

**Кoшкa** (*Koshka*)

**Book 3: The Power Without**

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Warning: *This story contains elements that might not be suitable for younger readers. It contains several elements of a sexual nature, and elements of a violent nature and deals with mental psychoses. Reader discretion is advised.*

Rated: *R - restricted*

Author's Notes: *there is some information that must be shared prior to the telling of this story in regards to the Russian People. A Russian derives their name by using their first name followed by their father's first name, which is then combined with a postfix of –ovitch for men and –ova for women. When you reference a Russian properly by their name, their surname is left out.*

*As an additional addendum, their society uses metric distances and weights such as centimeters and kilograms respectfully. For accuracy, I will use what many might find to be an unfamiliar measurement system, but for my readers around the world, this might be a more refreshing story due to the fact that only England and the U.S. utilize the Standard Measurement and Weights systems of inches and pounds.*

*This story is to honor the people of the Soviet Union, who, like we Americans did during the period between 1929 and 1939, are currently in a debilitating depression. At the time this story is being written, it takes forty rubles to equal one American Dollar. Like Canada, like England, I consider Russians to be among our closest of allies and friends... regardless of all the craziness that happened during the Cold War.*

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**Day 142: Dawn.**

*It took until dawn till I finished my tale of triumph and woe. Hell... I've never before been able to captivate a single person, either male or female, as long as I did Dmitri. He barely moved, he merely listened, and did so almost unblinkingly, as if he blinked then he'd miss something that I'd say.*

*The cold must've been blistering, and sometime right around dawn, it began to snow.*

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Dmitri was silent when I finished telling him my tale, right up to the point where I sat down before him, the snow falling down upon me and making me look all the more like an abominable snowman – er – woman.

"Is that all of it?" he asked quietly.

I looked up at him and felt the silver bullet that Mikhail had given me. "No." I said, and reaching out to him, took his hand with two fingers and pressed the bullet like I was giving a pellet to someone. "I will trust you with everything that I am, Dmitri... all my strengths, and... my weaknesses." I said and left the bullet in his hands, and looking at it, it dawned on him what I was telling him, and his mouth and eyes saddened and grew concerned suddenly.

"If you still... feel in danger from me, Dmitri... then just load that into the first rifle you can find and shoot me right through the heart." I hugged myself tightly. "I want to find my brother and sister, but I also don't want to loose you..."

"I-I love you, Dmitri. You're the first person I've ever thought to say those words to, but I love you."

Dmitri stared at me as I folded up like a little girl with a crush after telling a mature strong and demure man what I thought about him. I bowed my head and folded my hands together, biting on a portion of my lower lip and looking timid and shy, nervous as to how he would respond.

Dmitri got up then, looking at me oddly, and then turning away he strode into the house without a word and then the door banged shut behind him. I was so shocked that I began to tremble, and palming the place where he'd been just now, my breasts pressing against my thighs and the wood, I grit my teeth to hold back a sob as my claws carved deep curly-Q's out of the wood.

*What did you expect?* I asked myself. Trying to keep myself from sobbing. I breathed in harshly through my teeth, and no matter how strong I was physically, I couldn't keep the tears from falling. *What did you expect?! You're a bloody huge monster! Of course he walked out on you, of course...*

And then the door banged open again, and Dmitri strode toward me, straight toward me, and I readied myself to be struck by him, for him to shoo me away like some stray, but what he did do surprised me. Sitting down as I was I was slightly taller than he was standing, and when he stood before me, lips pressed into a firm line, he opened his hand and produced a long golden chain, and on the end of the chain...

Was a ring.

"My father gave this to me on his death bed." He said quietly as he undid a clasp on the long chain. "He put it in my hands less than an hour before he died. *'It was your mother's'* he'd said, told me that I was to give it to only one woman... the woman I intend to marry." I gaped up at him, and now the tears really flowed from my great green eyes. "If you'll have me... it's yours."

I swallowed; I didn't breathe, didn't even allow my heart to beat as I lifted a finger and held the ring aloft on the tip of that finger. It was gold, inlaid with three stars of diamonds. Selling it could've brought this village more permanent shelters and food, and yet he kept it, hid it, to be given to his choice of a woman at the behest of his dying father.

I was so speechless that I simply made a grab for him, pulling him right between my huge mammaries and embraced him as tightly as I dared, and then I began to purr.

"Yes!" I breathed, and wiped my scent on his body, and the tears in my eyes off on his shirt. "Yes I will..."

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Dmitri had secured the chain around my neck. With how thick my neck was, there was only one place for the thing to go, and that was right beneath my cheeks and chin. I was so happy and so relieved that this ordeal was over that I managed to lift his shirt and sweater and lick his navel, kissing it and licking it again, and as I grew more impassioned I rapidly reduced, the fur disappearing the massive boobs diminishing and their milk becoming absorbed by my body, till I rose up onto my knees and began to pry his belt open and undo his pants, kissing his groin that was rapidly erecting, and I got down to his underwear before he took hold of my head and tilted it up to look at him.

It was such a wonderfully doting smile, and without another word he helped me to my feet, and laughing I followed him, being led by the hand as we rushed upstairs, and everywhere we paused to take off his boots or his coat or to open doors, I tried to get more of his clothes off, and the two of us collapsing into his bed, he and I, I was finally able to pry his pants open and pull his penis out, and with my mammaries, fattened and full of milk, I fit them around his cock and immediately began sucking on it to get him harder than ever as he stripped off his shirt and sweater.

Then after some serious and rather tawdry, violent and kinky lovemaking, he and I rested all sweaty and disheveled while I focused on his nipple with my lips and tongue, pawing at his chest and making low noises similar to purring.

“How is it, that a creature as big and as powerful as you can find comfort with a pitiful mortal like me, and seek protection from me?” he asked, and I finally rose, dragging both nipples along his flesh before I straddled his lap and long-armed myself over him. With my head dipping downward to cascade all that long hair of mine about our faces, I smiled at him, wiggled my lower body, caught his tip and mounted him again.

“Because I’m a woman above all. No matter what else I am, deep down inside I like a big strong man to coddle and protect me, and despite all that is that you know my secrets. A word from you in the right ear and I’d have the whole world against me.” I cooed and began to slide onto him as he thrust into me, alternatively holding onto my sides and gripping my tits till I settled onto him again.

We made love all day that day, here and there, in the bathroom on the two different beds; on a chair... it was a celebration of victory and acceptance on all accounts. I felt right at home here, till I walked into my room and found Ivan asleep on the bed and all stretched out.

“And where were you while all the excitement was happening?” I asked, dressed in only a towel that I wasn’t even using to cover myself with and instead held it bundled around my neck after having been fresh from the shower.

Dmitri was downstairs making us a meal. Wasn’t sure if it was breakfast still, or lunch or dinner yet, but we were both hungry.

Ivan jerked awake. *‘Huh?’* and he shook his head to make his ears slap against his head before yawning and stretching. *‘There was excitement?’* and he got to his feet and stretched some more.

“Typical. There’s a massive uprising with explosions and gunfire, and you sleep right through it.” I smirked and began rifling through the clothing that I had for something to wear.

*‘Can I help it if I need my beauty sleep?’* he asked and continued grooming himself, and sitting down beside him I began to pet his lower back, the part he hadn’t gotten to yet.

I knew it irked him if I pet something he’d just groomed.

“Only if you’re admitting that you’re ugly.” I mused, and then looking down at the two huge breasts that decorated my chest, either a size sixteen breast size, pretty austere for a nineteen year old like me. And dipping between them was a golden ring, something that I’d have to leave on a chain being that I seriously couldn’t leave it on my finger for fear of it bursting off whenever I changed.

Pulling the ring out though, still sitting naked and moist from the shower, I held the thing and smiled stupidly.

*‘What’s that?’* Ivan asked.

“A wedding ring.” I smiled stupidly.

*‘Like what you humans wear when you promise yourselves to each other forever?’* Ivan asked and licked his lips from amidst grooming himself, and sat there with his tongue sticking out slightly.

“Yes.” I giggled and snatched Ivan up and hugged him. “I’m going to get married!”

*‘Ow! Hey! I just cleaned that!’* Ivan protested, but nonetheless settled into my arms. *‘Ok...ok... you’re happy. But Tanya... what of Anya and Peter?’* And my eyes snapped open and I held Ivan out at arms length, and the lithe Russian Blue cat dangled in my grip. *‘You didn’t forget about them did you?’*

“No... no I didn’t.” and I pulled Ivan back to me and held him. “I’m going to have to tell Dmitri that I need to leave soon. As much as I don’t want to now... we need to get back on our journey.”

*'Pity. I was liking being a house cat.'*

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It was strange and refreshing... these people didn't look at me like I was a monster. If anything there was more respect, and the boys who were between that tenuous age of fourteen and eighteen kept shadowing me. They'd blush and try to look upward whenever I talked to them, even though their eyes kept flickering downward to look at my boobs, crotch or bottom... what could one expect? After all, they did see me naked.

I helped where I could and after stripping all the remaining soldiers down to their underwear and giving them a blanket, we shunted them into one of the buildings under guard and then called the nearby military base to come collect them.

"You realize that if we let them go, then they'll tell their masters what you did here." Mikhail mentioned. "They may send other's to punish us."

"Why should they... you didn't know what I was, and I was the one that pretty much thrashed them... didn't I?" I asked one soldier and put my fingernail beneath his chin, and it grew into a hooking claw and he immediately nodded his head slowly to escape serious injury. "Besides. I want these men to go back to their bosses and tell them I'm not for sale. They had no right in kidnapping me.

"That's right... you're all going back, lucky you! And just remember that if I so much as even hear one of these choppers come near me again, I will slaughter every last living one of you." And I snarled at them, baring fangs while my face mutated suddenly, and they all ran gasped in fright at the sight before my face changed back and I wiped the saliva from my lips with a smirk.

I could get used to this.

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Later that night, however, while I sat beside Dmitri in nothing but underpants and the undershirt, holding one of his hands to my breast as I palmed his thick thigh and we kissed, I withdrew and automatically we both laid down together.

"Dmitri... I... need to leave soon." I said quietly, feeling his hand idly slide beneath the seat of the panties I wore.

"Thought you might..." he mused, and after caressing my bottom for a moment he then untied the strings and proceeded to get me naked.

"You're not angry?" I mused. "Or depressed? Or..."

"I'll be sorry to see you go." He said and proceeded to caress the labia between my legs. "I don't want you to go, I'll be lonely as hell without you, but I know this is important to you. I can't right wise hoard you forever."

"It's good to have a man who's so understanding." I murred, and lifted both knees as he settled between my legs and licked and then sucked upon my pussy to entice me into as high of a level of arousal as he could before piercing me.

It was always that first luscious plunge that excited me most...

**Day 145:** *I had to wait for the last day of the full moon to be over, and likewise there was goodbyes and gathering of clothes and things to be had, despite how little I had at first, I was given a small suitcase and was gifted by a myriad of things. Girl clothes from the women that were too small for them to wear; spare jeans, pants, some spare rubles from everyone, a couple shirts and sweaters and a few foodstuffs.*

*I kept the coat and the boots, hat and gloves that Dmitri had given me, and for those past three days, he and I lived as close together as we could. The ring he gave me never came off from around my neck once.*

*But sadly, the old adage that all “good things must come to an end” was quite true. And so one cold morning as it lightly snowed, I waited as Dmitri pulled out an old army truck from its storage space, laden with excess milk and eggs, various food in the form of excess crops and meats, hand-crafted linens and lacquered woodwork, and of course at least a ton of scrap metal from the tanks and armor and such that had been melted by my powers into an unrecognizable mess.*

*Once the vehicle was running, with a nice blowing hot heater, I climbed in beside Dmitri and we – He, Ivan and me – continued on my journey. And though it was the three of us... I knew that I wouldn't be able to have Dmitri stay.*

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Ivan was sleeping on the floor amidst my coat and boots, purring away while I put the computer away after having just finished my log for the day.

Dmitri looked so handsome, so strong wearing his cap and coat and workman's clothing. All he was missing was a hammer and a sickle and he'd look like the perfect Russian ideal!

The dirt road we were on was experiencing a brief moment of clear roads as we neared the hour long trip toward the nearest paved road, which then turned toward the nearest city. For half an hour since leaving we'd both been rather quiet, driving slow due to the terrain and not wanting our last moments together to be spent in silence, I slid across the couch of the cabin of the truck and lay against him. He automatically wrapped me up as I drew near with one arm.

“What will you do when you drop us off?” I asked as I lifted his shirt and palmed his bare muscular belly.

“I have contacts in the town who'll buy what we produce in Mir. And since it's an industrial hub, there will be those who will buy the steel we've... collected... and will pay good money per the kilogram of scrap we produce for them. With as much hardware as you were able to down, I'm certain that come spring we can go scouring for more, enough where we can stop living from near poverty and more into a more comfortable way of living. Maybe even help bring some of the men's families into Mir.”

“What's the name of this town?”

“Kotlas.” He said quietly. “I always thought that it sounded like a sword. A cutlass... Pretty fitting being that there's an army base there.”

“Hmm...” I smiled and then settled further down his body to lie on his lap, and he fingered my long white hair with his hand and caressed my neck.

“What's on your mind?” he asked then.

“I'm thinking about how much I love you.” I said immediately. “I'm thinking that I don't want to leave you, but I'm also thinking about my brother and sister, and how much I hated being an orphan, and how much they must hate their life. I'm thinking it might be awhile before I can see you smile at me again, Dmitri...” I sighed. “I didn't tell you yet, but my little brother was a baby when we were all sent to the orphanages when my parents died. Due to a foreign relief program, Peter was sent to an American orphanage to help take some of the burden off the Russian state.”

“I like Americans. They always smell so sweet.” Dmitri said and I chuckled. “I met some of them when I was a soldier in Afghanistan... and then I met some after coming home and being released from the military.

“An utter night and day difference between the two.”

“Pleasant experience?” I asked.

Dmitri was quiet for a moment. “The soldiers I met... reminded me of the men you dispatched in Mir. Hard, chiseled from a solid lump of iron. I hated them at first because I was taught to hate them. But then I saw the young men that were under the helmets and I realized that they were just like me... and just like me they hated me because they were taught to hate me.

“There was a fence...” he continued. “Between our camp and theirs, and I managed to talk to the soldier on their side that I was supposed to shadow. Didn’t speak very good Russian then, but then again I didn’t speak very good English either. We shared a smoke... talked about home, and shared the ideal that we wanted to get out of that hell hole.

“I hate the desert...”

“The Americans I met much later were good-will people. Christians from various churches, Red Cross and Salvation Army members, and then just those people who really cared. For the second time I realized that we weren’t that much different than they were. Two languages... same general culture.”

“I learned to hate the politicians then... till Gorbachev and Putin. Gorbachev destroyed the state that exploited us and Putin is attempting to get this nation back on its feet but not forget about the common people like you or I. Not since times from before my great grandfather, I think have we been... been...”

Dmitri trailed off as he noticed what I was doing to him, which was while he was talking I was caressing his thighs and his groin, and when I began undoing his belt and zipper did he realize exactly what I was doing. I’d pulled his pants open and fished into his underpants for his penis, pulling it and his balls out from inside before I began to suck on the end, licking its length and getting him nice and hard.

Somewhere along that dirt road I swallowed the mass of ejaculate he had and continued pleasing him.

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Kotlas was like any other mid-sized town in the world. Home to thousands of individuals with nearby towns, it was set at a river and railroad hub, and so it was also a shipping and industrial town in which its population was mainly to help support the once great industry of Mother Russia... only to find out that despite the sheer size of Russia, it was still not enough to compete with the United States in that regards.

There were parks, schools, hotels, stores, markets and homes enough for thousands, along with several sister towns and farming villages in the surrounding areas. From here I could get on a ship or a train or maybe a bus bound for Moscow... more than eight hundred kilometers away...

Possibly I might get a plane, but I doubted I could convince a pilot to fly me that far away, though it’d be nice to be able to make that journey that quickly...

Just prior to getting to Kotlas, Dmitri pulled over to the side of the road, and with me wearing a dress and removing my panties a simple matter, we made love one final time before entering the city. And once inside the city limits, I began to dress, and picking up a yawning Ivan and inserting him into my coat, I slid from the cabin once Dmitri had pulled us to a stop.

“Please write.” Dmitri said as he hugged me and I embraced him back, Ivan complaining between us.

“I will, I swear it. How long will you be in town?” I asked.

“Till the end of the day. If something happens, anything at all, then be here by five P.M. and I’ll take you back to Mir.”

I hugged him a little tighter and Ivan gave another meow of protest before I let up. “Even if something does happen my dear heart... I won’t be here.”

He kissed me goodbye and held me for a time, then getting into his truck he and I waved at each other and he drove away.

**Day 148:** *Admittedly, I didn't believe that I'd be vested here for as long as I was. I had just over a hundred rubles when I first arrived and some sparse food for me and Ivan. I was being sparing with both the money and the food, only eating snacks here and there and likewise finding myself living here or there from time to time.*

*Life would be hard soon lest I could find some temporary work, and though I could perhaps live off the land as a towering she-beast, that would eventually draw attention.*

*The problem here was that everything was commercial. Trucks, trains, and planes were all here to service economy and commercialism and not passengers. There was also something about being a woman that the men who were the salt of the earth didn't trust being along for the ride. It was like my mere presence would sink their ship or crash their train or wreck their truck.*

*How could they be so superstitious?*

*But after three days, I began praying to the Lord on High for some help, or else I'd have to hop a train and hide in it as cargo or else go hungry.*

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Morsel of bread, slice of cheese, a few strips of dried venison made my meal for the day. I'd wash it down with breast milk when I could find a nice hiding place to do a little public nudity.

"You ok down there Ivan?" I said quietly so that none of the passer bys would think me strange.

*'Yes actually... quite comfortable so long as you don't undo the strings at the bottom of this coat.'* He was wrapped about my body, making me look pregnant depending upon how he rested, which was an interesting little switch being that when people saw a nineteen year old girl with a belly and a suitcase, and they immediately thought that I was a single pregnant mother on the run from something, and so pressed small bills into my hand whenever they could.

I didn't ask for it, they just gave it, and though I'd try to give it back, they never let me.

I was about finished with my wad of food when I heard a chiming sound. A muffled beep-beep sound that took me a moment to realize that it was coming from nearby... very nearby, and looking around for it I realized it was coming from my pocket.

Opening up that pocket I pulled out the computer that I'd received from the Administrator seemingly so long ago, and tapping the screen and unlocking it, I saw that I had a message waiting!

Pushing the rest of the food in my mouth and chewing, I opened the keyboard as Ivan crawled up my body and stuck his head out.

*'What happened?'* he asked as he twisted and thrashed in order to see. *'That beeping came from your pocket.'*

"I know... someone sent me a message."

*'But isn't that the device that that Administrator person gave you?'*

"It is. Nobody but him knows I have this. Perhaps he's still alive."

I excitedly accessed the computer's messaging functions and found the message, and after a moment figured out how to open it. After a few seconds of trepidatious animations as the message opened, I saw the most intriguing of notes. It said simply:



<Who are you?>

'What's it say?' Ivan chimed in with one arm hanging out of my coat now as he hung there.

“‘Who are you?’” I said after a moment, and Ivan looked up at me.

'Are you going to answer?'

“Perhaps I should. This is either someone the Administrator knew, or it's him himself and he's trying to make sure that I'm me.”

*'Ok... you human's think to indirectly. Or maybe it's just the lycanthrope in you. You're a complex creature... but as a cat, I find that the simplest direction is the best to do. Eat, sleep, play... that sort of thing, and when I describe myself it's just Ivan.'*

“So perhaps I should just describe myself just as simply...”

And I typed in a response of: **Tanya** and sent it.

There were a few minutes of wait before I got an immediate response again.

<Where did you get this device from?>

>It was given to me<

<By who?>

>Doctor Ivan Ivanovitch<

<Where's he now?>

I paused before answering, but since I was being truthful so far...

**>The last I saw him, he was pinned beneath a large steel beam with the life being crushed out of him. The only way he'd still be alive now is if the people he was working for rescued him and got him to a hospital. Most likely... he's dead.<**

The machine that I was getting these messages from rather rapidly up until now became remarkably quiet for awhile, and I slid down to a squatting position beside the suitcase I'd been given when whoever was messaging me finally responded.

**<We need to meet. Tomorrow you will go to the park at noon. Sit on a park bench and a man will approach you with twenty Rubles. Answer “yes” to whatever he asks you.>**

>Wait... who are you?<

But there was no follow up response. With a sigh I scratched Ivan's head.

“Ivan... we have a secret admirer.”

**Day 149:** *I ultimately decided to meet this mystery person, but if I had to, I was going to meet him or her on my terms, and if they were to start something with me, then they'd find that I wasn't so weak and simple.*

*I'd been given a trench coat by one of the men, a large heavy thing that would keep me warm in colder weather, but finding a patch of trees thick enough, I stripped down to nothing except a pair of shoes, put the excess into the suitcase, Ivan into one of the hip pockets of the coat and went to the meeting place.*

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It got really cold today... so much so that I was debating on blowing this guy off whomever it was. Being naked underneath a trench coat wasn't a fun time in this weather, especially when a stiff breeze blew up the base of the coat.

Noon was a time when the park was sparsely populated... everyone being at work and all, and it was too far away for most people to go and relax during lunch, though I heard the whistles and horns calling lunch going off everywhere. But once the whistles were done, I heard a squeaking sound as they started subsiding, and I viewed a beggar rolling down the sidewalk on what looked like a small cushioned board with caster wheels on it.

*Where is this guy?!* I thought out loud and pet Ivan in my pocket, and he nibbled playfully on my finger before licking it off, and I kept eyeing everywhere for my secretive benefactor.

"Hey there hot and beautiful!" someone said, and I gaped as the homeless man collapsed onto my lap.

I had to pinch my nose, for his breath, his body, his hair... *everything* smelled like he'd been rolling in feces and trash!

"Ugh! Go away!" I moaned, and Ivan stuck his head out from my pocket to hiss at the man.

"Oh let me have a poke, let me touch you, squeeze and caress you! Oh your silken shaven legs, your big firm breasts!" and he began reaching up my coat to caress my leg, and I lashed out and shoved him away off his stool before standing up.

"You... ugh! Are you even aware you smell like a sewer?!" I shouted at him and turned on my heel and strode away.

Forget this person, whoever they were. I wasn't about to get felt up by...

"I have money!" he shouted. "Twenty whole rubles!"

And I stopped dead, and ever so slowly turned toward the man as he turned his chair on the casters back over, and moving on top of it with just his arms, moving his worthless legs onto it, he reached into his pants, not into any pocket, but right into the crotch, and produced two crumpled up ten ruble notes. He held them to his nose and inhaled deeply while still pulling himself up onto his rolling stool.

"I'll give them to you... just let me sex you for five minutes!" he grinned, and suddenly I noticed that his teeth weren't crooked and rotten like a homeless man's should be.

This was an act, and the fact that he had the twenty rubles as was promised to me in the message at noon meant he must be the man.

"Twenty whole rubles." I prompted.

*'Tanya... you can't be serious!'* Ivan gasped. *'You're not that desperate for money are you?!'*

"Shh..." I said under my breath and scratched his head as he growled.

“Yes... they’re yours... all yours. Just come with me. We can go behind that dumpster over there!” and he pointed to an alleyway. “Make you feel right at home, you filthy little whore...”

My eyes narrowed at the shot but I continued the façade nonetheless. “Whatever... let’s just hurry and get it over with.” And I strode to him, snatched the money, and then grabbed his collar and drew him along with me.

“Whoa, whoa... hey! Wow! You’re a strong lady!”

“No... it’s just that you’re so shrimpy and feeble. Probably can’t even get me to come properly...”

“Hey!” and I drew him behind the dumpster and tossed him idly onto the ground before squatting down in front of him, slapping a hand beside his head.

“Are you him?!” I snarled, showing a little fang.

He smirked. “Yeah, yeah... I’m him.” He admitted.

“I don’t quite like the shot about calling and treating me like a whore, little man. You better start making sense before I upend you into this dumpster.

He smirked. “Apologies, but it was the only way to ally suspicions. But why don’t we step into my office and we can talk better.”

And then he lifted a fork from off the ground and fit it into a crack in the wall, just before a section of the wall slid open and away and he fell back into it.

After a while I peered in, trying to see where he went. Even with how good I could see in the dark I couldn’t see where he went.

