

Кошка (*Koshka*)

Book 7: The Power of Love

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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.

~*~*~*~*~*~*

Day 244: *The past two weeks were spent in near silence and Peter was as depressed as I'd ever seen a person be depressed. He hardly ever talked; spoke nothing of the past, though Anya and I knew that that was where every last possible thought was. What-ifs and could-be's, and all of them centering around that Whisper girl. He walked in silence, he ate in silence, but at night, when we were all in our tent, I could hear him weeping.*

The rains came as they normally did, just like clockwork, and drenched us from head to toe. We didn't wear much clothing any more, we were getting tired of it bunching up and having to rinse them out every day. The musty smell of wet clothes was rather annoying to us as well.

Two weeks had passed, though, since we left their valley, though I learned that their Pryde was supposedly a massive enclave of Lycan spanning from Alaska to Northern California and created a swath of coverage that covered half of Canada. Despite that, we'd not seen hide nor hair of any other cats, though we did detect the occasional scent of someone in the forest bearing a feline's smell.

Though on this day, we ran across actual tracks.

"Paw prints." I said as I bent and felt the contours of them. "And they're fresh, within the hour. And the prints are too large for a regular mountain lion. Looks like one of our distant cousins are letting us know they're in the area."

"Distant cousins..." Peter said suddenly, and both Anya and I looked up at him. This was the first thing he'd said other than minor questions since we left the valley. "...As close to the Earth as they are, they're nothing more than dirt and mud." He said quietly, though with a hint of frustrated anger inside him. He turned away and continued walking. "Come on. I can't stand being here any more."

And I sighed and rose, looking after his retreating back while Anya came close with Ivan curled about her shoulders.

'That kid's got it bad' Ivan commented just then.

"Got what bad?" Anya asked and gave him a scratch under the chin.

'I don't know what it is, but whatever it is I wouldn't wish that on a dog. Well... maybe a dog.'

"Keep your sentiments to yourself Ivan... some of those people you call dogs are good friends now."

'Yeah, and some of them still throw rocks at you and try to rape your little sister.' Ivan said lazily and lay down upon Anya's ever thickening and muscular back. All this hiking was adding pounds to all of us, even me.

I sighed again. "Whatever. Let's just catch up with him before he decides to jump off a cliff or drown himself."

'Or beat himself to death with a stick...'

Peter had perched himself up in a tree where the light rains couldn't fall on him as well, and taking out his well polished and tuned guitar, he began plucking at the strings. Though he didn't have the use of an amplifier, his claws were nonetheless getting some sound out of it. I noted that it was a sad song as I walked up to him, he lying at my head level.

"Hey..." I said while Anya struggled to make a fire. Several weeks in the bush and she still had troubles with the basic survival techniques, though having all the wood being wet didn't make matters easier.

Peter didn't answer me as he continued to pluck strings, and leaning against a nearby branch, folding both arms across it while my enormous breasts hung from my chest, I watched and listened to him play.

"You have a real talent, Peter. Back at that bar in America where you played, I noticed that you played a lot of sad songs then too."

"I haven't had much course of being happy lately, Tanya." He said without breaking so much as a single note in what he was playing. "Not since you took me from my happy home and showed me that I was a monster. I was a lot happier where I was, but thanks to stupid concepts like responsibility, I get handed one disappointment after the next, all because of responsibility."

"It was your decision to come with us, Peter." I stated meekly.

"I had the illusion of a decision, Tanya." He growled low in his throat, his ears pinning back against the top of his head. "In the end it really wasn't any decision at all, was it?"

I stared at him as he played, he was so tense and firm at the moment, and he looked like he was almost to the point of snapping. And then sighing, I finally delved in and addressed what must really be on his mind.

"Peter, we couldn't let you stay with her. If you did she..." and then the chords of his guitar screeched as his claws slid against the metal chords.

His playing stopped and he stared at me, his jaw clenching so tightly that I could hear the tendons and muscles in it grinding. Then he turned and hopped agilely out of the tree and started turning away.

"Peter, we need to talk about this. It's eating you up inside and I'm certain that if we fought this then

Whisper..."

And he whirled on me. "Don't ever mention her name!" he screamed, and the strings of his guitar made an odd twanging sound that canceled out all other sound in the air except for his voice. This was strange, because I didn't see him strum those strings. But what I did see was that his eyes suddenly burst into tears and his lower lip started trembling. "Don't... ever... mention her name again..." he said with a sob, jabbing a finger in my direction, and the humming of the guitar in his hand that he gripped by the neck kept me from responding. I tried, but no words came out of my mouth.

Peter bit his lower lip, and then setting his guitar at the base of the tree, he turned and stormed off.

Standing there, pressing both lips together, I watched him go before looking down at his guitar, and picking it up, I felt the strings vibrate minutely to make a single low note that slowly ebbed away into nothingness. Maybe it was the way he strummed them, or how he was holding them, but an electric guitar was terrible in making sounds without an amplifier attached to it.

"Wow... what was that?" Anya asked as she knelt by the fire pit, a miniscule flame trying to gain life.

Peter had demonstrated that he could start a fire using what was laying about in the forest better than either of us could duplicate. He was an Eagle Scout after all, and though I was programmed with survival techniques, that programming apparently was insufficient in comparison to that, or it just wasn't manifesting.

"Let him cool off. He needs some alone time." And then I looked at the fire. "Haven't you gotten that fire started yet?"

Anya looked down and bent to blow on the little flame she had going but instead inadvertently blew it out. "Oh... I can't!" Anya cried and threw down the sticks she was using to light the fire. "The wood is just too damp."

I sighed and shifted to Red Mode, and gesturing toward the wood for the fire, I bathed it with microwaves till the internal combustion lit the wood on fire.

"You've got to show me how you do that..." Anya gaped as I bent low and started adding more wood.

"I would if I knew how I did it myself. Absorb the power and its yours..."

"Oh good. I was hoping for some milk tonight." And she bounced on her heels a little and jiggled a bit as I sighed. Right now my thoughts were on Peter and how unhappy he was. What was worse was that I contributed to that unhappiness by telling Peter he couldn't see Whisper anymore.

Day 244 – Supplemental: *I can consider few things in the world that could consequently be considered to be worse than a broken heart. It was a muscle that was inside you, deep inside you, and there was nothing you could do to mend it. Even if you were to cut into a person to reach the heart, there was nothing physically wrong with it, there was nothing that could be done to repair it despite one's desire to reach into yourself and just rip it out of you.*

It was mental and emotional anguish, it was akin to being slowly burned alive from the inside out, microwaved as it were. It was a weight that caused one's shoulders to sag like mine were, their heads to bow and their bodies to hunch over while what felt like a spike in the back of your skull and several arrows through your heart caused pain that affected the whole of your body.

It was an anguish that drove me to tears that day as I collapsed to a wood log that had fallen amidst the forest, and very un-man-like I began to cry. It wasn't that deep heaving sobbing; I don't think I'd fallen to that level yet. My dad taught me like his dad did that a man doesn't cry, and so it took far more for us to show sorrow like that. Instead I just sat, hands dangling between my legs with elbows up on knees, and I thought about her...

I thought, hoped, wished and prayed, remembering the press of her body, the warmth of her breasts, and the pleasure she could give me when I was inside her... and then I remembered her song.

And just like that, in perfect clarity, I recalled her song to the point where I could literally hear it! It was a soft lilting song, but just the thought of hearing it made me happy, and closing my eyes I even began to hum along with it, and the more I thought about it the louder it got. It started to rain then, and the music shifted to perfectly blend in with the falling rain that and the occasional peal of thunder. Despite all that, the solid sound of that flute filled me with remembered warmth, but as I remarked upon it suddenly that warmth turned into the most horrid degree of pain, compounding upon what I felt before.

For a few moments I was in such pain that I even thought that I was hallucinating, and lifting my head, I saw her image exiting from the woods with her flute in her mouth and playing her song. Her golden eyes were focused upon me intently as she walked toward me, her naked body covered in sleek short fur that was matted with the rain. Through the heavy falling and cooling rain her image walked toward me, her feet actually stirring up the muddy puddles on the ground that it all seemed so real to me.

Till she came before me and paused long enough to finish her song...

That smile, those golden eyes, so beautiful, and lifting both hands, smiling and crying up at her, I wished that it was true, wished that she were real as I moved both hands about her bodice, following the curvature of ribs, waist and hips within the air around the image being that I was afraid that if I were to touch it then she'd disappear. I didn't blink because of the same fear, for if I did then this beautiful image would vanish.

And then something spectacular happened:

She touched me.

I did a noticeable double take as those soft finger pads slid across the furred cheek of my face, and I gasped in utter surprise as she brought her other hand up with the flute and gently brought me up to stand before her, just before she slid in and embraced me. Not knowing what was going on, wanting to believe but not knowing if I should, I let her embrace me. There I stood, and actually placed my hands upon her shoulders, held her face, saw her smile, touched her neck, shoulders and back, traced the base of her tail and her firm butt cheeks with both hands.

"Y-you're really real!" I swallowed, and she smiled warmly and nodded.

Then she signed, making a V-shape with her hands before her with only the finger tips touching before she broke the shape and touched my heart and her heart. Then she made another V-shape with her finger tips then made an arrow before her with just the index fingers pushing toward me.

I didn't bother thinking about what she said, I simply embraced her that I was so happy to see her, and just like that she settled into my arms as if we'd never been apart. I heard her purr, and as strange as it was for me to do it, I purred too before she wrapped her arms around me, sniffed a spot on my neck and licked it with her tongue... then a few moments later, she open her jaws wide, and bit me, clamping her teeth down so hard that it pierced the skin!

And then she began feasting on my blood.

Sitting in the camp with a grand fire blazing out of the fire pit we'd made and the rain having sufficed to just a fine mist, I poked at the fire with a long stick to keep it going while at the same time trying to cook the meager little fishes that Anya and I had managed to catch, with each with the head, eyes and bones amidst them being little more than a mouthful for us. I'd have to perhaps shift into human form to make the meal more appetizing, but then I didn't think that that would work.

My appetite had increased to be that of a creature that was the size of my hybrid form and not my human form. I never really put the two together till looking at these measly fishes. We'd have to head toward the road and get into a town and buy some more food lest we can catch more to eat.

"Maybe I should go find him." Anya said while she sat underneath a blanket beneath the rain shadow of a tree as close to the fire as she could. "He's likely to go jump off a cliff or something in his mind's state. He's dealing with a whole lot all at once. You and I were able to grow into ourselves, he's not getting the chance to."

I lifted a hand to the necklace that carried Dmitri's ring and mother's locket and fingered the ornate gem covered wedding band Dmitri had given me. I knew he was there, I knew I could see him again; I was bringing my family to go meet him. True I was lonely for him but I had the prospect of seeing my love again. Peter had no such luxury. If it was lonely for me then I could only imagine how terrible it was for him at the moment.

"I'll go." I said and rose to my feet, the rain having drenched my fur straight down. "You stay warm by the fire Anya. Call me if he returns."

"O-ok..." she managed before I turned to track down our little brother.

I'd not taken three or four steps though when I paused at the sight of two white shapes approaching the fire through the darkness of the forest, and when their shapes began to clear, I suddenly felt both ears flatten against my head as I gaped openly at the two people.

"Oh bugger." I said under my breath, right as Peter and none other than Whisper entered the glow of the fire.

"What the heck have you both been doing?" Anya gaped as I applied bandages against the neck areas of both Peter and Whisper. Both had terrible looking wounds upon the bridges of their necks and shoulders.

"It's... ah... love bite." Peter blushed so deeply it showed like a pink shine through his white fur. "It's an imprinting thing. A common practice among certain animals to... ingest... some of the blood... of the creature of the same species but of a different sex, so as to... ah... mate with them."

I paused in what I was doing and rose atop my heels as Peter said this, and seeing that they both had the same wound, I sighed deeply seeing that they were both now officially mated.

They eloped. Romance spoke of such love as this of people denying those who cared for them to marry the child of their enemy. What I feared, though, was something like Romeo and Juliet happening.

Raising a hand behind him and balling it into a fist, I very nearly bopped him on the head, but gritting my teeth and sighing, I lowered that hand and bumped the fist against the wide, flaring hip on that side of me. I couldn't punish him for pursuing something that made him happy, and to find love was a precious thing. I just didn't want to deal with her in-laws.

"So... that's like a really big hickie?" Anya asked, and Peter nodded. "H-how did that feel?" Anya asked and rubbed her own throat, thinking perhaps what would happen when she found a decent guy she wanted to mate like that with.

"It was the most wonderful thing I'd ever experienced. A flood of her emotions and feelings, her memories, flowed into me. I knew what it was like to grow up as a girl, dealing with her inability to talk without her hands..." he pulled Whisper in close and kissed her forehead and she embraced him around the waist tightly, pressing her chest into his lap.

"Anya... did you ever experience something like that?" Anya asked.

I looked straight at her, and her face immediately fell upon seeing the look on mine. "Yes... Yes I have." I said and made sure that the bandages were secure. Apparently a bite from another Lycan ignored our supernatural powers as well, keeping them from healing as quickly as they should from a normal wound. "...Though mine wasn't as pleasant as Peter's must've been." I finished and then rose to my feet. "Well the two of you are nice and cared for," I said, and then in an undertone. "God bless for some first aid in that programming they gave me."

"What was that?" Anya asked me, blinking in surprise at what I'd just said.

"Nothing. I'm going to turn in." I said at last. "I'm not hungry, so you can have my share of the fish." And to call me a liar, my stomach rumbled just then, and all three of them looked to me at once.

"I'll come with you, Tanya. I'm cold and a little tired and would like to get off my feet. "You coming Peter? Whisper?"

But Peter was paying attention to his new mate as she snuggled his waist again and kissed his navel, laying fully in his lap. For any sort of guy, this was perhaps a favored place for a girl to be in. Peter was stroking her mane, and he just merely turned his face to us with a lazy smile. "No... I think we'll stay up for a little longer."

"I bet." She smirked. Well good night you two. If you have to make noises, be wary that there are people still asleep here.

And with that she ducked into the tent and I paused, favoring my little brother with a smirking smile before following Anya inside.

Day 245: *I didn't sleep at all that night. I merely laid back amidst the blankets and the pillows and the furs that we'd managed to barter for, buy or catch ourselves, laying open and naked in my human form while Anya laid against me and lazily suckled in her sleep all night to try to absorb more of my powers and strengths. I didn't know how successful she would be, and she was welcome to it, but for now, lest she absorb something new from me, this was a sisterly bonding thing.*

I was the strong one and I was the bulwark, I was the one to protect this growing family.

But I was so lonely, and I was experiencing the pain of that heat in me still as it waned now, and there was a fundamental jealousy for my brother that a huge-dicked man like him had to be my brother. I just would never say such a thing like that out loud.

But that heat was only a part of the reason I was still awake. Whisper's arrival, though romantic and wonderful, brought with it something that would complicate matters soon. I would be seeing Windigo, perhaps her father Wind and a dozen other warriors to come collect her eventually, and the question would be how will we be able to fend ourselves from such a force. I had to rely on diplomacy... but more importantly, if diplomacy failed, then I'd have to be strong to defend my family from a far larger and more superior force. It was just the four of us now against possible legions.

While I thought about that, I mildly remarked that my brother and his new love didn't return to the tent that night.

Over the many months – nearly a year now – that I'd escaped from that terrible lab, I'd developed a supremely feminine body. In my human form, I possessed a super feminine form where I was taller than most human women in the world, packed with more muscle than a trim and fit Olympian male would normally possess, but with all that musculature smoothed out, contorted and condensed into a supremely pleasing feminine body that had a voluminous vaginal mound and two enormous breasts laden with thick, heavy creamy milk.

Exiting the tent in the morning sunshine, I stretched lithely, and then flexed grandly, feeling the power in my muscles before rubbing the little patch of white hairs directly above the bulging vagina between either burgeoning thigh.

Walking barefoot, I moved to the fire in order to restart it, but paused at the sight of Whisper kneeling beside a still roaring fire with five huge fish being turned on a makeshift spit made of shaved wooden sticks all in a mesh and held together with knotted vines..

“Whisper!” I gasped and she turned and beamed at me before she reached into a little satchel and removed some herbs and crumbled them over the fish, and then rising hurriedly in one fluid motion she gestured toward the fish grandly. “I-I'm overwhelmed. Did you catch all those?” and she nodded before touching her chest, then her head, pointing at me and rubbing her tummy.

'I know that you are hungry.'

“Heard my tummy rumbling last night, did you?” I asked and she gave a single curt nod. Greedily, my mouth watered and I approached the fish as they cooked before leaning over and smelling deeply of their luscious scent, but then I remembered something. “Where's Peter?” I asked her as I straightened, and she gave an excited little bounce and then rushed over to a hastily made lean-to that at first glance appeared to be just a part of the forest, seeming like a bunch of bushes, but inside with a couple of blankets taken from the tent on a bed of soft fir branches, Peter laid on his back... with all his fur matted.

Whisper squatted and leaned in to push the blankets over his chest before she leaned in to kiss his lips, her breasts pressing against his chest and he smiled and rolled in his sleep. But when Whisper rose, I noticed

something immediately. Her body had changed slightly from when I knew her two weeks ago. Her hips were wider and her breasts were larger...

I blinked and nonetheless let that slide. It wasn't unheard of for a Lycan's body to change that dramatically in a single night after all, though I had assumptions as to how she was gaining these strengths from my brother – all the sex, the blood she drank and... well... the fellatio, she looked like a girl that swallowed – I was marginally surprised she wasn't a lot larger or stronger than she was now. But then why wasn't Peter larger or stronger, or more sexually endowed as well? He looked like he swallowed too. She was growing stronger independently of Peter, which meant that something else was at hand that was enhancing her as a female. I didn't think it was that saber-tooth empowerment that Windigo was talking about, lest she would experience growth spurts from time to time. Or was it?

There was perhaps a way to test whether she were growing from sexual experience or from her own merit by letting her drink from me. If she were to become a part of the family, then it was a must. She then stood, smiling dotingly down at Peter while folding her hands before her belly.

At the age of sixteen, she was ready to be a wife, possibly a mother... was already a fully mature adult from what I'd seen of their culture, whereas Peter was still a kid of a sort.

"Whisper... I thought... I thought that Windigo and your father wouldn't let you come with us. How did you come to be here?" I asked, and sat down on a large boulder.

Whisper rose from Peter, remaining in a squat and stared at me with her golden eyes for a moment before biting on her lower lip nervously before she unfolded from her squatting position, stood and faced me. She lifted her hands and rotated them at the wrists with uncertainty and then pressed the knuckles of both hands against her chest, then wiggled the index and fore finger over her open palm, and then clapped her hands and pointed in a direction.

'I... Ran... away.'

"Did you?" and she nodded and held both hands behind her back. "Why would you do such a thing? Leave your pride, leave your family?"

She knuckled her chest again, raised both hands above her head and spread them widely before she then pressed them both over her heart before gesturing at Peter. She paused and pointed at Peter again, knuckled her chest and made an upward point with both her hands.

'I... greatly... love... Peter. Peter... is my...' I blinked, trying to make that last one out.

"What does this mean?" I asked and repeated the last sign, steeping both hands into an upward V-shaped point.

She thought, biting her lower lip again, and making a fist with one hand and sticking its thumb out, placed it over her crotch and arched herself backward. Then she caressed the thumb with her other hand, and then folded that hand across her breasts in order to flatten them.

"Man? He's your Man?" I asked and she immediately nodded. "Or do you mean mate?" she pointed at me and nodded again, more vigorously before knuckling her chest with both hands, gesturing at the ground with both hands, gestured at Peter with both hands and then folded those hands together.

I had to puzzle that one together.

'I...'

No... not "I", the gesture was slightly different. She swung her arms in didn't she, gathering something in, and she touched her chest with her palms not her knuckles didn't she? Like taking a thing onto herself and holding it, possessing it.

'My...'

And then she gestured at the ground sharply with both hands after that. It's a blank piece on the ground. It's right here. What's here? Nothing but her. So what does that mean? My? Mine here? Wait... no it's place. This place!

'My place is with Peter.'

"Your place is with Peter?" I assured and she nodded before I smiled at her and then rising from my place, moved to embrace my new little sister. "Well, I must admit that I'm not to sure of what your culture of being a mate means, Whisper, but any woman who's willing to sacrifice everything for family is welcome in this family any time." I kissed her forehead and moved back before caressing her cheek. "Everyone in this little Pryde has sacrificed much to obtain what we have, and not always under the most preferable conditions. Whatever you want to be, whatever you are inside, you're welcome in our hearts."

Whisper, slightly taller than I was in her present form, rubbed her cheek against either of my breasts and kissed my cheek before hugging me tightly. From what I understood, she was a bit of an outcast in her pryde when we arrived. But now, after her sacrifice...

I don't care, I made the mistake of not protecting Peter or her when we left, and I won't make that mistake again. Even if I did have to stand against the whole of their pryde.

But then again... impetuous decisions were rarely good ones...

Whisper was a marvelous woman. She filled the void that all of us, even Peter as an Eagle Scout and thereby trained to act in the wilderness, had to give way to Whisper's obvious expertise from having grown up and lived within the wilderness.

She knew herbs, she knew wood, she knew animals and how to hunt them, and she fished in a zipping maneuver that even I, with all my enhanced strengths, could not duplicate. She saw a fish, darted in after it, caught it and brought it to the shore. It was the hunter-gatherer expertise that was centuries old that allowed her to feed four fully grown Lycan aside from herself. She caught enough fish to even store some of it, and she showed us how to cook and wrap it so that it'd last longer.

Something in my head called it a field ration.

And she absolutely adored Peter, and he cared for her like she was his beloved. I noticed that even after a short while with her that Peter's happiness appeared to have grown several fold.

"But what about Michelle?" Anya teased, and Peter's eyes grew wide and his cheeks flushed, and Whisper looked at Anya with wide eyes before looking to Peter questioningly.

I simply walked up behind Anya and swatted her on the back of the head, getting an angry look from her for doing it, and I gave her a stern *'how dare you'* look in return.

"Sh-she's... a human girl that I had a crush on." He told her, and her expression deflated slightly. "I'd... lost my virginity to her on the day of my first transformation. I barely knew what I was doing. I didn't know a single woman till you."

And then Whisper sighed and embraced him, and the problem was thusly subverted. Good. Peter learned right away it was better to tell the truth to a woman, especially one you loved.

But all in all, Whisper's presence fulfilled us, most especially our rather empty bellies, and we stayed there in that camping spot for the whole day just getting food and learning how to preserve it. But then there was the rather embarrassing situation that Anya and I stumbled upon Whisper and Peter making love a lot, I mean a whole lot... ok, every time we turned around.

Whisper wasn't embarrassed, but Peter was, and Anya used that fact and held conversations with him while they were doing it, asking him if his nipples were hard or how she felt inside till I swatted her again, and hauled her away by the ear before scolding her for teasing her brother like that.

"Ow! You don't have to pull on my ear like that. I have two earrings in that ear!"

"Yes I do! That's embarrassing your brother during a very private interaction with his new girlfriend, wife, mate, or whatever it's called, and if you do that then I'll come in and bother you every time you have sex."

"You wouldn't!" she gasped.

"Yes I would! Because turn around is fair play. Now leave them alone."

Yes... I know... most families didn't have this sort of interaction, but for the first time perhaps, it made me feel like we were a real family. This was the first time I could really attribute to feeling what it was like to have a family. For all I cared for, for most of that day, we could be an every day family hiking in the woods if not for our powerful and furry hybrid forms.

But there was one thing that kept tickling me in the back of the head, and that was the thought of what her father and Windigo would do when they finally came looking for her, and found her in our care.

Day 305: *Anxiety is a social killer, and every day that passed buy, my anxiety kept building and building. I feared the Alexandros Foundation finding us, I feared Windigo and his war parties descending upon us, I feared a number of problems like starvation, the safety of my family and Pryde, and so on.*

Oh my God! I've become a mother! With issues!!

But nonetheless, we had to persevere. It's been two months since my last record, primarily because of the exhausting pace that I've forced us upon, and though there's not been any noticeable changes in Anya, Peter or myself, other than a little minor muscle growth from the exertion, Whisper, however, was definitely coming into her own.

She was getting stronger every day, more beautiful and energetic as well, growing taller and definitely more mature than even Peter was, and I saw him growing self conscious about this. I watched her developing biceps and thick quadriceps and deltoids and flaring chest muscles, but I also saw her breasts swelling a quarter of a cup size a day, so that sixty days later, her tiny little breasts had increased fifteen cup sizes, ten on her primaries, and five on her newly growing secondaries, and what was more was that she was lactating now.

But I merely shrugged, thinking that it must be a normal thing for a Lycan female, unlike a human female, to be able to lactate prior to ever giving birth. I assumed that it was part of our feminine sexual power, that, or it was something that she inherited from me. I mean I did and so did Anya... I just assumed it was like that for all of us.

But despite that, she was very rapidly growing stronger than Peter, being that he still had all that lean, adolescent muscularity, and what was more was that those two lengthened incisors were very rapidly growing downward past her jaw. She was growing stronger a lot faster than the projections that Windigo had told me of those who inherit The Fang.

Over the past two months we had some problems, like when Whisper's music playing began to fail, but Peter was supportive enough and helped her to overcome the problem with her growing teeth, stating that her music was a part of her beauty and why he fell in love with her in the first place. She renewed trying with profound vigor after that, but the clincher was when Peter carved a new mouthpiece for her out of a reed that was able to get the air from her mouth into the instrument and past her teeth.

Another difficulty with Whisper was communication. As it was, it was Ivan who was able to speak with her the easiest, and the two of them held whole conversations. Whisper was expressive, very expressive when she tried to tell us something, but I never realized that she was using a form of the same method of communication that Ivan used. I just thought he was telepathic or I was able to hear his thoughts or something, but what was really happening was that I was instinctively understanding his body language.

Whisper used body langue too, but it was different for her because of the humanoid body she used, but knowing that, Anya and I, and most especially Peter, were learning to understand her with a broader range of gestures that she used.

The problem was that the Hidden Language was so complicated. One could be standing still, and by twitching facial muscles they could tell a person complex sentences. It was hard to detect that, even for us. But for Peter, it allowed him to communicate with his... his... well his mate. I was unsure if one could call her a wife since they were never wed in a church. I had no idea how this sort of thing worked in Lycan culture. I'd have to sit down with Daniel and talk about culture when we got back to Mir.

Mir... Dmitri! I so wanted to see my fiancé', but one thing before the other, and we had to get there, and right now my current concern was Whisper. As she traveled with us, and though she'd pulled as much weight as Peter, Anya and myself put together without complaining, at the end of the day she was just exhausted after all that walking. The three of us were only mildly fatigued, but she ate and then went right to sleep as soon as she could, or at least rested for as long as she could before going to sleep. Her

affection for my brother often times kept that from happening; but still nonetheless, even Peter was growing concerned as he started to notice it.

Perhaps all that prolonged growth burned energy in her faster, I didn't know. I only wished that I could give her some of my electrical powers. I was always invigorated from it, so maybe a little ball lightning in her could help that...

But two months later, we were nearing the mountains that bordered Canada and Alaska, United States, and as the fall started approaching, I believed that we needed to cross those mountains in the next sixty days or else be caught in the mountains during the dead of winter.

Luckily... Whisper knew some secret passes.

Mountains vaulted upward on either side of us. We were following along a river that cut between the mountains, and was considered to be a protected habitat by the United States Forestry Service, so there was very little probability that we'd run into river rafters or campers or such.

Camping by the riverside, we refrained from a large fire that night being that Whisper indicated to us that the forest rangers watched this river for any camp fires pretty closely, and instead we made the fire within a secluded cave that kept all but those looking straight into the cave from seeing the light.

The morning following, exiting our tent for a little bath in the frigid river in one of the still pools, I stretched, flexed and caressed myself, rubbing yet another rise in sexual tension in my loins... *Damn it, a heat! And it's coming earlier than the last one...* and proceeded toward the river with a towel, but then stopped as I heard a retching sound, and following the sound, I came upon Whisper bending over between two rocks, and Peter trying to hold her upward.

Even as I arrived, Whisper slapped both hands against the boulders to either side of her, bent over, and with a heaving pull, threw up the contents of her stomach.

"She's sick." Peter said quietly.

And approaching them, I paused and watched in awe as Whisper finished throwing up, that her body tensed and with a series of cracking and groaning, watched her muscles swelling and expanding, her back rounding outward, her spine cracking outward into a series of knobby spines, her mane of hair billowing outward and her arms thickening rapidly.

She spewed again, a projectile mass of vomit and mucus it looked, her breasts expanding and firming upward, milk leaking from each nipple lining her chest and belly while every muscle in her billowed outward and her form grew all the larger. But what was more was the thickening and lengthening of those two saber teeth, and when it was over, she began weeping softly, spitting out more of her sick.

"How often has this been happening?" I asked as I knelt naked in my human form beside them, palming and rubbing her back.

"Nearly every morning... and after each one, she spasms and grows like this... only it gets more violent every morning that passes."

"Why didn't you tell Anya or me?"

"She asked me not to. She has a pride streak in her that she doesn't like showing weakness, Tanya. Though, it may be instinctual. In the wild, cats that move in Prydes will attack and kill sick and weak members of their Pryde for the good of the rest of the group."

I massaged Whisper's back and then looked at Peter and then at her. "Peter... why don't you let Whisper and I have some girl time together. I'll clean her up, you go get some rest. The bags under your eyes are starting to show."

Peter stared at me, and then palmed his mate's shoulder, and she patted his thigh and nodded to him that it was ok.

