Кошка *(Koshka)*
Book 5: Power of Brotherhood
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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 170: *Morning after spending the last night of the full moon with the Wolves, Anya and I were able to shower, clean ourselves, put on new clothes and head out again. Getting information from the car rental place we'd gotten this car from, we learned that there was another place to the east that we could drop it off at the airport that served some city called Reno.*

It was a only a few hours trip to the city from where we were, and when we arrived we found out that the city of Reno was a major gambling city, which immediately posed another problem, that being that a gambling city had far more cameras in it and we were sure to be found out if we stayed there. Much to my ire we continued through Reno to the next city with an airport… but unfortunately for us… that city was known as Las Vegas. Getting a map from the portable computer, now that we'd wasted more than a day trying to find a decent place to transport from, we found the next probable major city and traveled north east, arriving after driving through the night in a city called Salt Lake City.

Unlike the previous two cities, this one was… well… quiet, and pulling into its airport, secluding our faces in coats now that we were in moderately cold weather again after the hot desert of Nevada, this Utah was a quiet place it felt, and I think I personally liked the feeling here. What was more was that there were far less security cameras here to catch Anya's and my faces. Finding a distribution point for the car rental at the airport and paying them for its rental, Anya and I secured ourselves with a first class state-to-state aircraft to fly from Utah to Minnesota. I would've liked a train ride like what the Grand Deluxe provided, but apparently trains in the United States were mostly for cargo nowadays.

While waiting in the transit lounge, Ivan on my lap enjoying some chicken, I opened the pocket computer and gasped as I saw a waiting message!

Opening it up and reading, I grew excited at a message from Dmitri.

Beloved,

Your *'retainer'* arrived recently, and I cannot find thanks enough to you for such generosity. The people of Mir praise you now for your kindness and thank you in their prayers, and though more investigators have come to Mir, the people don't co-operate with them at all. I've told them to feign distrust of strangers, though I think their distrust doesn't need to be feigned any more…

This Daniel you have sent to me is an individual who lives to serve, and serves to live. I've yet to meet a harder nor more devoted worker than he, and he appears to be a happy person, and very kind. Arriving with a truck load of much needed supplies, including guns and ammunition, I feel that I can entrust our safety to his very capable hands.

Last he was able to tell me you were about to acquire your sister… hope your search for your family goes well, I want to know more but realize that you cannot communicate with me too often. But most of all, I want you to be safe and sound. No unnecessary risks. I'll have to commit to die old and alone if you disappear from my life.

As such, there have been some… changes… around here since you left, and regarding that I have a bit of a surprise for you when you return. Take care, beloved. I await your return with bated breath.

-Dmitri.

I was weeping when I was done reading the message, and rapidly replied with statements that I found my sister, knew where my brother was, and was on my way to acquire him. I told him I loved him too and wanted to spend my life with him.

The plane trip was on a small jet, a three engine tri-pacer that held maybe fifty or so people. Though First class wasn't as comfortable as the business class on Aeroflot, it was nonetheless comfortable enough for an hour or so long trip. But as we approached what was known as the Hubert H. Humphrey Minneapolis International Airport, the stewardess announced a startling fact that we were approaching one of the largest airports in the world and the fifth largest in the United States. What was worse was the incredible size of the Twin Cities of Minneapolis and Saint Paul. Though the inner cities themselves weren't as large as Moscow, all the other cities that surrounded them could easily dwarf Moscow.

We had no choice but to bundle up and move together, hopefully no one who was looking for us would notice us within their cameras and just think of us as two women who were preparing for the cold weather outside, but then I had no idea how good this "Big Brother" surveillance system was.

We'd avoided detection thus far while in the United States and so I hoped that we could continue to manage that little trick.

Getting a descent car, again a non-descript one that could remain inconspicuous, Anya and I got directions to the address for our brother and went to search him out.

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I was certain that Peter would be turning sixteen soon. Any day now in fact… which meant that his first change was about to happen.

"Ugh… is it me or is this place colder than Moscow." Anya said in Russian, we spoke in Russian all the time lest we had to communicate with others, and it was strange but these Minnesotans, other than giving us the occasional look of surprise, didn't give much surprise to foreign speakers here.

"What did you find out about this Brooklyn Park from their website?" I asked her as she looked through the portable computer at the main web site of their city.

“The Mayor was once Jessie “The Body” Ventura? Isn’t he a wrestler?” Anya asked, and I smirked and shook my head at yet another American idiosyncrasy.

Yaakov Smirnov was correct. Americans were crazy.

“And it says he later became their governor and is now running for senator! And hey… look at this. Brooklyn Park has a rather high concentration of Russians who moved to the United States for better economics and jobs.”

I’d been silent for awhile. My hands were sweating, my body was quivering subtly… and I was getting all excited as I followed the directions we got off the internet to find this place. When we finally pulled up to the address and stopped, Anya and I looked out the window at a most terrible sight.

“Their house is being demolished.” Anya moaned, and then she looked at me while I desperately tried to keep the tears from flowing from being denied again while we were so close. “What do we do now?”

“We ask a friend…” I said, and gesturing for her to sit back down in her car seat, re-entered the car myself before driving off and heading for a hotel.

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I laid on my belly, both breasts compressing against the hard mattress and bulging outward underneath either arm. I was growing into a frightful mood at the moment. I was horny and depressed and that was making me angry and emotionally upset, but something else in me was helping me to keep my head. Maybe it was my own will, maybe it was that damned programming, but whatever it was I was getting amply moistened, I was sweating, and I had the hardest clit and nipples of any woman in the world right now.

>Igor… I need your expertise. Peter Ivanovitch was adopted as Peter Jorgenson and moved to Brooklyn Park, Minnesota, USA through the attached address. That address is now being demolished. Where did he go?<

I waited for the response, the device plugged into an AC outlet, and rising from a laying position and groaning, Anya elsewhere exploring a fine American hotel, I was quite alone in our room. But despite that, I was starting to understand the burning sensations of what it meant to be a female in a rising heat.

“Oh damn it!” I cursed and rose to a stand and began pacing, tits wobbling and swaying with my every motion, and I began wearing a hole in the floor as that mild horniness grew in me. “Damn it!” I growled and stamped a foot before I just pushed the side-tie panties I was wearing off me before stuffing a hand between my legs and rubbing those tenuous labia of mine, feeling the clit erecting and standing on end beneath my fingers while the moisture in me rose while my fingers moved from caressing to probing. The moment those fingers entered me, rubbing against the ribbed insides of my sex, I took hold of one breast, pulled out from under the shirt that covered them and promptly stuffed its nipple into my mouth and sucked.

Moments later I was in the bathroom amidst hot steamy waters pelting my body as I fingered myself, jutting those fingers deep inside me and massaging either breast alternatively. With both eyes closed, I dreamt of my sweet Dmitri.

A solid jet of ejaculate flushed from within me as I orgasmed, and while in the shower, the hot water on me as I delved deeper into my sexuality, suddenly I was slowly shifting modes… from White to Green.

More than ninety kilo’s piled onto me in the form of muscle, bone and mammary, my hair color turning a light green, the strip of hair that dangled down before me turning white instead of red while I grew more than fifteen centimeters and engorged in nuclear powered musculature.

The process was slow because I fought it, but the tension between me trying to hold back a change and likewise force it strummed the vaginal folds in me repeatedly, giving me the sensation of sex when coupled with the fingers that I had in me.

"Ngh! Ah!" I cried and came again and a hot stream of nectar escaped me as I lifted a leg and braced it's foot on the nearby soap dish attached to the wall of the shower.

Either tit engorged to twice, maybe thrice its previous size while bones cracked and tendons groaned, and when I pinched that super erect nib of my clitoris between two thickening fingers, I screamed as the most torrential orgasmic eruption spilled from me and both breasts squirted twin gouts of milk in the form of long streams of supple cream all about me.

And once it was over I rubbed out a few more micro orgasms and squeezed some of that milk from my body… temporarily sated and squeezing through the narrow shower door here, toweling both body and hair dry but remaining naked, I came back into the room to find Anya gaping at me while sitting in her underwear.

"Y-you're huge!" she gasped. "And your hair is green. And your eyes… How did you get so big?"

I went over to sit beside her, a giant next to a dwarf in comparison.

"Remember how I told you that I could absorb energies?" she nodded. "Remember me turning into a slender red-head in Russia?" again she nodded. "The slender red-head is me switching to one of three modes that I have available to me from absorbing energies. I can't use multiple energies at once, but one I focus on one or the other, my body changes. Hair coloring, eye coloring, body type and so on. My white mode with the spiky hair that stands on end is my White mode, and it's brought on by Electricity."

"And the others?" she asked excitedly.

"Red mode is when I got hit by a lot of microwaves and absorbed enough of them to change into a new mode. That was the first one I obtained after my hair turned white. I used to be blonde like when I found you." Her lips pursed in amazement as I continued. "Well, when I was with that guy Daniel I was telling you about, he was an FSB officer on a nuclear sub that the government was using as housing for its soldiers and their families, and while I was there… the ah… the reactor failed."

"It failed?" she gasped. "But I didn't hear about anything like that in the news."

"Because that's a terrible thing for a government to admit to, Anya. When it started to break I was drawn toward it, and I actually stepped into the reaction chamber and absorbed all the energy that it contained. Nuclear Energy." And I flexed, showing her my massive arm as it engorged and swelled many times over, and gasping she felt the arm with both her hands.

"It's like bundles of steel wrapped in concrete!" she said in wonderment and I smiled.

"It's beyond me on the how I do this, but I can absorb certain energies apparently. Electricity, Microwaves, and of course nuclear energy being the most recent one I've absorbed. White Mode makes me strong and able to throw lightning."

"I see you prefer that mode the most." She said and I nodded with a wry smile.

"Thick and muscley, but not really feminine. So I use Red Mode to slim and shorten myself up a bit. Eyes turn amber, hair turns red, and I can cast microwave blasts and sense microwave radar emissions and communications. But Green Mode…

"I become a giant of a woman with more muscle than the other two forms combined, with green hair and darker green eyes than I normally do, I'm pretty sure I can bench press a bulldozer in this form."

“And what does your Hybrid form look like in that mode?” she asked and I smirked.

“I’d show you, but more than likely I’d fall through the floor.” I said and then shifted, the burning nuclear energy in me shifting toward the blazing electricity, and I sloughed off that ninety some odd kilos of weight to become something smaller and more manageable. “So where did you go?”

“Well…” she smirked. “I was feeling a little bit, well… peckish, so I went looking for some… well… you know.”

“Yeah I do.” I smirked, and then rising went to get into a nice clean pair of panties and an undershirt. “Nathan was right… I’m entering a heat.” I said and turning round, palmed my belly and began wondering what it would be like to have a baby. “Right now… all I can think about is having a nice hard, throbbing cock inside me.”

“Tanya… are you going to have a baby?” Anya asked, and I smiled before moving to sit with her again.

“Someday, I suppose. But not until we can return to Russia.”

She palmed my muscled tummy. “When we find Peter…” she said. “Then we can go back and make a home.”

I smiled at her and covered her hand before there was a chime from the pocket computer, and rising excitedly I went to it, hoping for some good news. But turning on the screen and reading, the look on my face promptly fell in even further disappointment.

<Tanya, I’m sorry, but this is the best that I can do. Apparently there’s a profound concentration of Scandinavians in the State of Minnesota, and coupling that with the fact that I cannot track hard-copy records that aren’t in a computer, I can only provide you with the following family names named *‘Jorgenson’* who have a son named “Peter” and is turning sixteen this month>

<Given the address, I’ll try to crack the USPS mailing database and try to find out where they moved to, but this will give you something to work on in the meantime.>

I exhaled a breath of even greater disappointment. There were thirty-four names all throughout Minnesota as far north as Duluth and as far south as Rochester.

>Thank you for all your help< I replied to Igor.

“What’s wrong?” Anya asked.

“We have some work ahead of us.”