“Well? Are you coming?” his voice came from inside the darkness. “Best if you do before people wonder how good of a whore you are.”

Biting my lower lip, I placed my suitcase just inside and it slid out of sight just before I settled on all fours and slid inside as well. The door I’d passed through closed immediately behind me, thrusting me into darkness.

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It was a slide... like a simple children’s slide or a coal chute, and at its bottom was a mattress that I fell upon. For a moment there was no light to see, but then another door slid open, this time it was a large door, though it was a steel door like that used on a refrigerator, and I saw the man on the stool sliding in through it into a rectangle of light.

“Come, quickly now, or I’ll have to leave you outside.”

Getting to my feet and grabbing the suitcase, I followed after him and through the door, and it shut immediately behind me.

On the other side was something truly... spectacular.

Computers, computer monitors, a plethora of electronics and a lavish gentleman’s living space. And I watched as the man on his rolling stool went over to one particular area.

“Please make yourself at home, Tanya. I do, after all... smell like a sewer.” And he took off his coat to reveal a relatively clean and hairless body beneath and placed himself into a sort of apparatus with controls on it.

“I feel a little ill at ease,” I said, watching this man who was now being raised up into the air till his feet dangled, just before a sort of long device lowered from the apparatus he was being raised upon that looked a little like a giant centipede. “Ah... very ill at ease. That’s not going where I think it is, is it?”

“My dear... please don’t judge things you don’t understand.” He said quietly, but I continued staring at him skeptically. “No it’s not going where I’m sure you think it’s going.” He assured me, just before this centipede’s many feet suddenly clamped against his back, and I heard a good hundred or so pneumatic clamps being activated, and the man jerked suddenly, twitched as I heard an electric sound charging up, just before he relaxed.

Then he began to slide off his apparatus and I gasped, jerking forward to catch him, but then stopped as I saw him straighten and actually stand on two feet. It was like watching a newborn calf trying to walk, but he eventually straightened and balanced all the better and walked like any other man could. And then he did something peculiar.

“Come on...” he said and tapped his groin before flicking his own tip, and I covered my heart and swallowed as he started to erect. “There we go. Thought I was going mad there for a second... have the first decent woman I’ve seen in ages walk through my door and I not even get an erection right away... I must be loosing it.”

And he stepped toward a bay that had a ring of darkened glass where he removed his clothes, showing expert balance as he did so standing up, and then began to shower with the aid of subtle spraying jets built into the top of the chamber he was in.

“H-how... how might I ask...?”

“It’s called a synaptic bridge. One of my more ingenious designs made possible by the very man in whom you said died.” He said as he used actual shampoo and soap before using a toothbrush and toothpaste, spitting right on the floor so that it all went down the drain.

“So you’re a paraplegic.” I stated, and looking around, sat down on a pleasant enough looking chair and pulled Ivan out of his pocket to lie on my lap.

“Was. Ivan installed the spinal taps as we call them. I designed the apparatus that’s now replaced my spine.”

“Ivan. The Administrator. So that means you must be his friend Igor.”

This new man raised an eyebrow at me and tilted his head with his toothbrush still in his mouth before removing it.

“Very astute... but then how could a young woman of your age know my name?”

“Your friend Ivan kept a diary...” I said quietly, and he nodded and started rinsing everything off. His hair had turned gray, he had age spots, and after shutting the water off and drying himself, he pulled a red satin robe off a nearby rung and donned it before stepping out of the shower.

“Now... my dear Tanya,” he mentioned as he stuffed his hands into his pockets and looked at me. “May I see the device you are so genuinely toting around from my dearly departed friend?”

I produced the computer and he looked at it from stem to stern, opened it, powered it on and inspected it.

“You need to utilize the password protection on this; else wise you’re inviting anyone to look at its files.”

“How did you know to contact that device? Here? Now?”

“The SIM chips allow for GPS positioning. I’m afraid I’ve been keeping an eye on my old friend and where he’s at. He, or rather you, just so happened to come near enough where I couldn’t resist contacting you. Right device... wrong owner.” And then he pushed a button and I heard a series of beeps and his eyes remained open and unblinking for a full minute while I saw his lips compress before he blinked, rubbed his eyes and then shut off the device. “You have a phenomenal existence, Tanya. If I ever dare to get out of this place for a vacation, I might just have to seek out your friend Dmitri and this place called Mir.”

I was so surprised that I stood up immediately and faced him, gaping while clutching Ivan to me. *How did he know about that?* And I continued to think...

“A photographic memory. You read the diary.” I clenched my jaw and accepted the computer as he gave it back to me and held it close to me. I couldn’t help but clench my jaw tightly.

“I wanted to know how my friend died, and that was quicker and more direct than having you explain it.” He said and moved to another section of this great chamber, where there was a grand bed with fine sheets that was sectioned off with drapes and dressers. There was also the largest big screen TV I’d ever seen!

“So you know everything about me then?” I asked and he opened a drawer and pulled out some boxers and some breeches.

“More than I would want to know, really, but in all honesty I’ve seen stranger things...”

“Stranger than a Lycanthrope?!”

He paused with his boxers in his hands and thought. “No you’re right... that’s the strangest.” And he bent and started dressing. “But not by much really.” He finished putting on his pants and a belt and then dropped the robe, and I gasped as I saw the overlapping metal bits of his *‘synaptic bridge’*, which was an actual piece of cybernetic equipment!

Silvery chrome and white and silver mesh glistened in the light before he put on a shirt and a heavy wool knit sweater to cover it and slicked his hair back.

“Now, my dear, It’s time that you and I have a little chat.”

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He wanted to know more about what happened at the facility, wanted to know more about those things that weren’t written into the diary that was started by his friend, the man I knew as “The Administrator.” He already knew what I was... at this point I thought it a bad idea to lie to a man like this.

“Interesting... I cannot say that I understand much about genetics like Ivan did. But I know the kind of people that you were dealing with.

“In many ways a corporation is more powerful than a nation. They have resources and mercenary-like soldiers. They also have the know-how and the science as well as the resources to kidnap innocent people right off the streets and do whatever it was that they felt like doing to them. I’d assume that they’d eventually start grafting armor to your bodies and brain wash you all to make you into mindless automatons who’s only interest was following orders and could be sold off to the highest bidder. Potentially, they could’ve made back their expenditures in the first sale and even make a profit in the meanwhile.

“With nations like Russia and America, possibly the English and China amongst them as well, they all have their various contentions that need to be dealt with and even governments would be willing to make back-alley deals in order to ensure that they win a conflict.

“Unfortunately for them, they modified a being that wasn’t entirely human, and made her even more dangerous.

“On the one hand, they see you as a whole new war machine. And on the other hand again... the amount of hardware and men and training that they lost is definitely a blow, but it proves how valuable you are to them. Rest assured that they’ll continue hunting you till you either disappear or you make sure that the loss they suffer dissuades them from the idea of how much profit it would make them for them to capture you.”

“Do you have any idea as to who this group is?” I asked while petting Ivan and sitting on the edge of his bed that was adjacent to his work area.

“No idea. Like I said... you’ll find prime examples of organizations that can do this in Russia, China, America and England and elsewhere, though given what was sent at you, it would perhaps be best to look for a corporation or similar entity that has military defense contracts in both America and Russia.

“How else outside of a joint military campaign can you get a Hind and an Osprey to fly together?”

And he then turned to his computer mainframe, and it was definitely a mainframe.

My programming was taking over as I looked about me, and when I thought to ask Igor the question of why of a thing, that programming gave me the answer before I could ask. Why was he surrounded by material that one would find in a refrigerator? The whole place from ceiling to floor was done in it. The reason why was that lead was a thick metal that didn’t allow for typical sensors to see through it. X-rays, infrared... to any given sensor this place would look like a solid block of nothing. We were submerged into the ground, so satellite imagery would just think it was a part of the sewer systems or the Earth or whatever, anything other than a high tech secret facility.

The alleyway that he’d taken me into was covered on top by lots of overhanging wreckage... why? Because Satellites only point straight down. It was so that when he brought me into the alleyway then no specific satellite would be able to determine where he and I went. Whoever was watching me, whoever produced those pictures that they showed Dmitri of me falling off his roof, the way that they knew I was at Mir, would lose me in that alleyway. If I were being followed then by all accounts and purposes, they just lost me.

I looked at this middle-aged man, someone who was at least twice my age, and looking at this room of technology, I asked him a question I wasn’t able to figure out.

“How do you pay for all this?” I asked him.

“Six words. Computer Fraud and Swiss Bank Account.”

“Ivan’s notes stated that you disappeared. Why?”

“Because I caught wind of what was happening. I tried to warn him, told him that I could provide for he and his family, but he wouldn’t listen. He refused to allow himself and his family to live like Anne Frank and her family in some attic somewhere. As you can see, though, I don’t live anything like Anne Frank.

“No... no you don’t.” I said looking about and then back to him. “Can you help me?” I finally asked, and he more fiercely clicked a button on a large track ball that was connected to his desk and swiveled in his chair to look at me.

“And what sort of help are you looking for?” he directed at me after a moment’s pause. “There’s a reason why I went underground, and that reason is the exact same one that took my best friend away from the world, and right now I’m looking at what happened because of that same reason. So why should I stick my neck out for you and risk being found?”

I thought about that and looking down, petting Ivan again, I finally lifted my gaze at him.

“I don’t have any valid reasons, sir. I have little money in my pocket that was donated to me by a group of people who I must admit could’ve probably used the money more than me, but Russians are proud and when they give aide they don’t want it handed back to them. The only other thing I have to offer you... well... you’re a man who’s not seen a woman in a long time, and I’m a woman. They tell me that I’m very attractive.”

Igor stared at me unblinkingly, his face passive.

“You would make yourself into a whore?” he stated bluntly, and lifting my gaze to him, I picked Ivan up off my lap and put him on the bed where he immediately sat down and wrapped his tail about his legs and watched us together.

Rising to my feet, lowering my gaze, I untied the sash of the coat I was wearing and then opened up its folds before letting it fall about me, leaving me totally naked save for a pair of socks and the shoes I was wearing.

Genetic engineering had made me very pleasing to the eye as a human. Large breasts, narrow waist, wide hips, overly beautiful features with long white hair and just a smidgen of pubic hair growth just above my loins. Sunken navel and curvaceous and firm muscle everywhere, I had the sort of feminine body that only one in a billion women was born with.

Igor rose before me, looking upon me and the desire that was in his eyes couldn’t be held back no matter how much self control he had. And standing before me he lifted both hands and placed them upon my breasts, sliding his fingers about the flesh, feeling the firmness of both areola and nipples while his erection became hard and steely in his pants.

“Smooth... perfect flesh.” He said quietly. “No blemishes, no scars, no freckles... your breasts are even missing those scars that happen when a breast grows too quickly from young age. Turn around.” I did so, and even pulled my hair over my shoulder so that he could look at me from behind, and again his hands fell upon me, feeling my shoulders, neck and back muscles before he lifted them I heard him moving for a moment, and then there was a rustling and I thought he was about to push me forward and take me from behind, but then I felt something being rested upon my shoulders, and with a gasp I saw him laying my coat upon me to cover me up.

Turning to him, breasts swaying and bouncing with the motion, I watched as he retreated back to his work chair.

“D-don’t... don’t you want me?”

“Sure I do. But I’m not going to.”

“But...” I choked and he lifted a hand.

“I’ll help where I can, Tanya. I got to touch a beautiful woman again, that’ll be enough. For now, you and your cat can dig through my refrigerator to your heart’s content, and use my bed to rest. I’ll sleep on the couch.”

I pulled the coat back around me and slid both arms into the sleeves. “Thank you.” I said quietly. “But... might I ask why?”

Igor returned to his computer. "If I make love to a woman, it'll be because I want to... not because she has to. Now make yourself at home, Tanya, there are certain preparations that must be done."

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I finished showering after not having done so for three days, but only after a nice nap in a luxuriously modern bed with a mattress. I couldn't remember when I had a decent mattress supporting my body, not since before that fateful day when I was six. The orphanage had cots, my closet in that apartment was a mattress on the floor, though it had its own measure of comfort or discomfort depending upon which way you laid, and the bed in Dmitri's house was a down mattress. But his bed was a nice firm mattress with silk sheets and nice soft pillows that I scandalously slept naked within.

Call me crazy, but I don't think he minded that.

The shower was hot instead of lukewarm like in Dmitri's home or freezing cold in the orphanage and the apartment from no running hot water, and I must've spent a nice long time there before stepping out and dressing in the undergarments Dmitri had given me. Then going to my suit case that Ivan had made a bed out of, I managed to get some pants, socks and a sweater out from underneath him before going back to where Igor was working fervently.

As I watched him work I began to understand what it meant to look upon genius.

Igor had a perfect photographic memory. He could read a page per second and totally recall everything in a picture after only seeing it for a second. He was able to read all the entries in the diary that Ivan and I'd been writing and understand it all. Then there was his understanding of computers, and the computer he was working on now was a mainframe version of the one I'd been carrying around in my pocket for the past month or so. The reason why he couldn't be found out was because that computer was working constantly to eliminate Intrusion Countermeasures and Counter-Countermeasures on a migrating networking that literally had hundreds of secure communication points – wireless hubs scattered throughout the city and it's neighboring cities, fiber optic cable nodes, internet backbones, private, corporation and governmental mainframes, satellites and so on – that it randomly connected to and reconnected to every five minutes. He spoke Russian and English, and then he spoke about a dozen other computer languages, two of which he made up himself.

He created miraculous things that had advanced computer and to a much lesser extent medical technology by generations, with a shop filled with fabrication tools to make anything he wanted to.

There would be people who would seek him to turn him into their slave in order to take his ideas and make money, and there would be other people who would try to kill him for what he could do. The sorts of things he could provide to humanity were miraculous... but at the same time, the sorts of things he could cause to humanity could be catastrophic...

Crash stock exchange servers, shut off power plants, take control of attack satellites, launch nuclear weapons just to name a few of the nastier things he could do.

So he simply lived like a king inside a warehouse-sized refrigerator case and stayed away from the world.

And so what did this master hacker do to prove himself to me?

"What's this?" I asked and accepted a small phone like device.

"An upgrade. I already transferred all your files."

I turned it over and over, looking at the hand held thing that looked like a PDA, and then standing there before him, I smirked. "This is the new computer?" I asked.



“It is indeed. Phone features work like an I-Phone, and it’s loaded with a solid state hard drive that’s a full terabyte and the CPU is a quad-core that’s rated at three gigahertz with four gigs of ram. The operating systems have all been updated, especially my... patented,” he blew on his fingernails and buffed them on his shirt with a smug smile. “HEX BIOS OS. Windows Vista and Mac OS X, but I decided to add Linux to it as well with all the production software I could think to add for each system. Slide the bottom down to access the keyboard and pull the sides out and it works like a PSP. Oh, and the camera has been upgraded to a twelve megapixel. The screen and the case could stop an armor piercing bullet, and it’s water resistant to five hundred meters, shock resistant and accepts all standard computer upgrades and uses standardized micro-media and supports blue-tooth and Wi-Fi.”

“How much would something like this cost if you ever marketed it?” I gaped.

“About... a thousand Dollars American to manufacture, though after they up-sell it, you could be sure it’d go for more than a small house. I suggest you use the password and encryption features. You’ll find a thumbprint scanner just under the screen.”

“Does it have a Swiss army knife on it as well?” I joked.

“No... but that’s a good idea.”

“Thank you.” I said at last. “I don’t know how I can ever repay you.”

“There’s a file in that device on the BIOS desktop called ‘Bank Account’ that’s for my account in Zurich. When you get your money back, send ten thousand American Dollars worth to that account.”

“Ten thousand?” I reaffirmed and he nodded. I didn’t ask how he knew about my family’s money; I just decided that it was best not to argue with him. What he was doing and what he was giving me after all were far, far more than that.

“Now... for some of the other files that I’ve added to your repertoire, Tanya. I’ve uncovered the orphanages that your brother and sister were sent to I might be able to discover more but I need more information which is located only on hard copy files in said orphanages.. Their addresses are in the next file.

“Finally, I’ve arranged for a form of transportation for you, but to throw off your pursuers you’ll have to stay with me for three days before it’s ready, and finally...” and he reached into a drawer pulled out a case and opening it, removed a stack of rubles and handed them to me. “This should make you comfortable till you can get your name back from the banks.”

“Thank you again. Now what’s the plan for making me disappear from the satellites up above?”

“Three days from now, I will show you out through the sewers and the river access points to a train car where you’ll enter and stay inside for your entire trip south. The train is bound for a Moscow train yard but it’ll take nearly two days for you to arrive. Here I’ll be locking you in to the car, and when you arrive, when it’s ok to exit, an associate of mine will unlock the car and walk away. Give him a minute before you open the car door and close and lock the door behind you before you leave the yard. If an officer sees you, just tell him you’re taking a shortcut.

“Do you see a problem with any of this? Claustrophobia or some such? I tried to ensure this didn’t happen during a full moon, as the diary made explicit notions was bad for secrecy for what you are.”

“No it’s fine.” I said, and stepping forward with the cash and the device in my hand I sat down on his lap, and pressing myself against him, kissed him on the forehead. “No one has ever done so much for me in the past. Thank you so much for everything.”

He smiled, and I felt his groin swelling, but he made no move to hold me or touch me.

“I’m not really doing this for you, Tanya... This is being done for my friend Ivan. I’m quite certain he’s still alive. He’s an asset now, and whatever corporation has taken him they’re not going to let him go that easily. The only possibility is that you saw him dead when you left him. If he was, then he’s free. If not... then there’s the possibility that we’ll both see him again. And if you do... I want you to promise to get him out.”

**Day 152:** *I spent three very comfortable days with Igor, learning how to use the device he'd constructed for me, one of his 'spares' as he called it. This man made more money in five minutes than most people did in a year, and he likewise had a network of 'associates' as he explained them in every major city in the world.*

*Regardless, I lived in total comfort for three whole days before the day came for me to escape the watch of those who would seek to capture and control me.*

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"Downstairs." Igor said, "And be sure that you're fully covered like I told you to be. We've got some heavy cloud cover above us so it'll make it harder for them to notice you, and once we eliminate their knowledge of your whereabouts then it'll make the whole world your hiding place. Did you bind your chest like I told you?"

I nodded while holding a large black case with both hands. I actually had a roll of socks down the front of my pants so that I looked like a man instead of a woman, but despite that, Igor had also applied some fake hair onto my upper lip and gave me some sideburns.

"Good. I've arranged for a spot five minutes long to cause some disruption in communications of the satellites in the sky above Russia to keep you hidden while you get into the train. Someone will come and lock you inside."

"Won't they suspect that someone is helping me?" I asked.

"Surely they will, but they won't know who or where, and they can't uncover much without seriously bothering the people here, in which case they'll find some nasty surprises if they try to force their way into this place. There are enough automated defenses around me to stop a small army, and even if a nuke strikes the town I'm still safe in here. Despite that, I've made ample precautions to escape them if I am found out, so don't worry about me. Just remember, that between now and when you step into that train car, even when you're talking to me, try to sound like a man."

"How's this?" I asked lowering my voice and he smirked.

"Still effeminate, but I'm certain that it won't make much of a difference. Down below now."

A panel opened up, and a slab of lead and concrete slid out of the way. I stepped down below and Igor, equally dressed up with makeup and fake beards and such, followed after, he hitting a hidden switch on his way down and the stairs and sliding panels that let us down closed up immediately, hiding them perfectly in the wall and ceiling of a sewage access point.

"Try to ignore the smell." He said and started walking, and I followed.

I had to hold my breath and pinch my nose. As a werecat, I had several acute senses, and the smell of stagnant sewage would've been overwhelming for a human. I could only imagine what Ivan was going through in my pocket.

A sewer system literally could run for the whole length of a city, with pipes and culverts interconnecting with each other all over the place. Though I knew this I didn't know from where, and usually nowadays that feeling told me that it was programming on how I knew it, but in this case I was pretty sure it was more like a day in past schooling that I'd forgotten. Maybe something someone said in passing... or at least I hoped that's what it was.

Igor led me to a particular door in the sewer system after what felt like hours in this underground place. We'd been down here so long I'd actually grown comfortable with the smell. He opened the door and I stepped out into fresh air, and immediately Ivan poked his head out and began panting through mouth and nose.

“Keep your cat in your pocket till you’re aboard the train.” He said, and I immediately pushed Ivan back into the pocket.

*‘W-wait no don’t! I’m not finished! It’s horrible in here!!’*

“Thank you again Igor. But... which train is it?” I asked and looked to the plethora of trains arrayed before me.

He looked about the train yard. “Car number fifty-four... where are you?” He said, and then he pointed at a train that was even now pulling in. “There it is. Wait till I tell you to go.”

I waited as the train came to a squealing stop. “There’s the car, see it?” he asked and I nodded. “Good... now wait for it...” and after a few more moments of wait his watch started beeping and he canceled the alarm right away. “Go now, and hurry. You have only five minutes to get on board.”

And I strode out from underneath the cover of the sewer exit, heading in a b-line toward the car, looking to the left and the right for a railroad cop, got to the door, opened it with one arm and hopped inside. I spied Igor for a moment before he turned back into the sewer and the door closed behind him. Closing the door of the train car behind me, I settled into the cold shell inside, and removing the flecks of hair from my cheeks and lip that made me look like a man, I opened the coat enough to remove the socks in my crotch and let Ivan out and held him to me.

Now it was just a matter of waiting.

Half an hour later there was the sounds of someone applying a padlock to the outside of the car, and fifteen minutes after that the car clattered and the train engine began to pull us southward.

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I must’ve dozed off, but when I woke up it was to the feeling of subtle warmth and something cooking, and with a gasp I lifted my head and saw someone in the car with me.

“Don’t be alarmed child.” An old woman said with a cackle, and I saw that what appeared at first to be a mound of rags before a butane burner and a pot was instead an old hunched over woman. “Don’t you worry about old Yaga... I’m just looking for a place for some shelter.” And she cackled again as I rose to my feet with Ivan in my arms.

Ivan was making growling sounds and his ears were pinned against his head. That alone told me not to trust this woman.

“Your cat doesn’t trust me it seems. That’s ok, dearie, I know I look like a scary old woman, but believe me; I don’t want to hurt you or your cute little kitty. Why don’t you sit by the fire and we can share my stew. Nice and hearty stew... has some good meat and potatoes and carrots in it, thick and hearty... just the thing on a cold Siberian night like this.” I hesitated. “Oh come now, dearie... what could it hurt to sit by the fire?”

*‘Surely you don’t mean to, Tanya!’* Ivan said looking to me, but I was rather cold, so stepping closer I sat down by the warmth and glow of the light while she stirred the food.

“How did you get in here?” I asked. “The door was padlocked.”

“I have my talents... to the right person a padlock is just an inconvenience to bypass. Don’t worry though; you’re still safe inside here. Now then... this food looks just about right to serve.

And from out of nowhere she produced two bowls that she balanced in one hand and likewise produced a ladle with a spoon large enough to pull out enough stew to completely fill the bowl with one scoop apiece, and scooping one for me and one for her, she passed the bowl to me. Then once again, she produced something else, this time a pair of spoons for us both.

“Good food! Eat up! Eat!” she said and took a big heaping mouthful of it for herself.

Looking down at the stew I smelled it deeply, and scooping up some tasted it with the tip of my tongue and waited for a bit to see if I got tired or sick or something, but nothing happened. So I finished the rest of the spoon and swooned from the good home-cooked meal.

“Not poisonous apparently, is it?” she cackled and settled down onto the floor.

She was what the Russians would call a “babushka” – a grandmother – though she wore rags that made her look like a gypsy, had a face like a railroad map and huge breasts that hung down to her waist. She was pleasant enough and I tore into the food and found myself being pressed with bread and cheese, a goblet of milk... and as I consumed I had no idea and didn’t even care where she was producing all this from. Carrots, potatoes and onions were one thing, but meat was a commodity! Especially for a person like her. And what about the cheese and the bread, which looked and tasted and even felt like they were made fresh that morning. Or the milk, and for that matter the goblet that she served it in.

“So my dear... why exactly do I meet a young woman aboard a train like this. You’re not... running away from home are you? A problem with your family?”

“N-no...” I managed and swallowed all that nice good food that was giving me big pudgy cheeks from me holding it in while trying to talk with my mouth full. “I’m trying to find my home... and my family really. I’m an orphan.”