When Peter left, I shifted forms, cradled Whisper in my arms, and then carried her to the river so that the two of us could bathe, or rather I bathed her since she was so weak, and then laid her down on a large plane of rock to dry in the rising sun while I went for a swim.

The speed of the rapids was such that it would take up any human who entered the waters and sweep them away, but for one of my size and strength, it was a conveniently good morning exercise to swim in it. I caught a few of those delicious salmon that swam in these rivers for morning breakfast before exiting the water, throwing the catch onto the shore before lowering to all fours and shaking myself free of water, which was a more spectacular thing to see a female Lycan like me do with all the shivering muscles and the hugely wobbling breasts shaking back and forth before I rose and pushed the wet tresses of hair back against my head from off my eyes.

Whisper still lay where she was before, though she appeared to be sleeping as she lounged in the warming morning air, and moving over to her, walking in the still water beneath the rock she laid upon, I then lowered myself to sit beside my sister-in-law – or was it bond-sister? – lowering a hand to her tummy, I began to caress the broad chords of abdominal muscles that were even now as tight as steel chords.

Whisper opened her eyes and looked at me as I did this.

"I would like you to think of me not as some fem who'd kill you just because you're sick, and instead think of you as your loving sister who'd nurse you back to health no matter the injury, and if that injury or sickness were permanent, then I'd not kill you for it. You make my brother happy... and after seeing how lost and alone he was when you were gone, I'll even fight to protect you. I'm sorry I never did when we left your valley."

Whisper winced and then began to rise and I immediately moved to help her move, and she turned and looked to the shimmering waters and the frothing mists of the rapids as she took to cradling her belly and rubbing it to soothe it.

"How long have you been sick?" I asked her. "Forgive me, but I thought Lycan can't be sick, or at least not after our powers activate at sixteen."

Whisper turned and stared at me with a look of disbelief. She knuckled her chest and shook her head, kissed her fingers and pulled her hands away from her mouth like she were vomiting something up. Then she knuckled her chest again, gathered her arms into herself, gestured grandly with one arm toward the sky in a broad arching motion – that was a new sign – and then repeated the earlier sign of sickness.

"Wait... I don't understand." I said. "You just said that you weren't sick, but now you're saying that you are sick. What does this sign mean?" and I did the same gesture of sweeping an arm to the heavens.

Whisper stared at me, and lifting both her arms and opening her mouth in an expression of "how can you not understand?" she then folded her arms around her and went into a deep look of concentration, and continued signing rapidly to try to explain the gesture I didn't understand, and among the signs that I saw, I saw her make a big circle with both her arms, folded her arms before her and slowly unfolded the upper one till her fingers were pointing straight up, making a ball with her hands and slowly rising it. But I just didn't understand what she was doing and shook my head to show that I didn't understand.

She gasped and tried more vigorously, but then she stopped and I shook and gave a start as the sound of a horn blared through the forest. Whisper gasped, her eyes growing wide, and abandoning what she was

doing she scrambled forward, tipping onto all fours, splashing through the water onto the shore with me following quickly after her, and we raced to the camp together. But when we arrived we were brought up short, and rising to our feet and skidding to a halt, I made a grab for Whisper and held her tight against me as we were faced with what I'd feared for all this time.

Windigo, Lee, and Wind with a war party of a hundred warriors were arrayed before us, and as Whisper and I stood there, more jumped from trees and hemmed us in, and I held Whisper even tighter to keep her safe.

And kneeling before them, bound by tight ropes, were Peter and Anya, while warriors with silver barbed spears pointed at them stood guard over them both.

Windigo, who held a massive sword as he sat on a large boulder here, armored in heavy hardened leather plates, stared darkly at me. He looked pissed!

“We... have a problem...” he said in a snarling growl.

Day 305 – Supplemental: *We'd been captured. They finally caught up with us. I'd begun to hope that they'd let us go, but that wasn't the case. I don't think I've ever been so scared in my life! This was a life or death situation, and they were fully prepared to kill me, my sisters and force Whisper to come with them if we did anything other than what they wanted to, and seeing the silver on their spears told me that the old legend that silver was the only thing that could kill a werewolf – er – cat, made me aware of how serious they were about this.*

"Let... her... go." Windigo commanded, accenting each word, and a warrior lifted his spear to my throat to further show the threat of what would happen if my sister didn't obey him.

Tanya looked about her, and finally did open her arms, but other than straightening herself, Whisper moved back against my sister and clutched herself to her.

"Whisper, come to us." Windigo commanded, but she clutched to Tanya's fur all the tighter and shook her head vigorously. "Now!" Windigo roared, and she jumped and clutched harder, being driven to tears as she shook her head again so violently that her mane jostled about her face.

And then Windigo stepped forward, and with a quick snap of his fist into my mane, he held me fast, pulled me upward so that I hung by the roots of my hair, just before I felt the long sword made of silver, wood and stone placed beneath my throat.

"I will not ask again." Windigo growled low and deep, and Whisper gasped and gave off a sob, and then she looked at Tanya, and then let go of her before she turned toward her father, her Pryde leader and Lee.

I looked at her, swallowing hard, and looking up, saw Windigo, and then sideways saw my other sister Anya sniffing back tears. It was desperation that made me speak then, and though I might regret it later, speech was the only thing I had left to me at the moment.

"You're pretty brave when you're bossing around a lone girl who wants to go her own way, Windigo, when you have a hundred warriors and a sorcerer backing you up." I grunted out. "Oh I misspoke. You're a coward. A bully who picks on the weak."

Whisper stopped and gasped, covering her mouth with both hands as she stared at me in horror.

"What... did you just say to me boy?" he demanded, and leveled his gaze downward on me, and I smiled up at him.

"I called you a coward, you son-of-a-bitch. I know your type... people like you pick upon people like me because you think you're strong and you think I'm weak... well I'm not the one wearing armor, carrying weapons, and have a whole mob of people with him. And yet, I'm the one standing up to you.

"And you know what? You're weaker than all those teen human boys who only approached me with their fists and in packs no larger than five. And here you need weapons, warriors, a magic user, and armor in order to boss around a woman, who wishes to join a loving family of two other women and her beloved.

"In my book, that makes you more cowardly than a human boy..."

Windigo stared at me, his lips pressing into a solid line while his eyes burned. He knew I was trying to goad him into a fight, I could see it in his eyes. My words alone are a challenge, and looking at him, I looked him straight in the eye, challenging him further. Windigo couldn't back down, especially if someone was directly challenging his authority, if he did, in a feline culture, it was admitting defeat and the younger feline would then become the new leader.

So he let go of me and strode over to Whisper, and standing head, neck and shoulders taller than she was, he hauled her over to Lee and her father, spun her and back handed her to knock her to the ground.

“You sick bastard!” I shouted at him. “You weak coward! How dare you strike a woman?!”

“That was for disobeying my law, boy. Even with women, there are penalties for disobedience.” He stated coolly, handed his sword to Lee, and then started un-strapping his armor. “But you talk big. You talk real big, but a cat when frightened will arch its back and hiss and raise its fur in order to look larger, and so we’ll see if your challenge is true.” And he slipped out of that armor, and Anya hissed at me.

“You idiot! You’re trying to goad him into a fight?! He’s five times your weight.” She snapped, clearly afraid for me.

“I need to try.” I said quietly, and one of the soldiers cut me free of my ropes. “If I don’t try and protect her, no matter the cost, I will forever be unworthy of her.” And rolling my shoulders and arms, and then my neck, I faced Windigo.

Day 305 – Supplemental: *That Idiot! How can he think to stand up against that? A saber-toothed tiger who was half again his size?! He better not die, or I'm gonna kill him!*

But I was hauled to my feet and pulled away, leaving a large open ring for Windigo and Peter to face each other before I was dropped to the ground beside Whisper, and using her claws she immediately freed me, leaving Tanya on the other side of the clearing with a dozen warriors with their spears and arrows around her to keep her from interfering. Of everyone here, Tanya was the greatest threat. She was taller than even Lee!

Lee... where was he, where...? And then there was a hand on my shoulder, and I looked up and saw Lee there. He didn't look at me; he was here to guard Whisper and me. Hmph! Guys were stupid. Their sense of duty outweighed their common sense at times. I mean, why wouldn't he say anything? Why wouldn't he even look at someone as pretty as me?

But then Peter and Windigo started circling each other, Windigo trying to stare Peter down, while Peter shot little snide quips at the towering saber-toothed mountain lion known as a saber-toothed tiger thanks to the odd color patterns that gave the look of stripes on his body.

"Coward! Pussy! Weakling! Look at you; you're not even coming at me right away! If I weren't really a threat, you would've come at me by now and defeated me already. What are you waiting for, an invitation? Someone to come along and suck your big fat dick? Come on! Let's fight! Just do it!" ...And the like.

For more than a full minute they circled, Peter definitely showing his fear, but finally Windigo stopped, and roared! It was like a lion's roar! It was loud and menacing, it made my tits rattle! And it was definitely a challenge. But then Peter inhaled a long breath of air, and answered him back as best as he could, and I must admit... what exited his mouth, very nearly made me wet myself.

It was a piercing screeching cry, a roar that sounded like a thousand screaming soldiers mixed in with some great war-bird crying out complimented by the rumbling roar of a great waterfall and rolling thunder. It lasted for several seconds longer than Windigo's, and it surprised even the powerful saber-tooth, but it also surprised most of all... Peter.

And the idiot showed the surprise. If he didn't show it, he could've frightened Windigo, if he just smirked smugly and recovered, he could've made the saber-tiger back down, but instead it only made Windigo launch forward and attack.

Peter gasped and dodged, dipping and rolling, slipping in between and away from a five-fingered set of hooking stiletto knives for claws that Windigo had, but this time the next surprise was for Tanya and me.

Peter flipped backward, twisted and turned in a dance, weaving past Windigo whose blows were all straight forward, quick and powerful, but they extended and retracted in a straight line. Peter hit back, but it was like baby taps against an adult, futile strikes against a rolling pile of rock and steel, and for several minutes, Peter did nothing and earned himself several long bloody gashes in response.

The warriors were cheering and goading, while Tanya, Whisper and myself watched on, frightened and nervous for Peter's life... till in an arching display of utter chance, Peter twisted, extended a leg as he kicked, and raking his foot outward with all the claws on their end, he happened to connect with Windigo's face. The blow turned the mighty warrior, and cut four deep gashes across his face, creating a splay of blood that splattered those immediately nearby, including Whisper and me, with sprays of the Pryde King's blood.

Everyone gasped as Peter reset himself and Windigo fell back, touching his face to look at the blood upon his palm. Then looking at Peter, Windigo smiled, and then lapped the blood off his palm, licking his mouth, and full of himself, full of hope, Peter goaded Windigo again.

"That was for striking Whisper!" Peter called.

Even I thought that fate was on our side and was ready to back Peter's cause in protecting Whisper and defending the honor of our family, but then Windigo moved, seeming to teleport that he moved so fast, and he struck Peter with a body blow that involved the fist and forearm striking Peter's face and chest respectfully, while the forceful rush knocked Peter back and blew all the air out of his lungs.

"I am the Lord of this region." Windigo stated while Peter tried to refill his lungs. "My authority concerning my own Pryde will not be challenged so long as I'm alive, boy. So know this, for challenging my law, for an outsider to challenge my law... I will have to break you."

And falling upon my poor brother, grabbing Peter by the throat and pressing a knee into his stomach to keep him from gaining his breath back, Windigo pulled back his meaty fist, and began to punish Peter for his insolence.

"Peter!" I screamed as Windigo struck Peter again in the ribs, punting him so hard that he twisted upward through the air and then landed in a tributary to the rushing river below.

Windigo's face was nearly healed, and Peter was a bloodied white, blue and purple bag of broken bones, cuts and gashes that was continuously trying to heal itself.

"Peter! Just stay down!" Anya cried. "It's not worth dying for!"

But after landing in the water, Peter rolled, lying face first in the cold water while Windigo stood on the bank, the saber-toothed tiger having suffered a few other minor wounds in this fight, but not enough to so much as even wind him. And then Peter began to push up from the river bed, gasping for air, before he wedged a foot beneath him, forced it to hold out of sheer will alone, and then began to rise.

"Stay down boy! You're defeated!" Windigo shouted out to anyone who could hear and passed a dismissing hand toward Peter.

"I... am not defeated, so long as I hold breath... fucker. She's worth it... worth fighting for... worth being broken for... worth dying for. Your only hope of beating me is to kill me, Windigo." He coughed, holding himself as his body cracked and crunched as it tried to heal.

And then he lifted his hands into loose representations of fists, staggered and righted himself, and Windigo approached, brushed aside Peter's one-two punches, and then slapped Peter's belly, knocking the air out of him again. Then grabbing Peter's hair, Windigo suffered Peter's claws raking long five-fingered gashes across his abdomen and chest while Windigo tried forcing Peter downward into the water again. But Peter snarled and tore his head from Windigo's grip, tearing a huge frock of hair from his head and leaving it in Windigo's hand, punched Windigo in the face twice, but then Windigo slapped Peter's chest, knocking him backward and out of breath yet again, wrestled with my brother in mid air, and then forced him face first into the water.

"Tanya! He's drowning him!" Anya screamed, and with a snap toward my sister, seeing her and Whisper clutching to each other while Whisper sobbed, I moved forward but got five stabs of silver into my body and a rap on the back of the knees for my trouble, forcing me to the ground, and I only looked up in time to see Peter stop shaking and resisting, lying there in the cold, shallow stream water.

"No..." I whispered, and Windigo rose, leaving Peter where he was as Whisper sobbed out in anguish.

"Leave his body, collect Whisper and punish his sisters for defying my word." Windigo said with utter sadness in his voice.

“But Lord Windigo.” Lee said, gripping my shoulder urgently. “They’re only women, surely we shouldn’t...”

“Don’t question me Lee!” Windigo roared, his voice echoing up and down the canyon and making all fear his power. “My word is law! Do my bidding or join them in their punishment!”

Anya was torn from Whisper by Lee, and she shrieked as Lee brought Anya to me, and we were both forced to kneel, then taking an edged wooden bludgeon from his belt, he raised it to strike Anya first. And stopped, looking at her straight in the eyes.

And in his hesitation... something marvelous happened.

Day 305 – Supplemental: *I remembered drowning. I remembered the desire to just let go... it was a tempting thing to just let go. It felt like some spiritual force was around me, an angel of death perhaps, there to pick me up and take me with him unto the after life, where I could rest in heaven and be happy and free.*

The silence of water seeping into my ear sockets deadening all sound left me with a sensation of detachment from all things, even from my own body, and as the darkness of death seeped in on the corners of my vision as I laid face-down in the water, I was left with only thought:

Whisper.

The darkness seeped in everywhere, I knew that I was dying, I knew that I'd been defeated, I was going to lose her. And I knew with utmost clarity that even the grace of heaven would be the most despicable hell without her, and so I fought back. And with a full bodied twitch, I shook myself awake, planted a hand against the river bed, and fought back even the icy grips of death...

...For her.

Day 305 – Supplemental: *Lee stood there, he stood with that wooden edged curved bat above his head, gritting his jaw as he and I stared at each other, and then with a snarl, he tossed the bat away, fell to his knees, threw his arms outward and then bowed his head.*

“I will not!” he shouted. “This is wrong, Windigo. You know this is wrong... this is too far for you to carry your damnable pride! If you want to strike and beat a person than beat me! These people have already suffered enough from your pride... you killed their brother! If you want to cause more harm, then you can...” but Lee’s voice was cut out by several people gasping, and I heard the sloshing water as bodies turned to look, and we all, Windigo included, turned to stare at Peter as he rose to his full height.

“Peter...” I breathed, but then he turned toward us and I gasped, hearing his body rapidly resetting itself and wounds closing up before he tilted his head in one direction and cracked it, and then cracked it again in the other direction.

But then even from here I saw something incredible, and I saw a white coloring flood inward toward the pupils of his eyes, turning the whole of his eyes completely white. And then in a terrible voice, that was like Peter was talking through a tin can:

“No one is getting beaten today... except for this mother fucker who thinks beating women is a just thing.”

I was overjoyed that Peter was alive, but the eye thing scared the crap out of me, and to hear his voice... like he was some demon that was born within the corpse of my brother.

Windigo had moved to pick up Lee’s club thing and had been about to beat Lee with it, but now he dropped it at his side at seeing Peter standing there, the air around him starting the shimmer and wave, but ignoring that, Windigo strode up to Peter, cocked his hand back to swing it down and then upward in a pendulum uppercut, but Peter – almost lazily – slapped the powerful arm away with a crack of sound and snapped his arm upward in a blur of motion that was so fast that all I saw was the blur of the motion. Peter’s inner ridge hand struck Windigo in the throat, and the kinetics of the motion knocked Windigo backward onto the flat of his back, but amidst falling, Peter moved swiftly after and struck Windigo in various ways with hands and feet what sounded like a dozen blows that all cracked with sound each time he struck, and to make this display even more spectacular, Peter had moved back to the edge of the water and turned around again before Windigo even hit the ground!

I blinked openly and gave a start in surprise at seeing this, and coughing heavily, Windigo began to right himself even as a growing flood of color flowed over Peter’s rosy body, changing his black stripes white and his white fur black... and the whole of his body burned as if consumed in a black fire, Peter’s very face disappearing within the black fire surrounding it.

“What sort of devil are you?!” Windigo gaped as he rose upward into a squat, but instead of answering him, Peter fell into a squatting maneuver himself and began to slink and roll about, folding and unfolding himself in constant motion, showing off his thick forearms and large paws with their gleaming claws. “Fine, if you don’t wish to answer boy, then I’ll show you what a ‘mother fucker’ like me can really do!”

And Windigo coiled himself and pounced! Another lion’s roar escaping his saber-toothed mouth, but Peter’s reaction to the pounce was that he shifted in one direction, then another, then still another, all within a matter of a second, positioned himself and punched Windigo right in the throat with a quick rap that echoed with a loud crack, a snap of sound... sound! That’s Peter’s Power! That’s how he got those electric guitar strings to strum without electricity, and Peter was moving so fast with it that it was impossible for even my eyes to keep up.

After punching Windigo which stopped that roar of his, Peter kicked Windigo upward, grabbed him by the scruff of the neck, held him upward with one hand even and punched the Feline Lord’s kidneys twice each before throwing him into the cold, cold water.

Windigo snarled and took in a breath of air to roar as he came out of the water but Peter merely raised his hand and snapped his fingers, and a crack of sound erupted from his hand and shot a bead of some sort of energy at Windigo, like a ball bearing shot from a slingshot and struck Windigo in the throat to silence that roar again. Windigo grabbed his throat and began to cough as Peter stepped into the water, but whatever was surrounding him – perhaps raw sound – was surrounding him with a kinetic barrier or something, and the flow of the water actually flowed around wherever he stepped.

Windigo saw this, and for the first time since I met him, I saw fear in his eyes. And with a series of splashes, Windigo assaulted Peter, the water he kicked up splashing against an invisible barrier surrounding Peter and sheeting off it, and for every strike that Windigo attempted, he was painfully reminded multiple times of his inevitable defeat. It looked like Peter was dancing, snapping his fingers, slapping hands against Windigo, staying low and crouched and moving in speeds that were insane to watch!

No creature, not even a cheetah moved that quickly!

Every snap of the finger sent a bead of sound rocketing into Windigo, every little touch cracked with energy and erupted in brilliant snaps of sound that could shatter bones, offloading many times the inertia that should be given with tiny blows like that, and every time Windigo met with Peter's barrier he received another crack of force in opposition till he got knocked back from even being in close proximity with Peter.

Every time that Windigo tried to roar, Peter punished him for attempting it, and when Peter resorted to his claws... That film of sound around Peter's body acted like an even sharper edge, and his shining white claws cut through even Windigo's hardened body as if Peter were slicing through water.

As a finality, there was a punch, a kick, a half dozen punches, two more kicks and then Peter hopped back, and started to snap his fingers and spinning, a multitude of heavy projectiles of compressed air struck Windigo repeatedly like the fists of some giant till Peter brought both hands together and clapped them. A loud chord that deadened all air all around us while it lasted created a blossoming explosion of sound that knocked Windigo backward and blew across everyone else like the concussion blast of some explosion!

There Windigo laid, breathing heavily as Peter scurried upward on all fours, and rolled at the very end to bring both arms down in a tom-tom motion against Windigo's chest, and I heard several ribs break from the blow before Peter grabbed both of Windigo's Saber teeth and ripped them out of his jaw.

Then he lifted them both, like curving daggers and with his eyes wide, he took a breath and tensed to plunge them down.

And then Whisper was there, standing before him, staring at him with the two curving teeth that were bleeding slightly from the reservoir of healing blood inside the teeth, Windigo looking at him, and seeing Whisper give the "No" sign by shaking her head and wiping her hands before her, Peter then looked back to Windigo, his eyes narrowed, and gathering the two teeth in one hand he drew back his hand and punched Windigo in the face with all his might, leaving a broad impact crater in the ground around Windigo's body, right as all that black body on him wafted away leaving him the way he was before.

"That, you son-of-a-bitch... is for hurting Whisper."

Windigo was a tough bastard, and within minutes he was roving around, but despite Windigo's defeat, Wind was not a person who was having the fact that some foreigner was about to take his daughter away. He came up to Whisper where she stood and grabbed her arm. She started to pull her away but she jerked her arm away and slapped him across the face. After a moment or two she raised her hand and slapped him again. This alone stunned the old shaman where he let her go, and Whisper stared furiously at her father.

The soldiers and warriors all around began looking between the two of them, and by the looks of Wind as he started using his hands to talk as well, I got the impression that they were shouting at each other.

Peter approached and converted back into that black devil thing, but Whisper turned and gestured him to stay back with one hand before turning back to her father. Peter let the flow of sound fall from him again, as Windigo rose from the ground, grabbed his teeth and fit them back into his mouth where they stayed put.

And then there was a rumbling sound, and looking up I saw approaching storm clouds, and pursing my lips, I looked to Wind and Whisper who were now surrounded in natural wind eddies, their argument growing louder and louder apparently, Whisper sobbing, and as the clouds above cracked with lightning and thunder and Wind made a grab for his daughter again, she forced her arm from his grasp, gave a high pitched screeching scream, and with a single swipe of her hand ended the conversation.

No, she didn't kill him. What she did do though surprised everyone.

With a single wash of her hand, the earth rose up, carrying her father up with it, and locked him within rolls of sand, dirt and stone that instantly solidified and held him tightly like a massive hand, and with a hiss from Whisper, she knuckled her chest, cupped one hand over the other, the palms up and surrounded her muscled belly. She then gestured at Peter with both hands, and brought her arms back and encircled her chest like she was holding something.

Immediately there was a gasp through the crowd as everyone turned to stare at Peter, and it took me a moment to see what she said, but as understanding came to me, I inhaled a slow gasp and looked at Peter as well, Anya rising promptly.

Whisper held herself tightly then, and the rock and stone collapsed back into the ground, releasing her father, who settled to the ground and stared at his daughter for a while, and then focused his eyes on Peter as well.

"W-why is everyone staring at me all of a sudden?" he asked, feeling very uncomfortable now that he was the focus of everyone's gaze.

Windigo started laughing as he rolled to his feet, shaking his head. "You mean you don't know?" Windigo began to laugh louder, his laughter rising into a guffaw.

"Shaddap! What the hell did she say?!" he asked, and Whisper blinked, and suddenly looked very hurt as she faced Peter. She pointed at him, made the no gesture and then tapped her fore head and shrugged in a questioning manner.

'You don't know?'

"Know what. What did you say?!" he gaped, and a hundred heads moved from Whisper back to Peter, and I saw more than one furious look in his direction.

"You idiot!" Anya gaped. "How can you not tell?!" Anya gaped.

"Can someone fill me in?!" Peter roared, and Anya stepped up to him and repeated the gestures that Anya did with translations.

"I'm!" and she knuckled her chest. "Carrying!" And she wrapped her belly with both arms like Whisper had. "His!" and she gestured at Peter with both hands. "Baby!" and she repeated the final gesture, which was like a mother, cradling a suckling child to her breast and protecting its head with her free hand." Peter's eyes went as wide as dinner platters, and Windigo collapsed back to the ground in his laughter. "Must take a woman to understand those gestures. What did you think? That she was sick? She had a stomach ache? She wanted sex?!"

“Peter, that girl is pregnant with your child!”

Day 305 – Supplemental: *Nothing could really strike me so deeply to the core than hearing that.*

“Peter, that girl is pregnant with your child!” Anya had said.

Something happens within the mind of a man when he learns that the woman he was screwing wasn't pregnant one moment and then suddenly is pregnant the next. That's what it feels like anyways, that someone you know is carrying a life inside her, and that life was a part of you. The sensation that happens inside of the mind of a man of any age is that all thought stops in utter surprise of what you've just heard, and you have to stop thinking of this person as a girl or a maiden and now think of her as a woman who would now become a mother... and more importantly the mother of your child!

There were two sides of the coin of this sort of knowledge. The first was wanted – that you and she were married, and you've been trying to start a family, and finally! It happened! – And the other was an unwanted pregnancy, the sort that young men like me were taught in high-school health class about reproduction to fear and guard against till we were old enough to deal with it.

For me, it was the edge of the coin...

I... I definitely loved her, absolutely loved her. I guess we were married of a sort, mated was more like it, but... she and I didn't ever discuss babies. I mean I was only sixteen! I wasn't ready to be a father yet. Or was I? How should I think about this? What should I do?

I looked around for guidance, for anyone to tell me what to do, and so eventually I just let the rest of me decide, and soon I was traversing across the way to stand before her, and she stared at me with a look that hurt me. It was one part desperation one part anger. And when I was near, she pointed at me, made the no gesture, touched her head and then palmed her belly, stepping in close and daring me with her eyes to say no.

‘You... didn't... know... I was pregnant?’

But telling the truth was a terrible habit of mine.

“No.” I said, and she began to blink tears back.

She touched her chest and then her lips, pointed at me, touched her chest again and lifted one hand and wiggled her fingers like a fire. It was the same sign she showed me just before we made love for the first time, and given this situation I suddenly understood what she'd meant by it, and I stepped forward and held that hand in place with both of mine.

“This sign. This one. I misunderstood it. I thought you were telling me you were on fire, that you were hot... not in heat. I misunderstood.”

She jerked her hand from mine and took a step back, blinking away more tears before she straightened. She was trembling, and when I stepped forward to hold her she stepped back and held out a hand.

She shrugged, pointed at me, touched her head, palmed her chest, made that fire sign by wiggling her fingers, then she shrugged her shoulders again, pointed at me and paused then paused for a moment and clasped her hands together and shook them.

‘If... you... knew... that I... were in heat... would... you ...’ Would I what, and I held up the same gesture.

“What does this mean?”

“She means sex! You dolt!” some random person in the crowd hollered out, and there were many angry voices that echoed it out, and turning to them I roared out.

"Be quiet!" I shouted, my voice being amplified by these new powers I somehow had, and their calls were all drowned out. "This is between her and me! Now shut up!" Then I turned to Whisper and licked my lips. "I...might've given it a second thought... maybe a third." I looked her in the face, and then moving quickly forward I took her hands in mine. "Whisper, I'm happy that you're pregnant though." She looked me in the face and bit her lower lip to keep it from trembling. "I come from a culture that frowns upon young teens like you and I having babies, but it still happens. I'm still glad, still happy that I met you... that I fell in love with you. Though I might not've stuck you right away, maybe after knowing you for awhile... yes... yes I would've made love to you knowing that you were in heat."

She pulled her hands away, paused, and then waved her hands before her quickly in the no gesture, shrugged her shoulders, touched my chest and then she made an odd gesture. She made a fist with the thumb sticking out, placed it over her loins and then turned her fist like an erecting penis.

"Ah..." I looked at the gesture and then to her.

"Not because you were in a rut!" the same voice called from the crowd.

"Thank you!" I shot angrily over my shoulder and turned back to her. "I was really, really horny. I didn't think it was possible to have a woody for a solid week and not damage something, I so wanted to erupt inside a pussy and I was masturbating every day three times a day for that past week to get rid of it, and I'll admit, I really, really wanted to make love to you. Not sex, like those eighteen other Lycan girls..."

"Hey!" a couple of fems called from the crowd, maybe three, and I ignored them.

"...No, I wanted to make love to you. I wanted to pleasure you. You were so beautiful, so lovely... I... fell in love with your song before I even saw you. It was so beautiful, and then when I looked upon you... I knew I wanted no one else. Those other girls were skanks..."

"What?" those feminine voices called again.

"...In comparison to you in my eyes. I knew pain before meeting you, a pain that twelve older, sexually powerful, erotic and mature fems couldn't extinguish..." and I paused, looking for the voices to call out again, but they didn't. "...And you made that pain go away. You cleared my head, you made me warm after being cold for so long, you made my mind clear enough where I could ignore a raging hard on and all those desires, and when I filled you with my seed..."

"Gross."

I rolled my eyes before continuing, and they called me childish. "I was preparing myself to stay with you till the rest of my days. Start a family, marry you... whatever you wanted. And when I was pulled from you and we were forced to go our separate ways, I knew an anguish that dwarfed what I felt upon losing my family, leaving my previous life, suddenly being the youngest instead of an only child... having to forget about all my dreams, everything.

"I contemplated killing myself if I couldn't have you, and then you were there again, and it all went away.

"Forget what could've been, what may've been given some stupid happenstance, do not dwell on the what-ifs or have-nots, what is important is here, now, me, you... forget all of them," and I swept my arm across the gathered crowd.

"Hey!"