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Girls had dreams when they were younger, and when that girl happened to be an orphan like me, those dreams tended to have a different flow to them.

An Orphanage, even a state-funded orphanage, had a tendency of leaving their various wards lacking for any degree of luxury… or even basic necessities for that matter. There were times when we didn’t even have toilet paper in the one that I was at.

I’d always dreamed as a child that a loving mom and dad who’ve been desperately looking for me would come for me at long last and that they were rich and powerful people in the land and I’d be like a princess. I’d wear fine clothes, fine jewelry and be courted by a long line of beautifully sexy men who all looked like

a mesh between Prince William and a young Dolph Lundgren in some way. I would marry my favorite among them and we'd live happily ever after.

Though I dreamed that dream like most other orphaned girls in the world, I was granted a much different, darker version of it. My mother and father were rich and powerful, and they were supernatural creatures of the night, but despite that they were murdered by a monster in the guise of a human, hence why I was an orphan in the first place so I had no hope of ever knowing a goodly mother and father. What I got instead was the knowledge that I had a family, a brother and a sister and I was the eldest of the three and the sister that I now had with me was being coddled late this night in my arms while we slept in the same bed with both of us in our underwear. Instead of just being an older sister, I had become the mother figure Anya never had before. Even though it was considered my duty to be the parent figure in the absence of our actual parents, I was glad to hold that position, simply because it brought with it that I was no longer alone in this world.

I had a family, and it started with Anya.

I was a princess, but not the sort of princess that any other human would recognize, and there wasn't a long line of suitors for me… just a regular every day man. I suppose it was better that way, for Dmitri was a kind and generous man, tough and strong, which I find I far preferred then some pretty boy who'd never gotten his hands dirty in his life.

Oh yes, and then there was the fact that I was a supernatural creature too… that I never bargained for when I looked up at the stars late at night as a child and dreamed of a better life, and what was more was that this supernatural creature had certain strengths and weaknesses. Sure, I was stronger than a legion of men and tougher than a tank; sure I had a sexual level greater than a thousand women and power equal to a nuclear reactor, but despite all that, a lone silver bullet disintegrated all those powers and my whole life was held sway by the overwhelming power of the moon. As it was, even my menstrual cycle, once every twenty-eight days now happened for one whole month once a year – maybe twice, I didn't know yet – but all in all, it was making me hornier than all get out as it progressed.

Rising from where I slept with Anya in the one bed, Ivan having been laying in the recess between my sister and me, I threw the blankets over them both and then rose to my feet. Pausing then, I massaged the twin labia through the panties I wore and felt more moisture escape me.

I thought I worked this out in the shower earlier, but apparently I didn't. I needed a dick inside me, and what bothered me even more so was that this was just the beginning of this heat. I couldn't even imagine how terrible it'd be later…

So removing both panties and undershirt and donning the trench coat I had, I left the room looking for satisfaction, shifting from White to Red Modes so as to more pleasingly draw someone to mate with me.

There was a bar across the road that was still open. It was a den of drunkards, but it was close by, and stepping inside I suddenly became the focus of all eyes in the room, the majority of which were men. Perfect.

Striding over to the bar table and sitting down before crossing both legs to pinch that distended mound of vaginal flesh between my legs in an effort to quiet its urges I had to wait only a moment or two before the bartender arrived.

"Vodka, straight up, hold the ice." I mused and the bartender blinked but nonetheless got what I wanted and placed the glass before me right before I took it and slammed it down. "Another." And he poured me another, but this one I began to nurse.

"Hey babe… you're quite the drinker, can I buy you a drink?" someone said and I turned to him, sized him up, my nostrils flaring as I smelt his scent and most especially looked at his groin.

“Depends if that’s a rolled up sock in your pants or not.” I smirked. “Come back when you have more of a penis, little man. I’m looking to get laid tonight, but it’s gotta be with someone who’s big… sturdy… and can make me choke on it from the inside.”

He blanched and then slammed a hand on the counter before taking my wrist. The bartender reached under the table for what was either a shotgun or a sawed off pool queue I knew, but never remembered learning such an ideal, so I supposed it was more programming. “I’ll be damned if any woman ever… hlk… whoa!”

If you’re wondering what that was, that was me slipping my hand from his, slapping that hand outward to take him by the throat, lifting him off the ground, spinning in a full circle and sending the bastard flying across the room to go crashing against the far wall.

“Sorry about your wall. Normally I thought shit splatters when it’s thrown against something.” I said and re-assumed the stool I was sitting on before crossing both legs again in a continuing attempt to control my libido, and the whole bar laughed my would-be assailant out of the bar.

I slammed the rest of the drink and threw a hundred dollar bill on the counter. “Another… and keep them coming. Just tell me when I’m running low on cash.”

And without another word the bartender added more drink to my glass. What did he care? He was getting paid.

Half a dozen more men came up to me, spinning cheesy lines and offering to buy me more drinks, and what they didn’t realize yet was that I’d probably drank half a bottle all ready and still wasn’t even tipsy. Each of them was deficient in some way or another. Too short, too fat, too small, too weak… and I was about to give up, go have a soda, masturbate in the shower and go back to bed when… finally…

“You drink like an Irishman, only Irishmen don’t drink Vodka like that, if at all.” And I looked at the owner of the voice, and perhaps it was instinct that did this for me, but I sized him up for all the genetics that were in him, and I smiled as he fit more than the minimum requirements for height, build, strength… and most of all, a big cock!

“So, are you an Irishman?” I asked and leaned back against the bar, the top of the coat parting open to reveal all the bare expanse of neck, chest and the swells of my enigmatic bosom.

“That I am… or at least part Irish.” He climbed up into the stool beside me and faced me on the counter. “You won’t find many full-blooded anything in America lass… lest of course you’re a Native American. Daddy was a second generation son of Ireland born in America, mother was Vietnamese.” I smiled at his wide, subtly angular eyes. “Add the Vietnam War and the fact that my dad was a soldier with a beautiful Vietnamese woman, and… well… I’m sure you can figure out the rest.”

“So… why are you here?” I smirked as he drank a very dark-looking drink that frothed far more than a simple beer should froth.

“Same as you… looking to get laid. Why else are the two of us doing in a bar at two A.M. other than being needy for getting and giving some head?”

There were many who were watching us, several of whom I’d already shot down, and smiling at them and looking at this new comer, I reached forward, slid a hand over his groin and felt its girth. He merely smirked at me and didn’t even jump.

“You’ll do.” I said and rose off the stool I was on and addressed the bartender. “How much do I owe you?”

“You ‘aven’t even blown tru’ d’ first C-note, lady.” He said with a strange accent that slurred everything and dropped vowels and consonants and replaced lettering here and there, and I wondering if this is what was meant by *‘street speak.’*

“Good… keep the rest as a tip.” I said, and turning to the man I’d chosen. “Let’s go.”

“Hold on there now, lass. What if you’re not what I’m looking for?”

“Excuse me?” I scoffed, and the next thing I knew he’d leaned forward and planted both hands on either of my breasts, hefting them, squeezing them, feeling them, and sliding off his stool, those hands then held my hips and groped my butt while he pulled me in close enough for my chest to flatten against his.

“There… you pass the O’Malley seal of approval.” And turning he dropped a fifty on the table. “Thanks Matt…” and he gestured for me to lead the way.

And so I did. Back across the street, and into the darkness we went before pausing behind the building away from the street. I wasn’t sure about America, but I was pretty sure that indecent exposure was the same here as it was in Russia, and undoing the coat I wore, I turned to him, pulled it open and revealed my naked form to him.

“Holy.” He gaped. “You were naked underneath that? No underwear even. You were desperate for some action.”

“Drop your pants.” I commanded tossing my coat at his feet before kneeling on it and he undid his belt and zipper, but in my eagerness for cock, I moved his hands away and pantsed him, getting his dick out where I could see it, and smiling at it, with it distended and erecting, but not as erect as I wanted it. So grabbing its girth with both hands and feeding its end into my mouth, I blew him and gave him a hand job while he palmed my face.

“You know… You smell different from all the other women I know of.” He stated. “Something sweet, a perfume?”

But I was busy feeling the series of muscles of his maleness swelling in my mouth to answer as I teased him with my tongue. “My name’s Tom… what’s yours?” Still I didn’t answer for several seconds before I got him as hard as I wanted him to be, and rising, arching myself up onto my toes, I inserted his rod inside me and slid slowly onto it down to the hilt. “Aren’t you going to answer me?” he asked as I wrapped both arms around his neck and began to roll and cajole him.

“Do you think my name is that important? You Americans have some interesting rules about sex. Where I come from, it’s not needed to know someone’s name before having sexual relations… just the desire is needed mister Tom O’Malley. Chances are I’ll never see you again after this moment, so why should I learn your name or give mine?”

“Wow… you certainly come right out and say what you think. At least tell me where you’re from.”

I gasped, exhaling passion as I rode him, thrusting, squeezing and pulling, feeling his mass rub against mine as my innards filled with hot sticky nectar, the petals of either labia swelling and distending to hold him fast inside me. He in turn grabbed my bottom as he leaned back against the nearby wall and pushed and pulled inside me.

“Russia.” I said at last.

“Russia hmm? I’ve never had a Russian chick. But you seem a little ill-experienced for this sex thing.”

I rolled my eyes and rose to look him in the eyes. “And I suppose you know how to treat a woman better than she does?”

“As improbable as it may be for you to accept that such a thing is possible, but yes.”

"Prove it." I smirked, and he smiled back at me.

"With pride." And gripping my bottom with both hands and squeezing, he hefted me upward into his arms, walked with me a little and then knelt, laid me in the snow-free grass, hands up beside my head before he pushed my legs upward with knees close to the chest before he began to lean and then stir me with his prick. I swooned almost immediately. "There's something about Americans… we get a little personal with those we have a good relationship with. We talk to each other so we know what pleases each other, how to enact certain responses." And he thrust hard suddenly and I groaned and arched myself, then arched myself more as his hand soothed the flesh between my sternum and throat and I moaned and arched even deeper, either ankle over his shoulders now before he found my clit with one hand and pinched it. "So we learn each other's names, we share pleasures and fantasies, and not saying that other cultures don't do that, but from how you act, miss… you definitely… aren't familiar… with the concept."

As he said those last few words, he thrust hard with each pause into my sopping wet pussy, taking his shirt off, the subtly moistened grass from melting snow chilling me beneath while his body warmth heated me from above. This city was several hundred miles further south on the hemisphere than Moscow was but also in the center of the continent. So at times the winters were warm like now, others it was blistering cold like when Anya and I first arrived here. I never knew of a place that could swing fifty degrees in a day or two. Currently it felt like spring, and though the ground was cool and moist, I could take it, and to a degree it even added to the pleasure I was experiencing as I shivered and trembled about his cock and felt nipples and clit grow even harder from the cold. His hands against my goose bumps made me shiver even more.

Thrusting into me again and stirring me he got me to gasp and moan repeatedly, enticing cream to escape my breasts as he played with both nipples and lightly massaged either breast. Not the hard gripping motion that made a woman feel like he was about to rip it off, but touch and pressure, a squeeze and a push.

He got me to orgasm before him even. It didn't last more than about twenty or thirty minutes, but it was easily amongst the most erotic twenty or thirty minutes of my life. It armed me with greater sexual knowledge to teach Dmitri when he and I came together again… all pun intended.

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I was sitting in the bowl of the porcelain looking bath with the shower water spraying on me, and despite having been sated so deeply only a matter of minutes ago, I was nonetheless caressing my sex and getting another squirt or two to escape from me when the door opened and Anya entered and I stopped immediately.

She undressed immediately slipping first out of her panties to show off a completely short vaginal mound that was absent of any pubic hairs, and then slipped out of her undershirt – her breasts falling out of that shirt and bouncing one after the next – before stepping into the shower with me. Kneeling down before me, laying against my belly, she took to holding me, her mouth finding one of my nipples and sucking before closing her eyes.

"Anya…" I prompted, wanting to pleasure myself more.