“An orphan... oh my. You poor little thing. Is there anything old Yaga can help you with?”

“Believe me... you’re doing it.” I said and dipped my bread in the stew and took a big mouthful of it.

“Chew slowly, honey. Savor it more.” She said and came near me. Here, you must be cold. Have this nice warm blanket and tell old Yaga what you’re looking for.” And she pulled a blanket from inside her rags and put it about my shoulders. It was so big and warm, a colorfully embroidered patchwork quilt large enough for a king-sized bed.

“Well... when I was a little girl...”

Ivan hissed. *‘Don’t tell her that! She doesn’t need to know!’*

“Quiet you.” I scolded him, or none for you. “Anyways... when I was six, a monster came to my home.”

“A monster? Oh my.” The old woman said and dished up some more stew for herself, and then produced two wooden half ring sections of table that she placed around the base of the fire to encircle it, and then placed a tin of caviar, a bottle of vodka and two smaller tins of cups. “Was this a terrible monster? Like a werewolf or a vampire?”

“No... worse. He was a human.” I said and gobbled up more cheese that didn’t seem to be getting any smaller and automatically accepted some vodka and drank it without thinking. It had a tinge of lemon in it. Funny... I never drank before.

“Tell me more...” she prompted, and from within her robes she produced a live yellow chicken, plopped it on the ground with a squawk from the creature and let it walk around clucking and pecking.

“He murdered my mother and father and tried to come rape my sister and me. I was only six and my sister was four. But I changed into an even greater monster and kicked his butt!”

“A bigger monster you say? Such potency... such virility you must’ve had. It must’ve served you well Tanya.” She said with a subtle smile and tossed some blankets against the walls of the train cart to deaden the sound of the clickity-clacking of the train. She then pulled out a pipe and lit it with what I supposed was a match, and a sweet smoke poured out from the pipe end.

“Oh this is so good!” I said eating more stew and fell back against a pile of cushions.

“It’s an old recipe... I’ve had it forever, and there’s really nothing one can do to improve upon certain traditions. Now... what happened next?”

“Well...” I gasped. “They sent us all to different orphanages and sent the man to a Gulag.”

“Fitting end for a raping murderer. Though certain people are sent there accidentally, or wrongly, he I think deserved such a place. I never abided by those who would abuse and misuse women, especially little girls. We are, after all, their daughters and sisters and mothers and grandmothers.” She sat down beside me. “And you are a healthy, strong woman, and admittedly, there’s no more reason for you to hide behind a man’s guise. Why don’t I help you?”

And grandma Yaga reached for my belt and unbuckled it, unbuttoning the fly and unzipping it downward, and sliding a hand up beneath my sweater, she used her long sharp fingernails to cut at the gauze that was binding my breasts, her fingernail slashing open those gauze wraps like a carpet knife.

I gasped in elation and freedom as my breasts expanded after having been compressed for so long, and Grandma Yaga pulled open the gauze out from underneath my undershirt and sweater and put them away somewhere on her body.

“There we go child... and such a gifted child as well.” She said and began to massage my breasts. “You have untold power inside you, incredible power as a woman.” And then she palmed my belly. “You’ll make a wonderful mother someday.”

“Hopefully.” I said and pulled out the ring from inside my cleavage, caressing my navel and breathing deeply before I took more of the food she’d been giving me as she rose to her feet and shuffled away. There was a different clicking and clacking apart from the train as I again caressed Dmitri’s ring, but looking up at her I saw bits of bones sticking from her wardrobe and hanging up charms and such from her clothing.

“And I see you have a man who’s promised himself to you...” she smiled. “Now... more about your story. Where are you heading now?”

“I’m... I’m looking for my brother and sister. A man named Igor directed me to where they were. I just... I just need to follow the line of breadcrumbs.”

“Such a quest for an older sister, Tanya.” She mused, and my eyes felt heavy.

“Hoo... yes. Oh my, it’s getting warm in here.” And I lifted my sweater and undershirt and wiped the sweat off my navel, only to feel my muscles tensing. I was growing aroused and quite horny. My pussy was moistening; my breasts were firming with swelling milk, nipples and clit erecting.

“Yes, the fire can get quite warm, princess...” she said and I turned and stared at the roaring fire that was in a circle of stones with the giant pot of stew on top of it. “Why don’t you relax more? I’m just an old woman, I don’t mind if you want to relax.”

“Th-thank you.” I gasped and rose atop the cushions I was on, removing shoes and socks and sliding out of the pants I was wearing just before lifting the sweater up off my chest.

“You’re perspiring dear. It must be the vodka; it warms the soul if used sparingly.”

“Hmm... yes.” I moaned and rested back within the pillows that were piling up about me as I looked around, massaging a breast.

“This place looks quite comfortable. Do you come here often?”

“Yes... I live here dear.” She said in a soft, comforting voice. “Thanks for visiting me.”

“Oh... so hot!” and I pulled off my undershirt and untied the panties I wore, getting fully naked in front of her and lounging backward before eating more of the stew, bread and cheese. “Where’s Ivan?”

“There at your feet child.” She pointed with a finger with a long fingernail, and I saw Ivan curled up at my feet. “What are the names of your brother and sister?”

“Hoo... hot.” I moaned, running a finger between my breasts to spread the sweat that was gathering there a little more. “My brother and sister? Peter... and Anya.”

“Proud, good names. They’re sixteen and fifteen now, are they not?”

“Y-yes.” I moaned and spread out, spreading legs open, facing the fire as it roared in the stone and wood basin at the center of the room, its chimney just above it venting all the smoke from the hickory logs while the great pot that Grandma Yaga was cooking from bubbled with the stew.

I was blushing, a bright red flush decorating the tops of both breasts, both cheeks and the wedge of my sex as I glistened with sweat.

“Oh poor Ivan. He must’ve been tired. And after all that hissing at you earlier. Why would he hiss? He only hisses when there’s something around he doesn’t like. Now what would that be?”

“I’m sure I don’t know, Tanya.” Yaga said and lit a candle on a stand before planting a crystal cover over it, which brightened the room considerably. She then moved about the room and lit more of the lamps before I ate more of her delicious food.

The beef was soft and stringy, the potatoes just the right amount of mushy, the carrots nice and firm. There was garlic and parsley, and all sorts of good things in it that made me feel warm and lazy.

I was growing even more aroused, aroused enough where milk began leaking from my breasts and I caressed the droplets into my silken skin.

“Indeed you are a powerful woman, Tanya.” Yaga said softly. Your hips are wide, your womanhood potent and powerful, so powerful you can make other women desire you... and your breasts are great and rounded and leak your milk without your womb ever knowing a child.

“I... I assure you...” I was panting, my breasts swelling and contracting with each breath. “I was not... born... with these gifts.”

“Oh? Then how did you come by them if you didn’t mature into them naturally?”

“I... remember my mother. She was beautiful. I remember my father... he was strong. I inherited her beauty and his strength and their combined sexuality, but that did not allow me to gain these strengths. No... I was raped grandmother Yaga.”

“Raped?! Oh my dear... pumpkin...” and she sat down beside me, putting her hand on the back of the wicker bed frame that held the pillows and furs and soft blankets I was laying upon. “I’m so sorry. I’m so sorry that a man did that to you. Tell me his name. Tell me his name and I shall destroy him for you.”

“N-no... no grandmother... it wasn’t rape like you think.” I said as she massaged my breast, squeezing the milk out that was making my nipples ache so. “Man’s science changed me. They changed my blood, they changed my body... made me sexual and strong, even for what I am. They... gave me power... they... they allowed me... to remember... to remember my brother and sister, my mother and father. And I killed... I killed the man who murdered them. Thirteen years later and I found him and killed him.

“Fate itself,” I gasped in the heat and the rising sweet scents of lilac and roses and smells from all the many herbs hanging from the herbal drying racks near the ceiling, and looking up and around me, I saw the thatch walls and ceilings, the straw coverings, and held Yaga’s hand to my breast, helping her to squeeze out the milk. “Fate itself aided me in destroying the monster that separated me from my sister and brother, the monster who murdered my parents and all the servants of the house, whose actions made me stronger than he was.”

I groaned and spread both legs open, arching myself deeply as I felt something hot suffusing me.

“You’re so blessed child, a spectacular child... Strength of the mind and will as well as your body and sexuality. Grandma Yaga is so proud of you. I have a treat for you Tanya, a treat that I want you to enjoy to your heart’s content, and if you wish to change as you use it, then feel free to show me all that beauty and strength as a woman you have.”

And grandma Yaga rose to her feet, standing up straight instead of stooped over, and lifting a hand she plucked something from the hanging herbs that were in the air, and wadding some of it up with some string, she handed it to me.

Oh the scent! Oh it was... oh! Ah!

I gasped and held it to my mouth and nose, breathing it in through both nostrils and mouth rubbing it on my face and feeling every feline instinct in me rising in a cataclysmic rush toward arousal in a spontaneous erotic high.

“Oh! OH! AH! Grandma!” I cried, and with the sweet scent all over my face I felt my nipples erect till they ached, their areola puffing out hard as the clitoris between both legs hardened and erected and rose steely hard, the thing throbbing as it drew out the muscles inside me.

I tingled, arching myself even deeper as I licked that ball of herb, feeling the sexuality in me blossoming, opening like the petals of a rose, and I felt a twinge of a slick sliding from my femininity, the tingling growing to the sensation of my fur sliding from me, the hard muscles growing, and with the sound of crunching and cracking and groaning I began to shift and change.

A hand slid over me, and I realized it was my own hand as I squeezed a tit, slid those fingers down my bodice and onto its supporting navel, the nails of those fingers lengthening, pinching and sharpening into claws, muscles bubbling outward and creasing with thickness and greater number. Down the length of a elongating navel did those fingers go as I lifted the ball to my nose and inhaled deeply from it, and I began to rub myself, coaxing out a growing power inside me while the mane of hair atop my head billowed outward in fantastic clarity.

The milk in my breasts swelled, filling the sacks of flesh till they were tight and firm, so much so that their excess slid down inside me and made the secondary and tertiary mammaries upon this body blossom, each of them blooming outward right down to the pelvis. My strength burned in me, crackled like lightning, making the fur growing on me almost shine white with the fire I had in me.

I unfolded and I grew.



I felt the tailbone turn outward and start telescoping outward, my feet and forearms lengthening, and I thrashed as I licked that ball and became more aroused before I crushed the ball of herbs in my fingers and rubbed it into myself, and the herbs mixed with the milk and sweat that was in me before I slid that same hand down to my loins and I began to masturbate. With a groan and a snapping of jaw, the facial masses pushed outward and filled into bubbling masses... my muscles swelled and grew and I groaned as the power of body and sexuality unfolded, and while I changed, Grandma Yaga stood by, her eyes shining from within the folds of the rags that covered her before she lifted a hand that was laden with long fingernails that had been painted red and pulled back the hood that covered her brows.

Silver hair spilled outward from within the folds of that head covering, and I gaped at her beauty, her full lips and soft ageless features and piercing silver eyes.

“Grandma... you look so... so beautiful.” I gaped, as two of my fingers continued to wiggle inside my sex and then I grunted, climaxing in a rush of juice and nectar that flowed from me and squirted four arching jets of milk from each of the primary and secondary mammaries covering my bodice.

“Thank you, dear heart...” She smiled. “It fills this old heart of mine with much warmth to be called ‘*grandmother*’ again.”

She then shifted her hands to her robes as she unhooked or untied several attachments before pulling the garments open, and as I finished changing, I found that Grandmother Yaga was a beautiful, sensual woman beneath all her robes, with long elegant hair that was wrapped into a series of interlocking braids, and she wore much silver and sapphires in her hair and on her body.

Naked and completely hairless below the scalp, she moved toward me, seeming to shift and change as she sat down beside me even as the last crunching bones and grinding tendons drowned away, leaving me changed.

“It... has been so long since I saw such a supreme creature like you, daughter of Russia.” She said and caressed my face. There was a scent on her wrists, and I reached up with both hands and took that wrist and began licking it, and she chuckled, and when I looked at her next, she’d arched her bodice and was massaging one of her swelling breasts to get its nipple to erect and her own milk to flow.

“Strength you have as well as beauty and sexual power... and I fear even that you possess some of these things in greater abundance than even I.” she finished caressing herself and then taking her hand away from me, she cradled my large head and offered me her breast. I licked the milk from it and then kissed her nipple before sucking from it. “I’ve waited so long for you, Tanya... drink... drink deeply from your grandmother.” And she kissed my brow, and I drank of the thick creamy milk that spilled from her breast. I tried to drink so quickly as its flow grew that some of her sweet milk leaked from my mouth and drained about the chin and onto my chest.

But there was a power inside her that was now flowing into me. It was different from the energy that billowed inside me, it was different from the electricity or the microwaves... this was magical, this was a power that was genuine and natural, and it rapidly filled me. I drank from it, filling my mouth and swallowing with hardly enough time to breathe. Then lifting both paw-like hands that I had, withdrawing the claws in the fingers, I began to knead her breast rhythmically, feeling like a child, a mere cub as I drank and drank endlessly.

“Your mother did this with you. She was my daughter as well Tanya... and I loved her so much. But the man who murdered her and your loving father, a wise and honorable man, had no name, so I couldn’t destroy him for you.” I opened my eyes and stared up at Grandma Yaga, staring at her right in the eye. “Men feared me, have feared me for ages and ages. Long before this nation was even called Russia, long before the reign of the Tsars, I was always here, Tanya. And the strongest of women that were born of Mother Russia have I adopted as my own. Take into you this power, and share yours with me...” she said quietly, and removing my mouth from her tit, feeling her milk drain onto my chest and form a miniature

river between those mountainous breasts, I lifted my chin and she palmed the thick cheeks of my face and then she kissed me.

I kissed a woman, another woman before her, but unlike then there was a shared power of energies and powers between this woman and me now. There was so much passion in that kiss before we both broke with a gasp, and with a moan I fell from her onto the pillows that were piled high with silks and things, and crying from the sensual power that was billowing in me, I began to heave and gasp and moan, my breasts swelling and blossoming, their nipples erecting their areola firming up and the milk inside them enriching as hardening muscles curved their way inside me, redefining my body and enhancing its feminine form.

With a tremendous moan I came in a splattering rush while Grandmother Yaga rose to her feet, hard rippling muscle and engorging breasts swelling beneath her perfect skin, and within moments she was a towering woman with huge, mountainous breasts and hard human muscularity that was intensified to its maximums.

“I don’t understand... why am I not as strong as you are child?” she asked me, and I looked back at her sorrowfully.

“I know not Grandma... I gave you everything you wanted.” But Yaga straddled me, and I conveniently arched myself, rolling both mountainous shoulders backward so that my own enormous breasts separated, and she planted both hands over my heart.

I gasped immediately as her power pulsed through me, and I moaned with the pleasure of the contact before her hands left my chest.

“I understand now. Your intense power comes from this energy you have in you. Your power comes from the fact that their science had raped your body so.”

I began to cry. “I’m sorry grandmother. I cannot return your gift.”

And she smiled at me and laid against me, rubbing the top of one of my breasts before she kissed my brow. “There’s nothing to be sorry about, Tanya. Like your mother I intend to celebrate the strongest woman in our land and love her as my own child. You were raped and yet the experience has made you stronger. That which didn’t kill you made you greater. Rest now child... while you’re in my house you’ll find rest.”

And she started to sing to me as I laid in her arms and continued to nurse again; drinking from her milk and loving the attention grandma gave me. For two days I stayed with her, bathed with her, ate with her and felt her kisses.

We decorated Ivan with a beautiful wicker collar and elegant blue markings on the base of his tail and forehead that I considered rather beautiful and becoming of him, and though he protested when he woke up, he nonetheless spent hours in a mirror looking at the markings and making sure that they were straight. Grandma and I laughed at him. Grandmother’s home was opened to me and I was able to walk her gardens and look out the window into the warm meadows and lie naked in the sun without ever having to change back into a human form.

I was visited by Dmitri and made love to me time and again underneath the partial moonlight.

Grandmother was so powerful, so strong and beautiful in her silken wrappings. She helped me do up my hair, taught me how to be beautiful... something I’d always wanted to be ever since I was a girl. I wanted to be just like her and mother...

She taught me how to use some of the power that she’d placed in me, and I grew stronger, more beautiful and more powerful because of it.

And at the end of the time I was to stay with her, which was over a period of a night, a day, another night and then a morning, she sent me on my way with a full belly of her food, her drink and her milk in my belly and embracing me and kissing my cheek, she placed something into my hand.

“A Ukrainian egg?” I asked looking at it.

“Break it when you get to where you’re going, honey... it’ll help you along your journey.”

“But I can’t do that, Grandmother. It’s so beautiful!”

“It’s ok, child. It is meant to be broken. But I wish to give you something else, child.”

“What is it Grandma Yaga?” I blinked at her.

“I wish for you to know your grandmother fully, Tanya, for I am Mother Russia... and as my granddaughter my power is in you now. And so I wish to entrust you with my name, for I am the Bone Witch... Baba Yaga.”

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I awoke with a gasp with Ivan in my arms, and the moment I awoke he yawned deeply and then stretched before I fingered a flock of hair away from my eyes even as I heard the sound of someone unlocking the door outside.

“Was it all a dream?” I asked but then gasped as I saw the markings I’d made on Ivan’s forehead.

*‘If it was, then we both dreamed the same dream and... and... what are you doing Tanya?’* Ivan returned.

I was trying to wash off the blue markings on his head. “It won’t come off!” I said and he licked his paw and straightened his head hair immediately.

*‘What won’t come off?!’*

“The markings that... that Grandmother and I put on you.”

Ivan stopped and stared wide-eyed at me. *‘B-but... that was just a dream! Wasn’t it?’*

I picked him up and turned him to look at the base of his tail. “No... the same mark is on your back too. And you’re wearing the woven collar as well!”

*‘And... and look at your chest, Tanya!’* Ivan gasped, and looking down, I dropped him in surprise at what I saw.

Both breasts must’ve increased in size by at least four cup sizes, with their areola and nipples standing out perpetually now, the pair so large that they’d drawn the blouse and sweater up so that they left my navel bare and naked. I could also feel the undershirt that’d been marginally loose beneath the sweater before this experience had happened, but now it was just like a bra it was so tight and conforming.

*‘Your hips too...’* Ivan prompted and opening the trench coat I was wearing I saw that I indeed did have wider hips.

“Sexual magics...” I said aloud. “Her strength, her sexuality, her will and the greatness of her mind. Baba Yaga?! I always thought she was supposed to be terrible hag.” I stopped and thought, remembering things I learned in whatever had happened to Ivan and me. “She was no hag... her name was sullied by men wishing to destroy her good name. She was Mother Russia!” I palmed my head and swooned, falling along the edge of the vacant train car and onto the floor. “And Dmitri... he and I made love often over those two

days. Grandmother said that she brought him for a visit while I was there. Oh God... what happened to me?"

*'I don't know... I was dreaming that I was dreaming!'* Ivan said and then sneezed. *'Try to figure that one out!'* and then he moved over to me and rose to place his front paws on my muscled navel. *'But your friend Igor told us to leave soon... before the train starts again.'*

"You're right Ivan. We must be in Moscow now... best we get off this train and away. Just let me change clothes and... hey... where did my bag..." and I stopped, seeing a large carpet bag here for me with a woman's hat and a woman's oversized coat and a new pair of pull-on boots nearby with all my things in it. There was a scarf filled with food in it.

Smiling as I looked through the things and then looked upward to whatever heaven my patron was from and said: "Thanks Grandma."

Then removing the hat and coat I was wearing, leaving them in the car and donning the scarf, the hat and the coat, and stuffing Ivan in a pocket and grabbing a little something to eat, I opened the car door, hopped out and disappeared into the late morning in the train yards of the city of Moscow.

**Day 151:** *I'm not even going to begin to determine what happened to me and Ivan. I only knew that Ivan was bigger than he was and had a witch's collar about his neck and magical markings on his forehead and tail that glowed in the pale moonlight, whereas I'd gained at least ten kilograms in muscle and breast weight. The benefit of the breast weight was that it brought my lactation under control a little better.*

*I most certainly wasn't going to waste time now that I was in Moscow.*

*The first address I looked into for the whereabouts of my siblings was for my brother, but this came up as a dead end. It was a vacant lot... The orphanage that had been here had long since been abandoned and was burned to the ground. Even the rubble had been cleaned up.*

*The one for my sister was still in use as an orphanage, but the staff there didn't recall a girl named Anya who would be sixteen by now. I asked as to whether or not they had any records of an Anya Ivanova being delivered here fourteen years ago, and the employees merely looked at each other and then told me they never heard of a name like that, but then told me to promptly leave.*

*They knew my sister; they just weren't telling me where she was.*

*So I found myself a cheap hotel to start my quest for my sister at, and while I began preparations for both obtaining my sister and retrieving my family's riches from the men at the bank, I suddenly realized something...*

*I'd turned twenty years old on that train ride and didn't even realize it.*

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"I'm sorry... miss..."

"Ivanova" I supplied, sitting pleasantly with one leg crossed and me in my new one-piece dress with a matching lady's purse held on my lap.

I'd spent hours trying to look pretty and pleasant for the man, and as a satisfying quirk of the powers I'd recently acquired in the facility and later at Mir, those that switched me from electricity to microwaves, I'd switched myself over to microwaves and instead got amber eyes, red hair and a much slimmer body with less muscle on it, so I looked more feminine and less butch, but I still nonetheless possessed two very large breasts.

"Y~yes... but as it is ma'am, our records are to remain confidential. They are only there for the sake of history by use of police and government agencies. But despite your claim, and we made sure of this, we never had an Anya Ivanova as an orphan here."

"Are you certain you can't tell me? She would've been transferred here by the police or KGB about fourteen years ago."

I was being helped by two individuals: the orphanage Administrator and his secretary. The previous individuals I'd contacted were of no help, so I tried a different approach and went right to the top of its organization. This was an orphanage that was barely functioning, but it was still functioning despite the financial state of most of Russia, and I assumed it was primarily because of these two individuals. They were nice people, but they were definitely law-abiding individuals who obeyed the letter of the law instead of the spirit of the law. Small staff, many children, I was glad to find that these were the conditions that my sister was sent to.

But after mentioning the name and the time that she came, both the Administrator and his secretary immediately looked at each other and then back to me, and their niceties became veiled anger immediately. Just like the others before them.

“No I’m most certain now that she was never here. Now if you’ll excuse us, we are very busy caring for these children, and if you don’t have any further needs, then please leave!” the Administrator said as he rose from his chair and pointed at the door.

Pursing my lips I rose to my feet. “Thank you much for your help then sir, madam.” And I turned and exited their office.

There was something going on here, and sadly the only way that I could find out about it is if I were to gain access to those filing cabinets. Luckily... there was a window in this office.

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Muscles tensed as I leapt across rooftops as sparingly as possible to keep myself away from the eye in the sky, white fur billowing about me while I kept out of sight of the people on the street. The only people who saw me were those who’d dismiss me as a drug or alcohol induced hallucination,

The orphanage was shut down mostly, leaving only a few lights on the base level. It was an assurance that children were asleep and the Administrator and staff would be sleeping. It was a simple matter to leap from the ground and cling by claws alone to the wall of the orphanage, and opening up a window that no one bothered locking because it was four stories up with no fire escape nearby, I managed to squeeze inside with some difficulty with only minor rattling of the window and the frame, with the most trouble being on how to get my breasts through the window partition.

Half way through I just gave up on the act and shifted into a human being and stood up naked in the center of the room. Walking over to the door and lifting a finger, I crated a band of plasma off my fingertip and welded the door to the office shut with a few quick snaps. I was carrying a fanny pack with the computer-phone and a light inside it, and unshouldering it and walking to the file cabinets I commenced my search, using just the faintest of lights to read the titles on the filing cabinets and files.

It didn’t take me long to find the particular file I wanted... it was clearly labeled “Anya Ivanova.”

Sitting down in the Administrator’s nice comfy chair, still naked and pulling my long white hair over one shoulder, I began to read.

While I was resting there with both legs upraised and crossed atop his desk, I noted a sound in the hall, just before someone tried the doorknob to find the door stuck.

“Damn it, the door’s jammed.” Someone said and I clicked off the penlight I was using and waited for a moment as someone tried a key in the door lock for a few moments, and when they were unsuccessful on turning the fused lock they threw their weight against the door a couple times.

