clitoris erecting so hard that it ached, while the mound of flesh rapidly thickened outward and filled the whole of my hand! A low moan escaped me from around the blanket I chewed on as I realized something was changing down there. What was more was that my hips were widening, arching outward and spreading open, the clitoris engorging bigger and bigger! I screamed around the fabric in my mouth as my navel compressed and all four breasts engorged, stretching the highly elastic bodysuit I wore about me as the front folded open and fully disgorged all my boobs. And then I rolled, pulling up the shirt I wore over those boobs as I panted, watching the four mounds engorging rapidly, felt the rush of fluids into them from blood and spontaneously created cream with their nipples thickening atop billowing areola that widened and swelled with every heart beat inside me.

The fur over those breasts rapidly thinned, becoming velvet-like within moments from the swelling masses of tit atop each chest, right as I felt both sets of chest muscles thicken outward, hefting those tits further upward and apart from each other, while the ribs beneath them flared outward, each rib spreading wide and thickening with a series of crunches. Swallowing hard, I then dared to cup my crotch with again but with both hands now, my arms pressing those dual racks of tits together and squeezing some of their milk out while I felt the thickening mound of my sex as it rounded steadily outward. The labia were hardening, the clit still enlarging and spreading those vaginal lips open, pressing them against the thickening and strengthening thighs that had flopped open as far as they would go. I felt like my loins were blowing a bubble, and that bubble was being done with the flesh of my clit, its mass growing harder and larger and tightening to where I thought it'd burst open.

I had to see it... I had to see what was happening, and so rising, bending over myself, I knotted a finger into the crotch of the bodysuit, my tits rolling and bouncing with how fiercely I moved just then, my tail whipping against my backside as I shifted it, and I pulled the crotch of the suit out of the way from my sex. What I saw made me swallow and the almond-shaped pupils in both eyes widen to their extremes as I watched the super clit I had grow to fill the entire slit of my pussy. It glistened from the moisture leaking from me, its shape changing as the inner flesh around it that was inside me rolled and tightened around it, and I swallowed again, fingering the hardening, glistening, reddening knob even as a definite pee hole formed at the end of that bulging clit.

I didn't dare to think, and touching it filled my head with a wave of scintillating pleasure that made me growl to myself, tilt my head back and moan aloud as that super clit ever so slowly began to telescope from me with each throbbing heart beat. The labia to either side were forced further and further open as I was filled with the sensation of penis in vagina, only I also knew the sensation of a vagina around a penis while that clit changed and transformed, engorging hotly and becoming ribbed definitely for my pleasure, its mass engorging till the lips of my vagina had to stretch in order to let it out of me.

Both eyes opened wide while I started to rock my hips, my hands wrapping around the extending neck of that clit that couldn't possibly be a clit anymore, and I knew for certain that I was transforming genders again... only... why were my tits enlarging? If I was changing back into a male, then why did I still have...?

I stopped thinking immediately and then blanched, realizing the truth of what was happening to me with a sudden undeniable clarity, and I swallowed even more heavily than before as I watched a bonafide chubby grow from my feminine loins. The labia distended now bunching up and gathering beneath the elongating phallus projecting from me, and the more I watched, feeling the almost forgotten masculine powers growing inside me without the feminine powers waning but rather enhancing along with it I knew in what way I was changing.

I was becoming like Iridium... a she-male!

I gurgled from the combined pleasure of both sexes sending me their pleasure, like feeling the sensations of sex from both sides of a relationship at the same time with the same mind as my loins continued to swell, and with both hands I cupped my fingers around the telescoping and sticky wet mass of my phallus as it grew and grew, touching the growing penis that had become of my clit, watching as the scar of my former circumcision was drawn outward along with it as the velveteen surface of the erecting prick leapt suddenly with a spasm. I gasped and tried to scream, the fabric of the blanket falling out of my mouth but so sudden and intense was the pleasure that gripped my heart just then and exploded that only a hiss of air came out of me before I convulsed and thrust with that cock forward within my cupping hands.

With a gasp I clutched my heart with one hand again as another explosion and a powerful thud struck the back of my ribcage and I flossed that clutching hand deeper beneath both sets of boobs in an attempt to still it, and there I was met with another surprise.

I began panting as I felt it, felt the hardened knob resting there, and in the next moment I was practically tearing the shirt off me and unshouldering the bodysuit before I grabbed a tit with each hand and pulled them open, revealing exactly what I thought was growing there.

A heart stone...

The flesh had pushed outward, the fur having thinned over that knot of flesh just before the skin split open beneath my fingers and folded open like an opening eye, and I laughed at the sight of the smooth blue gem that rested right at the apex of my sternum as the thing grew and pushed outward from between the four breasts that warmed it. The Heart Stone, there as the keystone of all a dragon's power both physical and magical, and there to keep a ribcage from collapsing in on oneself under the might of their own strength, its appearance meant that I was a dragon now; in part at least...

And then I felt the swelling of my four tits intensify, and looking to them and gasping for joy, I bit my lower lip and purred a deep purr and rubbed them till they began to lactate; first one pair and then the next till they drained their fluids down my bodice toward the growing boner I was getting. It was then that I scrunched in on myself, tightening into a ball, which likewise made me more aware of the growing mass of erection I had as I pushed all my clothes off me and sat naked on my bedding before letting both legs simply flop open. I looked between the two pairs of breasts and leaned back, taking joy in the sight of my manhood coming back, my tits still swelling and engorging and even took up the eight pairs of tertiaries below them that also firmed up and puffed out, their nipples sticking out of their surrounding fur now.

And all the while my growing phallus slid outward into a hooking horn with its pointed tip, its underside rounding outward and its top and sides thickening with hardening muscle ribs and swelling veins. But also, the pinched labia at its base with their shifting vaginal slit still in place, I also felt the formation of testis

developing as the labia swelled outward with a pocket of flesh on each containing what was sure to be a seed-producing gonad.

But still I had a vaginal slit... And what was more was that those vaginal muscles, penetrating deep, deep inside me were engorging, growing stronger! Biting my lower lip and laughing to myself, I reached forward and caressed that lengthening phallus as it projected outward the length of my thigh now, its girth broadening steadily as well, and I felt the steely strength of that phallus as I stroked it. It's weight suddenly leapt upward, and I felt a surge of fluids on its inside, just like I remembered as semen started to load into it, and laughing inwardly to myself as I closed my eyes and tilted my head back again, I slid the fingers of that stroking hand downward along the shaft, and still rubbing that prick with thumb and forefinger, I shoved the other three fingers of that hand between my nads and inside my cunt.

"Ah... ha!" I gasped and churned at the waist and then the hips, feeling my prick leap several inches in growth and dozens of centimeters in width as I caressed my feminine insides, and I felt the syrupy ejaculate inside my pussy slide against my fingers as more fluids rushed up the length of that heaving cock.

Great Maker, I groaned inwardly, clenching tightly as muscles in me tensed and flared subtly, parts of me spasming and bubbling as the powers in me mulled about, beginning to work in tangent.

Swallowing hard, feeling that throbbing member erecting steadily outward, flaring steadily wider to fill the cavity of my femininity, I gently reached out with both hands, still purring, and cupped the swelling vaginal lips with one hand and the bulging phallus with the other, still stroking my insides and feeling the bulging rounded base of my shaft inside the pussy.

Again I closed my eyes, murring and arching deeply, stroking and fondling myself with both hands in both ways, remembering the feeling of so much power as a penis erecting between one's legs and now feeling it coupled with all the feminine parts clenching and spasming with approaching orgasmic might. The throbbing of arousal, the incredible intensity of your whole body heating up, and the might and power of everything that you were as a male was focused like a sword that penetrated your loins. It had to be strong! It had to be powerful! Powerful enough to override the strength of a female's loins, to penetrate her amidst her arousal and to impregnate her.

It was a macho way of thinking, a very male way of thinking, and having the thoughts of a female, I realized how disgusting such thoughts were. There was no overriding... There was allowance. She allowed you to penetrate her... And now that I saw my penis growing back, I smiled pleasantly to myself, and began to fondle both sexes together, remembering the feeling of my phallus as its arousal seemed to tug on my heart strings and I gurgled as the pressure in my feminine loins seemed to press against the underside of that heart that its pleasure and muscular might were so deep.

The labia felt firm with the swelling nads inside them as they engorged steadily with what felt like seed. I dipped the fingers of the one hand deeper in between them, fingering the firm inner vaginal muscles inside myself as they clenched and pinched, and likewise stemmed off some of the flow getting to that dick till that maleness strengthened enough to restore the flow. My loins matured and mutated further, vaginal slit and muscles with their attached nads being pushed to the underside of the erect prick, with that prick rising to the top of the slit to allow the vaginal flesh to pinch together again... enough of an opening to allow another male inside me again if I so wished it.

Another gurgling exited my lips before I murred, humping and rocking into those hands as I stroked myself now, remembering the techniques and methods that would get me to climax as blood and fluids rushed in a flood into those changing loins. I felt the swelling ribs and thickening veins move passed my hand with each stroke, the length of that shaft already lubricated with feminine nectar to ease in the sensation as more and more juices pushed into the underside of that bulging cock.

It was remarkable, watching the head of that prick flare like it did of old, but the length of it was thickening beyond what I remembered it in comparison to the rest of me, thicker too. As it grew beyond eighteen inches though, its girth swelling so much that I couldn't wrap the whole of one hand around it any more, I feel it pressing against the insides of either thigh. Something else was different too. Like with breasts and chest muscle, if I tensed my pecs then I could squirt milk out of my breasts, but so too as I clenched my labia, it tensed both nads which thusly tensed fluids into that cock.

And then in a rush, I laid back, dragging the fingers from my pussy and planted them behind me as I arched myself amidst stroking my prick harder and harder as it climbed and swelled. My head tossed, the mane of hair atop it brushing against face and neck while my strengths shifted and cajoled with each other inside me the hardness of that prick deepening as its length turned a deeper shade of red with the flush of blood into it.

But those sexes between my thighs weren't the only things changing, and I felt both tits engorging to things the size of basket balls upon my chest, climbing beyond the common alphabet of cup sizes from glandular growth and their milky contents. Focusing on one primary, I gasped and then hefted one tit, shoving its nipple into my mouth as my prick and pussy began throbbing energetically now with my racing heart beat, and I sucked the milk that seemed to be squirting from my tits now as I made sounds of enjoyment from how lusciously creamy the milk from my tit was; the cream tasting like it even had a vanilla-like after taste to it!

I giggled around the tit in my mouth and rolled my eyes at the thought of making some ice cream from my breast milk.

My masculine power continued to grow as I closed both legs together, their strength rubbing against the length of that cock with the nads pressed to the underside to pinch my cunt with it, and I felt a trickle of nectar sliding out of the pussy, moistening the balls hanging from that feminine gap amidst all my stroking of that dick, trying to get myself to cum like in olden days when I was totally male.

The powers of both sexes were growing still, surging inside me, but unlike before when masculine and feminine battled each other, the one canceling each other out with the stronger sex diminishing the weaker one, with the heart stone now growing in my chest I could feel the pair comingling now, adding both their strengths to each other and thusly to me. And thusly as that masculine power grew between my legs, I also felt masculine strength growing through the rest of me.

My muscles coiled and thickened readily now, the shifting in powers now pushing forward again to enhance this body, and with it my awareness of things grew as well. As I nibbled on that teat, I took both hands and began to get rough with that growing shaft as it peaked above twenty inches now, arching long and powerful, the underside engorging and billowing outward thicker than the muscular sides did, the head flaring with all the fluids being held tightly inside the tube of that prick as more fluids surged into the underside of that prick. The twin labia puffed further outward into ever growing heights thicknesses that I could still feel rubbing against my inner thighs and pressing against the undersides of either butt cheek, the pockets of flesh beneath them with their nads filling rapidly with seed to make both nads grow steadily.

Those nads bulged to from cherries and then kiwi's earlier, and now engorged into oranges ad then baseballs and then to softballs.

I made fits of moans and groans as I felt masculine powers returning to me, but not returning as they had before... They came and mutated and changed immediately, and made me more than I was before. Suddenly I felt my back bow outward across the shoulders, felt the spine turn outward, felt the bones thickening all about me with a series of crunches. Shoulders bulged wider, the deltoids separating and segmenting rapidly as fluids continue to rush into my combined loins. Those masculine muscles as the reformed and grew into place, the formed in sharp masculine angles, but remained as such only briefly

before they merged with the feminine strengths that were already there. Rapidly the sharp angles curved and softened, forming soft rounded arcs with chiseled lines between them; the best of both worlds.

Ribs flared forward, each thickening and cracking and snapping, as my abdominals rolled outward, the abdominal muscles suddenly tripling in manly thickness and then smoothing with feminine grace, and gasping and panting with my mouth open as I licked my lips with a lengthening tongue that was becoming more less feline and more serpentine, I felt the telltale pressure of seed loading to near bursting inside my shaft. A micro orgasm or two split the feminine loins beneath that towering shaft as I continued to rub and stroke it, minute jets of crystal clear nectar seeped from between my nads but the growing length of cock that burned red now with how much blood was in it, filled with such incredible pressure that if it continued I feared the thing would explode! That fear only fueled my eagerness to get myself to cum, and I stroked all the harder to get it to climax.

Opening my eyes and gasping and moaning with each intake and exhale of breath, I looked at that shaft, and doing something that I'd only done twice before as a dragon, I pushed myself forward to suck on that shaft.

Now an age old question that had been presented to all malehood throughout time was *'If your dick was long enough to suck it? Would you?'* Whereas a follow up question would be *'If you could, would you swallow?'* I knew the answer to both those questions, and though the first time was experimentation, the second time was done for definite pleasure, and likewise on the second one, it came so quick that I did swallow. But this time was different, for this time my breasts folded neatly folded around its projecting length as it grew and thickened. Gripping and stroking its length with both hands, taking to fondling my nads and cunt again, I likewise pinched both legs about my breasts to apply added pressure around the boobs which likewise applied their soft flesh and firm body about that rod. As such, positioned as thus, I got the pleasure of screwing my mouth and likewise giving myself a hotdog with both breasts.

"Oh money..." I said aloud when I came up for air, breathing heavily and then dipping my head again in order to suck even harder on its length.

I moaned and whimpered thrusting upward into my mouth again and again, carefully licking its thick velvety surface with my prickly tongue comb while scraping the sharp teeth in my mouth about it. The pressure built, the intensity of the approaching orgasm grew so that it brought tears to the eyes, and moaning repeatedly I felt that prick steadily tense, its head clenching and then...

Climax.

The first explosion overloaded my mouth before I could swallow it all and white semen dripped out the edges of my mouth as I tried to swallow before the next lancing explosion. But when the next came I was forced off it and received a long jet of seed right in the face before I collapsed backward and just began to jerk off fiercely, getting long ropes of seed to eject up into the air to land on me again in heavy white splatter as I laughed softly to myself amidst the spasming clenching ejaculating sensation billowing from me. I arched deeply, thrusting my chests and their breasts upward, jostling the foursome and causing the milk in them to slosh as they ejected creamy milk outward. More ejaculate surged from that cock, pussy lips and nads clenching to continue thrusting what felt like an age of backed up seed up into the air to splatter against me again, landing every which way in long stringy and sticky ropes.

I laughed at the fountain like motion as I humped the air above me, stroking myself as I experienced a multiple orgasm with that cock, but then I experienced something new: A dual orgasm. As my feminine loins split with a surge of nectar, I moaned low and loud, milk ejecting from me as it sloshed in my breasts, and in its passing it made me grow faint as this body of mine continued to engorge with greater and greater strength, and for a time I just laid there gasping for air groaning as my loins repeatedly throbbed and pulsated between my thighs.

And amidst it all... with cum lancing onto my body beneath both breasts... I began to change.

I fondled the heart stone between my breasts, feeling its potency growing inside me as I laid there, across the ten or so minutes as I waited for my penis to be ready for more.

Stroking the heart stone was like stroking a nipple... It kept the whole of me wet and hard and perspiring. The energy that was flowing into me was supple and desirous, and I could feel the little spiders under my skin of the hypernites going to town now that they've found a new power source. If I remembered correctly from the Prometheus Project files that I'd read, or what little of them that I was allowed to read, they would be hard at work rebuilding the hair-thin fiber optics, their hive, their power stations... Everything.

I could feel my power growing, could even see my invisible muscles as I tensed an arm, those muscles appearing to me in a blue halo that formed around me whenever I focused upon it. I was becoming a dragon again! I could feel the draconic lore flaring in me now, in my bowels, in my chest and heart, the warmth of the fire of the draconic blood burning inside me, burning with feminine and masculine power.

Now only if it'd return that sweet breeder ability, where I could stay hard for hours and spontaneously generate seed. I wanted more from myself... Which was a pretty sick thing if one considered it. For ages, in a partnership that had taken their relationship to a bed, after the male was spent it was the female that was ready for more and was disappointed that the male couldn't provide it just yet. He had to get ready again. So there I was, with my feminine loins clenching and tightening, ready for more, and my phallus was spent for now, unable to give more. So getting impatient, I moved my free hand to start stroking my phallus as it laid flaccid over its feminine counterpart, and wading the long sausage up in one hand and cajoling it, rubbing and squeezing it, getting a little bit of its hardness back, I suddenly felt both eyes widen as the head of that penis slid easily into my own vagina.

With a jostling of tits, I surged upward and looked down at how the meat popsicle was penetrating me. Just the thought of that phallus pushing upward into my own vagina was making me really hard incredibly rapidly, and that was in turn allowing that phallus to steadily erect inside myself! So I pushed down on the phallic bulge and felt it penetrate me more...

Biting my lower lip again, I thrust it inside me as deep as it could go and just sat there with both hands behind me as I began to flex and contort both sets of sexual muscles, consciously learning to control them separately from each other. I experienced both the male and female sides of sexual intercourse both at once then... I was making love to myself, and occasionally using one hand to stroke myself, I soon came right inside my body, offloading several billowing batches of seed inside that cunt right as my feminine muscles orgasmed and clapped about that length of phallus. I came so much that a thick soup of ejaculate slid from me.

But the sheer level of pleasure was too much for one mind to take apparently, and in short order both eyes rolled back in my skull and I fainted right then and there, collapsing in a heap onto my bedding.

"Xili! Where are you Xilimyth?" someone was calling.

I was having a wonderful dream of growing stronger and stronger, of being looked up to by Neo and even Pseudo, and then I dreamt that Aries was running away from me with his tail between his legs as I reveled in all my ultimate hermy glory as I assumed the throne of the dragon council with my Kirii at my side. The dream was so desirable that it took me a moment to realize the voice wasn't around me, and when my mind came fitfully awake, I lifted the head that mind resided within from off the bulging mounds of both primaries that I was using for pillows.

"Have you seen Xilimyth this morning?" came a woman's voice, and I instantly came awake, recognizing Leona's voice. "We're supposed to start working on the new laws today."

Oh jeeze! I thought to myself, rolling onto my rump and letting both legs flop open, revealing the definite phallus that hung limp over my pussy and clenched nads. *Oh man... I totally forgot.*

And then looking around me, I saw the caked on layers of cream and ejaculate that were everywhere... On me, on the floor, on the bed...

"You better be careful my queen. We heard some moaning from her room. Either she had a male with her, or that was one horrid nightmare she had."

"Still in her room? I'll get her up." I hear Leona say.

I looked around me at the mess, and resorted to the only thing that I could do. *Oh please work...* I thought, and gesturing, remembering how to use magic, I cast a simple cantrip clean spell to clean up all the messes. Apparently my magic was back, for in a snap of my fingers not only was the mess cleaned up, but the bed was straightened, the blankets were folded, and all the boxes with stuff hanging out of them were sorted and closed. Even my clothes from last night were clean and pressed and hanging up from a hanger. Looking down I saw that my fur was combed and clean again... but... that did nothing to rid me of the thick maleness there between my legs, so I snapped both thighs together, knelt upward to hide that sex right as Leona entered the chamber. She found me sitting there prettily as I made a show of straightening things.

"Ha! There you are!" Leona smirked as I looked innocently up at her. "Just because you're my lady in waiting doesn't mean you get to sleep in each morning."

"I was up all night." I said and straightened my hair, only to find that that too was in a combed state and was lying flat against the back of my head." I grinned and laughed up at her.

"Uh-huh... You have a guy in here don't you?" she murred.

"Ah... No. Not at all. I know guys aren't allowed in here. I wouldn't break that rule... Besides, you know I wouldn't." and I fixed her with an innocent gaze.

She knew I wouldn't have her due to my past, I told her as such when I stopped her when she and I were about to make love. But then there was the humor of the thing that I wouldn't break rules. Breaking rules was how things changed around here to allow for our newfound level of equality with the males.

"Uh huh... Get up. I'll find him."

"G-get up?" I asked nervously aware of the thick sausage beneath my thighs along with the now emptied nads over both labia that were thick and bulging but at least they weren't like softballs like they were last night.

"Yes, silly, get up! I'll find him." and she hauled me to my feet, and I blushed deeply as Leona began to look under, in and around everything while I stood with my mighty sword laying against the back of both thighs.

Looking to the door, making sure there was no one else coming in, I grabbed that thick sausage and drew it upward behind me and held it in one hand against my bottom, holding onto it before Leona turned sharply.

"What do you have behind you?" she asked.

"Me? Nothing!" I smiled big and wide so as to allay her suspicions, but instead only manage to intensify them.

"Show me..." she said and rose, and I did the only thing I could do, which was to shove that shaft in between both butt cheeks and hold it there while hiding it with my tail before I showed her both hands.

Having one's own prick in between their own butt cheeks, and those butt cheeks being a woman's butt cheeks, made it so difficult not to get hard.

Leona surged forward and turned both hands over and even looked at the nails.

"Ok... No guy then." she smirked. "Now get dressed. I want to see you in the throne room as soon as you get done seeing Babasti."

"Babasti? Why her?"

"She's looking for you." Leona said matter-of-factly. "And do hurry... I need a strong arm to help chisel in the new iron plates."

"Iron?" I blinked. "Weren't the old ones stone?"

"Yeah... But if they're made out of iron, then they're less prone to being broken." she smirked, and with a wry quirk of her bottom that really made me want to pierce her now... I felt my phallus suddenly bulge intensely and I grit my teeth, pinching it with my butt cheeks till she exited my room and I relaxed, letting my phallus go and it flipped upward to project straight from me.

"Look at you." I gestured at it and then rested a hand along its top before tapping its head with a finger like it were a naughty pet. "Not here one day and you're already getting me in trouble like you used to."

The between-the-legs thing worked once so I hoped it'd work again. So as I dressed in the clothes that I'd worn the other night, I stuffed my groin between my legs before pulling on the body suit and securing all its synching strings and buttons and such before looking at myself in the mirror. Though it made me look like I had a pronounced pubic mound, it was nonetheless doable, and I wouldn't be seen as some sort of freak. The tricky part was the thong portion of the bodysuit I had keeping that phallus from peaking out, in which thankfully the strip of the thong was enough to hold it in if placed just so.

I had to be careful about my new trait. Lions weren't known for tolerating that which they considered to be an infirmity. Though I had a thick sausage between my butt cheeks, which would make sitting down strange, it was at least hidden.

The shirt had to be stretched before it went into place, and then it only covered the first pair of my tits with the second swells appearing beneath the shirt but were still covered by the stretchable bodysuit. The skirt, however, was practically a tight wrap-around now, but at least it was long enough to help hide the bulge.

Pivoting back and forth before the mirror, making sure no one could see that I was hiding my newly grown phallus between my legs, satisfied that they couldn't, I went to go see Babasti. When I found her though in her alcove, I paused at what I saw her doing.

In her arms, purring and idly massaging her breast was one of the young girls who followed her no matter where she went. Babasti's answering purr was low and guttural.

"Please... Don't lurk in the doorway, Xilimyth." she said, and I excused myself before entering fully.

Once the draperies before the door fell into place, this alcove fell into a shaded darkness.

"You wished to see me?" I asked, standing as femininely as I could, thighs together, hands folded before me and such.

"I expected to see you earlier. You made love to a woman, did you not?"

I blinked, and then blushed a deep, deep shade of red that burned even through the fur on my cheeks.

"Y-yes... Yes I did."

"Good... Then there's one last task that I have for you Xilimyth. After this... You can fully consider yourself a woman."

"Ah... Yeah... Sure." I chuckled, trying to hide my nervousness behind grit teeth.

Little did she know the sort of transformation I went through the other night, but then just like that there was a low mew, and the other girl who'd been curled up into a ball lifted her head, and purring, hurried off the bedding over to me, and squatting rubbed herself against my muscled leg.

"Ah... What..." I managed awkwardly

"This is Feline, Xilimyth." Babasti spoke quietly. "And she's hungry."

"Well, I might be able to get her some scraps from somewhere or other... Or maybe..."

"No Xilimyth... She's too young for hard solids just yet." Babasti said and I turned immediately to stare at her, trying to understand what she meant, and then glancing down, seeing her nursing the other girl, I looked to my own chest and then back at her and gaped.

"Are you serious?"

"She is." Babasti said nodding to the girl. "I told her that it's your breast she nurses from today."

The girl rose upward onto her tip toes and pawed at the largest swells of my breasts that she could reach, which happened to be my tertiaries. Mewing softly, and just like that, something instinctive in me clicked and I gripped the fronts of both breasts and squeezed them as I started to spontaneously lactate.

"There is a link between a woman and a child, Xilimyth. Instinctively, a child seeks out the mother for nurturing, and instinctively a mother freely offers that nurturing to a child... Even if it's not her own."

"But how do I... I mean... What..."

"Just try." Babasti purred. "I think you'll find it comes more naturally than you think."

I swallowed, looking down at the little fem as she pawed at my navel, mewing hungrily, and finding a smile spreading across my face as I looked down at her, I bent down, picked her up, and she immediately began tugging at the shirt I wore, looking for space to get at my breasts. Moving to sit next to Babasti, I pulled the shirt upward, and grabbing the ring on the zipper, pulled it downward to unzip the bodysuit to about the navel before I pulled open the suit to reveal the four full-sized mammaries and their eight smaller tertiaries that were the visible display to my feminine strengths.

The girl moved automatically, and all I needed to do was to move my arms to cradle her, she did all the rest. She found the teat on one of the primaries I possessed, fastened her lips upon it and immediately began to draw deeply from that tit.

"Ooo..." I managed at first, and then felt myself relax suddenly for some reason. "Ah..."

"It's different when there is a person drawing from you for nourishment and strength than when a lover's lips are upon your breasts, is it not?" Babasti asked.

"It is." I sighed, and pet the girl's side as she pawed rhythmically at my breast to get the milk out.

It was all instinctual, an instinct I didn't even think I had, and this girl drew from me as if she'd not eaten in days.

"I've been meaning to ask..." I said at last. "Who are these girls that you watch over them?"

"Orphans... and none of the other fems can care for them with their own families and duties. So since my life is one of leisure, I care for all those that cannot be cared for."

"So that's why you're boobs are so big." I smiled.

Babasti didn't even blush; in fact, her face seemed to have a sad smile on it.

"You've experienced what it means to be a mother, Xilimyth. Even the act of what you're doing right now distills the truth of what it means to be a woman caring for a child.

"It's a life of sacrifice, pure and simple. Here you are, giving up your own fluids for the child. Should you ever have a child of your own then you'll understand exactly what the meaning of sacrifice is."

"A child of my own?" I repeated and she nodded, and looking down at the girl as I cleared some mane away from her eyes, seeing her bright blue eyes looking at me with a look of uttermost trust, I remembered that I would soon have a child of my own... Only it would be from Kiri's womb that they'd arrive. Not for the first time I wondered if I even could birth a child.

I wanted to be a father now; I would not let those kits grow up without a father... Even if it meant that their father just so happened to have boobs.

I am Lady Eve.

I tried to get my exercise, and though I was weakened while my babies were going through their growth spurt, all my bodily functions becoming dedicated to helping them grow, it happened to be generating a kind of constant exercise for me just to be awake and moving. It was said that a human woman, over the nine month period that she is pregnant, goes through the same exertion that a single person goes through trying to climb Mount Everest. A pregnant dragoness is no different, only the effort is proportional to the size of the female and multiplied by the number of babies she carries.

Because of the wear and strain, the hypermites that were in me were rapidly trying to evolve to the new environment they found themselves in and were likewise rapidly trying to support the host that they lived within as per their design... Which was to reinforce and to repair. One good thing was that as scale and plates were giving way to soft hide as my belly grew, I was devoid of stretch marks of any sort, and what was more was... Well... I was getting stronger. A lot stronger. My hypermites were growing rapidly to

make me strong enough to meet the exertion of pregnancy, and I could feel bits and pieces of me bulging spontaneously now and again, while I evolved rapidly along the long stretch of my pregnancy.

Yes, I had this bulging stomach that lined me from sternum to crotch that was hemmed in by thickened ribs and widened hips made perfect to hold it, yes my vaginal mound was distended and thickened and I was developing all mammaries on my body thanks to the hormones that were raging in me. The hypernites found the milk generating hormones and improved upon their production and enhanced them and me to the genetic level, and now I have what one would call... Epic boobs. Not a nurse dragoness per se, but I had to be milked by IO every morning now.

I now had four equally sized primaries and secondaries as well as eight bulbous sets of tertiaries that lined my navel in long bands cupped by nipples. And framing all this feminine glory was muscle, muscle and more muscle. To make matters worse... I was now extremely horny, hot and marginally uncomfortable from the pregnancy and all the growth, and the only thing worse than that was that IO and I couldn't have sex either. I also couldn't take any potions or drugs to stop the horniness either because whatever I took might affect my kitlings, so I'd just have to live through it.

At least it wasn't as bad as a heat could be.

I was walking about on wing tips and legs again; my tail whipping about behind me just above the ground like the tail of a snake follows it as it swims through a pool of water. It was midnight and I should be sleeping, heaven knows I was tired enough to do so, but the discomfort and the heat of my body was keeping me up. But amidst my stroll, I saw a light on in the lab. My curiosity getting the better of me I turned to the lab, and entering it found lord Sage sitting in mid air, his wings draping lazily from him amidst all those additional insect-like wings with those long antenna of his hooking upward over his head.

"Master Sage," the voice of Daedalus, Sage's house computer said into the air from some unknown source. "I must state that this is an alarming conundrum. Unlike the GWU where such things are socially acceptable, how will such a final form serve Lady Xilimyth? The social ramifications are terrible in and of themselves. The genetic purity..."

"We need to think past the conception of genetic purity, Dallas." Sage said immediately. "When people bring up concepts like '*Genetic purity*' then we get people like Hitler and Stalin, and the Dragon Bane and so on. Lady Xilimyth has been in possession of these genetics far, far earlier than any concept of genetic purity was even ever made. It's not fair to hir to force hir to have any sort of operation or genetic manipulation to make hir totally male or totally female. If such a decree were passed, then we'd have to force several other individuals to undertake them, Lady Iridium for example. I seriously doubt Pseudodrake or even Neo would ever make such a decree."

"I understand sir. I will log that for reference under morality."

"Good job, Dallas. Thala, are there any references to hermaphrodites or chimera – genetically speaking – in the archives?"

"Negative, Lord Sage." the voice of Thala Mac Owenell of the black vault said through one of the open viewscreens Sage was watching. "There's no historical precedence, either legally or otherwise that would support forcing the issue. As a matter of course your own... history... Dictates measures to force *against* genetic cleansing. Though on a side note, I'm quite certain that they will do to Xilimyth what they do to all other '*miscellaneous*' dragon archetypes, and shunt hir and hir wife into the Ikari clan."

"Like they did to Lady Kirii, Lady Iridium, my father and me. I don't wear such a title with shame, Thala; it's only others who try to make it shameful. And one argument against their attempts is that the Ikari is also home to the Panzer Dragons, and I'm sure you know as well as I as to their part in the first dragon war.

So long as Pseudodrake lives, their clan is a protected clan... and even then they'd have to also overcome Pendragon as well."

"So then Master Sage," another feminine voice stated. I believe her name was Synergy, Sage's half-brother's house computer. "Searching my records and the archives in the Shangri-La valley great library, I'm quite certain that there's no legal precedence in dragon law for forcing any social changes on someone who doesn't want to change. Lady Xilimyth can remain as a hermaphrodite if shi so chooses."

"And any attempts to allowing hir to choose a gender and aiding in altering hir to something other than a hermaphroditic state?"

"None." Thala announced.

Sage lifted his hand and keyed in a command into the half-circle holokeyboard before him, and looked at another screen. Apart from the viewscreens that he was watching.

"Dallas, could you send this packet to Lady Kirii? I'd like it to reach her anonymously."

"It would be my pleasure, but may I ask, master... Why are you going to such a length of preserving the society of someone you hardly even know?"

"Several reasons really, Dallas. The first is my Hippocratic oath. First of all, after providing aide, I cannot allow a person just to be forced to make a decision after they've been left in a state that can be considered healthy and beneficial.

"Secondly, my conscience would irk me if I didn't.

"And thirdly... I was... *approached*... By a member of the council's inner circle, and was asked to do this. Out of fear and respect of that person, I couldn't say no. Especially when that member made sure that Aysyx is busy doing a diagnostic and cannot interfere with you sending the email if shi is so commanded to interfere with the information."

"I'll get right on it then. Good night Master Sage. Dallas out."

"Good night Dallas, Thala, Synergy. I'll be returning to my post in the Great Wide Universe in the morning."

"Acknowledged." Synergy managed and hers and Dallas's frames winked out, leaving only Thala's.

"Good night Lord Sage; and might I ask when you're going to return that book to the archive? The late fees are currently in the thousands of credits."

Sage sighed smiling, drumming his hand on the keyboard to make a series of repeating chimes.

"Looks like I don't get any sleep tonight then Thala. I'll meet you in an hour."

"Very good. And don't forget your payment." and her image winked out.

I waited for a few moments before clearing my throat.

"You want to know which council member..." he said aloud immediately.

"Yes. With Lord Pseudodrake gone and Neo busy with affairs of state, that leaves only one person, Lord Sage, who'd have the authority to command you and likewise command Aysyx to go run an intrusive

diagnostic like that. Would this so happen to be a fiery-tempered hell-forged dragon that you were mentioning?"

Sage turned in mid air, the computer deactivating as he looked at me.

"You're looking healthy today, Lady Eve. Are your kitlings..."

"Don't change the subject." I said sharply and felt my body tensing, the whole of it thickening noticeably in my annoyance while its remaining scales and plates turned outward. I was tired and uncomfortable and not in the mood for mind games at the moment.

Sage sighed and lowered from the air to land gracefully on his feet. "I... Am not at liberty to say, Lady Eve. I was commanded to keep it quiet. Especially from you while in your condition."

I sighed and cradled my belly with two hands, letting the other two hang at my sides before I strode to a stone bench atop toes and wing tips before turning to sit upon it.

"Why am I so important all of a sudden? Why is everyone more concerned than me about being pregnant?"

"Because, my lady... You're only one of five fertile females of this grade of dragon, Sage said quietly. "When you are a part of a species that is so close to extinction as the royals are, I would be more careful with your burden as well." I turned and stared at the smaller yet incredibly powerful dragon. "You should try to get some sleep."

"Oh be quiet." I smirked. "Go return your book before it gets any later."

"Your wish is my command, Lady Eve." and he bowed low before turning to leave, but then I realized something that he said. "Wait... you said I'm one of five breedable females. You don't mean that Xilimyth..."

He paused and looked over his shoulder with a small knowing smile. "I do." He said, and then turned back and left the room leaving me to myself and I just sat there for a moment before wrapping the other two hands about my belly.

Just the sheer act of hunching my shoulders made them bulge uncontrollably with even thicker muscles.

The child was nursed, and rising from Babasti's bedding and helping the child get dressed, I knew now what it meant to be a woman, despite that I had a wickedly oversized phallus hidden between my legs.

I'd just finished getting the girl I'd nursed dressed when there was shouting, and I jerked a head up against the unmistakable sound of metal clanging against metal.

"A fight?!" I gasped.

"In the den?!" Babasti stated appalled. "Girls come here, come to me and... Xilimyth! Where are you going?!"

"To find out what's happening!" I called back, and hurried out of her chambers only to find a collection of male Lycan, decked out in assault armor with heavy weapons surging into the chamber and leveling their weapons upon us all. It stopped me dead in my tracks, and though bullets just bounced off me as a dragon, I had no idea if I was strong enough yet to resist bullet fire.

"All of you... You're hereby now under the banner of King Kael, rightful ruler of the den and the lands of this Pryde. All hail Kael!"

"What?" I shouted. "What is this BS?!"

"You... Your name." the speaker said, and when I didn't answer he lifted his gun and released the safety catch. "What is your name woman?!"

"Xilimyth." I answered, and the lion lowered his weapon, smiled and gestured to me, and several of the soldier-like troopers in powered armor surged forward and grabbing me, secured me in manacles.

"Excellent... Your presence has been commanded by King Kael directly, Lady Xilimyth. You'll follow us or watch every woman in this place die before we cut you to ribbons.

I stared at the male, setting my jaw and clenching both hands as I let them shackle me, but then one of the girls ran up to the man, came to his leg and began hitting him repeatedly.

"Take that and that and that and one of these and that." and the male regarded her for a moment before rising his weapon and butt stroking her right in the temple.

The entire room erupted into a tumultuous series of roars from all the females, including me, till the male lifted his weapon and fired it once before aiming it at the child.

"You have five seconds to get this whelp away from me before I kill her. Five... Four... Three..." And I hurried forward but was hauled back. "...Two..." and another fem got close and began scooping her up, "...One." and the male fired his weapon.

A puff of blood sprayed upward from her back, which was answered by horrid screams and the sound of a now frightened child beneath the fem's quivering body.

"Now then," the male said and then moved his weapon to point at the back of the fem's head. "I'm going to give you the count of three, you lazy bitch, to get out of my way. Three... Two..." And she rose and began walking away with the girl, shielding her head till... "...One." and he leveled the weapon at her back and fired again, and the fem shuddered briefly before slumping sideways from the second wound.

"Stop it! Stop you bastard! She was removing the child!" I screamed, and the man came close to me and swung his weapon and butt stroked me in the head with it. It phased me, made me dizzy, but then I turned back and felt all my rage, masculine and feminine rush into me as I snarled back at him, both enflamed at the need to protect and nurture.

But a trickle of hot blood slid down the side of my head before it could heal, and it made me lower my voice. If a simple butt stroke could hurt me, then so too could a bullet.

"Look at you. Growl nice and fierce, roar loud and clear when you have a whole pryde behind you, but put you fems in your place and you whimper and moan like babies." and then he buried the rifle between my breasts, right over my sternum where my heart stone was. Thankfully it wasn't enough of a blow to damage the stone. Few things were. "You'll come nice and slow, you despicable whore... King Kael..." and he smirked again. "Wishes to make an example of you."

I was hauled upward, and outward, even as several of the females were pulled from the crowd and ravaged, while the rest were forced to watch. I heard their screams and roars as tears seeped from my eyes.

No... No... No... No!

And I was hauled through the rooms and halls, seeing blood splattered everywhere and several bodies both male and female on the floor till I was brought before the throne room. Leona was stripped naked of all her raiment, and was being whipped as I entered... Blackthorne... King Blackthorne was crucified to the wall, stapled to the stone by long rivets that looked unmistakably like silver steaks while Kael himself sat in his throne. Lioli was nowhere to be seen, thank The Maker.

"Ah... There's my whore. See her there dear sister?" he asked and gestured, and two butt strokes to the backs of my knees forced me to kneel before him. "I wonder what her head will look like on a pike. But first... Some just deserts." he said, and rose as there was a scuffle, and the old man, the guy I protected and provided for, was brought in between two hulking lions.

He was gumming his lips, looking wan as he dangled between their arms as Kael rose from the throne and approached the old man, accepting the gnarled staff that the old man used to prop himself up.

"What an appropriate thing for a cur." he said, and broke it over his knee.

The old man whimpered at the loss of the stick, but then before I could do anything, I heard the sound of an unsheathing blade, just before Kael plunged it into the old man's chest right to the hilt.

"The old have no purpose but to simply take resources while they wait to die. Like my father, this creature was just wasting the money and food of the pryde on worthless creatures like this." and he watched with mirth as the old man slumped over the blade before leaving it in him. I whimpered seeing the old man slump over like that, the lions holding him dropping the old man to the floor where a puddle of red blood spread away from his body.

Tears were in my eyes... I was crying openly. As a male I would've tried to hold it in, but my heart was shrieking at the sight of what I'd just seen.

"And now for this unholy embarrassment." Kael said and approached me. A guard grabbed my mane with a quick jerk of a gauntleted hand before a sharp knife found my throat.

The anger within me was rising; I could feel it boiling in me as I snarled at Kael with teeth that were thickening with my anger as he came to stand before me.

"A female is a creature of leisure and pleasure. A female should have no name or title, should have no clothes and should have no property or feeling of ownership." he said immediately, and every word made me angrier and angrier as his words punctuated insults onto my gender... Or at least the feminine side. "You are an abomination. No female is stronger than a male... Plain and simple. And I'm going to punish you for thinking as such.

"But a question... I need to put you and my sister in the proper place where a female should be.

"First of all, all your property is to be confiscated, whatever has given to any of you is now mine. The male children will be ripped from their mother's bosoms before they ever get to even taste the poison from her breasts and the girl children will be slaves in this household till some male sees fit to take them in whatever way they see fit."

Kael walked over to his sister. "But which of you two am I most angry at at the moment? Which of the two of you is the greatest whore in my kingdom?"

"Don't you touch her!" I growled, and was struck beside the head for my trouble.

"And a female should never be heard unless it's her moans and cries of ecstasy or pain." Kael said quietly. "Speak again, and I'll have your tongue cut out."