"I don't want to be left alone…" she said quietly. "Not at night. Bad things happen to me when I'm left alone at night."

She rubbed against my breast, and lifting a leg I pushed down the shower lever to make the water come out of the bath spigot before turning the drain plug and forcing it to close to allow the bath to fill up slowly.

"So sorry. I was… as the Americans say, *'getting my gun off*'"

"It looked like you still were when I came in the room." She chuckled and kissed my nipple again, sucking off more milk with a gentle kiss. "Promise me you won't leave me alone again."

“I can’t promise you that, Anya.” I said quietly and held her a little tighter as she tensed a little. “Things will happen to you that I can’t protect you from, and they will happened when I cannot be there for, but I promise I’ll be as much of a big sister to you that I can be. If that means protecting you, I shall, and if that means avenging you like I did with the wolves, then I will do that as well. Though honestly…” and I chuckled. “I think that wolf will remember your punishment before he remembers mine.”

She chuckled and relaxed again, and with the tub filled enough for us both, I reached up with a foot and shut the water off.

“Yeah. That’ll learn him from ever harming me again.”

“You see… you’re strong enough, Anya… that was a grown werewolf you beat up, and were able to fend against. You’re a strong, adult female, sexy and beautiful… just remember that you’re also a tigress and you have teeth and claws and are stronger than most anything alive.”

Anya rose up off me and arched against my body. I tried not to enjoy the way her navel rubbed against my crotch, but in my mindset I couldn’t help it and I trickled a little. I had to squash the thoughts that I was having for my sister immediately and dismiss them as base and evil things. One could think that in this instance, two women naked in a bath was an instance of utter sexuality… but I can guarantee you that most men will only think that, and I was ashamed that it crossed my mind in the first place. First of all, this was my sister, and despite that we were both two well rounded and fine-bodied females, this was a moment between sisters. True her boobs were pressing against mine, but two women can be naked together without some kinkiness happening.

Can’t they?

“Am I really that strong looking to you?” she asked; the water lapping against our bodies.

“Sure… you’re stronger then most men I knew. Look at your belly, your chest and arms.” And I palmed her belly.

“Hmm.” She smiled and held my hand to her belly. “It’s nice of you to say that… but it’s not true.”

“Sure it is.” I smiled at her while sitting up straighter before her and then rising up to sit on the edge of the tub and pulling her to my chest and kissing her forehead. “We both are. We were separated from our family, made to live alone amongst others like us, both of us raped, and we’re both still alive, both of us still sane, and both of us together are stronger than any one person alone is.

“You’re strong, and I’ll keep saying it till you realize it yourself and believe it as well.”

“Even after we find Peter?” she asked looking up at me.

“Especially after we find Peter.” I smiled, and bending down, kissed her forehead again.

Day 190: *Twenty days later, and we'd gone through nearly the entire list of families that Peter could be in, thirty-four possible families, and going through each and every last one of them, save one, Anya and I introduced ourselves to thirty-three separate families and verified that their Peter wasn't ours. These families ranged from prime families living in houses, to middle-income families living in town homes, to families that lived in trailer parks and ghettos.*

Because of my history, we avoided going to one family in particular on Igor's list, going so far as Rochester and Duluth to verify other names, before all that was left was that one name.

Number twenty-three on the list out of thirty-four.

And to my dismay, on the day that we were to go meet family number twenty-three, we got a message from Igor that confirmed the address, but it wasn't just confirming that the family moving from the one house that was being demolished was the one we were looking for, but Peter's trail led through the demolished house to this one. This was almost undoubtedly the place.

All the young men we met before named Peter had the undeniable problem that most of them weren't orphans, but the greatest portion of them likewise had wrong colored hair, were of the wrong race – a few of the families were black, and so was the young man in their family that we were looking for, though how the Scandinavian name of Jorgenson moved to portray blacks was a testament that this nation truly was the world's melting pot – and one of them was a typo. In one case, the person we were looking for was actually a girl named Patricia, though how the two could've possibly have gotten mixed up was beyond me, and the child was too young to get a sex change operation… or was this person just a transvestite?

Anya and I had bought ourselves a few sets of nice clothes while we were here so as to make a good impression when we met our brother and the people who'd taken care of him all this time. The pair of us had bound our chests to make them look smaller and I made myself a red-head with Red Mode to appear more slight and less intimidating. Though I looked beautiful, Anya put me to utter shame with how sexy she looked, and even after binding our milk-giving breasts, hers were still larger. When we had more time, I vowed to have her teach me how to use make up.

But then, twenty days later after arriving in Minnesota, she and I pulled up in front of the house, located, ironically, near where we started in the first place in Brooklyn Park Minnesota.

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The Jorgenson residence was a large house of three stories above ground and a basement below. The lawn was well-maintained, even in this state of chaotic weather systems that ranged from warm to blistering cold depending upon what day it was.

Stepping up to the door and taking a deep breath, I reached out and used the knocker.

'I smell a dog.' Ivan growled from my pocket.

"Hush. You like the last ones we saw." I said but scratched his head with the long fingernails of one hand.

After a moment or two, the door opened and a man with graying hair and a sweater vest on met us. "Ah… you girls selling cookies? I must say I love your Girl Scout cookies. I'll take a pair of those chocolate and peanut butter ones." And he started reaching for his wallet, opening it up and pulling some bills out.

"Ah… we're not selling cookies sir. My name is Anya, and this is my sister Tanya Ivanovitch. We're not selling cookies. Actually… we wish to speak with you if we may."

Mister Jorgenson blinked at us. "You girls missionaries?"

Again we looked at each other, and I smirked at the mild eccentricity of this man, or perhaps it was because he was an American, perhaps it was just him, but I decided to put an end to all this.

“We’ve actually come to speak with Peter. Our last name is Ivanova.”

“Ivanova. Now why have I heard of that name?” he asked scratching his chin. “I got it.” He snapped his fingers. “You two must be those sister cheerleaders from Peter’s School! I must say that boy does us proud!” and he puffed out his chest.

“Ah no.” I smirked. “We’re from Russia, Mister Jorgenson. We’ve come several thousand miles to meet with your adopted son. Peter Ivanovitch Asimov… our brother.”

His face fell immediately as he stared at us both, looking for similarities between us and Peter perhaps.

“Then perhaps I should invite you both in.” he said at last, and moved out of the way and gestured us inside. This must be the place… despite the poor experiences I’d had with the number Twenty-Three… hopefully this was a turn around.

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“Here’s some more of that lutefisk there don’t’cha-know.”

Peter’s adoptive mother was a short, plump and bustling blond-haired woman who had one of the strangest ways of talking I ever heard. There was a definite accent there, but more than anything she was as pleasant as can be. Every sort of stereotypical thought that one would have about an American woman was true with her. A grandmotherly-like look to her despite that she was middle-aged, with her favorite thing to do was to make apple pies and cookies and pastries and clean. She was a confirmed house wife and she liked it that way.

“Oh yes, thank you, Ma’am.” Anya said, her English accented by our Russian tongues, while mine lacked much of the way we rolled R’s and said a lot of consonants gutturally.

Though Anya’s use of the language wasn’t as good as that which I’d been programmed with, she had far better poise and bearing and sat like a lady in the couch we were offered that was covered in hand-knitted doilies and afghans. She sat on the edge of the seat, legs pressed together and her ankles tucked back and crossed subtly… it was harder than it looked for me to mimic.

“Yes thank you. I don’t think I ever had quite a tasty dish before.” I agreed, and Mrs. Jorgenson beamed, round-faced and shuffled off.

And then we were left with Peter’s adoptive father.

“What exactly are your intensions now that you’re here?” he asked quietly after a long moment of awkward silence, which likewise created more awkward silence.

“We… want to see him first. Tell him of things about his family… let him make the decision.”

“The decision to do what?” his father asked.

“To come with us if he wants.” I replied to him, and the mood in the room grew incredibly quiet. “Does he know that he’s adopted?” I dared to ask then.

There was another moment before Peter’s father rose from his chair. “It’s been nice meeting with you both. Peter’s not here right now, so if you would both please leave, I’ll see you to the door.”

Translation: *No, he doesn't know, and you aren't going to tell him, I won't let you tell him because he's* my *son. Now get out of my house before I do something all of us will regret.*

"Thank you sir." I said and rose, and Anya looked to me and rose with me after placing her plate on the coffee table. "You will tell him that we came by?"

"Just get out." He replied, and ushered us toward the door.

Translation: *No!*

And out the door we went before it slammed on our butts and we promptly heard the door lock.

"So is that it then?" Anya asked me as we walked down the sidewalk in our heels.

"Over my dead body." I said quietly. "Peter deserves to know, and he deserves to make the decision himself, and its not up to us or even up to his loving adoptive parents. They're just trying to protect him you know, and one cannot blame them for being selfish."

"But it's only six more days till the full moon. What can we do in six days? What if he changes by then?"

"Hopefully he develops a fear of the moon like you and I did, and if not… we need to be able to move in a hurry."

Day 191: *Anya and I had to watch covertly and follow Peter for the first day. Sadly, our very first view of our brother was when he was coming home from school, which was likewise from a block away.*

He looked like a regular teen in a regular world, sublimely unaware of how special he really was. Unaware that he was adopted, believing that his world was that of complete and utter normalcy. The blond hair and the skin tone made him appear as if he was the real life son of Mister and Missus Jorgenson.

He then left his house after about a half an hour or so, and went to go wait next to a bus stop. Anya and I hurried to get on the same bus and sat behind him, watching him listening to music from a pair of headphones attached to what was either a Zune or an I-Pod. He had a slightly disheveled look to him, but then I've seen young men dressed like that in Russia. We followed him quietly all the way to a zoo of sorts. A big zoo! Apparently Peter worked here, and using skills imprinted in me from the Facility, I was able to lead Anya all the way there, across three bus transfers without him even noticing us.

The Minnesota State Zoo, not exactly the world's largest Zoo, but it did have something that it was particularly well known for…

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"Please keep close ladies and gentlemen," Peter was saying as he led the tour we were on. "We now move onto the pride and joy of the Minnesota State Zoo. Amongst being in the tenth largest Zoos in the nation, the Minnesota Zoo also boasts the largest number of tigers in captivity anywhere in the world; more so than even the privately owned group of show tigers owned by the magicians Siegfried and Roy.

"Currently maintaining a close partnership with organizations both governmental and private in The Former Soviet Union, the Minnesota Zoo is dedicated to preserving the lives of these majestic, noble and powerful creatures."

Anya and I smiled in unison at that comment.

"Here at the Zoo, however, unlike elsewhere in the world, the tigers have large, wide open enclosures that allow them to walk about as if they were in the wild and maintain their natural mentalities instead of being tame, so please stay away from the railings ladies and gentlemen, the tigers are still wild and regard all but their familiar handlers as a threat.

"If you'll look there, one of our females just had cubs, and for her safety and those of the cubs themselves, she has been isolated in a way that you may look upon both her and the young. This encouraging display of motherhood shows that the program put about by the Zoo is indeed working, but we, like any other organization, do still require money in order to function, and so we encourage that you make any donations that you feel are worthy to the facility. Even a few dollars at a time are more than…"

But I leaned to Anya as he continued asking for donations and describing tigers with such passion.

"I think, Anya… it's time that we donate some money to a worthy cause." I smirked.

"How much are you thinking of giving?" Anya asked.

"I think a cool million would be worth while to such a noble cause. I like this place."

"So do I." Anya smiled back, and we continued on our adventure, following our little brother as he gave an expert tour of the Tiger enclosures, in which there were many.

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The Zoo Administrator came out of his office and hugged both of us. We got our picture taken, we got a plaque put up on the wall and numerous free merchandise, and we watched as the plaque was put up on the

wall stating *'A donation in the name of the Asimov family of Russia, private investment in the amount of one million American Dollars to the Save the Tigers fund.'* The sweet man that was the Administrator was in tears even!