“Quiet, you’ll wake the children if you’re too loud.” Someone hissed. A woman’s voice.

“Damn lock’s jammed.”

“We’ll get the janitor to open it later. Just let’s go somewhere else. The maintenance closet is a good place if you don’t mind standing up while we do it.”

And then there was laughter as they both left, and I clicked the penlight back on and continued reading.

So, “Anya Ivanova” was renamed “Svetlana Cherenkov.” Opening the phone and extending it’s keyboard, I sent a message to Igor.

**>‘Anya Ivanova’ was renamed ‘Svetlana Cherenkov.’ Peter’s whereabouts unknown due to that the orphanage he was sent to burned down. Please tell me he wasn’t caught in the fire. I’ll be going to the bank tomorrow...<**

And closing the phone and placing it into the satchel and shouldering it, I took a deep breath, my muscular body tensing and breasts heaving, and then with several quick steps I leapt out of the window, and sailing out into the air I changed in mid-flight.

Even a minute amount of change allowed me to land after a twelve meter fall without any damage, the weight of all my growing and amassing breasts hammering down drove me to one knee, and turning and grinning to a wino as I finished changing, I then dashed away, and far behind me I heard the crash of him throwing his booze away.

**Day 152:** *There was a message waiting for me by the time I got back to my hotel early that morning, and I sighed at the message I received.*

**<Anya, also known as Svetlana, is now in Saint Petersburg. I have a record of Peter Ivanovitch being ferried through Las Angeles, California; U.S.A. to some place further east in their nation. Sadly I will need more information as to the orphanage he was ferried through. Peter's name would've been Americanized more than likely when sent to their orphanages, and sadly the number of male orphans named Peter that are fifteen years old is a number in the thousands. I will need more information before continuing.>**

**<Just so that you know, Tanya... Anya is in the "Russian Wives" program. You need to hurry... with her being sixteen and now at the age of consent for most nations, the probability of her being "Shipped" grows by the day.>**

**<See attached address for her last current whereabouts, accurate to at least six months ago.>**

*It was the first ray of hope that I could really enjoy feeling in awhile. Dmitri was a steady hope and I swore to God that I'd come back to him, but now I actually knew where a member of my family was. It was now only a matter of time in finding her.*

*So glad as I was to finally know where she was, I laid back and wept tears of joy, forgetting that I had an early morning appointment with the agent at the bank who'd been dealing with my family holdings for so long... and denied me as well. Well this time, I had a surprise for him if he denied me again.*

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"Ah, Miss Ivanova. It's so nice to see you." The agent with his computer greeted with a shit-eating grin.

"Translation: you hate to see me and are now angry that I've arrived within the six month period it would've required before you could declare me dead so that you could pocket all that cash through one of your back water mafia connections, Mister Andreovitch." I said sharply as I sat down and promptly crossed my legs.

I chose to go white that day... white hair, patterned white dress that showed off my muscles and breasts, white stretch panties in case I had to go through a quick change. There was a luxuriously white coat with silver embroidery about all that as I sat down with my long hair pulled over one shoulder. The white heels I wore were an added touch with the white patterned thigh-stockings.

It was a pleasure watching this man frown at what I'd said, and I smirked back at him, my red lips broadening wide. It actually aroused me! I was really hoping he wouldn't help out.

"Miss Ivanovitch, I do *not* appreciate the insinuations!" he growled back at me.

Just then there was a buzzing sound, and lifting a hand I slid it in between both breasts and pulled out the phone computer and smirked as I saw that it said simply 'Igor' on the caller ID. "Excuse me." I smirked and activated the phone. "Hello?"

"You know... I can make his life a living hell for you, Tanya." I heard a robotic voice say to me that made it difficult to determine if it was a man or a woman talking to me."

"That won't be necessary." I smiled.

"Sure it would be necessary. Part of that is my money."

"Where are you?"



“Camera up on the wall looking at your right shoulder.”

“Hmm... No... no that’s ok. I’d prefer this to go the other way.”

“I see. Suit yourself, Tanya. Page me if you decide otherwise.”

“I’ll be sure to do that.” I said and we both broke the line and I replaced the phone back between the great expanse of my breasts.

“W-who was that?” The Bank agent asked warily.

“An associate of mine who’s very interested on how well you can help me.” I answered, smiling back at him. “Just so that you know, I will be getting my money, Mister Andreovitch. I’ll be happy if you were to just acknowledge my claim and fork it over. All bank accounts, all properties, all holdings as was entrusted to me by the KGB when my parents died.”

“Well,” Andreovitch smiled and leaned forward on his desk, folding his hands beneath his chin. “As you well know, Gorbachev eliminated the KGB, and there is a multitude of file work and governmental work that is necessary in order to get that information back to allow us to release that information.”

“And I seriously doubt that it takes more than a full year, Mister Andreovitch. What that tells me is that you’re hoarding my property. I should warn you that my associates are rather persuasive. Save yourself the trouble and just release it to me. By this time you are aptly familiar with the account and me, and you probably know the exact amount of the account down the bare Kopek. All that should’ve been needed was proof of my identification and my Social Identification Number. I cannot count how often I’ve provided that information, Mister Andreovitch, so it should’ve been easy for you over the past year to requisition the appropriate paperwork and have it processed, and I bet that all is needed at this moment is for you to finalize the process. I’ll ask only once for you to complete this transaction and give me my rightful inheritance and property or else I’ll have to send my associates to deal with you directly.”

“Oh what would they do, Miss Ivanovitch? Make my life a living hell?”

“Hell wouldn’t be simple enough after what you’ve done to me this past year, sir. Partially because of you I’ve experienced the worst experience in my life. I’d advise you to help me and then forget you ever saw me.”

“Is that a threat?” Andreovitch gasped and I leveled my gaze on him hungrily. I started staring at his throat.

“You can take it as you will, Mister Andreovitch, the only thing I can promise you are that you will not like it if you cross me today.”

“Hmm, I think I’m going to anyways, Miss Ivanovitch. You walk in here after having gone through a radical change...”

“...You have no idea how radical mister Andreovitch.” I said, but he continued over me as if I’d not said anything

“...and to me I see a completely different woman. You definitely don’t appear to be hurting for money. You can die your hair and wear expensive clothing in this economy and yet you come in here and think to threaten me. You look to have added at least a hundred pounds to your body weight, so I must state that you indeed do not appear to be the woman I was dealing with before, so how do I know I’m dealing with the same person? So I’ll tell you what, whoever you think you are, how bout you get up and leave before I summon security who’ll throw you right over to the police? Hm? How bout that for cooperation?” he smiled at me.

I merely rose and smiled at him. “Only that I hoped that you’d make this difficult Mister Andreovitch.”

“Hey, what’s that supposed to mean?!” but I’d already turned my back on him and was striding out sharply from his desk.”

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I wasn’t about to let this rodent get away with this. He’d been doing this for over a year, and so now I was going to give him his comeuppance.

Going back to the hotel room and getting totally naked, I donned a trench coat I got from a discounted used place, as well as a hat and a pair of slip on boots. Combining that with a heavy scarf and a secondary overcoat, I was quite warm once I went back and waited for Andreovitch to leave the bank and go home for the night.

Stalking programming kicked in immediately, and I stepped in quietly behind him, feeling an odd arousal rising inside me as I kept waiting for a time in which to strike.

He took a mostly open direction toward wherever he lived, one of which took him right across Red Square. But the longer the walk the less people were around him and at this hour the sun had fully set and the night had long ago crept in and covered everything in a black sheet of night. All the better to hide me with.

And then he began to come to a place where there were no people, and I chose to strike!

Lifting a hand I gestured toward a street lamp in order to focus on it better, and the light bulb inside of it steadily grew brighter, catching Andreovitch’s attention, and like anyone confronted with something out of the ordinary, he stared at it as it grew brighter and brighter and then popped the bulb with a shattering pop and a spray of electrical sparks inside the glass dome of the streetlamp.

I smirked and stuffed both hands in my pockets as he looked about him nervously and saw me behind him, and backing away from me, he turned and quickened his steps. I quickened my steps after him, making deliberate stomping noises so that he knew I was following him, and with a cry he began to jog now, and I began to change.

Lifting both hands I made the other street lamps about him explode with pops of light, and with a startled cry he ran while my clothes compressed about me, shredding and tearing, and as he saw me unfolding from inside the folds of the trench coat I wore, a barreling monster rushing after him on all fours, he screamed and began to run. The last of the clothes exploded from around me as I vaulted after him, grabbed him with another scream pouring out of him, and dashing with him down an alley, and another alley and several more, I hefted him up by his coat and roared at him even as I finished changing.

Electricity snapped between my teeth, between nipples and wafting in angry green steam off either eyeball, the fur on my body waving with the heat of the electricity. He wet himself most satisfyingly... and a few moments later dropped everything that was in his bowels.

“Most satisfying,” I snarled at him, rolling an upper lip. “You are a detestable maggot Mister Andreovitch.” I snapped at him, and he cried.

“W-what do you want? How do you know my name?!”

“I’ve known your name for a long time, Mister Andreovitch, and I’m that *‘associate’* of Tanya’s she warned you about. And she did warn you.” I said and nodded at him and he nodded with me before I snarled at him and tapped the wall beside his face with my fist, and the wall bowed in slightly. “You’re agreeing with me?! You are a maggot?!”

“Yes! Anything! Anything you want! I don’t want to die!!”

“Anything?!” I growled and then grabbing both his arms in either hand and hung him like that between my massive fists and squeezed. Andreovitch bellowed out a weeping cry as the strength of my hands broke both the forearm bones in either of his arms, his fingers wriggling with the spastic reaction to both arms being broken. “Like I said, Andreovitch, Tanya is very, very angry at you. Your life is really forfeit, if you know what I mean...”

And I tossed him up a little and caught him by the scruff of his coat, and wadding his hair and coat together in one hand; I lifted the other hand, extended the claws on thumb, forefinger and middle finger and brought them all to a point and hovered it over his chest. I didn't know why I did that, and I glanced at it, which made him glance at the point made of my claws, and looking back at him I grinned as my programming told me what it was.

It was a killing move, the point behind the fist strong enough to force it's way upward underneath the ribcage to place one's hand in the chest cavity, which allowed that hand to grip the heart and rip it out. It was some monk ability from an obscure sect, that I knew but I didn't know who or where they were, all I knew was that I could do it.

“Perhaps I should just kill you. Remove another greedy ass hole from Mother Russia... one of those people who make us all look bad. All it would take is a tap and I'd crush your rib cage and snap your heart right out of you!”

I wasn't really going to kill him, I wasn't a murderer, and I didn't like to cause undo harm, but I did experience the worst experiences in my life because this bastard represented the face of the bank that held all my family's wealth, and because he didn't want to know me, it made it easier for me to disappear.

Now granted I couldn't thank that experience enough, for it let me learn of my family and what I was, but I didn't need to tell him that. All he had to see was my claws rising like death's pendulum ready to descend for him and snatch his life out.

“No! I'll do anything! Anything!!” he wept.

“Anything?” I bellowed and shook him by the hand I held him with. “Don't you lie to me! If you do I'll make it so that it takes a whole day for you to die.”

“No! I promise! Anything you want, just don't kill me!”

I smiled at him. “Then listen to me very carefully, Mister Andreovitch... failure to meet these requirements will mean you won't see me coming, but you'll definitely feel every bone I break and every tooth I pull from your skull. And just remember, before you go telling people you were attacked by a giant feline lycanthrope with huge tits; just remember how insane that sounds...” I grinned, and then began dictating instructions.

**Day 153:** *I made myself perfectly clear.*

*I was quite sure about that. The threat of someone's life by a giant slavering beast would've made me do absolutely whatever that creature said before I discovered that I **was** one of those creatures... Now... not even facing Twenty-Five had made me as fearful as I made Mister Andreovitch...*

*After breaking both his arms and making sure that I left the fear of women in his mind, I dropped him off – literally, he fell a nice ten feet, landed on his leg wrong and twisted it badly – before I vaulted off and disappeared before the satellites could see me.*

*Andreovitch would spend all night in the hospital being fitted for two arm casts and one leg cast. I made sure not to damage his rotator cuffs at least.*

*I told him that he would have to be at the bank exactly at noon to meet me, or meet my human self that is, and he would personally finalize the transfer of all funds and properties that were due me into Tanya Ivanova Asimov's name.*

*The programming that was in me told me that a man in an appropriate level of fear will do anything to get out of it.*

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I was moderately surprised as I walked into the bank right at the first stroke of noon to be met by Andreovitch, who was in his casts and a neck brace.

“Ah... miss Ivanova!” I heard him greet me as he hobbled toward me with a grimace.

“Why mister Andreovitch, you look in a right terrible mess.”

“It's all right... I... went drinking last night and fell down a series of steps.” I smiled at him. He was saying the same reason I directed him to say when someone asked him what happened.

“You look in pain.”

“Yes, well... the pain meds are doing their job. Come right with me, Miss Ivanovitch, I have all the paperwork you requested yesterday ready to be completed. All we need is for your signature and everything can be transferred to your name.”

“Thank you very much, Mister Andreovitch. I've been waiting for this for a good long time...”

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Oh my god... I was rich!

There was over twenty-eight million rubles in this account when it was left off at the time of my parent's death so long ago, and six percent compounded quarterly for fourteen years with no one living off it or maintaining it?! It was just over four hundred and sixty million rubles!

But that wasn't all... apparently there was also a safety deposit box equipped with all this and in the Safety Deposit box were the land deeds for the mansion, cars, a private jet and a Swiss bank account. The Swiss bank account was even more than the rubles... and all in all I was an heiress worth more than a billion American Dollars!

But also in the safety deposit box was a surprise.

It was a locket. A beautiful, heart-shaped locket. I held it, not believing that I had it in my hands, knowing it for the locket that had hung around my mother's neck for so long, remembering that it was always to be

mine being that I was the eldest daughter, and after a few quick tricks with undoing a pair of clasps, the heart unfolded and revealed five faces.

The face of my mother, my father, my sister and brother and me. Tears welled up within my eyes immediately, and I felt their faces before closing the clasp and immediately putting the locket upon the gold chain around my neck so that it rested right along with Dmitri's ring and the pocket computer that Igor built.

Then emptying the sparse contents of the box, I closed it, returned it and promptly finished all the business I needed. I decided to close all my accounts here and the box... I just didn't feel as if they'd be safe, and I brought them to another bank and opened up a new account. I even got a toaster and a set of steak knives in the bargain... a special they were running at the time for new account holders. And amidst opening up that account, I transferred a cool million to the nameless Swiss Bank account that Igor directed to me, and paged him with:

**>Ten thousand American Dollars worth and a bonus, with my thanks.<**

**Day 154:** *I had to reorganize...*

*I didn't receive a thank you page from Igor... but knowing his nature and his desire to remain anonymous, I let it go. I was sure he was thankful for the tip I gave him nonetheless. He requested ten grand American, giving him a million rubles was, after current exchange rates minus the ten grand, like giving him a fifteen thousand dollar tip.*

*Early the next morning though, after taking my morning shower, and getting all my things together to journey toward Saint Petersburg, I laid out all the sparse things I had, the clothes neatly folded, and I discovered something that fell out of the coat I had. It was the Ukrainian Egg I dreamed of receiving from Baba Yaga. I could hold this thing, touch it and feel its surface and I knew that that it hadn't been a dream, that and the fact that Ivan's new markings appeared permanent.*

*But strangely enough was that this egg felt heavy, like a lump of lead.*

*I had to find out what was inside, but I didn't want to ruin the egg... it was so beautiful. So I went to a hobby store and bought an Xacto Knife, and while there I also bought a ten thousand watt soldering iron... for a different purpose. With the knife in hand I cut open the egg carefully and separated it, and inside instead of yolk was a solid gold egg.*

*I guess it was the chicken that laid the golden eggs and not the goose, and I remembered the gold chicken that Baba had placed on the floor in the train while she was turning the train into her home. It even had a twenty-four-K emblem on it to show it's grade. 'Thanks grandma Yaga,' I remembered thinking.*

*Amidst the things that were in mother and father's safety deposit box was a list of people's names, addresses and phone numbers. Some of them were in other nations, many were located throughout Russia, and I'd perhaps have to look into their names at a later date. Memorizing the Swiss bank account and it's access number and placing the little note book's information in the pocket computer under a password-locked file, I finished putting everything in the carpet bag I'd woken up with, and surprisingly enough, found something to place the gold egg and its two halves within, which was a specially lacquered box designed to hold Ukrainian Eggs securely and safely. I'd have to move the hard copy of all the names and addresses over later. But before I left for Saint Petersburg... there were a few things I needed to do...*

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I was dressed in only my panties at the moment... not looking forward to this next task that I knew needed to happen as I stared at the soldering iron heating up. It had a stick of iron that was working on Russia's two-hundred and twenty volt power network, the iron rod many times larger than a standard electrician's soldering iron, and the sheer power of the electricity heating the coils to heat that stick of iron caused the six inch span of metal to rust instantly upon receiving that much heat.

To its credit and to my dismay, it heated itself up to full power in less than a minute.

I was branded like an animal at the facility, and I bore a tattooed barcode on my right thigh, left arm at the shoulder, at the nape of my neck and on my left breast.

Rising, both boobs bouncing briefly with the motion, I moved to where that rod was heating up and gripped its plastic side firmly, feeling its heat through the handle, and lifting it, I took a deep breath and pressed it against the barcode on the shoulder of my left arm. I choked back a sob while tears welled up in my eyes as I moved the super-heated welder's grade iron about my shoulder, skin instantly melting away from the heat and nerve endings instantaneously becoming marred. The pain was only brief, and soon I was able to ensure that I could pay attention to what I was doing, and that was to make sure that every square inch of the marking was destroyed.

The smell of charred flesh was acrid in the air, and once done I strode to the bathroom, and gripping around the charred flesh that was once soft and beautiful, I looked at the wound I'd done to myself in the mirror and consigned myself with an ugly scar... a scar once it healed and... hey!

I gaped and watched the wound first in the mirror, and then lowered my gaze as the flesh rapidly healed itself. Puss squeezed out of crystallizing blood vessels and dripped down my arm, the flesh pushing together as weeks of healing happened right before my eyes! The charred flesh sunk into the arm, the blood liquefying and the skin melding over as stray dead flakes of blood and skin crisped off and disintegrated into puffs of ash upon striking the floor, and within moments I was left with a perfectly smooth realm of soft new skin.

It was like the bullet wound that I'd received before at the facility and the other later at Mir, but this time the wound was much larger. I didn't think a wound this large would be able to heal this well. I had to feel the wound to test to see if it was real. But this was definitely an option, and going back to the soldering iron and gripping it, I again applied it to myself three more times; against my fat breast, against the marking on the thigh, but the worst had to be the one that was on the back of my neck. I almost bawled as I removed that one, and without being able to see, and by having to lift my hair for this one and thereby leaving only one hand to remove the marking, I had to be extra careful in destroying that mark.

Afterwards I just collapsed on the cold linoleum of the bathroom floor as I healed and laid there for awhile with tears of pain flowing from my eyes combining with tears of joy since they had one less measure to detect me now.

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Shifting to red mode did two remarkable things for me:

Firstly was that it colored my hair immediately. I tried coloring my hair using chemicals, but for whatever reason I guessed it was the same reason that allowed me to heal all those burn marks without scars within a matter of minutes so I couldn't complain, hair coloring changed back to the color it was within half an hour. The coloring was a burning red color, and what was more was that it turned my flesh into an almost tan coloring and like before, turned my eyes amber.

The other thing it did was make me a lot leaner, diminishing my body muscle a good twenty-five kilograms but left my tits still large and massive. So when those who were looking for me were looking for a large-chested, light-skinned muscular woman with white hair saw me, they might not recognize me.

I had one place to visit while I was here in Moscow, and though I knew every day brought Anya closer to being sold as a wife to some foreigner, I had to visit my family's home...

When I arrived at its address I found that it was thankfully still standing, with its beautiful buttresses and overhangs and its elegant stone and iron walls surrounding the property all intact. The gate to the house was chained and locked with a heavy duty lock, and picking up the lock I used those microwave powers in me to melt the lock between my fingers before pulling it and the chains away from the bars before pushing one half of the gate open enough for me to fit through.

The gate squealed with protest.

*'Tanya... are you sure you want to do this?'* Ivan asked as he hung out of my trench coat pocket. *'This place doesn't contain very many of the best memories.'*

"I have to, Ivan." I said to him idly as I reached an elegant wooden swing set with its stainless steel metal streaked with rust from the steel bolts and screws that held it together, and it was half ensnared with dried weeds that were poking up out of the snow. "I have to see where it all happened." And I reached down and scratched his head as we moved up to the front door.

The windows were all closed tight, with nail boards secured across them to keep them closed, and the front door itself had police tape strewn across its front. More than a decade of lost Frisbees and balls from the kids of the neighborhood laid strewn on a lawn that was covered with long grass and weeds that were mostly flattened by the snow. Turning back to the tape, I gestured at it and the three crossing bands melted at their centers and popped open, then reaching the front door, I pushed down on the thumb latch and opened the door to enter into the this neighborhood's haunted house.

I remembered this place having such a warm spirit, but despite being a cat and despite being a Russian woman even, someone who should be used to the cold of this frigid land, I nonetheless held myself and shivered. This place was no longer warm and it bore the memories of incredible violence. Even within a few meters of entering the palace-like residence of my family line, I saw the evidences of Twenty-Five's terrible rampage. There were three spots of blood that stained the carpeting just within the great entryway of the house, right where the grand stairway rose and then split to lead the way to the upper floors of the house.

Candelabras and vases still rested where they were when the violence happened. I'd expected the place to be looted, but there were certain things that played upon a person's mind in a house like this, and I guessed because of that violence no one wanted to get anywhere near this place to steal stuff.

I legally owned it all now, and I didn't want any of it.

And then I stopped where I stood after taking only a few steps inside. There was a horrendous layer of dust all over everything, and yet there was a repeating path of foot steps leading from the front door, up the stairs and out of sight before those feet retreated back the exact same way they entered. The foot prints were made by huge boots as well with deep treads, and stepping onto one of the foot prints, I found that the boot was nearly thrice my foot size!

Whoever that was, they came here often, and they were huge!

*'If you don't mind, Tanya... I think I'll just stay in your pocket while we're here.'* Ivan said quietly and then ducked inside the flap.

"Do you have room in there for two, Ivan?" I sighed, and stepped forward, following the footprints upward, and hoping there wasn't some homeless person living in here. I really didn't feel like dealing with anyone that was that large. It'd take nothing short of shifting to a full hybrid form to deal with him, and the last thing beyond that would be having some druggie or wino running around crying about monsters. But then who would believe him if they did?

*Those looking for me, that's who...* I thought to myself.

I sighed and rose along the creaky stairs that hadn't been cleaned, oiled and maintained in a long time... about fourteen years to be exact. Puffs of smoke rose up around my every foot step I made as I followed the footprints along a long hall, and pausing, removing a large watt flashlight from the pocket opposite the one Ivan was in and turning it on, I paused immediately at the sight of more blood blotches on the floors. And then still more blotches... and yet more...

I remembered then that this was more than just an ancestral home, but it was also the clan hall. There were many cats here of varying types. Tigers and Leopards mostly, but there was also a lion or two if I remembered right. Mother and Father were both tigers, both with orange pelts. It was only because of my eventual changes in the facility that made me into a white pelt.

Following the foot steps down the hall, seeing blood splattered everywhere in long arching streams that were made by Twenty-Five's knife, I finally came to a great open door and paused at the sight of a massive bed. It was a bed that had seen hundreds of births and first love-makings and deaths... but it was also the bed that saw the death of its entire clan. Coming to sit on its edge, I palmed the place where my mother was raped and murdered. I didn't cry... I was too cold inside at the moment to cry.



The sheets here had a caked in and crispy blood spot on them where she died, and turning my head, I saw also the large spot on the floor where father bled to death.

And then I began to wonder. I knew very little of what it meant to be a lycanthrope, but after suffering what I'd suffered... being shot, burning my markings off with a welding iron... why was it that mother and father could die from something so simple as a gunshot wound or knives. Surely Twenty-Five didn't coat his bullets and his knives in silver.