And he bent down before his Leona and grasped her chin to make her look at him. When she shook her head defiantly from his hand, he gripped her hair and forced her to look at him.

"I think you'll be the first one I shall make an example of, dear sister. You were always father's favorite..."

"He's not your father!" she snarled, and then she got a fist to the throat for her troubles which got her coughing and choking from the blow.

"Silence. But you do make a very valid point. If he's not my father, that makes you not my sister, so I have absolutely no qualms about raping you, solidly, for as long as I feel, while I tear at your flesh with my claws and my fangs and..."

"You won't touch her!" someone shouted, and the room shifted to a guard even as he pulled his helmet off and revealed himself to be the prince.

"Lioli." Kael smiled with evil intent. "There you are! Kill him!"

And several guards moved to intercept the prince as I immediately struggled against my captor only to find that despite all my incredible strength at the moment it was nothing compared to a full grown lion in powered armor.

But as these mercenaries surged toward Lioli, I paused feeling a touch of magic gathering in the world around me as Lioli lifted both hands as the mane atop his head bristled and stood on end. His eyes turned white then right before and twin strokes of lightning surged from his hands to penetrate through the chests of the nearest two mercs, armor and all, to erupt out their backs amidst electrocuting the two to death.

Lioli immediately got a bloody nose.

"You won't touch my sister!" he shouted, wiping the blood away off the back of one arm.

"Expending yourself a little too far aren't you, Lioli." Kael smirked, and then drawing another knife from his belt, he flipped it, held it by the blade and threw it straight at Blackthorne. The lion king roared as the blade imbedded itself in his tightened abdominals.

"Father!" Lioli cried, and then there was a wet thunk, and Lioli gasped as Leona moaned, and I cried out in alarm as Kael stabbed Leona in the back with a silver knife and began to cut it slowly toward her spine.

"Lioli... I'm waiting for you to surrender." Kael said tersely. "I'd hate for Leona to become dead below the chest before I get a chance to ravage her. I want her to feel every insulting bite to her mentality. But isn't that better than being dead?"

Lioli looked at his half-sister, and then lowered his arms before he was taken by both sides by guards and stripped from the armor he'd stolen from another guard earlier with a few simple release catches.

"There. That wasn't so bad... Now where was I? Oh yes..." and he turned to Leona, and reaching beneath a loincloth that covered the groin of his armored pants, he began to open the pocket to release his manhood.

"You do it, I'll make you sorry." she snarled.

"You make me sorry... You so much as look at me in a way that I don't like, I'll have every woman, every girl child lashed, and raped, their eyes pulled from their sockets, their tongues cut out and their bodies

forever mutilated... And I will make you watch as I whip you repeatedly, Leona." Kael said without so much as pausing, removing his nut cup as his phallus unslung itself, drooping behind its loincloth briefly before erecting.

"You're a coward." I shouted out, and the guard behind me struck me again, and then pinched my mouth, trying to get at my tongue to cut it out, but then Kael lifted a hand, seeing me snarling at him as I struggled against my bonds. I was seething! I felt the bones in me creaking, felt my anger so hot that I was literally seeing everything in a haze of red now.

I've never hated a person so greatly before, I've never known so much incredible hate, so much of it that I thought it'd consume me.

"I'm a... What?" Kael said quietly.

"A coward!" I shouted back. "All those times I saw you slink off with your tail between your legs. You have false strength! False loyalty! What... You think that powered armor makes you strong?! You have to take it off eventually! Or what about the loyalty of your soldiers? Look at them! The moment the money runs out, they'll turn on you. And when they do... You're worse than a dead man... I will personally haul you off to the harbinger himself! He enjoys consuming the souls of evil little pieces of shit like you."

Kael strode toward me as I forced myself upward despite my keeper's best attempts, and I stood over the little shit as the bindings about my arms creaked with the utter strength swelling about my bones, my clothing tightening as my strength rose steadily.

"I'm weak am I? Show me how I'm weak!"

Spit frothed through my clenched teeth. "You... are weak... in that you *still* don't protect your weak spot!"

And I kicked him with a soccer-style kick to the nuts with all my strength, lifting him up off the ground with audible groans from every male in the room – except from Blackthorne – and the force of that powerful cheetah leg of mine, a leg that was wrought with thick bundles of tendons for muscles, lifted him off the ground, knocked him against the ceiling, flipped him over and landed him on the ground.

"You always gotta protect your goodies!" I laughed, and got a rifle butt to the back of my knee again, but I forced myself to stay aloft. The second one failed too, but the third one popped something and I collapsed readily to the ground again.

"You bitch!" he said with a voice that was a little higher-pitched than normal as he cupped his nads. "Kill her! Kill her repeatedly till she can't die anymore!"

Then there was the sound of many rifles being cocked, and I stood upward, proudly, staring at them.

I'm sorry, Kirii... My beloved. But I die for a good cause now.

And then the rifles all fired repeatedly, over and over, emptying their clips, each with dozens of rounds apiece. The sound echoed in my ears like rolling thunder.

I am Kirii.

I stood atop Leaf, protected within the boughs of her branches in the vast home that Xilimyth had created for himself and had invited me into. Iridium was still here, putting the last touches on the nursery that Xili

had been unable to finish due to his crisis, when suddenly I felt both eyes water and with a sob I broke into tears.

Iridium hurried into the room immediately, dressed only in a pair of dragon-sized coveralls that didn't quite cover his breasts with the front flap, and showed off his tight bulging groin.

"Kiriii!" she shouted, panting. "Did you feel...?" she gasped, not saying anything more.

I turned to her, seeing the look on her face and I knew that she felt precisely what I did, and without hesitation I climbed up onto the railing.

"H-he's dying." I sobbed. "I need to go to him." and I leapt off the railing, but missed the breeze and forgot that my wings were folded in tight packs against my back to keep them out of the way, and I tried to get them unfolded before I was caught by Iridium. She and I tumbled downward, she using her wings to catch us both before she landed with a lunge with me cradled in her arms and our combined weight made a great impact crater in the ground that made rocks and boulders bounce off the ground.

I immediately began to sob, I could feel him dying. "Nooo!" And I balled myself up right as Iridium held me tightly in her arms, crying with me. She had the same connection to Xili that I did...

And then Iridium changed, shredding from her coveralls, those coveralls evaporating into the ether she summoned them from, and in one incredible leap she'd jumped from the ground, a thousand feet up into the air and landed in Xili's and my home, she twice as big as me in her current form as she carried me to a fainting couch and laid me on it as Miki, my new lady in waiting apparently, hurried in.

"Watch her." Iridium said. "I will go to her, Kiriii... Wait here!" Iridium said, clasping my hands briefly and giving them a squeeze, kissing my brow before she turned and leapt off the house again, her weight so great that it made the house shake with her leaving it.

I held myself tightly and shook as I saw her fly out of sight and out of the valley toward the town of Holt. Soon I heard the sound of the sound barrier being broken.

I wasn't dead...

I wasn't dead? Why wasn't I dead?!

I gasped, wheezed for air. I had a few hundred bullets imbedded in me, and each wound dripped blood like I were a sieve trying to get the liquid out of the vegetable matter of a spaghetti sauce. Something was happening though, something remarkable and glorious was happening, and it was brought upon by one simple sensation:

The spiders underneath the skin.

And there was a blink in my line of sight amidst the blur that was becoming of my eyesight, and it came from a tell-tale square block blinking on and off in the lower left hand corner of my vision a moment before a series of text scrolled across it.

<Critical Error Detected>

<Damage Sustained Ninety-Seven Percent>

<Life Functions... Critical.>

<Waking From Sleep Mode>

And with a snap my brain went into overdrive, its functions over-clocking as dormant hypernite constructs came awake and I saw a flurry of lines upon lines of programming and command text and numbers scrolling across my vision as the hypernites operating system switched on, and the sensation of spiders beneath the skin suddenly intensified to the sensation of wires and cables being strung beneath the flesh.

<Power Surplus Detected at Seventy-Eight Percent>

<Reactivating Critical Life Support Protocols>

<Damage Sustained... One Hundred and Eight PKG-Six-Thousand Rounds. Expelling...>

And muscles began to contort on their own, and as I gasped for breath, the first of the bullets slid from me, being harvested from heart and lungs, pushed out through the chest as flesh was rapidly mended and the bullets slid from me, falling to the ground, the blood flow halting as my flesh began to repair itself.

Kael blinked as I looked up at him and smiled, even as more of the bullets fell from me, making satisfying clinking sounds on the ground with each one falling to the ground, my own healing factor and the enhancement process of the hypernites repairing all that damage as I slowly pushed myself to my feet, feeling meat and bones knitting stronger than ever.

<Repair Process Forty-Three Percent Complete>

<Reactivating Dormant Functions>

<Releasing Stored Genetic Packages>

<Reactivating Nanofurnace>

And a flood of energy and power slid through me so quickly that I felt warped as skin sealed and fur grew back into place, and with a gasp I rose fully to my feet, and felt the bulge of both sexes firming up as I felt powers in me returning rapidly and in mass.

"I told you fools to kill her, now kill her!" Kael demanded, and there was a flurry of weapons being reloaded.

I groaned, and then rumbled deep, deep in my throat, feeling familiar strength, familiar power flooding me and with a series of popping and cracking, the bones that were in me began to change as I suddenly was forced from my lesser hybrid form into the greater one.

Bullets were still popping out of me as I expanded rapidly, bones lengthening and pushing outward, all of them thickening everywhere, barreling my chest out and stretching the holed cloth that protected my nakedness, causing numerous tears that disgorged a tit or two, tore off a section over a shoulder or along a side. But the thing about change was that it was highly erotic for me now, I'd grown to love the change, loved transforming from something small and weak into something big and muscular, and what I was changing from was small and weak in comparison to what I was changing into.

Nipples erected and puffed out, all twelve of them, standing on end, some of them peaking through holes in my garb, but what was more was that I started getting a wicked hard on. My loins rapidly bulged as that tube steak thickened, bulging outward, dragging slowly from between my butt cheeks to press so tightly into the crotch where I was sure that all could see it uncoiling... enough where they could tell what religion I was too.

That length of cock between my legs steadily erected, bulging outward and rounding outward as the labia behind the nads puffed out, and those nads themselves engorging themselves with rushing fluids from the swelling blood in me and the flushing of seed, and soon the smooth band of crotch rapidly transformed into a bulging groin. But then that groin started to extend forward as I snarled, heaving, frothing at the mouth, my clothing tearing around me with every muscle in me strengthening, standing on end.

Kael backed away from me; gaping at the fact that I had such a huge wang... struggling with the fact that it must undoubtedly be bigger than his.

"Shoot her... him... it!" Kael shouted, and I laughed as they began unloading their weapons into me, the myriad of munitions pelting me, causing at first a few wounds, but as I grew, my body hardening, I grew firmer and harder, to the point where their small arms fire was doing nothing to this incredible power of mine.

The curving penis unfolded its head coiling upward and resting against my navel as it crept up the inside of the stretching bodysuit I wore, and I realized that I'd increased in muscle mass in my lesser hybrid form from the last time I used it, even as more and more started piling onto it. I laughed as the bodysuit I wore broke its zipper down the front in one grand wrenching crunch, right before my cock and balls unfolded from inside the suit erecting outward into the open air..

The shirt that I'd been wearing that was already tight before it got shot full of holes ripped smartly in half across the tits as the four of them disgorged, my body flaring wider and wider as I rose up on the toes of either foot, forearms lengthening, tail thickening with the spine turning outward with each spine thickening into spikes. I snarled once and looked directly at Kael, and lifting a hand, I brushed off a chest that was growing all the more massive, bulging outward with thickening and rippling muscle chords atop flaring ribs, all that chest mass supporting heaving tits that rolled outward and engorged into thick, fat and firm orbs. I brushed myself as if the bullets did nothing more than dirty my clothes.

Shoulders amassed and swelled, ripping open the shirt sleeves and the two sides of the front of the bodysuit I wore stretched long and taut like a pair of suspenders, the holes from the bullets ripping open and allowing it to stretch further while my cock rapidly curved outward into a heavily weighted phallic mass with the labia/nads flossing the crotch of the bodysuit even as the skirt I wore popped open around the girth of that erecting penis.

With a groan and a shiver and a bonk on the head as I reached the twelve foot tall ceiling, I looked right at Kael and began flexing, feeling muscles rippling and popping in cascading rolls of exploding fits of growth, tits billowing outward and filling with cream with my back heaving upward into a roiling mountain of surging growth.

And then there was a snap as the bodysuit I wore snapped smartly in half between chest and crotch on first one side and then the other, the back of the shirt tearing apart and falling into tatters about me as I laughed, flexed harder and the remaining clothing about me exploded fiercely apart, leaving me naked.

Lowering a hand to my prick, I caressed it, gripped it, sliding my fingers along its length as its mass continued to strengthen, continued to enlarge as I rolled both shoulders backward; this forcing the many tits topping me to follow the pecs, and the stretching of the chest enlarged right before it lurched forward forcibly to thrust my heart stone out into the open air, the little thing heaving into a massive crystal now that forced the rest of me apart, enlarging me even more as it grew.

"Like what you see Kael?" I smirked, and lifting a hand, seeing its wrist widening, I laughed that I was so strong that I didn't even realize that I'd broken the metal bonds holding my wrists without even my noticing it. I laughed even louder as, with a squealing sound, the bond snapped right off first that wrist and then the other.

The guards and mercenaries all started to back from me at the ready, aiming their weapons at me futilely now that I was aware they did nothing, all while I squatted in the now low ceiling and reveled in the growth I was feeling.

And then my mammarys started to inflate steadily and rapidly, and it seemed to me as if the whole of me were changing to help support three things. The first were the collection of overly-engorged breasts that were all laden with milk. The changes they wrought forced chest muscles to thicken to hold them up, which forced my back to engorge and ribs to thicken and flare my shoulders wider to allow them the space to grow. But this then needed my navel to strengthen and push outward, which then needed stronger legs to support them and wider feet to support the whole of my body.

The second was a penis that was erecting well larger per proportion to the rest of my body than I ever possessed before, and as its girth and length enlarged, that required stronger abdominals yet to hold its mass up, which also required thicker, stronger legs from butt cheek and their three separate masses, thighs and calves, as well as stronger feet to hold me up. But also as it dragged on abdominals it required a stronger lower back which also meant a thicker, longer and stronger tail.

And the third thing... Was growing into place right now.

I suddenly shifted then, with waist growing longer between hips and ribs by at least a foot and my neck lengthening as well by several inches longer still, the sudden growth forcing me to bonk my head against the ceiling again and I yowled from the impact, wincing before I bent over myself and practically knelt where I was. But against my back, there was a sort of mutation happening. The long tail I had pulled further out of my back along with the back bone with a violent thrusting crunch rolling it outward, pulling it out so it fell over my bottom instead of projected out of its peak. The whole of that backbone became knobby and distended, surrounded with taut tendons and bulging muscles while I felt the muscles all across me suddenly started mutating just before new and radical muscles grew into place, but primarily all along my back to either side of that lengthening tail and spine.

Chest muscles suddenly bulged forward so fiercely that their voluminous tits rolled and jiggled, their milk sloshing before the back muscles opposite them exploded outward into massive proportions, accenting the muscle hump there before long bristle-like white hairs began to extend from my back. I snarled, feeling forearms lengthen, tail swishing angrily in its lengthening and thickening growth while the radical muscle groups continued to transform me everywhere to build up my upper body, to flare it wide and thicken it into heaving proportions atop a narrow and sinuous waist.

My nads swelled till the fur thinned from how full they became with cum, the pair becoming thick and huge while the size of my cock extended outward to the length of an elongated forearm out from my pelvis, and the enormous udders that were my breasts wobbling in their distended, naked and furless state.

More parts of me disengaged from me like my spine had, sloughing off to one side or the other and then reattaching in strange ways to my body, allowing for more radical changes than ever as whole new muscle groups my previously mortal body had no hope of ever having or even supporting, but doubly pulled my flesh apart down the center of my body to both the front and the back. The lengthening of both arms did the same thing as what pulling my body apart did, and that was the thin the fur down chest and belly and inner thigh, as well as around either upper arm, to the point where there were hairless hides uncovered by any fur...

...Except for a voluminous patch of it directly about my unique penile/vaginal mound.

My face pushed out then, the short muzzle lengthening with sharp teeth forming in that jaw, snapping into place as I gnashed those teeth, pupils pinching from rounded to almond-shaped pupils, and I snarled at Kael.

And then a wonderful thing happened. The white bristles on my back turned to white hairs, the white hairs turned into white quill-like feathers, those feathers reshaped and fanned themselves as the muscles supporting them snapped apart and realigned, each growing and engorging around rapidly developing bones, till with a crack and a double snap, and an orgasmic rush, I began to spread two bird-like wings.

"What in the Devil's Name are you?!" Kael gasped.

"It's funny..." I said in a still feminine though a deeply breathy voice. "That you say '*in the devil's name.*' Only evil people seem to use that phrase."

I flashed my claws, and instead of the short hooking claws made for running on all fours, long stiletto-like blades extended from both hands, and seeing me approaching, Kael slid sideways, drew a silver-edged knife from his belt, and grabbing Leona by her hair, he hauled her upward and held the blade to her throat.

He dug the knife in deeply enough to draw a trickle of blood which hissed and popped, smoking as if she were being burned with acid.

"Stop! Stop right there. Soldiers! Aim your weapons at all enemies!" Kael shouted, and the myriad of his mercenaries, largely hyenas and lions, but also contained wolves and other Lycan, aimed their weapons at everyone else in the room.

I clenched my jaw, standing there, swishing a thickened tail as the last bit of new and added muscle growth flared my chest and made me look like a furry and winged she hulk and hulk mixed together.

"I will kill her, you monster." Kael snarled. "I will kill her, you know I will."

I remained silent. Yes... I knew he would, and I flexed my fingers, the long claws clacking against each other. I was faster than he was, I knew I was. I could cover that distance in a snap... But I'd have to kill him. I'd have to work fast, but if I didn't do this, then these people, all of them, would be slaves for all their life... And all the women would become nothing more than whores. But if I did do this then people would die...

People were going to die... My action would cause them to die, or else I could leave, and they would all live in a perpetual hell.

"You can't stop me, Kael. You're leaving me no choice. And if you harm her so much as a little more, I swear to the Maker on high, I will wring you like a wet towel.

"Put the knife down, surrender, and I promise you can leave this place unharmed."

"Shut up! A freak like you isn't going to undermine years of preparation!" Kael snarled, foaming at the mouth, his eyes were mad and he was panicking, and he in turn pressed the knife deeper into Leona's throat. "I'll kill her!"

"And you'll be dead half a second later." I promised him. "Let her go!"

Kael turned to all his soldiers. "Kill that bitch... Bastard... *Whatever it is... Just shoot!*" he snarled, and I stood there and closed my eyes as bullets pelted me. They tore at flesh, carving it off me, and though the bullets stung at first, the stinging slowly went away as my body compensated, did so by thickening, hardening everywhere, and I grew taller, stronger, and more bulbous than ever as the hypernites compensated for the damage. But you'll remember that I just became immune to bullets... so why were they damaging me now?

For as the flesh tore open, rending apart with each bullet, it revealed dark azure scales lining my body, and when they were done shooting at me, I lifted both hands and tore the excess skin from me, tossing it away to let it disintegrate immediately into ash now that my regeneration wasn't supporting it all.

"Give up." I said.

"I'm warning you... I'm going to give you five seconds..."

"And I'm going to give you three!" I shouted, and flashed my claws again. "At the end of the third count, you will be dead, and I will slaughter your soldiers right after you!"

"One!"

"I'll kill her" Kael shouted.

I have to do it. I have to kill him. He's mad! "Two!"

"I'll do it! One twitch and I'll..." ***thunk***

I spasmed and gasped, actually moved forward several paces in the blink of an eye before I slowed again, realizing that it wasn't Kael killing Leona. As a matter of fact, Kael was standing there, trying to breathe, gurgling as blood seeped from his mouth onto his sister's or supposed sister's back. And then there was an arm that reached around him, grabbed his hand holding the knife and broke the thumb with a twitch of a finger as it pulled the hand away, crushing the hand and forcing the knife from his hands.

"W-what... What..." Kael gasped as he was caught in a backwards arch.

But then there was the sound of snapping bones and bursting organs before a clawed hand pushed from the inside of Kael's body, and a few of the females in the chamber who'd been stripped of their clothes screamed at the sight.

Kael looked down at the hand, gasping repeatedly, trying to get a ruined heart to beat and two popped lungs to breathe, but then the clawed hand wrenched from him and he was allowed to fall first to his knees and then to his face.

He slowly died of suffocation and blood loss.

And standing behind him wasn't some unknown warrior who'd escaped attention until now... But rather the most indiscriminate person in the room:

The old man...

"That's for breaking my stick." he growled.

"Halt! Halt right there!" the soldiers said, aiming at the old man as he turned toward them with a sword still sticking out of his chest.

For a moment, the old man's eyes shone blue, and as they pulled their triggers, hundreds of bullets shot through the air but stopped a foot or so from actually striking the old man, and they unloaded all their rounds before they realized what'd happened.

There the old man stood quietly, his face stern as he gestured and the bullets that were suspended in air fell to the ground, and then he gestured again, and every gun, every rifle and every piece of armor these assailants wore rapidly disassembled themselves right down to the retaining screws and layers of plating. Clothing was stripped from these people, just before they were sent flying to become pinned against the wall with such incredible force that more than one of them spat up blood from the impact, the force continuing to cause cracking sounds in their bones as they were held firm.

"Barbarous..." the old man said, and reaching up, took the sword and slid it effortlessly out of him before throwing it blade first down at the ground beside him and it stood in the solid stone quivering from the force of the blow.

"Sister!" Lioli gasped and rushed passed the man to his sister Leona, and the two of them embraced briefly. "Your throat..."

"I'll live." She croaked. "It's just a nick... But first..." Leona looked to me, looked down at my enormous wang, and then instead turned to the old man as he was cleaning his hand off, revealing thick tendons and long claws... And... and deep red scales layered with bands of red armor plating. There was even a green soul gem in the back of his hand.

"Who... Or what are you?" Leona asked, and stood there naked before him with hands on hips.

"I... Am a figment of you imagination." The old man smirked, and wiping his hand free, holding it up for inspection, it slowly became a youthful man's hand, just before it once again became gnarled and misshapen. "And if you'll excuse me, your highness, " and he bowed slightly at the waist. "But I must deal with the rest of your assailants."

And lifting both hands, the old man thrust them out to either side of him, and a pulse of blue washed throughout the whole of the den, through all the halls, and into every nook and cranny. Shortly thereafter, there were the sounds of more fighting, and soon after that were cheers and roars of success.

"The crimes have happened in your kingdom... So I shall place their punishment in your capable hands." the old man said, and finding the two ends of his staff, picked them up, placed them together, and they fused together perfectly without so much as even a hairline fracture.

"Wait a minute!" Leona shouted now. "Who the hell are you?!"

"I am angel, and I am demon. I am left hand of The Creator and the right hand of the dark one. I am the light and I am the darkness, and I am always watching." and the old man looked to me meaningfully as I slowly felt my jaw fall open in disbelief as I recognized those words. "You'll understand if I ask that you never tell anyone that I was here." he said, and adopting his old man guise of a hobbling walk, he slowly left the room, people parting to get out of his way out of fear or respect... possibly both.

"Xilimyth... Do you know this person?" Leona gaped.

"I do." and I started after the old man.

"Wait... What?!"

"Don't worry... I'll tell you everything." I shot back. "You and Lioli meet me at the oasis in an hour. I promise... I'll tell you both everything!"

And falling forward to both arms and legs – so as to better hasten my steps through this place – I followed after the old man.

"Hey!" I called. "Hey wait up!" I called again after the old man as he hastened his way through the back alleyways of Holt. "Damn it... I know it's you. You're the only one who uses that poem! Not even Aries dares use it." The old man slowed to a stop but didn't turn. "Why didn't you just come right out and say it was you? Why the stupid ruse?" I demanded and rose up behind him.

"In order to keep an eye on you." he chuckled, and turning at last to me, he favored me with a gentle smile. Even squatting after running after him on all fours, currently, I was more than twice his height. "That... And I find that help from a stranger is better received than help from someone you knew of. Especially me."

I thought for a moment about that.

"You're right," I sighed and held myself. "I would've rejected that helping hand if I knew it was you."

"And instead, you've learned a few things helping me helping you." The old man cackled, and stepping forward, still keeping the façade, he laid that gnarled hand upon my arm, and then gripped that arm of mine that had become thick, bulbous and muscular firmly.

"And you are now right with yourself." he said instead of asked it of me. "More right with yourself than you've been in eons... Perhaps ever..." only then did he ask the question, "How do you feel?"

"I feel... Right with myself." I smiled begrudgingly, and he shook with tremors and smiled at me, beamed at me and clapped my arm firmly again as he gummed his toothless gums.

"I was ready to kill. I was ready to rip that Kael's head off. Why did you do it instead? You could've been seen as dead and escaped my noticed that you were ever here in the first place."

"Because you're too gentle of a creature to ever need to kill. I on the other hand..." he smiled again, though sadly this time, and he didn't finish that particular sentence. "You would never forgive yourself if anyone got hurt. Just remember... You can be a guardian and still not hurt a person... It takes a weapon to hurt or kill. That is a thing I will not ask of you till you are ready to accept it."

"But I was ready to accept it." I whined.

"Do you really wish to have?" the old man asked, and after thinking about it, I hugged myself tighter and shook my head.

It was then that he reached forward, and with one hand, pushed one of the mountainous primaries decorating my chest away from its mate and caressed the crystalline gem imbedded in my chest with the tips of the finger of his other hand. I blinked, feeling the sensations of a heart stone throbbing in tune with my heart beneath his fingers, and as I arched myself, I actually saw it there, and chuckling, I fingered it too.

"This new stone is different from the one you had before. There was always something... discordant about the old one, but this one resonates with you perfectly. This is only the beginning, Xilimyth. I'll send our visitor to you after I'm done dissuading hir beliefs that you're dying." The old man said and turned away, to hobble off.

"Thank you." I smirked, and then paused. "Wait! What? What visitor?" I called after him even as he turned a corner and undoubtedly disappeared. "Thanks... Pseudodrake."

As a guardian, I have certain requirements. Now as Xili's sister/mother/mate or however she wished to think of me... It was up to me to guard over her wife and lifemate when she was away... It was duty. So in hindsight, perhaps flying toward the little village of Holt in my full weapon form might've been a mistake. Luckily... something intervened.

I was going full bore, faster than the speed of sound, a low rumbling across the savannahs of Africa coming from the dark places of the Congo, when in a snap of pseudomotion, all my forward motion stopped and I was suddenly at zero movement.

For those of you familiar with physics, accomplishing zero movement is a nigh impossibility, most especially achieving zero movement after traveling several times faster than the speed of sound. Even with the greatest and finest tuned instruments on a space vessel, the space vessel still drifts, it still moves imperceptibly in one direction at speeds that are less than a foot per hour. Even standing still on solid earth, a person still trembles from a heart beat, breathing and such and so is constantly moving in one direction or another depending upon chaos mathematics.

So then, when I go instantaneously from mach three to zero, absolute zero, one can only assume that you've been taken over by a power far, far greater than yourself, for the only thing that can accomplish such a feat is a magical skill called a dimensional anchor where your X/Y/Z coordinates freeze at the moment the spell is cast. It requires a tremendous sorcerer to accomplish it. I only knew it was a dimensional anchor because I could feel the sensation of a big thumb pinning me – me! A weapon... – in place. Dimensionally anchoring a fly was a monumental task, but doing so to something that was easily larger than a skyscraper was something else entirely.

For a brief moment, you panic, you feel fear, especially when the whole world becomes a negative of itself with every color you see becoming the negative reverse color. To make matters even more fear-inspiring, I was still going at maximum speed.

"Calm yourself, Lady Iridium, there's no fire for you to get to and put out, at least not any longer." a voice said, and the colors and such opened up before me to reveal a pair of tremendous blue within blue eyes, so powerful was the magic in this one that it bled from those eyes in long blue wisps of ether.

"L-Lord Pseudodrake..." I said and spasmed in midair, folding myself up and trying to look presentable. "F-forgive me for my rash impulsiveness, but Lady Kirii... we both felt that Lord, I mean *Lady* Xilimyth was in mortal danger!"

"I understand, Iridium. I have a personal hand in the matter. Lady Xilimyth is perfectly safe and now well out of harm's way... Thankfully, due largely in part to you."

"To me? What did I do? I didn't even get there yet."

"Sure you did. Just yesterday. And you presented her with a stone cut from your own."

I caressed the purple gem in my chest.

"But... Only a day's passed. It should take weeks, months for anything to happen even if she were to consume the gem right then and there! But she didn't..."

"As even I expected... But apparently, once again, we are underestimating the power of Lady Eve's hypernites."

He looked down at me, those great eyes blinking once, and I felt so insignificant, as if he were holding me in one hand. I never saw it, but it was rumored that Lady Eve did, that his weapon form was so enormous,

that it was anywhere from a quarter to a third the size of Luna Major! That's more than a hundred *miles* across!

"I... I owe it to lady Kirii to witness her mate's health with my own eyes." I stated, stepping forward.

"For Kirii? Is that the only person that you're doing this for?"

"And..." I managed. "Because... I feel compelled to see if she is all right for my own interests."

"I won't stop you... But... I will ask for two things: Firstly, delay your arrival by sixty minutes." I nodded. "And secondly... I suggest you put on something a little less... Intimidating."

And with a snap I was suddenly several hundred feet lower than I was a moment before and standing on solid ground.

Exhaling a deep breath of air, I nodded. "Yes... Lord Pseudodrake.

Leona and Lioli arrived at the appointed time, the pair of them walking into the oasis to find me sitting atop a large boulder, fanning my feathered wings as the elongated tail I'd just grown wrapped around the base of the rock.

My body was flaring and bulging as rapidly as it had diminished more than a week ago, and I could feel that spiders-beneath-the-skin feeling everywhere... A sensation similar to goose bumps.

King Blackthorne was hurt, badly, but once all the dust cleared and they were taking him down from the wall, Babasti herself went to go administer to him, shooing away all the other healers so that she could have him all to herself. Blackthorne didn't seem to complain in the slightest.

This allowed the three of us to gather so that I could come clean.

"All right, spill it." Leona said, folding her muscular arms beneath her bosom.

She was dressed again, wearing a thong bikini and a wrap around top with a sheer loin cloth... It wasn't much, but it was better than wearing no clothes at all and it was a privilege for her that she was going to use in the way that she wanted to. She still bore bandages though, and I could see some of the cuts she still had received.

Looking at her in particular, I shrugged both shoulders, and then began to speak.

"I'm... Not what you call a normal Lycan." I admitted. Two weeks ago... I was a dragon, great and powerful... And... Male." I shrank and saw Lioli's eyes widen.

"Wait... You were a guy?" he asked and I nodded. "So what does that make me?"

"Not gay if that's what you're thinking." I smirked.

"What?" Leona gaped. "You mean you and Lioli..." she uncoiled, opening both arms, "You can do it with him but not with me?!"

"Leona..." I gasped, but she began to cry.

"What is it? Is it because I'm not beautiful enough, I'm not..." But I surged forward and covered her mouth and held her hand firmly, my body having enlarged so much that I towered over her now.

"Stop! Stop that right there." I said immediately. "I didn't do it with you... Because I really did want to." I said, and she blinked at me before I shrank back, stuffing both hands between my legs to cover the bulbous phallus that was retracted back inside me, leaving me with an engorged and enlarged vaginal mound that distended from my pelvis with the large penile protrusion peaking out of the top of it.

"Leona, two weeks ago, I was a male, yes; I was a dragon, yes... But I also have a mate... And she's pregnant." Leona gaped, and Lioli kept looking between us.

"I was only barely able to get myself to couple with Lioli, when it came to you, I chickened out. Lioli was one thing, but... But my mate is also a female... And I thought, maybe... It would be cheating on my wife if I took another female to bed."

"Or I took you to bed." Leona said sullenly, and looking at her, I managed a smirk and nodded.

"Yeah, or that..." I cleared my throat. "But suffice it to say, I was big, I was strong, I was powerful, but doubt in my mind coupled with certain other things I wasn't aware of then reverted me into the tiny fem that you both met a week ago. All my power was taken from me and I was turned into a girl..."

"Only... As it turns out... I was supposed to be a girl all my life. I just happened to be a boy."

"So why'd you do it. Why'd you even sex me if you have something about betraying your wife?" Lioli asked with obvious hurt in his voice.

"Babasti... Was helping me to discover myself as a woman. She assigned me tasks to do and I did them."

"Wait, my mother told you to sex me?" Lioli gaped.

"Not you specifically. I... Just so happened to choose you." I smiled. "You were wise, a gentleman and attractive... And since I was a woman now, I found myself thinking like a woman, and as such, I really wanted to find out what sex felt like. As a woman I was a virgin..."

"Please believe me... I didn't mean to hurt anyone."

"I believe you." Leona said and then sighed, her usual outward demeanor of a fierce female warrior deflating. "One cannot argue with faithfulness."

"Or curiosity." Lioli mentioned, and as a cat he'd know full well what it'd mean to be curious.

"So what's happening to you now? Why all the spontaneous growth and expansion and the wings and body changes?"

"I... Think I'm reverting back to my old state." I offered with a shrug.

"And the penis with the vagina thing?" She added.

"I don't know. I think it's how my body decided to settle something. I want to be a woman, but I want to be considered a father to my babies too, something I couldn't be as a female."

"This whole thing started from me wanting something. I wanted to run away, I wanted an out, and I was given an out. And when I was out, all I wanted was back in, and when I was back in I didn't want what I got when I was and... Oh this must sound so confusing to you both."

"I understand." Leona managed.

Lioli shot his sister a look. "You do?! Because I'm lost. Must be a female thing." he snickered and Leona wacked him upside the head for the short to her gender, and I giggled in return.

"So what are you going to do?" Leona asked.

I thought for a moment, and sliding off the rock, I took them both to me and hugged them to me.

"I've been running for so long as a male, I always thought it was away from something, but rather I find now it was toward something. Now that I found what I want, and I know that I want it, I'm going to face it and obtain it.

"I would... Really like both of your help to do this."

"What can we do?" Leona asked.

I released them both and beamed a smile at her. "I don't know... It's a mystery!"

Post Documentation 0032: Updates

Lord Pseudodrake emailed me late the night that Lord Sage had left for home and to return his overdue library book, Pseudo's files granting me an update on the situation.

There was a lot of politics that I just skimmed through, but finally I got to the point describing Lady Xilimyth's present condition:

Hermaphrodite.

One of Lord Sage's predictions had come true, and Lady Xilimyth was transforming into an ultimate hybridization of all the many segments that made up hir body.

Male/female, cheetah/dragon, biological/technological... with the next step as Sage had dictated was a merging of guardian and weapon...

It was frightening and awe-inspiring no matter how one thought about it.

As Lord Sage stated, a process of rebirth and regrowth had begun and had been confirmed that it had begun by Pseudodrake himself and that will not end till shi reaches a peak or a plateau. That point can only be reached when the hypernites and whatever else is in Xilimyth reach a crux of balance in energy where they cannot force the host body to grow anymore.

As such... I'm sure that we're in for some exciting times soon.

I am Lady Iridium, member of the outer circle of the Dragon Council, guardian and weapon to the youngest of the Millennium trees.

I was born a female wolfess in a bygone age, shortly after the chaos of the Great Transition and the dragon war the followed it. I was barely more than a thousand years old at the moment whereas Xilimyth, the person I sought after now, was eons old. Xilimyth, or the Messenger as I knew him in passing before now, now a she, was always withdrawn and aloof. But now I've gotten to know Xilimyth, and I found myself becoming her friend quickly... Possibly even her sister, or, as I dared to hope, a lover.

So when I flew in a dummied down draconic form, flying over an oasis, I looked down and saw a sight of a cheetah with wings on her back, and swallowing, remembering Lord Pseudodrake's statements, knew that that was Xilimyth. So turning on a wing, I spiraled downward, and Xilimyth looked up, smiled at me and waved as I descended. It made me smile that she was happy to see me.

But when I finally landed, dressed in a light outfit for the hot weather, a sort of bikini with space in the bottom of the suit for my groin, I approached quickly with a bounce in my step but almost immediately slowed, seeing the tell-tale appearance of the third gender between Xilimyth's legs, which was the unmistakable bulge and formation of a herm's vagina.

Overly large labia containing testis, and a penis instead of a clitoris, held tightly against the pelvis.

"Oh Xilimyth..." I said and crouched once I was near, looking right at it. Shi didn't hide it, just stood there very daintily like, still mostly feminine it seemed. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean..."

"It's all right." shi said, holding up a hand. "You answered a desire I had inside me. I wanted to be female but still be called a father, this was the only real way I could do that. That... And I miss having a penis." shi smirked and fondled the cluster briefly and twisted the thick head of the retracted penis with one hand.

"I'm really glad to see you." shi said then, removing hir hand and folding it behind hirself. "I... Wanted to thank you, from the bottom of my heart, for what you did for me in giving me your seed. I know what such a thing means to a dragon."

I smiled back, looking upon the diminutive she-male that Xilimyth had become, and I felt a little chub grow before I managed to withhold it.

Shi was lean and beautiful... and... and... all of a sudden, I didn't feel so alone anymore.

"I'm glad." I said and sat, placing my twenty foot stature a little closer in size to hir so we could look each other more eye-to eye. "I... Didn't think that it was right, for you to have lost all your power so that you couldn't even be strong enough to mate with your wife again. Lady Eve explained to me what you went through and I found myself wanting to help."

And then Xilimyth drew near and embraced me. Shi was the smaller, shi was the one needing me for comfort and protection, and I was all too glad to give it. Again I popped a little chub, the head flaring, and suddenly the folds of the bikini bottom I wore turned into a cluster of three bulbous mounds as my maleness unfolded from inside me.

Great Maker shi smells nice, I thought smelling hir neck as we embraced, and I smiled at her as she withdrew, looked up at me, and then told me something that made my heart sink.

"I'll be glad to have you as a sister."

I couldn't keep my ears and horns from falling, but I kept the smile up, forced it to stay in place, and though my eyes glimmered with gathering moisture, I didn't let the tears fall. There were some parts to having a male inside you that as a total female I just wouldn't've been able to do. I had my hearts so set upon something that I couldn't ask for, that when it was finally denied me, I felt something break in me.

Again... I was denied the succor I so desired.

"Oh... I understand." I said, still smiling as I closed my eyes and willed the tears away, but finally I had to wipe them away off on one furry laden arm.

"Iridium, are you crying?" shi asked.

"No." I choked, and hated myself as I turned away. "It's... Just that the fading sun hurts my eyes."

And then I felt hir hand upon my muscular thigh. "Tell me, what's wrong?"

And then I jerked a head back to hir, and sobbing, I finally told hir.

"Just now when I saw that you'd become a he-she, I hoped, I wanted... I wanted you!" I tapped my chest fiercely with one hand. "I want... I don't want to be alone anymore! You don't know what it's like being the only one of your kind. The only dragon that has both sexes that isn't a machine or another universe away!

"I wanted you."

Xilimyth stared at me for a moment, a full eight feet separating us in height before shi slid sideways and snuggled with my breast, hir own cleaving to its sides.

"I've been alone for five thousand years." Shi said to me quietly then. "For five thousand years I was the only one of my kind. I didn't even have a clan because there was no one I could be considered to be like..."

"Kirii completed that for me, and I stopped being alone, and now she's having our babies. What you did for me makes you a part of us. You're family, Iridium."

I sniffed and wiped my tears, not looking at hir. I didn't know what I'd do if I did.

"You know..." shi mentioned then, "You're like a sister to me, but what kind of sister? There're really many kinds of sisters. Biological sisters, adoptive sisters, foster sisters. You know, it's always been a fantasy of mine that I had some feminine counterpart to myself and I made love to her." shi chuckled, and I slowly looked right at hir angrily, and seeing that anger, Xilimyth slid sideways to palm my back. "You know... Where a part of you breaks off and it's an opposite gender to yours and you screw around. I know it's strange but... Isn't that what we are?" and shi reached between hir breasts and fingered the crystal in hir chest. "Didn't this break off from a part of you?"

"What are you saying Xilimyth?" I choked, my voice quavering.

"I love Kirii, I'll always love Kirii, she's my wife and she completes me. But... I can love you too, Iridium. We can still be sisters, but we can be sisters that hug and kiss and hold each other... And get freaky from time to time..." I blinked, staring at hir. "You know... I wonder what it'd be like having a threesome with Kirii." shi smirked, and I sat up and faced hir.

"So... What you're saying, what you're trying to tell me is..." *mph*

I didn't get much further than that, because Xilimyth answered me by kissing me, silencing anything else that I might say. Shi drew upon my lips in only the sort of way a being who was a male, or at least was once a male, would know how to do to a female, or at least someone who once was a female, and make hir impassioned. Despite the eight foot difference in our height, I found myself laying back, resting backward and spreading myself open amidst that kiss while my arousal became more than apparent as my chubby came back in spades and began to erect from underneath the bikini bottom I had one.

The thickness and strength of the covered nipples lifted the patches of my swimsuit over my chests upward like the center poles of two tents atop a set of identical mountains while the uncoiling erection I got pushed the triangular patch over my loins outward before it snapped back to my body between either leg, the crotch sliding between the bulging and flaring labia as they filled with my semen, the patch covering only the slit that remained between them.

That thick, round girth of my penis swelled, the head flaring wide, the knobby protrusions near the head swelling, and when shi lifted, pulling from my lips, I realized that I was swooning.