Afterwards, we went looking over the sights that the zoo had to offer, but as we came round to the tigers again, we found Peter looking down at an enclosure that had three powerful looking tigers in it.

"We were very grateful for your knowledgeable tour, sir." I greeted as Anya and I approached with our open cups of soda. Apparently plastic tops and straws weren't allowed on the zoo grounds, or else the birds and animals might eat them and die.

He turned toward us; I currently in white mode and so had white hair like Anya now did, and for a moment he seemed to recognize us, but perhaps that was from the tour.

"Thank you. I saw your very generous donation." He said. Like before, he had a very fluid way of speaking, unlike his mother.

"You inspired it." I smiled and came to stand before him, currently head, neck and chest taller than he was, and for a moment his eyes flickered between Anya and me, looked at both our chests and then back to my face.

"We're from Russia too, you know." Anya mused. "We have a bit of an attachment toward Tigers."

"Well I'm glad that you could help the program." He said and turned to look back upon them. "All this," he gestured at the enclosures. "Is a double edged sword. True, we're keeping them from extinction, but there's still a certain degree of taming with them. The handlers can walk right out there and be with them and they treat them as a member of their pryde. Though only the handlers can go in there. Anyone else and they see them as a threat, or worse, a rival."

"Are you working here because you want to be a handler?" I asked.

"Oh yes please, I… I mean… Yes very much so."

"We can perhaps speak with the Administrator for you. A donation of that size might give us some…"

"No… I want to get there on my own merit when they think I'm ready. It would be unfair to the tigers else wise."

I nodded, and resisted the urge to reach out and hug him as deeply as I could.

"We wanted to thank you for the tour. Hopefully we can see you again."

He smirked. "Hopefully. Good day ladies." He finished and returned to watching the animals.

"He doesn't seem as arrogant as I thought he'd be." Anya said.

"None of these Americans are seeming as arrogant as everyone back home made them out to be. You get down and look at the people, and they're just like us."

"I've been thinking, Tanya… we're Russian Nationals, so we have no authority here in America, and the Jorgensons don't want us to see Peter. So how are we going to introduce him to who and what we are, and who he really is? We tell him that's he's…" and she lowered her voice greatly to say this next part. "Not human," and then raised her voice again. "Then how on earth are we going to get him to listen?

"If I was him and we told him all that stuff I wouldn't believe me either. I'd call us crazy and run away."

I thought for a moment, and then reaching down scratched Ivan's head. "We send him a little pussy…"

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Anya and I waited in the car, listening to some music station that was playing classical music in the parking lot of a nearby park. A police officer came by and rapped on our car window with his flashlight and we politely explained that we were merely talking. Apparently they had a big problem in this park with people pulling in and making love to each other on their cars. The fact that we were both women made no difference either…

"Where is he?" Anya complained amidst playing a video game on the PSP function of the pocket computer Igor gave me, the thing plugged into the standard adapter that was plugged into the cigarette lighter.

"We can't rush this, Anya. This needs to last as long as it needs to last and… there he is."

I'd been watching out the car window, fogging it up something fierce when I finally saw the streak of blue with lighter blue painted streaks on his feline body cresting over a snow hill, and opening up the car door, Ivan hurried in and shivered.

'Brrr… it's cold outside. You'd think as a Russian blue I'd have more fur.' Ivan said and curled up on my lap and shivered before I wrapped a scarf around him.

"We can buy you one of those kitty sweaters." Anya teased, shutting off the game and closing the computer.

'God, no, though I think you should get me a collar. A nice one?' he asked looking up at me.

"Sure… but what did you learn?"

'He's changing all right.' He said. *'Kid's putting on some kilos a lot quicker than a human should. It's that whole thing you experienced, Tanya, where your body weight would shift and increase the closer you got to the full moon.'*

"You too? I gain a few kilos as the moon nears too." Anya said and I nodded.

"How could you tell this?" I asked him.

'Well, when I arrived, I found his bedroom by climbing up a tree and then walking on his roof, his window was open and he was standing there in front of a desk mirror looking at his belly. Lots of muscle. Well, he was palming his stomach, and looking very pleased about himself, and began to talk about someone name Michelle, and… well… he began to fantasize, saying things about how she must love his bulging pecks and abs, and then he started undressing.

'What does bow-chicka-wow-wow mean?'

"Excuse me?" I gasped but Anya started giggling.

"It's an imitation of porn music." She giggled. I think I know where all this is going.

'Well, the only reason I ask is because afterward he got himself a sock and put his penis in it and started waling away on it. Was he masturbating?'

"Yes… yes I do believe he was." I smirked while Anya kept giggling hysterically.

'Well… like you told me to – after he finished of course – I talked to him.'

"Did he understand you?"

'He wasn't surprised that he could.' Ivan said. *'He thought he was a mutant from his X-man comic books or something, or so he told me, because he could talk to the tigers at the zoo. I didn't ask if he realized that it was only cats he could do that with.'*

"What else did you tell him?" Anya asked.

'I essentially just confirmed to him that he was special and he had more powers than he thought. He asked me if he were an alien, or if I was, and I essentially told him the truth that neither of us were and I was just a regular cat but nothing other than that.

'I also told him that Mister and Missus Jorgenson weren't his real parents, that he was born a Russian and that I represented his real family who was trying to find him. He called me a liar and I told him cats don't lie. He seemed to believe me.

'When I left he went into the house and I heard him shouting at his parents rather excitedly, though I couldn't hear what it was all about.'

"I could only guess what it was about. No doubt his father will be blaming us for this." I said quietly. "But all in all, we're done here. It'll be a long enough of a night for him, so best if we get our own rest." And putting the vehicle into gear, I drove us back to our hotel.

******

I'd been sending a message to Dmitri, telling him of what's been happening; that we found Peter after reading his own most recent email. In private, he was quite the writer, and was a powerful romantic. It made me shiver and grow moist with how he made me feel with sheer words.

Closing the pocket computer after reading his message and letting the little machine recharge, I began to get ready for bed, but no sooner had I risen up off the bed, dressed in only my panties and undershirt than I saw Anya crawling up onto the bed.

Smirking, I lay down beside her and pulled the covers over us both, but then she surprised me by grabbing the bottom of my shirt and pushing it up over both boobs to disgorge both my breasts. Anya then laid against me, settling comfortably on top of me, and taking one breast of mine she began to nurse, massaging the one tit in her mouth with one of her hands to get that cream out faster.

Anya hugged me as she crept off toward sleep, and I sighed and began rubbing her head and back, only finding her lifting her bottom a little each time I stroked her back like a cat would.

Soon… soon we would be a family again, I thought and shut the light off.

Day 193: *Today we tailed Peter to school, discovering where he attended school. He was rather melancholy yesterday and today, and I could guess why. The Jorgensons must've come out and revealed the truth that he was really adopted.*

Anya and I entered the school between their periods and spoke with their principal about how the school was, and how well the students were doing, and nonchalantly, we also asked him about Peter directly.

Peter was a smart boy… but that was said sadly.

The reason why it was said sadly was because smarts in American schools were punished by the other students who weren't so smart, and since the administration couldn't punish the students more harshly for bullying. As it was, afterward, we saw Peter get a whole tray of food shoved in his chest by another student and his friends who all laughed, and I had to slap a hand to Anya's shoulder and squeeze it with one claw-covered hand as she started transforming to remind her we couldn't do that.

She slid backward, and I gave a twenty to a faculty member to go buy him some more food for himself. Afterward, we followed the tough and his friends and I let Anya go forth and give the one who actually did the deed what I believed the Americans called an Atomic Wedgie… complete with turning the sweat band of their underwear into a headband and a warning to leave Peter alone.

Throughout the day we found him participating in regular classes, among them were two separate music classes. He played the guitar in band, and received lessons for it as well, and I thought he was pretty good as I listened to him plucking a tune from a Stratocaster, though I noticed that the sound was somber and depressed.

Again, I had the impression to run in there, snatch him up and embrace him, let him feel the warmth of my bosom as I told him everything, but I resisted. I hadn't even told Anya everything yet. We needed to find a better time for him to learn of these things… and quickly.

The last thing we wanted him to do was to have his first change in front of everyone.

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There was more yelling one night, and the next thing we knew, Peter appeared in his room and began pacing, and picking up stuff he threw them at the walls before sitting down on his bed with face in hands.

A short time later, he was stuffing things into a bag, tears streaming into his eyes, and then opening up the window to his room and crawling out onto the roof, he then skipped forward, leapt off the roof, landed on his hands and feet and was actually surprised at accomplishing the feat of landing that way while looking in amazement at his hands and chuckling briefly. Then looking around, he began to hurry off.

"Now's our chance." Anya urged and I started the car and pulled forward, right along side Peter as he walked away from the house.

When we were near, I half rolled down the window so the line in the glass partially obscured my face.

"Hey there. It's kind of cold outside… need a lift?"

"No thanks… I don't accept charity from strangers."

"Sometimes charity from a stranger is the only way to get ahead, Peter." I said quietly and he stopped dead in his tracks and I stopped the car beside him.

"How do you know who I am?" he asked staring at me.

“I’m the one who sent the Russian blue cat to you. His name’s Ivan.” His eyes went wide and he seemed to stop breathing. “Hop in the back, Peter… we should talk.”

And Peter lunged for the door and yanked it open before sliding into the seat at the center of the couch behind us, closing the door before I drove off.

“Ok… who are you? And don’t try to hide the fact that you’ve been sneaking around. You’re the women at the Zoo, and the women who were in my school peaking your head into the windows of the doors to watch me. Why are you following me?!”

“Calm down Peter.” I said soothingly. “We’re the people who your parents don’t want you to associate with.”

“And who is that exactly?” he asked. “And why don’t they want me to associate with you?”

“The answer to those questions are one in the same, Peter.” I said quietly.

“We’re your real family.” Anya added, turning to face him in her seat belt as I drove. “Peter, we’re your older sisters.”

******

Peter was folding a dollar bill as he sat with us in a diner of some sort. He had a cup of cocoa that was only partially drunk and was now cold whereas Anya and I had consumed all of the meal we’d ordered.

“So everything I ever knew was a lie…” he said low and under his voice, but thanks to my hearing and despite the clinking of glasses and silverware on plates, I nonetheless heard him.

“You have two great parents, Peter. That’s not a lie. It’s more than either Anya and I had. There’s more to being a parent than just the fact of birthing you or not. There are plenty of rotten people who make babies but then don’t parent them.”

“They told me that they adopted me, called me a Russian baby from a Russian orphanage that couldn’t support itself. Mom couldn’t have any babies of her own, something about her uterus, and so they adopted me in stead.”

“And so they loved you?” Anya asked and he nodded.

“I guess. I told them I was going to go to a party… my first ever, and they said no. I argued with them, told them they weren’t my real parents and they grounded me for it.”

“We should apologize for that, Peter. Anya and I came to see you… your father threw us out. We were hoping we could do this nicely, we want to bring you with us, and… perhaps… for fear of loosing their son, they don’t want to let you out of the house.”

“Yeah… well… we’ll see about that.” he said quietly, and then turned to Anya and me. “So you’re both my sisters? My real sisters?”

He’d been asking this repeatedly over the past hour, and I didn’t blame him… though Anya could’ve been more tactful with her response.

“Ah… *yeah*… I was pretty sure we told you that repeatedly. Jeese, are you so stupid of a boy you can’t understand that?”

Peter blinked and looked at her directly. “Excuse me?”

“What… you didn’t hear that either? God you’re dumb.”

Peter stared at her and then rummaged around in a shoulder bag that was still hanging from him and then pulled out a Rubik’s Cube and passed it to me. “Mess it up.” He said simply, and I did as he asked while he purposefully looked away, and when I was done I handed it to him and then he paused, and then handed it to Anya. “If you’re so smart, then fix it…” he said quietly, and Anya held the cube, and he let her be for awhile as he returned to folding his dollar bill.

After about a half an hour, Peter put down the dollar he was folding and I blinked as I looked upon a dragon with actual scales in its design before he moved over to Anya and snatched the cube from her.