It was a question I didn't have an answer for try as I might to think of how, and rising, feeling Ivan bump briefly against my leg while he laid rolled up in his pocket, I walked out of the room with the flashlight and then paused immediately at the sight of another door just down the hall... one that the footsteps that'd been left repeatedly in the dust-strewn floor always walked past. Fourteen years later and there was no evidence of anyone entering that room. Stepping that way, I paused at the door that had colorful signs on it made from crayons, and I fingered it, recognizing a picture I did when I was little. The door itself was ruined, broken and bashed in near its center from where Twenty-Five had tried to force his way through it.

I pushed the door open, and immediately felt a flashback tear through my mind as I looked upon the nursery. There were two cribs here with many toys and stuffed animals. This was the place I'd come to play since my room was elsewhere. The memories that I'd reacquired didn't tell me where that room was in this place, but suddenly feeling like a little girl, I stepped into the room, running my hands over dust covered wooden cribs and finally coming to where there was a stuffed animal of a tiger on the floor with buttons for eyes and stitching for a mouth, and bending downward and picking it up, I brushed it off and held it close to me, hugging it tightly and kissing it's musty head.

This was like my teddy bear. I'd brought it in with me when I looked in on Anya and Peter that night. Squeezing it tightly, it was only now that I began to shed tears for everything that was lost. My clan, my family, all of it lost because of one madman with some sort of unnatural power to slay a lycanthrope by sheer will alone it seemed; so corrupted was he by his madness.

“So, little princess... you've at long last come home.”

With a gasp I rose and a hand of mine lashed outward, fingernails ejecting outward into knife-like claws, only for my whole hand to be caught idly by a fist the size of a ham, and I gaped at the size of the man who stood before me.

He towered a full head, neck, shoulders and chest taller than me, a good twenty-one or so decimeters at the least and maybe a good three hundred pounds. He wore a high-collared huge trench coat that hid his mouth and nose from view with the collar being so high and its front being enclosed, and its bottoms fell down to his ankles. He had a hat atop his head emblazoned with a great red star, and where he met the floor I saw two enormous boots.

He was the one that left the footprints in the dust!

The hand of his that held me was white-knuckled but it wasn't crushing my hand... merely holding it immobile.

“W-who... who are you.” I squinted into the shadows of his clothing, seeing that a heavy scarf further obscured his face.

“In another life, Tanya, I was your father's closest friend and comrade. I served the clan and the state it existed in. I was once known as Daniel Peterovitch... but you knew me simply as...”

“Uncle Danya...” I whispered

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I sat beside this Daniel, a towering man who smelled like a cat... which meant he was a lycanthrope too. Such imperious muscle he had, such a strong, commanding presence. I was attracted to the power he exuded... so much male power I was certain it'd gather on any surface around him if he stayed in one place long enough, and even then it'd all gather in such concentration that it'd start to trickle down the walls.

On the one hand I had this mild desire in me to mate with him; on the other hand, I was really scared of him. He was powerful and huge even as a human and I had no idea how big he'd get after he changed. If the amount that I grew from what I was before was consistent between Lycans then he'd still be able to squish me like a bug.

The car he drove was small, so small that he'd removed the front seats and sat in the back seat in order to operate it, and I sat on the conjoined couch that would normally serve as a back seat with him. Ivan didn't seem to fear him, he simply sat curled up on my lap and continued to purr continually as he took a nap amidst our late evening and quiet journey.

We continually drove through denser and denser industrial buildings, journeying past an actual military checkpoint that someone merely came and looked him in the face, eyed me, looked back at him and immediately backed away as Daniel turned his head to focus on this soldier. Without another word he waved us through the checkpoint, and suddenly I found myself driving onto a military installation that housed submarines, destroyers and carriers, and parking at a particular numbered spot and getting out of the car, I exited and followed him as he walked silently toward one of the subs emblazoned with the large red stars of the former Russian War Machine on their sides. Huge technologically advanced vessels made to show the Americans in particular the superiority of Russian ingenuity.

They called it the arms race, a race the Americans won hands down. No nation in the world, even the great and mighty Russia could hope to compete with America's awesome industrial power. And now these relics of the cold war were a generation behind the times, and had little other use at the moment with Russia's struggling economy than to serve as cramped homes for their military and their families.

I had no doubt that Daniel was taking me to his home.

The only sound I heard was a stomping-click from his steel-toed boots with their hobnail treads first across concrete then up a metal gangplank and toward a closed porthole that had a lone soldier standing before it armed with an AK-Forty-Seven.

"Daniel! This is new! I never thought you to bring a whore home with you."

Daniel stopped with his hand on the wheel that was to open the door to the bowels of the ship when he turned his head slowly toward the man who'd said this.

"This is the daughter of my best friend." He said quietly, and I actually took a step back from the menace that was suddenly in his voice.

"Sure... sure... and the other day Victor came through here with his niece. It's all good if you ask me, Daniel... just be sure that you give her a towel afterwards, and he started laughing.

But then his laugh was cut short as Daniel grabbed him by the front of his collar and lifted him right off the deck plates, strode for the edge of the ship and held him over the open water.

"I'm sure you're aware, comrade, as to your chances of survival if you were to drop in this water. This is the daughter of my closest friend who was murdered along with his wife right before her eyes when she was six. You've dishonored her by calling her a whore. You've dishonored her parent's memory by calling her a whore. You've dishonored me by implying that I am a liar by not immediately accepting what I say as the absolute truth. You will apologize to her, to her again, and then to me, or the last thing you will

feel is the nipping cold of Jack Frost freezing you from the outside in. I seriously doubt you have the fortitude to swim to the hand rails, let alone pull yourself out of the water before then.”

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry! I’m sorry! God I don’t want to die!”

And Daniel turned and let the soldier go on the deck plates and the soldier slipped a little as he landed on his feet.

“Don’t make the mistake of doubting my word again, Alexi. I’ve served as KGB longer than you’ve been alive, and now I serve the FSB as an unwilling nanny... and I’m very ill-tolerant of being called a liar after all the service I’ve shown Mother Russia...”

“Yes sir!” Alexi said and saluted, and Daniel led the way to the hatch and down into the bowels of the ship.

Everything was expertly designed, but with just mild signs of disuse and break down. It was a Russian warship after all.

“Was that really necessary, Daniel?” I asked while holding Ivan.

“Yes it was.” He said, and led me down a narrow stairway he had to descend sideways through.

There were children here on this boat, playing in the hallways with balls or makeshift toys that we had to step around, but once they saw that it was Daniel coming down the hall they promptly got out of his way. Finally we came to a particular folding door and ducking and entering it sideways, brought me into a small living space where everything was cramped and fold out, and putting Ivan down on an upper bunk bed that had been folded out but never used, I began taking off my coat and Daniel took my coat and his and placed it into a narrow closet way that was appropriately sized for only two coats.

It was the first time that I got to see his face directly.

He looked nothing like I remembered him. His once vibrant blonde hair had two long streaks of silver-gray over either temple, his ears came to a subtle point and his face was folded with stern crags. He was wearing a dark grey sailor’s sweater and a pair of simple slacks, and within moments of sitting down at the little fold out chair that was too small for even me to sit on, he reached for a secure refrigerator and pulled out a big bottle of Smirnov Vodka.

“So... who are you to my family exactly, mister Peterovitch?” I asked at last as he uncapped the bottle and began to guzzle it. “Ew... you need to be careful, you might kill yourself that way.”

“Doubtful.” He said once he’d done taking his draught. “A benefit and sometimes a curse of being what we are is that alcohol doesn’t affect us like it does other people. I’d have to guzzle the whole bottle and start on a second just to get a buzz.” He drank some more, lowered it and pointed at me. “But to answer your question, I was the clan warder, Tanya. It was my duty to protect the family and keep them safe.” He guzzled the rest of the bottle and tipped it into a waste canister before leaning over and resting his elbows upon his knees.

I stared at him quite silently, and looking to the lines in his face and his tired eyes and then watching him reach for another bottle of vodka, I suddenly understood more of this man, and amidst that understanding I saw that he was blaming himself for what happened to my family.

“Where were you that night?” I asked quietly, trying to keep any of the accusatory tones from my voice.

Daniel drank deeply again from the second bottle, obviously trying to obtain that buzz he told me about, but then capped the bottle immediately thereafter. “The position of a warder doesn’t pay enough for even a single man like me to support himself in a communist state, Tanya. Though your parents were very kind and offered to allow me to live with them with the rest of the clan, my pride didn’t allow me to do that. So

I lived elsewhere, but to make ends meet I needed another job. Due to the laws of this land, all male members needed to serve the military, and through providence, I became a man of some note in the KGB.

“But that is serving two masters...”

“My job as an agent of the KGB kept me from the house that night that that... *human monster* stole his way in and destroyed nearly everything I held dear.”

“But... if you were such a part of the family, why didn't you take Peter, Anya and myself in?”

“Your parents had no living will... as such everything would fall to their eldest child, which is you, but only when you came of age. I was a single man living in an apartment where the kitchen, the living room and the bedroom were all the same room, and the shower and bathroom were shared by all in the building down the hall. I didn't have the means for caring for children. Maybe if I'd married before then... but... rules were rules, Tanya. There was no choice but to preserve the family through you, and have the state raise the three of you. I tried to keep all of you together, but circumstances just continually rose that did nothing more than to add to my failure and shame.”

“Failure and shame? Like what?”

“Like the fall of Communism in Russia.” Daniel said with a deep sigh. “Almost immediately after your family was decimated and you, Anya and little Peter were put into the orphanages, my ability to look after and control where they were rapidly waned. My authority slipped as the men in power let the government change, till at long last Communism was rendered defunct and the KGB was dissolved.

“I was re-absorbed into the FSB, but with none of my prior authority at first, and within that time I lost sight of all three of you. The next I was able to find was that you and Anya were relocated, and Peter... all I found of Peter was that the Orphanage he was in burned to the ground.”

Daniel's eyes shimmered and he immediately opened the bottle again and took a slug from it, and I stared at the powerful Lycan for a moment or two.

The sorrow in those eyes was the sort I thought I'd never see in the eyes of a man. He loved his land and his friends were his family, and he'd quite literally lost it all. I decided to do something about it.

“Anya has been renamed Svetlana... she was transferred to Saint Petersburg according to my source. She's presently in the *'Russian Wives'* program.” I said and Daniel slowly lifted his head toward me. “Peter's orphanage was demolished after a fire. My source says that he was more than likely sent to America, but before we can find out exactly where we need more information as to how and when and where he entered the states, but by last known records, he is alive.” Daniel swallowed deeply as I said that, and pulling the little stuffed tiger out of my pocket, the thing in dire need of a wash, I looked down upon it and thumbed one of its button eyes. “I can honestly use all the help I can get, any sort of information you can retrieve would be more than welcome.”

“I... I cannot tell you the relief I feel right now... but... what happened to you? Where did you go?”

“The orphanage that I was at only referred to the children by their first name, and only their private records said otherwise, and only when I turned eighteen was I able to learn that not only did I have a last name unlike all the other children, but I also had a fortune waiting for me.”

“Wait... how did you not know your last name? You were six when it happened.”

“I psychologically blocked the experience out. I had no idea of what I even was, Daniel...”

“But you remember everything now, right?” he asked, staring intently at me. “You know what you are, right? What your parents were...”

I nodded immediately. “Everything that I knew before the moment that you found me was gone. I had no idea until a few months ago what had happened or what I really was.”

“How did you remember?” he asked then, but I remained silent for a moment, my fingers involuntarily squeezing the stuffed tiger. “Tanya...”

“I was a nondescript individual, Daniel.” I said quietly. “I was physically unnoticeable. I could be in a crowded room and no one would know or care that I was there till I spoke, and even after then they’d soon forget about me. Those who should care that I existed chose not to... and the bank that held all the family’s wealth and properties were making it difficult to return those holdings to me.”

Daniel rose immediately, so fast that he bonked his head on the low ceiling before hissing. “Then we go now! If a twenty-one decimeter tall, hundred and forty kilogram FSB agent doesn’t persuade them...”

“Calm down Daniel.” I said quietly, holding up a hand. “I’ve already dealt with that. They are no longer in control of my family’s wealth and holdings. That’s how I found my way back to our home where you found me.”

Daniel sat down and steadied himself.

“But the determination that allowed me to do that was only recently developed. You see... about half a year ago... I was kidnapped.” Again Daniel rose abruptly, careful not to bonk his head this time, but seeing the look on my face he sat down again and let me continue. “I don’t know who they were; everyone wore masks and suits to hide their identities. I and twenty-four others were subjected to a training and physical modification program that was designed to make us into super soldiers through gene therapy and gene-splicing.

“They made me into a super soldier.”

Daniel was quite surprised. “But that’s highly illegal.” And then he looked me from head to toe. “You don’t look like a soldier...” he mentioned, and I smiled at him and then switched from Red Mode to White Mode...and he immediately leapt to his feet as I suddenly gained a good Twenty-Five kilograms all in muscle and mammary and my hair turned from red to bright white and my eyes shifted from amber to green.

“Ah...ha... I’d wondered about the hair and the eyes. Thought you were using hair dyes and contacts, but I remembered that hair dyes don’t last more than an hour on most of us.”

“That’s only a little of the changes they’d done to me, Daniel.” I admitted quietly as I shifted the way I sat, uncrossing and re-crossing both legs in the other direction while Daniel looked at the bulging muscles lining the whole of this sexually feminine form of mine.

“They made me strong and powerful through often torturous procedures, but ultimately, it was me looking into a full moon for the first time that did this. I’d always avoided the full moon all the time till then, but that time I was hit by my first transformation and forced to recall all the memories that I’d forgotten as a child. I remembered how my parents were killed... every last sickening detail about it.”

“My God... Tanya I’m sorry...”

“That wasn’t all, Daniel...” I said and looked him in the eye. “Of the twenty-four other abductees, the twenty-fifth of all of us... designated only as *‘Number Twenty-Five,’* was the same man who killed my family.”

Daniel’s fingers slipped on the neck of the bottle and it and its contents fell to the ground and shattered, he didn’t even care that it was nearly a whole bottle.

“He was recorded as dead. They told me he was dead!”

I smiled wanly. “I faced him... after they did to him what they did to me... and I defeated and killed him, Daniel. His nightmare will no longer trouble the world. But they nonetheless changed me, made me different. The cat breed I have in me is greater and stronger than what it was before...”

“But... you were able to change when you were six! A full decade prior to when you’re supposed to be able to. If you’re even more powerful of a Lycan than that...”

“I have no idea what that means, but I have powers... strange powers that I don’t think are natural to us.”

“Like what?” he asked.

I looked at him and lifted a hand and using some of the stored electricity that was in me, created snapping electricity about my fingers and formed a brief ball lightning in the palm of that hand, changed hands with the ball before closing the second hand around it to snuff it out.

“I can create bolts of electricity that can kill with the potency of dozens of lightning bolts striking the same place all at once. It was this power that allowed me to kill Twenty-Five... I left him a wadded up ball of char. But since then I’ve only gotten stronger. Every time I have sex I absorb strength from whoever I’m making love to, and the one time I... I drank blood, I really gained in strength... and memories.”

I swallowed, remembering still the memories that turned Twenty-Five into such a monster.

“We are... sexual beings.” Daniel explained. “Power between us is shared through the mucus membranes which create blood and ejaculate, and minutely through saliva... but above all is the blood.”

“Those who drink it can absorb the powers of other Lycans and make those powers their own if they’re receptive enough, but so too do those who have sex often tend to absorb powers from their lovers. That’s how we grow strong very quickly; through fighting and sex... sometimes it seems as if that’s all we do.”

“But what about the powers I have?”

“We are also magical creatures, but I’ve never heard powers manifesting in that way. Do you have any other powers?”

“Well... It seems that any sort of emission that I absorb in large quantities unlocks powers similar to that electricity you saw. I think I obtained that because they electrocuted me so often at the facility that they changed me in. Later on, I... well... don’t be alarmed, but I was blasted with several thousand watts worth of microwave emissions.” Daniel twitched but remained quiet. “Later on, I was attacked by soldiers from the facility using strange beam guns that emit even stronger microwave energy. Because of how much of it I absorbed I was able to turn myself red like you saw me when we met till I changed just now. In that mode I’m leaner of body but my powers are those of microwaves. I literally cook things from the inside out, and microwaves against metal make some very satisfying pops.” I giggled and leaned forward before continuing. “I seem to have only those two modes right now, but in both modes I can heal lightning quick.”

“How quickly?” he asked carefully.

I had to think... “I’ve been shot.” I admitted and he jumped as I grinned at him bashfully. “And while at the facility they implanted things inside me that I believe are called neural staples and likewise tattooed me with barcodes.”

“My body rapidly healed all of the damage, and not only that, but also grew more resilient versus the damage.” I lifted one sleeve to show him my shoulder. “This was where one of the tattoos was.”

“But I don’t see anything.” Daniel said.

“I know... I burned it off with a ten thousand watt soldering iron... yesterday.” Daniel blinked. “My body expelled the neural staples and all the bullets that entered me, save one. That one I had to remove with my fingers.” Opening and reaching into my carpet bag and rummaging around in it briefly, I removed the piece of silver and handed it to Daniel, who held it up for inspection.

“You had this large of a caliber inside you? Why aren’t you dead?” he asked looking at me with shock in his face and I shrugged, and then pinched my nose.

“Can you do something about that vodka? It’s really getting to my senses.”

“And you have animal senses as a human?!” he asked, pulling a towel off a rack and starting to mop of the drink and the glass.

“I guess.” I shrugged again.

“And you have a healing factor that works faster than mine.” He said simply and finished mopping up the alcohol before putting the towel in a plastic bag and tying it shut before standing up and facing me. “That’s phenomenal. But... how large do you grow when you... change?”

I shrugged again. “Twice my current height.” I answered, and then watched Daniel slowly sit down and stare at me. “But I think it was always like that. When I changed as a child, when I was six, I grew as tall as Twenty-Five was, but only stronger.”

“I’d... always wondered how you were able to defeat a man like that... especially after your father was unable to kill him himself. I... still don’t understand it. A simple gunshot wound to the heart shouldn’t have stopped your father. But it halted him mid change and was actually a fatal wound! Who was this man? What sort of a monster was he?”

But just then there was a knock on the door and Daniel opened it immediately.

“What is it?” he asked immediately with some annoyance.

“We have a problem...” the person on the other side in whom I couldn’t see because of the angle of where he was versus where I was sitting said. “It’s with the... you know what.”

“Not again...” and Daniel turned to me. “I’d like to invite you to stay, Tanya... you can have the top bunk if you do, else wise you’ll need to be escorted out, but I need to deal with this.”

“It’s ok, I can wait.” I smiled and Daniel left me there, closing the folding door behind him.

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Everything I owned I carried with me, and so while in the comfort of Daniel’s cramped room I stripped down to my underwear and climbed up to the top bunk with Ivan. The sheets felt like they’d not been used for ages but were nonetheless very clean. The pillow was thick and unused, and resting where I was I pulled out the computer and started transferring names and numbers when Daniel returned.

“Everything ok?” I asked and he paused looking at me right at his eye level, and I realized that he was staring at me in fascination.

“You... look just like your mother, Tanya.” He said quietly with the smallest of smiles before looking away and turning he sat down at the fold out desk and tried not to look at me.

Lowering my gaze to my chest, I smirked and realized that he'd been gazing at the great expanse of mammary that was displayed through the collar of my shirt.

"Your father and I were vying for her affections... I was very nearly your father, but she ultimately chose your father."

*'And you stuck around and didn't mate with any other women because you wanted her so badly and was hoping that she'd change her mind.'* Ivan said suddenly.

"Hmm... your cat has quite the attitude." Daniel said and I scooted over to look over the roll bar holding me in should the sub suddenly list or turn to look at him.

"You can hear him too?"

"Of course. What sort of a cat would I be if I couldn't talk to another cat? It's part of our abilities to commune with the animal that we associate with. And what is this one's name?"

"Ivan." I answered and Daniel blinked in surprised.

"After your father..."

"Not really. I didn't know his name yet when I named him... but I like the name."

*'It fits me...'* Ivan purred.

"So it does..." Daniel smirked and then began taking off his sweater and the shirt below it.

I pursed my lips at the hard rippling body he had before he kicked off his boots and sat down on the bunk beneath me. "Tanya... I feel as if it was my fault that your whole family and our clan were destroyed and scattered. I'd like to help you, but it will involve going to go see the lobos."

"That means *'wolves'* doesn't it? I asked.

"In a sense. Though you'll do good to refer to them as the Silver Council... Russian Werewolves can be quite arrogant, but with the absence of our Pryde, they gained the most amongst the various Lycan Breeds and have moved into the institutions that the decimation of our pryde removed us from... so it'll be their help that we'll need to kiss ass for in order to find Anya and Peter.

"Anya's nearly seventeen now, and that's close enough for her to be shipped to some countries... that, and they will be able to get their paws on the records that will tell us where Peter went to. You'll stay with me till I can arrange a meeting... ok?"

"Mm-hm..." I said automatically, but I was looking down on this hulking male, and found myself becoming rapidly aroused. Aroused nipples, firming labia... I wanted to crawl down and get naked and mount him!

But I refrained from doing that and instead laid back, but not before I saw how large the bulge in his pants was.

"But what if they won't help us? I asked and nonetheless stuffed a hand into the tight shirt I wore and began fondling a tit.

"Then hopefully that nameless source of yours can find something. Get some rest, Tanya... we'll address this in the morning..." and he turned off the light, which left only a pair of dim hazard lights near the floor to illuminate the room, and closing my eyes, feeling my arousal growing, I tried to quiet myself and sleep but such a prospect is difficult when one was rubbing their own boob and pussy like I was...



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I was sweating when I awoke with my eyes snapping open, and immediately upon becoming conscious I had to press both legs together and knot a hand over my sex as I felt a rising orgasm swelling just behind the loins.

There were twin spots of moisture in my undershirt where milk had leaked from me, and turning on my side, feeling an incredible heat rising in me, I felt a heavy moisture of sweat that literally was dripping from me and was soaking the sheets I was in.

Biting on that lower lip harder, I fought back releasing a torrent of vaginal juices before I slid out of bed as quietly as I could and daintily landed on my toes with a sloshing of the milk in my enormous breasts.

Looking to Daniel as I rubbed my cunt, thinking for a moment on sliding in to bed with him to sate this hunger, I shook my head and instead left the small room, entering into the hallway with its dimmed lights for night time. I began breathing heavily even despite the cool hallway with its lessened heat from the cramped room. Every heartbeat that I had ejected milk into the undershirt I wore, my sweat turning it transparent from the moisture while the panties I was wearing, a new pair that weren't side tie but were rather frilly and stretchy, started moistening rapidly at the crotch as the juices in me started to trickle out.

I needed to find the head, wherever it was, but only after a few steps down the hall I paused and placed both hands onto the sides of the hall to balance myself, and suddenly felt a pang of insatiable hunger.

My long mane of electric white hair with the red streak in it fell over one side of my head as I looked down the hallway, knowing somehow that the source of my hunger was in that direction, and smiling stupidly with my mouth open, drool escaping the corner of that mouth, I sauntered forward and followed the sensations that was pulling me toward it.

It was like craving chocolate or a candy, but this was a deeper more primal sensation than that. Like craving sex, chocolate and having cravings for food all at the same time. Like a seductive lord, a powerfully muscular man with a huge penis who was your sweet, sweet lover beckoning you to him for torrid lovemaking, this new thing drew me toward it, and the closer I got the hungrier I became, but also... the more the hunger began to effect me.

I paused again, gasping for air as the heat in me grew, sweat dripping off me, and lifting one hand as I braced my weight against a wall, I felt my vision wavering and hearing deadening to where I couldn't see or hear well anymore, and looking up I smiled at the pretty colors of a red light swirling around and around above me. Moving up to that light, caressing the red plastic cylinder like I'd caress a man's cock into erection, I rose up on my toes and kissed it while pushing the fabric of my undershirt up over either tit to release the hot mammaries out into the open. Sweat caught in the crack between the two breasts immediately and trickled down the length of my muscled abdomen, and I barely noticed the coloring of my hair darkening and turning green as I caressed that trickling sweat and immediately inserted a hand between my thighs to caress my pussy right as a minute squirt of my juices leaked from me.