"...and there is only you, me... and our baby."

And Whisper smiled, and lifting both hands she briefly shook them beside each other, the palms facing each other before she held up two fingers.

I stared at the gesture, and then at her, and she rolled her eyes, and then held up two fingers again, though this time one on each hand, and then palmed one side of her belly with one hand, and then the other side of her belly with the other.

“T-twins?!” I gaped as I finally got it, and she grinned and nodded, and before I knew it I was embracing her tightly and laughing.

When I was done being joyous, she touched me and then pushed the corners of her mouth up with the tips of her index fingers.

“Of course I’m happy. Whisper I love you, I want to be with you, and nothing would make me happier than to be the father of your children.”

“‘Cubs’ ... the term is ‘cubs.’” A voice said, and I turned, and then immediately let go of Whisper and put her behind me, flinging both arms out to protect her upon seeing Windigo no more than a few feet away from us. “Don’t worry, Peter of Pryde Asimov, I will not try to take Whisper from you any longer, but there is nonetheless something we still must discuss.”

Whisper was sent away by Windigo, and my brother and the towering Windigo went to go walk with each other, the pair of them stopping within the river while they talked with one another.

But then Whisper was coming to me, clutching to me while Anya was finally let go to join the two of us.

“What’s going on?” Anya asked immediately.

“I’m not sure what I should be worried about more, the fact that they were fighting or the fact that they are now talking.” I stated and then turning to Whisper smiled at her. “So that’s what you were trying to tell me. The gesture was that you weren’t sick, you had morning sickness.” Whisper managed to smile vaguely back at me and nodded before she hugged my middle, laid her head against my tit and then turned to watch Peter with Windigo.

Wondering what was going on, I turned my head toward them, pivoting an ear toward them. In my hybrid form, if I tilted an ear just so, I could catch a sound more than a mile away, but Windigo turned his head slightly toward me, noticing the movements I was making to overhear them, and he lifted a hand with the fingers pinched together.

“The arrogance... a female pushes a male out of her private conversations with other females, so when two males are having a private conversation you expect to have the right to just listen in. You shouldn’t be surprised then when they close the door on you.” And he made a slicing motion with his hand and all sound between me and them was deadened where I couldn’t hear.

Damn it.

Peter was making gestures, like what he was hearing was ridiculous, and Whisper was watching their conversation raptly. I got the presence of mind that she could read lips. I watched the two argue, hoped that some of that programming in me would come about and allow me to suddenly read lips too, but there was no such thing happening.

With a sigh I simply held Whisper while her mate spoke with her chief, till there was a high-pitched whistle that drove everyone’s attentions and an arrow was shot into the shore of the stream Windigo and Peter were standing within.

Windigo strode to the arrow, waving his hand before him and the air suddenly allowed sound to pass through it again, and picking up the arrow, he looked up at a Lycan that was up in a tree. That cat pointed at his eyes and then pointed in a direction with the whole of his hands. He then made a sign of walking legs and counted out Twenty-Five by holding up his hand five times then pointed at his eyes again, showed the direction, made a fist and pushed it away from him, and then held up two fingers. Finally he pointed at his eyes, indicated a direction, made a large arch with his hand over his head, and held up a finger.

“Twenty-Five soldiers, two tanks, one heavy mover.” I said aloud and Anya and Whisper both stared at me.

“How did you know tha-” Anya began but then blinked. “Oh wait... the programming thing. But why did you know that? Unless...”

“Military hand signals.” I finished for her and moved up to Windigo as he watched the Lycan up in the trees make several more hand signs, and Windigo clenched his jaw and then his fist, snapping the arrow in his hand from the force of it. “What is it?”

“Disrespectful humans bowling through the forest without any shame for its destruction. Soldiers, tanks, and a large machine, the likes of which we’ve never seen before. Like an eighteen wheeler only with treads.”

“Can you ask him what the soldiers look like?” I asked, not knowing anything more complicated than basic hand signals detailing what was coming.”

Windigo made several quick gestures, and the one up in the tree made several more. “Soldiers, wearing armor other than flack vests and helmets. They are encased in machines that they wear like suits. So much metal they could be heard from more than a mile away.”

“The Alexandros Foundation... but... how did they track us?” I thought out loud, but Windigo turned his head slowly to face me.

“They chase you?” he asked and I nodded. “They are damaging the forests in a protected region because they chase you?”

I felt a spot between my shoulders, right on that massive muscle hump, tingling as I grinned sheepishly and shrugged both shoulders in an attempt to rid myself of the discomfort.

“Yes.” I said slowly. “Originally they were only after me, I can explain everything, but they also discovered about Anya and Peter, and now that they know about them, they’ll also be after Whisper.”

Windigo stared at me passively, his face completely blank.

“This must be handled quickly, but after this, you will tell us why...”

And turning, he lifted his hand and gestured and his hundred warriors soon fell into place.

Day 305 – Supplemental: *I had volunteered for this. Sister had made some points that I thought were wise, and that was that their soldiers and machines would undoubtedly have some sort of surveillance measures in place recording everything.*

And since they knew of Tanya, Peter and me, that's all we were going to give them.

Changing to my human form and waiting by a still pool atop a rock, I started combing my long hair while waiting for them to come. And come they did. A platoon of soldiers approached, followed by two tanks flanking some sort of mobile carrier. I paused from brushing my hair beside the pool of water, looking like a victim as whole trees were pushed over by the advancing machines, and the soldiers entered the large stone area with the water pouring through it, and they all paused at the sight of a naked woman sitting there.

As was planned, I rose, letting them see everything that I had as a woman – the large breasts, the wide hips and the voluminous pubic mound – and as they approached me, I held my ground.

“You there! What's your name?!”

“Depends on who's asking.” I smiled and tilted my body in such a way to accent my nude body. “I could be called Aphrodite for all you know. Does a willing girl really need to have a name?” and I slid both hands over my sensual body, cupping breasts, sliding fingers over tight tummy muscles, over either hip, and finally cupping the tight little twat between either thigh. This last maneuver pressed both breasts together between either bicep, as I arched myself sensually and wobbled a little, which likewise caused both breasts to wobble enticingly.

I cannot tell you how difficult this was for me to do. Consensual sex was one thing, rape was another, and this was somewhere in between.

“There's enough of me for all of you; either one at a time or several all at once. All you need to do is name your sexual preference. Vaginal, anal, oral... other?” and I giggled at them and shook both shoulders, which wobbled those firm breasts of mine again.

I have to admit, pleasuring so many men was both a blessing and a curse. I wanted sex, yeah, but one at a time and on my terms. Not a whole freaking platoon of mercs!

“Ah... captain...” someone said, and I smiled as I saw Tanya appear above everyone atop a cliff in her Red mode and point her hands at the people below. She was to disrupt their communications for both radio and microwave. I had no idea how she did that, but she was able to cause them interference as they entered this enclosed ravine, and as soon as they were fully within it, she was disrupting their communications completely.

With luck, those inside the carrier would assume the interference was because of the rocks around them.

“Hold your ground. Any of you thinking of sticking this bitch with your dicks can forget it. This is target number two, so stop playing little kitty!” Their officer growled and trained his weapon on me. “Hands up.”

I gave off a fake pout and adjusted my stance again before folding both arms behind my head, which hefted both breasts and made them wobble heavily yet again. I wasn't as smart as Peter was, or even Tanya, but I knew sexy, and I knew that a nice pair of breasts wobbling freely before a man's eyes was the greatest hypnotic device in the world. The only exceptions were if that man were nearly dead, or completely gay.

Right now I was contemplating one of the two things in regards to their Captain. Maybe we should've had Peter out here too...

“I give up. Don't hurt me... much.” I smiled, right as several very large Lycan warriors rushed in from behind the tanks, staying low out of the view of the windows and peep holes and cameras.

And two of the armored humans approached me with guns drawn, reaching out for my wrists even as the two warrior cats rushed in, took the two soldiers in the back and rushed off with them. The two men they took didn't even get a chance to struggle as the warriors slowly turned their heads to a point where their necks were broken. Tanya insisted that they needed to be killed. They were mercenaries mostly, but the cost of their training needed to be accounted for, so that whoever these people were who were following us, that when they looked at their ledgers and bank accounts, they saw what it would cost to follow us.

The two soldiers who had me were now moving my arms to my back and applying a zip tie to keep both hands shut.

"Wait... you're being far too complacent." Their officer said. "What are you up to? Where are your brother and sister?"

"Who?" I asked innocently and batted my eyes, even as two more soldiers were picked off while their backs were turned.

"Your family you little bitch! Where are your siblings?! Your sister! Your brother!"

"You must have me mistaken me with someone else. I'm just a poor little girl who likes to swim in the nude in the forest. I just love nature, don't you? I think that I should live harmoniously with one's natural environments and not anger the spirits who watch over it."

Another cat came rushing on by and collected a soldier and then ran into the bushes, causing a jostling which made the captain turn around, and it was then that he noticed that half his team was missing already.

"Murphy? Johnson? Caleb?!" He shouted out, but no one answered. He tried his radio, but only got static that snapped him in the ear and he gave off a curse. "You... bitch!" the captain yelled, and walked up to me and back handed me with a metal gauntlet. I cried out and spasmed from the blow, and looking back at him as the wound healed, I smiled at him.

"You're going to pay for that..." I smirked at him, and he grabbed my face as he watched the wound heal far faster than any human could heal.

"You are subject number two." He growled, and approached a soldier with some rifle looking thing and he took it from the hands of that soldier and turned to face me with it aimed at my chest. "Understand that your sister is the only important one to keep alive. You and your brother... are expendable."

And he pulled the trigger.

I screamed as I saw a beam of hot light, a laser beam, pulse from the rifle and zap Anya for a full second as she shivered and fell to the ground, and turning to look at me the captain began to utter orders as I immediately lost control of any semblance of calm repose and surged down the cliff on all fours. It was a sheer cliff, but I was running down it, even while the soldiers started firing at me, their bullets peppering the rock walls as a couple rocket propelled grenades lanced toward me and detonated against the wall. But as I was running down the wall, I was changing, shifting from Red Mode to Green mode, turning into a hulking goliath of muscle and mammary covered in fur, my heart throbbing rapidly in my anger.

The orgasmic eruptions of muscle exploded around me as I finally stopped running and simply hefted an arm back to punch the ground, my fist glowing a bright green briefly before I hammered at the ground and created an earthquake that shook the soldiers briefly.

The tanks however continued turning their turrets, and once they trained on me, both fired simultaneously.

The kinetic force of two tank shells knocked me backward and wounded me with a spray of blood that was acidic to the earth, hissing and sizzling against the ground while my body rocked into cliff side, causing a small avalanche while all my breasts rippled briefly. I was so laden with muscle that my breasts were knotted bulges here and there, and so they couldn't wobble or even bounce, they merely rippled.

With a snarl I pulled myself from the cliff side while I heard the clanking and groaning of the tanks reloading new shells, and unlike the Russian tanks I encountered before, these were M-One-A-Two Abrams, arguably the heaviest, most advanced tank in the world.

Looking down at my chest, I saw one of the shells they'd shot at me, I actually had to dig it out of me, and found it to be a silver-coated sabot round designed to punch through other tank armor. Snarling at them, as I threw the tank shell away and pulled the other one out, the wounds starting to heal, I rushed toward them instead of leapt, knowing that leaping made me a target long enough for them to fire at me. I kept moving, knowing that that was the only weakness of a tank, fast mobile targets, and in a dozen or so short leaps for me, I covered the length of two football fields and caught the tank right as it fired over my shoulder to imbed its anti-vehicular round through two trees and create more of a rock slide in the cliff face.

Despite that the Abram was well over a forty ton tank, I was able to lift it upward and hold it aloft one-handed.

The tank driver began spinning its rock-gripping treads, and the upper part of my body was shredded from shoulders to the tops of either tit from the tank treads, but then I turned, twisted and threw the tank against the massive troop transport, right as it placed its anchor pads in the ground. The tank dented the armored side of the machine, but it didn't tip over. What did happen though was that the second tank continued turning its turret at me and opened fire with its automated fifty caliber, peppering me with a dozen or so more rounds while the other soldiers shot at me with more rounds; forty-five and fifty caliber, three-five-seven rounds and twenty-two rounds.

And then there was that rifle that shot a beam of light, and I screamed as it scored a slash against my body that burned like that damnable soldering iron did when I removed the barcodes from my body.

The tank fired its main gun but I dodged it, skipped sideways and punched it along side of its reactive armor. The armor detonated, but I barely even singed my pinkie. What the blow of my arm did, though, was it broke the seal on the turret, right before I stepped sideways and ripped the tank barrel out.

Taking several deep breaths as the green fur on my body oozed blood; I realized that I'd been shot repeatedly by silver bullets.

But roaring at the tank, and hefting the gun barrel like a club, I began to beat on the machine relentlessly, busting its tread, detonating more of its reactive armor before even beating the tank so it turned precariously on its side like a coin balancing on its edge.

Then turning to look at the soldiers who were rapidly trying to reload their weapons, I began advancing on them, dragging the now bent gun barrel along the ground to create sparks when the captain suddenly moved to the soldier with the laser rifle, and then turned it on Anya.

"She's still alive!" he shouted. "She's still alive but you take one more step toward us, and I swear to God I'll kill her right before your eyes."

Despite that it was hard for me to think in my present state... controlling all that muscle kinda made me stupid, I understood that, and so I stopped before him.

"Drop the weapon." He called, and when I hesitated, he moved to Anya, dragging the soldier that was attached to the weapon with him and wedged the barrel of the weapon right between Anya's voluptuous breasts. "I said drop it! Or she dies!"

I hesitated a moment longer and then tossed the club aside.

“Now shrink down number Twenty-Three. Or else we’ll...”

But he didn’t finish saying what he meant to say. Anya simply lifted her foot and pushed it down on the hand holding the trigger, and she spasmed as a full pulse of laser weapon erupted into her, and I screamed as the Captain tried to rid himself of the motion, but whatever he did he was met with her spasming foot, or a soldier in his way, and for a full five seconds the beam bathed Anya as she shuddered before the Captain managed to shut the beam off and then turn to me.

I was sobbing seeing Anya lying there, her eyes rolled up into her head as her perfect breasts sparked red with what looked like charred blood.

A seething anger the likes of which I’d never felt before welled up inside me, and with a cry of utter most terror and anger, frothing at the mouth even while my body surged and blossomed with strength with such anger, I attacked them.

Day 305 – Supplemental: *I heard them. I heard them when no one else did. We'd just watched Anya sacrifice herself, shooting a full charge of that deadly weapon right into her chest to keep Tanya from giving up, and Whisper was covering her mouth while I broke out into tears myself when I heard the sound of rotor blades striking the air. Looking up, I saw one of those Osprey helicopters that our marines rode in on their way to war, and the appearance of such a craft meant that there were reinforcements on the way. They must've signaled them the moment that Tanya dropped her disruption of their communications.*

"Whisper... I want you to stay here with your father." I said as I rose, and I felt her hands grip my wrist and hold me fast, and looking down at her she shook her head rapidly. "I need to. This is family. Family is everything." And I squatted and kissed her forehead. "But if I don't get down there, then I might lose another sister..."

And I waited for her to let go, and after a moment she did but she gripped my head and hugged it before kissing my lips.

"I'll come back! I promise..."

And stepping away from her, I assumed that strange flow of sound I felt before in my fight with Windigo. Calling upon it was different than when I pulled it instinctively, and it was difficult at first, but the memory of a thing allowed me to do a thing, and so leaping off my vantage point and running down the cliff on all fours, I got to the bottom and began running toward the battle zone.

I got to Tanya even as she was being fired upon by an automated turret on that huge troop carrier thing, she being forced to the ground, and skipping up the side of the carrier, I snapped my fingers and with a pop the sight console burst open, and then reaching downward to the gun, ignoring the searing heat on my fingers, I yanked the thing out and threw it away before hopping down and placing myself in front of my sister.

Where the hell were those warriors?! I thought to myself, and looking up I saw that Osprey approaching.

And then there was a bang, and turning I saw the first bullet flying toward me and my sister, moving rather fast but I could nonetheless discern its movement. And so I turned and swatted the bullet out of the way, getting myself a sting for my troubles, but then another came at me and another, and skipping forward I knocked those out of the way, but the more that were firing the more that those bullets flew toward me. One right after the next, till I couldn't keep track of them all. Some got through and imbedded themselves into Tanya's hulking green mass, but then another got threw and nicked me in the shoulder, and I felt the burning of nerve endings being torn and burned off as the bullet sliced through skin. The sound of the bullet sent a violent pulse into the aura surrounding me, giving me a brief speed boost, and I was able to deflect several more, but then another nicked my forehead, and I only narrowly escaped death by rolling my head with the bullet and letting it scrape me across the brow.

And then I looked back, right as one bullet began to press against my chest. Though they were moving slow for me, the kinetic energy was still the same, and as the bullet pushed into me, the spinning head pushed the sound out of the way and the bullet wobbled slightly, cut into me, and suddenly time reverted itself and I was spun around and collapsed to the ground as the bullet pelted right through me from chest to back and escaped my body on the other side.

I screamed that loud piercing cry as I collapsed to the ground, breathing heavily from the sheering burning feeling of the wound that wasn't healing like it was supposed to, and in a rush there was metal-shod foot falls against stone, and looking up I saw several soldiers pointing their weapons at Tanya and me.

Above us, there were several more bodies, a whole other platoon of soldiers deploying on repelling lines, and then there was a boot on my head, and the black aura of sound around me made the metal of that foot vibrate violently as I heard the sound of a bullet being loaded into the chamber.

“The brother and the sister are to be used for autopsy. Twenty-Three is the only prize we need. So number Twenty-Three, just for pissing me off, you’re going to watch as I put a bullet through this one’s brain.”

And all I heard was a click, the sound of a finger pulling on the trigger, and a loud bang.

I’d started to writhe, tried to reach Peter before the Captain pulled the trigger, and then I cried out as I heard the bang, but what I didn’t realize at first was that there was a pulse of red and white light, and with a gasp I looked up at the result of this act, and saw the captain had convulsed suddenly right as he was pulling the trigger and the shot went wild. He nonetheless looked down at a gaping hole in his chest, the hole made up of molten metal and charred flesh that went straight through him, and with a shudder he fell backward and then collapsed to the ground dead as a doornail.

And then I turned and saw Anya standing there in her hybrid form, holding the soldier with the laser rifle in the crook of one superbly muscled arm. But she looked like a crystal again, see through with flowing blue hair and fur with white stripes, but what was different was that she had a churning ball of violent white light in her chest, and lifting her hand to the helicopter, she pointed with index and ring fingers, and a pulse of red-white light lanced from that ball in her chest, to her arm, lighting up her hand from fingertips to wrist, and a pulse of red-white light lanced from her and struck one of the rotor blades of the Osprey helicopter floating above us. The helicopter started to list immediately and the soldiers repelling from it on their lines rapidly tried to disengage, some simply dropped and crashed into the ground, but the rest tilted sideways with the Osprey even as it bowled right into the cliff face lining the rapids of the river.

The soldiers with the guns stared at her, gaping in awe as she looked down at the struggling specialist in her arms, and tightening her arm, popped all the vertebrae in his neck and killed him instantly. She took the rifle that she’d held and aimed it at herself before pulling the trigger, and a beam of hot laser pulsed into her body, feeding that roiling ball of light inside her so that it grew and grew till it filled her. But once the light filled her and she kept firing, the light instead made her body thicken and grow rapidly, muscles and breasts billowing, height increasing as she drained the energy pack of all its power in firing that weapon before she crushed the gun and idly tossed it to the ground.

The soldiers over Peter and me turned and aimed their weapons at her, but she idly lifted both hands, and pointing those same two fingers of either hand, she traced them rapidly over our heads across the soldiers and after a tenuous moment they simply, and quite literally, fell to pieces.

And then she looked to the transport, even as weapons began to deploy from its sides and top, and the people inside that were nothing more than shadows were rapidly moving about. They deployed some sort of cannon atop two separate turrets, and focusing on her they fired twin streams of laser energy at her, to which she threw her arms out and took it all. The roiling mass of light that was inside her kept building and amassing, and she began to tremble as if laughing, though her face was faceless save for the eyes that glowed blue. She seemed to be screaming in ecstasy as she thrashed her head, her mane growing longer, a brilliant blue with the strands looking like individual fiber optic wires, her frame growing thicker, more muscular looking, the blue fur growing forward while her naked and bare chest, belly and thighs – save for a patch of fur about her loins – roiled red with the light. Her billowing biceps likewise roiled with that red light, as did the palms of her hands and the slit of her womanhood, till she became a lean-looking yet powerful fem with enormous breasts and a flailing tail.

The beam cannons halted their relentless firing, their operators apparently deeming that she’d had enough. Anya lowered her gaze, and after a brief pause she whipped her hands back and forth and beams of light cut through its antennae and weaponry, with missile racks detonating even as they unfolded, and guns falling apart as they tried to pre-spin to shoot at her.

She stood, looking at her handiwork for a moment, and then, just like I knew she could, she suddenly vanished, winked out of sight as if she never was, but then she appeared a fraction of a second later beside the door of the trundling machine.

Wait, did she just teleport? I asked myself, blinking in surprise, and Peter and I both looked at each other and then back at her. Then lifting her hand, her fingernail extended into a stiletto like claw, and inserting it into the metal of the door, she slowly began to cut through the hardened armored plate. There was the sound of creaking wood, and lifting my wounded self enough to see it, I saw the still falling timber that was falling from their trunks more than a quarter mile away that she'd cut with her powers.

But then there was a snap and Anya appeared with two technicians in uniform before she disappeared and reappeared with another and reappeared with yet another, moving so fast that for a second there she appeared to be doubled before both images of her disappeared and a definite officer was dropped on the ground with the others.

The man she turned over onto his back, and he tried drawing a knife, but Anya merely lifted a finger, pointed, and a minute zap of light connected her finger with the man's head, and he shivered and fell limp.

Then she walked to the next, a technician, flipped the man over with a foot and planted that person in one place, and pointing a finger, there was a bright glow on the tip of her fingernail as she held it there for a few moments and then lowered her finger and removed her foot, leaving the man to ball himself up and whimper in fear.

But the wounded soldiers, she went and killed them one at a time.

I shifted to White Mode, leaving a green streak of hair hanging over my brows and forcing myself to my feet despite all the wounds that were in me from silver bullets, I staggered around and watched as Anya, sweet Anya executed six more soldiers. When the last one was dead I walked over to the technicians as Peter followed, dropping his sound powers as I found one of the soldiers and retrieved his tactical radio and pointed the camera at myself.

"How much is this worth?" I asked the camera that I knew was still transmitting. "How much are you willing to lose in the pursuit of me and my family?" and I started to pan the camera over all the dead and all the destroyed hardware, and even focused the camera upon the osprey high above that had crashed against the cliffs before pointing the camera at my face again. "Ask yourselves a question... am I worth this?" and I crushed the harness in my fist, and with a brief explosion of chain lightning onto all the bodies, fried their hardware, before turning toward the mobile transport and sent a few balls of lightning into its interior.

The electronics inside exploded nicely.

Then I turned and faced the four technicians that Anya had pulled out of the transport but decided not to kill.

"I'll spare your lives today, lady and gentlemen... but whether or not you stay alive is whether or not you look back. So run, you curs... run away, and never look back."

Windigo and his warriors returned after breaking the tack radios of the soldiers they killed, and placed their bodies all on a pile.

"Where did all of you go?" I said angrily and folded both arms beneath my primary and secondary breasts.

"We were regrouping after dealing with the second armored group that was approaching from the southeast." He said tersely in return, and I blinked as they brought in more bodies than there should've been between two platoons. "And cleaning up your messes." And he gestured toward the helicopter crash as a warrior clinging to a wall removed an unconscious and seriously wounded pilot and broke his neck before dropping him to the ground."

“W-were you seen?” I asked quickly.

“We are never seen.” He said quietly, and then turned to look at my sister as she stood quite imposingly, breathing heavily and caressing herself to take pleasure in the sizes of her breasts and muscles wrapping her new light form.

She looked like a brilliant display of crystal covered in blue fiber optics, the ends of which shone glimmering white that made her sparkle. Her stripes were black; her flesh was clear and roiled with the brilliant power of red light. The ability to shoot beams of energy from her body that could sear a person in half was a remarkable thing or cut a tree in two nearly a mile away was a remarkable power. The ability to teleport was another, which gave her a gift that neither Peter or myself had yet to duplicate. But then Peter had a power that neither Anya or myself had yet to duplicate.

And then just like that her form melted away and her musculature deflated subtly, leaving flesh and fur to which she gave off a sordid moan and palmed the fronts of her breasts immediately as they started to spontaneously leak their milk.

Striding over to her, I palmed her shoulders from behind and heard her purring loudly.

“What’s wrong?” I asked.

“What’s right? Oh! I feel so horny right now. Ngh! All that energy, all that power, I can feel it roiling inside me, burning me and giving me power! Oh God!” she cried and arched erotically before she lifted both arms and flexed them, showing off definite biceps that swelled and flared. “Is this how you feel all the time?!”

“Anya... do you realize that you killed people?” I asked her, and she turned and embraced me, my primaries fitting over her shoulders and framing her face before she looked up at me.

“Yes.” She said simply and began rubbing herself against me. “They hurt me, hurt you, hurt Peter... they hurt everyone else. Though it feels great now, being shot in the heart by a beam of super-heated light hurt, a lot.” And I felt tears, tears that shone oddly blue that she rubbed against my chest fur. “It was a terrible feeling, dying.”

“You get used to it.” I told her and embraced her back, feeling her milk leaking from her wetting my navel. “Especially the calming feeling you get after you realize that you’re about to die. You learn to enjoy that feeling, and ignoring the sensation of disappointment when you realize that you’re coming back. But most importantly, how are you feeling now?” I asked and pushed her away so that I could look at her face.

“Me?! What about you?! You got like, a million bullet holes in you.”

“That can be dealt with. But how are you?”

“I feel warm. Energized... and of course, quite horny. Is this how it feels when you gain sudden power?” she asked, and then flexed both her arms, looking at the enormously growing mounds of her biceps before she moaned, and immediately pressed her thighs together, arched her body to hide the ejaculate that suddenly escaped her loins, and she hugged herself tightly as she spontaneously lactated from a dozen separate nipples. “Ohh...”

“Should we keep you from the males?” I smirked and chuckled but then winced from the feeling of the bullets still in me.

“If you did need to then you’d be fighting them off now. Just give me a bit with Lee or some other hulking male and I’ll be fine. And for now... you need to get those bullets out of you...”

Day 305 – Supplemental: *We moved several miles up the river, away from the wreckage and such. U.S. and possibly Canadian Forest Rangers would detect the crash and the wreckage without being notified, they would send rescue crews and they would find the battle scene long before anyone from the Alexandros Foundation could arrive. Because it was a military grade force moving through a protected forest preserve that spanned across two nations, it would bring them international speculation if everything happened in our favor. But to help matters along, Windigo sent a couple of his runners in either direction to notify authorities on either side of the border.*

The best way to bring their attentions away from us was to make them too busy dealing with the anger of two separate nations. It would allow us to travel unhindered for a good long distance before they had a chance to catch up with us again.

I focused almost entirely upon the burning in my chest and the wounds on my body that refused to heal, but when we finally rested near to the sight of our camp, I discovered that Whisper, as the daughter of a shaman, had certain natural powers that aided us right then and there in the means that she helped our bodies to heal and to expel bullets that they normally couldn't. Her father worked on Tanya first, his powers remarkably greater than hers, but even after Whisper managed to get the one bullet I had out of me and heal my wounds, she and her father both spent more than an hour removing a good hundred and nine bullets from Tanya's body, all of which made more than a pound each of lead and silver.

The Lycans under Windigo gladly took those to line their weapons.

There was a problem with silver and Lycan's, any sort of Lycan... it was a thing that all breeds – I didn't know there were more than just cats and wolves till they mentioned it – share equally. It burned us, the small concentration of silver that the bullets had that only lined the lead made it so that it didn't burn as much as if it were fully silver. Tanya talked about this huge elephant shell-like slug that she had in her made of pure silver. It was enough that made the other grown Lycan with us at the moment wince at the sound of her telling about it.

I bet it burned like a mo-fo...

But in regards to that burning, which was more intense when the silver mixed with our blood, though Wind's powers were enough to heal my sister without injuries to himself, Whisper suffered light burns on her hands that required her to bandage them up with gauze for a short while. I approached her after she'd cared for her own wounds, standing before her till she looked up at me.

I felt genuine affection for her. It wasn't like that lust I felt for Michelle or all those other fems, where the only thought that was ever in my mind was to simply stick my penis in a fem for as long as I could before cumming. This was affection, and I felt it deeply as I looked upon the mother of our children despite that she and I were barely more than children ourselves.

Lifting her head to me as I stood there, her wide lips slowly spread into a broad smile, and squatting, planting both hands upon her knees, I urged her to spread them open before I knelt before her, sitting on my heels and pressing my head against her tummy, rubbing the furry muscles that were swollen outward ever so slightly.

Whisper lifted one clawed hand and began to comb my hair before I laid kisses on her stomach, but then my sensitive ears heard a pair of footsteps, and when Whisper gasped I turned suddenly and saw her father Wind standing before me with his arms folded into the deeply-flowing tresses of his leather and linen robes.

I rose immediately and stood before Whisper, balling my fists.

'Is it right for a child to stand between a father and his daughter?' he spoke in that strange way of not moving his lips, speaking into the mind instead of into the air.