“Hey! I’m not done.”

“Stupid little girl,” he said, and turned the cube in three ways and stared at her before rapidly turning the faces of the cube, “No one calls me stupid. I’ve been qualified by the MENSA Society to be among the top one percent of the world’s smartest people. What that means is that there is a ninety-nine percent chance that I’m smarter than you. Being that you’ve yet to solve a simple mechanical and mathematical puzzle like the Rubik’s Cube in under five minutes, I’d say that you are somewhere around average intelligence… in other words you’re frickin’ idiot in comparison to me.”

And he slammed down the cube on the counter and it was solved.

“If there’s one thing that I cannot stand, it is someone calling me stupid or dumb… especially if that person,” and he pointed in Anya’s face. “Isn’t qualified to so.

“Thanks for the food *‘sis,”* he said, and then re-shouldered his bag. “But I need to go for a walk now.” And he shuffled off.

“Well… I never!” Anya gaped.

“Oh be quiet, Anya… this is a lot for him, and we didn’t even tell him everything. I haven’t even told you everything, and if I did I’m certain you’d be struck dumb by it too. He wasn’t being stupid he was trying to feel something when his brain wasn’t letting him.”

She crossed her arms and legs and pouted, and I caressed her shoulder.

“And why were you so negative to him all of a sudden any ways? You were all excited to meet him a short while ago.”

Anya fumed for a bit, and then bit out an answer.

“It’s because he’s a boy!”

Day 194: *Peter ultimately went home. I left Anya in the hotel room and went to go spy on him myself, and while he sat in his room with a pair of oversized headphones on his head and played a guitar, late one night after school and work, I decided that now would be a good time to pay him a more sensible visit in the privacy of his own room.*

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The steps I took in a pair of sneakers and a pleated skirt with only a soft sweater covering me above the waist with the highly expandable panties covering me below the waist, brought me slowly to the Jorgenson residence and my little brother. Pausing in front of the house, I looked up at Peter in his room and looked upon him while desiring wholeheartedly to have my family complete and as whole as it could be. I wanted my baby brother to complete that family.

'Are you sure about this?' Ivan asked as I pet him in my arms.

"No… but I think it needs to be done." I replied, and holding him with both arms, I suddenly grew greatly, muscles swelling everywhere and I leapt from the ground and landed on the roof before rushing up to Peter's room and shrinking back down to my normal White Mode body before stepping up to his window.

Peter had those headphones on his head still and he was rapidly plucking away at an electric guitar when I poked my head into the view of the window and rapped on the glass. He jumped surprised and gaping at me, rushed to the window and opened it.

"What are you doing here?" he hissed very cat like, and I slid in through the window before sitting on the edge of the sill and holding Ivan in my lap. "And that's the cat… nice collar."

'Thanks.' Ivan said and stretched his neck to show it off briefly before settling in my arms more.

"B-but how the heck did you get up here?"

"We jumped. But Peter… I wanted to talk." I said quietly then, looking through his room.

It was a small bedroom with an attached bathroom, a closet and a desk and a twin bed occupying the open space; the desk laden with a computer and a TV with a gaming console attached to it, I wasn't sure which kind. He was well cared for, but I nonetheless had to tell him as much as I could. "I know you must be upset and confused."

"You have no idea…" he balked and sat down on his bed while brushing both hands through his hair, and I chanced to look around the place while the approaching spring air blew against my back. "A week ago I was their son, now I'm adopted. A week ago I was an American, now I'm Russian. A week ago I was an only child because my mom couldn't have any more kids, and now I have two sisters and my real mom… well I don't know what happened to my real mom."

"She died." I supplied.

"Oh that's good. It would've either been we were all abandoned or our parents died, so the options were either that they didn't want us, or there was death in the family, I just wasn't sure which, though I'm still not sure which is better to have happen to you. I guess it could've been that our parents were abusive and they took us from them… but then why aren't we in a foster family… why am I so far away from where I was born. Another country and another language away?"

I slid off the window and sat beside him and hugged him with one arm.

"Don't think like that. As the oldest, I can assure you ours was a happy home. Our mother and father loved us dearly." I mentioned, but then I noticed that Peter was blushing deeply, and looking at him, saw that his eyes were staring at my chest that was pressing beside him. He also had his hands between his

knees trying to hide the growing bulge in his groin while his cheeks were hot and red. Then there was the smell of his pheromones in the air… he was getting aroused.

Realizing that I backed away a little.

"I don't remember them though…" he said and got to his feet and crossed to the open window. "I don't know their faces, and yet I can remember the faces of the man and woman downstairs that raised me." He turned suddenly. "And how can I talk to cats?!"

"Our family has certain powers, Peter. We're special that way."

"What are we then? Mutants?"

"Something a lot older than that as I understand it, Peter… we…"

There was a knock at the door suddenly. "Peter? Are you in there?" Mister Jorgenson's voice came through the door, and I moved even as the doorknob began to turn and I rushed out the window and flattened myself against the outside of the house with Ivan in my arms.

The door opened and Mister Jorgenson entered Peter's room. "For crying out loud. It's still freezing outside, why are you opening windows when the heat is on?" and the window promptly shut blocking out most of the sound.

'That went well.' Ivan said.

"It's not over yet." I said after a moment and waited.

The voices inside Peter's room got heated between he and his father and finally the shouting grew so loud that I couldn't help but overhear it.

"You're not to see her! You're not allowed out of the house even! You're grounded to your room for a month!" and the door slammed.

A few moments later the window opened again and Peter sat on the sill looking outside.

"I'm sorry." I said immediately. "Sorry to have ruined your life like this."

"Why did you ruin it? I don't have the most perfect of lives in the world, I get picked on, I get beat on and I get threatened on an almost daily occurrence by bullies at school, but I'm a geek and that's expected, but it was a good life, and I liked it. I love my family. This is the man and the woman who raised me. Protected me, brought me up from a baby and provided for me. What sort of life can I expect with you? I mean… what do you want from me?"

"I want my little brother. I want my family." I answered him quietly.

"It's the only selfish thing I can ever think that I've ever done, Peter. I understand that you love your parents, how could one blame you? You live in the United States; you have far more than I did half a year ago… six months ago I was living in a closet in an apartment that had twenty families in it. A year before that I was an orphan living in a long chamber with more than a hundred other children, each of us living in triple-decker bunk beds that were older than the building they were in and sagged and squeaked terribly. Until a few months ago, I had less then twenty rubles in my pocket, and for your information that's about fifty American cents.

"I won't lie to you, Anya's and my own life have been terrible up until recently, and it gets better little by little, but if you want us to leave, then we will."

I turned toward Peter, petting Ivan as the wind flew up my skirts and gave him a full view of the panties I was wearing, and he turned bright red before turning away. Moving over to his window sill and sitting down across from him, I reached out and palmed his face.

"I want to be in your life Peter, but you have to let me in, it's ultimately your choice as to what and how you want to identify yourself as."

Peter was quiet for a moment and he smirked as he looked at a view that included both my chest and lap.

"How old are you?" he asked me.

"Twenty-one."

"Hmm… for a moment there I was wishing that you weren't my sister, because you're so hot, I would've loved to get into your panties, but even if you weren't then it'd be statutory rape in the state of Minnesota since you're more than forty-eight months older than me."

I smirked and leaned in to him, close enough where he could feel my breasts against his chest, but then I took his head with one hand and angled it downward to kiss his forehead.

"It's only statutory if you penetrate." I smirked and he jumped noticeably. "I lactate pretty freely, you can lie against me and suck from my breast."

Peter gaped and I laughed before settling backward and he smirked.

"You must be a sister… why else would you tease me so?"

"I wasn't teasing." I winked and he jumped again in surprise. "Though… Anya… I need to apologize for her, Peter… I only rescued her a few bare months ago too. She's still adjusting, and currently I don't know why she attacked your bright beautiful mind like that."

He exhaled sharply and looked away.

"Well… yeah… she's not my type either." And then he looked toward me and smirked. "Can you really lactate?"

Smirking back at him, I lifted my shirt and he jumped back suddenly as one of the fattened breasts lulled outward and bobbed before I slid the thing upward and kissed its nipple, sucking on it till I got cream to escape from inside it, and then lowering the tit, squirted hot silken cream from it onto his roof before putting the tit away.

"H-holy shit! Your tits are huge!"

And then I smiled and slid in beside him and hugging his arm briefly to me, kissed his cheek.

"Thank you. And you're huge too." I teased and then rose to my feet again just as another rush of wind flew up my skirts but I pushed it back down to save him the embarrassment this time. "There's one more thing that I need to tell you, little brother. We… I mean all of us…" I swallowed as he stared at me, and I glanced up at the moon hidden behind the clouds. "Peter… do me a favor and stay in doors. Tomorrow you can go out, but for the next three days after that… stay inside at night."

"What? No! That's the day of the party!"

"I thought you were grounded."

Peter pressed his lips together. "I am."

"So you decided to disobey anyways."

"Yes… and what's the matter? Am I in danger or something?"

I stared at him, and Ivan looked directly at me. "No… other people are." I said quietly, and then turning, leapt off his roof and ran back to the car.

******

The car ride was quiet till we got back to the hotel, Ivan watching me unblinkingly for the whole trip from the passenger seat not speaking till we finally pulled into the parking lot, parked and I shut off the engine.

'That was it. The most crucial piece of information in his young life, and you tell him to just stay indoors?'

"I froze ok?!" I cried at him, and then hit the steering wheel so that the horn honked. "How the hell do I tell a young man anywhere in the world that he's really a big bad werecat, and that when the moon comes out and he dares to look at it he'll transform? How do you tell a kid that especially after you also told him he's adopted, he's not American, and his whole life up until now was mostly a lie?!

"*'Hey Peter, by the way… you're a monster too!'*" I said and immediately broke into tears and began wiping them off on my sleeve.

'Calm yourself, Tanya… but you realize what you've committed yourself to doing involving your brother don't you? You're allowing him to find out about the family secret on his own… what do you think he would hate you more for? Knowing what he is and not believing you till it really happens, or not knowing, having it happen to him and then finding out that you knew all along?'

I took a deep breath and bit my lower lip before I reached out and picked him up along with the jacket he'd been laying on.

"I think he'd hate me more for the second one." I said at last, and then walked up the stairs to the room I'd been sharing with Anya.

The hotel was small, located off one of the many busy streets in the city of Saint Paul. I was being conservative with the family money till we could find a finality of this, especially when the family fortune was only considered a fortieth the size of what it was in Russia here in America. Reaching the door and opening it, though, I paused as I saw clothing all over the floor, and for a moment I thought we'd been robbed when I started hearing quiet sobbing.

"Anya?" I ventured, closing the door behind me.

I immediately feared thieves, brigands, rapists, or worse… the Alexandros Foundation. *But we were careful, we avoided all cameras! How could they possibly have found us?* But then…

"Tanya…" the weeping came from a corner, and I looked for Anya but couldn't see her… or at least, not at first.

There was an outline, like a perfect crystal shape of a naked woman curled up in a ball and shivering. It was there for the barest moment that it moved but then disappeared again.

"Anya… w-what… I can't see you. Where are you?"

"Right here!" she screamed, and the image bounced violently as Anya shrieked, and I hurried over to the spot where her voice came from, and I waved a hand till I felt her shoulder and gripped it, seeing a

spreading shine of crystalline blue suffuse the arm, breast, neck and ribs and part of a face from the contact that was purely see through.

But there was no mistake that this fem was Anya.

"W-what happened?"

"I-I went to a nearby club." She said. "I heard about their tanning machines and decided to use one being that I was in America." She sniffed. "After only fifteen minutes I hadn't gotten a decent tan yet, but I wanted a better one so I stayed in longer and longer, and then all of a sudden I began to bronze at long last, but just like that I started turning blue!" she sobbed and cried then. "A-and then I began to disappear! A-and I've been like this since!"