Pausing in the hall then and removing my hand once I got more of the sweet nectar to spill from me, I gripped the straps of the panties I wore and pulled on them tightly, tugging the front into the lips of my pussy, and the back deeper in between both butt cheeks. Instinctively I arched, thrusting my chest forward so that the mammaries jiggled and bounced, milk leaking from them even as I gasp joyfully and came in a minute squirt that immediately moistened the crotch of those panties.

Licking sharpening fangs, pressing the tongue against the points, I moved away from the wall, laughing at the sound of repeating sirens, and moving deeper into the ship, hearing people rushing by me, I finally traced my way to the place where the source of my food was coming from, which was a big door with a thick window in it, and on the other side of the window was a chamber that was glowing green.

Not once did I think of the danger as I lifted a hand and shorted out the electronic lock before opening up the door to be immediately bathed from head to toe in a wash of a new energy, a kind of energy that I'd never felt as potent as this! With a groan I stepped forward right into a pool of water that was boiling, inhaling green fumes and feeling the energy suffusing me before I touched the apparatus it was all escaping from.

The energy! It was so addictive... it was so potent and delicious and I devoured it, as much of it as I could get, breathing in the energy through mouth and nose and feeling the cells in my body gobble it up as I arched in ecstasy.

And then there was an ever so subtle click inside me, and I orgasmed hard and moaned as it happened.

A third form of energy slid into me aside from electricity and microwave energy, its potency greater than electricity and microwaves combined... the sort of energy that could keep a vessel like this functioning for years if not decades for both propulsion and life support. It was in a state of uncontrollable expansion, but with me immediately before its release, all its rapidly expanding power rushed toward me, flowing into me, energizing me, and it forced another evolutionary change in me that was like the red and white modes I already had.

And so the muscle inside me, muscles of a human, rapidly started to expand to the point where the fabric of both panties and undershirt that I wore were both rapidly stretched wide across both breasts and hips and immediately started to dig into me. The bands of either panty spread directly across my hips, revealing more and more of the firm buttocks they were supposed to cover as those butt muscles expanded and swelled, and covering less and less of the throbbing and swelling vaginal mound between either bulging thigh.

Long and hard chords of muscle arched around me, fingernails growing into claws, ears rising to points as all the hair on me turned a deep shade of green and my eyes darkened from light to dark green. Using those claws, I rapidly tore open a small lead door on the apparatus and gasped in elation, feeling the nipples atop either tit erecting harder than I'd ever known them to be before while the vaginal folds between my legs spread open and distended their inner muscles and erected its clit into a tremendous girth.

With a snarl I took out a strange sphere that was on the inside of it, and holding it with both hands, feeling how hot it was but knowing that this was the source of all this excess energy, I cradled it and kissed it, wedged it between my breasts so that I could feel the trembling sensation of every cell in me quivering with power. It's casing cracked and a band of its green energy poured out in the form of a swirling ribbon and struck me full in the chest, and suddenly all the growing muscle strength I was feeling began to grow exponentially.

"Tanya?!" someone gasped and I turned and smiled stupidly at a person dressed head to toe in a hazard suit, but from the face in the face shield and gas mask, I recognized Daniel.

"Hey..." I smiled. "I found something and it's making me so starved for it. Mmm..." I said and kissed its casing again; feeling the burning of its power against my lips, and Daniel shook himself, startled at what I'd done. I had no idea why, I just hugged the thing to me between my breasts even as the fabric of the clothing I was wearing started tearing apart across my chest and Daniel immediately turned and waved his hands at something.

"Evacuate! Evacuate!! The door's open and we have radiation leaking! Evacuate the ship and initiate protocols for scuttling."

"Yes sir!" someone said and I heard footsteps while I cradled the ball, growing stronger than I'd ever been as a human while muscles mutated and changed, segmenting and billowing my form continually.

"Tanya... Tanya you need to come out of there! You have... have no... no idea..." He just stood there stupidly as I continued growing, and I laughed and twisted sexily as the underpants I was wearing snapped

from about my waist and loins amidst disintegrating, caught around one leg and started dissolving along with the shirt I was wearing as it shred into segmented pieces.

I kissed the crack where the vapor was coming out of and sucked its power out and into my body, rapidly growing as tall as Daniel was even and still my monstrous feline power had yet to burst from me... My muscles were thickening into incredible sizes, billowing and engorging all around me, my tits billowing in proportion to my size as I drank that energy and made it mine.

“Comrade Peterovitch!” Someone voiced over the intercom. “Scuttling procedure ready to execute, everyone is evacuating, but the radiation levels are declining rapidly. What’s going on in there? Cameras are all being interfered with by the radiation.”

“We have a chance.” Daniel said calmly. “The control rods are apparently doing their jobs... but activate coolant sprays.” He said, and there was a hiss and I gasped as frigid cold water sprayed on me.

I gasped and moaned and taking one hand from the cracked ball, I started rubbing my cunt and twisting the clit, and gasping again, excited with arousal, I groaned right as a torrent of hard thick ejaculate lanced from me. At that very moment the exponential growth began to unlock all the incredible and powerful feline powers in me, and I started to change.

The popping and explosive energies made me grow in explosions of growth and change, billowing my body in violent popping motions.

I gripped the ball and felt all the green gasses flow into me, clearing them from the room, and holding the ball out I watched as one mighty arm popped and billowed and expanded violently, ejecting longer and sharper claws and growing sparse fur as the monstrous muscularity engorged and spread that arm into unmitigated proportions just before the other arm followed suit. Back muscles flared and spread, growing massive and hard like blocks of stone, the growth pushing my head forward and hugging it with muscle on all sides; the chest heaving outward like an advancing iceberg, tits engorging outward into great sacks the size of bean bag chairs, only full, while the other breasts grew into place to be the size and firmness of medicine balls.

“Oh...” I moaned and came in another torrent just before my ass firmed up and all the muscles of either leg billowed outward uncontrollably.

Fur thinned and became even more sparse than ever, created nothing more than bands of fur instead of body-covering patches, veins and arteries throbbing with the green energy while my flesh gained a green tint to it and all the fur that was growing on me was almost emerald in appearance. Nipples and lips and vaginal flesh turned greenish-gray, veins throbbed even darker green than the rest of me and stood on end in a throbbing webbing all across this body, and soon I was curving over myself as I grew larger than the chamber was while Daniel merely stood there watching it all.

He watched me change into something new, something different than the Red or White tigress... in this case I was the green tigress, and the muscularity I had growing all about me was many times greater than both white and red combined!

Tail grew and I rose up atop my toes, both forearms flaring and biceps and triceps bulging all while inside me was a burning... a tremendous burning!

And then finally the green mists diminished, the last wisps of green vapor sliding into me, and even kissing the ball didn’t give me any more of that tremendous power and I dropped it into the water at my feet before turning, the four tits against my chest, all four of them of monstrous size, swiveling before me and glancing off these funny rods in the chamber and flattening them before I turned to the door and began squeezing through it.

“Peterovitch! Comrade! What happened?! Power levels are descending rapidly!” someone called as I rubbed my bottom and tail against the top of the door leading out of this place before laying on my chest and rubbing my cunt and moaning low and growling, I purred and felt myself growing thicker yet.

“I’ve removed the ball and dropped it into the coolant pool. Continue coolant procedures... I think we can save this yet. Stand by to switch to electrical backup power, till then, no more unnecessary communications Alexi.” And he switched something off at a communications panel, and watched me as the last explosive bursts of muscle growth billowed my form into something that was larger than any of my previous hybrid forms.

Three times as large and hundreds of times thicker than my human form was, and it felt so good... so much in fact that I began rubbing myself against the cool steel plates before I rolled onto my back and spread both legs and rubbed my crotch.

Daniel waved a wand of some sort over my body, and I heard some soft mild clicks coming from it before he put it away and removed his helmet.

“Tanya...” Daniel said.

“Mmm?” I gasped, and gripped one of the lower two breasts that were attached to the cleaved pair of chests atop my body before turning my head slowly toward him, feeling a prickling of fur growing about me in sparse measures.

“Tanya... you need to get out of here, you need to escape before they see you.”

“But why?” I asked with a low feminine voice that rumbled and churned inside my chest.

“Tanya! Think!” he gasped.

“Ngh!” I groaned and then rose and massaged my brow. “Don’t want to think. Thinking makes my brain hurt. Play with me! And I rolled forward and palmed his body with one hand, rubbing my great furred cheek against him. “I want to play!”

And then there was a swatting motion, and a hand slapped me firmly across the face, and I blinked and gasped, and suddenly I came to my senses, and snapping a hand back I saw Daniel standing there with one arm partially covered in orange, and so muscled that it was stretching the hazard suit he was in, while long sharp curving claws stuck out of the fingertips of the padded gloves he wore.

“Daniel?” I gasped, and looking down at myself and how monstrously big I was, I gasped. “What the hell?!”

“No time!” Daniel said. “Are you in your right mind now Tanya?”

“Y-yes... yes I think so.” I gasped, massaging my brow.

“You need to clear out. It’s night out, so I think you can escape through one of the evacuation hatches... this way, quickly.”

And he began to stride forward, leading me down a hall that was so narrow for my huge form that I had to move through it sideways, and even then I had to do so only by pressing both sets of breasts against the walls and experience them and my back rubbing against the walls and ceiling.

“Out through here,” he said sternly, and pulling a lever and turning a wheel, opened a large pressure door. “Out... quickly! Swim to beneath the docks over there.” And he pointed. “You should be safe there till I can come for you.” And I crawled over him, I was literally able to crawl *over* him while he was standing

up, but as I started squeezing through the door, I discovered something else at the moment, and that was that I didn't fit through that door at the moment.

And like some complex puzzle I started to squeeze out through the doorway. First one breast, then the next... twist and turn, another breast and the other, then the thickness of back and ribs, and then I fell forward only to be caught sideways by my feminine hips and broad thighs.

"Daniel?! Are you down here?!" someone called.

"Damn it... Tanya escape quickly!" he said and taking my hips and twisting them sharply to free me, he then shoved me out the door and I plummeted right into the water and dove down deep.

I glowed subtly in the water, and so could see for a little distance, and diving deep enough under the night-covered water I swam toward the docks where Daniel told me to go... and there I exited the water on a sandy shore, shook myself heavily to rid what fur I had of water, and sitting down I waited.

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Dawn had come and risen the winter sun of Russia by the time that I heard a grate squeaking open, and the sound of steel-toed boots on a gangplank. Flattening both ears I turned toward the sound even as Daniel descended the stairs toward me, pausing as he looked upon me and my enigmatic new form and I grinned sheepishly at him.

He turned then to walk down the next flight of stairs to me, but when he was a good dozen or so meters away he paused and pulled out what was undoubtedly a Geiger Counter and waved it before him as he approached, and when he was standing before me he waved it up and down every inch of me.

"Zero residual radiation..." he said in disbelief. "You should be dead, Tanya. You should be melting into your base atomic materials by now, and yet you're still whole and solid and..." he was looking at my breasts and then he blushed and looked away sharply, and I smiled at him as I continued to sit as I was, hunched over due to how low the docks were in comparison to the water level, with both legs spread wide open and my great hands folded over either foot. This position let him see everything he might one about my sexuality, but I didn't mind...

In spite of myself I moved myself innocently so that the gaping and distended and highly-muscular vaginal muscles and its gaping crevice and super-erect clitoris were openly visible to him should he look.

"Why is that?" I asked him with a quirk of my head.

"Tanya... do you have no memory of what you did?!" he gaped turning back to me.

"Sort of. I was in a chamber and sucking on a ball-thing..."

"Tanya... that *'ball-thing'* was the nuclear fuel! That was the container for the plutonium!" he was distraught, and he could only gape as I blinked in only mild surprise. "The water you were calf deep in should've been boiling you alive and stripping your flesh off, the fumes you inhaled should've stripped your lungs and crumpled them up into charred flesh right inside your body and you should've dissolved into a puddle of biological waste! How?! How in Gaia's name are you still alive?!"

I swallowed and looked at the green tinged arm I had, and flexing it I felt the fur glow emerald green... actually felt the fur, and felt it glow nonetheless... and bands or rings of green energy surrounded my arm as I flexed it, and the Geiger Counter suddenly clicked madly and then waned while that light was suffused around my arm.

Daniel backed away a step, but then held his ground, and taking the Geiger counter from him I waved it over my crotch after the bands of energy had waned and I found that I was safe to have sex still and a man's dick wouldn't fall off inside me.

"I can't exactly explain how. It's like I was saying last night... I absorb energy and make it my own. I absorb enough of it and suddenly I can control and use it, I become a source of it. Electricity, microwaves... and now I guess nuclear energy. I can feel it burning inside me, fueling me and all this phenomenal strength. It makes me strong, all of it, and each kind of energy has its own properties.

"Electricity makes my hair and fur white, my skin porcelain and my eyes green and likewise, makes me superbly strong with the ability to hurl lightning bolts.

"Microwave energy turns my fur red and skin tan and my eyes amber, and though I'm not as strong as I am when that energy is electricity I can nonetheless hurl massive waves of microwaves that can cook a man and make metals snap and pop as they react to it. As an added plus, I can also hear microwave communications and appear invisible to their radar. I found that out when I snuck up on an Osprey."

"Osprey as in a bird?" Daniel asked, some hope in his voice.

"No, Osprey as in an American Marine carrier." I said and he exhaled slowly through his nose and I heard his jaw clench. "Two of them and two Hinds chased me to where I found solace after escaping from the facility that remade me.

"Those were two powers I had, and now there's this... Green fur, gray-green flesh, dark green eyes..." I lifted a hand like I was casting energy and tried to cast this nuclear energy that was inside me but try as I might I couldn't. But flexing brought it out again. "I'm many times stronger than I am in both red and white modes... and I guess I get to call this *'Green Mode.'*"

"Luckily you're not radiating any energy, and even when you flex it isn't radiating enough for you to be a danger. But we need to get you out of here, Tanya. Can you change back to a human?"

"I don't know... I'll try." I said, and focused on compressing myself.

The process took a moment or two to start, but I focused on the feeling of becoming weaker, but given my present condition and all that energy, it was so hard to do that. And then I began to diminish, changing forms ever so slowly with the sickening sounds of grinding tendons and muscles and crunching bones.

Skin lightened, fur receded, claws became fingernails, feet shrank from their digitigrade configuration, and I became a naked human woman again with pale skin, green hair – even the little patch of vaginal hair was green – and green eyes. I also had the same Twenty-Five cup size of breast, only that I was built with more muscle than any hundred women alive!

Looking to my muscles and sizeable body, I flexed and smiled warmly at it all, but then felt something being placed across my shoulders, and turning with a wobbling of the incredible breasts I possessed, I saw Daniel placing his heavy coat across my shoulders. It was no where near large enough to cover me, and it had no hope of closing across my chest.

"You must be cold." He said and turned subtly away from me, and I turned completely around and faced him not bothering to cover up at first before I tried to pull the coat around me with a bashful smile and a blush, only finding myself unsuccessfully closing the garment.

"Not really, I feel quite warm actually, but thank you Daniel."

Of course, the readjustment of the coat that I did wasn't enough to actually cover my femininity. I wanted to gauge his reaction, see if he was interested, and by the way he was trying not to look but kept me in his peripheral told me all I needed before I actually made an effort to cover myself.

“The cameras were thankfully interfered with by the radiation leak. They’re like a bird carried into a mine. If they malfunction then we know to leave the ship.” He looked away from me as I tried tugging a coat that would normally fit a man of my size and girth, which was as tall and as thick as Daniel was, but thanks to the boobs capping my chest, I couldn’t quite close the garment try as I might to get that done. “This is good news because no one would’ve seen a woman actually enter a nuclear chamber wearing nothing but her underwear.”

I smirked, and then tried to change modes, shifting to White Mode, which was my preferred body type now a days, but it also made me physically smaller, enough so that I could fit inside Daniel’s coat and actually close the buttons... barely.

“Was anyone hurt by the leak?” I asked and he turned back and placed a pair of goulashes on the ground that I could step into.

“No... and Ivan is resting comfortably in my room. Speaking of which we need... we need to get you back to it.”

“Sure...” I smiled, and using the coat that was now over-sized for me save for the chest, I followed him up the stairs and into an alleyway.

He continued to lead silently away, turning his head periodically to look at me, perhaps to make sure I was still following, or perhaps it was because he was desiring me to say something, but I kept my head bowed so as to escape the attentions of the other soldiers, and likewise kept the neck of the coat pulled up around my face and nose to hide it from view.

“Hey! Daniel... you got another daughter of a friend with you, or is this one your sis...” the same guard began but Daniel drew back an arm without another word and knocked him out with a single punch.

Then opening up the door to the sub, he led me downward into the sub to his room again, where I followed him inside and shut the door behind me as he sat down on the edge of his bunk. Immediately reached for a bottle of vodka again.

I pursed my lips as he began to open the bottle, and stepping forward I covered his hands with both of mine. He looked up at me as I smiled at him, and then taking the bottle, I closed its cap and then put it in the mini-fridge.

“You don’t need this.” I said quietly before turning toward him again.

“Tanya... I think I know what I want and need without you telling me... what...” he was trailing off as he watched me unbutton his coat from around my body before I opened it wide and revealed myself in all my feminine and naked glory to him.

“Ah... if you need some of your clothes, then I saved...”

“Daniel, I want to give you something.” I said with a smirk as I stepped out of the goulashes, breasts wobbling minutely before I came to stand before him and placed both hands upon his shoulders. “When was the last time you had a woman, Daniel?” I asked him, and Ivan lifted his head immediately to stare at me almost wide-eyed from where he’d watched us enter.

“I...” he began, but the words caught in his mouth.

“You loved my mother, but never told her. You loved my father as a brother. I honestly only remember you as the man who took me away from that hell, and being that I’m the eldest and the leader of our clan now, the welfare of all in my clan now falls to me... which includes our clan warder...” I smiled, and

Daniel began to rise, but with strength that surprised him, I pushed him back down and settled on his lap at the same time, feeling his penis growing within the wedge formed between thighs and crotch.

“Tanya... you... I can’t.” He stammered.

“How long has it been, Daniel? When was the last time you had a woman? Ten years? Twenty?”

“Thirty.” He admitted, and swallowed as I took both his hands and placed them on my bare hips one after the other and then promptly began to undo the buttons of his shirt.

“Don’t you think you’re past due?”

“Tanya... I’m very flattered and very appreciative, but...” and I pressed a pair of fingers against his mouth and then kissed his forehead.

“Daniel, if you’re about to tell me about feeling bad about sexing the daughter of your friends and feeling bad about that, betraying their memory, I want you to know that this is a gift I wish to give you... for everything you’ve done. This isn’t about them, this isn’t about me... this is about you, this is all about you.

“My body is mine, and I give it to you this one time to soothe my guardian,” I continued undoing his shirt and then pulled it out of his trousers before I focused on the belt and fly of his pants. “You’ve sacrificed a great deal of your life to honor and duty... so this is my honor and my duty to at least reward you to some degree in what ways I can.

“There will be no kissing on the lips though, my powerful guardian... I have a mate that I honor with my love, and given all that, given what I wish to gift you with right now... if you wish to refuse it because you don’t want to, if you personally consider me too young, if you honestly do not wish to mate with a young woman for some other reason other than you think it will dishonor my parents, then all you have to do is say so in all honesty and I’ll stop.” I pushed him onto his back and paused, palming his hard, muscular and chorded chest with both hands and looked him directly in the eye with both breasts pressed together and folded over either muscular arm.

“That is the only way that you can stop me, Daniel.” I said, and waited.

His raging hard on was throbbing beneath my loins and spread-open thighs, my feet hooked over his knees as I waited.

“Why?” he asked simply. “Just tell me why you would do this to this sorry failure of a man.”

“Failure?” I smiled at him and then leaning in close, flattening both breasts against his chest, he puffed his chest out immediately from the contact as I kissed him on his brow before rising again. “There was no failure.” I smiled and rising and crawling off him, I removed his huge boots and socks one at a time, and he rose just enough to watch me as I got him to his bare feet and kissed the top of one. “You served Mother Russia... just like my parents did, and though theirs was to provide for the cat lycanthropes... yours was the security and safety of all of Russia. You didn’t fail, because whatever powers that be allowed a monster like Twenty-Five to ravage us, and I’ve met this monster, Daniel... I remembered what you were like then... you were no where near as strong as you are now.

“He would’ve destroyed you.”

I rose up and began pulling his pants and shorts off, seeing his thick meat rising up in an arching horn from his pelvis, and rising up atop my knees, I then pushed his shirt off, rendering him naked just as I was.

“No failure, no dissidence, only service.” And then I lowered my hand and slid both fingers about his thick penis, and now he was breathing more quickly. “And someone who’s done as much as you have for my family, our people, our country... and now directly for me, needs to be rewarded.



“So last chance to say *no.*” I smiled, positioned on my knees as I leaned forward and pushed my enormous breasts into his lap while still tenderly holding onto that erect penis of his.

He swallowed and opened his mouth to say something but nothing came out, and I slowly began to descend before he palmed my face, and I paused, expecting something, but he finally just bowed his head, and then I descended and opening my mouth I fastened myself about his firmly erect cock and subtly began to suck...

**Day 155:** *The exchange of fluids between two Lycan had a much greater meaning than it did for a human. With a human being, this act was solely for the act of pleasure and procreation, but for two Lycan this was also how they could share gifts, strengths and powers.*

*I drank his semen and caught more of his ejaculate inside my body as we coupled, he drank from my breasts and we shared certain minor powers in this act.*

*This wasn't love-making like it was between myself and Dmitri, and to a lesser extent with my guard in the Facility, but rather it was sex. There may've been a certain amount of affection in it but therein the bond we made was no more than a princess and her guard.*

*Personally, it felt like I were being sexed by my guard again... only that Daniel had a much larger and longer penis. No surprise there, for Daniel was after all twice my guard's mass.*

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Love making was an art, and to a lesser extent so was sex, whether it was as impersonal, served as a reward like it was with Daniel and I all through the previous day, or the passionate toe-curling experiences that I held with Dmitri, there were certain acts and actions that I'd learned and perhaps was even programmed or inherited through my many experiences that allowed me to control a man in bed.

But then I also discovered something more with this powerful warder. It was something I wasn't so sure of with the two other men I'd been with before him, but in his case it was quite obvious. When a man was in the privacy of a woman he cared about, certain affections that he wouldn't dare to show in the real world made themselves known... like how gentle he was, and how soft and caressing his touch was.

My previous impression of Daniel was that he was nothing more than a solid lump of iron underneath his flesh. He even had a plaque hanging up in this room that showed the meaning of the name "Daniel" which meant "Divine Justice." And he was divine all right, and having a man work off thirty years of sexual frustration into your pussy with his overly large dick was a mind-blowing experience. It was difficult not to moan and scream at times...

But now, after a day of leisure and feasting on the strengths and powers of each other – I was certain I got the lion's share of that experience. My muscles were so much tighter and both my boobs were firmer, and I was pretty sure I had an eight pack of abs now because of the strength attributes I'd absorbed from him, but he was now truly ripped because of me – we were both exhausted, and I simply laid there with him and breathed as he rested.

It was a complete and utter rest that he had. He wasn't tense; he wasn't clenched but rather he was soft, relaxed and composed. His face even seemed softer.

I sighed and caressed his chest, when all of a sudden the door to his room was thrown open.

"Daniel! We... HELLO!" someone said and stopped dead, and playing it off gently, I merely smiled and rose, not bothering to cover up as I stretched and covered my lips with one finger in a shushing motion.

"He's sleeping... is it really important?" I asked this newcomer who had a name tag that said 'Yuri.'

"Ah... um... ah..." he said looking between my breasts and my face, and knowing that he couldn't concentrate when he was being presented with my naked boobs, I quickly pulled the blankets over my chest.

"Yuri... is it important?" I repeated, directing my eyes at him and he stared right at my face.

"Y-yes... yes it is. The captain wishes to see him." Yuri said, bringing himself upright.

“He’ll be right along.” I said, and the man actually saluted me, turned with a deep face blush, and marched out of the room, barely remembering to close the door behind him.

Pulling the blankets back sharply, I smirked at our two naked bodies next together. It was odd to see a man as hairless as this. He didn’t even have pubic hair, and lowering a hand to his groin, I caressed his penis and woke him up sharply with the sensation and he immediately took a quick inhale of breath before I removed my hand and instead palmed his chest.