"Is it right for a father to take the daughter from her lover, when he is the one she has chosen? Why is it that she has to be pregnant for you and Windigo to let her choose her way?"

"Because of how important she is to us." Wind said and took a step forward but I backed up and spread my arms to either side of her to block his way.

"Windigo told me the deal. Windigo told me, without any thought of anything or anyone else, that should his heirs not garner the fang that she'll be summoned, and she'll come to lead your people." Whisper rose and pressed against my back, biting her lower lip as she looked to her father. "Well I'll tell you right now, if she doesn't want to come, then she doesn't have to."

"See here boy... you..."

"SHUT UP!" I hollered, and the sound of my voice in my distress was amplified by these new powers, and trees all around us shook and a cone of pebbles and rocks rolled out of the way in front of me. "Boy, child, and immature I may be, but I am also 'Father' and 'Husband!' My mate, our children, and I love her enough to respect her enough to give her, her own will. If she doesn't want to, she doesn't have to and that's final!"

Another cone of pebbles, dust and stone rolled toward Wind as he brought his hands up to protect himself from the blast while that last shout invariably brought everyone. Warriors, my sisters, Anya hand-in-hand with Lee and both naked, Windigo...

"I don't know what your culture is like, how much worth a woman is in your eyes beyond the capability of being a breeding vector, but in this house, she has her own will, she has her own life, and don't you try to tell me otherwise!" I growled at Wind and approached him to place my face in his while wiggling that finger.

"That's right." Tanya said just then, and stepped beside Whisper and pulled my mate into her warm fur. "Our house respects both genders. I see a woeful display of how you all treat females in Lycan society, and in this house, she is every bit as much of a princess as Anya or me."

I nodded and faced Wind again. "Oh, and one more thing...I know my lover's body, and don't you dare think I didn't feel the faded scars on her body. Rocks, Sticks, teeth and claws, what's up with that? Turn a blind eye on her when she's being picked on and beaten, but when you really need her you think to force her into such a position?"

Wind was quiet.

"Tradition be damned!"

"Are you done with your tantrum?"

"It's an argument! You only call it a tantrum because I'm younger than you, you stuck up prick. Stop calling me a child. By all rights I'm probably smarter than you. Lord knows I seem to be the only sensible male for a thousand miles in every direction!"

"Then earn the right to be called a man."

"Wind, do you believe this is wise?" Windigo stated carefully. "I must admit I've been defeated by him. He has the right to..."

"But I have not been defeated." Wind stated, matter-of-factly. "I do not give my permission. Despite that he is the sire he is not yet the father of my grandchildren. He is not yet husband, only the mate. I am well within my rights to take my daughter against her will for so long as she remains a child as well, it is my place to dictate her life, not yours... child."

“If you wish to say otherwise, then you must challenge my authority.”

“I challenge you then.” I said without hesitation, and Whisper rushed up to me, gripped my arms and shook her head sharply, then let go and went to her father and shook her head sharply too while clutching at his robes.

“Then being the one who is being challenged, I shall dictate the requirements. Prove your intelligence then, boy. Go out into the wilderness and stay out there for three days with no clothes and no weapons, alone, without using your magics, and return to me to prove yourself a man. And while you’re out there, before you return, you must prove to me that you can provide for my daughter and bring me proof of that ability.

“Succeed... and I will provide the bonding ceremony to make you lifemates myself. Fail... and I will tear my daughter from you and take her kicking and screaming all the way home.”

“Why do I even need to do this? Have I not proven myself by defeating your leader?”

“No. Any fool can use magic to defeat a bludgeon like Windigo.” *Wind said, and Windigo puffed up in anger. “Lest of course you would like your challenge to be to defeat him toe to toe without magic...”*

Whisper came back to me, and gripping my fur with her fingers shook her head more vigorously than ever, and cupping her face, I kissed her lips and pressed my head against hers. I heard her whisper something, a breathy ‘Please,’ and when she looked at me, looked into my eyes with those golden yellows, I almost left my family to join her.

But then... that would make me a failure, and deny my manhood.

“One request...” I said, and Wind raised an eyebrow.

“Quite arrogant of you to deem that you are worthy of a request under these circumstances.”

“Quite arrogant of you to think to deny it under these circumstances.” I retorted. “If I fail... then I come with you.” Whisper looked angrily at me, and then beggingly at her father.

“You understand what that would mean then.” *Wind stated and I nodded. “Very well then.”*

“Then you’re on.”

“Peter...” I prompted, and approached Peter at the tent. “Peter talk to me.”

“There’s nothing to talk about.” He said as he stripped out of his clothing, showing no bashfulness whatsoever unlike all the other times he’d disrobed in front of Anya or me.

“Just... is she worth this? Win or loose?” I asked. “I don’t want to be selfish, but I don’t want to see this family broken up. We can fight them.”

“No.” Peter said and turned around, looking very much like an adult at the moment, especially that huge massive bulge of his – *Stop thinking about that!* – but he was ill at sorts. “No we will not fight them. Yes she is worth it... worth dying for. I won’t fail, Tanya. You forget... I was an Eagle Scout.”

He grinned at that last bit, and turning, leaving his things behind, he began to jog into the wilderness, soon disappearing into the trees.

And then I heard a gasping sound, and turning myself, I stopped dead as I saw Whisper standing there, crying with her face in her hands. She looked like she was balling her eyes out, but whatever it was that didn't allow her to speak also didn't allow her to fully express certain emotions. Right now, I supposed that she should've been crying herself hoarse right now. Stepping quickly to her, I squatted to put my face before hers, and I snatched her into my arms between both sets of bosoms and then picked her up like she was a child. In comparison to me, she was every bit of much just that. Cradling her then, I let her cry before I felt a presence nearby, and turning I saw Wind standing there.

"I aughtta deck you. If I wasn't holding your own daughter right now, I would, you heartless, arrogant..."

"Her mother died giving her life." Wind said suddenly into my head. "Her mother was a mountain lion, a soft, buxom fem with wide hips, you would assume that she was perfect for the act of child-bearing, and yet..." Wind looked up at me directly. "Tell me, for someone who's yet to know the pleasure of a child growing in her belly, for a female who's yet to care for a baby that suckled at her breast, a female who's yet to know the joys of being a parent to your own child, do you have any right to judge a father like me protecting his one and only daughter... the only thing he has left of his beloved lifemate, who sheer strangers appear and take her away from you and break that father-daughter bond forever.

"What right do you, your brother, or anyone else have to judge that?"

I was rarely stunned into silence, and right then and there I shrank from this small cat's presence in my shame.

"I have little left of my dear wife. I've not dared to love again for fear of feeling such hurt. I refuse to let my daughter go to anyone, even if that person were your Lee or even Windigo without such a man proving himself to me. I want to know my daughter will be safe, cared for, that she won't go hungry, and in my mind, and I see in yours, a child like your brother is an unfitting creature for her!"

Wind approached, and a flurry of wind came in and picked him up as he moved in to his daughter and palmed her back.

"Because she couldn't speak, the other children picked on her, threw rocks at her, bit and clawed her. The matters were only made worse because of her white fur. White isn't exactly a good thing to be in these woods. For Windigo, it is a badge of honor only because he possesses the fang, for Lee he has what honor he has by having to come thrice as far as any other Lycan his age.

"Despite all the hurt my child has felt, we've still nonetheless made her life happy." He caressed Whisper's arm, and she turned immediately, saw him, and moved into his arms instead of mine. "I'm not going to let her go, just like that."

I sighed and hugged myself. "I understand." I admitted at last.

"Good. Windigo and the warriors will be leaving soon. There is a cave system to the north that will allow us to avoid the inevitable forest rangers and rescue crews that will be arriving shortly." He looked up at the sky and at the fading light. "This day has been far too long, and my daughter and her babies can use some rest."

Day 305 – Supplemental: *It was an odd position to find myself in later that evening; laying flat on my back, my breasts still leaking milk as if having just given birth to love itself, my thighs moist and sticky from love-making while both knees were raised and separated. I was purring as I absentmindedly reached downward and began to rub that super engorged clitoris of mine and the swollen and gaping labia, getting myself ready for another sexual session while my insides moistened and I creamed pleasingly. I played with the bean between my legs right onto orgasm, and as I was settling toward the end of that tremendous squeezing, wrenching, tensing sexual arousal, I felt the head of a cock against my fingertips and claws, just before a huge dick slid easily inside me, continuing right down to the hilt before a large hand gently gripped one of the huge primaries decorating my chest, squeezing it's milk out before a pair of lips kissed me.*

I rolled and laid backward, being worshiped it felt by this god of strength and sexuality thrusting into me over and over again, leaving the inside of my pelvic bowl laden with his seed.

It was so slippery between my thighs, and the girth of him inside me at the tail end of such an orgasm made me orgasm again, the act puckering my anus and clenching those vaginal folds while I gripped the soft mossy ground with both hands and tore at it with my claws.

Lee told Windigo and his warriors that he'd catch up... He said that he'd follow, and left it at that. Now three hours later, I was still insatiable, even after a brief cat nap, some masturbation and still more sex.

Another hour passed of he and I copulating, till I found myself riding him like a dirty girl rides a saddle horn while I arched myself to let him play with my breasts, squeezing and sucking more milk from me while I overflowed from all the comingling nectar and seed in me. And then being presented with a thought, perhaps from something I saw in his eyes, I slowed to a grinding motion, shook the hair from my eyes and bent low to kiss his lips.

Making love to a guy made me glad to be a woman, feeling that huge wang of his piercing me almost to the depth of my heart, his nads brushing against my inner thighs, and his masterful art of motion and touch. But... I'd begun seeing things in his eyes that gave me warning.

"Lee..." I prompted as we rocked against each other.

"I know that look." He said quietly and palmed my belly. "It's that look that states 'I really, really enjoy coupling with you, but...'" he sighed and rubbed my tummy, right where the thick lump of his cock was pushing my stomach outward.

"I'm sorry. You give great boom-boom... I care for you... but there's no affection there. I need to go with my family, and you need to go with yours. I'm not worth leaving your position and you're not worth me leaving my family. I'm sorry..."

Lee smirked and rose, fanning his legs so that I sat on his lap now with his heinously erect phallus still penetrating me. "You were the first tigress I've laid with. My station gives me the ability to choose nearly any female, yet I need to tell you that you're the first that I've ever thought about leaving my station for.

"I do appreciate what you did for this lonely tigress, even if it was for a short while." And then he sighed and pressed his head against my breasts and I held him to that lusciously engorged double pair that, thanks to my recent transformation, were decidedly larger than Tanya's.

"Why the sigh?" I asked and took to combing his mane while once again beginning to slide up and down the length of his shaft.

"Just wondering, wondering when I shall at long last bond with a female instead of just mate with her. Loneliness to the undying breeds is loneliness indeed. There are times that I seek to go to Asia, find a Pryde of my own among the Southern Tigers."

Kneeling there, thighs spread wide so that he could pierce me, milk gently leaking from my breasts in an erotic fashion, I bent my head and kissed the bridge of his nose and then pushed him onto his back to ride him again.

“Absence makes the heart grow fonder, Lee... you never know, mayhap I’ll come back this way some day. And if you and I are still alone... then maybe, just maybe... we can be together.”

And bending over, arching my body and folding it against his, I dared to kiss his lips, and continued to make love to him.

Reaching camp at long last, right where we left it, I opened the tent front just as Ivan stepped out, stretched languidly and shook his head to clear it.

‘Ah... I love me a good nap.’ He purred and then stepped toward. *‘So, anything exciting happen while I was sleeping? What’s for breakfast by the way?’*

I stared at my pet/companion, blinking in surprise.

“Ivan... you didn’t hear *any* of what just happened?”

He sat down and licked a paw and cleaned his head briefly before looking back up to me. *‘Should I have? What happened? And once again, what’s for breakfast?’*

I squatted down and picked him up in both hands once he started purring and rubbing up against one of my legs, and holding him before me and staring at him right in the eye, I blew the flock of green hair that was dangling before my eyes.

“I swear you do this just to annoy me.” I smirked.

‘I don’t, honest!’ and he moved his paws like he was raising his right arm and putting the other over his chest. *‘And who’s the old guy?’* he asked once Wind entered.

“Ok... I’ll tell you everything that happened while I strike camp, and you, you lazy kitty... can just wait till we move to a new camp for breakfast, or should I say dinner from how late it is...”

Day 308: *I must admit the fact that Peter was perhaps more adept in the wilderness than either Anya or I were meant that he had a better chance at this survival thing than Anya or I did. I don't know if Anya and I could stay in the wilderness for as long as we have if not for Peter, and now Whisper for that matter. Despite all the programming that had been done to me, I still had yet to find any wilderness survival in me to help take care of the need to cook or fish or hunt.*

Wind remained with us, and Anya came back after midnight two days ago, and though she'd bathed in the river, she still smelled of sex. Lee didn't return with her. She merely curled up in the blankets of our new temporary home in the caves and went right to sleep. I on the other hand stayed up watching for Peter.

Whisper showed me how strong a woman could be, how stalwart a creature we were. Despite being pregnant with twins, she nonetheless cooked, cleaned, cared for and fished for all of us without a measurement of complaint, and still at the end of the day she had enough in her to play her flute.

I needed to learn how to play an instrument.

Forest Rangers arrived by helicopter and All-Terrain Vehicles with field ambulances to find two platoons, five tanks and a transport of a private organization burning all over their forest. The mentality of Forest Rangers was to protect their forest, and they got rather possessive of it. Being that Canadians and Americans both patrolled this length of river jointly, it wasn't long before there were federal agents from either side of the border arriving to argue with each other and to take pictures and notes before ending their meeting with a firm hand shake before they went their separate ways.

Hopefully, an international incident would keep the Alexandros Foundation busy long enough to allow us to cross the Bearing Straight and into Russia. Especially when members of the various press corps around the world showed up. For two whole days there was a circus going on, till finally they cordoned the place off, took more pictures, and left it as is for whatever reason.

Possibly developing politics. In as such, they left the area long enough for the still silence of the forest to return.

The morning of the third day was a quiet, and I found Whisper already up when I exited our cave, she was positioned by the stream washing our sparse pots and pans. Her muscles seemed to grow day by day, with every instance of morning sickness that she had, she seemed to grow stronger and more feminine, but likewise showed off more and more of her belly. The deep lines of her abdominals were steadily disappearing, and even now, squatting as she was, careful not to get her tail in the water with both thighs spread wide to care for her tummy, she quietly worked while whistling and humming a tune.

Wind stated that both he and his daughter were born with under-developed vocal chords. They could make sound through them, but barely. Not enough to actually form speech. Approaching my new sister, I squatted beside her and palmed her broadening back, and she turned to me and immediately smiled, her saber teeth glittering pearly white where they were now peaking outside her upper lip now. She took good care of those teeth, cleaning them with abrasive mosses every night.

“You don't have to do that...” I said quietly.

Whisper shook her head, knuckled her chest with one hand and then pointed at the dishes before continuing to wash them with sand.

“No really, Whisper... I don't feel right making you do these things.” She looked to me and then her face changed into one of thought before she lifted one hand and rubbed her chin, stroking one fang briefly before she put the pot down and faced me.

She touched my chest, and then flexed both arms. She pointed toward the cave, slid both hands before her face in a wiping motion and then hefted both her fattening primary breasts before looking down at them both and then at me, sighing. She then gestured toward the forest, and made that thumb and fist gesture over her loins that I took for her talking about anything that was decidedly male – a rudimentary penis – before she made an air guitar motion. Then she gestured to herself with both hands knuckling her chest before she looked down, sighed and then wiped her hands before her in the no gesture. Then rapidly she knuckled her chest with one hand, gestured toward the pots and started cleaning again.

Getting to know her was key to understanding how she talked. Body language was central to everything that she was, and sitting down, I had to work out what exactly it was that she'd said.

'You are strong, Anya is beautiful and sexy, and I wish I was like her. Peter is a man and has his music. So I just do the dishes.'

"I think you're more than just a dish washer, Whisper." I said and crawled in behind her and hugged her to me, my massive breasts flaring to either side of her body. "You're a huntress, a gatherer, and without your timely arrival, Peter, Anya and I might've starved, or at the very least have had to go find a town which is what we've been trying to avoid. And you're not just a woman, Whisper. There's nothing *'just a'* anything about anyone. There is so much power in you, and admittedly you possess things that I'm jealous of too."

Whisper turned, I opening my arms enough to let her do so, and staring me straight in the eyes she shrugged her shoulders. It was her universal questioning gesture.

'Like what?'

And I lowered one hand to her belly and caressed it. "I cannot begin to tell you... how jealous I am."

Whisper's smile slowly appeared, her pert little lips broadening into a wide, beautiful smile that was only accented by those immature fangs sticking out of her upper lip. Then she shrugged, pointed at me, made the gathering gesture which meant to take or to have a thing, and then made the male gesture.

That was either: *'Do you have a penis?'* or *'Do you have a male?'* I voted for the later.

"I do... And he's far away yet. I'm thinking of sending him a message; let him know that I'm still alive. The Foundation knows where I am now, currently, so best if I send a signal now. But yes, I want his baby, but... he's human."

Whisper gasped and moved in closer to me, looking into my face. Her expression was one like *'Are you crazy?'* and I sighed.

"Love doesn't care who it chooses, Whisper. Take you and Peter for example.

"You're a beautiful, strengthening, highly feminine creature of an extremely rare if not unique cat type... and Peter's a boy. Other than his white fur, he wasn't any more special than any other cat I've seen till he did that... that black fur thing. True, technically, he's a prince, but we have no home and all the holdings we have are stored in a single bag. You were made a princess simply because of your teeth, which is the strangest thing for granting royalty I ever heard... We were something made nothing and you were, well, pardon the phrase, nothing that became something.

"So if you please, dear sister of mine... let me do these. And you just relax and take care of your cubs."

Whisper sighed and then sat back holding up one finger and nodded.

"Ok... just this once." And I stepped in beside the pots in the water and began washing them while Whisper sat there, looking lovely and pure as she caressed her belly with her clawed hand.

The sun slowly rose, shining down upon us and steadily revealing this hidden nook. The only way for a person to get here was to make several climbing strides and wiggle through some overgrown brush with many barbs. Someone would have to really want to climb up here. What this was, was a rock outcropping, the stream here at the base of one waterfall that led to another waterfall, and on all sides of it were large trees that covered all but directly over the stream.

I hoped that Peter could follow our scents up here. If not, I was sure he'd just call out. Nonetheless, today was the day that he was supposed to return. As it was, today was the first day of the full moon, and now there was less than two months before winter started to creep in. Fall was approaching; I could recognize the scent even if I wasn't a Lycan.

Continuing to wash the dishes while Whisper sat by the shore keeping me company while rubbing her belly, smiling warmly, sisterly at me. She was an easy person to love, and yet why she bore scars and cuts that hadn't healed yet were beyond me. Why would someone hate such a fine being like her?

"I wish I could hold a better conversation with you, Whisper." I said washing the sand out of the pot to make it totally clean, and I looked toward her as she touched her bosom with her fingertips and gestured vaguely away from her while nodding. I took that gesture as *'So do I.'* "You seem to be a fine woman. Peter is lucky I think. This family is lucky."

She smiled even more broadly and rubbed her belly again, and there were a few moments of silence before her ears perked up and she looked in one particular direction just before I heard the sounds too. Perhaps it was because she was looking for the sounds, but at this moment when morning was waning into day, Peter finally arrived, hopping up onto the edge of the cliff with a huge brown furry mass over one shoulder.

Whisper gave off a sound that was like a bird chirp as she hauled herself to her feet and went to embrace him, and Peter accepted her with one arm while still hauling that mass over one shoulder.

I got to my feet and approached also, for there were still open wounds on his body, deep rending wounds that shone red from dried blood and were slowly healing.

"Where's Wind?" he asked me as I approached, stopping me short.

"U-up in those caves. Peter, are you ok?" I blurted out, openly staring at the wounds that Whisper fingered with the same worried look I had.

"I'll live. I want to get this done with quickly though." And he strode up the walk, out of Whisper's arms and sweeping past me as he surged up the gentle slope, up to the hidden cave and inside it as Whisper and I followed, and we arrived right as Peter found himself before Wind, who was pouring sand on the floor to make a sand painting.

"If you're looking for rituals, forgive me for not doing them for I don't know them." Peter said pointedly to Wind, who didn't answer right away till he finished the particular gesture with a long stick with a small wooden bowl fashioned on the end, to which he poured the colored sand out of the bowl onto the earth, and rubbed it down with the base of the bowl.

'Need you be so impatient cub?' Wind's response came, whether that was floating in the air or in our heads, I wasn't sure, I simply knew it.

"I'm the reflection of that in which I must deal with, old man." Peter said through a clenched jaw, and Wind actually paused in what he was doing and looked up at my brother as Anya with Ivan entered the cave behind us.

'Such wisdom humans bring with them. Awkward, yet to the point, and it insults me at the same time.'

“After what you just put me and your own daughter through, you deserve to be insulted old man.”

‘Where I come from, the young give honor to their elders.’

“Where I come from elders only get the respect in which they deserve. A returned war hero who lost his legs in service of his country gains respect just for what he’s accomplished, while another old man who didn’t go to war, didn’t do anything grand in his life, and has turned into an impotent jerk deserves to be disrespected.” Peter sank to his knees and placed the grand bundle of things beside him. “So far, you’ve shown me and the roots in which I come from with nothing other than disdain. You dishonor me, my sisters and my beloved who is your own daughter, and you dishonor my children. And after what I just went through to prove myself to you, you better damn well acknowledge what I did or find out how dangerous it is to anger an intelligent young man like me.”

‘And why... do you think I should?’

The tension in the cave suddenly bound so tightly I felt even my mighty shoulders pinch together from the weight, and there was an active chill in the air that was so real that exhaling brought puffs of air from my mouth.

Peter clenched both hands, and then pivoted forward, planting his fists to either side of the painting as he stuck his face directly in front of Wind’s, Peter’s teeth arching and clenching into a feral snarl that was very unbecoming of him, I thought.

“I will have what I want, even despite your wishes... or rather in spite of them at this point. I’ve done what you asked and will have your blessing or I’ll simply take her. Damn your rights and damn your laws. She’s mine to protect now. There’ll be no more stipulations; there will be no more pre-requirements, there is only her will. If it is her wish to return, then it shall be so, but not before then, and I will fight, and battle anyone in whom you or Windigo send to fetch her to the death.

“...And your breath stinks.”

Wind smirked, and laying a hand on Peter’s chest, pushed him back.

‘Don’t make any demands yet, Peter of Pryde Asimov. You’ve yet to meet my requirements.’

“W-what do you mean I’ve yet to meet your requirements?!” Peter shouted so loud that the walls reverberated with his voice.

‘I told you... three days. Not three and a half. You’ve shown determination and bravery, so don’t ruin that with foolishness. Now show some patience and get out of my sight till the sun rises to its zenith, and maybe... I’ll forgive you for this infraction of protocol.’

Peter sat back, not believing what he was hearing, and with a snarl he got to his feet, tense, ready to fight, the claws of one hand bracing to make the first swipe at Whisper’s father, but instead he snatched downward, grabbed the satchel he was carrying and turned toward us. Whisper, Anya and I melted out of his way as he passed, strode down the stream and hopped off the cliff.

Whisper watched him go before turning back to her father, stormed up to him and stepped right into his sand painting, kicked it onto his robes and slapped him before hissing down at him and storming off.

Wind simply brushed himself off, used a feathered brush to clean the ground before him and then he stared again.

“How can you be so cruel to them?”

'How can I be so kind?' he asked in return, and I blinked, but thankfully Wind explained. 'The impetuous often believe the subtle ways of the wise to be ignorant. A bonding, or a marriage as you call it, is never, ever something to enter into lightly. If my daughter isn't worth it, he will stave off and leave her into my care, and I can return with my daughter back to the valley and raise her and my grandchildren happily, and she will find a new male who will treat her better.'

I began to come back with a quip but Wind lifted a hand before I could interrupt. *'If he sticks it out though... he will remember forever, and she will remember forever, what it took for him to obtain her. The greater the exertion, the greater the prize, the greater the prize, the more worth it is to you, and the less inclined you will be to leave it unprotected or to discard it later on. By learning to hate me, they are learning to love each other, and in the end, I want nothing more than my one and only daughter to find happiness.'*

He opened several gourds and the sands he brushed off rose and filtered themselves into the gourds, and he capped them all again before he began his sand painting again.

'You do not fully understand, child, what it means to be a parent. My explanations may sound cruel, but when you conceive and birth a child of your own and give it suck, you'll understand more of the why I do these things.'

"Certain wisdoms cannot be taught..." I said quietly and hugged myself, looking to the cliff where Whisper stood in the shade watching the forest and rubbing her belly.

'Precisely. Now if you will forgive me, Matriarch, I have much I must do to prepare for this afternoon now that my daughter has ruined my gift to her.'

I turned backward and stared at him. "What do you mean, gift?"

Wind merely smiled.

Whisper sat, still facing the south, overlooking the thin strip of forest between us and the rapids of the river. Taking up her flute, she began to play, and ignored any food offered to her by Anya or me, and she played unceasingly for hours.

Ivan came and curled upon her muscular legs after awhile, and during her whole vigil, Wind continued to tirelessly work.

"How long is this supposed to go on?" Anya asked as she lay upon a rock with a stream of sunlight filtering through the trees. I told her to stay out of the direct line of the sky, for fear of a satellite looking down upon us to reacquire us.

"Till mid day, apparently." I sighed.

"We probably shouldn't worry then..." Anya smirked and scrunching up her four primary and secondary breasts, she laid on the foursome like they were billowing body pillows and laid her head down on them in order to take a nap. "He's an Asimov after all, and Asimov's refuse to give up."

"Is that what we are?" I smirked.

"You mean you haven't figured that out yet?" Anya asked, smiling at me and still purring as she looked at me through one half opened eye. "Tanya... you lived through torture, body-modification, rape, killing our family's murderer, living naked in the wilderness, escaping the Alexandros Foundation on multiple occasions, broke into an orphanage, lived on a nuclear submarine and found me while traipsing up and down and back and forth over all of Russia just in order to find me. And once you found me, you then drag

me practically kicking and screaming all the way into America and find a multitude of false Peters just in order to find the right one, and only then after crawling across half their country in the process. After that, you drag both of us practically kicking and screaming back over that one half of their country, across another country while dealing with a rival Pryde to wind us all up here, all without complaining.

“Yup, we Asimov’s are a stubborn, stalwart breed, and I’m happy to be a part of it.”

I smiled lovingly at my sister, never feeling so warm before in my life, and striding over to her, resting down beside her and rubbing her back, the two of us free in our nakedness, it gave me a certain degree of hope.

“You realize exactly how much farther we have to travel, right? We’re barely more than a quarter done on this last leg of our journey, and crossing the Bearing straight is a long and horrid prospect to think about, and in the winter no less...”

“You *had* to remind me of that.” Anya smirked, but she nonetheless turned and instead laid herself across my lap, nuzzling my muscled belly and finding a smaller nipple lining me to lick and stimulate into giving up its cream. “Just promise me you won’t give up Tanya... I can make it so long as you don’t.”

Smiling lovingly down at her as she began to suckle from one of the small tertiaries upon this fine body of mine, I took to caressing her long, billowing mane.

“I promise... I will never, ever give up.

The sun continued to rise, arching upward toward noon. And as it approached noon, Whisper stopped her playing and simply sat and watched, stroking Ivan’s fur as he slept on her lap. Anticipation rose, and kept rising to the point where I wanted to just shout and *scream* to break it, and as the sun began to arch downward toward the horizon, Peter still didn’t arrive.

Mid and then late afternoon began to approach and then pass, and as evening approached I heard Whisper’s gasping breaths that sounded like she was crying. I knew what she was thinking because I was thinking the same thing.

Did Peter abandon her?

If that were the case, then I’d have to go hunt the little runt down and drag him back by his ears if that were what was necessary, but then something else occurred to me.

What if something happened to him! The Alexandros foundation? Did they capture him? Did he meet with something foul in the woods? Fall into the river?

Somehow I found myself dwelling on these... perhaps it was because I felt that the first thought I had was the worst case scenario, and from what I’d learned of Peter in our few months together was that he was nonetheless an honorable young man. He would not just abandon his new bride with their babies... or so I considered.

I found myself wringing my hands.

Approaching my new sister, I gently placed both hands upon her shoulders and quieted her trembling as much as I did my own. She didn’t turn to look at me, she kept staring out into the trees before us and the rushing waters of the river. But my very touch was enough to shock Whisper enough where her next breath of air was a shuddering sob, and she turned to me and rubbed her eyes on my belly fur.

And in the words of Doctor Seuss... something went “bump.”

And then “Crunch”, and with a skittering of sound and a rather acrobatic summersault, Peter landed on one hand and both feet before slowly righting himself. And then I was brushed full in the face with a cloud of sexual pheromones the likes of which I’d not smelt from any male, even Peter. He wafted with that scent, and it made me instantly horny before I managed to cover both my mouth and nose with one hand and step back from him.

As naked as he was, his phallus was fully distended and thickened with his own arousal, with both nads swollen. Ivan gave off a yowl as Whisper got to her feet, growling as aroused as I was at his appearance as he stood there with an even larger bundle hanging off one shoulder, and panting heavily himself, he stepped forward but lifted a hand as Whisper rushed to him to stem her off. He nonetheless touched her nose and mouth as he caressed her short little muzzle.

“Not yet...” he groaned, and that penis of his erected several more centimeters in every direction before he surged up the slope to where Wind exited the cave and waited.