I pulled her to me and thought quickly, biting my lower lip…

"It's ok, Anya… I'm here, everything will be all right."

"How?! How can this be all right?! Look at me! Oh wait… I forgot… you can't!" and she sniffed before I picked her up, and sat her on the bed.

"A tanning booth did this to you?" I asked her, rubbing her back, as much for her comfort as so that I could watch her reactions, and she nodded. "A tanning booth gives a person a tan." I thought out loud. "A tan is caused by ultraviolet radiation generally produced from the sun. Wait… radiation! So it isn't just me…"

"W-what isn't just you?" she sniffed, rubbing her eyes.

Rising to my feet, I went over to the food in the little kitchenette we had here and retrieved a bag of popcorn, and holding it in one hand I switched to Red Mode. I didn't know if I could do this, but I thought it was worth a try, and so I focused some mild microwave radiation to project from my hand and into the bag of pop corn. At first nothing, but then there was a pop and Anya squeaked, and then there was another pop… and yet another pop that was followed by several others, and looking at the barely visible shimmering that was Anya, I knew she was surprised that I was causing a bag of popcorn to pop right before her very eyes.

"You remember when that wolf attacked you at the Den?" I asked as the popcorn finished popping.

"Yes?" she quavered.

"Remember that column of lightning that leapt off my arm when I punished him for you?"

"Yeah?"

"Well… I thought it was just me, something that was done to me that allowed me to absorb energy and radiation. My various modes that change my eye coloring and hair coloring give me certain powers like I told you, remember?" she nodded. "Red Mode makes me a red-head with amber eyes, but I can project tremendous levels of microwave energy… enough to fry a man."

"How do you know that you can fry a man?" she asked cautiously.

"Because I've done it…" I said quietly in return. "…several times. But that's neither here nor there, Anya. I have two other modes as well… White and Green, both of which you've seen. Red is physically my weakest, but the ability to see and cast microwaves and listen onto communications involving them make it useful still. White Mode is physically my most balanced mode, and it also allows me to throw lightning bolts and absorb electricity. Green is physically my most powerful mode… though I haven't explored it much lately.

“What more does a person need to explore where one is super strong and super durable… even for a Lycan?

“But what if you’re doing the same thing, Anya, only with ultraviolet light?”

“Doing it? How can I be doing anything, I don’t even know what I’m doing?”

I stood and thought, and then slipping out of my shoes and skirts, I walked over to the bed and sat behind her.

“This is a matter of control,” I said and raised both hands to her back and shoulders. “You need to relax in order to control it.” And then I started to massage her neck and back and shoulders, the very touch of my fingers sending colorful waves of rippling blues and greens through her flesh.

******

Anya took a shower to break from all this, rubbing her neck and I was pretty sure that she was pleasuring herself too. I did too when I was under a particular amount of stress, and suddenly disappearing like that would do similar things to me.

In the mean time I read the mail I had waiting on the pocket computer, finding a short one from Daniel even. I smirked at the thought that he was giving me a progress report. He’d organized the men into a militia and he and Dmitri were creating more permanent housing for the men so that their families could come and join them. Daniel seemed… happy. He was excited, I could tell. I think he had purpose again.

But then the shower water shut off and the curtains moved aside, and then I saw perhaps one of the most beautiful things I’ve ever seen in my life.

Anya was still see through, though there were more outlines to her showing off where her arms and legs were, her facial features, breasts and crotch… she exited the shower with a towel around her shoulders, but she was covered head to toe in droplets of water that rested on her oh so invisible skin.

“Beautiful. You look like a crystal sculpture with water on it.” I said, and suddenly red plumes appeared against the cheeks, throat and breasts of the nigh invisible form that was Anya.”

“Thank you.” She shrugged and then removing the towel continued drying herself. “I must be such a burden on you, sis…”

“Sis…” I smiled. “Do you realize that’s the first time you called me that?”

“No. But I’m glad to say it now.” She said quietly. “I’ve been under some stress lately, Tanya. Learning I have a sister, meeting our brother, the thing with the wolves… I began wishing that I was home right now, but then I realized that I didn’t really have a home. The house I was in made Russian Wives as a business, and once I was sold as a wife then I wouldn’t be able to return. I realized that that wasn’t a home; it was just a glorified orphanage. Then after how I acted to Peter… I don’t even know why I did that, but I was so embarrassed and so depressed, I just wanted to disappear.”

She sat down beside me, stuffing both hands between her thighs and shrugging her shoulders deeply.

“I must’ve been such a wretch and all the emotional baggage I’ve brought to this family and…”

“Anya…” I said quickly. “Sorry to interrupt, but were you feeling rather intensely like that while you were getting your tan?”

She blinked at me, not getting where I was hinting at, at first, but then she blinked in realization. “Yes. Yes I was.”

"Ok… close your eyes, Anya." I said excitedly, folding my legs beneath me as I addressed her directly and she did. "Now… imagine yourself how you want to be… how you want to look. Skin color, hair color, face color, anything and everything that you can think of… imagine it."

And she shivered and thought, and thought so hard I swore I could almost hear the gears grinding in her consciousness. But then there was a plume of color, like when she blushed before, that blossomed from her heart outwards, suffusing her breasts and chest, sliding down her navel and into her legs and spreading up into her neck and arms. The coloring filled her, and an almost crystalline film seemed to break off her and become soft skin as she changed and became a beautifully naked woman. Only her hair became blue instead of white. Her lips were blue and her fingernails were blue… even the naughty bits of her clit, vaginal meat curtains and nipples remained various colors of blue. But her hair grew longer right before my eyes, billowing outward before her face, down her back… musculature became ropy and firm while her breasts rapidly ballooned and hips widened greatly while leaving her navel a compressed column between hips and rib cage.

It was like she was spontaneously maturing, and when it was all over, she opened her eyes and showed me the most electric pair of blue within white eyes I'd ever seen. I wanted to kiss her and make love to her.

"How do I look?"

"Ah… ah… I…" I shook my head. "I'm jealous. Truly jealous."

"Why are you jealous of me?!" she gaped, and I slowly pointed toward the bathroom.

"Mirror." I said quietly, and Anya got to her feet and moved to the open bathroom door and stopped.

Not just stopped moving, but she seemed to stop entirely as if time froze around her. Her form stopped pulsating subtly with a heart beat, her breathing halted, her motions ceased… she just stopped moving period.

"I… I'm beautiful…" she said quietly, disbelievingly, and strode after a moment or two to the bathroom sink and leaned against it, her breasts having grown large enough where they pressed against the titles beneath the mirror.

Rising to my feet I moved to stand behind her as she looked at herself, and there was a shiver here and a shiver there in her body form and body coloring as certain things happened to her. Her body softened a little, and she adjusted a few things down a bit, like her hips and breasts but left her waist as waspish in comparison as before. Nipples became perkier, lips fuller and the length of her hair grew short, then long, then really long then just long again before her hair turned white again, then black, then blonde and then white again and she left it there. The coloring of her lips became a darker shade of peach than her skin, before her whole body darkened a shade or two, and then she turned to me, palmed her navel, and then it suddenly tensed and creased and her chest muscles puffed out a little more to firm up her breasts.

"H-how do I look?" she ventured, biting her full lips.

I swallowed. "B-beautiful…" I breathed.

"Really?" she blushed.

"Anya, I'm a girl and your sister and I'm contemplating making love to that body. You cannot imagine how oddly unlucky I feel right now."

Anya stepped quickly to me and embraced me. "But you're so strong and so tall and beautiful and soft and feminine. You cannot imagine how much I want to be like you, sis." I embraced her gently, our breasts

pressing up against each other as she rubbed her cheek against my chest while I watched her hair, lips, naughty bits and eyes turn blue again

“Heh… And I want to be just like you.” I said and hugged her tighter. “How bout that? Your highlights turned blue again.”

She rose and tugged on a few strands of her hair and smirked. “Guess I gotta concentrate on that.” And then moved to press against me again. “Finally… I can be as beautiful as I want.”

Day 196: *Peter went to school the day after I went to see him, and he got in trouble for getting into a fight with a series of his old bullies. Mister and Missus Jorgenson came to pick him up, though their car ride I could see was being quiet as I followed them at a distance – Anya was trying to get her new powers under control – I saw that Peter spied me following them while he rode in their car.*

Afterwards, he went upstairs and sat in his room quietly for more than an hour, just staring at his hands. I could guess that it wasn't his hands that he was looking at, but rather his claws… especially when there were a couple ambulances waiting just before the Jorgensons left. I hoped he wasn't expelled or anything.

But then his mother arrived and consoled him and talked with him like I wished I could, and after some tears she left and he laid down after awhile before getting up to go to work. He worked, he came home and he went to sleep, and sneaking up to his room from the outside, I sat down beside him and fondled his hair while he slept.

It was the next day that would pose a problem for us all… as it usually did. And I prayed that Peter would do the smart thing and not try to sneak out tonight.

******

Night had fallen and Anya and I had bundled up a bit to keep ourselves from being seen by the ever watchful eye of Luna high above us. My muscles were so tense and I was so horny I kept rubbing my sex now through the simple sweat pants I wore.

Anya and I had both bought some cheap clothes from the Salvation Army, which had quite the presence here in the states both for those who donated and those who bought from the organization, for we needed some cheap clothes that we could both wear that we wouldn't mind tearing out of. Large sunglasses, scarves and gloves, and a cheep pair of shoes apiece completed the ensemble for both of us, with a large hood covering our heads as we both waited in our car.

"There he goes." Anya voiced. "Stupid… stupid boy."

I groaned as Peter, just after sun down, put several pillows in his bed and covered them all up, locked his bedroom door and then snuck out the window of the second floor bedroom. Again he leapt from the roof and landed easily on his feet, looking around to see if anyone saw him and then hurried off.

"Ivan, you'll be ok in here?"

'Oh yeah…' he purred, laying on a heating mat and bundled up in blankets. *'Don't mind me… and don't be surprised if I nod off before you come back. This is the best!'*

"Enjoy it while you got it, cause I'm not going to spoil you." I joked and Anya and I both exited the car, looking like night joggers as we followed Peter through the neighborhood.

******

I never went to any parties as a child or a teen. A party for me happened whenever someone had a birthday, and then I got to have a little piece of candy with supper, or a cupcake if I happened to be the birthday child.

Americans should know how privileged they are. They're so privileged that a year ago I would've even had envied their poor. This was a school party, where teenagers all went to some house out in the woods or a park and they had music and dancing and punch and food and snacks… they actually played games…

My games involved puzzles with some of the pieces missing, and bit of chalk on the ground with rocks.

Anya and I secluded ourselves in the tree line where the moon didn't shine, and holding onto my sister as she held onto me for the same reason – warmth – we watched our little brother enter and begin to mingle.

"Let's get closer…" I said quietly, and we both rushed forward, but Anya tripped and hit the open ground midway across.

"Ow…" she hissed.

"Hey! Who's out there?!" someone called, and I hissed at Anya to hurry across, but someone lit a flashlight and shone it along the ground. I thought we were caught, but then the light slid over Anya and… well, I don't know… it's like the light ignored her. I mean I could see her from where I was, but where they were, the light shone right through her and onto the ground. She didn't even cast a shadow.

When the light was turned off and the party resumed, Anya limped over to me at first but then quickened her step as her healing factor repaired her.

"S-sorry… clumsy." She groaned and rubbed an ankle.

"Never mind that… how did you do that?!" I gaped. "That light shone right on you and it didn't even touch you.

"I thought that I wanted to disappear." She said, and I nodded.

Her powers were growing apparently.

She and I rushed further along and secluded ourselves at the tree line again, but much closer to the party, and holding each other again, we came to find Peter enjoying his first beer.

"Stupid…" Anya hissed.

"Shh… quiet." I shushed her, even as someone came up to urinate on a nearby tree while drinking, but then he passed out and fell face down in the bushes in his own piss.

But then there was a shout, and our eyes were brought back toward Peter.