"How long's it been since you last had someone to mate with, Iridium?" Shi asked me while resting on my stomach, hir hands rubbing my breasts and pushing the patches of my top off the two nipples before hir fingers caressed those nipples erect. And then I felt hir own erect penis and swelling groin pushing deeper and deeper between my breasts.

"T-too long." I cried. "More than a century since I'd last had a dragon or a dragoness who'd want me.!" I whimpered. "I got lots of were-bunnies to sex all the time but I'd not had a dragon mate with me for all that time.

And then rising onto hir toes and sliding hir bottom along my shaft, hir erect dick wobbling as it projected from between hir legs while hir breasts undulated, the foursome sloshing with milk till shi found my tip with hir gaping vagina, and then sat on it.

Both my hands slapped to my sides, the claws digging deep into the ground as hir tight little pussy engorged to push around my extension, the lubricants inside hir bodice moistening the path for me to penetrate hir, and shi slid downward steadily till shi was on me to the hilt.

"Then perhaps, Lady Iridium... It's time that you no longer are alone."

I liked a strong penis inside my vagina. I liked the muscle ridges as they rubbed up against the firm ridges inside my body, the two sets between me and my lover causing vibrations that shot up and down my body. Iridium's Phallus had also developed little knobs along the tip near the bulbous end of hir phallus which now bore the scar of a circumcision, with the lip of that penis and those little bulbous ends erecting too like a lipped French Tickler. Hir strength was phenomenal... and for once I was the one being cradled... I was the one who was being made love to with my own phallus erecting between us.

Hir lips were delicious, hir scent intoxicating as shi lowered me to my back and I shifted both wings and tail out of the way, letting both thighs flop open to allow hir better passage into my body.

Fingering the sheathe of furry flesh around hir phallus I pushed it back down to the base so that shi could push as deep as shi wanted into me. Shi kissed me, tears in hir eyes before shi thrust into me again and kissed me again before rising above me just enough so that shi could press hir breasts against mine. Expertly shi rotated hir nipples against my nipples, the velvety sensations of the pair of them together got me to arch and moan as hir erection penetrated me deeper and spread the vaginal lips further open.

With a groan I wrapped both legs over hir's and then likewise wrapped my tail with hir's, thrusting and rocking myself onto hir before I whimpered, gasped and then felt my breasts suddenly clench and eject splatters of milk onto hir.

Iridium opened hir moth as shi rose, rubbing the silken cream into hir body as it shot from me, and I cooed as shi lowered and then fastened onto one of those many tits and began to suck amidst nibbling upon the teat.

Shi moaned and shi swallowed a multitude of mouthfuls from me as my own prick grew long enough to insert itself between hir tits and become warmed by the fur there. Shi must've felt it there for shi dipped hir head and then arched over herself to lick it, and gripping it shi bent it backward, exciting a groan from me as it arched upward. Then hir lips kissed its end, hir long tongue that seemed to have a piercing in it laden with a jewel – or was that just a soul gem in her tongue? Odd place for it – licked it enticingly before shi bent and began to suck amidst stroking me off.

I tensed again and squealed; thrashing on the ground as hir other hand caressed my nads that were sensitive like a pair of labia, pushing them back as shi rubbed the base of the shaft. Hir great wings flared then, the pair spreading wide and shaking before their wing tips slammed their knuckles into the ground. I felt one of hir hands take hold of my waist as shi fired a lance of cum into me, the shot making me gurgle as it filled my bowels with pressure unlike any I'd ever dreamed off, and not being able to stop myself I fired a stream into hir mouth that shi began to drink several mouthfuls of before shi came up for air and laughed joyously as that stream of salty milk sprayed against hir neck and chin as shi arched back, and the stream sprayed against hir breasts and navel.

I squealed a loud chirping cry as the climax kept coming and coming and I snarled as Iridium started to stroke me... and I realized that shi was still cumming into me too! I only realized this when I felt the seeping combination of hir and my fluids seep from inside me and trickle down onto the crack of my muscular bottom.

Shi let go of that deep red erection and it fell with a wet slap to my navel again, a few more gouting spurts seeping from it as shi leaned forward, humped me several times before we kissed again. I came back licking the sticky nectar of hir face with my long tongue with its tongue come before we kissed again. I opened my mouth and shi gladly inserted hir tongue into mine before I did the same for hir. When the kiss ended I began licking parts of hir face clean, and shi lifted hir chin and laughed happily, still stroking me, stirring my sex, our nads sliding against each other, and gripping one of my butt cheeks and drawing both legs upward so that both knees were at the arm pits, shi helped hold those legs up as shi thrust into me again and again, keeping a rhythm that was set to a tempo of some song that was inside hir head.

I kept arching and laying flat, twisting and feathering my legs before letting go of that ass cheek and instead gripping hir cock that was inside me, squeezing and twisting and caressing it. When hir next orgasm came it was so intense that shi threw hir head back and howled, hir wings thrusting upward and then shifting as that prick pounded and throbbed inside me, offloading so much cum that my belly actually turned outward and swelled with all the fluids.

The pressure inside me kept building that I was actually sliding off Iridium's cock as hir face grew slack, hir eyes rolling back in hir head and hir long flat and wide tongue lolled outward and hung over one side of hir lower jaw as shi started panting. I had to wrap both legs over hir thighs and hold onto hir sides as hir cum just kept shooting into me.

I growled and chirped with the pleasure, my belly swelling like a balloon filling with water on a hose, and right about the time where my belly button had turned outward and all the belly muscles had disappeared, I gave off one last cry as my grip with hands and feet went free and I was shot off and away from hir.

A squeal of pleasure escaped me as all that cum seeped from me as I skidded to a halt several meters away, and laughed in turn as hir erect penis shot several more lances all over me, pasting me to the ground.

“Oh honey... oh lover I'm sorry.” Shi said and crawled to me when shi realized what'd happened, but I was only laughing.

All that cum on me cemented us together with stickiness... I could've held onto hir with no hands as I gripped hir face with both hands while our penises rubbed up against each other and sword fought between us, both sets of nads compressing against each other. My belly was still squeezing hir and my cum from me as I kissed hir deeply, passionately.

“More...” I demanded with a laugh, and kissed hir again, rolling till I was on top. “Teach me more my beloved soul sister.

And shi kissed me back before I rose, found hir phallus and inserted it into me again for more.

I sighed in contentment, my fur matted and body disused as the sun set, but I was sated... fully sated even. Past lovers always held back or never had enough for me. As horny as wererabbits are, it often took several of them at once to be able to sate me. Xilimyth did it with just himself.

Lying back against the matted grass, I had both arms spread above my head as well as both wing arms. Xili was against my side, seeming like a child mate as shi embraced me from there, but I was feeling hir phallus erecting again, and shi was fingering under the knee of my supremely muscular leg closest to hir to get it to lift. I obligingly lifted it for hir with a sigh and shi maneuvered and gripped hir shaft, placed it against my pussy between both nads and thrust once and buried himself to my hilt.

A hiss escaped through my teeth and then a gasp as shi began to hump me, and palming a tit of mine closer to hir, shi embraced and hugged the monstrous thing before finding its teat and starting to suck on it.

This would be the fifth time, all five of which Xili initiated and continued the most of which... I was just along for the ride for all the sexual might shi was packing. In regards to size comparison to the rest of the body... I had bigger tits, but shi had four of them, and shi also had a thick hog that would be bigger than mine if shi were my size.

No bother... shi still filled my fem-hole nicely enough.

But nothing pleased me more than when shi called me hir beloved.

I sighed, and tucking the leg I rose close to me, I pulled Xili to me, whimpering against the feeling of hir shaft rotating in my pussy, till I was finally able to lay hir against my chest all while shi continued nursing from me.

But now it was my turn to be loved, and Xili did that expertly, just like I'd shown hir how, how futas like shi and I make love. And as shi did to me what I'd done to hir, I cooed and sighed, I growled and even howled! Shi was quick learner.

But I was in for a surprise though...

It was when shi gripped my cock with one hand and pulled it upward between hir breasts and began to suck on it, hir breasts leaking milk in rivulets from hir body onto mine, and I found hir tantalizing my prick in ways I'd never thought to do.

Snarling and gripping the ground, I clawed deep slashing divots from the ground while shi licked the head, sucked and throated my cock, pricking its flesh with the claws of the one hand and I felt my prick actually thickening in a flush of blood that flooded it. It was the effect of growing fully erect that I'd rarely had, of where the pockets of blood saturated muscle were filled to the brim to the point where the flesh had to stretch and stretch so hard it hurt. And then what shi did with it then got that prick to spasm what cum it had left into it into a spout that hurdled dozens of meters up into the sky to rain down upon us both, and we laughed solidly together, I occasionally groaning and gritting my teeth till the spasms halted and Xili fell against me, hugging and kissing me amidst hir thrusts. Despite that I'd just cum, my prick was still heady and massive, refusing to go flaccid again.

"I love you." I moaned as we both hissed, and I listened to hir purr as we rested against each other.

The pools of the oasis allowed us both to bathe quietly under the rising moonlight. I washed hir, shi washed me. But amidst that were kisses and touches, as well as Xili's continuing hard on. I think I found myself swooning at the sight of hir as shi stepped out of the waters toward me, hir insatiable prick erected, hir four mammaries flaring to the sides of hir chest while hir muscles bulged and bounced. The waters licked at hir thighs and hir nads till shi rose above the water. With a full body shiver shi threw off most of the water and then stood sighing and preening, caressing or stroking or rubbing herself.

Shi was a rising paragon, I was sure.

Later I sat hir down and groomed hir with my claws while shi sat prettily atop a boulder, wings drooping behind hir and tail around the base of the rock.

And then Xili suddenly asked something that brought me up short.

"Iridium... how is Kirii?" shi asked, and suddenly I blinked and gasped.

“Oh no! I left hir to come to you Xili. We thought you were dying and... I need to get back to hir right now!” And I rose immediately, spread my wings but then felt Xili’s hand grip mine.

I looked to hir, saw the look in hir face and felt my wings fall back down against my back again.

“Please... how is shi?”

“Shi is healthy.” I said after a short paused. “Worried to hir wits end about you... but healthy.”

Xili let go of my hand and nodded. “Then tell hir I love hir, and I miss hir. I’ll come home as soon as I feel that I have no more left to learn about myself here. Tell hir... I wouldn’t miss the birth of our kitlings for the world.”

I nodded my head. “I will.” And with another pause I bent, kissed hir forehead and then hir lips. “I promise.” And then turning I leapt up into the air and with a single downward beat was airborne and winging it toward Kirii.

I am Kirii.

Have you ever waited on something extremely important? Like you're sitting in a doctor's office, waiting on medical tests that are about to tell you that you may be pregnant, or that you have a disease, or cancer? What about the tax professional who's doing an audit on you?

That's how I felt and it had me pacing endlessly back and forth, whimpering, worried for my Xilimyth when I heard the down beat of wings, and gasping I rushed to the edge of the grand house within Leaf's boughs and saw Iridium's form flying back to me.

"I-Is he all right, is he well is..." *sniff-sniff* "Wait-a-minute. You have his scent all over you. Why do you..." *Sniff-sniff*

Iridium gaped, hir jaw opening and shutting as I detected by smell alone what had happened, and I immediately began to cry, first sorrowful tears, then angry tears, and as I faced Iridium, growing angry... A certain genetic trait of the Nurse dragons slid into me, and that was a chemical reaction that happened when we had excess amounts of adrenaline flowing through our veins. Those chemicals slid into our muscles and just like clockwork as my anger rose, I started to flare with spontaneous muscle growth.

It billowed upon me, my body thickening, bones growing larger as muscle weight piled on me in my anger, thighs flaring, biceps bulging, and forearms growing wider as I grew rapidly in height. My tail flared and lengthened, my neck coiled, and I screamed at Iridium as my fire lit and blasted hir with enough fire to singe hir fur.

"How could you?!" I sobbed, wracked with grief. I wanted to hit hir as my two extra arms unfolded from my body and I grew ever larger as more and more draconic plates piled on me. Armor unfolded as the subtle clothing I wore tore to shreds about me, my fists thickening steadily.

Violence became chief in my mind till a gentle hand laid itself upon one of my fists, and I looked at it, seeing hir crying in return.

"I-I didn't mean to..." shi croaked, "Please Kirii... Please let me explain."

Apparently my powers were flaring in a red aura, and clenching my jaw, I put two hands on hips and the other two folded beneath my immense bosom.

"You have one minute." I bit out.

"How old are you?" Iridium asked, and I blinked with the strangeness of such a question.

"I... Well... Twenty-eight?"

Iridium nodded. "I'm one thousand and eighteen." shi said. "When was the last time you and Xili had sex?"

My eyes narrowed. "About three weeks ago, why?"

"The last time I had sex with another dragon before your husband's most recent, most gracious... *loving* intent... quite possibly your grandparents weren't even born yet." I blinked. "Look at me!" and shi spread hir arms and wings wide, letting me see hir, but most of all shi allowed me to see hir dual sexes. "What stands out at you... right away, what do you see first before anything else?"

"Um... Boobs... and..."

"Boobs and a penis!" shi choked. "How many dragons do you know of who currently have that sort of gift?"

This time it was my turn to open and close my mouth several times before I sighed and shook my head. "Just you." I admitted.

Iridium folded hir hands as I started diminishing now that the adrenaline high was diminishing, and I put my second pair of arms and the armor away, folding them up inside me before I went to go sit, exhausted now.

"What does this have to do with you and my Xili?" I asked then, angrily.

"Something happened to Xilimyth... Something... Unusual and magical!" Iridium sighed, noticed I was looking at hir even more angrily, and she wiped hir features clean by passing a hand over hir face. "I went to her, when we both sensed her life slipping.

"I learned the story... She was shot, many times. But being shot started a rapid transformation, and I'm not sure it was before or after but... Well... Xilimyth is... Like me now."

"Like you? How is she like you?"

I stared at her, and then rolling her eyes upward and then downward, Shi got me to follow her gaze downward to the bulbous cluster that resided between hir thighs. It took me a bit, but I realized what shi was saying, and looking from hir face to hir cluster and back to hir face, I rose to my feet immediately with a gasp.

"Do you know what it feels like to be unique? What it feels like that you are the only one of your kind and most will only deal with you because they think it's exotic, but once that exotic feeling goes away and is replaced with discomfort, that suddenly you wake up and your partner has left you? Without even an explanation?"

"I..." I began. "I... Know I am unique... But Xili was..." I swallowed, and began crying again, and Iridium surged to me and took my hands in hir's.

"No... I know what's going through your mind. No... No I will not do that to you or your husband, Kirii. I won't!" Iridium said, and then sighed. "But... Presented with the first person in over a century who wanted

to love me for me and not because I was some sort of freak, to get their fantasy off or some such stupid thing, Xilimyth... Loved me for me. Invited me to join your family.

"As his sister."

"Sister?!" I gasped. "But you and he, I mean she... Shi?"

Iridium laughed and pushed her fingers over my mouth.

"Foster sister. Or possibly step-sister." shi said and walking to the railing, sat down with a sigh. "I fought it, but to meet someone willing, Kirii. It was... It was a temptation that despite all my strength, all this power I have as a dragon now... I had no hope to resist it.

"Xilimyth and I made love for a good long time, and I liked it! But I'm not out to steal your husband... But maybe... Borrow hir for a little bit here and there?" shi grinned sheepishly but then hir face fell upon seeing the look on mine. "I'll understand if you want me to leave."

I stood there, torn and trying to decide what to do, trembling even, and striding over to hir, I lifted a hand and slapped hir lightly on the cheek.

Shi looked at me, with an expression that told me that shi thought shi deserved it.

"That was for doing before asking." I said, and then taking hir face in both hands. "And this... Is to welcome you into our family... Sister." and I kissed hir cheek where I slapped hir, and then... Daring myself to... Kissed hir lips... Briefly."

And leaving hir there disbelieving in what had happened, I strode up to the ledge and spread both wings, and even as I was tilting forward to fly, Iridium grabbed my tail and held me firm.

"Wait... Where are you going?" shi gasped.

"To go meet with and deal with my Xili." I said.

Iridium nodded. "But... before you go to hir, shi wanted me to tell you something." I stared at hir and nodded in order to urge hir to go on. "Shi says shi loves you and that shi will come home when shi cannot learn any more about himself from where shi is now. Shi also said that shi wouldn't miss seeing your kitlings born."

I smiled at hir. "Thank you." And shi nodded before letting go of my tail.

Setting myself again, I spread both wings and tilted forward into the sky and then with a subtle downbeat, soared out into the cool night air.

Iridium's power was swelling inside me. I'd bitten hir and feasted upon hir blood... I sucked hir off and swallowed gallons of hir seed and nectar, and I'd accepted many more gallons of hir seed inside me.

I was absorbing it all as I knelt there long after shi'd left, the spiders-beneath-the-skin feeling intensifying as I began to breathe slowly. I was gripping my cock with both hands as the thickened mass of my phallus extended outward along the ground, my arousal rising yet again as I remembered some of the most erotic sensations I'd ever had in my life thanks to Iridium.

Shi'd taught me the mobius maneuvers, things that only two herms could really do. Shi had a name for them, never tried them himself, but with me even shi could attempt them. The first came – no pun intended – after shi'd pierced my thighs and penetrated me to the hilt, and while shi resided over me, stroking my shaft, shi would suck and tantalize my erection with hir hands and mouth. When shi came into me, the rush of fluids got absorbed by me immediately and soon after I came into hir. Shi'd swallow the seed I shot into hir and would likewise absorb those fluids and shoot hir's into me again. The process was a perpetual motion that grew faster and faster till we were both heaving repeatedly.

I got to repay hir during the second time we made love, and that time I was the one piercing hir while sucking on hir enormous wang, throwing in a few thrusts into hir at the same time.

The second maneuver came when shi got me to lie on my belly, my massive breasts acting as pillows beneath me as I thrust my butt and tail up into the air. Shi then pierced me again, but took my prick and hauled it back before sticking it inside hir. This way we got both the penis in vagina and the vagina filled penis sensation simultaneously, our bodies conjoined by two thick fleshy rods.

It was one thing to climax with one sex; it was something entirely different to climax with both... It was remarkable...

And now I was feeling hir latent powers filling me, my Lycan powers absorbing those of hir's that it could, and as my erection steadily swelled and engorged and bulged, the massive thing slowly lifting off the ground to throb in a red mass above the earth, I tossed my head, feeling myself burning up as the long red-orange mane of hair thrust this way and that in relation to the feelings I was feeling.

And then that boner billowed larger and fuller, the thing lifting off the ground and projecting straight off my pelvis as I developed copies of my bond-sister's sexual powers, those powers enhancing me sexually first as I began to feel a third sexual power rising inside me. It was a unifying power that united male and female, a sort of arbiter that allowed the two to exist in the same body, and because male and female were no longer fighting against each other, the strengths of one overriding the weakness of the other, now strengths compensated for the weakness of the other, but on top of that, strengths also enhanced each other...

Estrogen and Testosterone both built up inside me, making me stronger, filling this body with greater and greater muscular might, with my femininity of course being the most dominant in this body. Before... as a total male, my femininity always dominated the body, weakened my masculine form, made it thin and weak. Later as a total female, it was that same masculine body that weakened my feminine strengths, made them so that they weren't as strong as they should've been. But now that I possessed both, now that they were both active and working in me, I gained the strengths of both, felt them resonating in tune with each other inside me as both grew together, and Iridium's powers were only enhancing that cooperation.

I whimpered and began to stroke myself as my chest thrust forward, the rib cage barreling outward, flaring the ribs as it hefted the two enlarging primary tits further upward and shunted the subtly enlarging secondaries downward, and I felt both the Breeder Dragon in me, and now the Nurse Dragon that I might've absorbed from Kirii some time ago in me awakening simultaneously, and their sexual powers were like exponential enhancements for the already present Lycan powers and sexualities that I already had.

But also too were my draconic traits activating inside me, giving me their power and strength as well, and all of these strengths swelled inside me and filled me with unmitigated power that I'd never felt throbbing inside me before. I felt... stronger now than I was in my full draconic form of what felt like so long ago in a life long forgotten now.

As such, I began to transform.

The bones inside me began to change, and I felt my ribs flaring wider as they grew outward, stretching the pectorals over them as those rounded outward and thickened each individual muscle chord. The bones of those ribs flared wide inside me, transforming into overlapping plates with rounded hollow centers supported by bands of marrow and a matrix of supportive pylons to make them lighter in order to help me fly. Whole new ribs slid into place to help support my body while a thickened sternum made up of Heart stone thickened to hold all those ribs together and I gurgled as my heart pounded inside me like a heavy fist trying to punch out of me from the inside.

Gurgling I felt my penis leap upward while I heard crunching and cracking bones and also heard grinding muscles and tendons flare inside me, and I wept and let my long tongue loll outward as the sensations numbed my brain.

And I grew... And I grew and grew...

Navel muscles lengthened and became laden with more abdominals which all bulged outward into tight packs of muscle that fought each other for dominance depending upon which way I moved. They, thickened and billowed and grew greater in number, their thickness spreading me further apart, widening the whole of my body before both shoulders suddenly seemed to detach, slough off to both sides and reattach to me, widening my upper bodice greatly. Back muscles flared wider to hold up those muscles and both packs of pectorals rounded outward again before the shoulders themselves rounded outward and creased into a plethora of smaller and finer musculature. Their attached biceps flared then, separating into halves and then each half separating again, all the while my four largest breasts kept engorging and inflating with glands and milk while the penis between my legs flared thickly and lengthened outward.

That phallus was even maturing beyond what it'd been when I was totally male! I felt its strength growing to equal that of my whole body before I gripped the end of my phallus and moaned as both nads jostle in order to unload all their seed into that shaft and ejaculate. The underside of the shaft rounded outward, its girth engorging with the fluids pumping into it while the top and sides formed heavily laden ribs. I held back the ejaculate, gritting my teeth and absorbing some of the fluids back into my body, feeding on the protein enriched jism while my cock arched upward into a towering, curving phallic horn that was swelling so wide it was forcing my thighs to spread open as it took up the whole of my pelvis.

More draconic traits formed within me as I felt the old magics returning, felt the various Dragon Lore activating inside me as my flesh began tearing open to reveal soft, velvety dragon hide, and in some cases blue-gray scales from a bygone day. Lifting an arm that a patch of those scales were on, I licked them, welcoming them back before kissing them with my lips, gripping the bulbous head of my cock as it surged and heaved behind my gripping hand, some seed spurting into my palm and slipping through the fingers as I looked upon those scales and marveled at their beauty. Suddenly I remarked that I never thought them beautiful before. They were brilliant and lustrous and I marveled at the way they glittered before clenching the fist of that arm and turning the wrist outward, and the smile on my lips spread steadily as I watched the forearm broaden and flare as I flexed it, the action tearing more flesh off me to reveal more scales and more plates.

With a creaking I felt my wings tense and then spread wider, longer and deeper, the feathers lengthening and hardening while the whole of my spine lurched outward, bowing my back at the shoulders and pulling the tail out from between either butt cheek. That tail telescoped outward, raising a fringe of fur down my spine where the lengthening spines of my back weren't erupting outward just then into spikes. The underside of the tail suddenly bulged outward, tearing open more flesh and tugging on the cunt between my legs and between the swollen nads, and I moaned as a jet of hot nectar lanced from me in a long stream followed by several smaller sputters, and suddenly a surge of ejaculate slid into my cock that made it engorge suddenly and squirt more seed into my hand.

A moan slid from me while I felt the scaled plates slid in from the underside of that tail, and letting go of the head of that prick, I rubbed the sticky ejaculate along its top side as I panted heavily. My wings spread

again of their own accord, the muscles of the wing arms engorging while the fingertips of those wings spread wider, and when I opened my mouth to roar, it wasn't the bellowing roar of a cat, but rather the sing-song warbling of dragon song.

I wept as I heard that sound, and I sang outward, never loving the sound of my own voice so well before as the feminine undertone of my song warbled from me while I continued transforming and growing.

Shuddering I tensed my arms then, my prick so hard that I could cum any longer, the nads swelling and the prick billowing outward from its underside, causing a deep bulbous curvature that led to the knot of its head. Just a little seed escaped me every now and again as my tensing muscles forced a growth spurt, and I felt the explosions of growth as the tension tore muscles and those muscles nigh instantly repaired themselves thanks to my healing factor and the hypermites, but thusly healed stronger than before. My back heaved higher and thicker, the spines along my back hardening as neck and navel lengthened with tail, forearms and legs growing longer too into a lithe yet extremely powerful form while my flesh spread away from the center. Fur thinned and gave way to dragon hide as the flesh of my bodice from neck to inner thighs was laid bare, my breasts becoming naked and velvety smooth, leaving only a furry patch about my loins.

With a moan I spread my thighs wider, feeling them thicken and squeeze my balls together, felt the calves flare and the claws on each finger and toe lengthen and thicken into opal-white glittering talons instead of claws.

I heard dull thuds of muscle explosions and lurching crunches from widening hips and thrusting ribs while I grew several feet more then, shuddering and wobbling, feeling my heavy breasts roll against my chest with how heavy they were with milk. I sang again, feeling knobs of flesh appearing about my body, at the arms and legs, across the back and head, down the center of my chest, and then...

And then I heard the downbeat of leathery wings and the sound of clacking bio-steel feathers, recognizing the sound. Lifting my gaze with a gasp as I relaxed, the growth slowing noticeably as I did, both my eyes opening lazily and I beheld I saw a dark wall of clouds approaching this area... approaching storm clouds. And then in its center I saw a red dot that was rapidly approaching. Focusing on that dot as it grew closer, I suddenly recognized and then with a gasp I rose to my feet and gaped joyously as I recognized Kirii approaching.

Great maker she was so graceful in the sky, a beautiful creature with the goodness of her many swollen breasts and her rounded pregnant belly beneath her, and lifting a hand high as my transformation slowed to nearly a stop, I waved to her and squealed girlishly as she circled the oasis and then landed before me with a heavy thud that shook the earth and the loud flapping of her wings.

"Kirii... Kirii!" I squealed her name again, bouncing in place for a moment before surging toward her. "I'm so glad to see..." ***Slap***

I only recalled what happened after it'd happened. The look in her eyes and the lazy swing of one hand the size of my head clapped against my skull. It wasn't hard... but it was enough to sting and turn my head to one side with the blow, possibly hard enough to make my meow fall off. When I turned to look back at her I felt a different sort of sting, felt it in my heart, and when I turned to look at her there was a hurt look on my face. I'd had that look shot at me often enough, never thought I'd be using it myself, let alone against Kirii.

"That was for doing Iridium before asking." she said in greeting, looking stern.

And then she smirked before moving in close, cupped my face and kissed where she'd slapped me and then kissed my lips and tried to suck the marrow right out of my bones through my mouth. And then the sting in my heart was replaced by emotion, and I swooned deeply in her arms, actually arched backward in order

for her to catch me. I let go of my phallus as it built up again, the thing engorging between us, the nads being cupped by her thighs and pelvis as the rod projected off to one side of her belly, its base still billowing and flaring, the head thickening as all four breasts swelled. She was taller than me, stronger than me... In essence every fantasy I ever had of a girl all wrapped up in one, and I embraced her solidly.

Before when I was male though, that bothered me that she was bigger and stronger... now I didn't mind so much. I was tired of trying to be strong, tired of letting ego, and I felt... I felt fine with letting her being the stronger of the two of us. I really enjoyed her touches as she cradled me with two arms and cupped my face with the other two. I enjoyed my breasts sliding against her breasts, our nipples flicking against each other. It made me erect harder, and as I opened my mouth to breathe I felt her tongue slide in and lick my tongue. With a supple moan we continued kissing while she moved to grip my butt, and soon I was being pressed against the ground with her settling onto my back before she broke the kiss at last.

"And what was that for?" I breathed, laying placatingly before her.

"That... Was for doing Iridium." she smiled and then nuzzled my nose. I blinked at her at the double sided reward and punishment for doing the same thing, but I didn't dwell on it. "Plus... Some interest to show you how much I love you and all your wonderful kindness."

"Kindness? Me?"

"Xili, there's no one in my life that I know who is less self-serving than you. Not even Pseudie... But you did do another woman." she murred. "But I must admit... It makes me hot to know that you have boobs and a penis at the same time."

"It does?" I blinked and felt my penis tense again, the thing grinding like dry reeds its muscles were so bound and taut.

"It does, and it makes me even hotter that you did Iridium."

"It does?" I gaped.

"Yeah, you wanna know why?"

"I don't think I do..." I said cautiously knowing my beloved wife, especially as she arched herself and reared sexily before me, her breasts lifting off her belly and her primaries off her secondaries before she smirked at me.

My cock slid in beneath her belly, arching toward me now as it started to throb more energetically, its length heating up, the velvety flesh turning red where it projected from the sheathe of my labia and the nads that swelled over them.

"Sure you do... Because what it means is that now... I gotta rub her sent off you so that everyone knows your mine." and she rubbed her cheek against my head and began that soft cackling-purr of hers, before she then rubbed her cheek and lips about my breasts. "Now sit still while I rub myself all over your body... And ride this new dork of yours." she growled.

Kirii then sat back, pulling my phallus upward with her, massaging its muscles with her hands as she bent to kiss its peak, and leaning into it she pulled its mass between her breasts before licking its heady mass, getting me to shiver as her tongue comb slid against the scar of its circumcision. When her head descended a third time it was to actually place her mouth around its enlarged head and descend upon it, sucking sharply and licking and slathering its length as she descended.

A whimper slid from me as her two lower hands took hold of both my arms and pushed them up over my head, holding them there while a third hand hold my prick in place between her breasts and the fourth reached forward and pawed at one of my breasts. I cooed at her then, arching myself deeply, feeling the throbbing in my loins growing hotly as I tensed, gritting my teeth and snarling as the tension grew. My labia erected and pressed against the nads behind them, compressing the seed held by those nads and then thusly flushing my prick with more ejaculate. I thrashed beneath her, leaking nectar from my pussy briefly, but then I felt her tail snaking between my thighs, just before her bulbous tail tip slid inside me and started to wiggle.

Both my eyes shot open in surprise, and I laughed and churned against her, starting to hump her mouth, pressing, thrusting until...

The climactic stream that surged from me filled her mouth and she swallowed immediately before her eyes opened wide in surprise. She tried swallowing thrice more but the flow was too quick and too long as I tensed hotly and soon white salty milk slid from her mouth before she lifted her head, and a fountain of cum lanced up into the air to come splashing down on us both, washing between her breasts and onto me as I heard her laughing joyously, arching herself and rubbing the constant juices onto her body before she pulled that cock further between her breasts. The flow of the stream lasted several seconds more as it bubbled from between the swells of her fine feminine body, trickling between her breasts and about her belly. Only when the climax ended did I take a sharp breath of air, laying there as Kirii let go of me save for my shaft, massaging two of her breasts and rubbing my jism into her flesh.

Seeing that I was looking at her, she rubbed and massaged those breasts, enticed the nipples of her primaries to erect, nipples the thickness of her thumb, and once they were full she squeezed and tugged on them before spraying my chest with her creamy milk. She laughed at me as I smirked at her till I slapped both hands to my chest, squeezed them and shot her with milk of my own. My aim was wrong but she nonetheless moved into the stream, opening her mouth and extending her tongue to catch some of it.

“Oh Great Maker...” she groaned and leaned over me, her mane sticking together and forming dread-lock like trailers that hung over the side of her head as she leaned over me, cradling my still erect cock before rubbing her cunt against its base. “I’m getting *so* horny...” she murred, purring louder till it sounded like rolling thunder. “I want you in me... I want it now!” and she shoved her tail deeper inside my cunt and I gurgled as the lance of pleasure shot through me.

It made me gasp repeatedly, and gripping the ground, I clawed at it, snarling through my teeth before panting from the pleasure, my eyes clenching shut tightly. “B-but... but... the kitlings!” I protested.

“I’ve been doing some studying. I’m only at best at half term. I can have sex till the end of the third quarter.” She murred and bent to lick some of the cream and ejaculate off my chest, her mouth glomping one of my tits as she leaned forward, her wings spreading wide, their feathers clacking against each other as they moved. It was then that I saw her tail rise high, pointing straight up briefly, and then I realized why she was leaning forward like that as she hefted the head of my cock upward, fitted it between her legs over her bulbous sex. For a moment I felt her clit slide into my pee hole before she tried it again, ad she stuffed me right into her.

The head popped in and then stuck, and she rose and gurgled before starting to slide backward.

“Oo-oo... big cock.” She groaned and then whimpered herself, trying to slide onto me as I felt her vaginal lips spreading wide about my shaft. “Oh beloved... I don’t remember you being this big! AH!”

The pain of pleasure...

This was pleasureable, so pleasureable it was painful, and as her vaginal muscles clenched about my manhood, I felt her squeezing more of my sticky cum from me, helping to lubricate the passage into her

body till its mass clicked with the deepest recess inside her body once she drove herself to the hilt. Once there she moaned low, her moan becoming a soft sigh of dragon song at the end before she rose and arched herself.

“Ah me...” she sighed and began to do her old tricks to my cock, massaging it with her loins as she rose and fell and I thrust and churned, the hard sex becoming gentle lovemaking now that we were coupled as this.

Amidst the cajoling, I looked to her belly, and reaching forward I palmed it with one taloned hand, caressing its mass and hearing her purr. She smiled at me, half again my size with all her might and power situated above me, her great wings folding at her back, and she reached forward and gripped my hand lovingly before rubbing her fingers against the back of it.

Rising then, I pressed against her belly and purred myself, my breasts pressing against her breasts and belly, and I wrapped myself about that tummy with my head to her chest. She gripped that head to her bosom, the stickiness of her body getting me stuck to her.

And then she wriggled her tail deeper inside me, getting me to whimper and moan and then finally cry out as she penetrated me as deeply as I'd done her.

“Oh I missed this...” I murred as I collapsed against her body and belly.

“What... thrusting into me while I poke your insides with my tail?” she giggled.

“No... this.” And I rubbed her belly before snuggling with her chest before I paused amidst her rising and falling on my shaft piercing her.

“Heh.” She murred and then kissed my head. “But are you ready again?”

“Ready for what? I'm still hard!”

And she purred more loudly and rolled forward, pressing me to my back again. “Good.” and then... Well... Let's just say that for the first time in my life I was ravaged... And I enjoyed it.

Post-Documentation 0035: Metamorphosis

There are a multitude of things that begin as one thing and then become another thing later in life. A caterpillar becomes a butterfly, Hyena females are born with a penis but lose it as they mature, and thanks to science, technology and magic, there's no longer a guarantee that any one given person needs to remain their height, their race, sex, gender or even die... Thanks to the leonization project human life has even been increased by a factor of three from its previous ninety year estimated lifespan.

But thanks to genetic engineering and magic and so on, the world now has mutants and super powers that were both positive and negative, and certain magical species that were once thought of as dead now live and breathe and thrive in this world.

This process is what we scientists have long, long since called: "Metamorphosis."

Currently, as far as I'm aware, and I had the records in the black vault checked in that regards, there's never, in the long existence of Earth's history, ever been someone who's metamorphosed as often as Lady Xilimyth has.

Lady Xilimyth, in her present condition, is now classified as a hermaphrodite greater dragon upon Lord Pseudodrake's last communication to the council.

This makes it that Lady Xilimyth was born as a proto-human – also known as an Atlantean – that became a Lycan and later became a dragon, then a guardian, then a weapon. That was the extent of Xilimyth's male existence. After that, Xilimyth reverted from a weapon, down to a guardian, then to a dragon, and then to a Lycan again, and upon becoming a Lycan once more, shifted genders and became totally female. We're unsure as to when the next point happens, but we assume that after Xilimyth became a female, she shifted sub-breeds from Cheetah to King Cheetah. Upon obtaining that breed and gender, she then amassed great amounts of strength and power before accepting a dragon Seed from Lady Iridium, which jump started her back into dragon. There's another change that we're unsure if it happened before or after, but somewhere around becoming a dragon again, Xilimyth developed the masculine trait of a penis, which now made Xilimyth a hermaphrodite.

If Lord Sage's predictions are correct, then Xilimyth has at least two more metamorphoses to undergo...

The Creator be merciful... Shi will be an awesome sight once she's done changing.

-Doctress Lady Evelyn Runeblade
Inner Circle of Dragons
Aspect of Fire

I awoke in a favorable position. It was one that I remembered time and time again, and it was a sight that had at the same time comforted and also scared me to no small degree.

That sight involved waking up beside Kirii, seeing her lying there naked beside me after we'd made love for a long, long time. With her armor retracted, that left her body a soft and silken hide that was pleasureable and soft to the touch, but beneath that soft flesh was the unmitigated power and strength she held. She laid with two arms above her head, the third clasping her belly, her fingers feathered with my fingers, and the third of her hands still embracing me to her side.

Piles and piles of muscle shaped her hyper feminine form, one of her legs lifted and folded over her sex to protect it instinctively, the foot of that folded leg resting on the underside of her tail.

I laid against her, my phallus at long last flaccid and the burning sexuality in me spent as I spooned her side, laying my head on her bulbous shoulder and my own feminine thighs folding to better wrap myself against her larger body.

All this after she '*rubbed her scent onto me,*' or so she said. Whatever her true intentions were, I've never been so sexually exhausted in my life. But it was the way that I woke which was key to this scene...

It involved me cupping her pregnant belly with her bosoms flaring wide against her chest where I could palm them, the four largest sagging slightly after we'd had a milk fight with each other. Kirii had a lot more ammo than me but then I gave her a shot from my cock before we both tumbled to the earth and made love again. But the view from when I'd awakened – cradled to her as I was, seeing her lovely, lovely face in sleep as she breathed in and exhaled a whistle with almost every breath – made me want to just lie there forever in her embrace and revel in the sensations and feelings I felt both physically and emotionally while in her presence.

I wondered whether or not she, having been human so recently, truly understood what it meant to be so lovely as a draca as she was. I saw her before pictures and thought that shed' bee very lovely as a human as well, but as a dragon she was only more so.

The traits of dragons were that certain things didn't effect us, like gravity refused to touch us. Breasts and skin didn't droop, age spots didn't appear as we matured, scars healed themselves and there were no blemishes on our bodies like stretch marks or moles. And even after problems with age developed, breasts remained full and firm, and despite their remarkable sizes, we never, ever needed to wear bras.

We...

It was strange thinking of myself in the feminine sense, but my womanhood made me feel... Whole, complete... Especially now that I have my long lost manhood back as well.

Kirii... Was strangely open about the fact that I had tits now... She loved drinking the milk from them, suckling like a child as she humped my erect shaft... Not too hard now... We were being careful of the kitlings in her womb. But all in all, I loved the way she snuggled with me after we'd made love, and the feel of my breasts against her breasts, and she was so beautiful naked... Especially in the rising light of approaching dawn as I laid there palming our kitlings through her womb.

During the night we'd bathed together, washed each other, made love to each other again, and it was amazing, I finally realized something as I knelt between her thighs and pierced her. This relationship wasn't about who was stronger and who was dominant, for I held that dominance just then... it was about love. My male ego was a weakness I realized, I thought that I had to be strong by myself but I didn't! There she was, my beautiful bride, supplicating herself to me, letting me be in the position of dominance without nary a second thought, and I got her to whimper, I got her to weep with the pleasure and call out my name.

Great Maker I was such a fool.

And then there was a flash in the rising light of dawn that drew me from my thoughts regarding Kirii, and looking up I saw that those black clouds that Kirii had exited from when she arrived had steadily rolling in from the west and were nearly upon us. Those were rain giving looking clouds, clouds that would bring rains. As the northern hemisphere was dealing with snow and preparing for Christmas, this part of Africa would be preparing for a long period of deluge. Rising subtly, feeling protective all of a sudden of my mate, I rubbed her tummy and she sighed, turning toward me while I wrapped a wing over her bodice.

I was about to wake her when...

"I'm glad that you are up..." a voice said, and I sat bolt upright with a jiggling of breasts and a rolling of my prick to be cradled with both thighs to see the old man hobbling toward us.

"Need you wear that guise?" I said irritably with my brows beetling. "It's not like I don't know who you are anymore."

"Oh indeed I do... Despite this enlightened age of high technology and magic, most humans make a fuss when a sixty foot tall dragon suddenly appears near them, especially in a backwater situation like this, Xilimyth.

"But enough about me... How are the two of you?"

"How are the two of us? Or how is Kirii?" I asked with a bit of a bite to my tone.

I was feeling irritable for some reason, and I felt that because I was irritable then I should show it.

"I always say what I mean, Xilimyth." The old man said once he'd neared. "You're radically changing... Any such thing would hamper even the greatest of minds. And she's pregnant, which as I'm sure you know, she is very rare among the royals, and every bit as important as the male... Or sire, who impregnated her.

"I will admit... with shame, that in the face of her pregnancy, for a time I did care more for her well being than for you, because she represents continued life for us, gives hope that when the last of the royals die that our bloodlines will remain. In the face of that I blinded myself to the problems you yourself were experiencing, and as such... I wasn't there in time to help you, much to my sorrow.

"I went to the trees, I went to the Earth herself out of concern for your welfare, and the trees themselves wrought their collected power for you because of that concern. As such, I see you happy, I see you content and at peace for the first time that I can ever remember you.

"So... How are both of you?"

And there was another crack of lightning above us, and I looked up at the feeling of falling rain approaching. Pseudo didn't seem to mind it at all.

"I... feel... right with myself, Lord Pseudodrake." I said calmly then. "And Kirii is sleeping. It's the state I'd prefer her to be right now... I want her to rest after... well..."