Whisper hurried close behind as Peter strode up to Wind angrily, and Anya, who’d been resting on her favorite rock, rose right as that blast of pheromones hit her, and as laden as her breasts were, she moaned and tried to hold in the milk that suddenly began to escape her every nipple.

Without another word, Peter un-shouldered the satchel as I approached, Anya keeping her distance, and from the satchel, wrapped in thick fern leaves, were several racks of meat that had been cooked and preserved into jerky. Also, adding to the pile, were several steaks of fish meat, and several rabbits as well. Then taking the fur pelt, which had been scraped clean of the guts inside it, he rose right as Whisper appeared. He decorated her neck with a necklace made of teeth and claws and bits of bone, and then draped the huge bear pelt about her body that was made of thick fur and then turning toward Wind, he drew a bone and stone knife from a belt he was wearing and threw it blade down at his feet and then stood there waiting.

“I pay for your daughter’s dowry and call you a miser.” Peter stated simply and then shut up.

Wind looked to Peter, and then toward his daughter, who was adorned in the fur of some great beast, something large enough where it actually wrapped about her.

“Why can’t I find a guy who gives me furs?” Anya whispered and I promptly shushed her while Wind uncovered the slabs of bear meat and fish, and then rising, moved to his daughter and inspected her gifts from Peter.

‘They are more than acceptable.’ Wind finally admitted, and then taking Peter’s hand and his daughter’s placed them together, hand in hand.

Peter and Whisper gasped in their shared happiness and immediately surged to each other, but Whisper laid a hand on his daughter’s chest and pushed her away.

“Hey! I thought you...”

‘You are not bonded yet.’ Wind smirked. *‘The first coupling that made my daughter pregnant with your cubs should’ve never happened in the first place, Peter of Pryde Asimov, and though I cannot argue with the bonds that brought the two of you together to create a child – a heat and a rut at the same time? Who’d’ve heard such a thing? It’s like Gaia and Luna themselves conspired to bring the two of you together – I can nonetheless argue that the two of you are not bonded, and thusly should not share the same bed till you do.’*

Whisper touched her chest then Peter’s chest, brought a hand up to her mouth and made a biting motion with her fingers before crossing that arm over herself.

'I don't care if you've both shared the love-bite. You know very well that that isn't a true bond.' Whisper gasped at her father in exasperation. *'I'm trying...'* Wind began and then calmed. *'I'm trying to make it all better, daughter, and if you and your new mate are done arguing with your elder, I'd be more than happy to perform the ritual.'*

Whisper gasped and hugged her father tightly, in which they remained for a short while before breaking and they began to move toward the cave. Anya and I looked to each other and started to follow before Wind turned and we both stopped short.

'This is a private affair.' He stated. *'It is a sacred bond and is not to be shared with those outside the bond, and only he who administers it may be present. The two of you must wait outside. Please understand.'*

Wishing not to miss out on a marriage ceremony of my own brother, I finally sighed and nodded, and Wind ushered the two love birds up to the cave.

“Tanya, you’re not gonna just let them go get married without us present!” Anya complained.

'Quiet Anya,' Ivan said from within her arms, apparently she’d picked him up on her way here. *'This isn't a marriage, this is a bonding, and it isn't a ceremony, it's a ritual. It's very private and it's the traditions of her people. That's why Peter is doing it. If it's within them, then they can have a marriage later.'*

“Being yours and his legal guardian, I can dictate that they can or not prior to the age of eighteen, but I only have such authority in Russia. Hopefully we can get that done before the cubs are born, give them a name.”

“Yeah... but how long does a Lycan female stay pregnant?” Anya asked, and then looking down, she rubbed her tummy. I even gave mine a rub... it felt so empty at the moment.

“Don’t know... but I’m certain that Wind can clarify that for us before he gets away...”

Day 308 – Supplemental: *I saw true magic for the first time today. What my sisters and I did must be some supernatural power way down deep inside us. I had no idea where any of it came from, the different prismatic colors giving certain energetic abilities like throwing lightning or microwaves for Tanya, beams of burning hot electro-death for Anya, sound for me, there was something supernatural but rather warped behind those powers and abilities.*

Perhaps it was just our breed.

But Whisper's father Wind was a Shaman, and the sand painting that he'd been developing earlier this afternoon had an explicit reason to it, and that was to allow Whisper's mother to show herself at least in spirit from the dead.

She was a beautiful, mature female, with breasts that showed the potential her daughter could attain, with wide hips and beautiful golden fur. Wherever the white of Whisper's pelt came from I still don't know.

Though my sisters couldn't come, one couldn't do anything about spirits... and after a brief reunion between Whisper and her mother, Wind married us, or... bonded us, or whatever the term was. I really didn't pay attention to the ritual, I just did what I was told to do, and the only memorable thing I remember was Wind cutting the inside of my palm and clasping it with Whisper's while her blood was flowing before Wind wrapped a leather band about our clasped hands and did more things involving feathers and rattles of various shapes.

Afterwards we were brought out before Tanya, Anya and Ivan and Wind showed them that we were bonded by holding our bloodied and bound hands up before them before stepping away from us, folding hands together and bowing his head.

"S-so what do we do now?" I asked my new wife, or lifemate, or whatever the term was.

Whisper's impish smile said more than if she were able to speak of what was on my mind, and taking me along with her, led me into the forest, far away from everyone else.

Now that my anger was over and the distractions were dissipating, I was rapidly becoming aware of the arousal in me again, an arousal that came and went with the coming of the moon. As it rose, so too did my libido, and as it waned my libido waned. During those two months without Whisper, that rising and falling libido only worsened my poor mood during those times. Now I was looking at a truly beautiful, strong and sexual bride – lifemate – as she led me by the hand deep into the forest lining this shelf of stone and dirt along a tributary from the mountains, our hands still bound, her heart and my heart seemingly beating against each other through our hands, and with the rising moon approaching, I started to erect fully.

The slow, climbing and arching flow of an erection as blood pulsed into it, thickening its mass, making it stiff enough to push the twin lips of a female's labia apart to penetrate into her body was added to my self awareness, and as I stiffened, I grew impassioned.

Whisper stopped when we were far enough from everyone, the low roar of the river still being heard while the last band of sunlight disappeared and the full moon began to rise above the tree tops.

The moment I was bound to Whisper, all the supernatural powers I had developed rushed into me... the added strength, the sensitivity to sound, and most importantly the rapid healing that almost instantly healed the cuts and bruises I got fighting with that bear. But most of all, it intensified the mild arousal I felt up until then, and like a blazing inferno I began to get horny for her, and by the time that she paused and turned to sit down, I had a raging erection.

The muscles down its length formed ribs they were so hard that they promised added pleasure for her, its thickness billowing and the nads swollen while veins rippled up and down its length. What was worse was that it glistened with sweat, throbbed with my rapidly beating heart while a steady build up of semen was

thrusting thickly up the length of the meat tube to well out of its head and slide down the outside of its length to drip off its balls again.

Whisper began to purr as she took our held hands and brought it close to her, and untying the leather band and wrapping it around her neck, tying it loosely at the very end before she took my hand and began to clean it... with her tongue.

The tip of that wet tongue with the minute cleft, a tongue that could flare wide once it was out of her mouth licked the wound in my hand as it healed now that we were no longer holding hands, was strangely erotic! Ever so slowly my steely erection lengthened harder and longer, till with an excited spasm I shot an ejection of seed onto her neck and breasts.

I gasped once I realized what I'd done, but taking it in stride, Whisper merely wiped it off her neck and licked it off her fingers, and then hefting her breasts, cleaned my seed out of her fur with that unusually long and broad tongue of hers with its bristly tongue comb.

I had to grip myself to keep myself from erupting all over her again as I watched her do this, but then before I knew what was happening, Whisper began to purr, and I saw her eyes dilate to glow golden in the fading light, her many nipples erecting and hardening while her areola puffed outward. She rose slightly, giving me a view of the twin labia that had already swollen and were glistening before she knelt before me, and gripping one of my butt cheeks with one hand, she raised her other hand to hold that steadily thickening phallus of mine.

This was the first time that a fem had ever begun to pleasure me. With my first experience it was me attempting to pleasure them, or both of us pleasuring each other, and now here I was watching my new love, pregnant with our cubs, hold onto my long shaft and opening her mouth, began to nibble on the tense penile muscles. It wasn't enough to break the skin, but all her needle-like teeth tantalized me to no small degree.

She licked it with the bristles on her tongue comb, stroked it, let go of my butt to fondle the thickened nads that had bulged so much that they both ached and creaked with the amount of seed that was in me, and then squeezing those nuts, Whisper rose up and pressed her breasts about my shaft, and began to suck on its end. There was a tree behind me that I laid the top of my back against, projecting my shaft into her mouth as her breasts warmed both nads and the base while my erection as it ever so slowly slid further and further down her throat.

Seed loaded into the underside of that phallus, thickening its base as she sucked upon it, bulging the tube with the force of how much was rising up into it from me, my prick framed by her two saber teeth while her tongue went wild in teasing me inside her mouth. The first load rose to the very tip, allowing a trickle of seed to escape me, before I offloaded several spastic rushes. The muscles supporting my cock started to spasm repeatedly, and holding her head with one hand, I soon began to spew faster than she could swallow, and a flood of ejaculate escaped her throat before she spat up the rest that she couldn't swallow and I began to eject seed all over her breasts, between her breasts, onto her mouth and neck, and in long arcs to either side of her.

It was like a lawn sprinkler...

And then she rose, licking her lips and teeth, a merging trail of ejaculate sliding down her neck and between her breasts and down her body before her sticky form pressed against mine, she rising up on her tip toes before she kissed me. It was a foul prospect to kiss a fem after she'd just taken all that ejaculate like that right then and there, but the passion soon overwhelmed me to not care... especially when she angled my sputtering dick into her voluminous womanhood and slid slowly onto me.

I was the child lover to her, and she was able to hold me and cradle me to her breasts and body, our fur sticking together and froth rose up between us from her milk escaping her now, mixing with my ejaculate that had spewed from me and our combined sweat.

My goodness, it was like the most tantric wet dream I'd ever had!

“It’s not fair! He’s only been in the family a few months! How is it that he already has a mate, are expecting, and they’re having mad, wild sex right now!” Anya moaned, rubbing her pussy from the remnants of the arousing scents that Peter had left behind.

There was a roar, and we both looked in the direction it’d come from. Whisper and Peter were having a ball, apparently. That was the fifth one we’d heard so far.

“He got lucky...” I said while taking a comb to Ivan’s body. I’d just washed him, and he was studiously licking his paws and grooming himself while he sat on my lap.

“At least if I stayed a Russian Wife, I could’ve had a man and become pregnant by now... Oh GOD I need a lay. Do you think it’s too late to catch up with Lee?”

“Why didn’t you spend time with him before he left?” I asked.

“I did spend time with him before he left. And more time as he left. And still more time about a mile up the road... but I... Damn it! Why can’t I rub this out?!” and she took to openly masturbating before I turned my head.

“We’ll have to get Peter to bathe when he comes back. His ruts are triggering heats in us, and it’s not right for sisters to be thinking about their brother like that.”

‘*Why not?*’ Ivan asked suddenly, and I stopped grooming him as Anya paused in what she was doing to stare openly at him.

“You’re kidding.” Anya gasped.

‘*No I’m not. Why is it socially unacceptable to find a mate in a sibling? Cat’s do it all the time. The three of you are all cats...*’

“We’re *partial* cats, Ivan.” I said and started up my grooming of his fur again, picking out a gnarl. “But we’re also partially human. Socially such a thing is unthinkable to us, but likewise, sibling marriages tend to cause genetic deformities in the offspring should they happen.”

‘*So?*’ Ivan prompted. ‘*So long as they can still contribute to the pryde...*’

“You most definitely don’t know anything about humans then, Ivan.” Anya said and then rose, licking her fingers. “If you’ll both excuse me, I’m going to go somewhere where I don’t have to think about my brother.” And she stormed off.

‘*What did I say?*’ Ivan asked.

“For us, Ivan, it’s wrong to mate with a sibling. Horribly wrong, it’s an abomination on so many levels; we try not to think about it. Peter will be the only male with us and he has a mate, a sacred bond with another woman that would be an even greater abomination to break... especially when she’s expecting cubs. To many things would be violated. Now please drop the subject... I’m starting to feel like Anya at the moment.”

‘*Very well... I’m just saying that I know how often you and your sister enter a heat... and I also know how often Peter enters a rut. For you and your sister, it’s once every two months, but the two of you stagger each other, so once a month, one or the other is in heat.*’

'As for Peter...'

“He ruts with every full moon.” I finished, and then sighing, slid a hand between my legs to rub the labia there a few times at least. “Goodness, I could really use Dmitri right now...”

'Correct. He's the most potent male I've yet heard of. And the problems with heats and ruts are that they have a tendency of forcing each other into activity. If you would like, I can go speak with your brother... male to male.'

“I'd appreciate it, Ivan. With Anya, I know what she's going through because I go through it, but with Peter... I'm at a loss at how to raise boys.”

Day 309: *I made the assumption that the Alexandros Foundation knew exactly where we were, so through the course of the night, to get my mind off that massive third leg Peter somehow developed, I took to answering emails in burst format... download them all, answer them all and then send them all. Thanks to the satellite antennae built into this thing, I got reception to do all this; barely but I did. I had to sit more in the open in the middle of the rocky terrain with Ivan on my lap to get signal.*

There were more than three hundred messages left for me, and I spent the better part of the night and into the morning answering them all. Some were from Igor, but the majority of them were from Dmitri, expressing his love at first and then his growing concern that I wasn't answering him. There was a message from Igor copying me telling Dmitri that I was offline and to be calm. Whether or not Dmitri and Igor held a conversation after that was beyond me.

But near the end of the list, having appeared within the past few days was a simple message that was entitled:

<Watch the skies, you're being followed.>

There was no other information in regards to that. There'd been no sending address, no time date stamp other than when it was received, but it wasn't from Igor... this was Igor's system after all. He knew me and I knew him... lest they were on to him.

There was another roar in the forest, disturbing birds from their trees, and I knew that my little brother Peter was living up to his name...

Day 309 – Supplemental: *I was starting to feel detached from the family. It was a mild sensation, overridden by the fact that my loins felt like they were on fire all the time. Damn Peter for his potent and intoxicating pheromones, it made me so horny! And now there wasn't a male for miles that I knew of that I could have sex with. Maybe Tanya would allow me to dip into a town or something and go have a quick screw or two.*

All I knew, though, was that I laid there, hands tucked between both legs to rub moisture from within me, that I wanted satisfaction.

Why did I ever have to break up with Lee? Man that man could screw deep!

With a sigh I rose as the light of the sun began to invade the cavern, and smacking my lips with the ring and middle finger of one hand caressing the tell-tale oversized clit that Tanya and I both possessed, I shook my head, and raising to both feet, stretched long and hard, yawning greatly before stretching cat-like.

Ohh... my tits were so full, I moaned inwardly, and striding from the temporary den we'd secluded ourselves within, I hefted one tit as I walked and drank from it, fondling the other primary into excretion. All the other mammaries simply started exuding their cream as I went to sit in the tributary stream to the river and pleased myself some more while supping from the warm milk of my tit.

Hmm... at least there was pleasure in this, I considered, even as I spasmed a little and came in a torrential jet into the water. After the climax, I began to wash myself, and then just bathe in the water, floating there, holding myself with the fingers of one hand in the stream basin, staring up at the sky. It looked gloomy and gray, overcast as it was want to be the further into the north-west we went.

And as I lay there, just like clockwork, it started to rain.

With a sigh I lifted to a sitting position and settled into the water, the cool chill cooling the burning between my legs, and turning I saw Tanya lounging backward in her human form, naked yet strong, beautiful and highly sexual as she tapped the little soft-keys of that portable computer of hers.

Oh yeah... I wrote all this after she was done of course. It's impossible for me to write while she's on it. Anyways...

Instinctively, as sisters were want to do, I compared my body to hers. The past few days my sexual power had overcome even hers. I had the prettier face, the larger boobs, the wider hips, and unlike her, I had the power of light! Where I could become invisible, teleport and shoot laser beams from parts of my body, she couldn't. but then she could turn into a hulking green cat, cast electricity and microwaves and even turn into a blue fem like me, though her Blue Mode only allowed her to disguise herself. Mine... mine I could look like any woman. Maybe like any man too... but I don't know if I could ever bring myself to do that.

So then why was I still jealous of her? I asked myself. Was it because she was so strong and beautiful at the same time? Because she was so willful?

Rising out of the water and shifting forms, I stepped toward my sister amidst the rain, approaching barefoot and naked. She looked up at me and smiled with her bright and beautiful red lips and the white hair enshrouding her head in a lion's mane.

Without another word, I knelt before her, still wet and moist from my bath, and slid in against her, and she lifted the electronic device high enough for me to settle in close to her, my breasts leaning on her lap, my arms moving to hold onto her before I placed my lips about one of her two human nipples, and I began to suck.

Tanya saved what she was doing and put the electronic device away and instead took to combing my hair and caressing my back while I nursed. Her milk was so sweet too... delicious, and her muscular arms though firm, were surrounded in just enough cushioning fat to wrap and warm me.

It was in her arms that I finally found rest, and after a few minutes of that, I simply drifted off and slept all while still automatically nursing from her sweet, sweet milk.

Day 309 – Supplemental: *My dad – excuse me, my adoptive dad – had once told me that there was a difference between sex and making love, this coming to me when he sat me down and gave me “The talk”... right after he caught me in the bathroom with a dirty magazine.*

He taught me about masturbation, about girls and women, that I should seek a young ‘woman’ my age and not a ‘girl,’ and that if the desire to have sex became too much for me to bare, that I should at least use a condom.

Well, messed that last one up royally.

But the difference between sex and making love was that with sex, it was the sheer sake of sexual pleasure. Penis-in-vagina, oral pleasures, and, if it was my thing... anal pleasures. Sex was all about that, and maybe going to bed with that person and sleeping together. Therein was the mistake most young men my age made, according to my dad.

“If you love me, you’ll sleep with me.” “I love you so much, will you sleep with me?” And other such idioms were instinctively used by both genders, but mostly by young men. My father warned me that they were dishonorable to use. Essentially, they all translated into: “I’m horny for you, I have no love for you whatsoever, I just want you to get naked and let me bang you long enough to lull you into a state of innocence, take it from you, and leave you sullied and used when you fall asleep.”

Every year in my high school, there were no less than three girls lulled into believing those lines, and the price they paid? They got pregnant. And in all but one case, the guy who did it dropped her like a bad habit, leaving her to raise a child on her own, possibly ruining her life because of a responsibility to raise a child to the age of eighteen was so tremendous.

God, boys are such pricks when they’re teens because of that.

I vowed to myself that I’d never do that to a woman, and yet when the moment came, and the passions hit me that first time, and then later with those eighteen girls and yet again with Whisper, I didn’t care one whit for the consequences... I just wanted to spew inside her vagina and get it out of me. All honor was abandoned in the face of such tremendous desire.

At least, that’s what was going through my mind with Michelle, and all those female Lycan at the hidden camp. Oh those girls loved sucking cock, and getting cum all over their bodies... they couldn’t get enough of it!

But that was sex. I’ll probably see none of those girls ever again.

And at first when I saw Whisper and heard her beautiful song, that was what was going through my mind as well. But there was something about her, something desirable and pure... enamoring me. And though that first moment was what my friends called hard-core fucking, the second and the third... the fifth... the twelfth... was just love-making.

I understood the difference between the two with her. In sex I sought only after my own pleasure. In Love-making, I sought only her pleasure... and felt it returned.

‘Love wasn’t going to bed with your woman, it was waking up next to her,’ my father had said. ‘It’s diapers, two A.M. feedings and staring at her across the breakfast table before she puts her makeup on and still finding her beautiful in that scraggly hair and pale face she has before doing her morning routine, and not caring that she has a bead of milk sliding out of one corner of her mouth.

‘And most of all, love was looking forward to all that.’

And I found myself looking forward to all that...

So all night, on the night of our honeymoon, Whisper and I made love... 'consummating' our new relationship. And after all that, we fell asleep next to each other right as the birds were starting to wake up and we let their song lull us to sleep.

But when I awoke, it was to the feeling of cold all around me, without the press of her body against mine or of her breasts cleaving to me, and jerking awake, raising to a sitting position and feeling a steely, hooking erection projecting from my loins and a pair of firm nads that had filled to the brim again since last night, I feared that the other cats had come for her in the night and taken her from me.

"Whisper?" I prompted, but was soon replied with the spasming, gurgling sound of throw up.

Rolling forward into a stand, I strode to where Whisper was squatting, hacking up like what the family cat did when it was trying to evacuate a hairball, before she billowed another ejection of bile. And then I saw her tensing...

Her muscles billowed, her breasts expanded, newer breasts bulging into place as she coughed, her fangs growing longer and sharper as her jaw cracked and snapped, broadening as her jowls thickened to support those teeth and sharp fangs. Her body billowed subtly and I heard bones and muscles creaking and groaning as she grew. Shoulders spread, spine lengthened, tail thickened while her chest surged forward and her back backward. Her muscles kept thickening and forming long bands here and there as I watched her to form hard chords across her back, chest, legs and arms, but most of all, all this muscle growth accented that bulge in her belly all the more.

Thickened claws like carpet knives, thickly chorded muscles, huge tits, and what was more was that she was much larger than me on every proportion.

"Whisper, are you ok?" I asked her, rubbing her back, feeling it swelling and tightening still as she coughed sharply, gasping for air before lowering a hand to brace her weight. Her muscles strummed with the motion, the ropy, twisted musculature rippling her body while I steadily tilted her backward and helped her away from the cliff.

Whisper panted, rubbing her tummy, but then looked to me, and calming, I saw that smile of hers before she lifted her chin and kissed my cheek, which was good... I think she knew it would be a bad thing to make me kiss vomit for our affection.

"Is there anything I can get for you? Anything at all?"

She tried to rise and I helped her up. Sitting, she was as tall as I was squatting now, and after a pause, lifting her hands as she gathered her thoughts, she brought the fingers to her mouth and closed her lips around the tips like she was eating, then moved both hands like she was washing herself, and then looking to me, smirking, she reached between my legs and fondled the extended and flaccid rod there and stroked it once before rubbing her pussy and purring.

"Food... bath... and more sex?" I asked and she nodded. "You're insatiable... and I thought I was horny."

And then she beamed at me, but then looking down at my unit again, she smirked and touched it again as it rapidly erected into that hooking horn again, and turning, she instead fanned her legs open and then pushed the lips of her labia apart to reveal the pinkish innards of her body and gestured for me to come to her.

"I thought you wanted that third." I smirked, but moved against her, and she giggled that soft laugh, and rolling onto her back, grabbed my dick as I approached and guided it into her.

The slippery insides allowed me to slide easily into that tight crevice, a crevice that, unlike a human woman, tightened up as it healed after each mating. Though it wasn't a complete healing, I wondered if one went without sex long enough as to whether or not her womanhood would become like a virgin's again.

Like we'd ever find that out...

As for me... my unit only grew larger and stronger, thicker with each exertion, and penetrating my mate, we once again had a go of it.

I had to smirk at Peter and Whisper as they returned about mid-day, their fur matted, and Whisper looking larger and stronger than the lean-looking young man that Peter was. She was easily a head taller now and half again his weight before one even added breast weight to that. Those too had engorged, and she was showing the swell of her belly now. They stank with the smells of love-making, and going near to the end of the stream – Peter headed for the middle, but Whisper led him to the end right before the falls that led to the river below, so that they could bathe without ruining our water supply – she planted him kneeling in the water and began to bathe him.

It was strange in their society... males came first, females came second, much like traditional Japan was... I considered any society that made one gender second to the other instead of equal to be barbarous. I'd have to have a private conversation to Peter about that, for though I'm sure I'd love that kind of attention, it still wasn't right. But nonetheless, if that's how Whisper wanted to conduct herself after he and she had spoken of it, I wouldn't say anything else.

But then I saw how Peter cared for Whisper when it was her turn to be bathed while I scratched Anya behind the ears as she laid her head upon my lap in rest, I thought that maybe having a talk with him was unnecessary. The two played like children, like playful teens that were very much in love with each other.

Smiling warmly, being so... jealous at what I saw with them, wanting it for myself, I knew that it'd just be a matter of time before I could have the same thing. But I knew that now was the time that we needed to evacuate this place... we've spent long enough in one place as it was, and eventually, people would be coming down those rapids to collect those machines. I wanted to be out of here before they did instead of afterward.

Alaska was so much like our Russia. It was big, it was massive, and it was filled to the brim with natural resources. Bought from Russia for two cents an acre, it was the largest state of the United States. Cut it in half and each half were still larger than the next largest state of Texas. It's lands contained enough trees to rebuild every house in America, its oilfields contained more oil than was located in absolutely all other oilfields in the world, it produced gold, trade, lobsters and so on...

Just like everything that came from Russia, it was big, really big, and an incredible wilderness, though populated with fewer people than their smallest state, the state of Rhode Island.

Or so this travel brochure said.

After starting out that day, we came upon a cabin that was built upon a trail that followed the river. It was for use of campers within the national park as a place to stay when the rains were particularly heavy, or the winds particularly strong, and so breaking the lock with a simple jerk, we made this place our home for the night.

“There's stored water... and a *bath!*” Anya Squealed. “I call it first!”

“Yeah in an hour, you dullard. It's going to take a couple hours for the wood furnace to heat up all that water.” Peter stated, and with a snap, my hair and body transformed into Red-Mode, leaving a white strip of hair dangling before my eyes before I focused my power on the large tank and it soon heated up to a desirable level.

“Make sure the water isn’t too hot before you jump in, Anya. I get next... Unless... Whisper?” I asked, but she’d already slid toward a set of huge bunk beds with no mattresses... she simply curled up amidst a sleeping bag and a few blankets and curled herself into a ball about Ivan and her belly and was already fast asleep. “No... then I do get next dibs. Though I think Whisper has the better idea.”

Shifting to human form, I walked in my lithe and rosy red form, fingering the tuft of vaginal fur just above my compressed labia and began rifling through the food packs for something to cook.

“We’re almost out of food. Though what Peter caught can last he and Whisper a few days, it’ll only last the four of us...”

‘Hey!’ Ivan growled.

“...The five of us,” I corrected.

‘That’s better.’ And he laid his head down.

“...Maybe a day. The field rations are almost out. All we got left are the freeze dried vegetables and a can of beans.”

Peter, scrounging around, uncovered a pot that was attached to a chain to the stove.

“Well... then we’ll have slop tonight.” He stated, placing the pan on the stove. We can probably hunt tomorrow, but unfortunately, Whisper is the best hunter among us, and I don’t want her overstrained hunting and fishing for the four... *I mean five!*” he said quickly as Ivan growled at him and then set his head back down onto Whisper’s muscular arm again. “...Every day. She doesn’t want to show it, but she’s exhausted from this morning, let alone the hike.”

“Quite the lover, aren’t you?” I teased, but then I turned and saw Peter staring at me, no humor or embarrassment on his face. “Peter...”

“She changes every morning. Each change makes her become more and more of a Smilidon like Windigo is. You missed it, but before we left he and she had a conversation, and he let her lap from his blood. She’s rapidly growing into a fully fledged Windigo herself. Coupling the energy draining force of transforming all the time and the fact that she has twins growing inside her... that alone, from what I’ve heard, tires a woman out equal to climbing Mount Everest. Mixing in a dabble of morning sickness...”

“I understand.” I said quickly and then leaned forward with a sigh. “Then until we get to a town, Peter, we all need to take up the slack. And that, Ivan, includes you.”

‘Not now, mommy... I’m trying to sleep.’ He murmured, and I smirked before rising to my feet. “Get the food cooking, Peter. I’ll go refill our water stores.”

Food was good, which was surprising from what it looked like. Beans, vegetables that tasted fresh once you added water to them, strips of bear meat and a biscuit for each of us.

Near the end of the meal though, after having noticed that Peter wasn’t eating much, he scraped most of his food onto Whisper’s plate after watching her scarf up every last morsel and lick the plate clean. After seeing that, Anya and I both rose to give her what was left of ours.

She looked at us all confused till Peter reached across her and palmed her belly, reminding her that she was pregnant before he rose, stretched and went to clean the dishes. But then she started poking at the food

with her fingers, looking to me as I approached and sat beside her. Unlike the three of us, who were in human form, Whisper remained in her hybrid form.

“It’s ok... Peter’s right. We don’t want a pair of skinny babies; we want a pair of big strong healthy babies!” I mused. “You have your fill, it’s ok.”

Whisper smiled warmly at me, and then began to eat again, though more slowly now. There were no leftovers that night. Plates were licked clean before they were washed. Whisper laid down for a rest and then went straight off to sleep

It made me wonder. She was strong, very strong now, with thick biceps, bulging quadriceps and flaring chest and back muscles, and despite the bulge in her belly she was likewise gaining thick muscular bands along her stomach. Despite all that she did, traveling with us most of the day, she was still tired. And she only had two cubs inside her. Would I fare as well when I had babies in me? If I ever had babies in me?

Sighing I turned to the portable computer, pulling it from my bag, and flipping it open looked for some emails from Dmitri. I so wanted to hear his voice at the moment, but seeing none, closed the device again and put it away. Thinking that Whisper had the right idea, I picked myself a bed to sleep in as well and curling up in it, hugged both breasts upward to me like a pillow and then laid down upon them.

With a relaxing sigh I closed my eyes, and almost immediately shunted off to sleep.

There was a gun shot that awoke me well after midnight, and I righted myself before I heard some yelling outside.

“All right in there! Come on out!”