"Peter! You son of a bitch! You did this to me!" someone shouted, and Anya's and my attentions changed as a young man, laden with athletic muscle came striding in with a young woman on his arm that was wearing such skimpy clothing and was wearing so much make up that she could only be considered a trophy girlfriend. "My parents have to shell out ten thousand dollars to get this fixed, and I'm going to miss a game because of it."

"So sorry for you *Chad,*" Peter shot back at him. "Albeit for me to do damage to a big guy like you who's got so small of a dick that he not only has to pick on a little guy half his weight, but also needs half a dozen others to back him up to do it. Be smart, ass hole, I put two of your friends in the hospital for broken bones, I seriously suggest you turn around and go away… I'm in a really bad mood right now."

"Maybe he's right, Chad," the young woman at the aggressor's arm said. "Let's just party, come on, we…" but then Chad lashed out with the back of his hand and slapped her, and I had to hold Anya tight to keep her from running in and strangling the bastard herself.

"No one tells me what to do, you little whore!" he shouted and turned back to Peter, and stepping in close and slapping Peter's cup of beer out of the way, this Chad person looked menacingly down at Peter. "I'm looking to beat me a dork! And you're that dork."

"Careful Chad… you don't have your friends with you now you weak son of a bitch. Take back what you said about my mother and go home. You reek of beer and you're probably drunk."

“Too late for that… far, far too late for that.” and Chad reeled back, and Peter just stayed there.

Anya and I twitched simultaneously to go and interfere, but the fist came down before we could move, but then Peter surprised us both by moving his head and head-butting that hand. There was a tremendously loud crack, and for a moment we all thought that Peter’s skull had cracked open, but then Chad fell backward gasping in pain and holding a hand that was limp and useless.

“Front of the forehead… hardest point on the human body, Chad. And that’s your throwing hand too… tsk, it looks like you’re going to be benched for the rest of the season. Guess you’re going to loose that football scholarship cause you’ll never be able to throw a football the same way again. Maybe they can put you in as a kicker, but oh snap! You get sacked so often that your legs must not be that good. Shows how piss poor your running game is too. What this means, you limp-wristed brown-dicked, woman-beating, son of a bitch, is that you’re going to wind up wearing a suit and a name tag, or more likely, you’ll have a uniform with your name on it, whereas people like me, people you bullied all your life, you will consistently call ‘sir’ for the rest of your natural life!”

Chad roared and swung his left fist, and Peter lifted a hand and caught it idly. I think Peter was more surprised than Chad was that he managed to do that, but Peter recovered first and began to clench his fingers ever so slowly and Chad cried out with the pain.

“Five years, Chad… five years you’ve picked on me, hit me, threw food on me, and for no particular reason either. Just to be mean.” And Peter clenched his fist till Chad’s other hand snapped and crunched, breaking fingers before he threw the hand away and Chad gasped and sobbed from the pain. “Consider this your punishment for all that, and welcome to your new life of mediocrity and pain in your fingers and joints every time it gets cold outside.”

And he stepped back, arched his leg straight upward and brought it down in an Axe-drop onto Chad’s shoulder, which dropped him to both knees so hard that twin splatters of blood erupted from either knee, possibly cracking those joints too, and then hopping up into the air, seeming to suspend himself in mid air somehow, he twisted once, then twice and kicked Chad on the unwounded side of his face, sending the lanky bastard flying sideways to land on a table full of beer.

All the gathered party goers whooped and cheered for Peter, then like a gentleman for whom I was very proud of him for, he moved to the young woman who Chad had hit and offered his hand.

“May I help you up, Michelle?” he asked, and Anya and I both blinked. *That’s Michelle?*

“Isn’t that the girl Ivan told us he was jerking off to?” Anya asked.

“I can see why.” I said in return. “She’s quite the beauty.” I replied.

But then this Michelle put her hand in Peter’s and he immediately hauled her to her feet and in the same motion kissed her firmly on the lips. It was a quick and passionate one, and Anya and I both sighed at the romance of it before they broke. She blushed, Peter stammered briefly and holding her hand still turned to everyone else.

“Hey! Is this a party or isn’t it! Music! Dance! And get that piece of shit out of here, he’s smelling up the place.”

There were immediate cheers and then someone started up the boom box again. Then that Michelle rose up onto the tip toes of the nice heels she wore and whispered into Peter’s ear and he beamed immediately before she started pulling him by the hand toward a park rest area of sorts.

“Tanya!” Anya hissed. “Are they going to go do what I think they’re going to go do?!”

“Yes.” I said and released her and moved forward to see Peter and his newly acquired girlfriend slide into the rest area.

“B-but the full moon! If he sexes her, won’t that mean…”

“Yes, she’ll become one too!” I gaped. “We need to move… now!”

******

Peter’s body looked flushed as he faced the woman of his dreams. The young woman he’d had a crush on for a few years now, a girl who developed early and so had the hips and breasts of a grown woman, but the face of a maiden still now stood before him ready to be *his* trophy girlfriend.

The chamber was heated, vaguely, with chicken wire across the glass on the outside to keep it from being broken. No sooner had Peter and Michelle entered than she removed her jacket and let it fall to the ground, showing off all of a one-piece dress held up with spaghetti strings that came down to about her mid thigh like a scintillating body sock that only just covered her breasts and the panties she wore.

The intent of what they were doing as Peter locked the door behind him with a deadbolt was apparent, the bulge in his pants swelling and growing rapidly to heights that made her gasp in elation at the thickness. Unbeknownst to her, Peter was experiencing a phenomenon that happened to Lycanthropes just prior to the full moon. The first full moon after their sixteenth birthday, or at least for us feline Lycan or maybe just the tigers, they underwent a rapid maturation between child and young adult, their pent up sexuality activating itself to nearly the point that it should be at as a full adult, and we leapt ahead within a twenty-four to seventy-two hour period to experience years of maturation. An immature penis would become a mature one, thickening and lengthening rapidly, adult musculature would form and height would increase into an adult state.

However, directly after that, then an empowerment would happen as well, to the state a body should be at just prior to transforming, enhancing musculature into a certain intensity that could only be considered super-human.

But from what I saw just prior to his approaching this woman between him and that Chad fellow, Peter was already at a level of supernatural strength and dexterity, and as Anya and I watched through the windows from the roof of the place I could see that our little brother was enhancing rapidly. Butt tightening, thighs and calves flaring, chest bulging, and as he took off his coat to approach this maiden as she turned to him right in time to receive him, he ensnaring her into his arms as they began to make out, he began to lift the skirt portion of her dress above her waist, gripping her bottom so that her panties were pushed in between her butt cheeks while she started pulling his shirt out of his pants and the pushing it upward over his head and off his arms.

They said some things to each other as she palmed his broadened muscular chest.

There was something about Lycan, and that was in the fact that our powers were all sexually based. The greater the sexual potency of a person the greater strength and power that person had, and right now Peter was transforming based upon a sixteen year old male teen’s desire to mate. In short… we were insanely in trouble if he got out of control and started to fully change.

Michelle kicked off her heels as Peter slipped the shoulders of her gown off her shoulders, pushing it downward as her sizeable breasts flipped out from inside and flared wide, their nipples hard and erect and ready, and just as we feared, she began to heave open his pants and belt, and when I saw that huge arching cock swelling from inside his pants as she started to take off her dress and panties seductively to be naked, I hopped off the roof with Anya following and began to try to get through the door.

The door rattled but it wouldn't open, and pounding on the door to get his attention, they both ignored us as Peter slid his erect cock in between her swollen and used labia, piercing her deeply and thrusting her up against a wall as he began penetrating her, thrusting repeatedly.

"We need to hurry… boys don't last long their first time!" Anya gasped, and growling I began to rapidly swell, muscles piling on muscles, breasts engorging as musculature swelled in me, but I couldn't swell too much, lest the moonlight touch me from a piece of bared skin.

"Should've gotten the XXXL!" I groaned and braced myself against the wall with one hand and the other on the door handle. "Then I could at least go past Olympian strength!"

Peter's enthusiasm as his body continued to swell and swell was apparent as he lifted Michelle right off her feet, holding her upright with his chest pressed against hers, her vaginal juices sliding from her to drip to the floor as she wrapped her legs around him and moaned with ecstasy. And then I saw Peter's ears growing ever the more pointed, and opening a mouth that was pushing outward, fangs growing into place instead of teeth, he licked her neck just prior to initiating a love bite, and if a pile of seed in her body didn't change her, a bite sure would.

No choice… had to chance it.

Seams began to groan as I grew enough where it took only a quick jerk and the door opened and Anya and I both hurried in.

"Get the girl." I shouted and tackled them both, pulling backward with Peter thrashing, trying to continually thrust as Anya got the girl and pried her off our brother just prior to uncoiling her off him and we separated them both with a wet slurp while Peter snarled and thrashed against me as I held him in a Full Nelson.

"Holy crap! Lookit that thing!" Anya gaped at the unit our brother was sporting.

But then Peter snarled and jostled, and suddenly his penis spasmed and began to shoot ejaculate.

The first was a stream that lasted for many long seconds, and Anya squealed before holding Michelle before her to catch it all on her body… the young woman moaning and rubbing it into her skin. Peter's climax slowed into a series of spasms, and as he relaxed I locked him up into a head lock and choked him out as he continued to drain ejaculate.

"Oh god… did I get any on me?"

"Clean her off." I said quickly and laid Peter down on his back on the floor.

"Clean her off?! I'm not touching his spunk!"

"Would you rather clean him off or her off?" I shot at her.

Anya groaned and looked around, and spying a shower, propped the girl into it and just turned the water on her and the girl simply moaned in a state of sexual ecstasy. I grabbed some paper towels and began washing our brother off… but then Anya sniffed after setting Michelle in the shower to rinse clean.

"What's that smell?" she asked. "It-it's tickling my nose and making me feel… feel… oh…" and she started to play with her breasts.

"It's Peter." I scowled, shivering suddenly as I finished cleaning him and pushed his pants and underwear back on around him. "He's in a rut. That must be why Michelle is so conked out at the moment. It's enhancing all feminine sexuality for the purpose of mating."

"A rut?!"

“A male version of a heat.” I explained and swallowing, began to pick our brother up.

“Oh god! I can’t believe I was thinking dirty thoughts because of our brother, I mean that’s so wrong… Why can’t he just…”

“Be quiet!” I shouted and lifted Peter onto my shoulder.

“Hey! What’s wrong with you? I just…”

“I’m in heat, remember?!” I shouted at her. “Stop talking about it!!”

Anya realized what I was getting at, realized why I was so angry and trembling. Putting a male in a rut and a female in a heat together in the animal world would almost surely cause a sexual act to happen. And much to my ire I was in so darned of a need of a screw that I was actually thinking about it from my own brother! I was so angry at myself for it, and as if female problems weren’t enough, now I had to deal with this too.

“Sorry…” I choked and swallowed. “Let’s get out of here. The cool air will clear my head…”

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Minnesota in its old history was covered from border to border with pine trees, but thanks to extensive logging this once heavily forested area was turned into farm land from border to border by the residents here. There still remained some old forests here, made up of pines like in Russia, but there was also a good deal of leaf-bearing trees that could survive through the milder winters here than Russia had.

I was mildly jealous of America… being that their whole nation with the exception of Alaska was on a latitude that was further south than all of Russia was. I thought that if I were to live somewhere, I’d want to live where it was always warm, but there were few places in Russia that could indeed be called warm.

Anya and I had secluded ourselves into a patch of forest here and placed Peter down on the leaf and sparsely snow-covered ground and waited.

It was difficult ignoring the desires raging in me after being so close to a male who was in such a level of sexual elation. Peter got to not only have a pleasant first change, but he did it while having a torrid sexual affair with a woman his age too. And because of that it put him into such an incredible sexual high where even laying there he was of Olympian strength, with his clothes groaning against him and the metal tangs of his zipper holding on for dear life. Every little movement he made, made his clothes creak, and every time I thought about that I thought about hard, throbbing cock in my pussy, in my mouth, between my breasts, and as detestable as it was I even thought about it up my ass. It was also all I could do to replace my brother with Dmitri instead in my thoughts while I sat huddled against a tree with both hands rubbing a cunt that was sopping wet and both breasts pressed together between either of the bulging and muscular arms I had right now.