Pseudodrake nodded, with a smile. "After a potent night of playing horn pipe?" he smirked and I blanched that such a thing just escaped his mouth. Normally Lord Pseudodrake was calm and precise, always proper, but on occasion, in private, he said something that was uncharacteristic and took you totally by surprise. But then he exhaled a sigh and looked at the sky. "The rain will cool this world well..." he said, leaving an undertone in his voice.

"You're worried of a dragoness catching a chill?" I scoffed, giving him a scoffing look.

"You both live in warm environs... And once again, she is pregnant. Heat helps an egg or a kitling in the womb to be receptive to generating a female." he smirked and I rolled my eyes and then sighed before turning back to Kirii. Caressing her face and looking down at her I bent and kissed her lightly on the lips amidst still shielding her with a wing.

"Take her home? Will you?"

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure, Lady Xilimyth." Pseudo smiled. "You should seek cover as well... Are you still able to transform?"

"I haven't tried, and I seriously don't think I can polymorph yet."

"I understand. I'll care for her personally..." and he approached closer and laid a hand on my thickened arm. "You're stronger now than you were then." he said quietly and I blinked at him. "I feel you'll be stronger yet. Farewell."

"Farewell, Lord Pseudodrake." I said in my woman's voice, and stepping to Kirii, Pseudodrake laid a finger on her, and both faded from view as if they never were.

Passing a hand through the spot where she'd been, I felt her warmth on the flattened grasses still, smiling at the remembrance of her body against mine as I reveled in memories of last night, of the sensation of having a tight pussy clenching about my phallus again, both hers and Iridium's.

There was a part of me that was male that relished that feeling again, and hated the woman in me for abandoning it, but now that I had it back, that male in me was sated again. That was perhaps my problem before. I was a being of two parts, one part feminine the other part masculine. As a male, the feminine part was never sated, so that part, the greater part, was always unhappy. And then the masculine went away and the feminine came, and I sated the feminine... but then the masculine was unsated. Now I was unified... a being of dual sexes at last, and now both were sated and I was happy.

But now was the time that I needed to return to work, but the first thing I needed to do was to determine whether or not I could actually transform into something smaller and more manageable again having been forced out of my lesser hybrid form to assume this form... Right now I was a twelve foot tall monstrosity with a penis! Or at least that's how the villagers might see me.

I sort of wished that Iridium were here so that shi could show me that trans-gender trick shi does to appear totally male or totally female... But perhaps then that was something only she could do. I knew that the most powerful of us could change their genders from time to time... I just hoped that I could do it eventually too.

So rising to my feet, I squared my shoulders, took a deep calming breath and tried to diminish. *Bend the bones and break the back...* But it was like trying to flex a muscle with an insurmountable weight on it, it being so difficult that I was perspiring heavily by the time I'd managed only a few changes. It seemed as if my body didn't want to become small again, but I needed it to be small to react with the people around me again, so mostly through sheer will I forced it to.

As such, what I managed to do was to diminish my height by about four feet, pulled both wings inside me by retracting their feathers and tightening the wings so that they folded inside my back, thinned the tail and retracted it to be about half as long, and lost about half of all the total body mass I was displaying... that, and the long cock. I had had retract my phallus fully inside me being that I'd evacuated all that seed into Kirii and Iridium through... multiple ways.

But now I needed clothing.

With some of my powers returning, maybe I had enough power to conjure clothing... And through the old method of Sailor Moon Clothes Conjuring as some called it, referring to the old twentieth century anime series, I produced a chest wrap with a flap that'd cover my secondaries and a high arching thong bottom. Both were stark white and pure... Being too clean to simply be white.

The conjuring came a lot easier than reducing myself, and to finish it all off, I produced a white ribbon for my hair to hold it back into a pony tail to keep it out of my eyes. Rain was sprinkling now as I stepped

toward the town, the silken chest wrap and panties becoming marginally see-through to reveal my naughty bits before I skipped forward and zipped back to the Den. When I arrived, I nodded at the guards who not only stood aside for me now as I approached, but they even bowed!

I entered into the Den to see what damages still remained from Kael's attempted coup-de-grace.

King Blackthorne was in his room, with a very sensually naked Babasti tending to his wounds. They were done removing the silver from his body, and though he was immune to silver poisoning, the silver nonetheless affected his healing factor so he didn't heal as quickly as normal from such wounds. So Babasti, purring as she slid her breasts against his body, pawing at him with her long-fingered hands, used her magics to gently heal his wounds, leaving noticeable scars. To an old battle-hardened lion like Blackthorne, I could understand that he probably told her to leave such scars to mark the memory of this battle.

She nodded to me as I entered, and then she slid in close to nuzzle Blackthorne's neck, purring loudly as she opened her mouth just enough to start licking his neck, the motions getting him to open his eyes in order to look at me.

The strangest thing about this entire episode, though, was hearing the deep rumbling purr from King Blackthorne himself... that and seeing the heaving boner he was projecting from Babasti's pawing. Hell... I'd enjoy that if it was Babasti doing it to me.

"King Blackthorne?" I said aloud and curtsied, and his yellow eyes gleamed as he laid there looking upon me before gestured for me to enter fully into his rooms.

Babasti was purring loudly still as I approached amidst her work healing the king, and I smirked at the way she kept brushing her breasts against the king, much for his pleasure. While I approached she readjusted herself to him, one of her immense tits acting as a perpetual pillow against his head while the other moved toward his lips, and when it came away I saw a bead of milk on the king's lips that he immediately licked away.

"I wanted to see if..." and he held up a hand.

"I witnessed your transformation." he said in his gruff undertone, and when he rose, Babasti immediately pushed him back down with startling strength for one so slender, the strength of an immortal, but forcing him to lie down she instead placed a pillow behind his head so that he could look at me but remain in a rested state. "I witnessed the change that you underwent."

"I have asked Babasti as to what you are but she refused to tell me, stating that you needed to tell me yourself."

"No Lycan is like you."

"That's not true. There are Lycan like me... Just not with the... Well... You know." I said and wiggled and open hand about my crotch and he nodded knowingly. "There's another clans aside from your Gold Clan, and one in particular is called the Dra'Con... The weredragons. I'm unsure if I am one of them now or not... But that is the best way to explain what you saw."

"Weredragons." he exhaled. "One would suppose they exist. Lycan include mostly predators and what greater predator is there than a dragon?"

I nodded.

"They are called the Over-Clan." I supplied. "Due to how remote your pryde is, I understand how you've not heard of them, but you should have a representative from their clan who... well... who will claim to rule over you, but they so rarely show themselves that I'm certain the last time a Dra'Con came here you either didn't recognize that person or several generations separate you from a former king who did look upon that weredragon with their own eyes."

"Are you to be that representative?" he asked quietly.

"I don't know." I said and sat beside him on the bed, and taking a wet cloth from a bowl of water, I wrung it out, folded it and placed it on his head. "I suppose I do qualify... But there are other things that I am that may keep me from posing as one."

"Like your... appendage?"

"No." I smiled. "Dragons are more understanding in that regards than cats are."

"When you arrived, you were a skinny, wispy young fem of an incredible sexual potency. I wanted you; I wanted you to bear me sons... But fate intervened in that regards, and now I no longer want to trifle with such unimaginable might, Lady Xilimyth.

"For... Reasons of my own..." he smirked, and I looked to Babasti who, laying naked on her side, propped up on one arm as she palmed the mighty black lion's chest, purred deeply and constantly. "But to answer your original concern, Lady Xilimyth... I will live. I've lived through worse. But... I must admit... I feel tired now. I've never been so tired after such a thrashing, or so weak."

I looked to Babasti as he closed his eyes briefly and she too looked to me, a smile locked on her face as her purr osculated depending upon whether she were breathing in or out. She knew as well as I did that healing magics caused sleepiness in the person being healed, and being that the king didn't know this and knowing Babasti, I was certain that she was planning that weakness on the poor king for whatever reason. I decided not to divulge to the king what she was doing.

"It's time that I consider... Other things." Blackthorne added as he opened his eyes, looked to me and then reached up to palm my face, and I clasped his hand with both of mine before favoring his palm with a kiss. "I will ask you a favor, Xilimyth... Assemble my son and my daughter, and the council. I am still king... And I have... An important edict that I must give."

The councilors were the easiest to find and secure, and after they were on their way to the throne room, I went to go get Leona and her brother. Leona was in her new room, but only after the entire room had been scoured with fire and cleaned, with her few belongings added to the room for her to set out. In comparison to the lavish environs that Kael had lived in, the room looked bare and empty. There was a simple bed with few belongings, but that was the way it was for the females of the Den until now. Leona was lucky to even have belongings. The only thing that had been put out was a stand that held her earned armor pieces and weapons.

I paused at her doorway, looking upon her fine rounded butt and the appearance of her swollen breasts peaking from beneath the crooks of her arms and the sides of her body. I found myself desiring her, found myself beginning to sweat, and felt my penis erect a little to bulge out the front of my panties... But not daring to give myself up anymore I lowered a hand and pushed that penis back inside me and clenched the vaginal lips around it too hold it in. That didn't stop that boner from swelling inside me, bowing out my navel slightly as if I were being penetrated. It didn't help that with my phallus retracted... it felt like I was getting hard inside a tightened vaginal cavity. It didn't help me at all, especially when I got rock hard

nipples, all twelve of them, that stuck out of the belly fur where my garb didn't cover them. But even where the garb I wore did cover them... they were still moist and vaguely see through, and then of course there was the utter size of the lump that were my teats.

I may have changed, and though Babasti had convinced me before that my vows meant nothing since I was changed, I say poo on that. Kirii was my wife and Iridium was my bond-sister. They were the only ones who'd share this body with me forever more.

"Leona..." I prompted and she turned and rose sharply with a wobbling of breasts and a long curving knife in her hand before she exhaled a relieved sigh and put the knife down.

"It's you." she said. "Since I became queen, in less than a day I've been assaulted by Kael trying to take my crown and a dozen others wishing to consort me. Some of them tried to exert their dominance, others tried to show me how passionate they were, but all in all, they wanted my power... not me.

"I've never felt so alone."

That was a soft spot, and stepping over to her, I wrapped my arms about her and folded her head to my bosom and she palmed my back with one hand and listened to my heart beating for a moment. I was standing over her now that I'd grown so much, my muscular might thick in the legs and bodice, but narrow in the waist. Leona was thick all over.

"You changed again." She murred, and began to purr subtly as she rubbed her cheek against my breasts for comfort. "Are you made of quicksilver and strange dust?"

I smirked and let her go to face her, holding her by her powerfully broad shoulders. "One might call it that." I said, thinking about the Hypernites that were hard at work building me up even now. I could feel the spiders-beneath-the-skin feeling from time to time, and every now and again the Heads-Up Display that I possessed fed me information that a new hardware had been found and drivers were being created. New functions were being added to me all the time and I was growing stronger and stronger because of it.

"One would ask why you're here. Maybe to try to seduce me again, and then leave me with a case of blue balls as you run off and..." she exhaled sharply and then closing her eyes palming the air to her sides in a halting motion, exhaled another calming breath of air and shook her head briefly. "No... I'm sorry. I'm still angry that you did my brother but not me. Why couldn't you remember a mate after the fact?"

"What about that young man I brought you to."

"That's just it... He was too young." she sat down upon her raised stone bed and sighed, a piece of clothing wringing within her tightening hands. "Sure he was handsome and strong and..."

"Age shouldn't make the difference." I prompted.

"I ache... my heart aches... my loins ache... I want to have a nice mate to spend the rest of my life with, but everyone who comes to me doesn't want me... They want... This." and she palmed her crotch that was displaying a heady camel toe. "Or they want this." and she pointed at her crown. She sat there for a moment, and then I saw her lower lip trembling before I surged to her side, looking down to her and palmed her knees that were pressed together as I held her thick arm with one hand; both sets of breasts cleaving to either side of her. "Why doesn't anyone love me?" She whimpered; her lower lip trembling and wiped tears from her eyes.

"I spent... Five thousand years wondering that same question, Leona." I admitted to her, and she blinked in surprise.

"W-what? You waited five thousand years before... you're five thousand years old. But that's older than Babasti!"

I smirked. "Five thousand years before I met the right woman." I smiled and lowered myself to lay my head on her lap. Her crotch exuded her pheromones, and it aroused me even more, but showing arousal was a weakness of manhood and hiding it – save for one's nipples – was a strength of womanhood, because unlike a male, a woman could just say that she was cold. So through will alone, I kept my penis from erecting from me again, not even the smidgeon that it slid out of me before.

"She's why I couldn't... Love you like you wanted me to, Leona. I waited five thousand years for the right woman, and now that I had her, I... I just couldn't share myself with you. I wanted to, the male in me wanted to, wants to now, but I'm not going to. When you meet the right partner, Leona... You'll understand how I feel."

She exhaled a long sigh and ran her clawed fingers through my mane of spotted hair.

"Can you tell the future? Are you a seeress or... Seer... Or whatever they'd call a person like you?"

"Seeress." I smirked. "We're considered inherently female for some reason. More of that male ego I suppose dictating even a race's *'deformities'* unto womankind." I rose and gently embraced her once more, but this time kissed her lips ever so briefly, palming her face and then rubbing my thumb across those lips of hers once I'd done kissing her. "I promise though, Leona... That eventually you'll find the one."

And then I stood before her, and she touched my thigh close to my conjoined sexes longingly, sighed and then removed her hand.

"But that being said," I spoke gently. "I should tell you now that your father has summoned you to the throne room."

"Father? But he's too hurt to move!" she said and rose to her feet immediately.

"...Which dictates the importance of this." I nodded.

"Well why didn't you tell me sooner?! Come on!"

And she hurried out of the room, and I followed idly behind her, pausing at the doorway to her room to admire her retreating butt and swinging tail.

Kirii, wherever you are, please don't slap me for having idle eyes, I thought inwardly, and hurried off to find Lioli.

Lioli was easy to find, he was in his room straightening books on several bookshelves. Apparently when Kael and his private army came in, they'd tossed his room out of spite when they couldn't find him.

Lioli paused as he was placing a pile of books he cradled in one arm in its place, and then turned to see me.

"Xilimyth." He greeted and turned, but did not approach me. "You're back..."

I detected the nervous twitter in his voice, and as I stepped forward to approach him I could see him tense and I paused for a moment before closing the distance with him. I stood there before him for a moment, and then I reached out and palmed his arm and he tensed even more.

With a sigh I let go of him, took the books from his hands, set them aside and then moved forward to embrace him to me. He didn't embrace me back.

"It's because I have a penis, isn't it?" I said and he shivered and pushed from me immediately before facing his books.

Books, books, books, his room could qualify as a library it was so full of books. Even his own mother didn't have as many books, and Babasti was considered to be a sorceress. He was wise, he was powerful enough to shoot a lance of lightning right through an armored warrior, and yet... he wasn't comfortable with me any more.

"What am I now?" he asked, and I didn't have to ask him what he meant. I'd witnessed more than once the sorts of problems people had with hermaphrodites over my many years.

"You want to know what you are now that the first woman you made love with grew a penis and used to be a guy?" he didn't move. "What do you think you are? Do you believe yourself any worse for having sexed and been sexed by a beautiful woman, Lioli?" and I pressed against his back, embracing him from behind and pulling him to me.

He sighed as I held onto his shoulders. "I don't know..."

And I turned him and he allowed himself to be turned, and bending forward, fingering his jaw with just the fingers of both hands, I bent forward and briefly kissed him lightly on the lips. "It makes you a man, Lioli... nothing more or less." And I embraced him again, folding his head to my bosom again before I started purring for him. "You... awakened the woman in me Lioli. Do you think anything less than a supremely potent male could do that to me? You think I'd've chosen you if anyone else could do it properly for me?"

"You were a young man; I was a woman through and through... I think that makes you potent and strong and confident in your maleness. Despite a simple change I went through, I'm still a female. The world still considers me a female."

Lioli lifted his head from my chest. He was smaller than Leona was, and so he had to lift his chin over my bust in order to talk. "But how can I be sure? How can I be confident again?"

I smirked and then stepping back, lifted the wrap to reveal my four heaving breasts, and taking his hands I slid them onto the swells of those top two breasts and let him hold them. All I had to do was wait, and an almost dreamy look slid over his face as milk leaked from those tits onto the back of his hand, and ever so slowly the front of his trousers bowed outward, thickened into a mighty bulge that even his own father would be proud of. After a short moment he stepped closer to me to better fondle those breasts, and then reaching down, I slid my fingers along the curving bulge of his phallus and suddenly it leapt as he sucked in a sharp breath of air.

"I think that's enough proof." I murred and then pulled him to those breasts again so that the thickest set of my primaries flared to either side of his head. "But here's some more just in case." I purred loudly, and this time he held onto my sides while his heaving groin swelled into the bowl of my thighs and pelvis. He took to sucking on a tit and even rubbed his groin against the insides of my thighs, along my cunt, getting me moist as that erection of his started to extend so much that it was opening a gap in the front of his pants.

"You see... I'm totally female now, and if I were to let you stick me you'd be met with the tightest pussy yet... sopping wet, more than enough for such a great... big... potent... male like you."

I giggled and ground my pussy against his shaft, and he swooned while uttering a soft, "Goo..." and then took to sucking on my tit, right before his hands slid underneath the straps of my panties to grip my bottom

with both hands and tug it open, and as he pulled me to him was when I pulled his hands away and stepped back, pulling my tit from his mouth.

“I’m sorry Lioli... I can’t go any further than that.” He was gasping, and stared as I pulled the chest wrap back down over my breasts.

“Y-you tease!” he gasped and then laughed.

“You tease... you’re sporting that, and I have my vows not to take anyone but my mates?” and I pointed at his heaving and still erecting cock. “Do you have any idea what that destroyer of worlds does to a girl like me? Toe curling, heaving orgasmic love, that’s what it does Lioli.” I laughed and then slid to him again and kissed his cheek, right as a chime was rung in two sets of two chimes.

“What was that?” Lioli blinked then and settled his hands on my hips as I held his shoulders, and I smiled that I got his confidence back before we had to go.

“A summons.” I said with a smile and pressed against him, kissing his forehead and letting him feel the press of my chest against his collar bone. “To the throne room.”

“A summons... but... father isn’t well.”

“He’s recovering... but... he wanted me to come fetch you.”

“But... why didn’t you tell me sooner?” he blinked.

“Because... having felt a lack of self confidence for so long... I wasn’t about to let you deal with it too, my strong, vibrant male.” And I kissed him again, but arched myself briefly so he could feel how hard my nipples really were. “Now come on... we’re late.”

Pulling Lioli into the nearby throne room, he and I arrived right as Blackthorne was walking with a limp out of his room, with the diminutive Babasti by comparison directly at his side. But despite how small she was in comparison to him, she was nonetheless strong enough with her slight and slender and highly feminine frame to keep him upright. Once in the room he removed himself from Babasti’s care, and forcing himself upright, proud and regal, he *strode* purposefully till he came to stand before his throne but he did not sit.

The room was now ringed by the pryde's gentry, now containing his general – a towering battle-scared lion carrying a heavy scimitar that looked older than Blackthorne himself – his counselors and scholars – who were varied males with grey in their manes and pelts – and of course, Leona, Lioli and me.

"All of you hear me, for this is now law." he said loudly enough for all to hear him while Babasti came to stand behind him with a hand on the small of his back. With much pryde and much power, Blackthorne straightened his spine to stand tall before everyone.

"This shall be written in iron and set in stone and shall be placed there..." and he turned and pointed to a cleft in the ceiling above the high throne. "...Above the throne, so that it shall be a law that stands above whoever shall ever ascend the throne. That law shall be kept separate from all other laws and shall be ultimate, irrefutable and unalterable.

"That law is that there shall be no division in the Pryde. A person's place in the Pryde is dictated by how well they have served the Pryde and not because they are of a specific gender, a specific breed or of a specific age.

"So shall it be written, so shall it be done."

And the entire room repeated: "So shall it be written, and so shall it be done." in unison. I only managed to get in the last few words.

"And now an edict. I pronounce Babasti... As my wife, and queen of this pryde so long as I stand as king. For as of last night," Blackthorne took a deep breath and turned to look at Babasti who smiled lovingly up at him. "Her womb... Carries my third child. A girl." Blackthorne said and the room fell silent.

Leona gaped, looked both pained and relieved at the same time, and removing the circlet from her brow, lowered her head.

Just like that... She'd been diminished. But then...

"And for my second edict..." he said, and hobbled forward, standing on his own apart from Babasti's support as he lifted both hands to his brow and removed golden ring crown from his own head. He came to stand before Leona, and with a father's smile and pryde, his chest puffing out with that pryde, he placed the golden crown onto Leona's own brow. "I ... step down from the throne, and subject myself and my future wife to being elders in the Pryde. I retire all rights, privileges and powers of the crown and give it to my eldest child... Leona."

Leona's eyes went wide while Blackthorne removed his own cloak and laid it across her shoulders like a mantle, and then placed his sword from his side into her hands, and, being a bit wobbly as he did this, he stepped back and bowed deeply as he gestured toward the throne.

"I..." Leona gasped as she gripped the heavy straight sword in its scabbard and the silence drug on for a good long time, but it was Lioli who actually broke the silence.

"So shall it be written, so shall it be done!" he called, and everyone in the hall, including me, repeated that statement.

Leona then walked toward the throne, the throne that had held only males for countless centuries... It'd been a punishment worthy of death for a woman to sit upon it, and lowering herself into the chair, she sat back and shuddered with the seeming weight of such power on her shoulders.

And just like that, traditions that spanned back longer than I've been alive ended in one fell swoop.

Post-Documentation 0040: Guardians

A guardian is an extra special relationship between a being and a millennium tree. The duty of the tree was to protect and maintain life of their area. The duty of the guardian was to protect the tree and to aide it in it's endeavors to maintain and protect life.

Just prior to the reclamation of magic, when magic and the powers of the trees were greatly waned because the trees were so strained against the pressure of human science logic being so prevalent over magic, the combined will of man making magic almost nonexistent, they couldn't prevent many of the problems that occurred from time to time... Such as world war one, two and three, not to mention the Transition War or the War of Attrition either. Though they had limited effect to the second and third dragon wars, they were still powerless to stop them from happening.

But the trees weren't always infallible...

Tre'Ent is perhaps the most infallible of all the trees, but nonetheless, even he makes mistakes. True... It is broad millennia between his mistakes, but nonetheless, they still happened.

Leaf, Xilimyth's tree, existed close to Gaia's Cradle, the former resting place of the Mother Tree. Because she's so close to the cradle of life it has allowed her, as youthful as she is, to watch over all of Africa by herself. But like any other tree, even she makes mistakes, and when a tree makes mistakes, it's usually up to the guardian to fix those mistakes.

But when a Guardian cannot meet a task... It is then that said guardian receives added strength in order to meet that challenge. Interestingly enough... That strength is rarely transferred back to the tree.

Take for example Lord Pseudodrake.

Thirteen trees, thirteen Dragini fruits, thirteen weapon cores... He is holy and unholy and the most powerful being on our known universe, but it is up to him to protect the Earth from celestial dangers... It is up to Xilimyth to protect Africa should Pseudodrake fail, or should something happen that is beneath Pseudo's attentions.

So, the question that arises, with Africa being in a constant state of conflict, what would happen should such a conflict find Xilimyth in this hour of weakness?

-Doctress Lady Evelyn Runeblade
Inner Circle of Dragons
Aspect of Fire

I found myself in a secretive alcove, within the room that Leona had possessed, the same room that I'd experienced my transformation into a herm. This was the place where I resided now, and after the impromptu coronation of Leona I felt as if I needed a few moments to compose myself.

Standing there, hands against the wall as I breathed deeply through the mouth, I felt a massive flux happening inside me, and heard the sounds of snaps and groans along with deep thudding explosions and grinding tendons that sounded like wringing reeds, all of which could be heard emanating from my body.

Clenching my teeth, holding back the snarl of pleasure as those teeth thickened and lengthened, overlapping and feathering each other, I felt the power inside me engorging itself, and doing so beyond my current level of control, and as such, I was starting to change and grow.

The white clothes I wore, a beautiful contrast to this body of mine, were starting to stretch around me... The bottoms I wore were sliding further and further down between my legs, the bulbous mound of my sex thickening and distending, showing off a supreme camel toe with a hyper engorged clitoris to the casual observer, but I knew, and few others knew that those were two swelling testis resting over a pair of labia, and that wasn't a clitoris, but instead it was a raging penis that I was only just barely keeping inside myself. Nectar and seed were leaking from the dual pee holes, mixing together into a crystalline juice that was cementing those panties too me as the crotch began to floss its way between those swelling vaginal lips.

My manhood wanted to erect, wanted to extend and telescope from me, the nads wanted to fill with seed so that I could spray it over and inside a hundred females... The sexual power radiating from not one but two sexes was debilitating, and it was exhausting my strength for other concerns... Like keeping my physical power in check.

And sure enough, that control was slipping. I gasped repeatedly, saliva dripping from my mouth, steam rising from my lips from the saliva that burned the stone whenever it fell to the ground being that it was so hot, and whenever I coughed, I coughed up a breath of black smoke.

Claws sheered stone as they lengthened into thick talons, finger tips growing stronger, and as my arms broadened, I felt odd bone formations thrusting outward, changing the shape and deepening the width of those arms. The same was happening to my forelegs as I grew longer at the waist and neck, taller at the arms and legs, shoulders rounding outward, cleaving into separate muscle striations and more as I rose up automatically onto my toes.

I was growing stronger, even the most basic form I could manage was growing stronger than my will could contain, and I fought to keep that control. I even tried to turn into a human but my own body wasn't letting me. Each time I tried I snapped back into this form like an elastic band releasing tension, all so that the changes that would've happened if I'd remained in this form would immediately happen and then continue changing.

I knew that lack of control caused harm to others, and if I were to suddenly transform here, inside the den, it would frightened those I cared about and quite possibly hurt them too.

The flesh all about me was tightening, my belly fur, white and beautiful, was thinning rapidly as the flesh spread open. The two sets of breasts I possessed prior to all the budding tertiaries were thickening along with the pectoral muscles beneath them, the ribs flaring wider and the back muscles growing deeper likewise strained the top I wore. When I created it, all four tits were held firmly inside the halter... Now the secondaries had slipped out from under it and wobbled freely into the open air, and the halter that was designed to hold four now only held the pair of primaries... And even then only barely.

I moaned as a flush of milk slid from those mammaries, the naked lower to draining their cream down along the swells which then slid down my navel, and pressing both thighs together I then felt a hot rush of nectar jet from my loins to moisten the panties I wore and turn them translucent.

I wanted to pleasure myself, I wanted to stick a hand inside me and masturbate that giggle stick and coat this room in seed, but I had to hold back... I had to contain myself, get myself under control... And then I could leave and go all to pieces as it were out in the open where I couldn't harm anyone with these changes. The rains that I could hear outside even at this depth would cool me down, hopefully.

I thought I could control it, but that was rapidly appearing to be nothing but folly and rot as ribs thickened in spastic growths one after the other, each pair snapping outward and deepening my chest, stretching the back while my butt cheeks tensed and tightened, clenching into the appearance of a butterfly's wings as the two rounded planes rapidly separated into thirds and became the three petals of those wings. My prick slid out further, causing a thick lump in the flossing panties hemming my sexes in, a priming charge of see loading into the wetness already there while I moaned with the need for sex. Feathers were exuding from

my back, and I groaned deeply as my face pushed outward and my muzzle deepened slightly. With several more erotic skeletal crunches, I felt my face change, with knobby protrusions along the ridge of my skull and jaw pushing outward now.

Lifting a hand and feeling those knobs, I realized that they were the beginnings of my horns and cheek spikes.

"Xilimyth, I ..." A voice called as the curtains parted, revealing Leona who stopped upon seeing me tensing there. "Great Maker..." she breathed.

"Yes... My queen..." I panted, looking over my shoulder at her as it felt like both eyes were expanding in their sockets, forcing my skull to bulge and change as well.

"W-what's happening to you?" she choked.

"Close the drapes..." I groaned, and then hammered a fist against the wall, creating a massive radial crack around the impact before clawing at the wall and leaving five-fingered score marks against the stone.

Leona did so, making sure that the drapes were spread as wide as they could be before she hurried to me, she, who'd once stood so much larger than me, barely came to my shoulder at the moment.

"I... Wanted to come to see you. I know you were all alone and... Eek!" and I turned and embraced her, trusting my groin into her crotch several times before I snarled and released her, stepping back and gripping my head as the hands and talons grew longer.

"N-no..." I groaned and slunk into a corner and held myself, shivering as I balled myself up.

"W-what was that?!" she choked.

"Instinctive desire... you... and I... are going through a heat I believe. Though I think I'm experiencing a rut at the same time. It's... hampering... my control over myself. Best if you keep a good distance from me."

"I'm... in heat?" she blinked. "But I... I don't feel anything at all."

"It's just starting. My senses are becoming... Very acute." I swallowed, and hugged myself tighter. "But... I've been in one for days. I think I may need Babasti's potion again."

"Potion?"

"Queen Leona! Queen Leona!" a male's voice called, and Leona, regarding me, stepped to the doorway and opened the drapes enough to look outside but not to reveal me. "You! Male! These quarters are for females only. How dare you come here without..."

"But Queen Leona... We're under attack!"

"What?!" she exclaimed and then looked to me. "I'll be right back, Xilimyth." she said and I nodded, just as a low thud exploded inside me, my chest lurching explosively outward and causing a tear down the collar of the halter as I suddenly broadened massively in the torso region.

Leona disappeared for a short while, and I heard some muffled cries of alarm before Leona surged back into the room.

"Apparently Kael's friends have friends of their own." Leona stated quietly. "There's a horde of mercenaries camping out nearby. They've scrambled communications with the cities so the magistrate can't even call for help. We have no choice but to meet them in battle."

And I blinked, gaping at her. "But... You're swords, shields and javelins against powered armor and machine guns!" I said, and then began coughing up smoke, and then tried to throw up but nothing came out. My innards were squirming radically.

"Yes... But what choice do we have? It's either that or subject our sisters to a rule like what Kael wanted for all of us. I'm asking anyone who can carry a weapon to join us."

I finished coughing and she turned to leave, but seeing her leaving, in a snap of motion I found myself beside her, gripping her ankle and tugging at the band of fabric of the hot pants-like bottoms she was wearing. The scent from her crotch momentarily intoxicated me, and sniffing it I let my tongue loll outward and I licked her crotch. Leona froze, standing there as my tongue slid against the garment covering her loins, the tip of that tongue flipping off the button snap of those shorts.

I closed my eyes and steeled myself, but nonetheless reached up and gripped those shorts and the button snap came undone at the base of her navel.

Why wasn't she resisting me, I thought panting, and then looking up at her, I saw the impassioned look in her eyes despite that her face was placid. *It's because she doesn't want to.*

I swallowed.

"I... will come." I said, panting as I remained there, but a moment later I was sniffing her crotch again, and then I licked the underside of it several times more, hearing her gasp before I drew myself away and shook my head. The mane on my head was firming up like a porcupine's quills, and the extending collections of hair clacked against each other.

Again, Leona didn't resist my advances. "But... You're in no condition..." she said with a choking sound, palming her lower abdomen, a pinkie sliding across where the button snap had been undone.

"I'm in every condition." I said hurriedly. "Ready everyone inside the Den, defend a choke point, and don't go meet them on their terms. We have food and water here... enough to last us months... though someone should go invite the humans in the town above to reside with us, tell them to bring more food, water and clothing."

And then I licked her crotch deeply with my tongue again, tasting her heat, wanting it, as I instinctively pulled open her shorts, the zipper unzipping down to its base before I sobbed and forced myself away and pressed my face into both hands as I continued to change.

"Damn this bloody sexual tension!"

Leona kept her hand in my hair as I withdrew from her, still looking longingly upon me while the hand on her belly slid down to her pelvis now. She bit her lower lip before speaking. "And what of you? What will you do?"

"I... will... show them and age old adage amongst my kind."

"And what adage is that?" Leona asked and I grit my teeth and tensed as I grew several inches in every direction suddenly, the tear between my breasts deepening at the collar while a couple tears pulled open along the back.

I smiled up at her. "Do not test the patience of dragons, for we are quick to anger... And you are crunchy and taste good with catsup."

No one really noticed me as I passed by them. I willed them not to notice me and they didn't, which meant that my psychic powers must be returning as well. Crawling out into the open, I opened the door and heard the crack of lightning and the roll of thunder even as a tumultuous rain poured down upon me, wetting the garments that were still on me down and turning them immediately transparent.

I gasped and shook my head, feeling rivulets of rain slide about me as I gripped the wet white silk of the halter I wore and tore it open to allow my breasts to heave out into the open before I gripped the primaries and squeezed them hard. Rushes of milk slid from the hardened oversized nipples, pouring into both hands and trickling down my body as the other ten nipples lining my bodice and belly, even the tertiaries, leaked cream of their own.

My spreading back and thickening arms tore the rest of the halter top apart while my hands slid down the length of navel and slid beneath the crotch of the panties I wore to clench at the crotch that laid there. The mere tensing and added thickness of my hands tore the panties off me as well, leaving me naked and out in the open. With a low guttural yowling moan, cream leaking from my breasts to be immediately washed away by the rain, a dual explosion erupted in me and twin jets of differing fluids lanced from cock and pussy at once to fill both hands.

And there I stood quietly, shivering not from cold but rather from the intensity of my arousal amidst the rain soaked savannah. Lifting a hand then while I gripped my cunt with the other, I closed the hidden door to the storehouse entrance, steadied myself and then stepped forward away from the building, the cooling rain striking my body and hissing from the heat I was generating. There was a light that could be seen shining through me, lighting my eyes and nostrils and mouth, and most especially the sapphire gem in my chest, while at the same time setting a sort of glow through my torso with the red heat burning within me. It didn't harm me, but I saw that I was well over two hundred degrees in temperature right now according to the body temperature reading in my HUD as I strode gracefully, lithely through the rain to come stand in a seemingly vacant plane... Till the lightning flashed.

Before me appeared a horde of soldiers in powered armor, visible to the naked eye for only a few brief seconds before my pupils dilated to make compensation for the differences in the light so I could continue seeing them.

One of them, a proud wolf with a great mane like a collie's that flared about his neck armor approached me then, his campaign cloak hanging heavily at his back like a curtain of mail from how rain soaked it was, till he stood before me. Despite the height his powered armor gave him, I still looked him eye to eye. My penis extended a little from me in excitement.

"And what are you? A morsel in an attempt to allay us?" the warlord asked with a definite British accent... possibly South African.

"No... I've come to warn you that you have a fight on your hands. You are attacking a fortress filled with warriors. If you know what's good for you, you'll turn right around and cut your losses, for even if you do get passed me then you will have no hope against the combined might of the pryde."

"I've defeated greater than you."

"Somehow I doubt that." I smiled in return before licking my lips hungrily at him, and then shivered as parts of me expanded hotly with greater strength and prowess; the grooves between muscles expanding and deepening the bands of light shining through me.

My flesh was stretching around my growing might and power and I could feel it tearing pleurably about me like I were shedding my skin like whenever I matured to a new age level, like a snake would, and the glimpses of glittering blue-gray light escaped through the cut open tears in this flesh while my muscular burned with that same reddish light as before.

"We shall see." their warlord said and turned on his heel, and as he did, flood lights lit up, piercing the rain shadow of the clouds, and I stood there as their spotlights all found me.

And then the first shot rang out, stuck me in the chest, and I grinned right back at them as my eyes suddenly ignited a solid blue from all the magic welling up within me now, all the power that this body was having difficulty containing.

A second, heavier shot struck me right between the eyes, but it felt only like a tap. I felt cracks happening within my firm flesh from that last impact, cracks that broke open around the impact zone, and my flesh became plates of hardened material that spread open, right as a Dragon's Eye pushed forward and glittered brightly.

Like the Heart Stone is the center of all physical power of a dragon, the Eye was like a third eye on a dragon that became the center of their psychic abilities. It enhanced one's consciousness, and sure enough, from the moment it clicked into place, there was a spasm of awareness that surged in a bubble from around me, heaving hundreds of meters away in an instant, while it's growing, throbbing power flared that awareness further and further outward, making me aware of the thousands of soldiers gathered before the town of Holt.

"Ok... You want a fight..." I asked aloud, clenching both fists till the knuckles cracked. "Then you got one."

And I started flexing.

As Xilimyth's wife... I was entitled to certain... amenities. As a guardian, I was entitled to additional amenities, as such Xili and I possessed so much money that we could live in utter opulence for even our incredibly long lives without any additional income. Dragons controlled so much of the wealth of the Alliance that we could effectively damage or repair the economy as we deemed necessary. Also, as talented as Aysyx was, shi developed and ran an algorithm that accurately predicted how the economy would flow to a fraction of a point, and could control the varied stock markets for the benefit of dragonkind. Shi insured that the holdings of Starlight Incorporated and it's umbrella organization of the Starlight Foundation always fared well and still appeared good on a tax form. Those holdings included the private stocks and holdings of the various members of the dragon council, and we were automatically given stipends from those holdings that we could do with as we wished... and that was after our living expenses were taken care of.

Over his five thousand years of life, long before ever meeting me, Xilimyth had amassed an incredible amount of wealth, enough to support large nations if needed for centuries. Just the donations he made yearly to charitable foundations – save the tigers, save the whales, the Earth Foundation, and so on – kept him from having to pay any taxes while at the same time enabled both he and I to buy whatever was needed whenever it was needed, and still have some added extras.

But we didn't live in opulence, we lived in comfort. One of those comforts was a room, a bowl formed of large plates of rock that were kept at a dessert temperature.

The cat in me loved the heat, the dragon did too. So lying back against the hot searing stones, I rested quietly, palming my belly with one hand and hugging Kismet – the female of the pair of draco-kitties who was pregnant like me – while I purred up a contented storm.

The feeling of a penis in me allayed a lot of tension, and being that it was Xili's penis, it made it even more grand, especially after he'd become a she, and she had become a shi with a penis again, but now had boobs as well. I don't know why, but I was more attracted to Xili as a shi than a he.

"You know... If you lie in this heat for too long, all your kitlings will become girls." Iridium commented as shi sat naked on the edge of the bowl, hir own phallus unslung and naked and resting on hir pressed together thighs.

"Oh? How's that?" I asked, turning enough to look at hir.

"Despite that we dragons are of all types of animals, we are inherently reptilian... And like reptiles... Heat dictates whether or not a child is born or hatched as a boy... or a girl. You may be passed that developmental stage, now that you're in the second quarter, but that may not keep them from shifting inside you."

"And what's wrong with girls all girls?" I smirked. "That's what Pseudie wants, isn't it? And I don't think Xili cares so long as I have them and shi's the father."

I laid back, purring louder as I palmed that belly with two hands, raising both legs so that their heels were just beneath my rump and the long feet were on either side of my bulbous tail, all so that I could fold the other two hands behind my head and relax more. But with my legs up as a visual shield, I dared to slide the fingers of one of those lower two hands down to caress my taut labia and still erect clit. I was still horny... Xili made me feel that way. Shi was a man, my man, but shi also had breasts as a woman, my woman, which opened thoughts of a sexual relationship between two women, filling my mind with thoughts that our love was naughty in some way, but not really.

"You look rather well with yourself..." Iridium smirked.

"Oh I am." I sang in a pleased voice immediately, and groaned and pinched my caressing hand between both thighs and sighed nasally. Then I laughed gaily and Kismet yawned widely before flopping onto her side.

Iridium slid closer to me, hir heavily laden breasts hanging from her chest as hir prick rested on the ground. "You and shi made love, didn't you?" shi smirked.

"Is it that obvious?" I asked and Iridium smirked. "Oh sister," I added and Iridium's face spread into one of utmost happiness at me referring to hir like that. "Xili sated me so... so much. I feel like shi knows my body perfectly now, knew just what to touch and how to touch it in order to make me cry and make me cum..."

"As a male, Xilimyth sometimes... Well..."

"Gripped something sensitive because he thought it was hot?" Iridium supplied as shi leaned forward and picked up a goblet of Dragini Wine, sipped at it before holding in with the fingers in one hand.

"Yes... That... But as a herm... Shi's like a man who truly knows what a woman wants, and shi caressed that which was sensitive and held on tight to that that wasn't. Sex was never so arousing or fulfilling or... or..." and then I stopped, and looked sharply at Iridium who was watching me with a faded smile.

"I'm jealous." shi said quietly and drank another sip of hir drink before laying back and crossing a leg, hir dork resting on the ground beneath hir. "It's like you've found the perfect mate. Satisfies you emotionally, spiritually, socially... Sexually."

"Yes..." I sighed and then rose, flaring both legs and purring to my babies. "Iridium... You don't need to stay here if you don't want to." I said at last. "If any of this is painful to you to witness..."

"I want to." shi said immediately and then smiled genuinely. "Though Miki is very good at taking care of the business side of things, she'll rapidly become very inept to care for you physically... So best if you have a nice, big, strong protector and provider until your actual nice, big... strong... powerful... ugh..." she gurgled as hir body arched sensually, hir dork stiffening as shi shivered and sighed. "But enough thinking about Xilimyth and hir... oh so wonderfully long and powerful dork pounding my... no!"

"I'm sorry... I guess I'm still thinking about his shaft shiving me. I woke up trembling in a delayed aftershock this morning."

I rose and crawled over to hir and laid my head down on hir lap, and shi automatically began caressing my mane. "Look at us... Two star-crossed lovers who are in love with the same person."

"But you're hir wife, and the mother of hir children. At best I'm the foster sister who comes by hir room for a quick bang or two. Your relationship is pure, mine..." shi paused as I purred upon hir lap while shi caressed my mane of stripped hair. "What's it like having babies inside you?" shi asked suddenly.