“Your captain calls for you.” I said and he smiled dumbly at me for a moment and then got up sharply, hitting his bed on the bars of the top bunk which forced it closed, and Ivan screeched as he fell through the cracks in the back where the bed met the wall.

*‘Hey! Not cool!’* he hissed, and I giggled before pulling him to me.

“Oh hush... it was an accident.” I said to him and began petting Ivan’s head and back as Daniel rapidly got dressed. “I take it this is important?” I asked Daniel then and he paused with his shirt half on.

“I-I’ve been waiting for this. A note from the captain tells me that they’ve finally addressed my request!”

“What request is that?”

“To be sent into active duty!” he said at last and rushed off, still dressing.

*‘Hey... don’t stop petting...’* Ivan said irritably. *‘I’ve just had a traumatic experience here. I don’t know if I’ll ever be the same.’*

“Oh... sorry.” I said and started petting him again, not realizing that I’d even stopped.

But active duty? But if it’s his wish, then who was I to stop him?

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I was able to find the shower room at long last and Ivan and I showered together – he was well past due – and more than once I was walked in on by others, young children and women and a few men, and once there was shrieking from one of the women who was shooing away a grown man and two boys who were watching me shower.

But I didn’t mind... I was becoming very comfortable with my body and everything there was about it. It filled me with pride to know that there were men and boys who wanted to look upon it. Maybe I’d do a few nude photos for the internet... when of course I didn’t have to fear about some psycho corporation finding me out and capturing me.

Dressing in a pair of sweats, the bottoms firmly pressed against my naked lower half and the top barely covering my chest and nothing of the waist – they barely came to the wrist even – I made my way back to Daniel’s room, and setting Ivan down he moved to a corner and began licking himself dry.

But then the folding door slid open and Daniel entered, looking distraught, and turning toward the mini-fridge he opened it up immediately but I moved over to him and shut it and instead led him over to his bed to sit down. Gripped fiercely in one hand was a piece of paper. He looked to the fridge again and half-rose before I gave him a stern look and he sank again. Closing the folding door to the room, I moved over to him and took the paper from his hand and uncrumpled it before reading the document.

“We regret to inform you that your request for active duty has been denied.”

“Same old shit different day.” Daniel said quietly, sitting there with his hands between his legs and his elbows on his knees “They’re telling me they don’t need me. I’m a relic of the cold war and an

embarrassment of modern day politics. I'm only good for being a nursemaid for other soldier's families, and being a glorified cop."

I crumpled the paper back up and rose, stood before him with one hand on my wide hip faced him.

"What is the use of a knight that has nobody to serve?" I asked him, and he looked up at me with his eyes wide, a measure of anger and a measure of hurt pride in his gaze. "Daniel," I smiled nice and wide then. "Can you resign from the FSB?" he blinked in surprise at that.

"Resign... b-but why?"

"Because, I'm in need of a warder."

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The house of my family stood like a derelict, peeling paint, door still open from the other day, and putting down that carpet bag that never seemed to be full, even after I'd put a whole case of vodka in it, I put it down and opened it, and pulled out one of those bottles, the one that Daniel had in his mini fridge on the sub.

"Tanya, why are we here?" Daniel asked as he stepped out of his modified car.

He was no longer in his uniform and all his stuff, which fit in a single cardboard box in the back of his car, and he actually looked noticeably naked without the uniform. He'd turned in his resignation – effectively immediately – which was his right after thirty years, and though he felt rather terrible that they just said 'ok' and let him go, I comforted him and held him and walked with him all the way to the car and remained as such all the way here.

Men were so insecure...

"We're here to put to rest a lot of things, Daniel." I said, and opening the bottle took a draw from it and handed it to him and he drew from it as well, and was perhaps a little confused as I took it back and poured the rest of the bottle out on the path.

"Ah... what are you doing, Tanya?" he asked as I picked up another bottle, but unlike the first one, this one had a knotted rag in it. "Tanya?" he prompted more fiercely as I suddenly turned from White mode to Red.

"This place is a blight, Daniel. And it's not right that you guard a derelict that contains nothing more than blood and ghosts who're being kept here by duty." And then I lit the rag at the end of the bottle with a few microwaves. "This place is nothing but nightmares, bad failures and bad memories... and it is a taint on you, on me, and on the land." And then I put the bottle in his hand. "I want you to throw the first bottle."

"N-no... no I can't!"

"Yes you can! And you must! You need to lay to rest my mother, my father and everything bad that had ever happened inside that place, forget about any notion of failure. Yes you! And it's your duty!"

This sort of scene must appear odd. A twenty year old telling someone who was over fifty what to do. If I were wearing a flowing gown and a snood and talking to a knight in armor then no one would've batted an eye at it, but that was what this experience was... just at a more modern age.

"I want you to want to do this, Daniel. This place must die and you especially need to let go of it." I reached in and took two more bottles out and lit them off his. "I'll throw the next."

He looked at the bottle in his hand, stood there holding it, torn with what to do and actually trembling a little. He even looked angry, and then biting his lower lip, he pulled the Molotov Cocktail back and lobbed

it at the house. The cocktail erupted against the carpet in the main hall and the dryness combined with the mildew rose up into a roaring fire immediately that rapidly crept down the carpet.

I pulled back and lobbed the next bottle and threw it against the outer wall and the liquid splattered and caught fire, sending roaring flames up into the side of the building.

Automatically, without being told, Daniel took another bottle, lit it off the one in my hand and threw that as well, and then another... there were actually tears in his eyes as I pulled out another bottle, lit it and threw the one that had been smoldering in my hand. There was such rage, such anguish with each one he threw, but by the last bottle, there was a roaring conflagration that was well on its way to consuming the whole house.

With the last bottle thrown and the Molotov Cocktails doing what they were intended to do, the two of us stood there together, Daniel towering over my comparatively diminutive form. Then I lifted one hand, the long fingernails curling with the fingers as I concentrated, and a wave of microwaves that were invisible to Daniel but quite visible to me flowed off my hand as I swept it across the entire front of the house. The concentration of microwaves set the wood afire and made metal wherever it could be found to snap and crackle.

I swept the house twice before lowering my hand, and my ears pricked up as I heard sirens.

“Time to leave, Daniel.” I said quietly to my towering and muscular guardian. “Before the FSB arrive. But as you walk away... do not look back.”

Daniel looked at me, his jaw clenched, and rising up on tip toe I wiped the tears out of his eyes with either of my thumbs, and then taking his hands and reaching down to pick up the carpet bag I was now traveling with, led him to the car, and starting up the little two-door four-stroke automobile, we left long before any of the FSB or Police could arrive.

**Day 160: Werewolves.**

*Growing up in the orphanage, the werewolves were the creatures that the nuns and the Administrators and the caretakers and all the adults who looked over us continually frightened us about stories of. ‘Go to bed, or else the werewolves will get you!’*

*I never believed in such stories, but that didn’t keep me from being enamored with them. The thought of transforming into something greater than you were appealed me at the time. And go figure, I subconsciously avoided the full moon up until that fateful moment that the Administrator at the Facility forcibly threw me into the moonlight. All his electrocutions in an effort to unlock my genetics accounted for not to actually make me transform, though I will admit that the electrocution formed the basis of my other powers involving energy.*

*The full moon was approaching but was still just over a full week away before Daniel came to me in the hotel he and I shared. He was such the gentleman and refused to share a bed with me, always sleeping on the couch or in a chair, and when he was in a chair it was usually propped up against the door. We hadn’t had sex again, he didn’t ask and I didn’t offer, but when he did come to me, it was with news that the wolves had decided to see me.*

*Yes, I was enamored with the wolves, yes I’d wanted to be one as a child, but what I really was I don’t think I could want any other way. However, as Daniel explained it, there was an instinctive distrust between the cats and the Lobos as he called them.*

*I had a thought though, that the word ‘Lobo’ in his mind was a derogatory comment...*

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I held myself as we drove, wrapped up in the long coat that I was wearing at the moment.

We’d left Ivan at the hotel, which is what he absolutely preferred. He wasn’t keen on going to a place where there were dogs that were many times larger than he was, most especially if they were Lycan like Daniel and I were.

Looking sidelong at Daniel as he drove, I bit my lower lip and then spoke.

“What... should I expect?” I asked at last.

“What do you expect now?” he returned without turning to me. Looking to his fists I saw that his knuckles were white. He was anxious.

“I don’t know... every story that I know that involves wolves or werewolves are that they are always the bad guys. ‘Peter and the Wolf,’ ‘Never Cry Wolf,’ movies that feature werewolves or the wolf man... all of them makes werewolves out to be nasty creatures.

“The fact you call them ‘Lobos’ makes me think you think less of them because they’re wolves.”

I finished speaking, and we drove in silence for a moment or two and I thought that Daniel wasn’t going to talk before he finally did answer.

“We’re larger and stronger than werewolves... especially you, Tanya. In your new Green Mode as you call it, I assure you that you’re stronger than I am in your human form than I am in my hybrid form. Your feline form in just that White Mode of yours might be able to take any two or three of us, and an entire pack of them, that is if they were normal werewolves that we’re going to see.”

“There’s a difference?”

“Normal werewolves are top heavy and slender-waisted, with strong upper bodies and even stronger jaws... so their bites are quite deadly. Their hind quarters are tight and made specifically for running and leaping, but any one of us are worth at least two of them strength wise. But even in the wild, a tiger will fear a pack of wolves, and for the same reasons.

“The Council Werewolves are their elders. Their physical strength only increases with age, and so too does their innate powers. Magic...” he said and glanced at me for my reaction, which was to purse my lips and raise both eyebrows. “The Silver Council is so named because to the last, each of them are gray-furred and their fur has developed a shining gloss to it thanks to the power they possess, the combination of which makes them look like they were made of silver themselves... hence, the Silver Council.

“Their jaws are strong, their claws are wicked, and they prefer to continue to perpetuate the idolatry that werewolves are dark and sinister.”

“But why would they do that?” I asked.

“So that people would immediately fear them upon meeting one. Don’t let that fool you. They’re arrogant and prideful creatures, and in most cases they have unjust cause or reason for such pride.

“But never forget that they far outnumber us, and I’d fear that even you’d be overcome by their combined strength and power, princess. We are, after all, going directly into their den.”

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Stepping out of Peter’s car, we came to the most unlikely of places that I could possibly think for such a place to exist: A church. But therein might be the reason for such a locale for their den. It’d be the last place anyone would look. It certainly was the last place that I’d look...

Werewolves were portrayed as unholy creatures, often times coupled co-operating with vampires – *which if werewolves exist and werewolves exist, then do vampires?* – Or sometimes against vampires, but all in all they were seen as abominations against god. And with such a large population of Russia leaning toward the Russian Orthodox version of Christianity, having such a place for their home was utter genius.

So why then was I noticing people in black coats and sunglasses and crew cut haircuts that all looked like members of the Russian Mafia standing around here? I could smell the gunpowder and gun oil of the weapons they all carried, and one would have to be a fool that they were now all watching us with utter scrutiny.

“Tanya... it’s best not to keep our hosts waiting.” Daniel said, and I looked up at him from where he stood several steps up toward the church, and I soon followed him.

I noticed that his attitude toward the wolves had utterly changed recently. Perhaps it was because I smelled what he smelled... which was the smell of wet dog. I scrunched my nose from the smell, but I tried to keep an open mind that they probably smelled something similarly putrid on us.

Daniel nodded to a man smoking a cigarette that stood beside the door, and he reached forward and opened the door for us, but nonetheless eyed us and even curled a lip as we passed. I nodded to him and I heard him growl in return.

We were led to the end of the church, past all the pews and behind the pulpit. This church must’ve been centuries old by now... the stonework and stained glass all appeared older than old, and the statues were all crumbling. It was, however, well-kept and clean... which was odd for churches nowadays. They usually smelled musty, which meant that this church had a grand following that wanted to help maintain it, unlikely given the neighborhood we were in, or more likely the wolves themselves were donating and maintaining the church with monies that Rome wasn’t giving it.

A priest approached us, wearing his priestly robes and actually shook hands with Daniel, and despite Daniel's earlier disdain, he actually smiled and not only received but returned the handshake of this man.

"Tanya, this is Father Phillip." Daniel introduced. "Father Phillip, allow me to introduce Princess Tanya."

"Child... it is a God Send to see you alive." This man with a tiny pair of spectacles adorning his sharp nose stated and took my hand with both of his. "For so long there was only Daniel, but I am deeply relieved that your pride leadership remains intact."

I was honestly surprised by this man. I smelled wolf on him, thought that wet dog smell wasn't as prevalent in comparison to the smell of rose hips, incense and... well... wine.

"Forgive me, Father, but... I must state that I was expecting a greeting far less warm than this."

"And I assume Daniel fed you that information." This wolf stated, beaming at me, and Daniel actually blushed before Father Phillip focused his gaze on me through his spectacles. "And as you should expect such a sour greeting, child." He said in a lower tone as he took to leading us toward the back of the church. "I'm afraid that most of my kin don't share my affections for all of God's creatures."

"Oh..." I replied and hugged myself as the father brought us to a quiet room with two doors on either side, and once we were in he locked the doors, and then opening a corner brick in a fireplace that was there, he hit an old fashioned switch and there was a series of barely audible clicks, even to my hearing, and what I mistook to be an ornate wood design in the center of the wood floor suddenly descended abruptly into a spiraling staircase.

There were electric lights below that illuminated the way, and the descent into the underground below was only just large enough for Daniel to enter, but he had to stoop some in order to get underneath the floor. At the base of the wooden stairs that folded downward were some iron wrought railing and stone stairs that led deeper still, well beneath the street level, well underneath even the sewage and water systems in Moscow, so deep that when we finally came to the bottom I had to feel the walls that were solid carved stone in the bedrock.

There was a jingling, and then turning I heard the sounds of crunching and grinding tendons, and turning, I watched Father Phillip transforming, having discarded his shoes and opened his loose-fitting robes, he converted into a white wolf from head to toe, with a swept-back mane and, high-arching ears, a backward-sweeping beard along his jaw and glowing amber eyes.

His priestly collar hung open about his neck, though he still wore his rosary about his waist. And then something else happened as another wolf, this time a wolfess, and she was naked with four pert breasts, a rather lean and attractive female despite that she was in her hybrid form, arrived with another robe, a silver one, and helped the father into it. But before she left, she and the father kissed!

"Tanya... please allow me to introduce you to my wife, Sasha."

"W-wife? B-but I thought, but you..." I stammered, but Phillip smiled.

"You mistake the church above as a Catholic Church, princess. It is instead a Lutheran Church." He smiled at his wife Sasha and cuddled her behind with one large paw and she giggled before moving along. "The church above was once Roman Catholic, but there is a certain problematic thing with a species whose predominant power system is sexually based, which made the prior caretakers of this bastion ridiculously underpowered for the task that they had at hand. It was decided, centuries ago, that we needed to adopt a faith that allowed the caretaker and priest of the church above to engage in the retrieval of our arts and skills which are obtained only through sexual acts and blood rights, so we adopted a religion that would coincide with our own religion, and Lutheranism was the one that was chosen."

"Sounds perfectly sensible to me." Daniel smirked.



“Indeed it was. I must state that I cannot consider my life without my dear wife... especially after she’s been with me for over fifty years and has borne me three children who in turn are having children of their own. I have no idea how my predecessors could’ve stood the terrible burden of celibacy.” He said and led us down a corridor that was built high and wide enough for two wolves like him to walk abreast.

“You mentioned a religion that coincided with your own. What religion do you practice aside from this one?”

Fillip stopped and gazed upon me, and then to Daniel.

“It is complicated, Father... she was rendered an orphan with her parents death and was raised in a series of church and state orphanages. She knows nothing of the baptisms or the rites.”

“Merciful Moon, Daniel. That must be your primary concern!”

“Well... yeah... but you know how I feel about that personally... and I’m not the sort to talk about a god or goddess that has taken everything I ever held dear from me.”

“You mustn’t blame them, Daniel...” Phillip said.

“I’m sorry, Father, but what am I missing?” I asked, breaking into their conversation.

“Forgive me child. Daniel and I differ in our beliefs, he has... much cause to not believe in the Divine... and after what he’s seen and done in the name of family, friends and the state... I don’t blame him in thinking the way that he does.” He continued forward and we followed down the corridor. “But as for the faith, which is the faith that nearly all Lycan believe throughout the world regardless of our breed and where we reside or what culture spawns us, we all believe in a patron goddess, The Goddess Luna.”

“The Moon Goddess.” I said, looking up at the tall and lean white wolf, and he nodded.

“We pray to her and ask of her for things that we desire. We believe that she speaks for us to the Creator of All Things like others might pray to a Saint or the Madonna or Mary, the Mother of Jesus the Christ depending upon how one’s faith would name her.”

“I see. That would only make sense.” I nodded.

“I... understand that your family’s priestess was also murdered that fateful night, Princess... if you are willing to speak further on the subject of faith and baptism and...”

“Father Phillip... please forgive me for interrupting,” Daniel said with some annoyance. “But The High King will not be happy if we are late. You’re our only supporter and the last thing I want is for the chip on his shoulder to tell him to start ousting you.”

“Yes, of course... forgive me, Daniel. Please step this way.” And he led us down the corridor again.

“High King?” I whispered to Daniel. “We’re going to see a King?”

“There’s no other way of putting it, Tanya. Of all the wolves in the world, the Russian wolves are by far the largest and the furthest spread. His kingdom stretches all across Siberia, and he commands great respect and much power, and though he’s old, ancient even, he only grows more and more arrogant the older he gets.”

Then we were being stopped at the end of the corridor where there was a pair of... well... knights here. They wore plate armor complete with helmets, either held a long rifle that doubled as a halberd, and either had a huge claymore sword strapped to their backs.

“The Princess Tanya to see the High-king,” Phillip said. “We’re expected.”

The two guards looked at us, eyed Daniel most specifically and then both turned to the doors that they guarded, keeping their halberd-like weapons facing us as they pulled the doors open, revealing two more guards beyond, and a scene the sorts of which I’d only think to hear about in a fantasy storybook was revealed to me.

It was like a king’s court, with a gray wolf sitting in a grand throne made of mahogany, gold and precious gems, this grizzled old wolf staring at us immediately upon our entering. To either side of him, sitting in high-backed yet smaller chairs of their own behind two long tables were more wolves; all of them grizzled and gray, though I had difficulty detecting that silvery sheen Daniel told me about.

What I didn’t like about this scene, however, was the naked wolfess who was laying like a slave girl at the High-king’s throne, her head propped up on his muscular thigh, her arm about his calf while he scratched her head. It was derogatory and disgusting how some cultures treated their women, and as a woman I was a might bit biased against such behavior.

“Great High-king, Gregore, I bring you Princess Tanya and her Guardian Daniel of the Pryde of the Great Cats” Phillip said and bowed, splaying his hands out to his sides before he rose again and stepped out of our way to join the wolves at the tables. Six on a side of the High-king Gregore, and with the high-king that made thirteen.

“Curtsey.” Daniel said out of the corner of his mouth, and immediately I sank as best as I could while Daniel bowed, and we waited till the High-king gestured for us to rise and we did.

“Why have you come?” This wolf with the icy blue eyes said from his throne. His voice was low, one that was used to commanding great respect, and physically he was powerfully built, and as a male was incredibly well-equipped.

He, like the others, wore robes that I’d find more endearing for a Roman court, each adorned with a grand necklace of gold, though underneath it all the king and his counselors also wore open jackets that looked like they were from Renaissance periods. They looked like a bunch of werewolf Cossacks... only with their robes open and the high-king here adorned with an additional complex wrapping around his neck and shoulders.

“Pardon, High-king.” I said stepping forward. “I seek...”

“I don’t deal with females.” Gregore said with a silencing gesture. “Be silent child, and let the men talk.”

Daniel snarled immediately, his hand going to his hip where he gripped the hilt of a sword. In turn the guards in the room all gripped their swords in preparation, and there was more than one rifle aimed toward us. I turned to him and placed one hand on his sword and forced him to push the weapon back down into its sheathe. The guards didn’t follow suit.

“I’m the one addressing you, noble High-king. As detestable as you may find it, I’m the one you will talk to; I’m the one that you’ll address with respect.” I said in a warning tone. “Your pride and your arrogance and your demeaning nature toward women are already evident... I’ve already forgotten all of my implications to let you govern your people in your own way, but I’m still nonetheless a visiting dignitary and I demand proper respect.”

“You’ll be silent girl!” the High-king said, rising to his feet, the naked fem who’d been clinging to his leg falling away with the ferocity of the motion and the High-King suddenly flared with an energy that was alien to my knowledge; his eyes flaring a brilliant blue. “I do not speak to females unless it’s to tell them how I want them to position their bodies for mating you will be silent or...”

“You’ll what?!” I shouted, suddenly surprising myself as it literally drowned out his voice. “You’ll break diplomacy? You’ll attack a guest? Right in front of your people and be responsible for the attempted slaughter of a people coming to you for help?!”

“Enough of this! Remove the insolent wench.” Gregore commanded, and I heard Daniel motion to draw his weapon again, but I forced him to sheathe it again as a guard approached to manhandle me, and I waited till he took my arm before I reacted, twisted, turned, side-stepped, while all at once removing my arm from his grip using the *‘weak-thumb’* technique – more programming that involved twisting your wrist out through the gap between thumb and fingers – and hoisting the monstrous werewolf guard and all his plate mail over my head while still in my human form, I threw him at Gregore’s feet.

I heard the voices of the wolves as they marveled at the strength of a female, the strength of a female in her human form no less besting one of their guards as if he were nothing, and Gregore actually backed a step away from me as I began opening my coat.

I wore nothing underneath it, and soon I was casting the coat off and allowing them all to look upon my naked body, the twin monstrous breasts that I’d developed perhaps partially because of my natural genetics, but greatly because of the enhancements I’d undergone at the facility. They looked upon the hard muscle I possessed, the thick thighs and long flaring yet sinuously feminine calves, the muscled abdominals and feathered ribs, and where mammary didn’t cover them, the chorded chest muscles I possessed. Kicking off my boots, I stood before him naked and virile as a goddess of fertility.

“If you cannot respect a little girl, Gregore... then perhaps I should show you who you’re attempting to make into an enemy.” And I transformed.

It was always a sexual thing for me, so much so that the vaginal muscles between my legs burned with the arousal and the heat, leaked their juices while first the primary pair of nipples I possessed hardened till they ached, and the dozen or so secondary and tertiary nipples grew into place and hardened every bit as much as the primary pair did.

I grew violently now, explosively, breasts expanding like deploying airbags, muscles popping like the surface of a soufflé, and despite that I was standing in a lowered portion of the room and Gregore was standing atop the raised portion, on his dais no less, I rapidly grew to look him eye to eye... and that was before all the muscle I possessed in this form – the White Mode – truly began to assail me.

The males and females of this group of Lycans gasped and stared in awe at me as I finished changing, and rolling my shoulders I bared my fangs at them in an obvious grin and flashed the long hooking claws that were the size of carpet knives, my body electrifying menacingly as I stepped right up to the edge of the lowered area I was in and eyed Gregore challengingly right in the eye.

“I can assure you, there are no five warriors among you who’ll be able to defeat me. I was ready to treat this as a request and now I’m going to demand it. My impression of you is that I hate absolutely every thing about you. You are arrogant and prideful, and the way you treat women is abysmal. By all rights, High-king of the wolves, I’d be well within in my rights to accept your attempts at war, and strangle you to death right here and now mercilessly while your many people look on in a helpless pallor.” Lifting one leg and placing it on the upraised portion at the top of the stairs, I stared him down till he sat back down in his throne.

Lifting a hand to his woman, she reached out and held my hand in turn, and drawing her to me, I reached down, grabbed the chain that she was secured to, and snapped it right off of Gregore’s throne. Then snapping the collar that was around her neck, I sent her on her way and she ran away with a yip.

“What do you want then?” Gregore asked, clenching his jaw and staring at me.

I leaned in closer, my breasts cleaving to the sides of my monstrously thick leg as I placed my face right in front of his.

“I want the present location of two names Gregore... the first is *‘Svetlana Cherenkov,’* present age seventeen. The second is *‘Peter Ivanovitch,’* present age fifteen. They’re both orphans. Get me this information within twenty-four hours and I’ll reward you and your people with riches.” And I gestured toward Daniel, who removed his hands from his weapon and reaching into his pocket removed an envelope packed with five-thousand ruble notes that Daniel flicked through to show them how much was in it.