I wanted to change, I wanted to release this power, but I couldn’t. Not yet.

And then there was a moan from Peter, and I gasped as milk spewed from both breasts and created a pair of spots against my chest and I had to squeeze back a brief jet of nectar before it escaped my loins. Inside me, every vaginal muscle I had was spasming to offload that nectar.

But then Peter stirred and began to rise, groaning before he started at seeing Anya and me.

“Who are you?!” he gaped, instantly standing to his feet and then rising both hands into a loose fighting stance.

“Peter… you dullard… it’s us!” Anya said beside me.

“Anya? Tanya?! What the… hey! Stop calling me dumb you stupid girl!” he shouted.

“Look who’s calling who stupid! I…”

“ENOUGH!” I bellowed and rose so sharply and suddenly so that my boobs bounced heavily and parts of my clothing ripped apart from the mass I still held within them. Both Anya and Peter quieted down before I took a long, deep breath and exhaled it just as long and just as deeply as I’d inhaled it to calm myself. “Peter, yes it’s us. I know you might wonder how you got from having the best moment in your life to winding up laying on a forest floor in the middle of nowhere…”

“Yes! Damn it, do you have any idea how long I wanted to bang that girl’s brains out?!” he shouted, roared was a little more like it. He was showing ears and fangs, and his features were becoming more feline. “I’ve fantasized about that one particular girl ever since having my first wet dream! Hell! She *caused* my first wet dream! And for that matter… what the fuck happened to me?” He paused and stared at me. “Or you two for that matter?!”

I had to take another calming breath and pinch back another orgasmic rush as I resisted jumping his bones. Now that he was getting heated, he was perspiring more, and that was only adding to the smell in the air that was tantalizing me so.

“Peter… you wondered why you can talk to cats, and why you have so many powers.” I said calmly, and felt a little trickle of nectar slip from me and I folded both hands before me to hide that fact. Hopefully he couldn’t see as well as I could in darkness.

Peter nodded. “Does that explain why I have like a hundred more pounds on me?”

“Oh it gets to be a lot more than that.” Anya commented.

“Shut up girl!” he shouted.

“I said ENOUGH!” I roared louder than both of them and they cowered before me before I took a deep breath. “I-I’m sorry, I’m sorry for shouting at both of you. I’m under a lot of stress at the moment Peter, please forgive me… but Anya was just trying to be helpful to the moment. She’s right you know.” I said and stepped down to stand before him, and his eyes dilated as he smelled the scent off me.

Perhaps for a moment he thought about it, thought about trying to jump me and I tensed to hold him off, but then there was a crunching ripping sound, and suddenly his groin broke out of the zipper of his jeans, revealing a sopping wet bulge in his underpants.

“My dick!” he gasped and covered himself with both hands and blushed as deeply as I ever saw a guy blush. “What’s happening to me?!”

“You’re changing… all a part of those powers I told you about Peter.”

“Mph… Peter. Has new meaning for him doesn’t it?” Anya chuckled while starting at his groin and I slapped her shoulder to remind her of who she was ogling.

“Hush.” I shot at her.

“Why are the two of you covered head to toe like that?” he asked cautiously while trying to fix his zipper.

“Because of the source of our power… the moon.”

Peter paused and then turned toward both of us. “The moon?” he said quietly and then turned to us to show that his groin had grown several sizes larger now. I absentmindedly licked my lips at the sight of it before remembering myself yet again.

He’s my brother, he’s my brother, he’s my brother… I reminded myself.

“So, what… are you about to tell me I’m a werewolf or something?” he laughed then.

“No…” I replied and rubbed both hands together.

“Oh good. For a second there…” he chuckled and laughed some more.

“We’re werecats. Tigers to be exact.” I stated and he stopped laughing.

“I don’t believe you… I… oh crap.” And he gripped his dick and grit his teeth. “That’s impossible. It scientifically isn’t possible for someone to change like that!”

“And yet you’ve gained about forty-five kilos just tonight.”

“Kilos? Where the hell are we? Britain? One hundred pounds damn it! And yes! But…”

“How can you ignore that evidence, Peter. It’s happening to you right now. And if you don’t believe me, simply look up, look at the moon. You may not’ve noticed yet, but it’s full tonight. Today is the first of three days per twenty-eight days that it’s full, Peter. Best if you learn of it now, else…”

“No! I’m not a monster you bitch! Leave me alone!” and he turned and ran.

“What now?!” Anya gasped. “Stupid head is running!”

“Stop calling him stupid Anya. You know it makes him mad. I was hoping he’d do this himself, but for his own safety, and those of others… we need to force him.”

And I leapt after him, and in five long strides I’d caught him, wrapped him up with all the thickly hewn muscle on me, and finding a stream of moonlight in the trees as he struggled vainly in my arms, I hauled him into it, held him fast and then forced his head up to look into the light. He had no choice, in my arms as I was now he was as light as a rag doll. But once Peter looked up at mother moon he froze and I let go of him, placing him on his feet.

Anya hurried up to stand beside me as we stood by and watched our brother have his first transformation, and she pressed to my side as I held her close, more for my support to keep me from sexing our own brother than for hers.

And then his breathing quickened, and every exhale of breath he took his face seemed to scrunch forward, a snarling snorting coming out of his mouth and nose even as we heard the familiar sound of crunching bones and groaning tendons, but also the sound of straining and groaning clothing just before the ripping began. There was a point growing in his pants though, his erection bulging rapidly, pushing the front of his underpants outward, pitching the most wicked tent I’d ever seen, so strong it was that the pole ripped through the top of the tent and broke the crotch of those shorts right open.

Anya and I both jumped as his spine cracked and his body arched powerfully while his underpants tore open around that hard throbbing member, and Peter snarled wickedly, his face crunching and popping forward while his shirt stretched across his barreling upper body and then began to tear apart along the chest and spine.

A tail formed from his backside, the back of his pants half sliding off his bottom while his widening frame and piling lean musculature tore open every seam on his body. Claws slid out of his every finger and toe as

those hands in turn grew larger and more muscular, his forearms lengthening and jutting out of his sleeves, and arching himself deeply he snarled upward at the moon while explosions of fraying cloth erupted violently around him.

An arch of semen that was as white and as thick as Anya's or mine breast milk erupted from his bulging cock, even as its thickness continued to tear open the front of his shorts, just before piles of muscle erupted from him and his clothing ripped open a lithe yet powerfully built body just before rippling realms of deep yellow-orange fur grew about his body.

He roared, snarling even, a beard growing about his jaw and chin, a short cropped mane about his head while his muscles, all of them, including the thickly throbbing one between his legs as the last strips of cloth tore from him, and then he screamed, and even I had to gape at the piercing, shrill and unbridled ferocity in that scream as it echoed through the forest while his body grew explosively for several long seconds and continued growing even as the last vestiges of that dominating shrill scream ended and he collapsed to his knees and simply breathed, his penis arching long and hard while the last popping spasms of growth and change assailed him.

"Ah! Ah God…" he growled low and deep in his chest as he reached beneath him and felt a prick that was laden with little knobs near its end. What the fu- ah!" and the moment he touched his bulging prick another solid stream of ejaculate erupted from him, and he snarled in the pain of it.

When it was over he looked to his hands, the long carpet knives for claws, the billowing muscles and the long-flowing striped orange fur everywhere on his body.

"Six nipples, what the heck?" he gaped and then turned to us.

I turned to Anya as she turned to me, and I nodded to her as we took off our head wrappings and we both began to change. Perhaps it was a compliment that Peter got harder as he watched his sisters change, the pair of us tearing through clothes, growing larger and stronger than ever. We stretched the clothes we wore, tearing right out of them, and then became two separate towering monstrosities like him, casting off our shells of clothing before striding toward him.

Anya now possessed breasts that were larger than mine despite her smaller size, but I only absentmindedly regarded that as I sat down beside Peter and held out a hand. Reaching out, he touched it, felt that I was indeed real and I smirked when he even pushed in on one of the firm sacks of mammary flesh decorating my chests.

"Yes… we're real, Peter. These are the powers that we possess… and the cages we bear because of it."

Day 199: *Peter was taking this better than he should be, that or he was coming to terms with this new life better than I had. Peter was smart though, smarter than me, smarter than Anya… I could understand why he was so up at arms at being called stupid. If I was that smart I'd be uptight about being called stupid too…*

The three of us walked through the forest, and I was only glad that his long telescoping maleness had retracted inside of himself and was thusly covered by a thick tuft of fur while we explained everything to him, told him that we couldn't tell him because he wouldn't believe us. As a matter of fact he didn't believe us at first, even after he'd transformed.

He was still in a rut though, I could smell it, and I was still in a heat, and I'm sure he could smell that too, but so unused to these sensations as he was, he might not know they were coming from me. The human mind had a tendency of overriding all but the most intense of bestial changes.

But nonetheless, Peter remained quiet for a very long time, merely following and not complaining right into the morning after his first change. We all rushed to the car, changed into human forms and piled into the vehicle and quickly got into some spare clothes – we brought some for Peter too just in case – and then we drove to the hotel.

Peter remained sitting in the chair in the corner of the hotel room for the next three days, hugging himself for the most part. I tried comforting him, but all he did was make muffled responses and nod to anything I said. Anya was keeping her distance from him. What I could see, though, was the whirl of his mind through his eyes. I only wish I knew what he was thinking.

******

"Peter's gone!" Anya gasped in a panic when I came back from a corner store with some food and drinks for a family dinner.

"What? When did this happen?"

"I went to take a shower, and when I was done he was gone!"

Groaning and putting the groceries down, I grabbed the car keys. "Get dressed. Ivan!" I shouted and Ivan shook awake.

'W-what? What happened?' he said sleepily.

"Did you see Peter go?"

'He left?'

"The money's still here…" Anya said. "Where could he have gone?"

"I have a guess. Hurry and get dressed."

Anya threw on some clothes, forgoing her underwear and we hurried into the car, driving to the Jorgenson's with Ivan in the back, and pulling up to a place where we could look onto the house we arrived just in time for Peter to sneak in through his bedroom window.

"There he is. What the heck is he doing?"

I squinted, seeing his movements in the darkened room during these wee hours of the morning as he stuffed several things into bags.

“Packing…” I said quietly, while Ivan rose up and pressed his paws against the glass of the back seat window.

‘Do you suppose he’s running away entirely? From us and them?’

I answered him with tight-lipped silence before Peter slid out through his bedroom door with a large duffle bag and his usual satchel-like school bag and an electric guitar strapped to his back. Leaping effortlessly down to the pavement of the sidewalk, he turned toward the front door and applied an envelope to the front door via some tape before turning to leave.

Putting the car into gear, I pulled up beside him when he was about a block away and he turned to look at us as I stopped, and after a few moments of hesitation, he opened the door, threw the two bags and set the guitar into the car and sat down, closing the door behind him before I drove off.

He didn’t say a word, just stared out the window silently… till Anya decided to break the silence.

“What were you thinking?” Anya scolded. “What if they saw you… what if…”

“Anya.” Peter said quietly, saying the first intelligible thing in three days as he turned his head to her. “That man and that woman are my mother and father. They are the people who raised me for nearly sixteen years, and if you were me, you’d risk anything to say goodbye too.” Anya promptly became quiet and shrank back from his piercing gaze that warned her not to say anything further. “Let’s just get out of here… if I know them, they’ve already called the police, and if I were you, you should be out of the state as quickly as possible.”

Sighing, and knowing that Peter was right, we went straight to the hotel, grabbed the food and stuck it in a small cooler we bought at a gas station later and checked out. Then returning the car and getting a taxi to the bus station we paid for three tickets to as far west as we could get.