There were bright lights outside and the sounds of machines. Getting up out of bed as Peter and Anya awoke, I padded across the cold floor boards to peak outside, seeing three men with ATV’s and rifles outside.

I’d originally feared Alexandros Foundation, but these three men didn’t looking anything like that. So, checking myself, seeing that I was still in my slender Red Mode from earlier today when I heated the water, I slid to the door and opened it, and stepped out with both hands raised, still butt naked.

“Holy... She’s nekkid!” someone shouted as I elegantly strode outside and then came to a stand with both legs at shoulder width. It was sprinkling out right now, so my body immediately became moistened.

“Hello!” I smirked. “Please forgive us, we needed shelter.”

“You’re nekkid!” someone pointed out again.

“Yes! We just got done burning our clothes.”

Their leader approached, smelling of tobacco spit and beer, and licking his lips, he approached me till I felt the cold barrel of his shot gun that he held in the crook of one arm now pressed against the tight labia of my pussy. I moaned for him, keeping my hands up.

“And why would such a purdy little missy like you burn all her clothes, in the middle of the forest, at a secure cabin like this?”

I looked out of the corner of my eye and smirked at someone edging toward the door. “Well... truth be told, we were hiking.”

“We?” their leader smirked, and his partners laughed. “Who are we? More girls like you? Nekkid too?”

“Just my sisters and brother.” I admitted and closed my legs about the barrel of the shotgun and started humping it slightly. “But then a plane crashed nearby, and we’re not sure, but we think it was carrying a toxin of some sort.”

And the man with his hand on the door who was slowly opening it stopped immediately. “Toxin?”

“Yeah... It killed all of the wildlife around it. We saw men in orange suits arrive a while later and then my sister-in-law started to get really, really horny, much like I am now.” And I pressed up against the man, licking his neck and he gasped before sliding backward from me immediately. “We’re not sure what it eventually does, but all we know is that it’s causing a mutation of some sort. Big teeth, fur all over your body, unnatural muscle growth.”

“The hell?!” their leader gasped and the other let go of the door as if he were burned.

“Yeah.” And I clamped myself onto the man, using my supernatural strength to hold him in place as I started humping his leg. “My sister’s really sick, and getting sicker!” I said in my best impression of a stupid-head girl whose only thought was sex, and then I giggled. “We think it’s highly contagious, that why we burned our clothes.”

“By the way, just a shot in the dark... do any of you want to screw? I don’t know about you but I feel really, really hot.”

And then I started to let my transformation happen, and my body started muscling up and fur grew into place.

The three men screamed and they turned tail and ran, dropping their guns and leaving their vehicles and packs while rapidly trying to get out of their clothes. Smirking at how clever I’d become thanks to all that mental training and programming, I rubbed my pussy briefly before reaching down and picking up one of the shot guns, inspecting the number of rounds in the magazine before the door opened and Peter and Anya, both naked, joined me in the sprinkling rain.

“That... was pure genius. But we could’ve had sex with one of them first.” Anya said quietly.

“I thought about that, but I didn’t want them to spy Whisper. How is she Peter?”

“Slept through the whole thing.” Peter confirmed.

“And so did Ivan I bet. Lazy kitty.” And I placed the safety on the weapon before shouldering it by its strap. “Loot the clothes, retrieve any food and ammo you can find.”

“And the ATV’s?” Anya asked?

I stared at them and sighed. “We have to leave them. Best if they think us mad and running around naked instead of smart enough to fool them out of their things. Last thing we need is to have forest rangers looking for thieves.”

“Aww... I take it back what I said about your plan.” Anya said, toeing one of the runner guards of an ATV.

“Best I could think up on short notice, and believe me I’d love to use them for Whisper’s sake... Each of you, take a set of clothing and throw them in the fire. As soon as Whisper wakes up, we’ll need to get out of here.”

Day 330: *Fall was starting to settle in as Whisper led us over the mountains to the south toward the city of Fairbanks. As fall settled in, an almost constant gloomy overcast sky settled in over us, and on top of that, higher up in the mountains snow fell occasionally, and we could almost constantly see our breath in the air when we breathed.*

Our fur was automatically thickening and becoming shaggy haired, all I could think about was how much I needed a haircut right now at the fact that my bangs kept getting into my eyes. Though her belly got bigger and bigger every morning, a subtle growth in its girth, Whisper was putting on maybe about a kilo or so of weight each day without stopping. In her hybrid form, she was head and shoulders taller than Peter now, and a good three times his weight, though that was mostly due to how huge her breasts had become, and how large her belly was becoming.

We hunted bear and rabbit, and other animals, fished when we could and we were always within sight of the plethora of rivers and streams that ran through these mountains. Everything was shared, though Peter continually made efforts to see to Whisper's comfort before his, fashioning a massive blanket of bear furs for her to wrap around herself during the day, and to cover herself during the night.

A few days after leaving the cabin, Whisper stopped waking up with morning sickness, but she nonetheless continued to bulge and thicken with every day that passed till she was very nearly my size.

I could see her growth was making Peter self conscious, but he still protected her as a male tiger should, sometimes by pacing, other times by coddling her, but usually whenever he tried that, she coddled him back, and they wound up having sex.

...Which was maddening to Anya and me.

The two of us were into our heats full swing, so much so that Whisper was actually coddling Peter more and gave us dirty looks whenever we came by. I knew it was instinctual, but matters between Anya and Whisper got a little tense there before I sat the three of us down and had a talk about it. After that Anya and I decided to stay back away from the couple a few dozen paces when we traveled, which suited Peter just fine.

It allowed him to be with Whisper almost exclusively now, but with Anya and me really, really needing to get that gun off, and with us short on supplies and food, I thought that a quick stop on the edge of Fairbanks might just be in order to restock and continue on our journey.

Fairbanks, Alaska.

Fairbanks was a small town, self-sufficient and set up to support a United States military base. It had a sizeable airport, I saw, but as much as I wanted to use an aircraft to get home, it created a money trail, and while we had heavily clouded skies and with the sheer size of Alaska, it was very easy for us to get lost in. That and just getting to the airport would place all of us under the watchful eyes of video cameras.

And then we discovered something new in regards to Lycan, or rather Lycan females when they were pregnant, that Anya and I honestly didn't know. It came when we were approaching a gas station at the edge of the forest, and Whisper slowed and stopped, cowering behind the building within the trees.

"Come on Whisper. I got a nice shirt that'll fit you." Peter said and held it up. "It's my favorite T-shirt, got it when they came to town." And he showed her an ACDC T-shirt with pictures of the band. "It's an extra large so it should fit you and those sweet, sweet breasts of yours. Just convert to human form and we can go in. I've been wanting to know what you look like as a human for awhile now."

Whisper's reaction was one of surprise as she looked to Peter's and then mine and Anya's faces as we three looked at her expectantly. But then she shrugged her shoulders nervously and then gestured for us to go back into the woods.

After we followed her and we were deep and out of sight, she lifted her hands, paused, and then made her series of gestures.

She knuckled her chest, and then cradled her swollen belly with both hands. Then she made her "No" gesture by shaking her head and adding her sweeping hands before her, which I took for "Absolutely no", before lifted her hands upward, laced the fingers together before wiggling them all against each other before finally holding her hands before her with the palms facing each other, one over the other, and she brought them together as if making something smaller.

"Wait, really?" Peter asked and rushed to her, taking her muscular arm and she nodded.

"You know what she said?" Anya gaped.

"Of course, she's my wife. That and I seem to be able to understand her better since she and I shared the love bite. But as her husband, I need to learn how to communicate with her other than pointing at things and grunting. It makes for a stressful marriage and I want this to work."

"Well then, mister smarty pants. What did she say?" Anya challenged.

"She said, that while she's pregnant, she can't transform."

"Really?" Anya and I said together, and Whisper nodded, looking timid and nervous.

"That... makes matters more difficult." I admitted, biting my lower lip. "Especially when we finally get to the west coast!" I sighed. "Whisper, would you be ok here by yourself, or would you like someone to stay with you?"

She gestured grandly to the three of us and gave a pushing gesture and smiled grandly, saying that it was all right to go on.

"We'll be back as soon as we can. Be safe." And she nodded and sat down amidst some bushes.

'I'll stay with her. Just be sure to buy me some of that salmon fish. Been awhile since I had any.' Ivan said and hopped up into her lap before the three of us entered the store for some shopping.

It happened when we were checking out, with four huge grocery bags filled with food. They had a camping section here and they carried packaged trail food that was similar to what we bought in Vancouver, and being that this was a truck stop there were groceries we could get here as well. It'd been awhile since we had anything other than water and rationed food, so I decided to get us all a few treats.

But as I was paying for the food, we heard a shot from a rifle, followed by two more, and by the time I'd turned Peter was already out the door with the whole store following after.

"What was it?!"

"Some sort of big cat. Prettiest pelt I ever saw, white as snow, feral and menacing, a she-cat she looked like."

"How can you tell?"

“No beard on her jaws. Saw her prowling outside.”

“Do you think we got her?”

“I don’t know about you two, but I’m almost certain I hit her.”

“Then I’m going after her!” Peter yelled and leapt forward and the two men made a grab for him but missed.

“Dang it, you stupid boy! You don’t go hunting for wounded animals right away... they’re right mean when they’re hurt! Especially unarmed!!”

“K! Thanks! Bye!” Peter yelled back and disappeared into the forest.

“Stupid boy. We’ll be picking him up in a plastic bag come morning.”

“Well aren’t you going to stop him?”

The person who said that got a good hard look from the man with the rifle who’d just warned Peter.

“I already warned him. I’m not about to go running into the woods after a wounded she-cat. Come on. Let’s go get a beer before we continue on the road.”

Anya and I looked at each other briefly, but we had to play this off, so going back into the store and purchasing our goods that we left bagged on the counter, we decided to follow after Peter afterwards.

Day 330 – Supplemental: *Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit! I'm such a bastard! I left her alone for just a short while and she got SHOT! Amidst running in my flip-flops baggy pants and shirt, I began to change, rapidly transforming into a cat wearing tight shorts now, my groin aching in the confined space it was in as I threw my shirt away, all so that I could smell the hot iron-filled scent of blood. And soon I saw a rustling ahead of me and a streak of white, just before I was brought up short by a snarling face.*

Whisper was growling at me, hissing in every direction as one of her arms hung at her side, and the other was trying to stop the flow of blood. There was no intelligence in her eyes; there was just a feral ferocity.

"Whisper. Whisper please... try to think. Try to remember who I am." I said quietly holding out my hands. "I'm not here to hurt you."

She shook her head, whimpered and then hissed again, spitting through her teeth. She was breathing in and out rapidly, and I slowly edged closer to her, letting her smell me, get a nose full of my scent, and as she calmed, I dared to move closer. I was about to fold her to me when...

"Peter! We followed..." and then Whisper snapped and roared at me before leaping away, scurrying up a tree.

I whirled upon my sisters in frustration as they emerged from the trees.

"Oops..." Tanya shrugged, and turning I followed Whisper up the tree in three long hulking pulls – leap, clamp with the claws, jump upward and repeat – till I was high in the branches with Whisper.

She was cowering, cowering from me! A pang like a knife thrust through me to the heart and burned where it stood as I crawled slowly toward her.

"An accident." I soothed beside her. "They didn't mean to scare you. An accident. Please, Whisper, you're hurt. Let me help you. Remember me, remember my scent, remember, GAH!"

Whisper moved forward and grappled with me, sinking her jaws into my shoulder and her claws into my back, and biting down hard on the bridge of my neck she growled repeatedly through her nose, shaking her head to tear my muscle out. Now I will have to point out that she bit me... with four ungodly long, sharp and strong saber teeth – two elongated bottom teeth and two thickened and overhanging upper teeth, with those four fangs rounded on all sides top and bottom by sharp, sharp fangs.

"Peter! Is everything all right?" Tanya shouted up.

"Yes and no. She's got me..."

"Don't you mean you got her?" Anya called up.

"Ah no... that would be a definite no." I replied looking at Whisper's wild eyes as she bit me, and I hissed as she wiggled her head from side to side and gripped me tighter. "We're coming down."

And cradling her idly with the arm connected to the shoulder she was biting, I used my other arm and legs to slowly lower us both, and upon seeing us, Tanya and Anya both gasped.

"W-what is she doing?" Anya gasped.

"Instinctive reactions." I supplied. "She's pregnant and wounded so instinct is taking over since she personally doesn't know what to do, and instinct states that she needs to attack anyone who comes near, especially a male, and most especially while she's pregnant."

"But w-what do we do?" Anya fidgeted.

And then Tanya approached, and lifting her hand, she tapped Whisper three times. The first and second tap loosened her jaw, the third knocked her out, and then very carefully, holding her, Tanya got her to open her jaw and slid her teeth out of me.

“H-how did you do that?” Anya gaped.

“I don’t know.” Tanya replied.

“But...”

“Go get blankets and the first aid kit out of the bag.” Tanya said sharply while I stood there looking at my mate as the wounds she’d caused slowly closed themselves. Anya brought several of the blankets and the first aid kit, and I watched my eldest sister work upon that so-called “Programming” that was inside her.

The programming that some sinister organization did to her to make her into a super soldier, and it implemented skills such as this, such as field surgery.

Without any such skills myself – my first aid knowledge from scouting didn’t teach us about bullet wounds other than stopping the flow of blood till we got the person to a hospital, but with Whisper, a hospital was an unacceptable option – I had to just sit back and watch.

I never experienced a more agonizing moment in my life.

Day 330 – Supplemental: *Tanya was so much more than I could ever be. I was honestly very, very jealous of her. She was strong, many times stronger than I was, with thick biceps even in her human form, a bulging chest, huge tits, the perfect ass; I wanted to be strong like her.*

I wanted to be able to do what she did too, idly even, as if it was second nature.

Using a pair of forceps, she bent down and pulled out the lead slug out of Whisper's body that was keeping the wound from closing, and then bending over just sucked the blood right out of her body and spat it out so that whatever was keeping it from healing properly – metal filings or impurities or whatever – would allow her to heal, and heal she did, rapidly.

But it was the fact that Tanya just moved into action that I found desirable. She didn't freeze... like I did. If Tanya didn't tell me what to do I would've just stupidly stood there.

After everything was said and done, we decided that we should move away from Fairbanks a short while, and though she thoughtlessly offered to carry Whisper, Peter refused and decided to carry my new bond sister himself.

Moving several miles away, we found a place to start a camp fire underneath some tree cover even as the clouds began to rain again. It was then that I watched my sister undress, slipping out of her shirt and undershirt, her breeches and panties, shoes and socks while the cool rain water splashed against her naked body, making her long white hair slick against the back of her head. Each article of clothing was set onto a clothesline that hung between the tree canopy underneath a rain tarp, and standing there with her fat breasts swollen and bulging with milk, she smiled and feathered her fingers within the downy spot of vaginal hairs she still had and I didn't, just before she transformed partially into her hybrid form to become covered with warm white fur but still remained human looking.

It was then that she realized that I was watching.

"Ruble for your thoughts?" she asked and inadvertently posed in front of me, lifting both arms to hold onto tree branches, which inadvertently displayed all that feminine power and glory to me.

"I..." and I turned away. "It's nothing."

"I know that look, Anya. There's something the matter. Won't you tell me?"

I looked up at her, biting my lower lip, and before I knew it I was crying, and the next thing I knew she was sitting next to me and wrapping that big muscular arm about my human body.

"Anya... what is it?"

She was the kindest person I ever knew. Older sister, surrogate mother, companion and friend... she thoughtlessly provided for Peter and I and now Whisper, with no thought for herself. If she were a bitch, then I could be ok with it because I could hate her for it, but instead she was the sweetest person ever. I even loved her for it.

"You'll think it's stupid."

"No I won't. I promise I won't even laugh." She said, and lifting the hand around me, put it up in the air and crossed her heart with the other. "Cross my heart, hope to die, stick a needle in my eye." And then her arm came back down around me. "Now what is it? Nothing that makes a person cry is stupid, Anya."

"I..." I swallowed. "I hate how stupid I am at times, and how wonderful you are. I'm... so jealous as to how perfect everything about you is sister."

"About me?"

“Your muscles, your huge boobs... you’re so sexual and strong and powerful and I’m...” I stopped as Tanya placed a single finger over my lips to quiet me, and crossing her supremely muscular legs she bent forward to kiss my brow before withdrawing.

“There’s something I want to show you, Anya. But first we need to get you out of these clothes.”

And Tanya began to unbutton my shirt, and I looked at her confusedly as I undressed like she was, getting naked and standing before her.

“Now change.” She prompted, and not knowing where she was going with this, I inhaled once, and then exhaled the change like I’d taught myself to do in the orphanage, shifting forms rapidly into nearly a three meter tall fem in comparison to her phenomenal four meter one.

“See, look at you and me. How much larger and stronger you are and...” and Tanya held up a hand and I stopped immediately, just before she pulled me to her and laid her head against my chest, holding onto both my hips.

“I crave a body like this, Anya. You’re so beautiful it’s almost sickening that I cannot be; feminine grace and absolute feminine power that even outweighs my own. Your breasts and your hips, it guarantees you’ll have lots of babies.” And I pursed my lips as she sat back and palmed my muscled navel. “And I’m willing to bet that you’re even more fertile than I am.

“You heat, what, once a month now? I only do it once every two now.”

“But what does that matter?” I asked her.

“It matters because I want those things.” Tanya smiled at me.

“What? Why?”

“I have the craving in me to have a family, Anya. And I’m so... jealous of you that you have the body and the form to be a nurturing mother. The hips to carry many babies, the breasts to suckle them all, the figure of absolute perfection, enough strength to matter. I don’t want to be the one who has to be strong all the time. I would like to be taken care of from time to time... but even as a human I’m physically stronger than my man is.

“If it may be possible, I guess we’re jealous of each other.”

I turned and sat down beside her again, folding both hands between my knees before I turned to look at her.

“Are you really jealous of these things?” I asked and she nodded.

“I am. And besides, I’m more than a year older than you, Anya. You have some growing up to do yet... and I’m willing to bet that when you do, you’re going to be a hulking, super femme just like me. Only with one difference: You’ll be stacked like a Russian brick house.” She smirked and I chuckled.

“And you’ll be stronger yet.” I sighed. I guess we just continue being jealous of each other.

“Maybe not...” Tanya said cautiously.

“What do you mean?” I asked immediately.

Tanya was quiet for a moment before she looked at me. “Go get your brother... it’s time I spoke to you both about something I’ve been rather... lax about doing. For more reasons than one...”

Whisper was resting sweetly now, her chest bandaged nicely to allow her to heal under her own power, and she was bundled up in a nest of blankets and furs. The valley between her belly and breasts became the perfect spot for Ivan to curl up in and stay warm. I was pretty sure that the bullet wound in her shoulder would be gone by now, but I didn't want to chance it. Bending low and re-securing the blankets over her voluminous chest, tugging Ivan upward along with them as he gazed at me and didn't move in his attempt to keep her warm, I rose in the glow of the firelight as the world around us was nothing more than mist and darkness.

"There's something I've been contemplating for a long time," I began nervously, addressing my brother and sister as they both sat before me, one on a rock, the other on a log that we pulled up to sit upon. "Something I learned in my travels prior to even finding you, Anya. I'm going to share that information with both of you now, and perhaps you can both understand a few things, like part of why Whisper is getting so strong so quickly."

"But isn't that because of her fang, because she's becoming the Windigo?" Peter asked.

"Not entirely." I admitted. "In Russia, before I found Anya, I met with the Russian Werewolves."

"Were-wolves?" Peter repeated.

"Yes, but let's not get off track, Peter. We exist, they exist and I'll explain more about them later." Peter settled back and fell silent. "Now, something that I learned about our species is that we absorb strengths through consumption."

"C-consumption?" Anya stammered, her ears flattening.

"Yes. But not in the case of cooked or prepared foods. It needs to be... raw."

"Raw?!" both of them gasped.

"I can't begin to understand the biology of it; I just know it's true, I've seen that it's true, for it was proven to me when Anya and I visited the Wolfe Pack in California."

"I remember that. All those wolves were huge! A lot of them were as big as you were Tanya. Well... not as big as your Green Mode, but pretty damn big!"

"There's a reason for that. Their pack freely shares their powers." I explained. "Whatever the ritual is, they were too happy to state that they hunted and sacrificed humans, so what they called gifts were passed on in one of two ways:

"Fluids passed on by the mucus membranes, or the blood."

"B-blood?" Anya choked.

I palmed and massaged my breasts.

"We've... shared some of our powers by nursing each other. Milk is generated by a mucus membrane, but it isn't the strongest way of passing powers between each other. It's just the most sociably acceptable.

"What's the other way?" Peter asked.

"Ejaculate..." I said and both Anya and Peter blinked at me. "Particularly a male's ejaculate, either taken in by the vaginal wall or swallowed."

Peter looked down at his lap and then back up at me, his jaw dropping. “Tanya,” his voice cracked. “Surely you don’t mean for me to... to...”

“No Peter.” I said, catching what he was so fearful of. “No I’m not even going to entertain such a thought.”

Peter actually collapsed backward as he gave his sigh of relief, and I couldn’t help but chuckle at him. Anya didn’t find any mirth in my humor.

“No Peter, though it does explain why Whisper has grown so large so quickly.” Peter lifted his head as I said that. “A combination of a love bite, mixed with her Fang, mixed with... well... how often the two of you make love, you offload into her body, and maybe she swallows...” I waved a hand in a circular motion, but Peter only stared at me, not shaking his head or nodding to confirm they did that in their relationship. “But she ultimately absorbed a tremendous amount of your power and added it to her own. The only thing I can think of you growing off her is whether or not your nurse from her, whether or not the two of you share more than the original love bites, or... whether or not you swallow?” I grinned nervously and waved both hands now, but still he stared at me. Finally I just exhaled a deep gasp of air that had been slowly building in me.

“Ok.” Peter managed, and hauled himself back to his seat. “So what are you saying, sister? You’ve just explained how we share power, so what is it you want us to do?”

I took a deep breath, hanging my head before looking at them both. “Well...” and I pushed both hands together, before me. “I’m proposing that we all do a family bonding experience. I’m going to give you both the chance of feeding off me.”

“Feeding off you?!” they both exclaimed and rose to their feet simultaneously.

“Tanya, are you crazy?” Peter gasped.

“What exactly do you mean *feed* off you?!” Anya added.

“Yeah! This is no Donner Party here!” Peter added.

“No, no it isn’t” I said quietly. “Two things.” And I held up two fingers. “I don’t intend to just up and die for the two of you over something like that. Speeding bullet, tank shell, chain gun... something like that, but just dying for the two of you while you eat me? No...”

“And secondly, what I offer is a pair of feedings.” And I placed a hand underneath the orbs of my largest pair of breasts. “Drink as much as you can, at first, and then afterward...” I let both breasts drop so that they bounced. “You’ll both bite me, feed from me.”

“You mean... drink your blood?” Anya asked. “Ew! Why?!”

And to display that, I struck a pose and showed them how thickly either of my arms grew, the pair swelling eight times or more thicker than they were before, my chest muscles swelling till they pressed against my throat and hefted both breasts high atop my chest. Turning then, swishing my tail, I showed them all that imperious muscle that was back there before a cascade of electricity danced down my body.

“That’s why.” I said quietly and turned to face them again. “You both need to be strong... we all do, and every little bit will help, I think.” And I plopped down before them and leaned back against a large boulder here. “I won’t tell you to, I will only invite you to, and just think, the stronger we are, the less prone to capture we are.”

“Is this because you don’t want to protect us anymore?” Anya asked timidly.

“Nonsense. I’m your big sister. It’s my job to protect the both of you. It’s just that... I want you both to achieve your full potential, and though you might be able to do this on your own, eventually... this is a spring board.”

Peter looked to Whisper immediately, and then to me. “I’ll do it. But not for me, and not because I’m some sick kid who likes to nurse from his sister’s tits, this is weirding me out and I want you both to know it...”

“It’s for Whisper, we get it.” Anya complained, and then sighed. “All right, all right... I’ll do it too. I kind of like being bigger than my brother, and I’d like to keep it that way...”

The pair of them strode toward me and knelt to either side of my hips, and Anya – who bonded with me often in this way – lowered herself and lifted my tit enough so that she could suckle on one of the large teats that only an adult could suckle on. Perhaps that was by design for our species... Peter on the other hand, knelt and smacked his lips as he looked at the fleshy nib of erecting nippleage before him, and hefting the fattened tit, with some difficulty from how heavy it was, he cradled it with both hands and began to drink himself, his tongue and lips sucking hard on that teat to draw my milk – with difficulty at first – into his body, and then swallow.

Like to kittens nursing from their mother’s body, Peter and Anya began to suckle studiously and unceasingly, drinking rapidly and heavily with the steady snick-snick-snick sound of drawing milk through the thick, fleshy and erect nipples I possessed. I will have to admit, it felt rather energizing, subtly erotic, and I did moisten between the legs a little bit, but then I wrapped both arms around my brother and sister and cradled them, and almost immediately felt the twitching of muscles beneath their furry bodies.

And then I began to hear the groaning and the cracking, the sounds of tendons and muscles tensing so tight and so hard that they wrung like dry reeds beneath their flesh... like thousands of elastic bands being rubbed up against each other.

Peter leaned into me, rolling my tit upward and pressed himself against it, flattening it beneath his body as he drank more energetically now, my milk leaking sloppily out of the corners of his mouth as the creamy substance was actually projecting from me now so that he didn’t even need to suck anymore. Tensing the pectoral muscles I possessed, I pressed the musculature behind the glands, and all the milk ducts were tensed to create a rush of milk that pressed out of me and into their mouths. With moans of pleasure and twin cracks of energetically snapping spines, both Anya and Peter began to grow.

And how much they grew...

Muscles twitched, bodies spread, bones snapped and popped as they grew, and in the case of Peter, I heard the sound of a zipper ripping open before the sounds of tearing fabric greeted my ears as the shorts he still wore ripped apart around his... well his steely manhood.

Leaning into me, Anya lifted her bottom and tail far up into the air, her breasts expanding, her secondaries growing into place, her biceps and triceps and forearms engorging, right before she stuffed both hands between her thighs and began to dig into that ripening cunt of hers.

I didn’t think that this could conceivably be erotic to them, till I looked to Peter, and watched the mightily telescoping phallus erecting from his pelvis even as the last strands of his shorts ripped open across a tightening ass and bulging thighs, right before the taut strap of fabric between his legs suddenly snapped apart.

Peter had yet to grow into his nose yet and was still walking on fairly flat feet, but within moments both those youthful features rapidly diminished as his musculature matured several years right before my eyes. And every muscle in him matured... and I do mean every muscle. I tried not to look at my brother’s phallus, and did my best to ignore the feeling of its engorging mass creeping up my side.

Resting upon my tit now, her own breasts flaring to either side of my one, I watched Anya's secondaries and tertiaries grow into place, while angling and curving chords of hard feminine might and sexual power arched all about her bodice, lengthening her body, thickening her neck, expanding her breasts and tightening her rounding bottom as she assaulted my tit in her efforts to nurse from me.

Peter lowered to his knees, muscles popping and pulling his skeleton apart, forcing it to thicken around him as he literally grew into his adult weight, his massive phallus and thickening nads suddenly spasming as he ejected several lances of his ejaculate all over the underside of my breast. I'll have to admit, when he started jerking on it like Anya was pleasuring herself, I began to get wierded out, but to watch them both growing right before my eyes, their whole bodies engorging with new blood till firstly Peter's body began to throb, his form hardening to it's physical extent, and with a snarling roar that ended in that tremendous piercing scream of his, he came up as the last of his musculature bulged into a fully adult form.

I stared, my lips pursing in awe as my tit spurted milk against his chest and neck as he cracked and groaned, his growth coming to a stop. Looking at him, seeing those thick, thick fangs and tightening manly muscles, I began to wonder whether or not I'd just made a mistake. And then he looked down at his imperiously thickened body, at the thick bands of hard, angular and chorded muscle, as well as the hooking erection with their massive nads, projecting from his pelvis. Lowering a hand and gripping that mighty horn as it throbbed repeatedly he groaned and breathed heavily, and like I did, his breathing came with the sound of a bellows.

Anya was still drinking from me as she fingered herself, her juices spilling from within her as her body engorged like Peter's had only not as much, reshaping itself into something that was wholeheartedly hyper-feminine and super strong. Muscles tensed and hardened, becoming chorded and intensely creased everywhere save for the swelling mammaries that were nearly touching the ground now.

"W-what now. Tell me quick! I... I don't know how long I can control myself Tanya." Peter groaned.

Turning to my brother as he tensed and shivered and a splatter of ejaculate erupted into his hand and squeezed through the gaps in all the knuckles to drip to the ground, I saw that he was eyeing my sex before I closed both thighs tightly together and moved to more of a kneeling position to remove the temptation from both him and me. But Peter climaxed several times more, and as he snarled and thrust himself lightly into his hand, I reached outward and pulled him to me. The change had left him powerful, but weak both physically from the effort and mentally in the head from being so numbed from the pleasure that he just collapsed against me while still holding himself.

"Bite me. Sink your teeth into my neck and drink." I said quietly, and lifted my chin.

Peter obediently opened his mouth and closed it about my tracheal artery, and I moaned as I felt his sharp teeth puncture my flesh in a dozen different points, sinking into the muscle and the capillaries, his mouth filling with my blood before he immediately began to drink deeply of the hot blood flowing through me, engorging himself upon it.