I smiled and then looked up at hir, and then rising, sat upon hir lap. I didn't mind it as shi started to sweat as I maneuvered there, nor did I mind hir shaft rising into my underside. Maybe someday I could open myself up to hir. But for now, I pressed my swollen belly against hir highly muscular one before pressing my head against hir's.

"Open your mind... And you can feel exactly what it feels like."

I roared, a screaming piercing feminine roar that grated upon the ears as I let go of the tenuous control that I was maintaining upon myself. With a snap, sections of my flesh suddenly hardened, segmenting and flaring open, revealing meshes of scales beneath as the still softened flesh tore open while hair atop my head twisted and bundled up into horns while smaller horns burst through sections of jaw and skull.

A slurping motion signified my phallus erecting from inside me, that reddened prick arching outward and curving upward while I grew right before their eyes, feeling pops and explosions about me as they shot me repeatedly, but I didn't hear nor feel the blows of their weapons. No... They were too paltry in comparison to the unmitigated power of transformation flowing through me.

I now knew why Kirii loved this sensation, knew why shi found it so erotic and why shi searched for images and stories on the matrix that dealt with it, or VR sensations of people experiencing it. It was so addicting! To feel and engorge oneself upon muscular strength and grow more and more powerful... Oh Great Maker it was remarkable.

It was like muscles were engorging like my penis erecting, or the labia at their base swelling with arousal, or all those vaginal muscles throbbing inside me... but instead of being held in just one part of my body, it was *everywhere!* Veins traced through the mass of the muscle, blood throbbled into it, and with the blood came the energy of the arousal that strengthened something weak like a limp penis, and steeled it and erected it like an erection at the peak of arousal right before climax. And when the climax came it shot into the muscles around it, swelling and engorging in a chain that rippled from the center of my being and slid repeatedly in waves down to the barest extensions of my body.

But that wasn't all. The sensations of engorgement of penis and labia and vaginal mounds and nipples were enhanced several fold. The sensitivity of them, especially when a bullet or some such struck it gave me a micro orgasm whenever the fusillade sent a bullet striking against those parts of me.

My breasts swelled, inflating steadily, their nipples burning and twisting as they hardened and engorged every bit as hard as my wet penis was, while fluids flushed and flooded into cock and tits in the form of creamy and ejaculate to stretch the flesh even more erotically.

"Kill the creature! Kill it!" I heard the warlord shouting, my body rapidly being pelted by their weaponry, thousands of rounds of beam weaponry and projectile weaponry, missiles and rockets even pelting my body, and it all only quickened the change.

I adapted and I grew stronger with every piece of damage that actually caused me pain, but in the mindset that I was in, even the most horrendous pain their munitions caused shot to my brain in an intense burst of pleasure instead. The damage was actually making me stronger and tougher, helped my form to mutated and gain the added musculature of a dragon mixed with even more musculature of the Prometheus Serum, which was enhanced even further as the male and female halves of all that grew in conjunction to each other.

My tail thickened at the base as it telescoped outward, the underside flaring open and pushing all the fur to the top in a fringe, forming into a true draconic tail as every vertebra in my spine from the base of the skull to the tip of the tail projected a hooking spine outward. Bone protrusions erupted from skull, elbows and knees, forming blades and horns while ribs flared outward and the sternum snapped forward, jostling the four tits of my chest and spraying milk from them in a sort of climax that sprayed from the nipples in long spraying gouts of milk. Pectoral muscles helped thrust my chest forward from all the multitude of chords popping with added thickness, and I moaned, crying out, feeling juices leak from both cock and cunt while my telescoping penis clicked fully outward from me and immediately arched upward into a long pelvic horn that suddenly gained the armored ridges of a dragon's penis.

I closed both eyes as the talons on every finger and toe thickened the ends of each digit they were attached to as they grew longer and thicker, harder than ever before my back exploded and popped and bubbled hotly, tearing flesh apart and hardening into plates that cracked and shattered as that back grew. As the back continued growing and spreading wider, the fists of my wings strained against the fleshy and then exploded from me, flapping feely while their muscles exploded into their previous full thicknesses, and then exploded and mutated further as they spread and telescoped each finger bone and arm bone into gossamer leathery curtains that grew firm feathers of bio-steel

Tritanium it was called. Other than the petals of a Dragini fruit, a dragon's body armor was the only place in nature that the metal grew naturally.

As the wings grew, the two packs of chest muscles cleaved and erupted in rolling spasms of growth to counterbalance those wings, the tits swelling likewise forced the back muscles to grow as well, my bodice swelling, flaring and thickening repeatedly into a barrel of heaving musculature. Long fingers erupted from the wrists of either wing while the glittering white feathers themselves grew larger and thicker forming into the long feathered plates like Kirii had.

I had to laugh at that as I watched them grow, saw myself becoming like my beloved, and flexing my body as I grew longer at the waist and neck, right before my tail thickened wider and pulled from out of my back, it's entire length growing longer than my body, I moaned and felt my cock suddenly bulge half again as thick and as long so that it could continue to reach my sternum.

Plumage poked out of my head in feathered plates as the facial plates swooped backward and unfolded toward the back of my head, joining with horns and jaw spikes to cover the bases of horns as the dragon

eye there in the center of my forehead grew more pronounced and larger, broadening my psychic powers even further than ever, the awareness it provided jumping my miles and miles at a time till I was aware of certain details across a hundred mile stretch from me. A moment later my head was being lifted atop a stretching and thickening neck that was flaring toward the shoulders, the throat deepening in long bands from chin to clavicle even as its flesh tore open as it spread to reveal a realm of overlapping plates to protect it while whole new vertebrae grew in place.

I moaned, feeling the steely erection before me, the head a piercing and flaring point and the mass behind the scar of a circumcision a thick battering ram. Reaching forward with one arm I stroked its mass, arching myself backward with my wings and tail immediately moving to keep myself balanced perfectly in one place. My eyes opened and closed repeatedly as I cooed and moaned, feeling my fingers and talons slid along a phallus too thick for the fingers to enclose around, and I got a thick pudding of ejaculate to slide from the pee hole and dribble down the cock that was so thick even the heavy rain couldn't wash it away right away.

While an approaching penile orgasm approached, fluids building up behind my pussy, I felt more muscles billow and tear through my flesh down my belly, upper arms and inner thighs, the tears in the flesh becoming a layer of leathery armor about me while former segments that surrounded specific muscle groups became flaring and sharp plates. Breasts billowed and heaved, filling with thicker glands and the glands filling with creamy milk while armored plates and realms of scales tore or folded out of me, breaking open from beneath the furry flesh as much of the torn flesh disintegrated from me in the form of dandruff.

Looking to both palms, I saw the palms open up like a pair of eyes, revealing a soul gem in both palms palms, the Do Gems as they were called, the insides of either wrist opening as well for tendrils that slid from me with the sensations of erecting penises before I drew them back. More blades and spines burst from me, plating fanning outward into other shapes and formations to streamline my whole body from head to toe like the body of a shark... all to improve my way of flight.

And the muscles kept piling on me, thighs engorging wider than my waist, arms filling as thick as the thighs, forelegs flaring and their individual muscle chords standing on end while the calves flared wide and even opened up at their bases for rounded plates that would eventually become bio-engines.

My former speed glory was awakening again, I could feel the functions coming alive, the hypernites in me linking to the various new components as my mechanical percentage climbed from almost nothing to surpass ten percent of my body now.

The dragon blood in me boiled even as I lifted up on my toes, and yowling in pleasure as I stroked myself with both hands now, feeling thigh muscles billowing outward in every direction, my neck and navel lengthening still as I gained an almost bulbous serpentine shape from the changes, and a backward sweeping crown of horns spread open atop my head.

The feeling of pneumatic pistons and cybernetic musculature forming beneath the skin, driving beneath my billowing and bulging muscles assailed me as they carved and slid their way through me, rubbing me like a lover's fingers against my skin. Long chords of twisted wire fed all through this body as well, the Hypernites hard at work to rebuild their former constructs and cybernetic enhancements of bio-musculature and fiber optic nervous system through me.

I prickled from the spiders-beneath-my-skin feeling, the Hypernites going in overdrive from all the rising power inside me, working hard and spreading their little fingers further and further through me, through the brain, feeding off me and empowering me with even more power as they built a furnace and a reactor inside me, a factory and a larger hive with full articulation and cerebral enhancements to improve upon my draconic powers, fine tuning them all. The burning in my chest suddenly grew hot and bright, erupting like a chain reaction that spread my muscles further apart, forcing me to shine through the cracks, and suddenly

my body flared everywhere, changing me from a slender, serpentine creature into a flaring, heaving behemoth from every muscle tripling then quintupling in thickness from my fire stoking itself inside my chest. The weapon fire slowed and then even stopped amidst this debacle, and I roared in a screeching Godzilla-like cry, fire flaming in my mouth and nostrils momentarily before I lowered my head, opened that mouth wider and billowed a gout of steam and saliva that burned the ground while I exhaled. But something exited me from that exhale... more than just fire of old... instead a hot horizontal beam erupted from my mouth, an atomic grade fire that I swept before the army and a billowing wall of fire rose up before them before I grabbed my throat with both hands and coughed against the searing heat of the fire burning it.

It was like chomping down on pizza hot from the oven when in my human form.

But the hypernites compensated, they contained the heat, coated the throat with some substance and strengthened the muscles about it right before they reformed the throat and created vents that opened up my neck and flared like gills to let the gasses out. But it still hurt, and I coughed marginally before sinking to my hands and knees, only to feel another spurt of transformation roll over me from my chest and back billowing outward.

Chest muscles heaved forward, ribcage grew and spread wider and both tits inflated suddenly to slam against the ground hard enough to create two deep divots of savannah earth. Behind me, both wings flared and spread wider, the wing arms telescoping madly, feathers growing longer still as I scraped claws against the ground, slicing stones in half and crushing rocks in my palms as I gripped and pawed at the earth.

Rolling both shoulders, I cried out just as both chest muscles engorged and their attached mammaries exploded outward again, heaving with the utter power of a nurse dragoness, the prick beneath me heaving twice as thick and extended a little longer, the nads heaving with seed to scrape more earth forward from the growth. And then my back unfolded, spreading wider, neck muscles bubbling and back muscles popping, all of it flaring wide from my already heaving bodice, all so that my spine could thicken and pull further from my back, its spines lengthening two to three times longer and thicker than they were before.

The might! The muscles!

Screaming again that cry of dragon song, I forced myself upright by sheer sake of pushing off from the ground, my four largest tits bouncing and wobbling, and I murred from the feeling of milk sloshing inside them. I wobbled and teetered, managing a couple of steps before pausing again, and hugging myself, suddenly feeling my arms explode outward and unfolding with muscle, the amount of fur on me concentrating to a few select places on arms, legs and body as the flesh about those arms shred flesh from me in a spray of long strips of skin that powdered to dust, and in a repeating series of growth, the other two pairs of chest muscles, then every abdominal lining my belly, right down to the hardened labia and the elongated penis projecting from me suddenly exploded outward one pair after the next. When it reached my penis, the growth expanded each muscle rib in its girth one right after the next while the underside of my cock loaded with all the hot cum so that a spurt of jism ejected from its end and sailed away to splash against the ground. Where it landed plants and flowers grew instantly.

I groaned and caressed that cock, feeling it heaving again, starting the repeating spasm that would allow my climax to finally release, and tensing my body, inadvertently clenching muscles that thickened from the strain, I finally began to climax... hard! A stream of climax sprayed before me like water spraying from a fire hose, the ejaculate coming from me continually as spasms shot it further outward briefly to splash against the ground everywhere around me. This time the growth of plants and such were even more pronounced, as saplings and a meadow of flowers watered by the rain spontaneously grew everywhere.

That was quite easily the strangest thing that came from a climax of mine, but I only laughed at it and enjoyed the continuing climax that lasted for more than a minute before it even thought about relenting.

The mass of my bodice then cleaved and sloughed to the sides, parts rearranging as ribs hefted higher to compress my tits, spraying milk from them and causing more things to grow while bubbling masses of flesh forming beneath the pair of primaries and secondaries, right before my legs engorged themselves and billowed my ass and tail and stretched my cunt between both nads into a long arch that suddenly shot a jet of nectar onto the ground.

And then my wings flared, flared wider, spreading wider and wider like a pair of real dragon wings though they bore long heavy feathers that fanned open wide, the arms gaining armor and crystal protrusions and spreading thickening membranes of leathery hide. Remembering this part, I thrust those wings downward, and with a single downbeat I rocketed upward into the sky, rising above the assembled mass of mercenaries, just before I tilted downward and landed with an explosive lunge right before the warlord, landing with enough force to knock those around him to the ground.

He took a halting step backward, but then snarled at me, ripping a laser sword from his belt and switching it on.

"What sort of creature are you?" he barked, and I arched myself, breasts jiggling, penis erecting harder as I rested a hand atop its head and massaged it lovingly, purring even as I did.

"I'd tell you, but then I'd have to kill you." I smirked.

"Kill this!" and he lifted a weapon toward me, an obvious beam rifle, and snapping a hand out, a tendril ejected from the inside of my wrist and I moaned from the sensation of penis in vagina sensations it wrought, the head flaring wide into a spear point and impacted the weapon.

It first drained its fuel cells, adding the energy to me and then it rapidly fed me detailed schematics of the weapon before sending an overloading spike of lightning into it to explode it in the warlord's hands.

And then I became short of breath, my weapon changing inside my throat, and more eyelets opened up all over me, revealing more blue gems, even as the final soul gems – the Chi Stone, or the stone in the navel – opened up, making me now a noble grade dragon.

And then I gasped and shuddered with elation before focusing and smiling at him.

"I warned you... Now you and yours will have to pay the consequences for your actions."

Lifting both arms, the forearm guards of either hand flared open and extended a long lance with a hollow head at one end, and concentrating, the HUD in my mind's eye put targets on all the war machines they brought with them, and systematically, I moved across the battlefield and shot these machines with disabling shots.

Then retracting the weapons, I looked down at the warlord, master of the mercenaries himself, even as he swung that laser sword of his at me, only for him to find it blocked against my bare arm. The physical impossibility of that read on his eyes as I smirked at him.

Taking that weapon from him, I drained it, learned its technology, and then crushed it before lifting him off the ground and shucking him from his armor like one would shuck an ear of corn.

"Y-you will pay for this!" the warlord snarled, struggling for his life within my outstretched hand as his army paused in horror at what they were seeing.

"Somehow I doubt that." I smiled, remarking on our earlier conversation, and extending that tendril and wrapping it about the collie-dog man, I then sucked his energy from him, and his muscles, his penis size,

his powers... Everything, were drawn from him and put into me, and I grew and grew, ejecting a lancelet of seed as I gurgled at the sheer strength in just one individual. He'd undergone *extensive* gene altering.

Biceps flared, triceps thickened, forearms broadened and lengthened. Thighs popped, chest thrust forward, back thickened and rose into a solid muscle hump.

I groaned as I reduced him to a thin little creature before dropping him to the ground, and churned as the whole of me continued to billow and my height rose several degrees just off this one person.

The army took one look at me and then broke.

And then looking about me, clenching my jaw, I knew what these men would do if they were able to regroup. Nothing scarred the land more than war and their munitions and war machines... Something had to be done. And so I went on the hunt... Looking for each of them, finding them, and draining them of their strength, and tracking them back to their camp, destroyed their weapons of war.

Only after that task was done did I take pause... And allowed myself to transform even further.

Dawn approached, yet still the world was in darkness because of the heavy rain, and the cracks and crunches as my body evolved further along the path of a dragon, the hypernites quickening the pace, I burned with the power of nearly a thousand men from all the feeding, my muscles throbbing as if they'd been exerted to their extent but burned with new life.

Gripping my cock as I leaned backward panting, I stroked myself, feeling the manhood in me growing as equally as powerful as the womanhood in me as they found a perfect balance between each other, the two sharing strengths at their fullest now and growing in conjunction. I panted harder, panted as I let the change take me.

First I grew taller, bones lengthening and thickening and changing rapidly, new bones forming inside me with crunches and groans, existing ones reshaping into overlapping plates that literally caged me with a network of muscles and metallic wires between them for added strength and durability. With a snap they crystallized fully into a boron-silicate formation instead of a carbon-calcite formation or even a hybrid of the two. After that change I continued to grow with forearms lengthening, wings broadening, legs and thighs growing longer in proportion to the rest of my body, thicker than my thickening middle were, with heaving thighs and cable-like bands of muscle to support me.

The talons and spines projected from this body, extending from the bones deep inside me, gaining muscles and cartilage of their own to be moving parts, adding to the crown of horns encircling my brow as I hardened and thickened and my flesh grew firmer while more scales and thicker and thicker body plates formed out of me.

Several layers of flesh thickened and broke apart, layering me in layer after layer of firm, hardened armor that covered me in only some places, most especially the back, but by and large, I was still naked flesh down the front. It was the armor formations of a nurse dragon... having the soft underbelly but the hardened back armor to protect our young. It was doubly the breeder dragon's armor, which in some ways made me like a dragon-turtle. That flesh that remained uncovered was spotted like a king cheetah still and peach, a sexy feminine peach that made me feel sultry and erotic, while the naughty bits turned crimson and a heaving draconic dork pulsating from out of my great vagina. My chest muscles continued to engorge outward, surging forward one pair on top of the other, the enlarge breasts pushing and heaving out with them, the four separating to reveal the beautiful crystal in my chest.

Lifting a hand I rubbed that crystal, feeling sensations like when I fondled my super sensitive nipples in my current state, and I gasped from the sensations of greater and greater arousal heaving through me. A single pair of tertiary breasts, those at the peak of my abdominals started to swell quickly then, billowing outward while several more nipples formed from darkening flesh on the lower abdominals before the flesh hardened and erected into actual nipples, the abdominals behind them surging outward into areola and the pads of the thickened abdominal thickening with mammary glands. With a heavy moan I came in a jet from my pussy as my cock tensed, and sliding the hand down from my crystal, I felt all those new nipples and started gyrating, bucking and rocking my hips as my cock slid about within the hand that grasped its end.

By secondaries then exploded outward suddenly as a greater separation formed between the first and second chest muscles and primary and secondary sets of tits both grew to be the same size as each other. Those four breasts then continued to expand directly in relation to the added penile strength that crept into that heaving shaft of mine as another eruption of cum slid from it, shooting out into the rainy darkness as the rest of me engorged just to be able to aptly support and counterbalance those masses, most especially my wings and back growing to support the chest, and thighs and tail and abdominals growing to support my cock.

Heavier and heavier armor erupted out of my back, sliding and locking into place, covering shoulders and thighs and forearms, leaving the rest of me furry or scaled and open, and amidst nearing a male climax, I inserted a pair of fingers into my strengthening femininity and got my womanhood to near another climax as well. I had to time it, and I moaned, gurgled and bulged, feeling dozens of eyelets opening all over my body to disgorge more crystals of power, while blisters of flesh formed upon my extremities. Thrashing my head from side to side, more of the hair topping me rising into longer and fancier horns, I growled, getting both sexes to pressure up prior to climax, and I cried out as something inside me bulged, pushing outward from the inside, and every little piece of me spread apart to allow it to surge to the surface which only thickened and broadened me more just before the muscles and bits and pieces of me grew to fill in the space.

The gems and blisters created constructs that burst open, became weapons, or engine nozzles, or... Something I wasn't too sure of yet, or else they extended blades, or spines, or whatever.

My musculature became ribbed and hard, and I snarled as the climax came, and bucking my hips with those thick rounded butt muscles, I came and creamed in a rush simultaneously, and then exploded with a tumultuous electrical explosion that lit up the morning just like a false sun in a radiant fire ball.

And then I collapsed forward, feeling my head as if it were expanding, and I felt the rush of magical power filling chakra and internal mana batteries that were growing larger and larger than I ever remembered them being, and as the magic and power of the cosmos assailed me, other things suddenly activated within me, sparking into existence.

Namely: the combined power of two Dragini plants, and a weapon core.

My eyes opened as I realized that these changes were activating, and groaning, clenching my teeth, I felt another wave of growth flow through me, and every blade, gem, plate, scale, patch of leather, muscle, tendon and bone flared thicker and wider, crunching and groaning, snapping and popping with power all the while. A nuclear furnace was born inside me, and as I belched, I belched up a hot explosive ball of atomic fire that exploded right before me, but its heat washed over me as if a warm tropical breeze...

Pieces of me detached, fell to a side, and then reattached painlessly, evolving my body form and allowing me to grow thicker and thicker, biceps heaving outward, enlarging to the same size as my breasts whenever they tensed and flexed. And then with a spastic crunch, I shuddered and fell forward onto the ground, shivering in such sexual glee that I felt stupid and numb from the changing. The simple act of shifting an arm a few inches made towers of muscle bulge and bunch and shift out of the way, pinching together and

enhancing this musculature of mine even more as the hypernites fine-tuned themselves and me automatically.

Moaning and weeping, knowing full well that I was nowhere near the stage of development I was as male Xilimyth, but already I had superseded that power level, I craved more! More!!

But first... Not to be selfish... I had... Some people to share it with.

I'd formed clothes again, but more ornate clothes that involved gold stitching across my white clothing, but I liked the white purity of it all, so as I returned to the Den, standing well at Iridium's size when she visited me with my cock having been shifted well inside me, I returned amidst the rain, not caring that these clothes were practically see through.

A G-string and a chest wrap, but now wrappings about forearms and forelegs while my feathered wings remained folded at my back in tight knots. On top of that, small horns glittered about my head like a crown while my tail was draconic mostly instead of feline. Though I had spotted fur and stripes in certain places, I was now fully draconic not Lycan. At the very least I was a Cheetah Dragon... but I was pretty sure that such a designation had no hope to describe what I was right now...

I approached the storehouse that served as the hidden door, looking totally feminine despite all the heaving bulges of firm musculature lining this broad chested, narrow waisted wide hipped fem that I now was, with a chest that was easily amongst the four primaries I had being larger than my head as they bounced and swayed with each step. Entering the storehouse and rapping on the floor, there was a few moments of pause as a secret panel opened, and I heard someone call "It's Lady Xilimyth!" before there was a click and the stairs lowered to allow me entry down below.

As I stepped lithely down the stairs, having to turn myself slightly due to the width my shoulders, I arrived at the bottom step only to find the guards who'd been rude to me when I first arrived gaped at me as if they were looking upon a goddess, stumbling over each other in their attempt to get out of my way amidst bowing deeply to my presence. I favored them both a smile as I stepped passed them and the stairs raised back into place. Entering into the main hall, I found warriors gasping and gaping at me, rising to their feet in alarm.

"It's ok!" I smiled to them all. "It's me, Xilimyth." And more than one blinked or looked at his fellows as I approached one warrior who looked both ways around him for support and then stood rooted on the spot when I came to stand before him, a full head taller than he was now. "Tell Queen Leona that I've dealt with our attackers, and tell her to meet me at the Oasis... I have... A gift for her." When he nodded stupidly at me, I stood there for a moment as he didn't move, still rooted to the spot, I then bent forward and kissed his brow. "Please hurry." I said and he spasmed to life and rushed away.

Returning the way I came, I exited through the stairs again, left the store room, spreading my wings even as I left, and at the bottom step swooped both gossamer wings downward once, and with that single downward flap I soared upward into the sky and flew toward the oasis to await Leona's arrival.

It was still raining as I walked about the edge of the pool, looking at the trees here, and reaching upward, smirking as I could grab the tops of two of the trees laden with palm fronds, I pulled them together, and magically created some rope and chords to tie them together. I was already powerful enough to do minor creation spells, which meant that I was well passed my previous magical capabilities that I had as a full male dragon. Before, the best I could create was a paperclip or a strip of clothing, or maybe mend an

existing strip of clothing. Now I was making complex weaves and such out of materials that didn't exist in the area.

I'd bent several more trees together and tied them up and then using some strange magics that were growing inside my bowels, a magic school I never even touched before, I felt the same power that made plants grow instantly from my milk and cum, I drew some of that power out and made the trees I'd tied together heave and grow into towering things that grew together in their overlapping shapes I'd tied them into to make a sort of domed hole in the ground.

I was inspecting this, making the leaves of those trees grow and wove vines and such together, magicing bushes to grow about it by the time that I felt a presence near, and turning, watched Leona approaching me with a cloak covering her head and shoulders and bits and pieces of ceremonial armor covering her body.

"You've... You've grown she greeted as turned to face her, looking down upon her beautifully rounded body... Right down her shirt actually.

"The mercenaries shouldn't bother you anymore." I said. "I've dispersed them and taken their strength away... You and your pryde should be safe from them now. I may've missed maybe one or two, but they would be hard pressed to resist the pryde now."

Leona sighed a long sigh and smiled up at me.

"Why am I queen when you make a much better one?"

I smiled back at her. "I merely removed a force that would've slaughtered you. I couldn't allow them to hurt my friends. Believe me when you are a greater leader than I. It's one thing for people to follow me when I'm the biggest and strongest... but it's another that follow you, a female, because they know of your true skills as a leader.

"But speaking of that friendship... I want to give you and Lioli something."

Leona blinked. "What's that?"

"A little bit of me." I smiled, and reaching forward I touched her forehead, and a rush of my power flooded into her, and she spasmed to a stop, gasping, breathing heavily while her body filled with light so that she brimmed with it, glowed from head to foot with golden light with it. Only when she couldn't take any more did I remove my finger and she collapsed to her hands and knees, panting from what I'd given her.

"W-what did you do?!"

"Wait for it..." I smirked, right as Leona looked to her hands.

Standing up and gaping at what she saw, she felt her body twitching, muscles spasming, just before there was the sound of ripping clothing.

"W-what did you do to me?!" she gasped.

But I didn't answer her, I simply let her feel and experience it, experience the change.

And then it became perfectly clear as to what was causing the ripping sound as her top tore open down the middle, disgorging her swelling tits as they expanded and kept expanding, growing larger than her biceps, larger than her head, the nipples hardening, the areola thickening while her body grew taller and wider. Her secondaries swelled into place as well, smaller swells than the primaries, but they developed now where they didn't before.

Muscles cleaved into finer and finer musculature, with individual muscle strands showing here and there. Her already beautiful eight-pack increased to a twelve pack, lats increasing into six, her ribs thickening around those lats and her dorsal muscles flaring and hugging those sides. Her hips widened broadly, thighs bulged and thickened several times over into heaving masses bisected into a plethora of chords that were mimicked with her lower legs as her calves flared wide and her butt thickened and tightened into thirds. Arm muscles tightened and cleaved into the smallest possible muscle groups there were while her back amassed into a great pile of feminine strength that would be apt to carry whatever weight she needed to... whether it be the weight of her pryde... or her cubs when they were born.

The shirt she wore snapped first across her back, then from around either shoulder, and then her thong bottom broke open around her loins, leaving her naked as her chest and back grew in opposition from each other, her boobs swelled as large as they could be for a chest of that size.

The change left her gasping, with a long mane, and moaning she palmed her crotch and fell to one hand and the toes of both feet as she gripped that sex of hers as it swelled into her hand.

"W-what in the Creator's name was that?!" she gasped looking up at me.

"It was a mote of my power." I said, and squat down before her, my thighs spread wide open for her view with the shorts I wore flaring open about the hips but snugging tightly to show off the contours of my sex. She purred immediately as she saw those loins before I cupped her face and bent to kiss her on the bridge of her nose. "I wanted to thank you for everything that you and your pryde have done for me. And as their new queen, you need to be every bit as strong if not stronger than your father.

"Your blood has been changed, so that this new strength will be passed on to even your children."

Leona sat back from me and gasped as she bowed her head, looking at her breasts drooping from her chest like massive melons in flesh sacks. Then rising to her feet, stretching elegantly and moving her body gracefully, she wobbled unsteadily like a newborn calf for but a moment, but then steeled herself and gaped at the sheer size of her sexuality now.

"These things are huge! And... And... Secondaries? Tertiaries?!" she gaped at me while a hand slid down her belly.

"I learned something, Leona... Something that will make you stronger still when it finally happens to you. But when you are sitting back with a child in your arms as you nurse that child, watching it suck nourishment and strength from you, you find yourself wanting to protect and care for it... And for the sake of a child a woman will do miraculous things.

"Your heat is going to be a bad one this time. I've made it bad, it will be incredible if you ignore it, and the most wonderful thing in your life if you embrace it. Find yourself a male, have a baby, start a family... The throne needs an heir after all." and I smiled at her.

"W-what do I do now?"

"For now... Go home and rest, revel in your new strength, but before you do... Send Lioli to me. I have a gift for him too."

Lioli approached me cautiously, obviously having seen his sister, dressed in a jacket and pants.

"She... warned me that you have a gift for me." He said, standing there in the falling rain, his white fur matting itself down. "Your gift to her makes it so that others are less inclined to challenge her authority... so what is it that you intend to give me?"

I turned from the makeshift bungalow I was making with my new magic to make the grasses and plants and flowers grow around the trees. I'd just finished raising the earth inside so that nothing but a flash flood would get me wet inside.

I smiled as I regarded him, towering over him with this new body of mine as I palmed his shoulders with both hands.

"When I gave your sister a part of me, I became unbalanced in my sexual power. To find peace again I wish to give you a mote of myself as well... A male part instead of a female one, to gift you for all your kindness, and for making me a woman."

"What will it do to me?"

"I don't know... That depends upon what you want most in life. For Leona who focuses on strength, it strengthened her, but you... Who focus on magic, well... I don't know. Please take it... For me?"

He sighed and held onto one of my fingers. "I'm not one who likes change, but for you... I will."

I smiled and kissed him on his forehead, and then placed a finger where I kissed him, and the mote was transferred.

Lioli rapidly started to change, seeming to go through puberty and into adulthood as his chest flared and bulged, his back broadening though his navel remained narrow and lithe. Muscle chords appeared, though not as defined as Leona's did, as the loose pants he wore rapidly tightened about his thickening legs and... His package.

I pursed my lips as the pronouncement of his groin became even more pronounced, and he grew a light beard right before my eyes. Long arms, strong biceps, flaring forearms, and thick muscular legs with a realm of tight abs.

And then his jacket he was wearing ripped smartly in half first across his chest and then his back, tearing open about the arms to fall from him, right before a hard steely erection lifted the front of his pants, pushing a tent pole forward before the erection grew too strong for the cloth and that heaving dick burst outward into the open. His legs ripped the pants legs open, leaving him breathing heavily with his eyes closed and that hotly bulging cock of his throbbed before him, arching upward, the nads thick and heady as a bead of seed slid out of the end of that phallus's head and dribbled down the underside of the shaft.

He exhaled a breath of steam, his body so hot and the surrounding air cold, that dribbling slip of cum becoming a stream, and then a heaving stream of white ejaculate that streaked from him for many long seconds before it ended, leaving him hard still.

"I think..." and then he paused, his voice more baritone, and I smiled at him. "I think... I like it." he said and I pursed my lips as that lancing cock of his throbbed heavily before him.

"Is that a rocket or are you just glad to see me?" I murred, getting a little chub myself, and he chuckled and looked down at the newly matured growth of maleness he had.

"Maybe I can finally get a girl." he said, and then looked up at me. "But what of you?"

"I have some growing up to do myself, Lioli. I'm going to stay here for a bit by the oasis so I don't bother anyone with these changes I'm going through." and then I murred and rubbed my face against his, his prick sliding in neatly between my legs to rub against my thighs before I bent and kissed his brow.

"What was that for?"

"For showing me what it was like being a woman." I smiled, and then rose, my chests the last to leave his body as I turned to show him my naked bottom shaped by the back of the short pants I wore that were tightly flossing the crack.

"Find a girl, be fruitful and raise lots of big strong babies."

"And what of you?"

"I have babies on the way." and I laughed at his immediate look of horror. "Not you. I'm the sire, and the girl is another fem. "But I want to sit here and rest for a bit... Appreciate this land for what it is. I've lived her for five eons, and I've never really traveled it before or even looked upon it more than the place where I resided. You and your sister call on me if you need me. I'll be around for a bit."

He nodded. "Take care, Xilimyth. We're... Very glad you came into our lives." and turning, he walked off toward the town through the rain.

Post-Documentation 0041-A: Dragons and Dragini

The Dragini fruit.

To a dragon, this fruit is like the forbidden fruit that Eve plucked from the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, shared with her husband Adam before both were thusly kicked out of Eden for disobeying God the Father.

Unlike Humans, Elves or the Fae, Dragons have found their forbidden fruit again.

Dragini is a trinity plant that grows on the ground in a vine-like state from a central root. Each plant produces one flower, and each flower produces only one fruit. The plant can only grow amidst the most fertile of soils, to which the most fertile of soils are found only around the very base of a Millennial Tree. No other place in the world has ever been able to produce these fruit. Even the greatest of trees, Tre'Ent, has an incredibly small radius of a few hundred feet around the perimeter of his trunk in which the plant can grow.

Draconic legend dictates that when the first dragons were created, they were already wise in the ways of good and evil, but they were weak. Their Eden allowed them to frolic and play, and like all life forms and their version of Eden, which leads us to believe God is one and the same for all of us, legend stats that they could continue to frolic and play so long as they didn't taste of the tree's fruit. Then, the Dragini was in the boughs of the branches of the tree instead of on the ground.

Unlike with humans where there was first man and then there was woman, in our legend there was first the female then the male, and Leviathan, our first mother, was that female. She was already great and strong, massive and powerful, queen of everything that she surveyed.

She was like a goddess... unlike the first father of our race, Draco.

But draco was tired of being constantly beaten by the female he was created to attend to, tired of being second to her, and defying the creator's commandment he flew as high as he could into the first Millennium Tree, spending days flying upward, and even when the winds became too much for him he clung to its trunk and climbed high, high up into the tree, higher than the clouds, higher than the world, higher than the stars themselves, all so that he could partake of the fruit.

His efforts made him stronger, and when he partook of their forbidden fruit, he returned to earth, finding that he became too strong, too powerful... Like unto the Creator Himself.

And he wept, being that the differences in his strength in comparison to the strength of Leviathan kept the two of them apart once again. Before it was a social order... now... he was physically to grand and too powerful for the female he wished to prove himself to.

It was Leviathan then who then had a reason to defy her God... And so she too climbed the tree, found a fruit, and became like Draco, so that they could play again...

But now that they could be together, they found that their Eden was too small for them. As it were, the planet itself was too small for them, and instead of being cast out, they destroyed their Eden as they tried to play in it, as well as all life within it.

And so the first Dragon and first Draca had to leave their world, to which they journeyed to other worlds where they built nests, carrying with them the seeds of the forbidden fruit to which they planted and created new living worlds and deposited their children upon those worlds and tried to recreate the life forms that they'd inadvertently destroyed. But they also searched for the Creator again, who once before had been with them, the moment that Draco went to gain the greater power of the fruit his presence left them.

That was their punishment. But unlike prior races that were kicked out of God's presence, Draco and Leviathan could be so many places He withheld his presence from them. The legends spoke of this experience to be like a child awakening one morning and finding that their parents were no longer there and no explanation was given as to why.

And thus they were till now.

Of all dragons, Draco and Leviathan are indeed the eldest and the strongest. As I've mentioned before, carbon dating of one of Draco's scales – yes, we know where he exists, and Leviathan too – places him to be older than the known universe. Who knows why the first dragons sleep, for in our entire recorded history across millions of years, they've only awoken once, and that was to leave their nest on Mars and build a new one on Earth. Nevertheless it is universally accepted that it was the Dragini that made them the way that they are now.

For a more modern example of how Dragini affects us a Royal is a dragon that can consume one fruit and survive. Yes... Even I have partaken of the fruit. Not all dragons can survive consuming a Dragini, let alone a white Dragini which is the most potent of Dragini there was. Leviathan's Daughter's own brother, for example, killed himself in an attempt to mete revenge by consuming three fruit.

He was strong enough to gain his revenge... but he just wasn't strong enough to absorb three.

But Leviathan's Daughter's husband, Neo, was... And he is a grandly powerful creature, like unto Aries in strength and power.

And then there's Lord Pseudodrake...

The Emperor Dragon, former King of Dragons, Lord Pseudodrake has consumed an unheard of thirteen fruit! It's no wonder why many dragons who know him consider Pseudodrake to be like a draconic Messiah.

My thoughts as to how Pseudo was able to do this were because of two reasons:

Firstly, he is the chosen protector of Mother Earth, and as such, he has been enhanced by the power of the world.

Secondly, as the guardian of the Earth, he is supported by all thirteen trees upon her, and as the guardian, those trees have each implanted a weapon core inside him. I believe those cores were added prior to his consuming of their fruit instead of after as is traditional.

I witnessed once what Lord Pseudodrake was capable of, though even then I was sure that that wasn't even a fraction of what he could do.

Earlier in my life, before I even knew there was a Dragon Council or nobles or royals, but after the accident that made me larger and stronger than a greater dragon, I was working for Interrealm as the Earth was being attacked by invaders intent on destroying us. The invaders broke through our defensive rings and were approaching Earth with their world-splitting main gun on their one and only remaining ship, about to fire when the beam of world-shattering proportions fired but was stopped before it even reached the upper atmosphere.

And then he decloaked from a method of cloaking that rendered him completely invisible from our sensors, and that was only after he survived an attack that would've destroyed the planet! And even then he seemed to brush it off like it was nothing.

A creature a third the size of Luna Major appeared, and returned fire, and with a single breath, wiped out the whole invading fleet, from the smallest fighter right up to their flagship while at the same time not causing a single mote of damage or a single casualty to the numerous Earth Forces that were in the line of his fire.

I didn't know that that was Pseudodrake then, I didn't even know Pseudodrake then, but afterward, after I learned of him, I learned that the two were one and the same.

Pseudodrake is respected for his wisdom and his power, and if he's not respected then he's feared, and a person would be counted wise to learn to respect him before they learned why they should fear him.

This then brings us to Xilimyth.

I remembered the Messenger when he was barely a noble. Despite being so weak and small, he was devilishly fast... Faster than Pseudodrake some said, a trait that earned him the nickname a 'the dragon's Ikarus.'

Later, with a weapon core in him and then a Dragini – which sort of proves my point that the reinforcing power of a weapon core enhances the capacity to take a fruit – Xilimyth re-emerged as a definite Royal.

Rippling strong, armored, a breeder dragon, and more... But in comparison to his – I mean hir – present form, as a she-male, Xilimyth is very nearly as strong now as he was then. The reason why this sounds so remarkable, is that the transcript that Lord Sage, Thala, Avanoi, Aysyx, Synergy and Dallas produced states that presently the draconic blood inside Xilimyth is about thirty-three percent potency as shi reverts back toward dragon.

So for every Dragini fruit that shi's consumed in hir lifetime, as hir blood rises in potency, hir power rises accordingly. And that's only after one fruit! If shi'd consumed more than one, then the rate of increase can only grow exponentially based upon the number of fruit actually consumed.

I'll have to contact Lady Kirii and ask exactly how many shi'd really eaten.

-Doctress Lady Evelyn Runeblade
Inner Circle of Dragons
Aspect of Fire

There was a chime in the bedroom and I mumbled briefly and reached over lazily with one hand to touch the bar for the clock, and patted around for a moment before I realized that I hadn't owned a clock radio since I was human. Lifting my face from the pillows and smacking my lips as I woke up, the HUD of the hypernites activating and the BIOS systems going through their POST files before activating the OS, I smacked my lips and blinked as the chime continued to ding.

And then rolling off my chest, I remembered that I wasn't human any more, and in a rush all the memories leading up to that moment – of transforming, of getting pregnant and so on, even going to sleep in Iridium's arms amidst watching a movie last night – came back to me at a rush.

Once I was sitting upright, I saw a holo panel floating in mid air with the sign that said "Urgent Message" on its face waiting for me to acknowledge it.

"Oh come on... We're supposed to be on maternal leave." I groaned, wiped my eyes, settled myself and wrapped my tail about both legs, and lifting a hand touched the panel before it dinged, spread into a window, and showed me my email screen before a blinking message that said: "*Concerning Xilimyth*"

Appeared and then opened another smaller window that looked like a closed envelope. My personal helper, a little kitty with unobtrusive mechanical parts with wings meowed and rubbed up against the email.

“This message is from Lady Eve. Open?” the cute little avatar mewed and went into wait mode, which involved random emotes like purring, playing with a butterfly or getting entangled in string.

I stared at it, blinking stupidly before I tried shaking the sleep from my eyes. "Ug... open and enlarge." and the avatar rose, pawed at the seal of the email and flipped it open like a folded envelope before the second window grew in size and text so I could read it.

My cyber-draco-kitty avatar then went into wait mode again, walking around the email and playing with the letters near the bottom. The letter read:

Lady Kirii.

I apologize for the late hour, I hope you don't have your email set to notify you of important messages right away, but I need some information from you.

How many Dragini do you know that Xilimyth has consumed in hir lifetime?

*Sincerely,
Lady Doctress Evelyn Runeblade
Aspect of Fire, Inner Circle*

I blinked at it.

“Reply.” I said aloud and the kitty scampered up the envelope and tapped the reply button before falling down several lines. She then removed a great big pen and waited. “As far as I know... shi’s partaken in two.” I said and the kitty wrote all that in, in the perfect semblance of my sloping cursive handwriting.

“Reply?” the kitty mewed, and I was about to say ‘yes’ before I paused.

Leaf’s insistent presence was keeping me from answering.

"Why?" I asked aloud.

I felt leave embrace me from within, her warmth and the feeling of her breath on my neck and her breasts against my back apparent as she slid her consciousness into my body. And then I felt my hand lift and the holographic keyboard appeared as I found her controlling that hand to arrow back and then delete the written number two and then clicked on several characters.