“Your brother and sister no doubt given the boy’s name... And if I refuse? Just to spite you?” Gregore asked.

“I’ll wait only seventy-two hours, Gregore... Your reward declines by a note that is in that envelope for every hour that you don’t get me the information I want, and after seventy-two hours, I’ll consider it war... and I’ll return then... and I will slaughter you... just you... and all others who stand in my way because of denying me my family.

“And before you seek to upset me, know that I have powerful individuals on my side... and I’m certain that Baba Yaga, the Bone Witch, would be interested in hearing how you’ve treated the women of your packs, and most especially I have a friend who can decimate your finances and make every last wolf a pauper. I’ve already sent him the information... If I fail to stop him, then in ninety-six hours, he’ll raid every penny you all own. I assure you he’s already poised to do this... and it’ll be all your fault, Gregore.”

I stepped back and stood before him as he went into arrogant male asshole mentality... puffing up on the verge of ordering the attack, in which case I let a little of my power slip and a cascade of lightning slid from my toes, climbed my body like a rising pulse of electricity on an energy tower, arching electricity between my primary and secondary nipples and I flicked a snap of that power at the floor and it created a minute impact similar to a bullet strike that shattered a stone tile.

“My lord High-King,” someone stated just then. “I feel that I should advise you to take the female’s offer. Such funds for just the whereabouts of a pair of names are too great an offer to pass up.”

Gregore drummed his fingers of one hand on the arm of his throne, staring daggers at me while I waited silently with one foot still on his personal dais.

“I must concur as well, your highness. We have many poor who could use food and drink, and might I remind you of the deaths we incurred over the past few months from our kinfolk being unable to find appropriate shelter during the cold. It would be unwise to turn down the offer of such a willing ally.”

Gregore growled at me and Daniel’s hand settled on the sword he had at his hip, his thumb lifting the pommel upward just enough to clear the friction of the blade in the scabbard so he could draw it quickly.

“Vote now!” Gregore finally growled out, and some of his counselors began putting fists on the table, Father Phillip was one of them.

Not all of them placed their fists on the table, but most of them did.

“So be it you heartless wench...” and I immediately lifted a hand and a snap of electricity zinged from my fingertips, burned his cheek and created a small explosion that shattered a large section of the wall behind his throne.

“The nature of my powers dictates that I don’t miss what I aim at, High-king Gregore, I missed turning your head into an exploding pumpkin on purpose, and by the sting on your cheek, I assume that your powers didn’t compensate to defend yourself quickly enough. Keep that in mind the next time you dare insult me again you son-of-a-bitch.

“Daniel, remove a note for the insult.” I said and turned my hand toward Gregore now as Daniel pulled a note from the bills and pocketed it. “Remember that I can kill you with so simple of a gesture... Now then... you were saying?”

Gregore was trembling with fury and fear and I could smell both on him, his fists clenching so tightly his mane of hair rising on end as his magic grew as he looked to be on the verge of lashing out.

I merely smiled at him and let more lightning snap between my fingers.

“So be it. We will retrieve the information you seek, noble princess.” He ground that last bit out through his teeth and then promptly sat down in his throne again.

“Good... then I shall wait here for your answer.” And I bent down and picked up the coat I’d been wearing and the boots I’d discarded before changing. “Send me to where all your females gather. If you are what I have to expect of how a male acts here, then I will damn well go where there are none of you to further corrupt my impression of what I thought were noble wolves.”

“You dare demand respect and then don’t give it in return, you little...” Gregore began, and my arm snapped upward toward him again with a display of electricity that contained the power of a lightning bolt cascading down its length toward the fingers and he silenced himself with a stern look from me.

“You have not shown me enough respect to earn it back from me despite I gave it when I first arrived. You don’t get that respect till you can show it.” And then I turned first to one table and curtsied, and then to the other and curtsied just like a lady. “Noble Counselors, thank you for your aide and support, it has been a great honor to be seen by you if not by your king. Now if someone will show me and my guard to a comfortable place where I can rest, I would be most grateful.”

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“I don’t know as to whether or not I should applaud your actions or scorn them, Princess.” Daniel said, stripping of his own coat and shirt, and I blinked as I saw that he was wearing a sort of steel plated armor beneath his clothes that looked every bit as ceremonial as it was functional like the armor that the guards here wore.

We were in a room that was absolutely made for a woman’s comfort... a large bath, flowers and frilly things complete with ample satins and silks... and we were surrounded on all sides by slender looking female wolves who were absolutely interested in seeing me as I found a spare series of pillows and laid myself down amongst them and made myself comfortable.

“Oh come now, Daniel. You were about to go psycho on them with nary a sword in your hand and... and... ah...”

I paused, seeing Daniel removing his pants to show that massive naked hog leg of his beneath it all. I pursed my lips, desiring a little sex at the moment but didn’t feel to ask for it at the moment. But then he started changing and my interest grew away from sex into wonderment. I’d not yet seen what he looked like in his altered form.

His transformation was swift and fluid, and took only a matter of seconds, and when he was done changing he was a ripped towering lump of tempered steel surrounded in flesh and fur and then more steel of his armor. He was dressed like an honor guard, with fine silks beneath his armor and the collar that guarded his Adams Apple bore an emblem, a coat of arms it appeared.

“Being that we’re here... best if we just simply disregard all further pretenses and let everything hang out.” Daniel said as he adjusted a few straps and then tied his long mane of hair up into a topknot of sorts with a leather thong.

“I’ll say...” I groaned staring at his groin that had sheathed itself and was hidden by a bundle of fur, and I brought my legs up and both hands folded against the pillows between my legs. My thoughts were once again returning toward sex.

“Um... y-your highness?” someone said, and I blinked and turned to a female wolfess who standing up was as tall as I was sitting down on those pillows. “I wish to thank you for removing me from the High-King. He’s been known to abuse us from time to time and I’d feared... I’d feared you making him angry.”

“Oh... I’m so sorry for not doing it immediately upon entering his chamber. I couldn’t stand seeing another woman chained up like that. But don’t you have rights like a male?” I looked around the girl at all the other women that were here. “Do any of you?”

“No, your highness. We are concubines... women given over to the High-king for his pleasure.” The girl said.

“The females of the wolves of Russia are second class citizens, Princess...” Daniel said as he drew near, hand on his sword. “Though Russian Government allows women to vote, they are told not to. Their opinions aren’t valued like we value them.”

“But I’d like to thank you for your help.” The girl said and curtsied graciously, her four pert tits bouncing minutely as she did. “And thanks to you, for three whole days, the High-king won’t want to touch us so long as you’re here.”

“Possibly longer till the *‘smell’* is gone from off us.” Another said and we all laughed.

I stared at the girl I’d saved for a moment and then pulled her into a tight embrace.

“I want to help you...” I said after a moment and looked at Daniel, trying to think hard, and then looking at all the many females, over a hundred, I looked back at Daniel and then a slow smile began to spread across my face.

“Daniel... these sexual strengths, they’re exchanged in fluids aren’t they? Blood and ejaculate... that sort of thing?”

Daniel stared at me. “Princess... doing such a thing would upset their balance of power.”

“Damn straight!” I practically shouted at him, and I letting go of this girl I leaned back against the pillows and cushions. “Blood, ejaculate... and breast milk! And I have a *lot* of milk. So much I have to siphon it off almost daily. If you ladies are tired of being treated like slaves, then come to me, drink, nurse and feed, and I’ll give you the strength to make you as strong as any male here! My gift to you.”

There was an excited chatter amongst the women as they exited their water and their beds, all of them naked and without a single strip of clothing save for collars and wrist bands made for attaching chains and bonds.

“Princess... you could risk war wit the wolves if you do this.” Daniel warned.

“Let them try. The only thing that strikes a man more than hitting his honor or his pocket book is to take his woman’s pussy away as well and make his manhood useless.” I chuckled and gestured toward the girl that I’d rescued and she knelt so that I could guide and held her to the largest of my breasts. I nodded to her and she indeed did fasten her lips upon the teat and began to drink.

“This will teach them to ever cross me again... especially their High-king, may he die of fleas.”

“May he die of fleas!” many of the women said, and suddenly I became the center of attention... and the most popular I’d ever been in my life.

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I had to spend several days with the women, eating their food but also feeding them all and watching them all grow stronger and larger and thicker-boned and larger-breasted off me... off a cat. That in and of itself would add insult to injury and even though it made all the nipples on me ache from their nursing, and some of them made several meals out of it, by the time that the seventy-two hour mark was approaching, and at this point every last female regardless of their age – some old, most young, and many with little daughters – had been fed and strengthened and had begun to share amongst themselves. It'd become a bond of sisterhood, and I had many friends among the women of this pack, and they learned that a woman indeed had power despite what a man said.

A male's power was their arm and their fist, and they used it well, but the strength of a woman, the strength that many women in the world forgot, were our hearts, our ability to bond with other women, and to another extent, the firm pair of vaginal muscles and clitorises between our legs. That alone was strong enough to control men with all their strength.

Guards who entered were often confronted by these newly upgraded women with their strong bodies and wide hips and their engorged breasts... and these men suddenly learned that the penises they prized so greatly betrayed them in the face of a willing woman, and these usually young and rather virile males were taken in by females who chose to give their bodies to them instead of being forced to and they thusly found how much more preferable that was.

My breasts hadn't ever been so small since leaving the facility after empowering so many, neither had those breasts ever succumbed to the powers of gravity as they were, the largest two pairs drooping subtly atop my chest and both were small enough where I could cup them with my hands. Only after days of this, having some of these females even pleasure me by sucking on my pussy to gain their strength that way so that I ached everywhere... were these females all done absorbing powers and strengths from me and were now taking pleasure in their new bodies and with their males who'd come to check up on me.

"Just like a roach motel." Daniel said quietly as he saw another young guard enter, only to be assailed by sexually deprived females who'd largely been ignored for prolonged periods of time, before he himself continued sharpening his sword as it rested atop a pillow across his legs.

Sliding up next to him on my nest of pillows and blankets, I smiled up at him and he largely tried ignoring me, and then grabbing the pillow he was using to hold his sword, I watched his fully erect penis flip upward, much to his embarrassment.

"You need a good woman, Daniel." I said, and then reaching forward and holding his penis, stroking it, he hissed and then stood up promptly, sheathing his sword and then sitting elsewhere with his member between his legs.

"But not you..." he said quietly, and sheathed his sword, but I nonetheless moved close to his side, letting him feel my breasts against his body.

"I'm willing to pleasure you, Daniel. You seem to need it. Especially after seeing all these people around you making love arbitrarily... sharing themselves with each other. Are you on duty? Is that why you can't receive pleasure from your princess?"

Daniel turned slowly to look at me.

"That is only a part of it, Princess." He admitted. "There's the fact that I'm more than thrice your age, you're the daughter of my best friend, the daughter of..." and he paused before looking away.

"The daughter of my mother." I finished for him. "You must've loved her so much..." He only nodded. "So be it, Daniel... I cannot stand it when someone forces themselves on a woman, so what sort of a

woman would I be if I did the same in return and tried to force myself on a man. But still, my faithful guardian..." and I folded myself against his side, palming his chest and back and kissing his powerful arm that was nearly as strong as mine. "...You need a woman, and until I take a lifemate I'm available for you should you need it of me." And I subtly angled a leg open so that he could see my womanhood before I rubbed it and licked the fur of his arm before lying back and simply breathed.

Daniel turned to me, seeing the temptation, and for the longest time he paused, before he lifted a hand to my belly to feel the hardened abdominal muscles there.

"Anything except on the lips, my faithful guardian." I mentioned to him, and moving, his penis flipping upward, he rolled over me, and with a deft movement penetrated me. I sighed nasally as he took his sword and scabbard off and held them in one fist beside us both, but with his other hand massaged and caressed me before lying against me and simply thrusting while I held his head upon my chest.

After awhile though, I could've sworn that I felt tears fall upon me from him.

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There was a gong, and Daniel, who'd fallen asleep drinking my slowly refilling milk-laden breasts while having sex with me woke up with a shot, and with a slurping rush he pulled out of me and half drew his sword before he realized what was happening and clicked the sword back into its scabbard.

And then the High-King himself entered with four of his guards.

I had to smile as he slowed to a stop, looking at all the women who were around him.

"Why aren't you all rising to attention?" he growled. "Merciful Moon... what in the Goddess's name have you done?!" he shouted as he looked upon his harem of females as they displayed their newly enhanced bodies, with some of them still entreating his own guards when they were supposed to cleave themselves only unto the High King.

"I've done nothing but feed them, Gregore." I smirked as I rose and stood over him. "They were all starving for affection and love, a most deceitful thing to do to a woman I must admit, and I've learned some things..." and I walked up the stairs of this vast underground garden and stood before him, having to lean over to view him as Daniel took up a stance behind me. "I must say, that your view towards women is sickening Gregore. Though I feel that there will now be a generation of your females who won't grow up in fear now thanks to the teachings their mothers will give them.

"Now then, do you have the information I requested from you?"

Gregore stared at me and I heard his jaw clenching before he took one of his guard's guns and then moved to a fire pit and held a letter over the flames before I lowered the weapon and pointed it at me.

"This is war now, you hateful bitch. I have the information you seek, I alone have what you want, and I... HLK! AH!" I gaped as he suddenly spasmed, and then tensed before I saw a hand grip his chin and hoist him backward just as a sword edge penetrated from his heart, a moment before the sword was pulled outward and his throat was cut from ear to ear.

I gasped in surprise as Gregore fell to the ground, and to my surprise there was a female, a grizzled silver female standing there with one of the guard's swords in her hand, and as Gregore fell to the ground gurgling, she turned the sword point downward and plunged it into his chest with enough force to crack the tile work beneath him.

I looked at her as she fished the piece of paper that had been charred a little from the coals out with her bloodied hands, and opening it, inspecting the information upon it she turned it around and revealed a blank piece of paper.



“What is this?!” I gaped and Daniel immediately drew his sword.

“The last betrayal of the High-king.” the female said. “Grandmother Yaga told me in a dream that you’d come, Princess Tanya. The gifts of Mother Russia would at last bypass the men who kept them from us and once again inherit our bodies, and that, she said, would be the sign for us to act.”

“But... you’ve just committed regicide.” I gaped. “I was ready to do that, but you...”

“He was my husband.” She said, and her words immediately silenced anything else I might say, before she pointed at a pair of the girls who’d crouched hungrily beside the High King’s body and the queen suddenly barked out a shout of command. “Do not drink it!” she cried. “Not a single drop! It is cursed with madness and all who drink it will become as mad as the High-king!” she cried, and the women who were about to feast upon the life-fluids of their king and lord suddenly began shunning it as if it were the plague. “Princess... Come... I shall explain.” And then turning to the four guards there, she commanded them and they listened. “Burn him, burn every bit of him, scour the ground and scrape up the ashes, sew it with dirt quicklime and plant an orange tree within the dirt.”

They nodded and began carrying out their duties.

“Princess Tanya... please come with me.” And she led the way out of the harem.

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This woman, the woman whom many were calling the queen openly now, as many would bow to or curtsy to her as she passed, led me to a set of spacious quarters that were adorned in such riches the likes of which would be able to feed all of Russia, whether they be Lycan or no. It was like the rooms that were in the Imperial Palace while it still housed the Tsars!

“Please wait here... I must clean myself of my former lord’s remains.” She said, indicating all the blood and ichor on her body and Daniel and I sat within chairs that were made for werewolves instead of humans.

They barely contained either of us.

I heard the queen showering in the next room, and when she exited her domain, she exited while still donning a white cotton robe that stuck to her body and turned transparent immediately. Then gesturing toward a chair, it slid against the thick carpeting after her as she came to sit close beside me but only so that she could look me eye to eye as best as she could.

“Princess... now that I’ve cleansed myself, I wish to kiss your lips, and share an accord.”

“A-a what?” I gasped.

“An accord, Princess.” Daniel explained quietly, with the tone of a man who’s trying to stay out of what was going on. “A bond of sorts, and though the more common bond is a bond of blood, she wishes to do a bond of love, signified by the kiss. It is magic, a bond between our people and theirs.”

“I see.” And I turned back to the queen, and her lovely wolfen countenance. “I-I accept it, your highness, but I must admit that I have no magic. My powers are something else.”

But the Queen smiled and moved to sit down on my lap, and her smaller body slid in between my breasts as she took my face as a lover. “It’s still magic, child... no matter how it is that you do what you do.” And she kissed me right on the mouth.

I’ve never really been kissed by a woman before... well... other than that time in the Facility. This was different than an undersexed overbuilt woman with power issues, this was a female Lycan, like me, with

multiple breasts and strength greater than any woman I ever knew, and as her lips found mine I found myself surprised as a sweet flow of... *something* flowed into me through the mouth, and ever so slowly I simply succumbed from the feeling of warmth and love and....

And then it was over and the Queen rose to her feet, tail swishing happily as she moved to her chair and then sat down beside me.

“Mm...” I half-moaned, opening both eyes slowly with a stupid smile on my face. “Euphoric.”

“You’ve unleashed hell amongst us princess, but for us females, our lives can only get better from what they were.”

I shook myself out of that reprieve. “But what of you? You just killed the King.

“She need not worry about that, Princess.” Someone said, and I turned with a gape at the appearance of Father Phillip, his wife now dressed in a body cloth that pleasantly covered her from shoulders to ankles with an accenting sash about her waist. I didn’t even notice his wife amongst the women, but she now possessed twice as much girth as before, as well as much larger breasts and wider hips. “The High-King has many enemies, even amongst his own council. There will be civil war between those who wish to support the old King’s reign and the reign of his father and his father before him, and those who wish to support the new regime we intend to create where there is equality for all. The pivotal point in all this is to destroy the line which ended with the king.

“The spirit of Mother Russia is changing, child, and we must change with it. The last time it changed was the fall of the Tsars and now that communism is dead and we’re all in reform so too must the wolves change.”

“But civil war?!” I gaped.

“It shall not involve you child. This is wolf against wolf, and this has been in preparation for more than a century. My former husband has shown himself to be greedy and arrogant and prideful... and he took what little freedoms women had and hoarded everything for himself that he could.” She gestured at the room.

Father Phillip pulled another chair up, but instead of sitting there, he placed his wife there instead.

“But is there anything we can do to help? I mean we can still give you the money I wished to...”

“No.” The queen said with a canceling gesture. “Not a penny princess, not till its needed.”

“But I thought you were in financial arrears.” I protested.

“We’re not as financially burdened as you may think. Many of the other Counselors have been stressed for decades trying to obtain money from my husband, especially when he hordes it all for himself and has no real need for it. If you cast your eyes about this very room, Tanya, you’ll see that there is wealth abound everywhere.”

I did indeed look about, and all the gilding and the trim and the gems and jewels imbedded into everything here... it was a ridiculous amount of luxury no being needed.

“You have a greater need in reforming your family. Phillip, did you obtain the information like I asked?”

And Father Phillip reached into a pocket of his robes and produced an envelope and handed it to me. Inside were two three by five cards that had addresses followed by names. One for Anya/Svetlana, and the other for Peter. I pursed my lips, rather disappointed as the address for Peter was noted to be more than ten years old, and was for an orphanage in Las Angeles California, United States. I’d hopped that I wouldn’t have to cross an ocean, but my vigor was only strengthened now that I had a starting place for them.

“How can I thank you?” I asked quietly.

“No Tanya... this isn't you needing to thank us... this is us trying to thank you.”

**Day 164:** *the first chance I got I paged Igor with the addresses I was given. The information he'd given me earlier about where Anya had gone to was confirmed by the wolves' research, and theirs is more recent than Igor was able to present, but mainly because their network of informants was much broader than that which is stored in a computer, which sadly, though as talented as he is, Igor cannot access from where he was stationed.*

*The wolves likewise gave me a group to access in America... cousins to their Silver Council, more werewolves but in comparison to the chaos that was already ensuing even as Daniel and I left their den, these wolves were rather calm by comparison. Their contacts in America would better be able to help us and their particular pack was "Blessed by the Goddess" as they put it, and had entered into an accord with the Cats of their part of the world.*

*It was a direction and every friend I could obtain the better.*

*Abandoning his car, Daniel and I took to traveling to Saint Petersburg by way of the Grand Deluxe Train. I splurged and got us a suite on board but even that was a bit cramped. But during our overnight travel between Russia's two greatest cities, I was presented with a difficult decision... one in which I would put my faithful guardian to the test for. This sort of thing may need to happen, more for his sake than my own...*

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I liked being sexy. I liked having a sexual, erotic body possessing of great breasts and firm musculature, all so that it gave me those long legs and strong sinuous thighs and calves with a firm, tight behind and a long sinuous belly. With white hair and white brows and green eyes I looked absolutely exotic, though I looked more like an oriental currently than anything else. As such, I purchased sexy clothing that enhanced that look, with an undershirt that hung about my upper torso lightly to cover my breasts instead of restraining them like a bra would, and a pair of thong underpants with stretching chords that would go from frilly to tight between my various forms. Though the top didn't contain my breasts in my altered form, it still nonetheless stretched enough across my chest not to snap off.

This I remarked while I was wiping my face off... or rather removing my makeup with a washcloth.

Ug... it was such a pain being a woman at times... luckily I had earned and developed the sort of face that didn't need makeup all the time.

Daniel and I were sharing the same cabin, a luxurious yet cramped little thing that didn't allow much personal space, but the distance between Moscow and Saint Petersburg was an incredible distance by car, so an overnight voyage by train was much more preferred.

After taking off the makeup I'd been wearing and pausing to pet Ivan where he laid curled up and half asleep in a chair, I looked upon my guardian as he sat in a pair of sweatpants at the edge of the bed. He was holding the locket that had once hung around my mother's neck, polishing it for me very carefully with a micro-fiber cloth and some cleaner.

It was the first time that I really looked upon Daniel... well... looked on him without admiring the indomitable physique he possessed. Bulging and powerful, even my first memories of him were of him being larger and stronger than my father. But riddling that body was a plethora of bullet wounds and scrapes and scars... scars that never healed despite our incredible healing ability for whatever reason. I could only guess to the sort of wounds he'd endured to cause such wounds that a Lycan couldn't heal.

Coming to sit beside him, I lowered a hand onto his thick thigh, and crossed my own legs.

"Daniel..." I ventured. "What is it that you want most? What is it that you want more than anything in the world?" I paused and thought that I could almost hear his thoughts at that moment. "I mean... besides that which cannot be undone?"

Daniel paused in polishing, looking at the locket in its full glory for a moment before resuming its polishing.

“I loved your father like a brother... I loved your mother like the woman she was. She was so perfect; I’d wished that she’d chosen me. When they were murdered along with the rest of the clan, all there was left for me was work.

“Wake up, eat, go to work, work, come home, eat again and go to sleep. It was the predominant routine I enacted for countless years, Tanya, with interruptions in that routine being made only when service brought me elsewhere... like the occasional war.

“And then my human masters started to say that they had no use for me any more... because some clerk or some computer somewhere told them that I was pushing forty.” He remained quiet for a time and then taking a deep breath continued. “There... was a time that I longed for a wife and children, but that’s all passed me now, Tanya. I have no further desires for myself... I want nothing.

“All there is to me now is service. It’s a damnable life, but until you came along I couldn’t even do that.”

There was silence again, and this time I reached out and took both his hands and forced him to look at me.

“Daniel... I have a decision I need to make before we continue on together any longer. I would like to offer you a choice of jobs, and out of personal preference I’d like you to choose the later of the two.

“The first is for you to accompany me in retrieving my sister and brother. I could use your guidance, and a competent person watching my back. You’re a dear heart and I thank you for your assistance until now.”

“And the other?” he asked.

I licked my lips before continuing. “The other I offer you is service...

“Far to the north of here are people who can use you, Daniel. People who can use a strong person like you around who could protect them if someone comes looking for me. I think for you, Daniel, you may find it fitting for there are many people to look after, these people are a good-hearted people who’re looking after each other’s well-being and are led... are led by the man I intend to marry.” I pulled Dmitri’s ring from out of my bosom and collar. “This... is his ring, Daniel. He gave it to me as a promise... he’s the man I’ve given my heart to.

“He... knows about me. Everything about me, so they won’t be frightened by you and they’d be a people who would be open to you, Daniel...

“I want you to go there, to where they live... a small village that is appropriately called ‘*Peace*.’

“This is your choice, Daniel... but I must ask now... what do you choose?”