And then Anya came up for air, both hands stuffed between her legs as cream erupted in several quick jets from my tit, splattering her lap and navel while creamy milk also leaked from her... right as she orgasmed deeply with a guttural moan, and her insides sloshed with her viscous nectar.

The first and second breasts on my right side were pressed in by Peter's indomitable form, his thickening shaft pressing against my hip as he let go of it, and a palm full of his ejaculate left a hand print against my body as he palmed my chest, right before he climaxed again against the ground and my side.

My eyes rolled back in my head as he drew on my blood, and as I felt him there, I was suddenly attacked by Anya, who assaulted my throat as well with a subtle crunch as she bit hard and drew from me. Both clamped onto me, and suddenly I realized that both at once were definitely a mistake, because now there were two mouths siphoning the blood that was rushing to my head. It made me light-headed, and strangely aroused! While my brother and sister fed from me, I laid there leaking milk, leaking blood, feeling

euphoric as I began to rub the thickened pad of vaginal muscles between my legs, till at last both of them gasped and came up, but then they began screaming.

“Oh God... stop it! Stop it! Mommy!” Anya cried, slapping her head while Peter collapsed to his hands and knees, trying to cough up what was happening, sobbing and bawling from what he saw.

I saw, I watched, and then ever so slowly, I fainted dead away.

I awoke to the pattering of rain against the canvas of the tent above me, and what was more I awoke alone and in a human form.

The breasts attached to my chest wobbled fiercely, heavy with undulation from them being so absent of milk as I rose naked amidst what looked like nearly every blanket and every sleeping bag that we owned presently, including some of the fur blankets. Then feeling my neck, I felt the bandages that were there, and slowly peeling them off, finding actual blood on them, I felt my neck and found that the wounds that had caused that blood were gone. Throwing the blankets aside and rising, I moved to the tent front, and pushing open the flaps stepped out into the rain, and immediately became covered in cooling rain water. Huddled beneath a rain flap was Whisper, who looked up at me as I entered the clearing, and then strode to me and embraced me so that I could feel her warm fur and the solid swells of her breasts against my head. She whistled softly just above my ear as I embraced her back, and when we parted I looked up at her even as she took the blanket off her own shoulders and folded it about me.

“But what about you. The babies?”

She smiled and lifting her arms tugged on the fur of one arm and then wrapped her arms about herself.

“I suppose it would keep you warm. But what... where did Anya and Peter go?”

Whisper responded by holding her hands up, and holding index and middle fingers outward from a fist, make a walking motion over the palm of the other hand. Then cupping her breasts, she pointed in one direction with the whole of her hand, and then making the penis symbol – the extended thumb and fist – over her loins, she then indicated another direction with the whole of her hand.

“For a walk huh?” and she nodded and whistled low in acknowledgement.

I wondered for a moment as to why they would leave like that, till I realized why. By ingesting my blood, they must've both experienced my memories, and among those memories was the one that allowed me to remember what I was, which likewise ended with the massacre of our family and our servants and pryde. They both now knew the face of number Twenty-Five. And knowing my luck, they also learned what drove him insane...

And then there was a clatter, and turning I saw Whisper squatting before the fire as she stoked it, and set a kettle onto the hanging spit before opening a crock pot and throwing some herbs into it. The brief inhalation of fresh wilderness tea and of whatever was stewing in the crock pot made my stomach growl, and stepping over to her, sitting down on a rock on the edge of the fire ring, I watched as she squatted there, massaging her belly with one hand as she worked.

Then seeing me, she smiled, gestured at me, stuck her fingers in her mouth like she was eating something, and then made a bicep with one arm.

“Eat to get my strength up?” I asked and she nodded, and opening the crock pot again, spooned some of what was in it into a bowl, blew on it softly and handed it across the fire to me.

I sat there playing with it and the spoon that was in it for a moment as Whisper continued to bustle, just before she paused and lifted her head, her ears perking upward.

Turning, Peter entered the clearing, and I pursed my lips as I suddenly found myself growing attracted to my own brother before I shook my head sharply to clear it of those thoughts.

“Peter...” I managed and said nothing more. I was so taken with what he looked like.

Whereas before hand he was at post-adolescent development, now he was fully adult, complete with the a full beard and goatee of male tigers, he was also ungodly ripped. Huge chords of muscle crisscrossed here and there, but in comparison to the bulk I possessed even in white mode, he was still considered lean-bodied for what I knew for a tiger.

Apparently he wasn't fully adult yet.

But he bulged in all the right places, wrapped in frost white and etched with thin stripes unlike the thick ones I possessed. Also, when I said he bulged in all the right places... yowza!

Whisper rose immediately and gracefully slid in against him, she still slightly larger than he was, and definitely possessing more muscular bulk. He embraced Whisper, kissed her forehead, and turning to me, stepped over to the fire and squatted down across from me.

For a moment, he just stared at me, his lips moving as if he wanted to say something while Whisper came to stand behind him and palm his now ripped muscular shoulders.

“I... never knew.” He managed after a moment. “Tanya... I...”

But then there was a crack of thunder above us, and with a violent rustling of bushes and the swaying of trees, Anya stepped forward, imposing and massive in her new maturity and sensual power.

Her breasts had increased in size by at least three times, and the pair of them bunched powerfully atop her ripped pectorals, while her cunt had swollen into a thick bulging split-mound between a pair of long, muscular yet well-rounded thighs. She had a tightened and narrow navel, flaring calves, swollen biceps and flaring back and deltoids, her fur looked like it burned it was so white, and she was covered with a heavier pelt then before. Two more massive breasts had swollen into place beneath the first two, and a dozen more hardened nipples poked out of her fur while she stood jauntily with her thighs pressed together and her form poised sexually. Despite her beautiful figure and a pair of hips that were literally as wide as her shoulder breadth, she was nonetheless more than strong enough to push the trees apart for her mass and hold them there like she was now.

The only problem with this picture was the horrid look of her face. She looked as if she was wrestling with the most terrible and most agonizing emotional anguish of her life, and her eyes were red from crying.

She let the trees go and they swayed into place again with loud creaking and the rustling of their pine branches, and with a snap of motion she was standing before me, and I blinked as I realized that she'd literally just teleported more than ten meters in an instant. She stood with feet spread shoulder-width apart, and she sobbed briefly before she collapsed to the ground, and snatching me up embraced me within the warmth of her thick fur and immense breasts and began to sob uncontrollably.

“I-I don't understand. What's going on?” I said, but hoped it wasn't what I thought was going on.

“We saw it through your eyes.” Peter explained. “When we drank your blood, knowledge flooded into us, along with the searing hot power in your veins, but what came with it were also memories. Instincts, some of the programming you had... but...”

“You saw my memories.” I stated, and he nodded. “Mother and father, and you saw what Twenty-Five did to them, to our family...” again he nodded.

“We saw what you experienced in the Facility; we saw what they did to you as if we experienced it ourselves. We saw the situations that created that monster you fought and destroyed, and we saw what you had to go through to find the both of us.

“Tanya... I... I’m sorry.”

That caught me amidst trying to console my baby sister, and when I turned to him it was as a double take. “B-but why would you...”

“I’ve been a bit of a brat. When you told us what you went through before, it was nowhere as real as what we went through experiencing your memories. I gave you some bad attitude until now, and though she appears to be in a state where she can’t tell you, Anya wanted to express her gratitude too, and to apologize for all the problems she caused, our arguments with each other... dragging our heels...”

“N-no... no! Stop this!” I stated and pried myself from Anya, standing up amidst Peter, Whisper and Anya. “No apologies, no I’m-sorries. You don’t need to.” I pronounced. “I bore that burden for the sake of family. Families argue sometimes. They drag their heels and they say that they hate each other from time to time. But this is our family... it’s small, but it’s our family, and if I can bear the weight of the world on my shoulders to keep you three safe I’ll do so without any hesitation.”

Anya moved forward and wrapped her arms about me, cradling my human bottom with one hand and gripping my shoulder with the other. Her breasts cleaved to either side of my legs and she rubbed her face against my belly, wiping her scent upon me.

“But it was so terrible.” She whimpered, and then looked up to me.

I smiled and cradled her head. “Yes it was... it was horrible, it was frightening, but if none of it happened, then we wouldn’t be who we are now. What would’ve happened to the four of us if it didn’t?”

“I’d’ve probably have gone on some sort of sexual rampage, starting some sort of plague that would draw the military in to slaughter us all.” Peter said quietly.

“Peter.” Anya sniffed. “Don’t make light of this!”

“Believe it or not, I don’t think I am.” He smirked.

“Fine! Then I would’ve been some American’s high-priced permanent whore whose only purpose is to make them look good, keep their house and have their babies. How well would that work out if I was to suddenly lose my temper and kill him like...”

She broke off.

“Like...” Peter gasped.

Anya hid her head against my belly.

“It’s a sensitive subject, Peter.”

“She killed a guy?” he gaped.

“Shut it!” Anya snapped, and I immediately got between them, laughing.

“Ok, ok... calm down, both of you.”

“Whisper, I don’t know how your life would be if we never came along,” she nodded once fiercely. “But I’m sure you can guess. This is neither here nor there... we are here now... and this is who we are.” And then I wavered and trembled, dipped to one side before catching myself, but Peter was there to hold me up. “Thank you.”

“Are you all right, Tanya?” Just a little woozy.

Whisper whistled suddenly, and we both turned to look at her as she placed a bowl of the stew into my hands, and then pulling my wet hair back, she palmed the place where I was bitten and looked meaningfully to either of us.

“D-did we giver her a disease or something?” Anya cringed.

Whisper shook her head, pointed at the bowl of food in my hands, palmed my back and made the eating gesture. She then closed her clawed fingertips around one of the places my siblings had fed from me, and then Whisper made a motion like she was about to faint.

Anya and Peter both nodded at her even as Whisper once again lifted a fur blanket about my body and wrapped me in it to keep me warm before pushing me downward to sit. In short order she also brought food for Anya and Peter, and then, only then, did she feed herself.

The mood lightened slowly, and Anya and I had to laugh when Peter took Whisper’s bowl and gave her his, which was a larger portion. Whisper looked like she was laughing, but she only managed to tremble like she was, and the only sound that came from her was a hissing through her teeth.

After eating though, I felt rather groggy... sleepy. And while Anya and Peter ate, trading insults from time to time, it wasn’t long till I’d nodded off and found myself sleeping sitting up.

I was very warm, dreaming of warm things... of laying back in a great soft feather down bed strewn with furs next to a grand fireplace. I was naked and perspiring, my body glistening with sweat, and my skin so sensitive that every last part of me was soothed and alive to the point where I could feel every caressing hair of the furs I laid against, and they tantalized and aroused me.

And then there was Dmitri before me, his powerful body perhaps looking stronger than I remembered as he crawled up onto the bed beside me, erect and ready, and sighing as he straddled my chest, inserting that thick penis – thicker than I remembered – between my breasts, I opened my mouth and received its head, and immediately began sucking on it.

A hand snaked down my body and I massaged one tit till it creamed while that hand slid downward to the swollen folds of my cunt and I immediately began to caress myself, nearing an orgasm when...

Something fluid slid into my mouth. It wasn’t an ejaculation; it wasn’t bitter, but rather very sweet. It was milk! And opening my eyes I found myself laying with Whisper inside the tent, so very, very far away from Mir, not even in the same country yet, and looking down, I found Whisper’s fat tit in my mouth, and it was leaking her thick cream.

Whisper was purring to me, keeping me warm by laying against my side to where I could feel the firm lump of her swollen belly against my side.

I spit out her fat tit, licking the milk off my lips while rain pattered against the tent.

“Ah...” I managed, but Whisper beamed, but merely wiped the end of her tit off before sitting up. “Should I... be embarrassed?” I asked, and she looked to me and shook her head.

She gestured to me, folded her hands together and laid them beside her head to indicate that I was sleeping. Then she knuckled her chest, gestured at me and then hugged herself to indicate that she was trying to keep me warm. Then she blushed, and then gestured at me again, put her fingers in her mouth to indicate eating, knuckled her chest again and then cupped her tit to indicate that I suckled from her. Then she caressed her fattened breast and began to purr.

“Didn’t want to disturb me, huh?” I asked and she smiled at me and shook her head.

Scooting in closer to her, I palmed her belly, feeling how smooth and firm the bulge was. She was barely more than four months now and yet she looked like she was nearing six, all because of the two infants that were inside her instead of just one.

“I’m still jealous of you, Whisper.” I chuckled and she smiled again and held my hand to her belly, giving it a squeeze.

Then looking to her... “Are you happy Whisper?” she looked to me quizzically. “You have to leave behind your family, your people for us. Are you happy for it?”

Whisper gave that a moment or two of thought, but then nodded before she leaned back and caressed her belly with both hands. She was proud of her womanly gift of procreation, and she showed her pregnancy off like a badge of honor.

“I feel a little ill at ease,” I said at last, and she looked up at me with a questioning look again. “Here you are, pregnant and needy, and you’re taking care of me.” Her smile deepened and she gave me a knowing look. “Yeah I know, I was the one stupid enough to give my blood and milk to my brother and sister and... wait. Whisper, have you gone through whatever it was that I did? Drink blood and milk of your elders?” she nodded, and lifting her hands, gestured toward herself and how massive she was becoming, paused, rolled her eyes, knuckled her chest before stuffing her fingers into her mouth in the eating gesture, gestured toward me, and then made the penis gesture of male.

“You ate my penis?” I gaped and she gave me a shocked look and sharply shook her head. “Wait... you... ate... my... penis, male... the only male here is Peter...” And I gaped. “You ate Peter out.” Her smile was absolutely impish. “That’s the milk you drank?” She nodded, and waved her hand off. “Wow...” I said shocked that I was right about her being one to swallow, and she grinned and made motions like she were laughing.

I chuckled in return, and then pausing in thought for a moment, I crawled forward, slid onto her ever diminishing lap thanks to her pregnant belly, and then I embraced her.

“I never welcomed you to our family, Whisper. You’re a blessing I think, that a virile, strong and noble woman like you can come right into this family and make it bigger.”

She smiled and blushed before caressing my hair.

“Is there anything that I can do for you? Anything at all?”

Whisper smiled, and then pushed me backward till I was lying upon the blankets naked before she settled in against me, nuzzled my breasts with her face, licking one and stimulating the milk flow, before she closed her lips around the erecting areola and nipple.

It was interesting to watch her suckle from me, especially when she was doing it between those long saber teeth of hers, but also that she massaged my tit with one hand while purring.

I embraced her, letting her rest upon me while she caressed and stroked my chest. It was comforting and arousing for me, that I... I actually thought about loving her. But she was Peter’s mate, such a thing would

be wrong. It'd almost be incest, in my mind. But after I thought that, the flap of the tent opened and Peter himself peaked in, seeing this interaction.

I froze, as if caught in some forbidden act, but after a short while, he simply slid inside and laid against Whisper's back to go to sleep himself and a short while later Anya even entered with Ivan neatly hanging in her two arms between her immense breasts.

"So this is who we are." She stated quietly.

'You're just getting that Anya?' Ivan stated and even Anya and Ivan entered to join this snuggle-fest, all with me in the middle.

Anya to my right, Whisper to my left, Ivan on my belly, and Peter on Whisper's other side.

I had to admit it felt like a family, one that was comfortable enough with itself to do this sort of thing and not be ashamed. I felt glad for it, and it wasn't long before I slid off into a dream-ridden sleep.

Day 336: *We decided to follow the river out of Fairbanks, curving around the city toward the west and finding a shallow enough fjord for the lot of us to cross. But we needed more food before we continued on. The shopping excursion in Fairbanks wasn't enough, especially when we wasted a few days there helping Anya and Peter to grow up and thusly nurse me back to health.*

The experience had left me weak, to the point where I couldn't even transform at first, and later on it took a certain degree of effort. After speaking with Whisper – Peter was understanding her sign language far easier than Anya or I was, but that was perhaps because he was putting more effort into it or because he understood her from their love bite like he said – Peter mentioned that I must be encountering Lycan venom in my veins, and when we inquired to her what that was, through a long series of gestures that partially included interpretive dance, we all got the gist of what Lycanthrope venom was.

It was a substance that was excreted by a Lycan through the mucus membranes. Depending upon how and where it was absorbed by another, and also in some instances of when, it had various effects. One effect was to convert a human into a Lycan under the full moon, another was found in the teeth and the claws through the saliva and sweat respectfully which, in strong enough concentrations, can rob a Lycan of their powers. I was bitten for far longer than I should have been by two rather powerful Lycan.

Whisper mentioned that I was lucky that I wasn't dead. If she'd been awake she would've stopped us.

What I should've done, so she said, was to prick my palms and let the blood pool there... let the pair drink a little instead of engorge themselves from me. Instead, Anya and Peter must've drained several quarts from me. All in all, I remained weak till just today when the first possible full moon rise happened. Only then was I able to transform – with some difficulty – and we were able to strike camp and move off.

Unfortunately like I said earlier, we'd used up much of our food supplies and needed to restock again. And so following the river, curving around the city of Fairbanks and moving to the south bank, we headed toward the town of Nanana.

There were many ranches in Alaska, but comparatively few farms despite the remarkable growing season of having six months of nigh constant daylight this close to the Arctic Circle. Most of their food stuffs were nonetheless shipped in from the continental United States with the possible exception of meat stocks. Huge cattle with thick hides and wooly hair like bison and hairy cows and caribou were what we saw most of all as we journeyed to Nanana, the animals shying from us as we passed, especially Whisper who was apparently emanating a feeling of menace.

I mentioned that perhaps we should go hunting or at least buy a cow off one of these ranchers as we found one ranch, but no such cattle, but it was also attached to a general store of sorts along the highway.

Once again dressing in clothes with Peter remaining behind with Whisper this time, Anya and I with me carrying Ivan so he could choose his food too, entered into a place with fur pelts and blankets and a myriad of hunting and camping gear, but with a small general store of food.

A fem looked up at us and regarded us from behind the counters, pausing from her crossword puzzles.

“May I get you two anything?” she greeted, putting her crossword puzzle book away.

“We're pretty sure we can manage, but thank you.” I replied as we started pulling out a few added blankets and a couple of those fur pelts, and as we neared the desk with the fem who was watching us shop, Ivan began to growl.

“Ivan... hush.” I scolded, but he kept growling with his ears pinned back.

“Ivan. That’s a peculiar name for a cat.” The fem said smiling, and I looked down at Ivan as he hung in my arms, his claws opened, ears pinned against his head and eyes dilated. He only got that way when he was around... dogs.

I met the fem’s gaze as Anya arrived and then paused, looking between us as she drank from a bottled water, seeing the stare-down between the two of us.

“Ok... what’s going on?” Anya asked suddenly.

“There are more of us.” I said simply. “We don’t want any trouble... just...”

“Whoa. Slow yourself down, kitten.” The fem said while raising a hand. “We’re not the sort to begrudge another of food or clothing just because you’ve got a cat.” She winked.

“Wait a minute... are you... you mean you’re?!” Anya gaped and pointed at the woman.

“The Name’s Jana MacDougal. This is my ranch.” She said and extended her hand for a shake but Ivan hissed at her.

“Ooo... touchy about dogs, are ye, ye wee little kitty?”

‘Eat excrement and die!’ Ivan snarled, and handing him off to Anya I moved in closer to this proprietor.

“What are you, exactly?” I asked.

“You mean ye canno’ tell like ye wee kitty can’t tell.”

‘I’ll show you some wee... just let me get close to her and I’ll.’

“Ivan!” I shouted and Ivan jumped in Anya’s arms. “One more word out of you and I’ll throw you in the nearest river we come across. You’re not helping!”

Ivan fell silent before I turned back to Jana.

“No... no I can’t. It’s too much for me to explain why. Just who are you, what are you, and tell me why I and my family shouldn’t make a beeline away from this place right here and now.”

“I run a training facility.” She said, stepping around the counter and lifting a hand, scrubbed Ivan’s head and got a growl for her troubles. “It’s world-renowned, but it has a rather selective...” she paused and smiled as she locked the front door and turned the open sign around so that it now read closed. “...Very selective... clientele.”

“We can easily knock that door down.” I said, feeling an instinct rising up that was very unfamiliar. I didn’t like it... it made me panicky... like I was being cornered, and I felt the hairs on the nape of my neck stand on end.

“I’m sure that ye can... but I’d appreciate it though if ye didn’t.” Jana replied, and then returning to her counter, she opened a door that was behind it. “Ye see... another door. If the two of ye would please follow me, I’ll show ye our facility.”

“Why would you do this?” I asked, innately suspicious for some reason.

“Cause... If I went being a bitch t’ everyone I met, I’d have no clients whatsoever. That... an’ I canno’ in good Christian consciousness leave those in need to float in the wind.”

Anya and I looked to each other and then followed, passing through the door and being led through the house attached to the store to another door, in which she opened the door and led us into a basement. There in the basement there was a large metal door and a metal wall painted green on one side.

“Tanya...” Anya whimpered.

“Just a wee little more faith from ye, kittens. And I’ll be showing you that there’s no need to distrust me.”

Now I smelled dog. It was heavy and powerful, and I was about to reach out and stop Jana, but she strode right toward the door, grabbed the heavy latch, lifted it and pulled it aside, revealing no less than a dozen towering werewolves, all female save for one. They all turned to look at us as we stood there dumbfounded, suddenly very out numbered.

“Kittens, meet me many pups: The Wild Pack.”

My first and immediate reaction was to stand in front of Anya and transform, shredding out of all those fine clothes that I’ve been saving for awhile and could finally wear today as I turned into my hulking behemoth of a form, debating whether or not I should go to Green Mode, I was met with one of the most peculiar responses I’d ever received.

“Oi, Mother! Lookie her boobies! She’s got four primaries!” One spunky wolfess said, or at least I think she was a wolfess. She had the oddest fur pattern with a tail that curled backward in on itself.

I was stuck so dumb with this comment I forgot to be vicious.

“No... not four primaries, *two* primaries, an’ two *secondaries*. They’re signs of adulthood an’ sexual power to develop secondaries, let alone... oh my goodness, twelve *tertiaries*? Kitten, you need to tell me yer secret. There’s nothing more I’d like to be so sexual endowed as that... but then your patron goddess was always more giving with sexuality.”

I blinked again. “Who are you people?!” I gaped, letting both hands fall to my sides limply.

“Like I said, we be The Wild Pack.” Jana smirked and poised herself jauntily. “And these be me many girls, and that shy little pup back there be me son.

I looked and saw a lithe looking male hiding shyly behind a pair of the large females.

“What kind of wolves are you?” I asked.

“Not wolves... sled dogs!” one female with more chest muscle than tit said as she flexed her muscles and I could hear them groan even from this distance, the simple bikini she was wearing stretching easily about her monstrous frame.

“Calm down Purdy.” Jana said, and then remaining in human form she approached us to remain less threatening, but I nonetheless struck a hand out to keep her away from Anya. “Now perhaps I can discover why two tigers that are an ocean away from any continent that they usually inhabit are running around here. But perhaps,” she turned and made a waving gesture to the pack of girls and they looked at each other before changing to human form, their bathing suit like clothes that appeared to be combined with a sort of harness with several hooks and rings on them, clenching about them as they all shrunk. “We should make ye a little more comfortable, shall we hun? So why don’t we go have a nice cup o’ tea, and have a nice comforting talk?”

The Iditarod sled dog race.

Referred to as the toughest race on earth, it was also the largest sled dog race in the world. Starting in 1973, it was a race to honor a great accomplishment to save a town far to the west called Nome Alaska, which, as luck would have it, was our final destination in the United States before jumping off toward Russia. At the time, Nome was being stricken by a diphtheria epidemic and was out of anti-toxin. Pack ice had blocked the Anchorage harbor, avalanches had blocked the train lines and blizzards had grounded all planes. The only remaining method to save the town was to send the anti toxin across land by sled dog.

There was even an animated movie made about the subject called Balto. Jana, having provided me with a pair of her own pants and a shirt, sat me down and let me watch the movie with she and her girls having the same sort of excitement as giddy little girls.

Therein was the purpose of this lodge... everyone here were Ronin, or in other words clanless werewolves. Every wolf here came from all over the world, Czechoslovakia, America, Canada, Japan, Finland and others, even Russia! There was a representative from twelve separate nations here aside from Jana and her son, all of them female.

“There is a saying.” Jana said as she took a swig from a beer, her jacket open to reveal a highly muscled navel and two large breasts whose nipples were barely covered by the folds of that jacket. “Alaska, where men are men and women win the Iditarod.” She smirked.

She then went to tell me about a woman named Susan Butcher of Manley, who won the race four separate times in a seriously male dominated sport. Though a Rick Swenson of Eureka has won it six times now, Susan’s victories in a male-dominated sport during the eighties coined the phrase and it stuck. But it wasn’t that she was a woman and won the Iditarod Trail race so many times, but she generally came in first when the next person, second place, came in at least a day later.

But it was the Iditarod trail that interested me most of all...

“This goes all the way to Nome, does it not?” I asked Jana.

She got up from her feet and came to stand beside me where I was looking at a map of the trail on the wall, a mere section of the vast land that was Alaska, and the one or two thousand or more mile trail that the Iditarod ran along from Anchorage to Nome.

“So it does.” She smirked. “Been that way since the days o’ the gold rush.” Then she took another swig of her beer. “Ye be taking a might more shine o’ interest to the trail then the average person does. Be there something the matter, kitten?”

I took a big breath and then told her. I told her about being captured by the Alexandros Foundation, told her about my escape and trek across Russia looking for Anya, then my entrance into the United States to retrieve Peter, and then our trek northward to find Whisper and then westward to find passage to Russia.

It’s not like she could say anything about it if I told her. She and her team would be implicated as well if she did.

“So ye rolled up to me lodge then... looking for food and supplies?”

“Yes. We’re just trying to get home now.”

She finished off her beer and tossed it in a waste basket.

“I can give ye a chart, clothes, blankets, food, and, as I’m sure ye and yer family be more than willing to have now that the weather has turned cold, a nice warm bath and some rooms with beds to sleep in fer the night.”

“You can?” and she smirked and nodded. “Thank you. We can pay you, you know.”

“We’d appreciate that of course. The purse from the race is always nice, but we gotta keep those supplies stocked, else we have to close this lovely wintery paradise down. Ye just get yer family here quickly. There’s tell of a storm coming tonight and best if ye don’t get pelted with wintery sleet an’ snow mixed with rain.

“Crikey, mother... she’s preggers!” a lean fem that had an English accent with strong legs a lean waist and a supple upper body and a pair of glasses on said as Peter and Anya arrived with Whisper.

“My. You didn’t say that.” Jana smirked, and then she paused. “Wait a minute. A saber tooth... and she’s a she?”

“We have a very special family.” I intoned.

“Indeed. Well stop dawdling! Don’t make that girl walk on her own... go help her inside!” but then there was a snap growl and a foot stomp and all eyes turned to Whisper and she knuckled her chest, and then made the walking gesture, going so far as throwing off Peter’s hands as she strode purposefully into the house.

“Another kitten that’s prejudiced against us dogs, eh?” Jana smirked. “Can’t she talk without her hands?”

“She can’t talk at all.” I supplied. “Whisper is aptly named, Jana. She’s a mute. But she’s also rather prideful. Despite her condition, she refuses to be a burden on anyone.”

“Though she’s the type that till someone brings it to her attention, she’s grateful for the help.” Jana sighed. “Well... time t’ deal with her pride.” And Jana stepped off, firmly took Whisper’s hand and smiled at her. Whisper tried to pry her hand away, but Jana suddenly put on about a hundred pounds of muscle in a sudden transformation, the snaps on her jeans popping open as she did. “Struggle all you like kitten, I am going to make you comfortable even if it kills me. I’ll not be having no pregnant fem in me house who canno’ relax when the offer is given her. Now come here you. You’re gonna have a bath, a sauna, then maybe a massage or two, a full belly, a nice sleep in a bed, and if that doesn’t relax you...” and I chuckled as Jana led Whisper away, Whisper squeaking in her attempt to free her hand, but she just begrudgingly followed.

‘Damn pushy dogs.’ Ivan said.

“Ivan, watch your mouth!” I hissed at him.

‘Why, they can’t hear me.’ He said lazily as he hung with his forelegs hanging over both my muscular arms.

“That’s not the point Ivan. These people are being kind to us, and no matter who it comes from, kindness should be rewarded with at least a thank you.”

‘Then show me one thing I should be grateful for then. Show me one thing... ohh... is that tuna?’ he gaped, trying to smell the can that I just held up.

“No it’s not. It’s a can of salmon.” I smirked. “Just like you asked.”

‘G-gimmie!’ he said and began pawing at the can with his claws and little toes.

“You know one small problem with cats, Ivan. You have no thumbs to work a can opener, and your teeth and claws aren’t strong enough to go through metal.”

Ivan slowly looked upward at me with a look of annoyance, and hauling him upward, cradling his bottom now and tucking him against one tit, I looked him in the eye.

“You want what’s in this can, then you’re going to ask one of those dogs, as you call them, to open it for you. And since they can’t hear you, then you’re going to have beg for one of them to open it.”

‘Why you be hating on me?’ he grumbled.

“Because it’s this attitude of yours that put problems with the last werewolves we were with, and they were just being kind too... so you’re going to learn to judge second and be thankful first even if it kills you Ivan.” And I lifted the can and he moved forward and took it in his teeth.

I heard him grumbling as he trotted off with the can, tail up in the air, and I was certain I wasn’t going to hear the last of this from him, but he needed to stop being a stuck up cat.

But for now, I was going to put all this behind me. We were in a civilized place at long last after four months in the wilderness, and all I wanted right now was a nice long hot bath and a soft cushy bed. Now if I could only remember how to take one.