"Tree? That's not a number." I said aloud and then my hand raised from the keyboard, shook itself, before it deleted the text and then hit the three key on the holographic keyboard.

The kitty avatar leapt at the number, snatched it up in her mouth and growled as she shook it apart, shoved the rest of the text aside and then wrote in the number three in my handwriting before mewing at me to tell me it was done.

"Oh three... Wait... Three? Xili consumed three? My Xili consumed three Dragini?!"

I felt the affirmative, and I bit my lower lip, and thought. Once when he joined with the tree, second when he joined with me, and third...

"When did the third one happen?"

And I felt *'Days ago'* enter my mind.

Knowing that Leaf wouldn't be mistaken, I held my breath and then nodded. "Send" I said and the kitty dropped the pen and then leapt to the corners, dragging pieces of the paper together to make an origami envelope before she chucked it in a mailbox that appeared and the flag went up.

"Mail sent! Mew!" the kitty said and started licking a paw to groom herself.

Suddenly I was too nervous to sleep, and biting my lower lip as I took to rubbing my belly. There were stories of a threshold that a dragon couldn't cross when it regarded Dragini. If they did... They died.

So what was Xili's threshold? And more importantly... Did he just cross it?

Wrapping my wings around me and then donning a body sheathe-like night nightgown, I strode to the edge of the house and stood there. There I remained all night while rain drops cascaded onto this hidden valley in which Leaf resided within.

I was asleep, curled up like cats are wont to do, but with my wings wrapped about me for warmth amidst the rain. I'd dug a bit of a hole too, so I laid on nice cool, dry earth while the rain continued to pour outside my hut.

I had to unfold myself, returning to the behemoth shape I'd gained, sleeping with a solid stiffy projecting from my loins, and I was likewise having a restless sleep. I itched and I twitched, and I was dreaming of sexual things, dreaming of Kirii covered in oil as she wrestles Iridium while in oil, and then the oil changes to mud, and then I'm over Kirii humping her pussy as she moans for more while Iridium humps my pussy or cums on my back as I cum between Kirii's breasts... On and on like that with the two ladies in my life.

And then I dreamed of babies, dreamed of chasing them as they tried to fly off the balcony, or scolding one when they broke the ancient African Vase that predated the Egyptian Empire, or watching them play or... Or holding them to my breast and watching them nurse.

Regardless, they were thoughts and images that made a body react, and the way it reacted was to become aroused, and with me laying in a ball like that, I imagined Iridium's steel hard cock thrusting between my breasts and I lowered my head to suck on it, only to find that I was titty fucking myself when I woke up with my hard cock in my mouth and my thighs were massaging my balls.

I hadn't climaxed yet, though both pussy and cock and nipples were moist, and rising amidst the cavernous dome of my shelter, I slid out into the rain, fur becoming matted immediately while I walked through the storm for some reason. I was barely aware of what I was doing... I simply got up and walked. I knew I should be sleeping, but right now right here was a good place to be, to stand here and to wait for something to happen, and when it did... I really barely acknowledged it at first.

A lightning bolt lanced from the sky and struck me, washing over my body as if it were spreading across the surface of a lake. After a few moments another bolt struck me, and then another before I looked up to see the storm bowing downward toward me, a blister in the clouds that mighty Thor threw lances of electrical energy at me. Lifting my arms and face to the sky, spreading both feathered wings, the lightning came quicker and quicker, striking me over and over again, and I absorbed it all. The lightning strikes grew in ferocity till a solid, thickened chord of plasma linked me with the heavens, and I was bathed in

countless terawatts of energy. The stroke of lightning grew thicker and thicker, arching between me and the heavens, till it built to such an unmitigated degree till finally...

I blacked out.

The ground was wet and moist as I opened both eyes groggily. I felt weak and lazy, like I didn't want to do a single thing. I couldn't remember how or why I was here, but it wasn't beneath my shelter. The rain had let up a lot so that it was a mist, and rising from off the ground, I regarded the soft, blinking glow of the crystals on my body.

Then I blinked. The crystals that were on me were glowing when they normally don't glow that bright, and they were blinking when I never remembered nor heard of dragon crystals blinking like that.

But as the blinking continued, the blue haze slowly changed colors, turning Green, then yellow, then orange and then finally red before the blinking stopped.

I wondered upon the coloring, wondered the why of it for a moment, but then I suddenly tensed before I relaxed again. And then I tensed again, and groaned as the force of the spasm was greater than the first. When the third one came it thrust me to the ground to toes and one hand, my insides clenching just before I came in a torrent from my female sex, and the male sex started to erect and rise, the head bulging the girth amassing and its length erecting. I could feel the nads swelling with spontaneously created seed that was rapidly loading into that cock as it erected; the nads clenching repeatedly, spastically to make the underbelly of that cock round outward.

Clenching the hand that was against the ground into the earth, creating long rends in the ground as rain pattered down on me, I moaned and clutched at my chest, arching myself, lifting the tail at the base of my spine, just as a loud crunch from inside me disgorged the red gem in my chest by several inches.

With a gasp I began to reach out mentally for help.

"Kiriii..." I groaned, right before that massive cock of mine slammed into my pelvis like a howitzer, and shot a long erotic spray of jism away from me.

<Incoming network request from Xilimyth/0001//00:00:00:00:01:23:45:67:89:AB:CD:EF//7777>

<Accept Y/N?>

I blinked as I still stood, listening to the rain while I laid in a fainting couch on the deck with my two kitties with me, Kat's head on my lap and his mate on her bed nearby.

I'd never experienced such a thing with the hypernites ever sending me that sort of a request before, and it was only my recent experiences with the matrix did I recognize what I was seeing.

A network link from a user baring Xilimyth's name, with a Long Machine Addressing Code and a port number that shouldn't exist. Lucky seven's?

I thought for a moment or two, watching the two lines of text in my HUD, the second line with a blinking cursor, and thinking about it, I mentally selected "Y" for yes.

There was a digital modem sound inside my head, and then several clicks, and as those clicks happened, I felt a sort of feeling like synapses firing, and then a wave of sensations and I moaned immediately as I became aroused so fast and so hard that I had no chance but to try to stem back the explosive climax that billowed inside me, but regardless my loins exploded with the liquid pressure that had disgorged from them. Never before had I gone from no arousal to instant orgasm. It was almost painful if not for the torrid pleasure and the latent arousal the experience left me with.

Rising from the fainting couch and brushing two hands over my cunt, the other two gripping the sides of the couch, I felt myself connected to all of Xilimyth's sensory inputs, and tugging the gown off my body while I was midway to the pool in the center of the house, I paused, gasping, and immediately stuck the whole of one hand into my pussy and started caressing my insides.

Just by sheer feedback of the sensations, I began to expand, I began to grow, feeling muscle chords tighten and then react to the sensations before expanding and growing. Small pops and explosions occurred inside me, and I tossed my head, my loosened mane jostling about me while I orgasmed right there in the middle of the hall, and moaning for help, I collapsed to both knees and tried to tantalize the pressure that I was feeling in my loins with the whole of my fist.

<User Kirii/0001//00:00:00:00:01:23:45:67:89:AB:CD:F0 connected to port 7777>

I barely registered the blink in my HUD as I gripped myself, throbbing uncontrollably while my penis erupted like a sprinkler head. The fifth tumultuous orgasm had spilt from my feminine sex while I embraced myself, groaning and moaning, crying out in the torturous pleasure while I shook and shivered, expanding little by little with every breath and every heartbeat.

The heart inside me separated in two as my stomach tightened and my back heaved larger and thicker, the hump of back and spine surging upward and thicker, pushing my head forward atop its long neck and deepened throat muscles. My back wrapped more deeply about both my sides, pinching the backs of both head and shoulders while the spine lacing down its length was pulled further from out of my back and its plethora of plates, several of the spines thickening into scimitar like blades that arched from me.

I snarled again, and several creaks, groans and cracks popped the bones that held my jaw and flared it wider just before my face pushed forward and the feline muzzle I possessed pushed out even further than that, my face then shoving the whole mass even further forward. Hard bones broke through the flesh, tearing spots open for the knobs to turn into horns, ears lowering to the sides of my skull and tapering outward as the power levels inside me continued to grow and grow.

And then I saw an image of Kirii in a hallway, groaning and fingering herself, pleasuring herself as I did, the whole of it brought to my vision even as Iridium came to help her, and I felt myself throw two arms about her neck and cry for the pool.

And I rose to both feet and hobbled there, one arm raised about a pair of invisible shoulders as I stumbled and shook, being brought to the pool as if Iridium were doing it just before I slid into the cooling waters of the great pond here.

Iridium drew near, holding onto me as I submerged myself, and she entered the pool after me so I could submerge myself as deep as I dared.

"Kirii what's wrong? What's happening?! Are you going into labor?!"

"No... No it's Xili. Shi's... shi's changing! Something happened with the stone you gave him. It... It changed color, turned red, and now shi's changing, growing, becoming more powerful. Oh Great Maker I can feel it happening to hir!"

"W-what do you want me to do?" Iridium gasped in awe and wonder at what was happening.

"Hold me. Hold me and hold hir." I groaned and threw myself into hir arms, our breasts smishing against each other while my claws dug into her scales and body armor.

And shi held me.

My body ached as I erupted loads of ejaculate into the water from both my loins, milk spewing from me while I embraced the muddy earth here to me, wallowing in it even as I wallowed in the feeling of Iridium's body against mine, or Kirii's body as mine.

I felt... Her, I felt inside her, and I wept at the sensation, the feeling and the wonderful levels of feminine glory she possessed, a sexual purity of womanhood that outweighed my own by leaps and bounds, all because of one thing:

The kitlings that were in her womb.

I felt their bodies in me, I felt their hearts beating, felt the incredible sensation of their lives connected with mine, and I wept, gasping in awe of the sensation just before I groaned and tensed and was brought back to my own body as it began to engorge grotesquely.

Breasts swelled and billowed beneath me, several pairs from the top down billowing with mammary glands and swelling with incredible reservoirs of milk that spewed from me, even as more horns slid from my head. My arms were becoming monstrous, so monstrous that the flesh and fur couldn't contain them any more and the flesh slowly tore open to reveal newer scales, scales that were white and pure, while the existing blue scales tightened into body plating. More crystals erupted from within me, opening like eyelets, breaking open my forehead and navel, and then the backs of either hand, and even as they appeared, I gaped at the reddened color of those gems.

Not blue like before... but red!

The eyelets then broke open, the flesh pushing them outward, thickening the mass of flesh they resided upon, the flesh cracking open with red light everywhere, creating lines of power on my arms, head and body. And then I snarled as my back shredded open violently, with long pylons sliding out from inside me like penises sliding through vaginal slits, dripping sticky mucus like the nectar from my cunt, the pylons feeling like erections as they grew and swelled while other openings all across me spread open like vaginas; their labia buffing out and spreading open to reveal holes into my body.

The sensitivity of all this new flesh made me feel as if that was what was happening to me, as if I was becoming the subject of some new hentai porno that involved a cluster frag of many males and females impaling themselves upon and within me. But all this was just the sensitivity of the moment, and it only intensified as muscles slid in behind these new creations.

Flaps of flesh hardened and reshaped themselves, darkening into blue plates of flaring masses, forming guide fins, bio-engines and bio veneers and smaller fins. They formed flaring turbo fans and turbo jets and such, after burners and more just before the two separated sections of my back shunted outward suddenly and then spread open just before the muscle growth intensified to support all that back armor.

Fur was pushed into concentrated little strips about my body, my flesh and hide tearing open to reveal new scales and the leftover flesh forming overlapping hardened plates. I snarled while protrusions of bones erupted from my arms even as the horns on my head telescoped further outward and the mane on my head electrified and stood on end like the bristling spikes on the back of a porcupine, mixing with the bio-steel feathers to create an odd plumage. All this flared just before the larger of those head spikes twisted and tightened into horns before they grew and flared wide.

With a moan, my head pushed further forward while the entire chest region billowed up, down, left and right, and most especially forward, and the mammaries topping them suddenly disgorged tens of gallons of creamy milk into the pond of the oasis.

More pussies opened up on my arms, disgorging more engines it felt like as my phallus grew and thickened and hardened, and with a heaving grunt, I ejected yet more ejaculate into the pond that exploded in a cloud of milky white beneath the water and billowed in every direction from me.

A tumultuous draconic scream screeched from me as every bit of my body felt like it went into repeating throes of multiple orgasms, ejecting fluids that were being spontaneously and magically made while I unfolded. Wings telescoped and flared wider, the wing arms pushing out from within the feathers, and huge armored shoulder muscles and massive flaring forearms and biceps and triceps held those wings as each finger thickened and ended itself with a sharp lancing claw. Those wing arms armored up as armor plates slid from their masses, their strength engorging into heaving bands that rippled all about me.

I shook myself, the plumage on my head becoming hardened plates as well that surged into my back armor, those long pylons extending even harder, quivering that they were so hard, cracking as their flesh hardened and solidified even, and any moment now I thought I'd climax from them.

And then something alarming suddenly appeared in my mind's view.

<Upgrade, 22% complete>

I am Iridium.

Kirii moaned for more while I sat in the pool with her, two of her arms holding onto me, holding my hands tightly in order to keep herself upright, another cupping her belly, and the fourth going to town inside her vagina. I swallowed... Presented with an almost unbearable temptation. She was innocent and ready, and all it'd take was a little doing and I could have her. But I immediately shook my head of that temptation. Though Xili wanted me, she had not expressed interest yet.

To take someone who wants you when she's not in her right mind, who didn't want you when she was in her right mind and aware of the decision, it didn't matter how one sliced that decision, it was wrong.

So I embraced her instead.

"It's almost over, you're doing fine Kirii."

"N-ngh-no... No I'm not." she wept and then shivered. "We're only a quarter done... AH!" and she suddenly bubbled subtly with enhancing musculature, engorging breasts, strengthening wing arms and thickening feathers, and she clutched me even tighter, stronger than ever while she breathed heavily, and I swallowed in horror that this was only a quarter done.

Two massive arms shook to hold me up, and despite that I was long-arming myself, with both arms extended as far as they good, even with the forearms lengthening subtly, my breasts still rested on the ground and were still occasionally shoving mounds of dirt up before them.

The falling rain had risen and pelted me now, splashing innocently against all the flaring parts and the engorging masses along my back that felt like engorging vaginal lips holding tightly onto pulsating penises, some of which feeling as if they were having sex with each other. My wings spread wide along the ground, part of them lying in the water, the majority of them flaring wide like two great hands as my growth continued along the rest of my body. Neck and navel lengthened, their muscles strengthening, growing in the number of chords that supported them, allowing my head to grow longer and wider while the tail stringing from my back billowed and thickened every bit as thick as my waspish waist was.

It telescoped longer and wider, floating in the water like the body of a serpent while both sets of wings grew longer and more glorious. Some of the pylons on my back suddenly broke apart, and as they did they fanned open smaller wings, with each little wing having a realm of feathers upon them.

With the four new wings growing from my back in the form of guide fins that increased the number of wings on my back to six, with the largest growing to gossamer sizes because of the incredible level of muscularity that was bubbling forth and flaring along the wing arms that supported the heavy bio-steel feathered plates. Instead of having pudgy little chicken wings I had voluminous dragon wings, with a thick webbing of leather spanning between the growing and thickening fingers, each finger tipped with a pair of huge thumb claws now that gripped at the earth, but laying over all that leather and strong hide were the row upon row of thin yet strong feathered plating that overlapped each other and flared those wings even wider. Weaponry was growing upon the forearms and wrists of those wings, their power crystals lighting brightly in the darkness.

Parts of me unfolded, extended, attached to my body and then burrowed inside me, and the further I grew the larger and more brilliant that chest gem became.

I heard bones breaking and healing painlessly, muscles groaning as they created long creases and bulging bands of musculature up and down and around my body, forming ribs everywhere that grew taut and powerful. Down the body the growth continued while my head flared with a definite crown of horns, chest muscles growing stronger which pressed my swelling tits deeper into the earth, back muscles and the devices there upon flaring wider, opening as I felt the technology in me reasserting past functions that could be called only more advanced while at the same time developing new supporting devices that I'd never had before now that they had the power.

Hips widened, flaring wider, thighs billowed and unfolded more fins and engines, the flesh ripping open and disgorging yet more muscle, scale and hide.

My body had ripped apart three times now, and each time the flesh ripped open, it revealed newer, gorgeous muscle and hermy goodness, allowing breasts to stretch and penis to engorge, labia to flare and body to amass into greater and greater heights. Three layers of overlapping flesh covered by hide covered by scale and thousands of plates of armor flared from me as my sexuality engorged itself. My prick was so long that I was actually humping my own breasts now... feeling the throbbing sensations of my prick as it tried to climax.

With a moan and a shuddering, I arched myself and smacked my forehead with the growing Dragon's eye – the gem in my forehead – with one hand while my mind spread and awakened, the invisible muscles that eye helped me to developed flared about me like the power of a titaness.

But as my upper bodice completed itself, I felt a crack and a churn just as a part of my ribs that had bulged outward unfolded. But as they did, the plates realigned and flared, the muscles in those new attachments

billowing, popping and cracking, just before blades extended and fingers opened to palm the ground while the two new arms popped into joint along my sides and then began to billow with added strength.

Roaring a keening roar of pleasure, my cock wedged backward to be forced to point downward, the thick nads pressed against the base of my bottom, I shuddered and felt that shaft suddenly telescope, thickening, forcing both thighs open and pressing against the insides of either thigh while my pussy clenched between them. Butt muscles firmed up, tightening into separate muscles while the tail just above them whipped back and forth, waving the bulbous end that was swelling into a fanned series of plates, or a dragon's tail spade. The growth from my bottom led to both thighs engorging and billowing all the wider, the pair of them growing wider than even my waist was. Calves flared as feet widened, the toes thickening and the claws enlarging, and even as those tore open, ripping open three successive layers with the top layer becoming broken body plating, the second hardened scales and the third firm fleshy hide just like the rest of me, at the tops of either foot arrived a hardened power crystal that opened like any other eyelet.

Breasts engorged while more penises and vaginas opened and extended from my legs and all four arms, and I hammered at the ground with those two new arms as they quickly strengthened every bit as thick and as powerful as the first pair, the impact so great that it created localized earthquakes with the strength I possessed.

Shoulders pressed against breasts, the gem in the center of my chest burning with hot fire while the armor all over me thickened and muscles doubled in thickness in a rippling wave from head to toe and tail tip, and hammering at the ground again, I could feel myself spreading apart along the chest region and flaring across the back while long bands of brilliant red light formed about breasts and muscle chords and bones. Then with a powerful double heart beat, I felt the invisible muscles growing about me, they themselves becoming like an invisible titaness in my shape and form, and roaring again, flexing my body and my flexing muscles rapidly expanding exponentially, I felt my powers returning, right to the point where my breasts started to glow. I snarled at them both, the nipples extending, the milk in them diffusing into energy, and with a snarling roar, two points of light formed at the peaks of my primaries and fired twin streams of destructive light upward into the sky that actually burned the clouds apart between them.

Not believing that I actually had such a thing as nipple lasers, I threw all four arms back, looking at my tits that had reduced greatly from the diffused milk, but were expanding rapidly again as they filled with the creamy nourishment again.

And then I heard the sound of whining turbines and flaring engines, just before a plethora of the vaginas against my back made their purposes known as they suddenly all climaxed in the form of accelerating and maneuvering jets, but instead of jism they belched up fire. My oh-so-familiar turbo engines and a pair of heaving accelerator jets burst to life, causing me to moan while my prick tensed hard suddenly like giant hands were wringing it between them.

Speed.

And concentrating, an explosion of sound rocketed me instantly from where I knelt upward into the air, wings flaring even as the devices on the wings broke open and revealed more engines and guide jets or fins that helped me fly even faster than ever, and with a mighty scream of glee, my dragon song echoing through the whole of Africa it seemed, I went for a little joy flight.

Kirii collapsed, shivering in orgasmic overload as she panted, totally sated it appeared, and cradling her and lifting her from the water, I rose with a wicked hard on projecting from my pelvis now. I needed satisfaction, but it couldn't be here.

Bringing her into her room, I laid her down as she shivered and churned, with the many pillows that were made to make her comfortable with her burden supporting her sweetly as she began humping the pillows while her arms, legs and body rapidly swelled all over with growing muscle and hardening armor.

She mumbled Xilimyth's name, and I sighed before leaving her be, and coming to the edge of their home, long-arming the railing and thrusting both sets of primary tits forward over and between both biceps, I moaned with a need for a blow job.

Great Maker I had such a case of blue balls...

“My Lady Iridium...” a voice called, and I turned to look upon Miki as she approached.

“Yes?” I responded tightly. I was in such need of release that my whole body was tense just keeping it in.

“I wish to thank you for being here. Had it just been me as that'd happened, I wouldn't've been strong enough to have restrained the Lady Kirii... and she may've harmed her kitlings. I'm really glad you're here.”

I nodded and smiled. “This is duty... this is family.”

Duty... what a male worried about first, the other second, and Family... what a female worried about first, and the other second. Being a herm meant being two minds about everything.

“Precisely.” Miki said. “I-Is there anything that I may do for you, My Lady?” she asked quietly.

“No... all is well.” I exhaled a long breath, but nonetheless gripped the problem that was between my legs firmly with one hand.

I realized that Miki was still there, and turning to her, seeing her standing there pleasantly... I mean... she was a handsome draca... she was built right, had all the right parts in all the right places, the sort of fem who'd do... anything... for duty.

...

My mind slowed as I watched what she was doing, seeing her pulling open her gown and robes, revealing her naked bodice, her breasts, her tight vagina, just before she changed... body lengthening and muscles thickening and breasts expanding as she took on a larger form. She approached me then, one step at a time, her lithe form like the Asian dragons, those that had long bodies with bulbous bodices and hips... only Miki had wings still. Coming to stand beside me then, she laid a hand on the railing, and without being asked or even allowed, reached down and caressed my prick.

I swallowed and turned, and as I turned she knelt, and opening her mouth she began to service me...

Usually... only the wererabbits were so open to sexuality. They saw a sexual need to be sated and they did it. They made love at a drop of a hat, and in my loneliness for companionship, they'd kept me sane, despite that I was a Draco-wolf in a rabbit's hole. Rabbits didn't care if they'd grow pregnant off each other, their whole society was one big family anyways, so looking at Miki as she began to tease my cock with her mouth and lips and tongue, I couldn't help but think she was like those bunnies.

She did this without a second thought, without needing to be asked, and even hefted her breasts in order to rub them along the ribs of my shaft. And she didn't stop on the first spasm from me either. As a matter of fact, she swallowed that one, and the two afterward, and just because I needed it still she rose, took one of my hands and led me to her own bed.

I dreamed of my Xili that night. I dreamed that I'd already given birth; that our kitlings were playing in an endless meadow while shi and I were underneath the boughs of a great tree.

Xili was a shi now, I saw him as a shi, shi having enormous breasts and throbbing muscles and a great big penis that gently slid against my inner thigh till I could feel it rubbing against my pussy, and spreading my legs open I felt him enter me, enter me deeply, penetrate me to the point where I was gurgling from it.

Hir great wings rose behind hir to block out the sun that they were so grand and majestic, and while shi throttled my pussy, shi came into me, ejecting hir energy enriched seed into my before shi drank from my monstrous breasts. And as shi came again, I began to grow stronger, more muscular, and right as I was on the verge of climax I awoke and thrust myself upward from the covers.

I moaned and nonetheless did release a rush of ejaculate from inside myself, my breasts heaving as they were so swollen with milk that they ached, but something else was happening.

I felt a penis inside me!

I hoped it was Xili, but when I turned over, what I found piercing my thighs was none other than the powerfully furry tail projecting from my own bottom.

"Damn it." I said and pulled it from me before sucking on its end, but as I did, I discovered something new, and holding up both arms, I gaped at the heaving muscle that was there. It was so massive that my flesh had torn open around it and I was essentially a silken lady sheathed in the imperiously thick layer of hide, scale and plating that was over it.

"Iridium!" I called and hurried to my feet and practically tripped on my own legs.

Great maker, my thighs, my calves! They're huge!

"Iridium!" I called again, and as the great circular door to the bedroom rolled open, I found Iridium right there, hir great penis hanging heavily like a third leg, with a naked and unarmored Miki surging against hir side.

"What's wrong?!" Shi gasped in alarm.

"L-look at me. What happened?"

Iridium sighed and then palmed my face and pressed her forehead against mine, and I paused in thought at the sensation of a female's breasts against my own. I liked the firm press of her breasts as our chests jockeyed for position. "Xilimyth is what happened." she smirked. "Come to the kitchen and I'll tell you."

She led me to the grand kitchen with all its needed appliances, and while shi made breakfast, she left me gasping in awe as shi described the connection shi witnessed me have with Xilimyth last night, and all the growth I underwent. Miki, having quickly donned a gown, was pouring me orange juice and caring for my other needs.

"I... and Xili had sex... at long distance? How is that even possible?" I blinked. "The network connection..."

"The what?" Iridium asked turning.

“My hypernites got a network connection last night with Xili’s name on it. I opened the connection and then... wow. So that wasn’t a dream.” I immediately began to purr loudly.

“And Kirii’s growth would be in relation to bodily stresses like other nurse dragonesses do,” Miki mentioned. “But... you’re unlike other nurse dragons, my lady, with you, once strength is gained it doesn’t go away. Perhaps Lady Eve can explain it more.”

I nodded and looked to my arm, looking at its incredible thickness. I was hyper endowed, even for a dragon. The sheer level of strength I possessed was incredible! And all this because of Xili. I looked for the network connection but it was broken. There was a time log file that showed ‘*User Kirii logged out, connection broken*’ with a time/date stamp of sometime very early this morning.

Love making at a distance... how novel, I thought, right as a grand plate of food was placed before me... far more than I could possibly finish I thought.

“Now eat... you gotta get your strength up.” Iridium said and turned back to dish up the remainder for herself and Miki.

“Sister... if I get my strength up any more than it is now, I’ll pop.” I smirked, but nonetheless dove into the food anyways.

I am the Old Man, or at least that's what I'll have you believe till I show you otherwise.

There was a flow and a change in the world around the town of Holt that I could feel happening beneath my feet, and for good or ill that day I sought out to discover its purpose.

The villagers were gathering water from the rain traps now that we were in the season of rains and mixing it with the well water from the many wells here. All was going well, and the planting was going smoothly while children frolicked in the cooling rain when I heard the first caterwauling moan.

A young maiden by the well, who was fetching the water for the household had bent over herself, gripping her head while the ladle from the bucket had fallen from her hand onto the ground. She twitched and moaned, shifted and thrashed while her husband came rushing from inside to comfort her.

I stood there watching something I'd seen countless times before, of a person fighting the change when they should just accept it. It made the change pleasureable yet quick instead of slow and painful.

And sure enough, her breasts engorged, her arms swelled, her height increased, and her pretty gown rapidly tore from her body to reveal all her feminine glory. People wondered what was happening when another maiden started to undergo the change, and then a man, and stepping to the well and summoning the ladle to my hand with magic when no one noticed, I dipped the ladle into the water and smelled it before turning my head toward the north where the oasis was.

Being one with the earth gave me instinctive knowledge of certain things regarding geology and ecology. Well, it rather made me the foremost knowledge of how the varied biospheres of the earth functioned and how they worked with each other, and unless there was an underground river between the oasis and the well, it was impossible for ground water to travel that quickly.

And so I stepped sideways, a form of undetectable teleportation that involved traveling through the spirit realm and arrived at the oasis only to find a radically transformed Xilimyth lying on the ground near the pool.

From his breasts leaked his milk, from his sexes leaked a steady rivulet of seed and nectar, the combination of which had turned the subtly mineral enriched waters of the oasis a creamy white.

Animals that were here were already overly large and muscular for their types, but my concern was the ground water, and following it with my senses, I felt a direct interference with how quickly it was moving. And then I turned to the west.

"What are you planning Leaf?" I said aloud and waited for his response. "Really? Are you sure?" I paused and nodded. "Very well, if it's what you want." I chuckled at her response. "Ok, ok... So it's what Xili really wants. Very well, it's the prerogative of the trees to manipulate evolution of course. No, I wouldn't stop you. It would show distrust in your decisions, and my distrust is Gaia's distrust. Yes. Yes... Maybe. My only advice, child, is to consult your father about some things, but come what may... You will have to accept the consequences."

And I faded from view even as a small party of people arrived at the Oasis.

"Xilimyth!" a voice called, and grumbling from being awoken from sleep, I rose, yawned deeply, and turned over one shoulder to see a party of people arriving, and panicking, looking at the grand dork of a penis lying on the ground beneath me that was still mildly erect, I quickly tried to retract it, going so far as pushing it inward to get it inside me.

"Y-Yes? What can I help you with?" I asked smiling nervously, and bit my lower lip even as that dork retracted fully.

"Something's happening." the speaker of the voice said, and I viewed Lioli being the speaker.

"Oh... Like what?" I asked innocently while my nads clenched and deflated before I encased it in a pelvic ridge plate to cover it from view. And turning, armor plating reached out like cupping hands and squeezed my tits together while covering the naughty bits. Smaller plates slid out to cover all the tertiary nipples as well.

"Like this." he gestured, and revealed a woman who was beside him, a human woman, and yet she had the muscularity of an Olympic bodybuilder and the breasts of a porn star.

"I told you, this is no problem... Really. I feel fine. More than fine really." She said and flexed her arm, rubbing the bicep that was there. "I feel... confident for some reason."

"This is not fine. You were a skinny waif one moment and a hulking super human the next." the Magistrate said as he carried his rifle under one arm. "You're the person everyone universally is blaming for this." and he gestured at me with his rifle.

"We did not use the word blame, magistrate." Lioli growled.

"Suffice it to say, I will slay this beast if..."

And my expression darkened, and lifting a hand and gesturing, I flattened his rifle into a sliver the thickness of a sheet of aluminum foil with just my will.

"If what?" I asked and leaned in very closely to him, focusing one glowing eye on him.

He merely pulled out a thick revolver hand gun, one that was made of black metal and was etched with runes that burned an angry red.

"If I find proper cause to dislike you, you will regret it, Xilimyth." he said stately. "Now go ahead, I dare ya... Try to ruin this gun."

"Whoa! Enough Magistrate... stop pointing the accusing finger." Lioli growled. "Or in your case the accusing gun barrel."

"She started it." The Magistrate said and holstered his weapon.

"No... You did. And look at her... She'd flick you like a flea." and he sighed. "Xilimyth, this sort of thing is happening all over the village and... And we... Wait... Why is the water of the oasis white?"

I looked at the water, and then down at the puddle I'd been sleeping in and then feigned ignorance.

"Ah... I don't know." I said and tapped the index fingers of two hands together while pursing my lips.

"Yeah right. Drive that out and we can fertilize the fields." The Magistrate put in. "Face it, Lioli; she's not going to tell us anything."

"Oh no... You get me wrong." I smiled darkly. "I'll tell Lioli anything and what he sees fit to tell you later will be his doing." and scooping Lioli up in both hands, I rose to my feet and walked off a good distance away, noticing all the buff animals here.

"This is your doing." Lioli stated instead of question said as he sat in my hands holding onto one thumb.

"I didn't mean to." I said. "It just... sorta... happened."

Lioli sighed. "Do you believe what's happening is dangerous?"

"No. I'd assume that the Lycan would be affected more than the humans."

"They are." Lioli admitted... "But this village is mostly female. There is a problem that's happening that in a male-dominated society that's suddenly shifting dramatically toward female, there will be repercussions to say the least.

"We already have... Injuries."

"Injuries?!"

"Imagine, Xilimyth, a society that's been male-dominated for ages and ages. Imagine the state of females in such a society, that you're treated like second class citizens, that even your right to protect your own body from being violated wasn't your choice, that if a male desired you then all he needed to do was talk to your father and he could pass you off to that male as a wife and you'd not have a say in the matter. You might even have a choice for a mate and husband in mind, you may love another, but if your father didn't approve of that other choice, or if he wished to use you as a bargaining chip or whatever, you had to forget about love and do as your *'owner'* told you to do.

"Women have no choice, it's the society. You then became a whore and a slave in a house where you should be a wife and head of the household.

"Because of that history, because of their physical empowerment, there are certain females who were in the act of being transferred like that, and when one of them was being forced this morning..."

"She transformed and nearly killed the man who was trying to force her." I finished quietly.

"And after a defense is made, a retaliation is made after the males find that the water can make them strong too.

"We're rapidly approaching a civil war based on genders, and the females are rushing to drink as much of the water as they can, to grow as much as they can, while the males are denying them even the basic amenity of drinking. There's a group of females who're organizing a revolt."

I grit my teeth and then looked at him directly.

"Alright... I'll fix it. Get your sister and your father together, have them bring everyone outside, and we'll talk. Dragon to humans and Lycan."

There were three groups of them, with a fourth smaller group. The fourth smallest group was the Magistrate and his deputies on a water tower and on roof tops looking down on the denizens of the village, all of them laden with grenades both lethal and stunning, with weapons that could quickly be loaded from non-lethal to lethal in a heartbeat. They were decked out in body armor with torso harnesses loaded with clips and more weaponry. Even from this distance I saw the silvery glint of the bullets on their bandoleers.

The largest of the groups in number were the humans... Thoroughbred humans who'd undergone some rather remarkable transformations, but unlike the Lycan society here, they had an overall equality between males and females, and though there were women that were larger than their husbands currently, the pair of them were still a couple, still holding onto each other on a unified front.

The remaining two groups, the two of them together the size of the other group, were the Lycan, who were smartly separated between males and females currently.

In nature, a lion's roar could be heard for miles. So imagine several hundred of them roaring and shouting at each other, and worse... Shaking weapons and sharpening claws.

Leona could be seen between them, trying her hardest to control them, but this was near a riot, close to a civil war, and the only one who was supporting her was Lioli at the moment. So leaving my cover, I began to approach the groups, wearing some conjured clothing to hide my sexes and to cover my breasts in the form of a large thong bottom and two triangular flaps that hung over either side of my chest that was tied together around my bodice by chords. But all in all, I wanted them to see the might I possessed now, show off all those beautiful abs I had and the mighty wings against my back.

Call me crazy, but I was beginning to like thongs. I really like the way my butt and tail were shaping out.

Leona's body had grown more massive too, and Lioli seemed to have put on a pound or ten, but it was the muscular superiority of the females that would make this largely a one-sided fight if something wasn't done.

It was the humans who first noticed me, a child pointed me out and the humans, who were largely quiet at the moment, too afraid of all the roaring cats, began to point and talk amongst themselves, whereas the lions and tigers and cheetah's and other cats who were too busy arguing amongst themselves didn't notice me until I was right on top of them. When I arrived, each foot fall sounding like a tree falling in the woods, sure enough even the roaring Lycan quieted down upon my presence, especially now that I was taller than any building in town at over thirty feet.

"You're all here." I said, folding two arms beneath my breasts and palmed either hip with the other two arms. "Good! Shame on you all... Shame on all of you. Just a short while ago you were standing shoulder

to shoulder to defend yourself against an approaching horde, and now you're ready to chew each other's throats out?"

"But he tried raping me!" one female roared at a male.

"Your father gave you to me for wife! It's called sex you whore!" the accused male responded, and the roaring started all over again, and snarling, I dropped and hammered a palm strike against the ground, the force of my power sending a shockwave through the ground that knocked people off their feet, before I opened my mouth and roared the tumultuous roar that began as a feminine shriek that could shatter glass but ended in a deep-throated masculine roar that canceled all other sounds out. To make matters even more impressive, I let them see the fiery furnace of dragon flame that could be seen down my throat, and out of fear they all backed away from me, some of them so frightened that they forgot that they were supposed to be separating between genders and comingled again in order to get away from me.

"I am Xilimyth!" I bellowed loudly before surging forward and eyeing both groups challengingly, my breasts heaving naked beneath me from the flaps hanging straight down now. "I am the champion of your Pryde. You shall do as I command in the name of the queen or else I'll bury you all here and now. And my command is... SIT DOWN AND SHUT UP!"

Children were crying from the terrible sight that I'd caused, and sitting roughly down myself, there was another smaller quake as everyone sat down where they were, even the humans and some of the deputy magistrates.

"I am... *ashamed* at what I see." I looked over them all. "I am ashamed that you are fighting."

"But the laws... The traditions..." some male called and I snarled in his direction with a snap-growling motion that clicked my fangs together and bore them with curled back lips.

"I said shut up!" and a male behind the speaker gave him a solid head thump for talking.

"It's been said, and it's been commanded, your old cultural laws are *abolished!* ALL... OF... THEM. The traditions of your ancestors are gone, including..." and I held up a finger for dramatic pause and then poked it right at the man who'd tried forcing his wife. "the right of obtaining a mate through their father's blessing."

"Then what should we do?" a woman asked. "How do we conduct ourselves without laws?"

I looked to the humans, mothers quieting children, husbands comforting wives, men or women standing with each other for comfort and strength.

"Do what they do. Learn their laws." I said and pointed at the humans, and the Lycan all turned and gaped at the humans at the absurdity of such a thing. "You're a part of their culture, not the other way around. When in doubt about a law, then ask your *leaders*," and I pushed Leona and Lioli forward with two hands to bring them into the fore. "On how to act. And remember, that man currently has the last say in everything." and I pointed with one whole hand at the Magistrate while he stood up there chewing on a piece of hay with his rifle held upward in the case of misfire, thumb on the safety and finger on the trigger. "That's why he's called a magistrate after all. The will of men has made him the law of this land."

"But what happened to us?" a human asked as he rose in the center of the humans in the background. "I have no idea about all this stupid nonsense about laws regarding the splicers here in town, and I'm not even going to begin to wonder why there's a dragon here, but what happened to us?! Look at this." and he helped his wife up who now looked like an Olympian female body builder who was cradling a little girl who was wearing clothing far too tight for a body that prematurely matured to now have hips and budding breasts and strengthened to optimum levels. "What's causing this? Is it dangerous?"

I stared at him, and then smiled nervously as I looked up at the Magistrate. "Ask him." I said, gesturing at him again. "He's the Magistrate."

And whatever good props I earned were possibly dashed right then and there as the humans surged upward and mauled the base of the water tower, and while he was telling them things about ground water and a hidden mineral deposit that affected life forms, I looked to the Lycan and gestured grandly. "Go home." I told them, and was about to leave when a hand grabbed my pinkie finger, and looking down as the Lycan dispersed, I saw Leona there, looking larger and more massive and with larger heaving breasts than ever.

Lowering my hand, she hopped into it and held onto my thumb as I lifted her to my lap.

"I should really name you queen." she said quietly. "You handled that far better than I did."

"It became larger than you, Leona." I told her. "Part of being a leader is knowing when to ask for outside help, and usually when that something becomes larger than what you can handle. Though with a body like that, I'm certain you have fewer people who can oppose you."

"Maybe." she said and then sat down on my knee. I saw Lioli in the background watching us while the cats all left; some of them pairing up between male and female, but there was still nonetheless an incredible division here that would take time to heal. "But... I... Don't feel so sure of myself any more, Xilimyth... That and..." she looked down and palmed her belly.

I knew that she was still in heat... It was just that it didn't affect me as much anymore. I'd had so much sex lately that the damnable feminine experience was just about killed. Even my body was going *'We've got to be pregnant or have impregnated someone by now...'*

"It draws you to distraction." I replied, and she nodded.

"All I think about is sex, having a cub or three, and the burdens of leadership."

"You should speak with Babasti. She can help."

"It's not just that. It's... I'm lonely." she said quietly. "I... Thought I loved you." she admitted. "I thought that I could even mate with you when I saw you had a penis... Have your children too... But... I 'm also angry that you did Lioli and not me!" she growled and then shrank as she remembered herself. "I'm sorry... I... I misspoke. I just don't know what I'm thinking anymore."

"I don't want to be alone..." she shrugged her shoulders.

"Then don't be." I told her.

"What?"

"Here..." and picking her up, I placed her on her feet like a small child and then leaning in close, I began to whisper in her ear.

Ever so slowly, Leona's face split into a smile... And very soon, that smile became impish and even lecherous.

"There... That should kill two birds with one stone." I smirked. "It'll relieve the burden off your shoulders and find you a guy... Now if you'll excuse me, I need to go clean up another mess before things get worse."

And I rose and turned to leave, but Leona called up to me.

"We've never named the Oasis, Xilimyth. We always just called it The Oasis for lack of a better name. I think, after all you've done for us, we should name it after you. Xilimyth's Oasis. In all honesty, no one else can really claim it could they?"

"I'd like that." I smiled. "Thank you."

"No... Thank you."

Post-Documentation 0043: The Weapons of Terra

Terra Firma was the goddess of the Earth. Gaia was a Titaness of the earth. Both are names for Earth, and both explain the entity that is the communal consciousness of the earth.

It cannot be proven that there is some central entity or spiritual force that can be attributed as being the will of the Earth, and at best we can only take Lord Pseudodrake's word or the word of the various weapons and guardians of The Earth that she exists. We also have to take their word for it that other entities exist for all the planets and moons, and even the sun. Sol, Luna, Dana, Uranus, Pluto, Akron... That's the tenth planet in our solar system... And the only reason why we don't know about it till early in the twenty first century when space exploration first took off is because it orbits the sun opposite the Earth.

But I digress...

Albeit, all these celestial bodies have spirits to them, and only a completely dead planet has the possibility of missing its spirit. As such, the planet has a will, it has a flow, and that flow is free form and provides the myriad of things to support life in the case of our Earth. To additionally guard and protect it, the Earth had nourished the Millennium Trees in turn for the trees tending the Earth and protecting it, and in order to protect the world, the trees developed weapons.