The Lodge was a place that looked like a converted kennel on the outside, attached to a house in the middle with a store that serviced campers on the front. It was near the Iditarod Trail, so it’s location as a kennel was justified. Other than selling foodstuffs and supplies to campers and hikers, Jana also took care of dog teams when their owners were away, and when we entered, there was a team of dogs who were barking at us till we neared, and then several of them shied away from me as I passed. One wet himself.

Beneath the lodge was a two-level basement that covered a footprint nearly the size of the property, and according to Jana was a long endeavor to make it the way it was. Her husband began the facility before he died, leaving her and her son all alone, and at the time it was a werewolf musher with a pack of dogs made up of Malamutes, Chow-Chows, Huskies, Samoyeds and other notable Alaskan Dog types. After his death, Jana instead up-scaled her home to instead take care of dogs till she was presented with a young female orphan werewolf pup who’d been abandoned and had been wandering the wilderness. Wanting more children, Jana picked up the pup and nursed her and cared for her.

Soon another girl pup was dumped on Jana’s threshold, and Jana welcomed the pup immediately.

More and more girls came into her care, and then using her contacts with other werewolf families throughout the world, she started a sort of orphanage for the unwanted. So her home now took these unwanted pups and helped them get an education, helped them to grow strong and muscular and beautiful, and to enhance the one trait that made them become abandoned – the dog trait – a girl would select one dog breed and would drink some of that dog’s siphoned blood.

It didn’t hurt the animal, and it reinforced the coloring and curling tail that was common to most Alaskan Dogs. So unlike most other werewolves, Jana and her orphan family weren’t considered wolves... they were considered dogs and had the traits of dogs. One of the girls even had two different colored eyes in her hybrid form, but had a beautiful gray and white pelt, and a set of shoulders, chest and back muscles that could rival my green mode.

The harnesses the girls wore with their leather bikinis of various designs, the ones with the hooks and such, were used to haul freight on long chains or leather chords, so all these girls and her son Jake, were all built as heavy weight bodybuilders, and there was fierce competition between them all to haul the most weight, the longest distance in the shortest time.

Peter and Jake hit it off quickly, and when I was on my way to take my first bath in months, I found the two of them on some gaming system in the living room playing some head to head game. Jake was winning.

And even Ivan was enjoying a back scratch from a rather busty fem who he managed to get to open the can for him, and he was either so enjoying salmon that he didn't care, or his prejudices were finally breaking down amidst these people.

Fourteen females and one male lived in this house, which was lucky for Jake, apparently, being that he literally had his pick of the litter. I even passed by Whisper sleeping in a big comfy bed before Jana herself exited the room, shut out the light and gently closed the door.

"She can have me room while she's here. Poor thing, she's all tuckered out."

"Thank you." I smiled at her. "It will only be for a night, and then we can get out of your hair."

"Think nothing of it. But if I were ye, I would stay a few more days." And she pushed down the blinds showing the rapidly falling snow. "I don't know what ye Russians deal with during th' winter, but an Alaskan winter can be cold once ye get beyond the mountains in the middle of the state like we be.

"Blizzards like these can last fer a few days, especially if we get hit with a polar low."

"A polar low?" I asked, suddenly attentive.

Jana smiled at me. "Better known as an arctic hurricane."

Sighing and moving to the window and looking outside, it did indeed appear as if we were stuck here.

As athletes, they had facilities to help soothe aching muscles. After a long soak in a Jacuzzi bath with Anya, the jets and the mineral additives to the water working our naked skins nicely, the two of us retreated to a sauna that one of Jana's many daughters had stoked the furnace for. I switched to red mode briefly to hurry up the heat in the place before Anya entered, but once she did it was nice and hot in there. There she and I lounged naked in the heat like cats liked; Anya on her belly, hugging her breasts to her and using them like pillows while I leaned back with legs crossed and enjoyed the heat.

I always like the heat; it always comforted me for some reason. I guess that that was just my cat-like instincts. But I most especially enjoyed the heat being that I'd been cold so much in my life. Cold in a thin blanket and a saggy bed in the orphanage, cold in my closet in the apartment with twenty families, cold at the facility, cold in the wilderness... there have been few moments in my life that I could actually say I was warm. Like within Dmitri's arms.

The very thought of Dmitri aroused me, and I switched the way my legs were crossed and didn't bother hiding my erecting nipples as I thought about him.

And then the door opened and Jana stepped in with a body-towel covering her up.

"Mind if I join ye both?" she asked.

"Please don't ask us. It's your sauna."

"That it be." She said and then opened her robe, revealing a muscular woman's body as she draped her towel over a bench and then sat back on the hard wood benches closed to me.

Her breasts were firm and heavy from suckling so many cubs – her son and all her daughters – her hips wide for child rearing despite that, as far as I knew, she'd only birthed one child. But she was also incredibly muscular, with an eight pack, six lats, feathered ribs, flaring dorsal muscles, broad creased shoulders, thick biceps and triceps and broad flaring forearms for a woman. She also had thick thighs and strong calves... she could go and compete as a female body builder and win quite a bit of cash if she so chose.

"I've put together a little care package for ye. Foodstuffs, some clothes, blankets and a packet of information about the Iditarod that will let ye all get to Nome if ye follow it." Jana supplied.

"You mean the trail that you mushers run along?" Anya asked. "We're walking along that?"

"It's a less well-known path traveled aside from the highways." I replied. "The highways and roads don't go that far west according to all the maps. The only way to get to Nome is to either walk or fly, and since it's a trail that's already cut, it can lead us directly to our last destination in the United States. Nome is apparently a shipping and fishing village like I thought."

"Now it be..." Jana smirked. "Before it be known fer all th' gold in th' harbor. They used to use gold dredges to scoop it all out. The people there were fairly well off then. Not necessarily me cup of tea. It gets mighty cold off the straight."

"Straight?" Anya asked then.

"The Bearing Straight." I supplied. "A stretch of sea that at its narrowest distance separates the United States with Russia by only thirteen kilometers."

Jana nodded quietly, and there was some silence in the heated wooden chamber before Jana changed the way she was crossing her legs and leaned closer to us.

"Tanya... Anya... I spoke with me boy and girls, an' we'd like t' ask ye t' stay." Jana stated.

Anya blinked, but then turned her head toward me with a snap, but I'd hung my head and leaned forward, resting both elbows on my knees as I thought.

"I cannot accept that offer, Jana. I won't speak for Peter, or Anya or Whisper... but... I have a final destination in mind, and it lies with my man in Russia."

"A man? Not a male?" Jana asked, and I nodded as she pursed her lips, rose and then came to sit between both of us, wrapping an arm around my shoulder and palming Anya's back. "Aye, and I can see why you'd cross so much of a distance, Tanya. But I be willing t' let ye all stay here. After all... that million dollar check ye wrote me can keep this place aloft well after I be dead and gone. And Betty be studying to be a clerk o' some sort, an' told me o' several brilliant ways o' investing an' saving all that money t' make it last a whole lot longer. Hell... we can live off th interest!"

"A million dollars?" Anya gaped.

"I like this place." I said, shrugging as I rose. "These Lycan were there and willing to take us in when we needed it. That... and a mother of thirteen touches a sensitive spot in me."

Anya smiled whimsically. "Sure I guess." She said and shrugged her shoulders. "Forgive me Jana... but I never really liked dogs."

"That's an instinctive prejudice, Anya." I stated quietly. "I admit I had it too when I realized you were wolves, and I don't know why. I hit it off so well with the other two packs I met."

"Other packs? What other packs?" Jana asked as she leaned back against the next tier of seats behind us.

“The Silver Council in Russia, and the Wolf Pack in California.” I supplied.

“Ah. Young Mishka was sent to me from the Silver Council. Damn male dominant society...”

“Not any more.” I smirked. “I was present when... well... there was a coup against the Silver Council.”

“A Coup.” Anya giggled and I shot her a dark glance to be quiet.

It may behoove others to use the French word ‘*Coup*’ as in a ‘*coup d’état*,’ to explain any take over of a government, but in Russia, the pronunciation of ‘*coup*’ meant ‘*penis*.’ So it was a naughty word.

“But ah do know of th’ Wolf Pack. Lady Natasha an’ Lord Peter Wolfe be great people. Peter comes t’ Alaska often enough. He never fails t’ grant us a stipend t’ keep our organization alive.”

I nodded and there was more silence, and turning to Jana, I pressed myself against her body and hugged her briefly.

“Thank you so much for your kindness.” I told her. “I know my mind, but Anya will need to tell you her own mind, and I will also have to ask Peter and Whisper. We’ll let you know in a day or two.”

“S’ ok, kitten. Just be sure it be what ye really want before ye answer.”

While in the room where Whisper was resting, with Peter and Anya in attendance, I presented to them all Jana’s proposition. I told them that I would give them both an allowance, but I also told them that I would be leaving when the snow stopped. The three of them watched me carefully as I told them this, and then I told them to think about it carefully and then left them.

It wasn’t going to be an easy decision.

Jake and Peter went to town. Peter bundled himself up to hide his face... for who would question a guy who was wearing so much during a snow storm? It was all just in case that if he got his face on a security camera then no one would be able to identify him. All he asked was about a thousand dollars to buy something. I only gave him a look, but when he told me it was for Whisper, I said nothing more and handed over the money.

I in turn went down to watch the Wild Pack train.

There was a long barn that was attached to the kennel that was filled with sleds up on their racks, maintenance tools for sleds and harnesses and weights of all sorts and degrees. These dogs were power houses, and wearing a turtle neck sweater and a pair of form-fitting sweats, I watched these dogs haul their incredible weights that were attached to the harnesses that they wore.

Heavy vinyl bindings that had been no less than double stitched and held on by heavy braces that for all I knew could be made out of titanium, were attached to D-rings or thick circles on their backs, and by sheer sake of walking forward with all those chains attached to a wide sled laden with cinderblocks on it, I was immediately impressed with the unmitigated strength of these strange half-wolves.

“So you’re nonetheless impressed, eh kitten?” one of the thirteen fems stated, this one with her mane done up in ornate spikes, and when I turned toward her, I smirked as she immediately took on a female body builder’s pose, a stance that was as powerful as it was graceful. “We have strength, power and beauty galore.”

“I must admit that I’m impressed.” I stated. “You’re a lot stronger than most other wolves I’ve met.

“What do you mean most?” another said haughtily, planting her thick paw-like hands on her hips.

“I met the Bear Wolves of the Wolfe Pack.” I smirked, and she immediately went quiet.

“Oh Prince Nathan.” Someone cooed, and several of the young fems swooned in sighs.

I looked to them all, not wanting to be this sort of a buzz kill, but... “I’m so jealous of Princess Luna though. She’s just the perfect female... I can never hope to compare to such a woman.” There was a collective sigh of disappointment. “But what about Jake? Aren’t any of you more interested in a strapping male like that?”

“Ew.” Someone voiced.

“He’s like... our brother.” Another fem said who was wearing sun glasses as she blew a bubble with her chewing gum.

“But... he isn’t.” I pointed out, and the girls all blinked and started looking at each other, and immediately I realized my mistake.

I may’ve just started a rivalry between thirteen separate young fems, and the rivalry between just two was enough to write epic stories over.

“But this freight hauling interests me. I admire that all of you can haul such incredible weights like that. You all can definitely be considered super-feminine by the how you’ve all developed. I was wondering if I might try.”

“You? A puny little kitten?” yet another of the fems, Jana’s eldest if I didn’t miss my guess, said as she approached. She was the one with little breasts but massive pectorals “How can you compare with strength like this?” and she posed in a mighty form that billowed all her many throbbing muscles that showed even through the thick hide and heavy fur she possessed.

I smirked and downed my cocoa before I strode up to her. “Have any of you heard the legend of the Green Tiger?” I asked.

“Green Tiger?” the Britain wolfess with the big glasses said. “Crikey, I never heard no legend about a Green Tiger before. A jade Tiger maybe but...” and she started flipping through a book that just so happened to be nearby. She was apparently the brainy one of the bunch.

“Put that away Sheila!” one of the other fems shouted. “Jeese! Can’t you go one hour without a book in your hands?”

“No... no I can’t.” and she stuck her tongue out at her sister and got a raspberry in return.

“All right, settle down, all of you.” The biggest one and Jana’s eldest, definitely the lead dog of the crew, said as she readjusted her stance. “She was just about to tell us about it.”

“The Green Tiger.” I said clearing my throat. “She’s a recent legend, no more than a year old, but it’s a were-tigress that can perhaps haul every weight in this building.”

The girls all looked to me, and as one they all broke out laughing.

“Not even the whole team can pull every weight in this place.” The lead barked.

I smiled at her, and then shifted into Green Mode.

Their laughter rapidly silenced as they all watched my eyes turn color as the long mane of hair atop my head rapidly shifted from spiky white to supple green with a white strip of hair falling before my eyes. And then I rapidly began to grow, shifting in height by more than thirty centimeters while every muscle in me doubled and doubled again, and after that they doubled all over again and one more time after that for good measure, and I swelled to the point where I started stretching the elastic sweats and turtleneck sweater I was wearing to the point where the girls could see the lumps of my nipples.

“Dude...” the fem with the glasses and the bubble gum stated, actually lifting her sun glasses to show off her mismatched and unlike colored eyes. “That’s bigger than even your human form Purdy.”

And the lead dog’s ears folded against her head as her eyes dilated in disbelief.

Crossing both arms, I *slowly* removed the turtle neck from off me, giving them all views of the twelve abdominals, pushing down the waist of the sweats I was wearing to illustrate this fact, the four lats, the feathered ribs, the distended and flaring dorsals. Then I turned while pulling the sweater upward over either tit since I couldn’t do both at once, showing them all both front and back. I had to then pull the garment over my head and peel the sleeves off either arm before kicking off the slippers I wore and then pushing the sweats off.

“Ohh...” several girls gasped as they saw all that imperious muscle.

“Tell me how you got that way!” the smallest of the girls gaped, she having lean and ropy musculature and was a lean and excitable girl.

“I wish I could tell you all,” I said, flexing this human body as it prickled with goose bumps in the chill, displaying such supreme muscularity with thick veins standing on end and two immensely huge tits hanging from my chest. I even held the pair up and pressed them together, revealing more of my body. “All I knew is that I absorb energy, and the energy I absorbed was, let’s just say, incredible.”

“Enough to power, say... a nuclear vessel?” Sheila asked, pushing her glasses back up.

“You can say that.” I said, and she nodded.

She looked and sounded smart, and possibly she knew precisely how and where and more importantly when I gained all this power.

“But enough of this puny human form. Let me show you what I can really do.”

And I transformed, bubbling and popping violently and rapidly; my body erupting like a nuclear explosion before the transformation lanced down first one arm and then the next before thrusting down my navel to double the number of abdominals that were there before proceeding right into my legs. I teetered briefly before both legs grew, just before my neck lengthened and with a spastic explosion of force my head thrust forward and converted into a tiger’s head before my tail literally ejected and telescoped to its full length in a matter of seconds.

The girls oohed and awed as I rolled my haunches, both sets of immense tits bouncing atop their supremely engorged pectorals before I turned to Purdy. “So how do we test this bet that the Green Tiger can haul everything that you can?” I smirked.

Purdy stared at me till her lips turned upward into a smile, which slowly became a feral grin.

“Let us show you.”

“I think that’s it. We had to use a couple harness extensions, and just because I think it’s needed, I hooked her up with a pair of rings instead of just one.” Sheila said quietly as she pulled the bands tight, letting only the elastic portions of the bands stretch now.

“It’ll have to do.” Purdy said unfolding from her corner. “Hook her up.”

The thirteen girls stepped up to me and then began clipping onto the D-rings and hooks about me with leather straps and chains while I checked the harnesses myself.

They had to lace together two harnesses like they did for Purdy, and added several extension strips, which was essentially a double stitched strip of vinyl with a buckle on one side and a strip for a buckle on the other. Very sturdy craftsmanship, and hopefully it was about to hold up.

“I swear she’s ‘bout to pull more than one of them tractor pullers pull in them thar competitions.” A fem mentioned looking over the three skids behind me.

“We’ll find out in a sec then, won’t we?” Purdy snickered. “Ok kitten... let’s see what you can do.”

And I leaned forward, and swinging both arms backward and squatting slightly before I lurched forward, stressing all the chains against this body of mine, and making all the skids jump slightly from the force of the movement. Leather ground, chains clanked, and digging my toe claws into the ground and snarling with such ferocity that saliva dripped from my mouth and hissed against the ground. But despite my efforts, my feet did nothing more than score deep grooves into the ground.

“Well so much for the legend.” Purdy shook her head, smiling as she gestured her hands to her sides.

“Don’t... count... me... out... yet!” I grunted, and sliding backward and using my arms to pull too, I strained against the weight again.

Some of the girls were cheering me on, a few of the others were jeering at me saying that I couldn’t do it. But little did they know is that which didn’t kill me, made me stronger. And thrusting and using all my might, I felt the fiery atomic furnace that was in me in this mode, the most violent of all my modes flared greatly. The grooves of my body spread apart, glowing green, even as the veins on my body stood on end and shone yellow. And then steadily, muscle formations began to pop and explode outward, stretching the harness that was about me, till I reached a critical point in my growth and the center-most skiff slid forward slightly.

The girls all fell silent in disbelief as it shifted, and I snarled and thrust even further forward, my breasts swelling and pressing against the ground as I lurched against my bonds again, and this time all three skids slid forward slightly.

Now they were all shouting encouragement as I strained and billowed, engorging myself on the added strength. My spine thrust outward, chest muscles thrust forward as the whole of me flared wider in every which way, and gripping the ground with fingers and toes, ever so slowly those skids started to move forward, slowly at first, and then faster, with me shrugging shoulders, lurching forward, scraping deep ruts into the ground with each claw, till I heard a series of straining snaps and groaning hide, before the chains and the leather straps began to snap and break, and then the shouts of encouragement began to shout for me to stop.

It took a moment or two for that to register before I finally did stop, and all the girls looked at the track that I’d pulled and were immediately amazed. Rising to my hind legs, balancing and rolling my shoulders as the lines between all the muscles on me continued to blaze green, I felt invigorated, powerful... aroused... and I was still subtly growing from the exertion of all the burning muscles in me.

And then there was more groaning before one of the metal bits encircling my shoulder snapped, and then the two across my chest and ribs snapped open.

“Ah... sorry... I didn’t think that’d happen.” I chuckled, standing now a full quarter height taller than any of these girls.

“Merciful moon... that should be impossible. The whole team of us isn’t that strong. What are you?” Purdy gaped.

I shifted from Green to White Mode, having a green lock of hair hanging before my eyes as I reduced in girth and height right before their eyes... still remaining taller than any of them, though Purdy was only slightly smaller than me.

“I’m an oddity, or so I’m told.” I admitted, smiling at her. “Though in truth this is the form I prefer most.”

“How many forms do you have?” someone asked, hopping up to be seen over all the other gathered heads.

“Well, other than the ones I’m sure you all have, I have several modes that modify those forms. Green and White you’ve seen, but I also have Blue and Red. Anya has a Blue as well, though hers is more powerful than mine, and Peter has a Black that neither Anya or I have yet. All the modes have their different powers and abilities based upon natural energies.”

“Natural energies?” someone asked.

It was Sheila who explained. “Sound, Friction, Heat, Light and Radiation.” She said. “Am I right?”

“Yes, but it manifests in a form that generates those energies.” I explained. “This White Mode is Electricity, but only I have electrical powers apparently. Black is Sound and Blue is Light for Peter and Anya. Likewise, Red produces Heat through Microwaves.”

“And Green?” Purdy asked carefully, eyeing me.

Sheila straightened her glasses. “Radiation, no doubt.” She said smugly. “Lots of it. Yer like some really big She-Hulk Lycan.”

“She-Hulk?” I asked.

“Comic books, never mind them. It’s the only cool thing Sheila reads other than text books and encyclopedias.” One of the other girls who spoke with a French accent said. “But show us more of your powers. We wanna see more.”

“Yes more!” several of the girls asked and did that little maneuver of clenching up and bouncing excitedly, and I blushed and held up my hands.

“Ok, ok... let’s see... oh I know... let me show you what I can do with Red Mode!”

I was showing the girls how sexual I was in Blue Mode and how I could changed my shape and coloring and what not when the door opened about an hour later and Peter and Jake entered. There was an awkward pause for a moment and I smiled as several of the girls eyed each other and then went to Jake.

“Hi Jake. We missed you.” One pouted.

“Ah, k...” Jake replied.

“I got some homework I’d love for you to help me with, Jake. You’re so smart.” Sheila said.

“But you’re taking college courses!” Jake gaped.

“The wood pile is getting low Jake. Could you come help me with the big... strong... *wood* so I could put it in its proper... holder?”

“Cut logs and put it in the barn?”

“If you wish.” She giggled.

Peter watched this mobbing as Jake suddenly became the center of attention as he walked up to me, while in his hand he carried a block of something wrapped in cellophane.

“I don’t know what just happened, but somehow I know it’s your fault.”

“Guilty.” I said and held up a hand, but then looked at the bundle he carried. “What’s that you have in your hand?”

“A desire to speak with my wife better.” Peter said while all thirteen girls had now mobbed Jake as the poor boy tried to get away from thirteen caressing and cajoling girls, and Peter held up the block of books that showed how to use Gestuno Sign Language... or the *‘International Sign Language.’*

“I thought it was better for teaching basics. We can move into the American or the Russian Sign Languages later. This is just basic international sign, it doesn’t cover everything, but it’ll make it better to talk with her.”

I smiled, and then thought. “Peter... can you... speak any other languages?” I asked him, and he stared at me for a moment before a slow smile crossed his face.

“German, Japanese and Russian.” He smirked and my face fell.

“So... all those times Anya and I were talking about you saying that you had a nice butt and a great rod...” I winced.

“I understood every word of it.” He smirked. “And thanks... I think you and Anya have the best pair of tits I’ve ever seen on a female aside from Whisper.” He said. “Yours would be the best, but you and Anya both loose points for being my sisters.” He chuckled and then his face became a little more sober. “How is Whisper? Have you checked in on her?”

“She’s been sleeping a lot. She’s still upstairs in Jana’s room.”

“I’ll go see her then.” He mentioned, right when there was a holler and we both saw Jake detach himself from the group of his teammates and make a run for it. “Let’s just hope that Jake can remain unseen till all the hormones in the air calm down.”

Whisper laid in a light that if I were male, I might’ve found erotic. At the moment, I simply thought that she looked far more feminine than I did. Lying on her chest with a big body pillow beneath her head, she’d tilted the lower half of her body to relieve the weight of her body from pressing in on her belly. While she’d slept, she’d kicked most of the covers off her body, leaving her naked from the mid thigh upward. This in turn left her rounded bottom and the tight little object of her femininity bulging outward from between the bases of her butt cheeks.

Peter slid in close to her, palming her back and kissing the broad plane of her powerful jaw, and she stirred and woke from the contact, blinking softly and smiling at Peter as she did. The two of them kissed within moments, and I felt my heart melt upon watching it... and my loins stir for Dmitri. Once again in my human form and clothed, the fact that I creamed just then was hidden from their view.

“Whisper, I brought you something.” He said and he placed the set of four books into her hands.

Whisper’s body language was instinctively much more pronounced in her, and it would’ve taken a blind person not to notice her tense up upon seeing what Peter had just brought her. She looked at him and then back to the books, and then tried to push the books back.

“But it’ll help us to talk to each other.” She shook her head fiercely. “But Whisper...” and with an anguished cry she snatched the books back and tossed them to the foot of the bed before balling herself up, shying away from Peter’s attempts to console her.

Peter looked at me, as if blaming her actions on the swinging emotional state of all women-kind and his inability to understand that, before trying to slide closer to his wife.

“Whisper, I don’t understand what’s wrong?” she pointed at the books. “They’re books... what’s wrong with them?” her face became agonized again, and closing her eyes she knuckled her chest with both hands, tapping herself several times to accent the motion. It was like placing a word in bold face. She then made the negative or nullifying sign, and then clapping both hands together she opened both hands in a cupping motion.

“I... I don’t understand Whisper. What?” Peter managed, and she repeated the gesture only more quickly this time. “Tanya, I don’t...”

“She can’t read.” I said, getting what she was leading at, and the look on Peter’s face, the shock in his eyes was more than apparent as he looked to Whisper.

Her slow nod as she balled herself up again was enough to tell us what was wrong.

Peter moved and gathered up the books and held them, looking between however much they cost him and his dear wife.

“I... want to talk to you, Whisper. I don’t know your mind, and there are signs, like now, that make it difficult for me to talk to you.” He palmed her back. “This is a method humans speak with their hands, we can make it your own, but before you can do this, you need to be able to read.

“I’ll help you to read, Whisper. I’ll do whatever it takes.”

The signs she did then were ones we recognized. She told us her father tried a long time and failed.

“Your father gave up.” Peter said. “I won’t. I swear to God... I won’t.”

Whisper bit her lower lip and then leaned to Peter and he embraced her.

“Tomorrow then,” I said quietly. “We go get a book to help her to read.”

Day 340: *The Wild Pack as it was known had been so kind. I was beginning to wonder whether or not the cold war between the cats and the wolves was our fault, or rather the cat's fault. The wolves I'd so far met with had all been kind and caring. Well, the Silver Council was an exception, but that was the overbearing male's fault in that case. Even other males were chafing off that rule, and so when the coup d'état happened thanks to the politics that surrounded me, the victors welcomed me with open arms and sent me on my way with their blessings.*

The Wolfe Pack and now the Wild Pack – so called because Jana's last name was Wild, just like Peter and Nathan's name in California was Wolfe – I ascertained that separate packs went by their last names... like a grand family.

So then, what did that make us? The Asimov Pryde? I'd have to ask Daniel when I saw him next. Maybe it was.

We spent a total of four days with the Wild Pack, in which we were able to relax for the first time in months. Whisper slept a lot, and I was all for that. When she wasn't sleeping she was with Peter, Peter trying to help her to learn to read from an adult teaching manual we found at the book store, but we found perhaps the reason why it was so hard for her to learn how to read. It was difficult to be corrected when you couldn't sound out the words.

There was nonetheless a lot to teach her. For this life she'd chosen for herself, she needed to learn how to read and write English, read and write Russian, utilize the sign languages in both languages and possibly the international vernacular, as well as to do basic math at least. They were requirements for the modern world, and I seriously doubted that we could get her to learn all that by the time we reached Mir. Mathematics could hold off till the last, but since she knew English, we'd teach her to read, write and sign in English first and then move to Russian.

But nonetheless, these lessons between Whisper and Peter were drawing them closer together, a co-dependency that made them need each other just to live. More than once though, I caught them teaching each other a different sign language... the art of foreplay, where Peter's favorite signs was hand-cupping-breast, Hand-cupping-but, and hand-fingering... well you get the idea.

I'd just quietly closed the door and move on whenever I found them amidst the pleasures of young love.

Poor Jake. I apparently started something in Jana's house. Because of me, thirteen fems all suddenly realized that there was only one male in perhaps hundreds of leagues in any direction, and Jake was that one available male. Suddenly realizing that the lot of them were virile females and their biological clocks were ticking, all of them were vying for position to be with Jake. When I went to Jana to apologize for inadvertently turning all those girls on her son, she merely beamed at me and told me to forget about it. She's been trying to get Jake hitched for awhile, and she'd rather it be with one of her girls than with someone she didn't know.

More or less, we weren't looking forward to leaving this great family... we had a place to go. But nonetheless, I'd informed Peter, Whisper and Anya that if they wanted to stay behind they could... start a life elsewhere and let them think about it.

I didn't want to give them the choice, but I couldn't consider myself a descent Christian if I didn't. For the last twenty-four hours that I spent with the Wild Pack, I agonized loosing my brother and sisters to a sheer mater of choice.

The laundry had been done, the clothes pressed, the blankets cleaned, the tent aired out and all of it packed away nice and tight in the magical carpet bag that looked like a plain, ordinary carpet bag. Inside of it was a wardrobe that would project outward and open up, revealing nice compartments where I could place food

and clothes and blankets and all manner of implements, including silverware and dishes, pots and pans and of course millions of American dollars worth of money.

Standing in the snow at the back of the house, balancing upon the clawed toes of my impressive White Mode hybrid form, I waited quietly.

The girls had fit me with a pair of harnesses that they used as a parting gift, and likewise added some overly large clothing to it to help keep me warm in the snow. I tried to tell them that I was an arctic cat, but they wanted to gift me with them anyways. So I was wearing a long-sleeved sweater, a collar with my harness and a pair of bikini thong bottoms to keep my sex from getting chapped – apparently that was a problem for them – all of it made of soft materials that could stretch forever if need be.

...

I realized that I was trying to think of other things other than my family, but as I waited and the sun continued to rise, I knew that if I didn't leave soon before the sun rose then I'd have a hell of a time crossing the highway and the river into the forests to the west without being seen. I wasn't as immune to the cold as a human as I was as a towering, muscular Lycan.

Looking up at the sky as the birds that stayed here for the winter began to chirp, I took one last look to the house and turned to leave before the door opened suddenly.

“Tanya!” Peter shouted while trying to remain quiet. “Wait! We’re coming with you.” And he led Whisper out the door, she bundled with several long blankets and her poncho, he in a wooly sweater, chaps and a loin cloth. “Sorry we’re late, but I wanted to make sure Whisper was warm enough.”

I smiled warmly, and then saw Anya exiting the house and closing the door behind her quietly.

“I miss Russia.” She said simply, and I chortled lightly.

“Then let’s go. I’m rather eager to get home.”