The earliest weapons we know of go by the names of Atlas, Chronos, and other like titan names, but additionally are names like the Juggernaut and the Nuckalavee to coin some ancient legends. These weapons typically remain dormant until needed, and when they are released the level of damage that they produce is nothing less than a catastrophic force of nature.

The old Titans sleep currently, and are controlled by the will of the Earth, but there's a trick that the trees developed, and that was to bless certain creatures with what is known as a weapon core.

Personally, I'm glad that I don't have such a cursed thing inside me, my strength of body and beauty as a dragoness is enough for me to control male's minds, but for those who possess a weapon core, like the newly reforged Lady Xilimyth, there are times of great disaster in which weapons are activated by their trees and wielded.

For the guardian-weapons, like Xilimyth, Kirii, Iridium, my husband Blind-IO and others, activating one's weapon powers is a matter of personal choice most often, but occasionally, circumstances demand the transformation into a weapon against their will.

As far as I'm aware, only Lord Pseudodrake is immune to being triggered. Possessing thirteen weapon cores inside him, Lord Pseudodrake is indeed the greatest of all the weapons of the Earth, greater than even the titans of old, and like I'd mentioned in another excerpt, I've seen first hand as to exactly how much power that is.

My only thought is that the only time that Pseudo can be forced to change is if all thirteen trees overrule his personal control, or at the very least Tre'Ent's will. But since that's never happened in over a hundred thousand years... We aren't want to see it happening any time soon. However for Xilimyth... One has to become a weapon before they can deactivate the powers, so what then happens to a person when their weapon core suddenly activates?

-Doctress Lady Evelyn Runeblade
Inner Circle of Dragons
Aspect of Fire

My powers were returning almost more rapidly than I could control them. I felt like a transformer, constantly being forced to assume heavier and heavier forms as I grew ever the more stronger. At a towering forty feet now, I could be seen over any of the trees in the oasis and I'd outgrown them to be used as shelter, so I disenchanting the ropes on the trees I'd tied together, letting them snap back into place and then likewise caused the plants to grow rapidly where I'd slept last night.

Because it was the time of the rains, rain fell upon this part of the world almost as often as it did in a rain forest. There was little I could do at the moment other than to bare it. But for the next three days, I felt as if something was... Off. I was getting urges that were strange and unusual, and I was pretty sure that this heat I was experiencing was getting bad again. I was so horny all the time that it became difficult to hide my prick.

What was more was that I jerked off... A lot.

I had no idea how to clean up the mess I made, so all I did now was add to it, and watch as all the creatures in the surrounding area grew super muscular, including the people. Fat became a thing of the past of the denizens of Holt and now all of them wore as little as possible, showing of their incredible strength. The Magistrate in turn pronounced a quarantine, which changed nothing really being that supplies were air-dropped by a passing plane anyways, other than that we didn't get any more visitors.

Even Pseudo, whenever I saw him around, adopted a form that was reminiscent of what was happening to people around here, and possessed an athletic spring in his step that had him dancing and singing in the rain. Lots of people joined his exuberance when he rushed down the streets clicking his heels and swinging his gnarled staff. He loved the children and they played with him a lot. That only got the other old people to drink the water instead of the rain water like the Magistrate suggested so that they could obtain the same exuberance and dance with him.

Pseudo was the master of getting you to think whatever he wanted you to think without telling you what to think, even when that was to mistake him as a giddy old man. Dragons have the ability to recognize other dragons in their human guises, simply because we can recognize when a person looks too human... That and there was an aura about such a person that allowed us to recognize them as another Dragon. But Pseudo was so good at what he does that I nor Iridium recognized him for what he really was when he'd arrived.

And I...

I winced in mid-thought and cupped my Heart Stone again. This time I heard the cracking crunches of straining bones. Something was wrong, and now I knew it.

Getting unsteadily to my feet amidst the rain, I felt a counterbalancing feeling of arousal settling inside me, and swallowing, being pelted by the rain, I slowly started to walk away, leaving the oasis that was now named after me and needing some privacy.

I headed west... Toward the great rain forest.

There was a chime in the air, and I opened my eyes and groaned.

"Yes Aysyx." I stated quietly as I rose, feeling much like a beached whale, hearing the tumultuous sounds of popping bones and grinding sinews as I sat up, flaring both legs for the incredibly voluminous girth that was my belly.

Some of the changes of a pregnant dragoness as birthing time neared were happening to me. The bloating, the achiness, the prematurely dilating vaginal muscles... For a human that last bit was a cause for an alarm, but for a dragoness, the enlarging of the vaginal crevice was normal within the last month of pregnancy. All that condition meant was that I could go any day now... and possibly just about anything could set off the birthing, even moving. Every breast was engorged, right down to the very bottom ones, and what was more was that I've increased in strength by over five times over. I've never felt so engorged with muscle than I was now... but then I had a belly that made me look like I was an inflation fetishist's experiment.

IO said that my out-turned belly button was cute though...

"I'm detecting a startling rise of energy, Lady Eve." Aysyx stated out into the open air. "The source of it appears to be Lady Xilimyth."

"Appears?" I questioned after wiping the sleep out of my eyes. I was also tired all the time.

"One can only assume as such, being that the energy spike appears to be following Lady Xilimyth as she moves westward. I'm detecting the Infinity Wave emanating from her."

"What?!" I exclaimed, coming instantly awake and rose instantly to my feet, breasts bouncing and wobbling with milk and wings ruffling to pound against the ground to help me walk before my tail slapped downward against the ground. Lots of the furniture jumped in the chamber and IO appeared in the doorway a moment later and watched me shuffle across the floor.

"I didn't want to wake you till I was sure, but it appears as if it is nearing critical mass."

I growled and moved toward my computer room, reaching the door here and then tried to get through it, but only became stuck.

"Damn it!"

Pregnancy was doing some odd things to me, especially in these later stages. I was growing thicker and stronger exponentially, to the point where I've been tracking my own muscular development on a second conjunction. I'd thickened so much with added muscular weight – and mammary development, let's not forget about that – I got stuck passing through door ways that were originally made for my slender mate, Blind IO. And going in sideways didn't help either because in that case I was nearly as thick front to back with breasts and belly that I was from side to side.

With a snarl, and pulling a Samson, I pushed against the walls and forced the stone to break and shift, before I planted another hand against the ceiling and pushed the door jam upward. This exertion only made me ripple stronger and thicker and a layer of hide ripped open like the flesh of a snake, and now that I was getting annoyed, I was growing even doubly so.

Once I made the door way to my lab wider, I snarled at the walls and made a threatening thrust with my body toward it, boobs jiggling while my tail lashed and slapped at the ground once and wings fluttered at the ground.

"I assume you've defeated the wall, Lady Eve." Aysyx said sardonically.

"Shut up and show me." I said, switching on the mainframe here and allowed Aysyx to send me the imagery.

Soon enough, I was looking at six different images taken from several different angles from either the Halo space ring or from orbiting satellites, all of which were showing me an image of something I thought I'd never see:

And activating Weapon.

"Dear God." I gasped, seeing Xilimyth lumber directly westward while being pelted by lightning strikes almost constantly. "Shi's just shrugging natural lightning off like that?"

"In a sense." Aysyx stated. "The truth of the matter is that shi is absorbing the energy... not shrugging it off.

"Show me the wave." I said immediately and a holographic representation of what we called the '*Infinity Wave*' appeared, showing a dome-shaped wave that wasn't quite connecting at its top. "Is it me, or is there significant negative flux as well." I asked.

"You are not mistaken. There is a fifteen percent maximum flow below zero-point." Aysyx responded.

An Infinity Wave had four principal properties to it. Width, height and depth and degree of closure. The wider, a wave was, the greater the base line of power a creature possessed. The maximum height a wave possessed was equal to the radius of the width of the wave, but rarely does a person achieve maximum height.

Jokingly, the infinity wave was originally named the Akira Wave, based upon a twentieth century anime called Akira, in which case a child named Akira managed to possess a width greater than the combined human populace of the movie and likewise managed to close the dome. Upon achieving that, Akira was said to have transcended, leaving meager physical remains behind such as his organs, but in turn translated into a being of pure energy. The reality was that a closed dome like that belied a degree of power equal to a weapon, or one of the deadly guardians of the Earth that were sent to eradicate a thing or a group of things. When a dome closes, things usually get destroyed.

But what wasn't relayed by the Akira wave but is relayed by the Infinity wave, is that the wave also has negatives below a base line. They regard power so fine that it is below mater. Most mages and sorcerers would have a negative one to five percent negative baseline... I had a nine... Xilimyth... currently had a fifteen.

And before you ask, there are only a handful of people who have a negative one hundred percent baseline, and I could name them all on one hand. Pseudodrake, Aries, Merlin, and Tre'Ent are the only beings who can be said to have perfect spheres of power. Though Neo-Bahumat's positive sphere does indeed close at one hundred percent, his negative is somewhere in the low nineties. But the thing about negative Infinity wave was that every percent achieved was an exponential degree of increase at what an entity could do with their positive wave.

And Xilimyth was growing even more powerful.

"Sixteen percent negative wave and holding." Aysyx supplied just then, and I felt my lips press tightly together.

Loosing control of one's power was always catastrophic. A fly, suddenly transformed into raw uncontrolled energy would be like setting off a nuclear bomb. A human loosing control would destroy New York City. For Xilimyth to loose control of hir powers...

No! I mustn't think that way. Weapons don't loose their powers unless they're told to self destruct. The last one told to self destruct ended the dinosaurs.

"Aysyx... I *need* Pseudodrake, Neo, Aries... Someone!" I said out into the open air.

"Acknowledged... Contacting Lord Pseudodrake." shi replied while I watched the static charges of lightning striking off Xilimyth's form grow even more violent as hir power rose.

There was something to say about a lightning bolt. To be able to capture the power in just one of them would allow a person to power the American eastern seaboard to the Mississippi for a week, and in this technological time I can only hint at how incredible such a thing is.

And then while I stared at the images before me, scooping the underside of my belly, holding it up with one arm, IO came silently behind me and began to massage my neck and shoulders with his knowing hands. He knew better than to interfere when I was being zealous, so he didn't. Instead, while I waited for someone to contact me, he got me to relax to the point where he held me to him, he purring deeply, soothingly... and I swooned.

It was something to say that I, the former King of Dragons, was able to take a vacation like this from time to time, and sitting underneath an awning as the rain fell in a torrent, I was enjoying myself, quietly rocking in a chair and resting my eyes.

But then I heard a whirring sound, followed by several clicks and beeps, just before the Automatic Telling Machine across the street opened up and ignited its screen. At first it showed it's welcome screen, but then the screen winked out, changed colors and showed a line of text.

'Eve re: Xilimyth.'

I sighed and nodded, and looking both directions first to make sure that no one was there, I exhaled again and teleported.

I burned...

The rain was a blessing to me because I was so hot. The rain cooled me, making a cloud of steam from my body as I walked through the world. The rain relieved the strain I felt... Till of course the next lightning strike hit me. Every lightning strike made me change, made me grow and engorge, and since the time I'd left the oasis, I'd converted and transformed and changed several fold!

I was hunched over from the weight of my breasts, the first four having grown so large that they pulled down on me and bowed my shoulders downward. The thickness of the four arms had quintupled in their thickness, and to compensate for that, my back was billowing and widening, hugging my sides that it was sooo huge, while at the same time it pulled my tail completely out from out of my back so that the spine could engorge into such incredibly massive proportions that I couldn't support its weight anymore and it drug along the ground.

Every set of wings I held grew larger and more massive, the largest of the feathered plates swelling and thickening till they had the footprint of a car and the hardness of battleship armor. To hold them up the wing arms had to thicken into heaving massive of incredible levels of size, and right now the chest and back muscles, as well as the wing arm muscles were the strongest muscles I had on me! Huge claws sprouted from the thumbs of the wing arms, the arms carrying with them what felt like bridge cable-like tendons and pneumatic pistons to hold all that mass up, the wing fingers peaking out of the ends of the feathers were likewise clawed with wickedly hooking things that looked as if they could cleave a man in two.

But those wings drag on the ground behind me too. I felt so tired at the moment, but I knew I had to keep moving... Keep moving westward. Keep moving...

I trudged forward, every step making my thighs explode repeatedly with thickening muscle and their calves flare, the forelegs and feet thickening and the claws at the end of each toe become incredibly huge. My phallus had grown and was mildly stiff, pieces of me unfolding while I neared the great forest known as the Congo, spasming from time to time as pieces of me unfolded, engorged and billowed. I was growing stronger and stronger without halting.

My chest was spreading open along a membrane of flesh, showing a glowing light within me as my heart stone was encased in hardening chitinous armor. Pylons sprouted from me, my cannons returned and more in the form of that same penis in vagina sensation of growth I experienced before, and as I reached the forest I paused, feeling the spines on my back merge together on a long pair of dorsal fins that formed from the former turbo engine slats telescoping outward into one great big curving engine, and looking up at the trees, I watched as they uprooted themselves and moved out of the way for me.

The lightning began to strike me repeatedly now to the point where I felt as if there were several electric tendrils that were linking me to the sky like an umbilical chord. The power of the world was powering me up, it felt, and I continued walking.

Lord Pseudodrake had swept into the chamber from only the Creator knew where... Apparently Aysyx knew where to find him, but if shi couldn't find a person then they weren't on this planet. He quietly came to stand before the images for a time, watching the changes while IO continued to massage and cajole me, getting me to un-armor till I was naked before him while he massaged the milk from my breasts and landed kisses upon my body; his hands masterfully relaxing me.

I watched the Dragon Emperor as he stood there contemplatively, till at long last Pseudo spoke out loud.

"Aysyx, is shi heading where I think shi's heading?"

"Correct. Shi will reach Gaia's Cradle in T-minus twelve minutes and fifty-two seconds provided hir speed remains at its rate of constant increase due to hir transforming size."

"Gaia's cradle?" I asked, stepping forward. "But that's a legend... Isn't it?"

"So's Shangri-La." he mentioned quietly, and I blinked, knowing that very near by was the valley of Shangri-La that several years ago I thought was just a superstitious legend and rot with no scientific baring.

And then I saw it with my own eyes and in that valley was the tree known as Tre'Ent, father of all the other Millennium trees. It was also home to a vast settlement that held Dragons, Lycans, Elves, a few select Fae and humans who tended, guarded and fought for the tree and the Dragon Council. The valley itself was essentially the fenced in property that led right off the front stoop of the Dragon's Tower, the mountain that contained the very Dragon Council itself.

"B-but what's at Gaia's Cradle?" I wondered. If Shangri-La held this, then what did that place hold?

"Gaia's Cradle is just what legend says it is: The birthplace of all life on Earth. Until about fifteen-hundred B.C., it also held the Mother Tree, or... Tre'Ent's mother, the World Tree, the tree that Draco and Leviathan planted here. That was till the Midgar Wyrm devoured her and the Fae Thor killed the Wyrm for doing so.

"What remains though... Is a hole."

"A hole?" I repeated. "What's so important about a hole?"

"Imagine how deep Tre'Ent's roots go, Eve." Pseudo said and turned to regard me. "Now imagine that his mother's went deeper."

"H-how deep?" I gasped.

Pseudo didn't answer that for a moment, simply watched Xilimyth changing and growing, pausing from time to time to erupt with spastic growth.

"Deep enough for us to realize that the World Tree had grown so deep into the earth that, even after the tree was consumed, that her soul still lived, only in this case, that soul is Gaia. The world and the world tree were one and the same, Eve." I felt my jaw grow slack in amazement. "And inside the cradle is the greatest measure of life in all this universe, and though it's simple to consider the cradle just a deep, deep whole in the earth, just remember that the soul of the earth is feminine, and the deepest hole on a female isn't the one that leads from their mouths, but rather the one that leads straight into their wombs."

He turned to me and I gaped openly, looking from him to Xilimyth's transforming form and then back to him with an even greater expression of disbelief.

"W-what will that do to hir?"

Pseudo stood there and folded his arms and wings about himself, and stone faced, as directly as he could, he uttered the three words strung together in a single sentence that I thought I'd never hear from him.

"I don't know..."

I was tethered to the sky by no less than three bolts of continuous lightning now. The world became as black as pitch as I entered into a place where time seemed to stand still. There was a small valley deep inside a ringed wall of sharp towering and jagged stones that scored even my armor as I passed by them too closely before the armor started healing itself, the stones flaring along the edge of the valley wall like a crown of thorns. Very similar to Leaf's home...

The stones of the valley moved out of the way to allow me passage, but only just barely, and now I was on the precipice of the valley, seeing a great swirling hurricane of ethereal energies cascading about me. My mind was numb presently, all these transformations and the unmitigated levels of sexuality that I'd experienced from them had made it so that I was merely stupidly doing some unknown commandment that had been given to me, not remembering how or even where I received said commandment as I moved forward into the ring, the rocks cascading shut immediately behind me while I trundled forward, but I didn't fall. No, I slid forward like I was flying despite that my wings were crumpled and heavy and hanging behind me.

And then I felt myself being wrapped up, balled up into a fetal position and then wrapped within those wings of mine like they were swaddling clothes as I felt myself regressing toward that of the mind of a child.

The swirling vortex brought me to the very center of the valley, and looking about, blinking stupidly, I realized only that the umbilicals of the storm were no longer attached to me and I no longer burned with sexual intensity. But then the vortex increased in its violence, the wind howling as the energies literally flowed through me before a beam of blue-green light erupted from a gaping chasm beneath me and connected with my body, and in a snapping motion I suddenly found myself blinking against a brilliant light.

And there was a creature of earth and stone, with her eyes as green and as beautiful as newly formed leaves, and her hair and brows made of a vast forest of trees and vines and a multitude of flowers. Birds of paradise flew within those forests crowning her, nesting in her hair as two great naked breasts heaved with her every breath, and I realized that I was laying back in her arms. She was smiling at me, cooing at me as she caressed my body with a great hand.

Below me, instead of a gaping chasm, there was instead her voluminous womanhood, and the way she sat, reclined with me in her arms wrapped in my own wings as I was, I felt like a child newly born from the womb.

She didn't judge me, she didn't think I was a horrible thing, she thought that I was beautiful, and wonderful, and wrapping me up and embracing me, she kissed my forehead and then lowered me again, but this time, it was to nurse. Her heaving breast was there before me, the details of its nipple thick in my view, and opening my mouth I nursed from her, tasting the sweetest blend of milk and honey ever as I drank and drank till I could drink no more.

And in her arms, I was safe and sound, and she would protect me. But also in her arms... I started growing.

I am Pseudodrake.

The birth of a weapon was a beautiful thing. I remembered, once upon a time ago, when it had been me who'd been brought into the very Womb of Gaia, the Earth Mother, and made into a planetary weapon and not just a weapon of the trees.

I was able to tread here now without harm or without being harrowed by the unmitigated spiritual forces that surrounded this place or by the barrier wall of stone, but I dare not tread upon the womb itself. The Cradle was a sacred place, even more so than Shangri-La was. Even I dared not walk here lest I was called.

But I was able to stand back and watch a planetary weapon being born, and all that I could think of at the moment was Kirii... And the possibility that after this, she might never see Xilimyth again.

I am Kirii.

I was pacing back and forth. The network connection Xili and I had forced had been broken without warning, and I didn't know what that meant. I'd sent a communication to Aysyx wondering what was happening, but shi wasn't responding. Aysyx was a super computer, with the combined processing power of every computer in the world and those connected to our world at hir disposal, so why shi didn't respond within a single second after I sent hir the request worried me.

I wanted to know what was happening to Xilimyth!

"Don't do it." Iridium said as she cooked in our kitchen.

"Don't do what?" I asked, wringing my hands. The very tension of aggravation was strengthening me, and I was swelling and bulging with just the sheer measure of anxiety that I felt.

"Don't go flying after him."

"But I sent a message to Aysyx. Shi hasn't responded yet."

"Then that means there's something happening, nothing more."

"Then what?!" I shouted and the house shook as my invisible muscles flared like a titaness around me, windows and mirrors cracked and dishes broke before nanotechnology repaired the damage. "What's happening? I need to know! Enough of this I'm going!" and I turned, surged to the railing, and with a flicker of motion Iridium was before me and wrapping me up in all four of hir arms.

"Let me go!" I screamed, and then there was a snap, darkness, and when I woke up I was lying in bed. "Damn it!" I snarled as I realized that I'd been subdued.

"Calm down... Or I'll do it again." Iridium said calmly, lifting her eyes from a dragon-sized datapad as shi sat beside me.

"Damn it! You can't keep me here!" I shouted, bouncing in the bed, practically throwing a tantrum while the house shook and rattled again.

"Fine... I won't." shi said, and I surged to my feet and made it to the sliding door before she added: "But you should. Think about your babies." and I stopped, and trembling, I lifted two hands to the door jam and tapped them irritably with my fists.

Sobbing, I cradled that belly with two hands and gripped the door jam with the other two hands. And then Iridium was there again, and I turned quickly into hir and held onto hir body tightly, rubbing my face against hir voluminous breasts as I embraced hir. Shi cooed to me and kissed me and held me... just like Xili might.

Shi stayed till I cried myself asleep again.

I am Xilimyth.

I knew not how long I nursed, but suddenly I was being let go, allowed to walk on my own two feet it seemed, and opening my eyes, I saw a vague vision of the Earth Mother smiling down at me, kissing me before she faded and I was left dangling there in the middle of a swirling void.

And then I tensed and tightened just before every muscle in me started to swell and billow impossibly. The muscle chords and the tendons thickened over and over again, pressing against each other, knotting and pinching tightly to the point where soon I was completely immobilized. It became hard to breathe as my body clenched like a fist, bones creaking and muscles groaning. I felt as if I were about to explode!

And then flesh began to tear open, ripping apart, and with a spastic release of tension, I really did explode... in a sense.

My chest heaved forward, tearing open along the grooves formed from every chest muscle that was in me, the individual muscle chords opening up and the ribs spreading apart while leaving my Heart Stone free floating, the great smooth-cut red gem floating free in my chest, and behind it, attaching directly to it was a great orb of light that was swelling inside my chest cavity, pushing everything outward.

I could hear my hearts beating in both ears as I watched the cavity of my chest opening like that, thrusting its immense tits apart, fanning the long muscle chords open, parting the bones of the ribcage as the ethereal tendrils of the vortex I was in snaked in and fed the sphere behind the Heart Stone, making it engorge and swell and billow which in turn forced my bodice apart.

I gurgled for blood and air, not realizing that I didn't need either of those things as that sphere was swollen to press against my insides further and further apart. My organs were simply not there in favor of that growing sphere as it grew and grew from the feeding tendrils till I was being held up by that massive sphere of brilliant energy and light radiating from me. Then in a flash that orb of light connected to my whole being, and I felt that energy carving sections out of me, severing the bonds between sections of my flesh and bones as either arm was separated and moved to their own portions on the sphere, my wings moved to other sections on the sphere as it continued to expand, pushing my pieces apart, my waist and lower body dangling from its base, my head and neck attached to its peak, and all the incredible constructs on my back flaring like bristles all across the backward surface and bottom of that sphere. I felt ridiculous looking like this, like I were pieces of body attached to various points of a great big throbbing yellow sun, with spine and tail hung right down the back of the orb.

I dangled there, not understanding what was going on to me, I felt like an infant, I felt new and reborn with every little scar or blemish that was on me being repaired, which included any possible accident that could make me into a total male ever again.

But then I opened up again, but this time it was at my navel, the parts of my navel spreading open as the Soul Gem there with its own little glowing ball began to engorge, and just like what happened with my upper body, the lower extremities of this body were separated with legs to either side of a smaller orb, penis and vagina to its lower front, and the hips and legs framing the base of the bowl like the lower joint of some marionette.

This happened several times more, the next being on my skull, as the Dragon's eye billowed, spreading my horns and ears, spreading all the plates and horns apart, my mane fluttering in the wind, just before the gems on the backs of either hand and the tops of either foot flared open.

I hung like a puppet on its strings, with obvious ball joints here and there to make up this ludicrous body of mine. I twitched and gurgled, just waiting for the strings to be cut... But apparently there was more that needed to be done to me.

And then the orbs of golden light suddenly started turning a shade of red, a passionate red that burned before I felt every muscle fiber, bone, tendon, mote of flesh, scale and armored plate throbbing on me, and in very short order I got a raging hard on as I was arched backward. And then muscle groups started erupting outward again, exploding with muscle mass and snaking downward to close the gaps around all those swollen orbs of angry red energy that were connected inside me by a network of thick, thick energy paths.

First came the arms, each arm billowing with all that fantastic and awesome muscle, the muscle chords lengthening to attach to their old places of attachment, linking themselves then to the chest orb in various locations while that orb throbbed poignantly and passionately as parts of my regressed mind were re-awakened to concepts like pleasure and eroticism.

Chest muscles lengthened and coiled outward, not quite reaching the heart stone though, leaving gaps between the extremes of those muscles as first one pair and then the second pair of my mighty arms coiled mightily, flexing slowly, possessing cosmic strength that surged through its musculature just before a plethora of armor plates grew out of my flesh, the plates radiating with spikes and blades, the claws becoming like swords and spears with massive wrist guards and forearm guards and shoulder pauldrons growing into place over the top most shoulders.

As the shoulder pauldrons appeared, two great spheres of white energy erupted into place over those shoulders right before the extending and realigning plates of bio-steel ensnared the pair, fanning more spikes and blades while building up the shoulder muscles beneath them. Those shoulder muscles merged with neck muscles as they coiled wide like a serpent's hood, those neck muscles made my head grow larger

while more plates and more pylons realigned and connected to me; deepening back and chest and covering it all in heavier and heavier armor reminiscent of legendary nurse dragons during the first Dragon War.

The lower pair of arms didn't develop those white orbs and pauldrons, but nonetheless everything else that the upper arms developed, so too did they.

I roared in elation, feeling the now tiny boobs I possessed due to their size in comparison to the flared chest muscles suddenly inflate rapidly, swelling with milk and mammary glands before they were gripped by more plates of armor, the shining lines of passion red showing through the grooves in my chest and neck while I surged longer and greater than ever, every muscle in me standing on end impossibly.

My tail broke open and extended, the myriad of plates and scales reassembling along a projecting shaft of red light and energy that was inside it, with windows into that tail to show that glowing red energy before the muscles of that tail grew to encompass that shaft of energy to spread and lengthen, its mass joining my wings as they spread wide. The arms of those wings grew longer and stronger than ever, strong enough to hold up the world and protect the Earth Mother, just before whole realms of feathers merged together and spread wide and long, extending my wing span to more than ten times my impressive mass and size! Some feathers grew as long as freight canisters, harder than carrier ship armor and as sharp as razors.

I roared again, my head becoming arrayed with a plethora of horns and flaring face plates, my tail coming straight off the back of my head while the six smaller sets of wings grew longer and wider, and two old friends, my hyper accelerant jets grew into place. But then something else happened, and those jets broke and fanned open into a pair of techno wings, just like one of my favorite mechs of all time, the Anubis from Zone of Enders.

The Hypernites were having a field day as they spread through me like wildfire, and the exponential growth they undertook rapidly put a silicon like shine within the grooves between every muscle group and between every plate and scale, my functions rising as quickly as those spiders beneath the skin multiplied.

Then my abdominals, lats, waist and lower back segmented, their muscles snaking around the multitude of orbs around them to give me a semblance of proportionate mass while sharp-edged plates of Tritanium growing all over me en-mass. I lengthened from that growth, lengthened long and firm before arms and legs separating and realigned, lengthening as they armoring up, with even my cock becoming armored and glowy before it retracted up inside me, leaving me with a herm's bulging pubic mound right before plates slid outward to cover that slit protectively.

I heaved as I groaned and cracked, the final stages of this imperious muscle growth that had increased me five times over squeezing into place, my armor rippling outward and thickening in wave after wave while I hardened and thickened and firmed up too, being left with a shining and glowing white belly, a red back with blue highlights everywhere.

And then I opened my eyes... All six of them – four in the front and two in the rear – just before I spread my wings wide and they started energizing with red light. Long ethereal feathers escaped out the ends of each of the trailing armored feathers, and my wing span became an enormous fan of red light, and screaming with elation, I rocketed straight upward, and in a fraction of a second I sped from deep within a ravine to outside the outer atmosphere, finding myself in space... A gracious red, white and blue angel... And from there, I looked out into the void that was space, and felt in awe of it.

It'd been hours since I'd last lost contact with Xili... Hours and no one had told me anything, not even Pseudie. I was pacing again when Miki came and delivered me a meal with some tea. I ignored it as I paced, fidgeting, even as she set it out on small table here.

"My lady... You shouldn't trouble yourself so..."

"Please be quiet Miki." I grit out, on the verge of tears. "I..."

And then something in the world went... Click.

I felt my heart strings strum musically, and for a tenuous moment I didn't breathe and didn't feel blood move through me, right before I saw the HUD in my eye's view register:

<Connection with User: Xilimyth0001 reestablished>

And there was a pause, before I felt hir in my head.

'Do you want to see something cool?'

"I..." I began, and then swallowed and closing my eyes responded like I should. *'I would like nothing more than to see something cool... So long as it involves you, my beloved husband.'*

'Husband...' I got the impression of hir smiling. *'It makes me feel so good to hear that from you, Kirii... But look east and you'll see.'*

And so I looked east, striding out to the most eastern edge of the tree. Leaf was trembling in anticipation too, and Iridium entered the room looking around hir, till there was a swoop, and a massive cloud bank that was brushing up against the side of the mountain barrier ring parted, and... and... The most tremendously massive, most beautiful fem dragoness I'd ever seen appeared.

But... she was a shi, with massive boobs, and when I meant massive, shi was massive! A three thousand foot long dragoness of impressive size and power, with four arms and the armored wings of an aile dragon looked straight at me with four eyes while two more eyes did a gecko maneuver against the back of hir head.

'So... What do you think?' Xili's mind asked me through our connection... And I blinked, the gears and cogs in my mind clinking together for a moment before I did a double take, and spreading both my wings before either Iridium or Miki could do anything, I skipped off the balcony and swooped forward, only to be caught by one of those mighty hands that was so large that it could literally hold me in the palm of one hand.

We looked at each other, and suddenly I realized what I was looking at, and began to cry.

'What's the matter?' Xilimyth asked as shi dipped her head forward, nuzzling my breasts with hir nose that had a horn on its end now.

"Xilimyth! You're... You're a weapon! Three hundred foot phallus doesn't really fit inside a three foot vagina!" I said and pointed at hir cluster and then my sex. "I... I... I don't..." and I was gasping before I fell to my rump. "H-how do we be husband and wife now?"

'I'm still learning that.' shi said calmly to me. *'There must be a way back, Kirii, I mean... Lord Pseudodrake, Neo, even Blind IO are weapons too, and they can turn into a more manageable size.'* And hir eyes flickered. *'Iridium too I see. I hear shi's absolutely massive in hir weapon form.'*

"Have you tried to change down?"

'Y~yes. And I couldn't. I don't know enough about this new body Kirii, perhaps another weapon could teach me.' and shi lifted me higher to her face, and I felt myself shift between a hundred feet of altitude in a

matter of seconds. It made me feel dizzy. *'Tell me Kirii... Tell me you don't like it and I'll go back and have it taken away from me.'*

I looked at hir for a moment and wrung both pairs of my hands.

"You... sounded happy," I mentioned. "Till just now. You like what you are now..."

'I... I feel as if I have purpose. Look at me! Who can argue with a planetary weapon like this? I'm no longer a weak little shrimp any more. I'm like a flying Kraken!

'I don't... Fear any more. And holding you, even though it's only in the palm of my hand...' and shi sat down on the edge of the barrier mountain around Leaf. *'Makes me happy.'*

'I never, ever told you, Kirii... But I always felt so... so... overwhelmed when you grew to be so much stronger than me, and every day you grew stronger and stronger, more beautiful and more powerful... and I... I stayed the same.'

'Now I can protect you and our babies... And that makes me feel happy.'

I sighed and exhaled a long breath.

"Then I can't ask you to go back, Xili... I know you've been unhappy for a long time, and I'd always hopped it wasn't with me."

'I was unhappy long before I met you, and yes, there were things about you that made me worry and unhappy, but... There was so much more that brought happiness into my life I wouldn't otherwise have had or ever known.' she brought me close to nuzzle my body again, palming the whole of my back with one hand and I reached up and embraced hir cheek and nose. *'You are my greatest treasure. I'm no longer alone because of you...'*

'Besides,' and shi drew back and nuzzled my chest and licked my belly. *'How many Dracas can say they have a planetary weapon for a husband like you can?'* she murred and I held hir nose and caressed it.

"Ok... But don't you stay... Xili... What's the matter?"

And I saw hir looking up into the sky suddenly, jerking hir head from me.

'I gotta go.' shi said and then leaning way forward, placed her hand with me on it on the edge of the house so that I could step off it. *'You stay here... I'll be back when I can. Keep those kitlings safe.'* and she caressed my belly with one finger.

Then leaning back, shi flared a pair of wings that were as massive as the valley itself was, and one downward swoop with a blast of wind rushing about the valley and the savannah about it sent hir sailing upward and out of sight, hir wings dispersing clouds in every direction.

I stood there, staring upward into the dark rainy sky as the clouds closed around the hole again while I palmed my belly with three hands.

"Wow..." Iridium said as shi drew near.

"Yeah... Wow." and I murred for a moment and caressed my belly. "Iridium... Can you do something for me, something Xili hasn't been able to do for awhile?"

"Certainly, what is it?"

"I want you to lotion me up. We pregnant girls gotta keep our complexion! Xili used to do it for me... and I've gone two weeks now without it..."

Iridium smiled. "To keep away the stretch marks we dragons don't get anyways?" his smile became a smirk. "If shi did it for you, then I'd consider it an honor."

"Perfect... I feel like relaxing now. Oh, and before I forget... Thank you... Both of you, for what you've done for me."

It was like a Spidey Sense but only on a cosmic scale, and there were hours if not days of warning before it arrived.

Arriving like a crimson angel, I floated in space, looking to the far reaches of space and focused upon the danger. It wasn't a global killer asteroid, but it'd certainly muck up Africa and adversely the rest of the world if it were left alone. And so I began to charge up, spreading both wings as far as they would go, absorbing the latent cosmic energy that was in the universe to charge into me. Eyelets all over my body, in hundreds of locations opened up and gleamed, opening in my neck even as they all began to burn with light, and breathing in deeply out of habit despite that I didn't need food or oxygen while I was in this form, despite that there was no air in space either, I stoked a cosmic grade furnace inside my chest.

Then opening my mouth, I summoned a spell circle of intricate design, and then a second one and a third one, using magical knowledge that was older than even the dragons of Earth, when dragons were all cosmic beings of incredible power, power known as Lore. I exhaled a beam of cosmic fire that slid through the magic circles as if it were magnifying glasses for the beam. And a beam sped from me faster than the speed of light, grew wider than the whole of my body was now, struck the incoming asteroid and ignited it into a ball of flame like a comet as I cut the thing down the middle and it broke apart into smaller chunks.

And then I flexed, and a plethora of beams erupted from me, enough to equal a space fleet's combined destructive capacity, the beams curving away from me to snap the larger chunks into smaller chunks before I accelerated suddenly, physically moving between two points faster than others could teleport across that distance.

Using fists and legs, and all the many blades upon my body, I crushed the rocks into smaller rocks, rocks that would burn up harmlessly as they entered the earth's atmosphere or pelt harmlessly against the outer planets before returning to my spot before the Earth, directly above Africa to make sure my job was done.

Then closing my eyes, I spread myself open and let the smaller rocks shatter against my body while the rest passed by me harmlessly.

And then I turned around and stopped dead at what I saw.

There was a creature behind me, with massive wings, the thing thirteen times larger than I myself was, its body armored like a dreadnaught... Harder than a dreadnaught, with wings that fanned instead of feathered, and scales the size of a city block.

"This job fits you, it seems." the creature spoke to me, even though I knew sound didn't travel through space well.

"Who... What are you?" I replied, and gaped as I grasped my throat in amazement that I was doing it to, my voice didn't echo like this one's was.

"I am Gaia's chief guardian, weapon to the thirteen trees."

I gaped, knowing that there was only one personage who could claim such a role.

"Pseudodrake?" and he nodded. "Go to Antarctica. I will create further instruction for you there."

And he turned completely around with a speed that defied physics for something so large, and spreading his wings, dove into the atmosphere, disappearing from sight as he did.

Swallowing, I hovered there for a moment, waving idly in the stellar winds before I too dove and made way for the coldest region on Earth...

I was as tall as a three hundred story building. Not exactly the tallest thing on Earth, especially in comparison to the Starlight Tower, but it was a good size... And I felt, in a word, powerful.

Landing on an ice flow that must be no less than three miles thick, I folded the majestic wings against my back, the ethereal feathers being drawn into the sheathes while it and all the smaller wings and finds and pylons and engines formed a grand overlapping and bladed pack-like thing that wrapped around my spine and tail like the ends of a bug's wing covers.

Long Antennae dangled from my head like a pair of coiling braids while I waited... And I waited... And I waited. In comparison to the coldness of space, Antarctica was rather warm...

Till at long last I sat, looking around me at the timeless landscape, knowing that there was a colony of white cheetah's somewhere around here, and their Millennium tree that was buried somewhere beneath the ice.

"I had no idea that this is what the trees had planned for you, Xilimyth." a voice said, and I looked sideways and gaped at the fact that Lord Pseudodrake was actually sitting on my shoulder. I always had to look up to him, and here he was, small enough that he was like a small dragonling on my shoulder.

"I..." I began, and my voice echoed through the land before I shut it. Pseudo held up a hand and I quieted myself.

"This is both an honor and a curse that you've been given, Xilimyth, to be a planetary weapon and yet still be conscious and aware of yourself. Most weapons are locked up inside the Earth and left there till they're needed. I'm certain I don't need to tell you that with great power also comes great responsibility."

I nodded my head.

"Good." He responded and leaned forward. "Then I'll also warn you that with absolute power also comes absolute responsibility." I blanched. "You do understand that?" I nodded immediately. "Then you accept the responsibility?" and again I nodded. "Good."

"You're being given to Leaf. Tre'Ent thinks she's old enough to use you now... And though this may not be the best way to explain it, think of it as a daddy entrusting his little girl with a gun as he sends her away to college in order to protect herself."

I nodded slowly.

"Good... Now... Lesson one," and he smirked. "How to store all that power, and return to all those who you love."

Post-Documentation: Epilogue

Lord Pseudodrake called the Inner Circle of the Dragon Council upon his return and informed us all of the changes that have occurred to Lord – now Lady – Xilimyth.

Lady Xilimyth was then presented to us, not a lean, wispy male, but a hulking, powerful female-hermaphrodite who fully and wholeheartedly was embracing hir new gender without consternation or abandon.

Shi looked... Happy.

What was sickening, however, is that Lord Sage's predictions upon the final result were nearly completely correct... At least all the biological constructs were there, it was the technological ones that he couldn't predict, and those sat upon Xilimyth like an ornate holy raiment.

After improvements and re-introductions were done, Xilimyth went and did something that I don't think I could manage to do, and that was to walk right up to Aries himself, look him in the eye, and folding hir arms and palming hir hips, shi said:

"I'm not afraid of you."

And I was the one that Aries liked. He only respected Pseudo – I think – and he tolerated Neo, but he liked me and I would've never had thought to do that to Aries.

To which Aries's reply was short and to the point.

"That's because I've never given you real reason to fear me." he smirked and then turned to leave with the rest of us.

I think it was a tempering thing for Xilimyth, it made hir brave, and also helped hir to realize that those that Aries didn't like, were no longer alive. All in all, the re-introduction gave me a fundamental pleasure of being the first to examine and administer a physical to Xilimyth.

Shi was very open now, and didn't even mind the hernia test on hir genitalia, and I found that like with myself, Kirii and Aysyx, much of the physical exam was possible simply by hooking a cable up to hir and downloading specs.

Genetics, power levels, everything... While full spectrum scans allowed for aura reading and such. Hir Infinity Wave, I found, after all the scans were completed, was a complete sphere. It was only a fraction of the size of Pseudodrake's, but it was nonetheless a full sphere. Within hir realm of influence covered by hir spectacular powers shi had ultimate control over hir reality. Shi could choose to become male or female, shi chose to remain as shi was, but what was more were some of the more spectacular discoveries I was able to make.

-Doctress Lady Evelyn Runeblade
Inner Circle of Dragons
Aspect of Fire

"You're fertile." I said as I positioned myself on a stool the size of a water tower.

"Well that's good... Kirii I'm sure will want more kits." Xilimyth replied.

Shi was powered down completely, and was in mostly flesh right now with hir armored back and wings as shi pulled on a shirt to cover himself with.

"You don't understand Xilimyth. You're one hundred percent fertile... Both male and female." I corrected, turning to hir with my hand palming the engorged belly caught between ribs and hips. My vaginal mound was distending and I'd settled into a remarkable calm as of late, and I had the desire to seek privacy all the time... It meant that my birthing time was very near. Days away... but like all things, my curiosity overruled absolutely every other want, need, desire or even instinct I had.

Xilimyth paused, one arm through an arm hole and hir head partially through the neck hole as shi looked at me, then finishing pulling on the top to hem in hir four largest breasts shi leaned forward and stared at me.

"So what you're telling me is..."

I smirked at hir and continued fondling my babies. "It means, Xilimyth... That you can become pregnant." I let that thought settle in. "You have a heat and a rut cycle that alternate with each other, so depending upon the cycle, you can either rut or heat up to four times a year."

"Heh... All this focus on sex." shi mentioned and then rose, hir nads and phallus slightly disgorged from hir insides were pressed lightly against hir thighs before shi summoned a bikini bottom large enough to contain hir groin and slipped into it. I noted that it had a thong.

"So... What are you going to do now?" I asked. "This is a whole new life for you, and in comparison to living as a male for five thousand years, living as a woman for nearly a month and then turning into a chimera-hermaphrodite must be strange for you."

"I'll manage." shi said. "I feel more at ease and more comfortable with myself than I ever remembered being, and I'm not the sorted little weakling anymore... I'm strong!" and shi flexed both hir arms, hir other pair folded inside herself, and I was impressed as hir biceps and triceps and forearms engorged more than ten times over as shi held those arms to either side of hir greatly horned head. "Sexy and alluring like a female, and I can still call myself a husband and a father."

"So, you're going to return to your wife then?"

"Eventually, but there's a few errands I need to run along the way. And then... I want nothing more than to lie naked with hir for a year or two."

I smiled as shi stepped away but then paused at the door, kicking the floor with the toes of one foot, hir naked bottom tensing beneath hir thick tail before shi turned elegantly to look at me over hir arm and wing shoulders.

"There's something I'd like to know, Eve..." shi asked then.

"Yes?"

"What's it like... Being pregnant?"

I smiled and then rose to my feet and stretched long and hard as I planted the tips of my wings against the ground.

"It's an experience that would take far longer than just a statement or two to discuss, Xilimyth, and forgive me, but I tire easily now. But if this is a question that you must know, then might I suggest two things?"

Shi nodded.

"Ask Kirii... Or... If you dare... Try it yourself."

Shi smiled and then looking down, hir smile broadened as shi caressed hir tight abdomen. "I just might do that. Bye!" and with a wave shi was gone, leaving me and my ultra muscular and sexual body heaving with the weight of my brood inside me.

I think... Now would be a good time for a nap.

The Dragon's Tower, the seat of draconic power on Earth, was located with its front door facing the Shangri-La Valley, which was surrounded by the largest mountain range on Earth, the Himalayas.

Flying to the west and slightly toward the south, I flew with the subtle aid of the multitude of rockets and jets and such that were on my body at a leisurely pace. I was barely going past mach three. After a time, I came to the village of Holt, and descending in my oasis, where the water here was still white from my fluids, and would probably remain that way for an age or two, I decided to leave it be.

I wanted the people here to be strong and powerful, as a testament to the place where I was reborn, but also... I decided to make their lives easier as well.

It was there that I started to diminish, blades and wings and scales and armor reducing rapidly as I halved in size every few seconds, till I was a regular looking seven foot tall werecheetah. Were *king* cheetah that is. My clothes had resized upon me, but despite my reduction, I still had powerful muscles and incredibly immense breasts while I jogged to Holt. It was night here, and most of the people here were asleep.

The conjoined sexes between either muscular thigh throbbed briefly, bulging outward slightly as I lifted a hand high in the air, and without uttering words of power or anything like I used to need to do, I summoned a level and a grade of spell I'd never thought I would've been capable of in a million years.

My chest broke open on a myriad of cracks, the Heart Stone there shining red along with my eyes and the power that was surging through me as my shirt stretched across the opening and the already enormous bosom and chest, and several layers of magical circles were formed beneath me before their power exploded outward, an angry red seething along the ground for hundreds of miles in every direction.

And as I started walking toward the entrance to the Den saplings and plants began to grow everywhere in and around Holt, with plant life of all sorts raging upward quickly and come morning, this portion of the Savannah would be an extension to the Congo that was several hundred miles wide that would literally grow overnight.

Leona slept quietly in her bed chamber. She reminded me of Kirii, and what I wanted to share with Kirii right now, but that would have to wait.

She was a massive nine foot tall lioness, with a pair of billowing mammaries that were firm and arousing, and a voluminous sex that acted as the gateway to a rather wide bowl of her womb. She would be a grand and powerful matriarch, but if left to herself, she would never realize that fate. And so mentally keeping her asleep, I bent low and kissed her muscular twelve-pack that was laden with all its arousing nipples before palming her belly and force feeding her a mote of the sexual power I possessed right now. A moment later she gasped and rose from sleep.

I sat back, and even caressed her face, but she didn't regard me even as I did that. I made myself invisible to her mind. And then her breathing deepened, and after it deepened it quickened, and with a moan she shook her head and the short mane of hair she had before she spread her legs and began to please herself, rubbing her cunt and diddling her clit till a sloppy moisture exuded from her. As she started to pant with passion, her firm breasts filled with milk and her musculature started to tighten and engorge.

I made her heat a hundred times more potent than it was just a moment ago, and to her it felt as if the violence of a heat that had been avoided constantly for half her life had just exploded and demanded of her to perpetuate the species. Such a condition happened often among Lycan females of all the breeds... a potency that only we shapeshifters ever possessed and the animals in which we looked like never did. And with a tumultuous roar that echoed with how much she was in heat, she rolled forward and leapt outward into the Den on all fours, roaring again as she went on the hunt for a male.

The thing about a heat that was that violent was that one's body and mind conspired against your own consciousness to perpetuate the species. A female would seek out the most viably potent male with the strongest traits – not necessarily physical ones – that would make the strongest babies. One's own memories were searched by the body to think about who should be most preferable. Even mild crushes became passionate loving embraces and sloppy, violent sex in order to make a person pregnant, and rising from her bed, palming my belly again, I left the room to my next errand.

There was a female that Lioli had a crush on. She was a sorceress...

Delving into her mind, I excited her, and manipulated her so that she walked quietly under my control into his room where he was studying still. Studying... always studying. If left to his own devices then he'd never find a mate.

There was a mild attraction for him as well in her, and so making her pause in his doorway till he turned around upon sensing her presence, seeing her but not me, she smiled and purred in anticipation, her hands lifting and spreading open the gown she wore to stand naked before him.

And then I let her go.

I couldn't force her to do this, and though her memory was dazed at first as she looked around, wondering where she was, she suddenly saw Lioli and blanched.

And then Lioli, as the hopeless romantic that he was, said the first thing that she wanted to hear, but never thought of herself.

"You're so beautiful." he said, thinking she was there, choosing him during a heat.

"Do you think so? Is... Is this body desirous to you?"

She was feminine, not strong. So I enhanced those, making her taller slightly, with a narrower waist and larger breasts.

"It does. Why... Why did you come here?"

"I don't know. It seemed like the right thing to do. I... Wanted you to see me as this, I wanted you to desire me."

"I do." he said and rose, approaching her.

"Really? I'm not... Ugly?"

"No!" Lioli said immediately. "You look... Perfect."

She smiled and I smiled, watching this happening from the corner of his room, remaining invisible to both of them, and I watched them kiss... And then I watched them make out... And then I watched Lioli take her to his bed and mate with her I left.

She was in heat too, by the way, just so the rest of you know, and as I rose to leave, I heard Leona's roar of pleasure as she apparently found the male who would impregnate her.

And then there was Babasti... The woman who'd become the mother I never knew.

She looked to me as I entered, Blackthorne sleeping upon her lap while she palmed her belly and purred for her lord. She didn't say a single thing to me as I approached her, and then kneeling on the side of her bed, I bent low and kissed her belly, blessing the union that was inside her between she and Blackthorne.

Then looking up at her, a look of wanting on my face, she smiled and nodded, and bending forward while I palmed her belly, I kissed one of her nipples and gently began to suck her sweet, sweet milk.

I stuck around long enough to witness the aftermath of my actions, to possibly correct it if something were to go wrong, but I was pretty sure I got everything right.

So as I was sitting up in one of the new trees that had grown in town while the rain continued to fall upon it, I whistled lightly as I carved a piece of spare wood using nothing more than my sharp claws when a small group of people approached me.

"I'm pregnant." Leona said without further preamble, her body appearing as a heaving and ripped female as she, her brother Lioli and the Magistrate appeared, the Magistrate looking like he'd been sampling the local water supply lately.

"So is a woman named Sheila... By me."

"So is half the female populace in town." the Magistrate stated. "Not to mention that we're having an unseasonable stint of rain, intermixed with an unnatural level of plant growth."

Putting the wood down and turning to them with a sly expression on my face, I answered all their statements.

"Congratulations, congratulations, and I don't think calling it unnatural would be such a good idea."

"How do you think that?" the Magistrate said haughtily and fingered his gun in its holster.

"*Unnatural*' usually brings people in who don't like unnatural. Those people will do atrocities such as murder your people, burn the trees down, and subject other people to torturous physical examination and so on. So instead I suggest you use the statement that had been nailed to the front door of the admin building."

"What notice?" Leona asked.

"The one stating about the African Forestation Project... To extend the breadth of the forests on Earth and to help the environment by adding more oxygen enriching plant life to the African Biozone." The Magistrate said stone-faced. "And who should we say brought on this fantastic occurrence?" the Magistrate asked.

"Does the note say who claims it?" I asked and went back to carving the wood.

"No."

"Then no body claims it."

"And what of all the other... Uncharacteristic things that have happened around here? The muscle growth, the sexual enhancements, the sudden baby boom?"

"A time of plenty can do all those things, Magistrate."

"And what of my pregnancy, Xilimyth?" Leona asked. "Was that your doing?"

"Or Sheila's?" Lioli added.

"I can be blamed for introducing the situation, but not the result. The two of you did precisely what you would've done in such a situation. Now ask yourselves... Are you happy?"

They looked at each other.

"Yes." they answered me together.

"Then why question it, enjoy it. This village will see countless ages of prosperity because what has happened here over the past few weeks. Your children will be strong; you shall almost always know plenty and have water, and the safety and the enrichment of the trees. I think that those things are something to protect, don't you?"

They all fell silent.

"Now then, while I'm here... What do you wish of me? I must return home soon."

"If... You'll come to a banquet?" Leona smirked. "We have some marriages and some matters to handle, but we would love to have you near to celebrate the wonderful things that have become of us, and I would have my champion present."

I smirked and hopped out of the tree.

"Your wish is my command."

There was a volcano that was visible to all, because it was one of the most active volcanoes in the world. Possessing the fortitude to actually survive in liquid hot magma, I dove into the lava from a high altitude to avoid detection, and swam downwards into the liquid chambers diving deep, deep under the Earth's crust, miles under it even, till I found the opening I was looking for, and swam through it.

Even I didn't know of this place's location till now, it was closely guarded by the lords of dragonkind and only the king's and queens knew of it's location. Now that I was considered a King, I guess, because I was

the one in the relationship with a penis, I was granted access to this holy sepulcher of dragonkind... A place known only as The Vault.

Not to be mistaken with the Black Vault, The Vault was a treasure trove that held the accumulated wealth of Dragonkind prior to the age of the credit and the invention of finance, in which the wealth of a dragon was now in the worth of the information they had instead of actual gold, gems and jewels they accumulated as a horde.

As such, the chamber I entered into contained the greatest of draconic secrets, the greatest of our artifacts, knowledge and powers, and yes of course... The totality of the race's wealth.

In the history of rumored treasures, like the treasure of King Midas, or King Nimrod, or the treasure from that Treasure of the Templars movie, or even the treasure the leprechauns were reputed to have, this was many, many, *many* times more vast... than all of them combined.

Stepping forward, never feeling so clean in my life now that all the dirt and grime had been burned off me. Stepping forward, I brushed soot off me and looked upon the grand treasure trove.

The magical powers of this chamber were absolute. I was granted by Pseudo, Neo and Aries to step into this room for one purpose and one purpose only.

"Greetings." there came an echoing voice as a glittering entity surrounded by twisting spell circles appeared before me. She was slender and beautiful, a female dragoness robed in glittering robes that appeared to be made of diamond dust. She had no name, it was lost long before even Pseudodrake was born... she had only a title.

"You're The Librarian?" I asked, standing before a creature that looked rather feminine and lovely wrapped within her white raiment.

"I am. You bear the token?"

I stared at her. I was told that this was most important by Pseudo himself. I had to present the token, or else the defenses of this room... Well... Just to put it simply, Pseudo, Neo and even Aries combined wouldn't dare to stand against this chamber's defenses.

Lifting my hand, I presented a token to her in the form of a spell circle of incredible complexity, that directly before her, and only before her, the various geometrical symbols immediately locked into place and formed a definable symbol.

Before I could see what it formed, she reached out and took it, and the thing became a part of her.

"What is the command that you've been authorized to give me?"

A second warning from Pseudo. The token bore the command as well. I had to speak the command as it was written verbatim... or else trigger the defenses of The Vault.

"I have been recognized as the first of my kind. I have mated with a female, and she has my seed in her, to which she is perpetuating our clan. I claim the right to form my own clan, and the name of that Clan... Is The Aile."

Aile. It was Kirii's idea. It meant nothing else in the world but the kind of dragons we were. The Librarian nodded.

"So be it." she said, and turning, she spread her four arms wide, and cast a level of magic that was so advanced that it made the best of what I knew seem the dabbling play of neophytes!

Treasure rose, incredible treasure even, all of it disintegrating into dust, and then reintegrating rapidly into a shape laden with runes and symbols and shapes, till a golden orb that I was willing to bet was perfectly spherical with elements of PI that could be calculated billions of decimals outward and a number in width that had a number ending with a zero billions of decimal places after the whole number appeared before her, which she reached out, took from the air, and then turned to me and presented it to me in all reverence.

I took it, and held it, tilting it from side to side.

This was the paramount of all draconic magic. It was a libram, a power focus and a measurement of my would-be rank amidst the council.

"I'm required to ask you what I do with it." I asked, facing the librarian.

"You are to take it inside you." she said, and blinking at her and looking at the orb, I tried to determine how I could do that, and only one thing occurred to me.

And so standing with legs apart and pressing it between the firm and bulbous pair of labia with their hard testis over them, I pressed it inside me.

"Ah..." The Librarian began as I found it slipping into my body rather easily, and I bit my lower lip, feeling my innards automatically lubricating for it while the muscles worked to suck it in me.

My cervix parted, and the orb slipped deep enough inside me to enter my womb. It was still strange for me to know I even had a womb now, but I cherished it nonetheless.

"What was that?" I asked, and then shivered and jostled minutely, my eyes flickering as I felt a micro orgasm erupt inside me and a trickle of nectar slide from inside me.

"You're meant to eat it..." she smirked at me.

"Really?" I looked down and blushed before snapping my head back to her before I gripped my belly. "Was that bad?"

"No... But humorous, and definitely different, though not as different as the Fairy Dragon who managed to shove it up his anus."

"Ow." I said aloud, thinking of how small Fairy Dragons were, but then I felt a gurgling inside me, and I palmed my belly. "B-but... What will this do?"

"I can openly state that I don't know for certain," she said with a wry smirk. "Though I'm certain it'll be entertaining." and she disappeared, her form disintegrating and separating into brilliant motes of light that scattered in every direction.

And then I felt another gurgling, and then another, before there was a heaving orgasm inside me that spilt an explosion of my juices from me even as my maleness disgorged and started to erect. Might was immediately pushing into my body, power was driving its way into my mind and soul, and collapsing to the ground in the rising throes of my arousal, I felt this basic shape of mine suddenly start to violently transform!

A king or a queen of a clan had to be decorated as such, and so from the array of the Crown of Horns that a Dragon possessed, billowing knobs formed all up and down my skull, just before long curving horns flared

from the back of my head and down into my spine. Many of those horns thickened and lengthened, nearly all of them became sharp and overlapping.

A king had to be strong...

I... really didn't think I could become any stronger than I was now. I had three Dragini in me, and a stellar weapon core, and all those hypernites... What happened now, even to my base form, made me disgorge and harden, thickening repeatedly over and over to the point where the thickness of my chest muscles began to swallow my tits.

Biceps and triceps billowed forward and backward, back muscles engorged and flared, the muscle hump lengthening while neck and middle and tail all lengthened and then flared the whole of me wider. Legs and all four arms grew longer and stronger, with quads of either thigh erupting into immaculate sizes, and to make matters worse, I was growing so thick and hard that I could barely move...

But then like bundles of tightly woven rubber bands, those muscles all suddenly snapped and disgorged, and I just sloughed apart and mutated into whole new muscle groups, with billowing bands of muscle arrived everywhere with the creases between the muscles deepening into deep crevices. But also, I felt my prick strengthening as well, the muscles of that phallus billowing outward and lengthening that dork I had, while the twin sacks of nads filled absolutely to their brims with semen.

A queen had to be beautiful...

When I felt those powers assailing me, I gurgled and shook my head, just before the labia behind the testis thickened suddenly, my hips widened and every tit lining my body suddenly engorged so violently that the primary and secondary pairs slapped the ground.

Snarling with pleasure I shot a long lance of ejaculate from my dick and reared, growling and shaking my head from side to side violently, my many horns and spines and plumage clacking against each other as even more muscle rippled across me to smooth out the hardened male musculature and make it appear more feminine.

A King or a Queen had to be powerful...

And inside me I felt my chest heaving outward as a blossom of power fueled the furnace that was the stellar weapon core that was inside me, just before lone spines broke from my arms and legs, hardening me, making me stronger and more dangerous. Claws sharpened and lengthened, teeth hardened like diamonds, and I snarled yet again and bonded to the Earth through this new power. The whole of the world shook from my strength as I became something more.

Every basic function that was in me was enhancing, and my mind was assailed with magical and psychic knowhow that was reserved only for the gods of dragonkind, the kings and queens that were greater than royalty even. My fire burned hotter, my power grew as I swelled with heavier and heavier musculature, in essence hulking out, while my sexual power grew and blossomed and billowed.

And then I rose and fell onto my heels, and clutched at my navel where it was all happening, feeling my power there growing, my sexual power, right before my belly started to fill and bowl outward.

A deep reservoir was gathering in me as my belly engorged itself, spreading widely between ribs and pelvis, the belly button turning outward, and as I looked down at it, my breasts engorging with milk as they were forced to rest over that swelling belly, I realized that I was experiencing all nine months of emotions and the power of feminine growth that happened during pregnancy!

And then there came birth... And in a rush a flush of water broke from me. But it wasn't water, but rather a fierce orgasm that spilt all that ejaculate onto the ground while that swollen navel immediately compressed, flushing more power inside me, making me stronger and wiser... Empowering both fatherhood and motherhood inside me till I was left seething on the ground, weeping that the emotions I'd just felt weren't real.

And then, after a long time of coping with the changes, I rose empowered and made anew and looked at my hands while palming my belly with one of the four hands I had, rubbing it.

This was my last task, the last thing I needed to do in order to make my family an actual viable clan. And with that task finished, now was the time for me to return home and choose my Queen.

I am Kirii, formerly Kirii La'Fond.

I was awoken by the sound of a flute, and opening my eyes, wiping the sleep from them; I rose and blinked for a moment before following the sound, remaining naked and open while I moved into the living room and checked the sound entertainment system, but found that that wasn't the cause.

And then I looked and beheld a shape on the grand floor that was the south balcony, and stepping toward the shape, I paused and smiled as I saw a feathered Aile dragoness with a bulging pouch between hir legs, with spots and back stripes, and soft fur with all hir armor and wings and such folded into hir body. Shi was playing a long flute.

I waited till shi was finished before speaking.

"I didn't know you played." I said quietly.

"I... Kinda just figured it out." Xilimyth said as I approached daintily despite my immaculate strength and the bulbous swelling of my belly.

"Did you. So, my siren, why did you call me from my dreams?"

"Because I desired my muse." shi smirked, and when I came near, hir hands slid immediately upon my swollen navel, and shi bent low to kiss the flesh of that tummy and caress it, while one of hir four hands found my tit and massaged it before another of the remaining three slid around my belly, over a hip and gripped a firm butt cheek of mine.

I murred. Shi was so sexual, so powerful, so ripped. It made me aroused just being in hir presence. It was odd to feel hir immense breasts pressing against my own breasts and belly, hir nipples glancing off my nipples, but while shi caressed me, I murred for hir, and then started to purr. Especially when I felt hir naked phallus start sliding along my underside.

"I missed you... so much." I moaned and wept tears, and shi slid hir cheek against my tummy.

"How much is so much?" shi smirked, and resting hir head on my belly, looked up at me between the gap between both breasts.

"Enough that I was about to go drag you home by the ears." I told hir, just before shi rose, and as shi did, shi picked me up in hir four arms and carried me to our bed.

There shi laid me down, and helping me to lift both knees, shi then spread those legs apart, knelt before me, and immediately started to lick me into an orgasm.

And that was way, way before shi even stuck me with that massive dork of hir's.

I'd never been so sated before. The best I could explain it was being loved by a woman who knew exactly where every last point of pleasure on me was, but then touched me with the caressing loving touches that only a husband and a man could manage to do. It was like my Xili had become many times more potent sexually... Hundreds of times more potent really, like a master of the carnal arts.

I felt so sated and happy, euphoric even, and shi wore me out.

Standing naked on the edge of the house, I felt also an incredible peace throughout the world again, as if everything was in a word... Perfect.

"So he's back... I mean shi's back." Iridium stated behind me suddenly, and turning, not bothering to cover myself up, still naked and slightly disheveled from all the love-making we'd done last night, I smiled at hir.

"Yes." I said and turned to hir. "Very much so. Thank you so much for sticking around, you're welcome any time you need a friend."

"What if I want more than just a friend?" shi asked me with a certain degree of hope as shi approached, shi naked and bare as well as she came to stand before me. Automatically we joined two of each other's hands together, standing close enough where my belly pressed against hir belly, and hir breasts pressed against my breasts.

"A lover?" I asked hir, and shi nodded.

"This... is a good family. I am a mother, a sister a lover... I can be whatever you want me to be. Anything Xili wants me to be. I have to come back though, teach hir a think or two about hir new gender, but... I want... more than just friendship."

"I won't stop you, Iridium." I said quietly, and stepping closer to hir, I took hir hands and gave them a squeeze. "But... I... Can't share you with hir at the same time. Not yet anyways. But I'll always love you like a sister."

Iridium smiled so happily as shi embraced me with hir other two arms, kissing my cheek and snugging me.

"It'll do." shi mused and then stepping back held me apart from hir. Even as far as we were apart from one another our breasts were still pressed against each other. "And I'll give forewarning. I want to love hir too, but shi's your mate.

"But for now I think it's best if I leave the two of you alone for awhile. After all that's happened, it's best that you and hir have each other alone for awhile."

"Thank you." I smiled. "But where's Miki?"

"She left last night. Left a message that she would be willing to be a hand maiden again when the kitlings are born. She says she's a full qualified mid-wife as well."

I smiled. She came quietly and left quietly, here when I needed her and nothing more.

"I'll think about it."

"See you then." Iridium said and hugged me again. "Call me... When you have time."

"I will." and we snuggled each other again before Iridium turned, waved goodbye, hopped off the balcony and flew away, his great leathery wings down-beating heavily while I watched him disappear at the head of the valley before I turned, paused for a moment, thought about my Xili and realized that we were alone in the house.

Lifting a hand then, I started caressing my tit, a purr escaping my throat as I stepped toward the bedroom, and parting the sliding doorway and standing framed there for a moment, holding the doors open while I cradled my tummy and then fondled my sex with the other two hands, I looked upon Xili as she slept soundly in the great bed we had.

She laid with two hands above his head, another on his belly and the fourth spread to his side where I'd been using that great muscular arm of his as a pillow just recently, with his great mammarys standing on end against his chest; great bulbous things that were swollen with his milk. I felt my nipples erect hard, milk leaking from me as my vaginal lips tightened in anticipation as I looked downward to see his unsheathed phallus and his slightly deflated nads, with the long slab of beef hanging over one of his thighs, with one leg upraised and fanned open away from the other.

My breathing quickened as I came to the edge of the bed, and sitting there before his legs, I reached down and handled his deflated prick, massaging it lightly with that one hand and felt it immediately start erecting very rapidly.

And I stood back, one leg on the bed as I fondled him, watching as he erected amidst the hand job I was giving him, his prick rising into an unmitigated, curving muscular tower capped with its flaring head, his thighs spreading wide as his nads swelled rapidly amidst his sleep. She moaned and I murred, not being able to help myself anymore, and leaning inward, flossing that huge wang between my two first sets of breasts, and opening my mouth I started to suck on its tip, purring loudly now before I lowered a hand and stuck two fingers into his pussy, searching for his G-spot to caress and arouse my sweet lady into giving me more of the sweet and sour ejaculate.

And then she spread his legs suddenly, and opening both eyes, I saw him watching me, smiling and purring that draconic cackle-purr. But it was a high-pitched purr of a female as she reached up and caressed my face while I continued drinking his seed.

"You're insatiable." she told me, and then rising, his powerful, muscular engorged body heaving in this movement.

With a gasp as I rose off his prick, his seed slipping from its end to pour over my breasts, I reached out and palmed the tops of her breasts where the impeccable chords of muscle riddled his chest while his tits rolled heavily downward.

"I want you." I groaned, biting my lower lip before sliding forward into his arms, hanging on him and wiggling my lower body while his seed spat onto my navel now to get myself impaled on that mighty spear of his.

She sighed pleasingly, and turning me, she laid me back first on the bed, placed me amidst all the pillows, and with a deft movement penetrated me, pushing slowly nearly to the hilt, his phallus climbing inside me behind my womb so as not to hurt the babies, before she began to slide in and out while watching me lovingly, soothing me and purring in our rising passion.

We were a jumble of arms and breasts and twisted bodies connected by his cock in my pussy, our tails wrapping around each other while she pleased me, and I thought, looking at him, that she looked so happy

and content... even with me... especially with me. Shi had confidence, strength and power... And of course... All that strength and power were focused within hir conjoined sexes.

"I love your breasts..." shi mentioned to me amidst caressing my areola with hir fingertips.

"My breasts? But you got them too now."

"Yeah... But these aren't mine... And you's are so big!"

I smirked, feeling one of her hands upon the malleable hide surrounding the bulbous papilla that was my left primary mammary as shi caressed the flesh and areola, and caressed and massaged instead of pinched my nipple into lactation.

"Well, you carry a litter for twelve or more months and see what happens to your breasts." I cooed, just before shi got me to lactate before kissing that nipple and sucking my excess off. Oh yes... All while shi continued throttling my already sopping wet pussy with that huge dork of hir's.

"Maybe I'll try it some time." shi smirked and I blinked at hir. "Lady Eve says I'm fully fertile... both male and female. A true Chimera-Hermaphrodite she called me. I can be the one with babies in me."

"Oh no! I get to be the one with babies!" I laughed teasingly. "Or at least for now." and then I looked to hir smiling face and then grasped hir cheeks with both hands. "Maybe... But who'd do it? I don't know who I'd be willing to let you become pregnant by. I most certainly can't do it. I want all our babies to be *our* babies."

"Iridium, maybe?" shi responded, and I arched myself as a particular orgasmic clenching riddled through my bodice from hir powerful phallus inside my body.

"After some time..." I sighed in the elation of hir grand sexual prowess. "But promise me you won't till we talk about it first. All three of us."

"I promise." shi returned without even thinking about it. Very unlike a male. And with that the discussion was over.

We continued making love for the rest of that morning, softly, gently, and it was an age before Xili finally came into me... Such virility! And even after that, shi continued pleasuring me off and on for the rest of the day, and all of it was new and exciting! Kinky even...

And when we weren't making love, we were cuddling each other or bathing together or playing or walking... always in close proximity. That was until my kitty Kismet started having her babies.

"Aries..." a voice said, and I turned to see Pseudodrake stepping into my darkness from the light, and I turned to face him and bowed my head immediately.

"Yes Lord Pseudodrake." I mentioned.

"Must you be so formal, my old friend?" he asked me.

"My lord, I am indebted to you more than any other dragon in existence. I would be ungrateful should I not honor your very presence."

"It still makes me feel slightly uncomfortable, Aries... I would prefer you to call me in the familiar, but I won't force you."

"Yes my lord." I said and bowed again.

"I wanted to thank you for your actions in helping Lady Xilimyth's transition into her current form... and for supporting, at least secretly, her ascension with her wife into actual clan status. Your vote of course, always brings with it a degree of *'respect.'* "

"Others would call that fear, my lord." Aries said quietly. "I'm not necessarily the most favored of all dragons. I know they still accuse me as being the eventual end of the world."

"That remains to be seen, Aries. The book of Revelations doesn't necessarily put names to the four horsemen, and always remember that the book states four horsemen, not four dragons, will end the world, and their riders are supposedly angels and the Christ Lord Himself."

"Yes of course, my lord." I bowed a third time, but this time Pseudo raised a hand to my shoulder and stopped me half way before he embraced me like a brother.

"You're my strongest supporter, Aries, as well as my eldest friend. I hate it when people bow and scrape and placate themselves, most especially to me. You don't have to."

"No... I don't. But I want to." I said quietly, and I bowed my head instead, and Pseudo sighed.

"I understand." He managed and smiled at me. He was one of the few people who ever smiled at me anymore. "But nonetheless, I wanted to thank you for your support in this time of need. May I tell them that you helped?"

"No. Like you... I don't want thanks for those things that I do, but unlike you, I am more subtle in my dealings."

Pseudo smirked. "Are you sure? I'm certain that they would love to both give you a great big hug." he teased, and I smirked only briefly.

"And that... is why I don't want thanks my lord." I said soundly. "Suffice it to say that I've done my duty." and I started walking away.

"Are you buying tokens to get into heaven, Aries?" Pseudo asked quietly and I stopped immediately and turned to look at him over my shoulder.

"I don't need to, my lord. After what I've seen and done, not even hell holds any surprises for me, and if need be, I will challenge God himself and burn the gates of heaven down should I be kept from my love."

"Some would call that blasphemy."

"I call it the truth. But I don't think such things will be needed. A being wrongly accused, only looking for his love... When I get that far, Lord Pseudodrake, I expect to find angels singing my praise and the gates spread wide open for me."

After my conversation with Aries, and finding myself with some time where there were no calamities approaching, everything was made right in the world again, and I was standing around with nothing important to do, I journeyed then to the deepest alcove of the Dragon's Tower. It was down into a place

where only a handful of dragons could go – not just because they weren't allowed to go, but simply because they weren't strong enough to go – and entered into a secret and sealed nook that only I could go. The very world itself could close this gate if she wanted to, and so far... only I was given passage.

There was no one else in the world allowed passed this gateway of rock and stone, where a hole a mile deep and only just large enough for me opened, spiraling downward and opening up into a cavernous room. It was here in this cavern where the most precious things to me on Earth existed.

No, they weren't gold or gems or jewels, not water or even information... no... instead this was the life stream of Gaia herself. It was a chord of living crystal in which flowed an energy so fine that not even pure electrons couldn't sufficiently be considered fine enough flowed through the bio-morphic rock. And encased or rather ensnared by the rock, laid that which was most precious to me.

The Queen of all Dragons, my mate, Marialahana.

Ages ago, long, long before human civilization began even its first leg of supremacy, I'd claimed this supple, feminine creature, who'd become the very first female of all Dragondom to develop the ability to procreate internally without the use of eggs. She naturally developed what all other dragons had to force evolve into... a fully blown mammal with an internal reproductive process instead of a reptile's method of laying eggs. At the time... she was unique... coveted. The appearance of mammalian breasts sparked something off in the minds of every male dragon of the time, myself included. Some underlying need or desire similar to not having been breast fed at all in our lives attracted us to the draca with those intensely enormous and multiple mammaries.

Her father, former Grand Chancellor of the Dragon Council, meant her as a prize for the first King of Dragonkind. That was originally to be the dragon Kain, but also my twin brother and myself were viable contenders for her hand. Though we all loved her, I and my brother were the ones that she loved... She just couldn't choose between the two of us.

A long story short, Bane attempted to kill me and my twin, and my twin who'd always been stronger gave up his life to save me, and the two of us merged. We later brought Kain to justice for what he'd done, which became the ultimate catalyst that formed the Dragon Council as it was now, with a rather short line of kings and emperors governing it, but it also fueled the catalyst which eventually gave rise to the Dragon Slayers, The Panzer Dragons being the separated guardians of dragonkind, and of course... Aries.

But, in my needs to govern and be strong and to hold the weight of the world, I had to grow stronger, and I unwittingly left Maria behind me. Her vaunted prowess of being the first to be able to conceive children and bare them and give birth to them as live kits was never realized, being that she was too weak of a specimen to bear the seed of my fruit, and she'd never allow herself to bare another dragon's child. Her power which became the basis of our entire race's evolution was never to be due to accident and pride.

Till she made the ultimate sacrifice. I asked her not to, but she wanted a baby so much that she merged with the Aether Streams that were in this crystal vein at the behest of the Earth Mother herself, to draw enough power to actually meet me at a level needed to bare my children inside her womb.

Ten thousand years of loneliness have passed for me, ten thousand years of ultimate celibacy that no other creature in the history of our world could ever claim, even Draco and Leviathan had psychic sex once every few centuries, but to be faithful to my mate, I'd not ever done more than kiss the forehead or cheek of a female for all this time that she'd been in Gaia's womb.

And now that I looked upon her, I swallowed and realized exactly how much more of her had been revealed since I was away helping Xilimyth realize hir fate.

A year of giving birth... This was what it took for the planet to make my love reborn, and centimeter by centimeter, more and more of her is revealed, till I looked upon my angel and swallowed as my libido rose within me.

I cannot tell you how much I desired her right now. I could not inform any of you as to the unmitigated feeling of being backed up for so long felt, and there before you was the flesh and bones of your most precious love, and all you could do was touch her. But touch her I did... And stepping up to her, my imperious layers of body armor melting away, I pressed against her bodice which had pressed even further from the womb, baring more of her silken flesh, and I held on to her as much as I dared to.

She had a heart beat that was quickening every day, and now her dual hearts, encased deep inside her engorged mammaries throbbed twice per minute now, and I found myself purring at that sound. She'd soon wake up, and though it irked me to do so, I had to consign myself to waiting a little while longer.

But stepping back, seeing her body in an angelic position, her horns and mane spread about her like a halo, her wings flared and arms spread wide, while her thighs were pressed together and parts of her tail having appeared wrapping around those thighs, I noted that more of the softer feminine parts were no longer covered by the crystalline womb that encased her, leaving a slender strip directly over her distended vaginal mound.

Lifting a hand and sliding both fingers around the twin dimples of her pelvis, I got her to coo and actually move a little, her mobility returning now too, and she twisted and tucked her legs together automatically while milk leaked from her breasts.

Soon she and I would be together, and licking the milk off her many swollen breasts, I nuzzled her breasts, caressed and cajoled them, and then heard something else deep inside her chest.

A purr.

Looking up at her, hearing that purr for the first time since I could remember, I actually wept. Seeing that the fingers of one hand had been released, I feathered my fingers with them and compressed her breasts together into a pillowing mound, caressing her belly with one hand and laid my head against her bosom.

I knew not if she could hear or feel any of this, but nonetheless, holding onto her, I purred with her.

Months Later...

I floated in space at a lunar orbit... well outside the atmosphere of the earth where there was absolutely no air to speak of. My life functions were being maintained purely by the energy I carried with me, which was as great as that held by the sun itself. The roiling churning power warmed me, helped me to breathe by cycling the air in my lungs, purified my body and helped me reuse waste for as long as I could.

There I waited... thinking, my body in its immense transformed state so that I could survive here.

I think I loved Iridium too. Hir relationship that I shared with hir had transcended very quickly beyond any explanation of friendship or love. Shi and I were linked inexorably. Even if we never had sex again, made love, slept with one another ever again, I'd still love hir... love hir as if shi were a part of myself, and I'd no sooner cast hir away than I would my own arm.

I debated at that moment of asking Kirii on how shi'd feel if I married hir. I loved Kirii first, shi would always be first... which as a female now, or mostly female at least, I understood that a female didn't like to

be treated second. I had no idea how to invite Iridium into our lives... but then if one thought about it... shi already was.

I remembered the last date shi and I had... a date-training session actually. Amidst making out and fondling and petting and eventually being led into sex, Iridium had been appointed on teaching me on the particulars of my new gender... the third gender, the Chimera... a fully fertile she-male. In this universe, shi was the only person like me who could claim that. We'd have to go to the Bahumat Universe to find the next closest Chimera like us, and Iridium has been a she-male far longer than I did.

Kirii honestly didn't mind the relationship, she enjoyed it actually, for whenever I came home I showed her just as much loving as I did Iridium. She called it that I was being more affectionate that I used to be. And that was saying something, she added. But I was learning other things from Iridium as well... including the ability to fully switch into one gender or the other... a trick that no one else could teach me. So imagine Kirii's surprise when shi got a total male one night... or a total female for as long as I could hold the change.

She was a kinky one, and I think I loved her more because of that.

And then I opened my four eyes to see the incoming danger approaching, a huge meteor that was set to land on the Atlantean continent. I powered up then, waiting for it to come, and with a mighty swing of one behemoth arm backward, I thrust it forward and shattered the incoming meteor in one punch, the thing crushing itself immediately from the enigmatic power I now wielded.

A mile long from nose to tail tip now, with wings that flared ten times that, I was an impeccable creature of might. Three layers of armor, and the incredible wing blades, pylons, jets and so on, that made me many times faster than I was before decorated my body. I physically moved across the world faster than others could teleport, and now, I was one of the few dragons in existence that could survive in space.

Flexing my impressive muscles, all the plates on me flaring as I glowed bright and beautiful wherever I was white and terrible and menacing everywhere else that was red and blue, I was an angelic demon that defended the Earth now.

And what was more, now I was being sent on actual missions! I wasn't just a delivery boy. And not just any missions... I was relieving stresses on Lord Pseudodrake, Neo and Aries themselves with my added work. I felt so excited!

I felt useful.

'Beloved.' Kirii's voice said inside my head, and my hearts softened immediately.

'How's my sweet bride doing now?' I cooed to her, and through our connection I sent her feelings of embrace and love, and from her I received... Something alarming.

'It's time...' she said, and I immediately felt a contraction from her, and with a gasp I moved and changed at the same time, and in three seconds I was from an outer lunar position to landing in a reduced form upon the stoop of the landing to the tree house.

Iridium marched up to me and shi and I clasped hands immediately as shi led me inward.

"I came as soon as she called me." Shi mentioned. "Shi didn't want to bother you while you were on a mission, and the moment that Leaf said that you were done..."

"Yes... thank you for being here, Iridium. I cannot thank you for all your help. To Kirii, to me..." and I paused in my steps to draw her in close. "Thank you." And I kissed her lips, she cooing and rubbing my tit before she and I broke and then led me to where Kirii resided.

Sure enough, as I entered the inner portion of the house, I found her in our bedroom, laying back and pillowed upon great mounds of pillows, palming her navel sweetly even as she tensed.

"Am I late?" I asked and went to her, sitting beside her and palming her belly as Iridium came to the other side.

Though Kirii had two partially male individuals to either side of her, we had our penises retracted and our testis completely deflated. This was an act between females. This was the celebration of the glory of femininity. Only girls aloud.

"Can you ever be?" she sighed, laying back and relaxing, still purring. "Ahh... It's a soothing, euphoric feeling, just like Eve said when she had her babies. It's for reasons like these I'm glad that I'm not human any more... But... I'm strangely aroused for some reason."

"Eve got that way too." Miki said as she entered with some blankets. "She said that the mixtures of pleasures counteract the pain of labor, an evolutionary trait dragonesses built into themselves long ago. Otherwise, even birthing a clutch of eggs was hard for a female to do."

Miki put the blankets down and sat beside Iridium, placing a hand on Iridium's billowing thigh, deep enough where her hand was close to Iridium's sex. Sometimes I wondered if Miki was here for us or Iridium... and then I reminded myself that it could still be both.

"Thank you for coming sister," Kirii swooned and reached out for my bond-sister, and Iridium grasped Kirii's hands with two of her own, wrapping an arm around Miki with a third and caressing Kirii's mane with the fourth.

"How far along?" she asked, then.

"You only just arrived?" I asked and Iridium nodded.

"A day by this time." Kirii said. "I only just started having the contractions though. It'll be soon."

I looked upon my wife and lifemate as she laid there... eminent in her feminine power. I mean... there she was... about to birth life... a real power, greater than the ability to destroy things, she was creating life. I was envious of her body that had swollen into phenomenal muscularity, heaving bands of muscle stretched her skin and even tore it open some, but it revealed softer, silken flesh beneath, newer flesh, and it'd made her belly and her breasts and throat and inner thighs and sex soft. Oh so soft... like a baby's skin...

Her belly was a heaving rounded mound, a great big thing that rolled right into her crotch and its lengthened vaginal mound that had flattened against the swell of such great pregnancy. Her breasts were enormous things, bulbous and huge, with immense nipples. She had to be milked three times a day now to relieve the strain, and whenever we missed a milking then they got larger. Her strength was phenomenal... and she broke things if not careful. I would rush to her whenever she did, telling her it wasn't bad that she did, though she'd break into tears and sob with the emotions roiling in her from changing and shifting hormones.

And now she was utterly calm... while I in turn felt a mild panic at what was happening.

I know some of you might be gasping at the fact that dragon labor lasts more than a day. As a matter of fact, the record was five days, but then what can you expect when gestation can take anywhere from twelve

to eighteen months? Kirii's pregnancy was apparently twelve. Right in time to be just the perfect age for Eve's babies, and a year younger than Leviathan's Daughter's kitlings.

Between Iridium, Miki and me, we did everything we could to make Kirii more comfortable till her water broke, and when it came, the kitlings came very quickly, one right after the next actually... It was all we could do to catch them all. Luckily Miki was there... she had the experience after all.

And there was something wonderful with draconic babies... They learned instinctively from their mother, so when they were born or hatched, they had the mental clarity of an eight year old. They could speak, they could think, do math... It all really depended upon the mother, and in Kirii's case, she was a very smart female.

But what was more was that they all understood that I was the father, and they also understood what it meant to be a she-male like Iridium and I were.

Oh... And as for the genders? I thought you might want to know that.

Five girls, two boys...

And one herm.

<End>